



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S STEAM
HOT SUMMER NIGHTS

FULL DISCLOSURE

MARY WINE

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Samhain Publishing, Ltd.
512 Forest Lake Drive
Warner Robins, Georgia 31093

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Cover by Anne Cain

ISBN: 1-59998-574-8

www.samhainpublishing.com

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First **Samhain Publishing, Ltd.** electronic publication: June 2007

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Chapter One

“This is mean, cruel and I think prosecutable.”

Brenda only laughed as she offered up a glass mug as a peace offering. Antonia wasn’t willing to settle so easily.

Okay, if it was a *really* good ale in that frosted mug, she might be willing to negotiate, but only if they were talking stout ale, on tap and brewed by a company that wasn’t located in the United States.

And chilled. The August night was blistering. Even her slip-on sandals made her feet sweat. The sun had set hours ago but the air was still warm, promising another night of eighty-plus-degree weather.

“Stop whining, Toni. You used to love this place.” Brenda batted her eyelashes as she pressed the mug into Toni’s hand. “You need a drink and a little fun. So stuff it, sister, and chill out.”

Antonia sent her friend a sour expression before closing her hand around the mug. Her fingers tingled from the tiny ice crystals clinging to the glass as she lifted it to her nose. A little mutter of delight rose from her lips as she took a sniff of the brew. There was nothing quite like a true ale.

So what if she had odd habits? The rest of the Saturday-night crowd could drown in their beer, she wanted ale. Not that drinking her problems away was any sort of favorite pastime. But enjoying a cold mug would be a pleasant moment in between the bitter hours of heartbreak. The overhead fan at least moved the air around. A thin draft of air conditioning blew past, but the bar-slash-restaurant was too crowded for any machine to keep pace with the weather and the crush of people. Besides, the power had been going on and off for most of the week as

residents flipped on the air conditioning in order to fend off the heat wave. It was Southern California at its best.

She fingered the menu but the only thing that appealed was the ice cream. With a little shrug of her bare shoulders, she laced her fingers around her mug. Who needed food when you had good English ale?

“You need to get laid.”

Toni choked on her ale and slammed it down onto the table. “Brenda!”

Brenda rolled her eyes and smirked. “Well, you do and...” She held up a finger to keep Toni from blurting out another response. “And...you know it too. Getting dumped by one guy does not put you out of the game. Sexual tension turns even the sweetest gal into a bitch. Just admit you’re in the grip of a storm of hormones. That way, you can keep your friends. You shouldn’t let one guy spoil the whole relationship thing. Find someone else.” Brenda’s eyes closed to slits as she pointed a long, blood red polished nail at her. “Just don’t let him turn you into a bitch. You know, bitter, pitiful.”

“Depends on the guy.” Toni wasn’t impressed with her response. It sounded lame, even to her ears.

Brenda pushed the ale back towards Toni before giving a delicate wave of her hand. “There are plenty of fish in the sea.”

Toni lifted her mug to her lips to hide her frustration. Fish? Yeah, sure, but she wasn’t interested in normal guys. That was the main problem with tasting a real man. Now anything short of full-grown men had sort of lost all of their attraction. Getting laid wasn’t worth it if she wasn’t going to take a mature man home. Quality instead of quantity. She shook her head as she looked around the bar. So what if she wasn’t ready to get back on the horse? The bright side was that tomorrow morning she wouldn’t be worried about contracting AIDS. Besides, in this heat, body-to-body contact wasn’t the most appealing thing she could envision.

“Oh my...my...my.” Brenda grabbed Toni’s wrist as she stared across the bar to the game side of the place. All ten of the pool tables were in

play and Brenda pointed at one of them. "I think your luck just changed."

Toni followed the line of Brenda's finger and hissed as she found who was on the other side of the bar. Her luck certainly had changed, but not for the better. Danton Reeves straightened up as the men watching his game nodded approval at him. Her gaze slid over his frame because she just couldn't help but look at what she was still craving. Danton was one hundred percent lean man. His shoulders were packed with hard muscle, and his body tapered down to a tight abdomen. Looking good was one thing, but Danton knew exactly how to use his body. His control and focus made sex something so incredibly intense. She was still abstaining, because she hadn't found anyone who was his equal, despite the fact that he'd tossed her over for another woman. No one sent a shiver down to her toes or drew her attention quite the same way. It wasn't even a choice sometimes, her gaze just moved to his without any forethought. It was completely frustrating but too vivid to shake off.

So she was a complete idiot. That didn't alter the fact that Danton made her jumpy, just by being in the same room. He turned his head and caught her staring at him. His lips moved slightly before Toni jerked her gaze away from him. Just because she hadn't gotten past their break up, didn't mean she needed to share that rather stupid feminine response with him. Another thing the man did disgustingly well was read her emotions right off her face.

"Oh come on, Toni. Don't freeze up on the guy."

Toni glared at her friend. "Excuse me, but I'm not going to play a doormat for him."

Brenda licked her lower lip. "I would, at least for one wild night."

"Have fun. I won't wait up for you."

Brenda snickered at Toni's sarcasm and crossed her eyes at her before standing up. "Fine, you win. Enjoy being a martyr."

Toni narrowed her eyes, but her effort was wasted as Brenda moved across the floor with a slow sway of her hips towards a group of her friends. Her loose sundress slithered around her thin body.

Toni wasn't a martyr.

She was selective. Captain of her own destiny.

Her gaze moved back towards Danton and disappointment shot through her. He was gone. Vanished, just like he had three months ago. If Brenda hadn't seen the man as well, Toni would be questioning her own eyes. It was an honest fact that she thought about him too much. He pranced through her dreams in spite of numerous self-inflicted lectures to forget him. Falling in love was a high-risk thing because sometimes you ended up being alone with the emotion. In spite of months of lonely nights, her fickle mind refused to let his memory go.

Her pager went off, and she grabbed it gratefully. She recognized the local sheriff's station's number and was already walking towards the back of the bar before she reached for her cell phone to call in. A social worker had to be on call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week but tonight she was grateful for a reason to slip out of the bar early. She was going to let her job be the cover for her quick exit. It wasn't grand, but it would serve as an escape route. The only part she didn't like was the fact that she'd have to put on a blazer to make herself presentable in the professional work world. Anything with sleeves made her frown; a suit jacket was cause for profanity.

She moved towards the back door, looking for a quiet-enough spot to hear the desk sergeant. People were crowded into every square inch of the place in an effort to soak up the air conditioning. Pushing through the back door, she flipped open her cell phone. The night air was warmer than it had been inside but the door closed off the music. She punched in the first digit of the sheriff's station's number.

She never got to the second. The phone shut as her hand was gripped in a much larger one. She opened her mouth to let out a scream, but a hard palm covered her lips as she was pressed up against the wall behind her. A moment of terror gripped her, sending her heart into a frantic pace that made her lungs draw deeper breaths. The scent filling her senses was recognized instantly. She shivered as Danton's solid body held her captive with the door behind her. Her nipples tightened into twin points that stabbed into his chest. It was that quick and beyond her

control. There was no thought, only reaction. Her temper exploded as their eyes met in the dark. Only Danton did this to her. One touch, one stroke, and her body transformed into a traitor. It just made it worse that the arousal came in the wake of him scaring her half to death. Men were inherently jerks. It was a cruel twist of fate that she wasn't a lesbian and therefore immune to males.

"Hello, Toni. I've missed you."

He leaned completely against her and she gasped as the clear proof of his statement made itself known. His cock was hard. The muscles of her belly quivered as he pressed against her, while he watched her intently. She was helpless in his hold, but true to his nature, Danton never tightened that grip enough to hurt her. The amount of weight he used to secure her bordered on suffocating but he managed to keep it from becoming painful.

That was one of the things that frustrated her the most; his control. In everything he did, the man was a study in focus. Even the most intimate things became soul-meshing experiences under his tight handling.

The man could make her scream.

Chapter Two

“Let me go. I need to call in before I lose my job.” Toni shut her mouth because her voice was too needy. A corner of Danton’s mouth curved. The damn man always knew when he was getting to her. Just like a shark smelled blood and moved in for a kill.

“No you don’t. I arranged the page.”

“Bull—” Toni shut her mouth once again before she finished her comment. If anyone could pull a string at the local sheriff’s department, Danton was that person. The man had friends in every form of law enforcement, civilian and military. “Fine, get off me. It’s too hot for body hugs, in case you hadn’t noticed.”

Another lame excuse but at least she wasn’t reaching to complain about the weather.

He leaned closer instead. “I enjoy hugging you, Toni.”

A shiver raced through her body and his eyes flashed in response to the telltale motion. Her lower lip was suddenly too dry, and she licked it before logical thought rose up to warn her against the impulse. Danton’s gaze dropped instantly to her mouth as his chest rumbled with a low growl. That was the other thing about him that made it vital to escape. He responded to her like oil tossed onto an open flame. They mirrored each other’s passion back and forth until it became a firestorm beyond any kind of control. Only the idea of getting as close as possible remained in her thoughts. No barriers, no distance, only deep and primitive contact.

"We need to talk, Toni." Danton stepped away from her and her nipples ached with disappointment. That lament traveled down to her clit as she watched his face tighten with the same unanswered need. His gaze swept down, lingering on her chest. The thin tank-top dress wasn't any help in hiding the twin points now that they were hard.

Well, at least she wasn't alone. His jeans were bulging at the front too. It was small comfort but she'd take what she could get. Misery loved company after all.

Danton showed her a half grin before offering her a helmet. She licked her lower lip again as she looked past him to the motorcycle parked right next to the back door. Oh Lord...she remembered that machine. As powerful as its owner, the thing was sleek and lean. Climbing onto the back of it would ensure a victory for Danton over her protesting better judgment. There was no way she could wrap her arms around him and hold onto any idea of keeping the man out of her bed. Hell, she wouldn't need a bed, just the hard body of the master of the mean machine. She could feel the first drops of fluid easing down the inside of her passage as she stared at the helmet.

Temptation was a mean, cold-hearted bitch tonight.

"I don't think that's a good idea. In fact, I'm sure it's a bad idea." She sounded defeated, but there was no help for that. She craved another wild night, in spite of knowing it would end with her right back where she'd been...lonely and still in love with forbidden fruit. Not to mention that she'd be wearing the title of home wrecker. Danton was a married man, she had to keep that in mind. If he'd cheat on a wife, he'd double-cross her too. All that did was make her heart hurt even more. She wanted to keep her sterling ideal of him, even if she couldn't have him.

"Wrong." He stepped closer once more, crowding her against the door. She had to tip her head back to stare at him. Something flickered in his gaze that looked like desperation, and that confused her. Danton had never struck her as needy before. He was always the pillar of strength.

"I don't do new-husband panic attacks, Danton." Toni moved away from the door, and his gaze followed her as she placed a few feet of space

between them. Disappointment flared through her, but she savored the feeling as a reminder of what she tended to receive from Danton. Hard, painful lessons needed to be remembered or you ended up repeating the class. Losing him once was enough for her.

“I’m sorry you’re having trouble settling in with your new wife, but I’m not going to feed you. My bed is off limits now that you’re married. You’ll have to adjust to home life. Go back to your wife for both our sakes. I’m not a home wrecker.” *I’ll get my own man...somehow, someway.* “I’m going home, you should do the same.”

She turned her back on him and fumbled in her purse for her car keys. Getting home was a necessity; she didn’t need to display her addiction for him where he could see it. Some things were better left buried along with a broken heart. It was like a raw wound that refused to begin closing because she kept fussing with the bandage.

“Sure, Toni, I’ll do that.” His voice was rich but coated in a soft amusement that drew her attention back towards him. Danton swung one leg over his bike and pulled his helmet on as he watched her. “Thanks for the advice.” He turned the engine over and rode smoothly off into the flow of traffic.

A warning bell was going off somewhere in the back of her head but she couldn’t quite put her finger on exactly why. Only a sneaking suspicion that Danton didn’t ever give up so simply. That, or she just didn’t want him to be finished with her so quick.

That was idiotic, to say the least.

All right, now she was being stupid, but lying to herself wouldn’t solve anything. Being so happy at the idea of him looking for her tonight was going to land her in a pot of trouble. There were a lot of things that she thought about him, but “cheating dog” had never been one of them. Danton had always kept his word and told her straight what his opinion was. His touch left a sour taste in her mouth tonight because she had never once pictured him as a lying husband.

Damn it. The least he could have done was let her keep her image of him. Losing that was another twist of the knife. The dull pain hit her hard as two tears eased from her eyes.

Chapter Three

“When are you going to learn to lock your windows down?”

Toni shrieked as she hit the light switch and her keys clattered onto the floor of her entryway. Danton glared at her from across the room. His face was set into a deep frown as he tossed a look at her living-room window. The curtain was pushed aside, telling her exactly how he’d gotten into her home.

“That’s stupid, Toni, really dumb. I didn’t secure this house to have you let laziness allow someone to break in. You know how to lock it down and how important it is.” Anger laced his voice as he glared at her. “I thought you were safe.”

Heat burned across her face as she recognized her own failing. Oh yeah, she’d messed up. Danton had spent two days installing window locks and outfitting her little house with security equipment. She shook her head as she switched back to him being in her house without her permission. Danton had an annoying habit of tailoring conversations to support his opinion. Even when he was misbehaving, he turned the tables to make it look like he was doing you a favor by pointing out your weaknesses.

No way was she admitting any kind of mistake to the man tonight. Even if she should have locked her windows before heading out. It wasn’t his job to educate her.

“Excuse me, but you’re the one breaking in right now. I’m not one of your Special Forces men who will benefit from your training exercises. Get out.”

He crossed his arms over his chest and smiled at her. It wasn't a pleasant expression though. His lips curled up to show his teeth. "If you're so confident of your position, make me leave."

She flipped her cell phone open and pressed the nine key. A second later, Danton's hand clamped around her wrist. He pulled her arm across his body to his opposite hip. A swift twist of his midsection and her body whipped around his like a damp towel because of his grip on her wrist that pulled her arm taut across his wider body. He let her go and she stumbled to a halt, but without her cell phone. Danton held it up for her furious glance before pushing it into his shirt pocket. The man never wore something simple like a T-shirt. There was always a neat row of buttons down the front of his chest, and pockets; the sort of shirt you expected to see a hiker in. A garment built for utility. Even his jeans were the type with sturdy pockets that buttoned. That was Danton for you; all business, and deadly in the execution of it. Her little dress felt like tissue paper compared to his capable appearance. While she'd dressed to endure the weather, he was outfitted with survival in mind. Comfort was measured by his clothing being just baggy enough for him to move with ease. No skintight jeans for him, his pants had enough fabric in them to allow for moves like the one that had just netted him her cell phone.

Leaving her neatly at the mercy of his goodwill.

A little shiver shook her spine as she recognized how much strength he really had in his body. He had always been careful not to hurt her, even in their most intimate moments. Trust was a double-edged blade because she honestly couldn't evict him on her own. She'd only been bluffing with her cell phone and he'd called it. That left her high and dry with no recourse.

"Damn it, Toni. Don't look at me that way." He made a disgusted sound under his breath before he dug her cell phone out and tossed it across the distance to her. "I told you we need to talk." He watched her catch the little bit of technology. He stared at her for a long moment to see what she'd do with the returned cell phone. A frustrated growl escaped her lips as she stuffed it into her purse. Calling the cops wasn't the answer, in fact, it would only serve to tie her into a knot of tension as

she waited for Danton to corner her in some other place. The man didn't know the word "quit" existed in the English language. If he intended for them to have a talk, he'd keep appearing until he was satisfied. The man's tenacity was frustrating but it was also admirable—if you enjoyed satire.

He grunted approval. "Next time, dial it in your pocket so that your unwelcome guest doesn't know what you're doing. You'd have been dead long before the local patrol car made it into your driveway, if that was my intention."

"That's assuming rape isn't on your mind."

A ghost of a grin curved his lips. "Don't make suggestions you don't want me to take interest in. Seducing you sounds like a lot of fun."

Toni hissed at him. Conversations with Danton spiraled out of control faster than paper caught fire. Only tonight, she was the one dealing with the heat boiling up inside her. Her body didn't much care about the details. But she sure didn't need him painting a picture that she'd have to sleep with in her unsatisfied dreams once he went home to his new spouse. "What do you want, Danton?"

His face lost all traces of humor as he moved closer. His feet never made a sound, even on her hardwood floor. Toni fought the urge to wiggle backwards as he kept moving. She had to lift her chin so their gazes locked, but she refused to budge and show him any weakness. That need burned bright enough to keep her in place in spite of his body looming over her. He turned his hand over and stroked one side of her face with the back of it. Sensation rippled down her spine. Her nipples tingled before drawing into tight little nubs. Danton's eyes blazed into hers as that ripple went lower, making her shift as her clit softly throbbed.

"You. I want you back, Toni." His voice was husky with desire.

His opposite hand snaked around her waist. That quickly she was a captive of his stronger body, held against him while his fingers moved around to cup the back of her head. He considered her intently, like he was memorizing her trapped in his embrace. A shudder shook her body

as her hands pushed against his chest. It was a feeble excuse for a protest, one she couldn't maintain for very long. Her hands smoothed over his chest, transmitting just how hard the man who held her still was. Heat raced through her veins as she felt her mouth go dry in anticipation of his kiss.

It had been too damn long since he'd kissed her. Right and wrong didn't hold much value as she watched his gaze drop to her mouth. On instinct she licked her lower lip. His eyes followed the tip of her tongue as they narrowed.

"You are so damn sexy. The way you move, even breathe. It turns me on instantly. I haven't had a single night's sleep since we parted without seeing you in my dreams." His mouth blocked out any response she might have made. His hand tightened on the nape of her neck to control her head. Pleasure flooded her starving senses as he pressed her lips apart. He'd been the last man to kiss her and right then, it seemed like she'd been poised for three whole months waiting for this second. A little mutter of delight rose from her throat. Danton didn't rush the kiss. He lingered over the first meeting of their mouths before increasing the pressure by small degrees. He teased her to open her jaw, and the promise of sharing his kiss again was too much.

She wouldn't burn in Hades over just one kiss...right?

The tip of his tongue traced her lower lip. Her lips parted further as he thrust his tongue into her mouth. He stroked her tongue as the kiss became hard and demanding. His body moved until they were flush against each other. The arm holding her back draped lower until his hand cupped one side of her bottom and pressed her hips forward. One thick thigh pressed between hers until he could rub it against her mons. Her clit clamored with appreciation as he stroked it, even through her dress. Danton released his grip on her bottom and she curled her hips back from him only to have him press her right back into solid contact with his thigh. Sensation shot into her pussy, shaking her with a deep pleasure intense enough to steal her breath.

Toni broke off their kiss as she gasped. Danton rubbed her mons again with his knee as his fingers roamed over her bottom, gently

squeezing in a purely sexual way. His cock was hard against her ribs, taunting her with just how much she wanted it back inside her.

"You're married." Trying to cling to her sanity, Toni pushed against the body she craved. If she stayed in his embrace, tossing him out was going to slip right out of her mind. She wasn't sure she could face the morning alone after a fresh taste of him.

Danton released her and a twist of pain went through her heart. Toni focused her attention on that evidence of what Danton brought into her world. Pain. They were bad for each other, addictive in a fashion because neither of them was moving on very effectively. Like junkies, they were panting for another taste even though they both knew it couldn't last.

"I won't be married for much longer."

"Excuse me?" Her voice trembled because his words were pure temptation. Her body certainly liked the idea of Danton being back on the list of acceptable men. She wasn't the staunchest member of her congregation, but she drew the line at breaking commandments. Adultery was off limits. She grasped at her rational thinking while trying to keep her mind on the facts that had split them apart and led him to the altar.

"Look, Danton, you two are going to have a baby. You need to go home and iron out whatever sent you here tonight. Kids need a home. I understood your reasons. But I can't have an affair with a deadbeat father. Even you." Looking into his eyes, she soaked up every bit of strength she saw burning there. Plain and simple, she loved him because of the man he was. "Don't tarnish my vision of you by asking me to be your lover. Please."

"It's not my kid." Danton's fists tightened until she heard the knuckles pop, and the raw fury of betrayal flashed in his gaze. For a man like him, dishonesty was the worst of all sins, especially over a child. Locked up in his chest was a heart that loved family. He'd walk through fire for any and all family relations. "Come on, I need some air before I forget all about discussing anything with you and drag you back to your bed."

He wasn't joking. There wasn't a hint of mercy on his face, nothing but the blazing need in his eyes. Her body shouted for her to fling out a denial, just to wave the flag in front of the bull to see if he'd charge her. But it was a cowardly impulse, a way of shoving aside her principles in favor of letting Danton take responsibility for their passionate explosions.

Danton was worth better than that. He deserved a woman who stiffened her spine and gave him that same hard honesty right back. That ground rule fueled their passion because, as lovers, they told each other exactly what they craved. It took them on a journey through desire and need that scorched every inch of her flesh, even touched her heart.

"Sure." Toni reached for a ponytail holder and twisted it around her hair to secure it back. She refused to think about anything else as she opened her closet and found the jacket she couldn't bear to part with. It was dark plum leather, the first gift she'd received from him. The garment represented his growing need to share more than sex with her. He had given her the jacket so she could ride on his motorcycle with him. It was an invitation he'd never extended to another woman.

Only to her.

Even in the anguish of heartbreak, she'd been unable to part with it. Maybe just because she knew his new wife didn't own one.

"You kept it."

Toni shrugged into the jacket and turned to face him. Danton was right in front of her and she jumped. He caught the open front of the riding jacket to hold her in place as he stroked his hands over its smooth surface and the curves of her breasts. Something drew his features tight. It was hard to put a description on the emotion because it was too vulnerable for a man who was as solid as steel.

"Yeah, I kept it."

A flare of passion lit his eyes before he clamped his jaw tight and turned towards the door. He clasped one hand around her wrist, closing his fingers in a grip that was almost too tight. A little ripple of fear raced down her spine as she recognized how helpless she would be leaving on the back of his bike. In a way, she got the idea that he liked knowing she

was in his control. There was a part of her that enjoyed it too. A crazy little twist of sensation went through her clit as she anticipated being dependant on him. It was a dark idea, rich with hints of domination and capture. Telling Danton what she liked in bed was intense, but being under his command was decadent.

She shivered as his bike came into view. It was top of the line and customized. Danton pulled his helmet from the seat and swung his leg over the bike. He was the master sitting there strapping his helmet on. A second helmet was attached to the back of the seat and a ripple of anticipation raced down her spine as she recognized the details of a perfectly planned mission with her as the objective.

“What if I didn’t have the jacket anymore?”

His teeth reflected moonlight as he grinned at her. “You would have worn mine.” All traces of playfulness evaporated as he watched her secure the strap of the helmet. He kicked the support stand up and turned the key. The engine rumbled to life as he jerked his head in invitation.

“Let’s go, Toni. If you want your explanation before I get back inside you, get your ass on this bike.”

She understood Danton well enough to not take offense at his words. Hell, it excited her to hear how much his control was being tested. There wasn’t a sweet-worded compliment that could affect her as deeply. They fed off each other’s arousal. He was offering her the choice to settle their mental debate before they appeased their need. It was leave now, or let him get back inside her. It was getting harder to remember just why she was walking away from her condominium with its air conditioning and waiting bed.

Toni swung her leg over the back of the bike and gasped as the vibration of the motor hit her aroused clit. Her pussy was already growing wet. By the time they got to wherever Danton wanted to go, she was going to be poised on the edge of desperation. She wrapped her hands around his waist and he took off.

“And may God have mercy on us both.” Her words were whisper soft and lost in the engine noise, but no less true.

Chapter Four

Danton clenched his jaw against the wind. He enjoyed the burn of arousal. Toni clung to his body, driving the heat in his cock up another degree. His memory was clear as crystal. When he was deep inside her, she'd whimper and clasp her thighs around his hips. They had explored every position he knew for fucking, but, in the end, there was nothing quite as primitive as pressing her down onto her back so that his chest rubbed against her breasts while he rode her.

He shook off the idea as he tried to regain a measure of control. He'd be back inside her soon, but he owed her an explanation. It didn't matter that someone owed him a hell of a lot more for messing up his life for the past few months. All that fucking mattered was that Toni had kept the riding jacket, proving that she wasn't finished with him either.

She loved him. He knew it, and he was grateful for it. More humbled than he'd ever stinking been in his entire career storming hostile locations around the globe, places that should have swallowed him and spit his lifeless body out onto the ground. Living through eight years of active Special Operations duty dulled compared to being so close to Toni again. Maybe distance did make the heart grow fonder because the last three months had felt endless.

* * *

"It's Hooker's baby."

There was a note of disappointment in his tone, but it was far overshadowed by anger. Danton threw a stone into the water and it skipped across the surface of the lake perfectly before he turned to look at her. He moved in stiff, jerky motions. Energy bled off him like an aroma that was designed to stimulate her appetite.

If that was the case...it was working just fine. Despite the warm night air she felt a chill go down her spine that had nothing to do with the lake nearby. Toni unzipped the jacket now that the motion of the ride wasn't cooling her anymore. The moonlight rippled along the water's surface, setting the scene perfectly for summer lovers.

"Ronda had to have one of those amnio tests done. I requested a paternity one while they were at it."

"She agreed to that?" Toni was shocked. Ronda Valencia had screamed to high heaven that Danton had knocked her up and left her while he went off after Toni. The thing that had torn her life apart was the fact that Danton admitted to sleeping with Ronda before Toni had been ready to begin the physical side of their relationship.

"I didn't ask her permission. She had the test done on base and I needed to know if that was my baby."

"Oh." That explained a lot. Danton wasn't just military, he was Special Forces. If he didn't have a buddy in every office on base, he knew someone who did. That was what he was, the ultimate adapter and survivor. He would get what he needed in any manner necessary. Danton didn't lose. Ever.

"Well, you're still married. I'm sorry, Danton. Maybe she just doesn't know for sure...you know? Some women are more popular than others."

"You mean less discriminating." He stared at her for a long moment. "Is there someone else in your bed, Toni? Since I left it?"

He really didn't have the right to ask when he'd been sleeping with a wife while they'd been apart. Her heart leapt at the opportunity to try and build a bridge back to where they could be together. But it hurt to reopen the door that led to trusting him with her bare feelings. "I wasn't the one who got married."

“Toni...” His voice turned dangerous. Another rock went skipping across the lake before he turned and sprang at her. The impulse to move didn’t make it to her feet in time. Danton closed his arms around her and she shivered as she caught the warm scent of his skin. It was like musk, hitting her senses and seeping in to trigger all her hormones. He grasped her jaw and raised her face to his. “I need to know. Has there been anyone else? Tell me, so we can get past it.”

Her temper flared up in the face of his demand. “Oh, aren’t you arrogant. Get past what? You’ve been playing house with Ronda.”

“I never consummated the marriage. If the kid was mine, I’d have stood by her, but it’s not my baby. If something was going to cost me you, I was going to make sure first.” There was another flash of harsh emotion in his eyes. Toni stared at his face like a starving person. Danton watched her in return for a moment. “When I confronted her with the test, she admitted that she’d slept with Hooker. The second test came back positive in his favor. Our marriage is being annulled right now because I never screwed her. I haven’t been inside any woman since I laid down beside you. When I told you I loved you, it was the honest truth. I’ve never been in love with a woman other than you.” His thumb smoothed her bottom lip. “But I am arrogant.” His knee pressed between her thighs once more, and a little moan escaped her mouth as her clit was rubbed. Another wave of need washed through her.

“You’ve got that part right. You reek of arrogance.” She could feel the fluid soaking into her panties as her body heated for his possession. His declaration rung through her head, making thought almost impossible. She’d heard him say he loved her in her dreams so often the moment was almost surreal.

“Just tell me if there was someone else, Toni.” His gaze flashed with determination as his thigh moved against her clit again.

The scent of her wet pussy rose between them and it was too damn much to ignore. He was suddenly grateful for the little excuse of a dress she was wearing. It was loose and fell to her knees with nothing more than a string to keep it closed. He growled in approval. “God, I’ve missed

just how receptive your body is.” Popping the tie open, he caught the sides of the skirt and pulled it up and over her head.

“Danton...” Her voice was coated in apprehension. He didn’t stop, only smoothed his hand down her bare thigh in a motion meant to be gentle. He lifted her right off her feet, and her little beaded Indian-harem shoes slipped off her feet. Her dress fluttered into a puddle, leaving her amazedly at his mercy. The hard bulge of his cock pressed against her hip as Danton stepped towards his bike and sat her on the seat. His body spread her legs wide and her little lace-edged panties weren’t any protection.

“There hasn’t been anyone since you left.” Her breath was husky but rushed as his hand brushed up the center of her slit. Sometimes, hard and rough sex was a relief, but Danton’s cock was large and her body was going to be tight from abstinence. His hands froze for a moment in a little telltale reaction to her confession.

And it was a confession, an admission of his remaining hold on her. She had had every reason to move on and hadn’t. Tonight, with his warm fingers spread out over her belly, it felt incredibly right to be in his embrace. Pride didn’t feed the need clawing at her and it didn’t satisfy her desire to be held once passion was fed.

Danton would.

Her body recalled that fact too keenly. Her hips thrust towards his body as her nipples drew into hard points. Blood rushed through her veins, flooding the tiny vessels that ran close to her skin, making the tissue acutely sensitive. She felt each fingertip where they rested on her.

Danton held her chin in a firm grip and raised her face to his. There was the brush of his breath against her wet lower lip before he pressed a soft kiss onto her mouth. His hand slid down the smooth skin covering her belly and onto her mons. He broke the kiss as a deep rumble of male appreciation shook his chest.

“I love your waxed pussy.” His fingers slipped over the soft skin and into the top of her slit as she shivered. “But I love this clit even more.”

Danton broke off his next comment because it involved women from his past. They didn't belong anywhere near Toni. He indulged the raw possessiveness of that idea. His finger touched her clit, and she quivered against him. The folds of her sex were slick with her arousal, making him groan with need. His cock was too hard for playing. A fire burned in his gut to get back into her like some primitive claiming ceremony.

But there was one thing he was going to do first. He hooked an arm around her body as he rubbed her clit with a fingertip. Her hands gripped his biceps as she gasped and wiggled against the pressure on that sensitive button at the top of her slit.

"Danton." Her voice was low and husky, completely betraying how much she enjoyed being fingered. She had battled for years with her high sex drive, not really finding any peace until Danton joined her in bed and taught her to embrace her greedy flesh. Her hips curled up, eager for deeper penetration. Pleasure tightened under his touch like a knot being pulled. She dug her fingers into the hard arms holding her, and feeling the steel of his biceps intensified her need to buck her hips towards her lover.

"Come. Right on my finger, Toni."

He pressed harder, and her body convulsed as climax jerked through her. She cried out as she arched away from him and over the bike, her thighs clasp his legs where he stood between her spread ones.

He caught the back of her neck with his hand and angled her head up to look into his face. His jaw was clenched tight, the muscles of his neck corded. His finger slipped down her slit to circle the opening of her pussy.

"We're getting married. Just as soon as I get the final annulment papers."

His voice was harsh. Like a drill sergeant instilling discipline in his newest recruits. But the need coating that deep tone touched her heart. It wasn't something communicated through words very well. They were addicted to each other, the sex and the conflict, but most importantly to

the emotion that sent them into the night where spreading her thighs on a motorbike was not only desired...it was craved.

"I love you, Danton. I never stopped." It was so easy to say, even in the face of months of heartache.

"Don't ever stop."

His hand left her sex as he stepped back slightly. There was the faint sound of his fly opening before he pressed her thighs wider with his body.

"Hold on to me, baby."

She gripped his arms as his cock nudged her slit. Her climax had ensured that there was plenty of fluid to ease his entry into her body. Danton gripped her hips as he thrust forward. A hard groan shook his chest as he forced himself to stop only halfway into her.

"You're tight. So damn tight." He lifted his face and locked gazes with her. "I love you so damn much for not fucking another guy. Shit, you had every right to. But I'm so goddamn glad you didn't."

He pulled free and pressed back deep. His cock stretched her pussy, the passage aching slightly as it took his length again. Sweet pleasure surged through her as he slowly left her before thrusting once more. He made sure to slide his entire cock against her clit without rushing each stroke. The bike vibrated beneath her bottom, forcing her to control her own motions and let Danton take command of their pace or topple the machine. It was pure torment, waiting for his next penetration. He lingered deep inside her pussy for a moment that seemed like an eternity before moving again. She was balanced on the sharp edge of need the entire time. The pleasure shot through her, twisting and tightening as her hips tried to lift towards his steady thrusts.

Danton cussed and his hands gripped her hips as he lost his private battle to control his pace. He nipped the tender skin of her neck with a soft bite before whispering against her ear, "I can't go slow anymore, baby. I need to fuck you like I've been dreaming of." He held her hips in an iron grip while his body drove into hers faster and harder. Their voices mixed as she whimpered and he grunted. Pleasure built under the

motion of the hard cock rocking her. He snarled softly before she felt the first spurt of his seed hit her womb. She jerked as she realized he hadn't donned a condom tonight. It was the only time he'd ever fucked her bare. Her pussy contracted around his length in a frantic attempt to milk his seed deep into her belly. The pleasure that whipped through her was blinding. It shot up her spine and slammed into her brain. Her vision went dark as she panted to supply her racing heart with enough oxygen. Danton held her through the storm as her body twitched and bucked towards him.

She collapsed and he hugged her against his chest. The fabric of his clothing irritated her face as she shuddered with the last ripples of sensation.

"I'm sorry, Toni. That was rough." His hand smoothed over her skin but she didn't hear any lament in his voice. It was pure male smugness.

Wiggling against his hold, she pushed at his chest. "It's too hot tonight."

His teeth flashed in the moonlight. "Come on, the lake will cool us off."

He lifted her off the seat of the bike and waited as she found her shoes. Her dress was flung over his shoulder and he clasped her hand without giving her dress back.

"Give me my dress, Danton."

A soft chuckle was his reply as he tugged her forward. "No one's around. Hear the birds? They'd be silent if anyone was nearby." He turned his head and his gaze swept her from head to toe. "I like you just like this. You should wear that outfit more often. I love it."

He guided her along a dirt trail. It ended on a small dock. Her dress landed on the sanded planks. He unlaced his boots and sat them next to her dress. A giggle got caught in her throat as they stood there naked. It was naughty but oddly perfect; standing near the water cooled the air down a few degrees.

"Come on, Toni, the lake is great tonight." A huge splash sent water sprinkling over her bare skin as Danton cannonballed himself into the

smooth surface of the lake. She laughed as the water hit her. It was a delicious combination of sin and sensation. She hadn't been skinny-dipping since she was eight years old and her schoolyard friend had dared her to do it.

"You're a bad influence, Danton."

He shook water out of his eyes and grinned at her. "Come here, Toni."

She sat and dangled her feet in the lake, kicking some more water at his face. He was treading water using slow backwards strokes of his powerful arms, the muscles standing out in the moonlight.

"What made you think the baby wasn't yours?" She needed to know, because it was almost surreal to have him back in her life so simply. It felt like a dream-spun fantasy and the alarm clock was going to shatter her bliss any second now.

He blew out a long breath. "Gut feeling more than anything. That and I only had intercourse with her one time. We used protection as well."

"That's all it takes, you know." The warning lost a lot of its impact as Toni considered the fact that they hadn't used protection fifteen minutes ago. She wasn't in any position to judge Ronda.

His gaze dropped down her nude torso as a half grin lifted his lips.

"Yeah, I know." Husky arrogance was back in his tone. His gaze centered on her belly for a long moment. "I didn't bring any condoms with me."

Toni felt her face turn red. Sure, she was still using birth-control pills but they'd always doubled up before. It should have pissed her off; instead it hit her as a symbol of his devotion to their relationship. That and there was something exciting about hearing him tell her that he had planned to try and make their new start as permanent as possible.

"I wouldn't have left you for anything else, Toni."

She sighed as her emotions rolled and tried to send tears down her cheeks. It horrified her to feel her composure teetering so easily. His gaze studied her intently. But his cheek twitched in response too.

“You can be damn sure I wasn’t going to consummate that marriage until I saw a paternity test. Now or after the birth there was no way I was giving you up without proof positive.”

“Well, you sure didn’t share that information with me.” She hated the hurt lacing her voice but there was a part of her that needed to know he understood how deep his leaving had cut her.

“It would have left you in limbo.” His voice was firm in his belief in his choice. Toni shook her head because she knew better than to argue with that tone. Danton wouldn’t back off a decision. Not without an elephant leaning on him anyway.

“I know you still love me, Toni. Love like that doesn’t die. What I’m back to find out is whether or not you can trust me.” The water splashed as his strokes became harder, betraying his emotions. “Love isn’t worth spit without trust. A marriage isn’t worth a dime without it either.”

“I know.” And the fact that he did made her heart fill up to bursting. It was a silly emotion, one better suited to teen magazines and soap operas but tears tumbled from her eyes and they were ones born from love. Danton watched her face, smiling as he witnessed the overflow of emotion. She kicked another round of water at him as she pushed her lower lip out in a pout. “Why do you have to read my expressions so well?”

“Because I love you. If I was more interested in my cock, I’d never notice what bothered you.”

She rolled her eyes. He curled one finger in her direction. “Ready to join me?”

She jumped in and giggled as the water swallowed her up. It was still warm from the blazing sun, but coupled with the darkness, it was now just right. Midnight was easing on them as a breeze kicked up, rustling the dry leaves of the surrounding trees. The wind picked up a tiny amount of water, making the air cool as it touched her face.

Two hands captured her hips as Danton pulled her towards him. The water was only chest-high on him and he was standing on the bottom of the lake.

“Much better. This heat wave is testing my patience. We may have to spend every night for the rest of the month up here because I need to be pressed against you.” He leaned down to nip the side of her neck once more.

“Poor baby.” Her teasing mood died as his cock brushed against her leg. It was hard again and she shivered as she realized that he’d be a lot longer before climaxing this time. His hands smoothed down over her hips to tease the center of her bottom. He fingered the opening to her ass for a moment before gripping each thigh and spreading her legs around his hips.

“Hold on to me, honey.”

Her hands clasped his neck as he thrust up into her again. It was a smooth penetration that satisfied the hunger flickering through her body. With him filling her once again, she wasn’t sure she had ever been sated.

“Now lock your legs around my waist.”

She did it but frowned at him. “I forgot how much you enjoy giving orders.”

His hands grasped her bottom as he pulled free and then thrust back up into her. Pleasure rose from the friction of his motions, making her shiver.

He growled softly and bit her earlobe. “I haven’t forgotten how much you enjoy being mastered. We’ll have to play some more games, honey.”

She gasped as he moved again, pressing deep as the water splashed around them. If he came again, he’d have enough endurance to drive her insane when they got back to her place.

But he wasn’t in the mood to climax. His hips thrust hard against hers without increasing the speed. Pleasure tightened in her belly with the motion of his hips while the water swished around them. Her fingers dug into his shoulders as her body tumbled into another climax, this one deeper but smoother. He thrust a few last times before simply holding her, clasped tightly to his body with his cock still hard inside her. His eyes reflected the moonlight as he studied her face before placing a warm kiss to her neck, licking over the bite he’d left on the sensitive skin.

“Let’s go to bed.” His voice was husky and hungry again. But he lifted her off his length and climbed out of the water. He offered her a hand as the moonlight turned him silver. A hard shiver shook her as she reached for it.

For Danton, the night was only beginning.

Chapter Five

The ride back to her house felt twice as long as it had when they left. Maybe it was the vibration of the bike against her clit or the scent of his skin, Toni didn't know. She was drowning in sensory overload, but quite content to let it drag her down into a pool of sensations where she might lose track of where her body ended and his began. Her pussy felt empty and her clit throbbed for more attention. The shake of the bike wasn't enough to make her climax; instead, it kept her clit jiggling just enough to ensure she was impatient to get to her driveway.

That was another detail about Danton that had haunted her since their separation. His ability to build her hunger throughout the night, fanning the flames. It was never one round of sex and then turn the late-night sports channel on. He was the perfect companion because his appetite matched hers. They were like a pair of mirrors aimed at one another.

The night was a cloak that helped them slip away from reality. Danton parked his bike in a dark shadow cast by her garage. One large hand captured hers, and his fingers closed around her hand. He led her around the back of her condo. Her nipples tingled, drawing tight with anticipation as she handed over her set of keys without a word. Heat snaked its way up her pussy making her eager to chuck her clothing the second that door sealed out the rest of the planet. Her skin wanted to be free so that she could feel him pressing against her from head to toe. She wanted to feel every touch and not through the layers of their clothing.

"Let's shower."

That was for her sake. Toni knew it as she followed Danton into the bathroom. He flipped the water on without any light. Moonlight streamed in through the upper portion of her bathroom window. That was enough light for him. His night vision was another one of those things that made him dangerous. He really was a deadly predator, complete with keen senses that allowed him to blend into his environment and surface when he wanted to make a kill.

Or claim a mate.

Her thighs were sticky with his seed and she shivered as she caught him watching her undress. The moonlight splashed over his bare body, making her stare at the perfection of his nude frame. Every muscle was cut and molded. Dark hair covered his chest, running down across his belly. Her nipples tingled again as she remembered exactly what it felt like to have his crisp hair rubbing against her breasts when he pressed her down onto her back for a hard round of fucking. His cock thrust up from his belly, erect and swollen. Reaching out, she clasped it with one hand, letting her fingers move around it.

She suddenly wanted to shift the power balance. Apply her own brand of demand and have Danton shivering because of her actions. Lowering herself to her knees, she licked the slit on the head of his cock. His breath rasped through his teeth on a harsh note as she opened her mouth and took the entire crown inside. Closing her hands around the remaining length, she worked her fingers up and down his cock as she took as much as possible into her mouth.

“*Christ, Toni!*” The glass wall of her shower rattled as his back knocked against it.

She wanted to smile, but kept her mouth in place, teasing the little slit with her tongue. Danton clasped her head in one large hand as his hips began to thrust towards her mouth. Smoothing one hand all the way to the base of his staff, she gently handled the sacs hanging there. Danton snarled softly.

“Go on and play, honey. Because I’ll be looking forward to my turn.”

Her clit throbbed at the idea. Turning her head, she applied more attention to his cock, listening for a response. A sharp rasp of his breath was her reward as she stroked her fingers back up his erection. His hips kept thrusting as she sucked more of his length inside her mouth. His breath was harsh and grew labored before he grasped her neck to pull her away from him. Solid determination tightened his features when she looked up at his face. The shower was still spraying out cool water. The air conditioner was finally getting the upper hand against the heat now that the night moved towards the early-morning hours. Her skin was cooling off, and pressing up against his warmer male body felt inviting.

Danton held a hand out to her.

“Come on back here, baby. I’m not going to come again for a long time.” His voice was thick and gruff with promise. A surge of confidence rose inside her as she felt the tremor shaking his huge body because of her actions. But she shivered too as she recognized his husky tone. It was a warning that he was in the mood to fuck. It wasn’t a need that was going to be fed quickly.

He grasped her hand and pulled her off her knees. They didn’t have a lot of room, but Danton wasn’t interested in any separation. He stood behind her as the water flowed over them both. His hand cupped her breasts as he applied some soap to the soft globes. He rolled her tight nipples between his thumb and forefinger as his hard cock thrust against her bottom. He bent his knees slightly to lower his hips to fit between her thighs. Her pussy was still wet, and the water eased his path as well. His hands smoothed a soapy trail over her chest to her belly as he clasped her waist and entered her.

“Do you hurt?”

His cock was completely lodged inside her body again. Her pussy smarted from being stretched around his girth, but the pain wasn’t strong and it snaked through her, fueling a wild enjoyment of being filled.

“Not bad enough to stop.”

Danton chuckled. He leaned over her shoulder and bit the lobe of her ear. "Spread your feet." It was easy to obey on the wet tile. Another shudder worked its way down her spine as she complied. With him in back of her she was left waiting for his next move. Danton caught her wrists and placed her hands flat against the tile wall. She leaned over to do it and he pulled her hips so that her bottom rose slightly towards him.

"Now that's a perfect submissive position."

"Submissive, like hell!"

Toni jerked back into a standing position and his length slipped from her body. Her pussy complained about the loss as she tried to turn and face Danton. He captured her wrists instead and molded his body over her back, effectively imprisoning her with his larger, stronger frame. He bent her back over, pressing her hands onto the tile as his cock teased her wet slit. Her clit throbbed as his erection lightly grazed it. Pleasure snaked up from the contact, whetting her appetite for more.

"I like the idea of you being submissive." His breath hit her ear as he pulled his hips away from her and then slid his length through her slit, taunting her with its swollen hardness without penetrating her. "I like it a whole lot." He bit her ear and stroked through her open sex again. This time, she whimpered as her clit begged for a firmer connection. The tiny sound was like blood in the water and Danton caught its scent instantly.

"Don't move or your Master won't be pleased."

"Master, my ass."

He tsked at her defiant tone, but released her wrists and straightened up. Toni bit into her lower lip as she debated her options. A little moan left her throat as she recognized Danton's intention. The man was in the mood to drive her insane.

"Yes, Master does like your ass. Thank you for offering it."

Toni gasped as his hands smoothed over her raised bottom. There was the slick glide of soap over each side of her fanny before Danton separated the cheeks and cleaned between them. The shower was still pumping out water and it carried the soap down her legs while Danton fingered her back entrance.

“Still have your plug?”

She shivered with anticipation. Danton was the only man who had ever touched her ass. “Umm...yes.” She mumbled the response, embarrassed to say such a personal thing out loud.

A hard smack landed on her butt and she yelped.

“You will answer in a full voice.”

“Yes! I have it.” Her face burned as she heard her words echo inside the shower stall.

“You have what?” He fingered her back opening, inserting one fingertip. Pleasure shot up into her belly as she lifted her bottom towards the touch without hesitation. Her memory demanded that she comply with his game, because the pleasure would be ultra intense if she yielded to his command.

“I have my butt plug.”

His finger withdrew from her, and a whimper marked its departure. Another smack landed on her raised ass; it was harder, but the pain went straight into her clit, making her moan as need clawed at her to do whatever it took to gain connection with his cock again.

“Do not yell at your Master.” One thick finger thrust into her pussy. Her hips lifted for the penetration as her pussy tried to contract around that one digit. Danton leaned down over her back, stroking her spine until he was pressed along her back with his breath teasing her ear. He gently raked the skin on her neck with his teeth, sending sensation down her nerve endings. The finger inside her pussy began to move in and out as she gasped with the pleasure. He stroked her slit until he reached her clit, lingering for a long moment on the sensitive bud.

“Your Master can deliver pleasure but only if he is pleased with your submission.”

Her entire body shuddered as the idea of playing submissive exploded in her brain. Danton felt the reaction and applied his teeth to her ear in another soft bite. “Interesting idea isn’t it, Toni? Complete submission. I think we should try it.”

He rubbed her clit as she whined and tried to press down onto his hand. Danton stood and drew his finger from her spread folds. The water hit her unprotected back, sending a new set of signals through her overstimulated flesh.

“Master wants you to dry off. You will lay your plug and the lubricant on the bed before getting onto your hands and knees in the center of the bed to wait for your Master. You may not watch for me. You will lower your head until your face is in the bedding, to prove your submission.”

“You are such an arrogant bastard.” Every inch of her body was poised in anticipation but that didn’t mean that her pride liked the details.

“And you love it.” He smacked her ass and the water popped loudly. “Go on, Toni. Wait for me with your ass in the air.”

She cast him a fuming look as she stomped out of the bathroom. But Danton was more interested in the way her nipples remained contracted into tight little points. Toni might not like his handling technique but her body enjoyed it. It was a harsh side of sex that he could only explore with her. She struck a missing chord in him that he hadn’t noticed the lack of until moments like this when he wondered if she’d be waiting on her bed for him. Excitement nipped along his cock, tightening his balls as he rubbed a towel over his skin.

Toni might not like the idea completely but they were going to explore it because this relationship was for the long haul.

There was a part of him that needed her to comply just because he’d asked it of her. It would deepen his confidence in their relationship because only a woman who loved him would put up with his arrogance.

But he would make sure to see that it was worth her time.

Chapter Six

It was stupid. Something from a porno film gone bizarre. Educated women didn't play closet games that included calling their lovers "Master". At least not women who held decent-paying jobs and didn't need to be classified as "kept".

But it excited her. The idea refused to budge from her brain as she used a towel to dry her skin. Anal intercourse was something she had only ever worked up the courage to try with Danton. Challenging the taboo fit with his dark persona, feeding some wild side of her own personality that had never found an outlet before. It was like having the decent, respectable boyfriend who you could show off to your parents but also play in the dark hours with the bad boy you knew your mother wouldn't approve of.

The combination was mesmerizing, taunting her with the taste of more than just sweet seduction. An entire array of flavors sat waiting for her to sample them, even if a few of them might sting.

Danton was poised on the edge of need, battling his inner beast. That was something he enjoyed. The burn of challenge was addictive, it was what got him through military Special Operations training programs designed to crack even the strongest man. To succeed, you had to get in touch with that primitive side of your nature. A man needed to learn just how much leash to allow the animal.

Part of that was wondering if Toni would choose him just the way he was, with all the rough edges still on. It wasn't that he needed a

submissive female; what he craved was a woman who could adjust to his moods. A woman who wasn't going to shatter emotionally if he was too abrupt, or freak out if he reacted to an unexpected threat.

But more importantly, he wanted to know if Toni could play in bed with him the way they had before. Could she roll with the punches and take a chance on him again? He'd never lived his life in the shallow end of the pool. He wanted it all, needed to taste foreign dishes simply to experience the flavor.

Tonight he wanted to sample walking into her bedroom and seeing her poised on her bed...waiting for him. His cock twitched at the idea as he forced himself to remain in the bathroom. Anticipation tried to drive his heart rate up and Danton controlled it with iron willpower. He gritted his teeth against the burn moving through his balls. He knew one thing for sure, her submission was the sort of flavor that would leave a mark in his memory until his dying day. It would set his entire body on a slow burn just like a habanera pepper did when you ate it. The heat lasted for hours, moving through your entire body and forcing you to sweat. He grinned because that was exactly what Toni did to him. One taste and he lingered in her grip for days.

Seeing Toni's ass waiting for him could do that. Hell yeah, it could. He tightened his hands into fists as he listened for a sound from her bed, telling him that she was ready for his mastering to proceed.

Chapter Seven

She was excited.

Toni pulled the small drawer in her nightstand open and looked at her meager collection of adult toys as heat blazed through her. Danton had gifted all of them to her, and she'd been ignoring them since their split-up because they reminded her of his presence in her bed. Easing her own sexual tension while sleeping alone hadn't appealed because each naughty adult plaything only reminded her of how much she'd enjoyed the man who wielded them so expertly on her body.

Another shiver shook her as she reached for the butt plug. It was a large one, and she picked up the tube of gel that went with it. Her gaze lingered on the full-sized dildo still in the drawer, but she closed it and moved towards her bed with only the plug. She didn't want a toy in her pussy tonight; she craved Danton's cock. Maybe that was blunt, but it was true. Sex toys could be enjoyable, but there was a part of her that needed to be fucked by the real thing. A toy didn't satisfy the same way for her.

A crazy twist of excitement went through her as she placed the plug and lubricant on the bedspread. Her ears picked up every sound in the room as she listened for his approach. She turned around and assumed the position he'd requested, and her clit throbbed with anticipation. With her knees placed apart on the bed, the fold of her slit opened slightly. She actually felt the air brushing the wet surface of her tender flesh. Her vision was useless as her face was placed against the cool cotton of the comforter covering the bed, and the rest of her senses began working overtime in response.

The skin covering her bottom tingled as it waited for the first touch from her lover. Each second felt like an hour as she listened for a footfall or some other sound. That was part of the game though, the anticipation. Danton could move silently and was often in the room before she knew he was there. Her heart raced as she gripped the comforter with her hands, trying to control the urge to look behind her. Excitement held her on edge, growing with every breath she took until she gave into the urge to peek behind her. Toni looked at the doorway and gasped as her gaze touched on her lover. His attention was centered on her displayed bottom, hunger drawing his face taut.

“Sweet submission. I could get used to walking into the room and seeing your body waiting for me.” He stroked each side of her bottom with a firm hand, slowly massaging her cheeks before trailing his fingers through her slit. “Have you used the plug without me?”

“No.” She shivered as she felt the touch of the lubricant against her back opening. Danton teased the puckered area with a single finger as he spread more of the slick gel inside her ass.

He chuckled softly and she squirmed as she battled against the urge to move away from his touch. No other man had ever tempted her to sample anal penetration; somehow, with Danton it wasn't forbidden territory. He was temptation, pure and simple, so everything they did was coated in that dark excitement. It was as decadent as rich chocolate.

“Do you know why, Toni?” He pressed the first inch of the plug into her bottom as he spoke. She whimpered as sensation shot into her clit from the penetration. “You need to have a man who you respect mounting you.” He pulled the plug free and pressed it back into her bottom. “There's no feminine equality about it. Deep inside your brain is a female who enjoys the fact that I hold you down and fuck you.”

He worked the plug in and out, twisting it with each thrust. Her brain wrapped around his words, and she moaned as need began to build to an unbearable level. One touch on her clit and she would come. It was that acute. A low growl rose from her throat and it didn't even sound human. She heard a harsh intake of breath from Danton before the plug

was pressed back into her bottom. It smarted, but the pain transformed into pleasure as she muttered the only word her mind could form. "More.

"Oh yes." Her hips twitched, trying to move towards him, desperate for friction against her clit. "Fuck me. Please."

A hard smack landed on her bottom instead. Toni snarled as she pushed up off the bed. Danton caught her and flipped her over onto her back. She didn't remain in the helpless position but curled up off the mattress to slap his hard chest. She needed an outlet for all the sensation. He growled as her hands connected with his firm flesh. He grasped her hips, pulling her hard against his body before rolling onto his back. She ended up on top of him as he held onto her hips.

"Master says for you to fuck him."

"About time you asked for something I agree with," she snarled at him as she braced her knees on the bed on either side of his lean hips. Lifting her body up, she felt the head of his erection nudge her wet slit.

"Ride my cock." His eyes were bright with demand and need.

He pushed her down onto his length as he bucked beneath her. With the plug in her bottom, her pussy was tight and she shivered as his cock filled her. He watched his rigid flesh disappear into her body before looking up at her face.

"Ride me, Toni."

"Yes, Master." She braced her hands on his shoulders and gripped his hips with her thighs. She shivered as she rose off him and then let gravity help push her back onto his hard length. Climax began to twist through her as she lifted and pushed back down quickly, impatient to release the need he'd built up inside her.

"That's it, baby, take what you want."

Danton gritted his teeth as he watched Toni fuck him. Her face was tight as she panted. She rode him fast, her pussy making little wet sounds while she fucked him. She yelled as she came, and her hips pressed down, grinding against his cock. Her body jerked and quivered as she cried. Danton surged up off the bed, flipping her onto her back the second her pussy began to contract around his length. Control

vanished as he hammered his cock into her spread body. Her moans mixed with his snarls while the bed rocked. It was a hard possession as he let the animal inside him claim exactly what he wanted from her.

Toni refused to think. It was impossible to do anything but feel. Danton growled a moment before his seed flooded her once again. This time, he pushed her down into the mattress, holding her as he came. It was difficult to fill her lungs because his body trapped hers so completely, but a second climax rippled through her as his cock pressed and ground against her clit. She sobbed as she struggled to breathe and her fingers caught the tremor moving through his body. Perfection really was simple. People messed up their own lives by trying to think out things that should be allowed to come naturally. She'd never intended to fall in love with Danton, in fact, her logical mind warned her away from him but love didn't listen. It showed up and no amount of thinking made it understandable.

Love didn't make sense. But it felt amazing.

* * *

"Come on, Toni, we need another shower."

This time he washed her. Bathed her as gently as he would a baby. Toni stood under the warm water, unable to think beyond the way his hands felt on her skin. He removed the plug carefully, taking care to do it slowly. She was sore, but so satisfied it was a battle to keep her eyes open. Danton dried her off like a prized sports car before he clasped her hand and took her back to bed.

He pulled her into his embrace, even trapping her legs with his as he tucked a sheet around them. He caught her chin and raised her face to meet his eyes. In the dark room, only moonlight shimmered off them both.

"I'm sorry I didn't disclose all the facts to you, Toni, but I thought you'd be able to move on easier if I didn't tell you I had doubts about the baby's paternity." He stroked her face gently as his lips curved into a

smile. There was such intensity in his mood; tears stung her eyes as she witnessed it. No one had ever been so devoted to her before. It communicated far more than any three little words could ever do. Saying he loved her was one thing, right now she felt cherished.

"I know you had to be sure, you're not a jerk. That's the real reason I didn't date anyone else. You're a hard act to follow."

"You're impossible." His voice was husky with emotion now. "Tell me you'll marry me."

Toni giggled instead. "Arrogant man. You ask me... Will you marry me?"

"Yes, I will."

Toni punched him in response. But since she was lying against his shoulder, the blow didn't have any real force behind it. She pouted at him. "Loving you is going to a bag of surprises, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am." His face went serious as he stroked a hand over her hip. "Will you have my baby, Toni? Leave those birth-control pills in the cabinet and just take a chance with me? No waiting, there will never be a perfect time. Life isn't that way. I didn't care for how it felt to get split apart. Maybe it's the kick in the ass I needed. I want commitment, right now, no waiting, let's just jump. As long as we have each other, I don't give a damn how cold the water in the river is, we'll adapt."

"There's no other man on this earth who I'd agree to do that with but you."

They might plan for a decade and never find the perfect time to begin a family. Maybe Danton had the right idea, jump in and swim. He wouldn't let them drown. Love gave her the kind of faith to believe in him like that; that unshakable foundation that a couple could build a life on.

"I would be honored to become your wife, but I have one condition."

"And that is?"

Smoothing her fingers across his forearm, Toni smiled at the contrast between her slim fingers and his harder, male ones. "We stay friends too."

Her voice coated his ears, filling in all the nicks and bruises the last few months had left on him. Danton listened to her breathing as it slowed and deepened. For ten years, he'd lived his life out of a duffle bag. Tonight, he was going to hang it up in a home.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Their home. It was perfect because it was built on love.

About the Author

To learn more about Mary Wine, please visit www.marywine.com.
Send an email to Mary at Talk2MaryWine@hotmail.com.

Look for these titles by Mary Wine

Now Available:

Evolution's Embers
Full Disclosure

Coming Soon:

Let Me Love You

Time might march on but hidden in each human are the embers of evolution that flicker to life when nature insists.

Evolution's Embers

© 2006 Mary Wine

Available now at Samhain Publishing

Earth is in trouble, flooded with pollution and uninhabitable for females, who are instead sent into space to live. As the birth rate becomes predominately male, the human race must find a way to stabilize the population. No chances will be taken on relationships doomed to failure because of personality conflicts. Males that desire a female to mate submit to intense testing and wait for a female whose results match. They will also agree to share-one female can provide children for two males and stabilizing the population must take precedence over personal choice.

Jala is an Estroko, a female gladiator who trains and competes in martial arts. Only females can be Estroko and winning freedom from matching is an Estroko's ultimate reward, but a dishonorable knee sweep ends that dream for Jala-sending her to be matched for reproduction.

She comes face to face with a pair of males who consider her their match-and their possession. Jala won't abandon her dreams because science says Cassian and Sion were meant for her. Cassian and Sion can't fathom why Jala ignores the passion igniting between them.

In an era when science controls attraction, what happens to the tender emotions that can bind more than just the body? Love doesn't show up on test pages, it flows through the blood and takes root in the heart.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Evolution's Embers*:

"Yefet is quite warm this season. You won't be cold once we transport to the surface. Cassian and I have provided a sturdy home for you."

She hissed softly, making him raise that eyebrow again. Jala didn't care if he did hear her. She wasn't going to start holding her tongue to keep his ego polished. Even if she'd heard human males expected that sort of master-like treatment from their matches. Listening to gossip wasn't the wisest idea but every negative comment she'd ever heard about ending up matched was surfacing from her memory to torment her.

"I won't thank you for building me a cage."

"It's better than your training facilities."

She grinned and showed him an even row of teeth. "I guess that depends on who you ask. What you call a training facility was what I knew as a home."

"Females enjoy security."

He said it like he believed it. Jala felt her grin turn into a smile. "I enjoy taking care of myself."

"You shouldn't have to."

"And why not?" She wasn't smiling any longer. Arrogant, egotistical male! She didn't have a scrap of patience for their y-chromosome barbarian attitude. "I can provide for myself just fine! Just because I was born a female doesn't mean I need a free ride. The law shouldn't force me to be some male's dependant."

"Match. You will be my match and it's not a dirty word."

She snorted at him. Sion shook his head and stared at the defiance shining from her face. No one ever *snorted* at his orders! Hostile attitude certainly seemed almost too weak a word for her current mood.

"Sion is a whole lot more even tempered than I am, Jala."

The opposite doorway was filled with the commander of the ship. He had darker features and black hair compared to the light golden hues of Sion. She flinched as she applied a name to one of them. Her fickle hormones were already turning against her. Flooding her blood stream and making certain she noticed little details about her male companions. Those embers of evolution encoded right into her genes, the damn things had been blissfully dormant but now it appeared her allotment of mercy had been exceeded. The Resource Department's tests had dumped her right into close quarters with the sort of males who she found too

attractive for her own good. During a competition, she could focus and avoid the issue. Cohabiting with them was going to be a much more difficult test of her composure.

Living among females was nice and uncomplicated. You trained hard and indulged in friendly companionship. Men ruined that balance just by being male. They caused a chain reaction in the body that spelled disaster for any woman who wanted to keep her brain from becoming a slave to her uterus.

“You seem to have missed a few lessons in manners.” The commander walked towards her with solid steps as his dark gaze cut into her. “Snorting is not an appropriate response to any officer.”

Jala very precisely looked at the top of her arm. When a man joined Interlink force, his service number was laser inscribed on his left shoulder. Not that she could actually see her arm through the insulated suit but the commander’s face tightened as he understood her gesture.

“It appears I didn’t register to follow your dictates. That’s too bad for you.” Her words sounded spiteful but she refused to care. Their approach was too certain, their words too full of their own authority over her. The walls were pressing in on her as she struggled to just breathe, her lungs felt too heavy to inflate. She felt like was a puppy at a pet store as it was boxed and sent home with whoever had paid the price for it. Forever expected to wait upon the whim of the owner for morsels of affection as well as the most basic of necessities. It was a humble position for a woman who had been so close to earning a living as the master and owner of her own school.

“What in the cosmos is that?” Sion’s hand snaked up the pants she wore to clasp around her calf. Her legs were bent with both feet up on the bench she sat on because she’d been rubbing her knee. She hadn’t checked to make sure the fabric was pushed all the way back to her foot. Sion had sat on the other side of her feet and she’d left them there to keep the man from getting too close. That meant he could see up the baggy leg of the suit and his medically trained eye instantly found the brown bruising decorating her leg.

He shoved the fabric up her leg as his eyes examined her. His face tightened with rage as he identified the severity of the injury.

“Why wasn’t this treated?”

“Because it didn’t matter once I’d lost my final match because of it. Let go of my leg.” She tried to yank her limb out of his grasp. His fingers tightened as he aimed harsh disapproval at her.

“Do you have some kind of fetish for pain?” Sion asked the question in a whisper-soft voice. He was almost afraid to hear her answer. There were rumors about Estrokos liking rough handling. Her little rosy nipples weren’t pierced but that didn’t mean she didn’t enjoy other kinds of pain. Any female who drove herself hard enough to reach her senior year had to be able to work through pain, and it was possible that her decades of training had warped her senses until Jala considered it enjoyable.

His hand was stroking her foot. Jala frowned as the firm strokes felt amazing while they worked at the throbbing agony that gripped her limb. The strength he had in that hand was amazing. It made her want to melt into a puddle and just enjoy the motion of his fingers. Comfort wasn’t something she was used to getting from anyone but herself. Only little girls got tender attention, but once they began to grow up, each Estroko student was expected to appear strong no matter what personal pain they might be enduring.

Does a full moon really cause naughty behavior?

Bad Moon Rising

© 2007 Leeanne Kenedy

Hailey Burke has heard that full moons cause people to behave in strange ways, but she never thought it would apply to her until the night she winds up in bed with a man she doesn't even like. So she'd had a temporary loss of sanity when she slept with Zack Creighton, the womanizing photographer. Big deal. Doesn't mean she's going to do it again, right?

Wrong.

Unfortunately, Zack has something else in store for Hailey. He's liked the sassy redhead from the moment he met her, but he can't get the stubborn woman to let go of the misconceptions she's formed about him. Sure, he's played the field, but Zack is no womanizer, and he has no intention of leaving things at one night. Once he's had a taste of Hailey, he wants another. And he's determined to convince her that he's not the bad boy she's always thought.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Bad Moon Rising*:

"Hailey," Zack said.

"Yes?"

"Why exactly don't you like me?"

Her jaw tensed. "You know why."

"You think I'm too much of a ladies' man."

"Yep."

"You think I'm arrogant."

"Yep."

"Yet I still manage to turn you on."

“No,” she lied.

He gave a knowing glance before fixing his gaze on her breasts. “Your nipples are hard.”

“I’m cold.”

“It’s ninety degrees.” He licked his lips in a way that should’ve been sleazy but instead looked pretty damn enticing. “What would you do if I put my hands underneath your shirt? Would you stop me?”

Her clit swelled as a rush of liquid heat pooled in her panties.

“I don’t think you would,” he continued, moving even closer. He dragged his palm up her thigh, over her navel, until it was inches away from her breasts. “I think you’d beg me to keep going.”

“Your arrogance astounds me,” she squeezed out.

“Deny it all you want, but we both know what’s running through that pretty red head of yours right now.”

“Oh, please enlighten me.” It was a miracle she managed to keep her voice calm. Inside, she was a trembling mess, hot, needy, so painfully aroused it hurt to talk.

“You’re thinking about all the things I could do to your body. With my hands and my tongue.” He dipped his head and bit her earlobe. “And my teeth.”

A jolt of excitement shot from her ear, to her breasts and straight down to her pussy. Somehow she was wetter than she’d ever been.

“Let’s not be coy, Hailey. Admit you want me.”

Their eyes locked and something inside her caved. “Fine. So maybe I do. Just a bit. But I still don’t like you,” she added.

“Didn’t we just establish liking each other had nothing to do with wanting each other?”

Had they established that? He seemed to think so. She was beginning to think it too, what with her hard nipples and damp panties.

The window blinds rustled as another gust of hot air drifted into the room. She shifted in her seat, agitated, her lower body tight with anticipation. Aw hell. Would it really be so bad, going to bed with this man? He was deliciously attractive, with his dark, smoldering eyes and that strong jaw covered with stubble and those wicked lips she couldn’t

help but want to kiss. The moonlight brought out the roughness of his features, making him appear dangerous. And totally sexy.

She found herself leaning closer to him, angling her chin so that their lips were millimeters away. His warm breath fanned against her, minty, with just the slightest scent of alcohol. She knew he wasn't drunk; he'd only taken two sips of the beer she'd brought him. Which meant that Zack Creighton, in all his sober, magnificent glory, wanted to have sex with her.

And God help her, but the feeling was mutual.

"One night," she blurted out.

He tilted his head. "Huh?"

"I don't want to get involved with you." She inhaled, hoping to bring some much-needed oxygen to her lungs. "This will just be a one-night thing."

"Whatever you say." He winked. He actually *winked*.

Before she could weasel a promise out of him that this wouldn't go beyond one night, he kissed her.

Mouth crushing over hers. Lips rubbing against hers. Hot, wet tongue thrusting inside her mouth without invitation. Hands down it was the most erotic kiss she'd ever had. Deep and greedy, fast and passionate.

Zack's stubble chafed her chin, the rough sensation making her moan against his lips.

God, his mouth felt nice.

Really nice.

Flicking his tongue over hers, he shoved his hand under her shirt and palmed one breast, rubbing her nipple with the pad of his thumb. Then, to her dismay, he broke the kiss.

"Why are you stopping?" she complained.

"I'm not." Without another word, he lifted the tank top right over her head and tossed it aside. A second later, he lowered his head and covered her breast with his mouth.

A gasp tore out of her throat. Now she understood the reason for the incessant moaning that had come out of Mari's bedroom when she'd

dated Zack. The man's tongue was...lethal. Skilled. He licked the underside of one breast and kissed his way up to her nipple, rubbing his lips against it and then sucking it hard into his mouth.

It was a tongue that refused to stop. Licking, swirling, gliding down to her navel, and circling her bellybutton. And soon his hands came into play once more. They tugged at the zipper of her Capris and slid it down with a metallic hiss. He peeled the pants off her tanned legs, threw them aside and dropped to his knees in front of her.

"What do you want, Hailey?"

His voice teased her, mocked her. It was too confident, too heavy with sexual promise, but she couldn't muster enough indignation to respond with. Truth was, his confidence excited her.

"You know what I want," she returned, feeling bold as she widened her legs.

He reached out and brushed his fingers over the damp crotch of her black bikini panties. "You want me to stroke you?"

"Uh-huh," she breathed.

"Suck on your clit?"

"Mmm-hmmm."

"Make you come?"

"God, yes."

She swallowed and tried not to cry out. Her body ached, actually ached for this man. He continued to kneel there, planting featherlight caresses on her pussy, and to make it worse, he was still fully dressed! Here she was, her breasts bare, her nipples painfully hard, her panties practically begging to be flung aside, and Zack was still in jeans and a T-shirt and looking unhurried to remove them.

"I'm curious, sweetheart," he said, stroking her with one hand. "Do you come fast or slow?"

"Huh?" She tried to focus but it was difficult seeing as his fingers kept pressing against her clit that way.

"If I took these panties off and pressed my tongue between your legs, would you come right away?" He shot her a small grin. "Or are you the

type who prolongs the pleasure and tries to control your orgasm?" He emphasized his last word by rubbing lazy circles over her clit.

"I come fast, Zack," she choked out.

He nodded. "Not tonight, Hailey."

This summer, it's going to be Steamy...

Samhain Publishing Presents
Midsummer Night's Steam
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Duty wars with affection when Racor's greatest spy must decide who to trust, the evidence against her sexy suspects, or her heart?

A Scorching Seduction

© 2007 Marie Harte

Lt. Col. Trace N'Tre and Assassin Vaan C'Vail are hiding out in the only place the military can't touch them—on a pleasure planet in an island resort owned by Vaan's cousin. Gathering evidence on the outside, they know it's only a matter of time before they'll have to face their accuser, a high official in the Racor government.

Unbeknownst to them, Myst, Racor's greatest spy, has had her eyes on them for some time. The puzzle of these two alleged traitors doesn't fit, and Myst has made it her mission to find out why. But when the tables are turned and she's caught spying under the planet's hot summer suns, pleasure and affection confuse the issue, making her wonder who to trust—her heart, or the evidence against her lovers.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, frank language, ménage, m/m action, and hot sweaty adventure.

A young minister's celibacy is challenged by an earthy, Appalachian woman.

Blackberry Pie

© 2007 Bonnie Dee

On a blistering summer afternoon, Reverend Nathan Andrews climbs a mountain to meet backwoods members of his congregation. Fresh from seminary, the young man isn't prepared for the onslaught of lust that hits him when he encounters a sensuous girl picking blackberries.

Determined to implement his outreach plan, he helps her harvest the fruit. But their potent sexual chemistry is too intense to deny and they engage in passionate sex surrounded by the beauty of nature.

Grace is earthy and primal, the opposite of the proper young lady he expects to take as a wife some day. Can there possibly be a future for a college-educated minister and a primitive mountain girl?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

Can a straight-laced business student and an indie boy with a thing for extremely personal electronics turn one night's wild ride into a trip to last forever?

Catching a Buzz

© 2007 Ally Blue

Adam Holderman isn't your typical twenty-something college boy. He prefers jazz to Goth, shuns body piercings and street-waif clothing, and despises the lack of vocabulary among his peers. Some call him uptight, but Adam doesn't see it that way. Just because he prefers his men articulate and well-groomed doesn't make him a stick-in-the-mud. He simply has standards, unlike most guys his age.

The new employee at Wild Waters Park, where Adam works, single-handedly throws a monkey wrench into Adam's orderly world view. Buzz Stiles wears eyeliner and black clothes, listens to emo bands, and talks like a teenage skate punk. He's the polar opposite of Adam's avowed "type". So why can't Adam get him out of his head?

When Adam finally agrees to go out with Buzz, he finds there's much more to Buzz than a hot body, a sharp wit, and a Goth fashion sense. Buzz is someone Adam can see himself being with for the long haul. But you need more than mind-melting sex to make a relationship last. Can they keep their hands off each other long enough to find out if they have what it takes?

Warning, this title contains the following: graphic language, explicit male/male sex, inappropriate use of personal electronic devices, and gratuitous disco dancing.

Does a full moon really cause naughty behavior?

Bad Moon Rising

© 2007 Leeanne Kenedy

Hailey Burke has heard that full moons cause people to behave in strange ways, but she never thought it would apply to her until the night she winds up in bed with a man she doesn't even like. So she'd had a temporary loss of sanity when she slept with Zack Creighton, the womanizing photographer. Big deal. Doesn't mean she's going to do it again, right?

Wrong.

Unfortunately, Zack has something else in store for Hailey. He's liked the sassy redhead from the moment he met her, but he can't get the stubborn woman to let go of the misconceptions she's formed about him. Sure, he's played the field, but Zack is no womanizer, and he has no intention of leaving things at one night. Once he's had a taste of Hailey, he wants another. And he's determined to convince her that he's not the bad boy she's always thought.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

How can masturbating in a hotel Jacuzzi lead to love? Cassidy Yates is about to find out.

Beyond the Tears

© 2007 Michelle Cary

A year after her husband died while serving in Iraq, Cassidy Yates still nurses a broken heart. Thinking a vacation will help, she agrees to a week in Key West with her best friend, April. Upon arrival, April suggests a way for Cassidy to ease her pain—sleep with the sexiest stud she can find.

Not the type to bed hop, Cassidy refuses April's idea and ends up alone. Abandoned by her friend, Cassidy decides to take a nighttime swim. In the Jacuzzi, she masturbates to the memories of making love to her husband. Mortified by her own behavior, Cassidy retreats to her hotel room, hoping no one witnessed her exhibition.

Chase Dempsey is a man with rugged good looks and a killer smile. He isn't looking to fall in love and only wants few days of relaxation before returning to his Texas ranch. Still, he's curious after watching Cassidy's erotic display and wonders what makes the gorgeous redhead tick. When he finds her dropped sarong, he realizes she's just given him the opportunity to find out...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Is their passion real, or only a mirage?

La Mirage

© 2007 Jennifer Colgan

On a lonely stretch of I-95 in the middle of the Nevada desert, journalist Savanna Blaine and photographer Ben Lantano find themselves stranded by engine trouble on their way back from an assignment. Their quest for a gas station leads them to La Mirage, a beautiful resort nestled in a secluded canyon where they are the only guests.

Invited to spend the night in lush accommodations, passion flares between Savanna and Ben who have suppressed their hidden desires long enough. A single touch ignites an unforgettable night in each other's arms, but the next day, when La Mirage mysteriously disappears, they're left to wonder, is their newfound intimacy real or nothing more than a trick of the summer heat?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, oral sex.

One tempting heiress. Two sexy cowboys. Three means fun beyond her wildest dreams—until her Cord starts to unravel.

Take Me

© 2007 Mackenzie McKade

Thoroughbred rancher's daughter Caitlyn Culver has always wanted playboy Cord Daily, even after her daddy threatened to bankrupt him. But winning a racehorse in a poker game means Cord is no longer just a cattle rancher. He's come back wealthier and more wicked than ever.

Snaring this cowboy won't be easy for Cait, and keeping him will be even harder. Still, his sexual antics and taste for ménages won't scare her off. She knows the best way to snag a man like Cord is to pretend indifference. So when he comes onto her in the barn, she plays along—only to leave him tied to a ladder, aroused and unfulfilled.

It's payback time.

Cord seeks out Cait and brings along his playboy cousin, Dolan Crane. The two cowboys are enough to set her body afire. She's bound and determined to resist their sexual allure, but ends up experiencing a night beyond her wildest fantasies. Now Dolan wants Cait for himself. Cait's father wants Cord's racehorse. And Cord wants Caitlyn to choose—her father's money or her cowboy's love.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, and BDSM.

Can a jaded lawyer and a reformed criminal really find true love in the tropics?

Fijian Fling

© 2007 Sami Lee

Dumped by her boyfriend and on thin ice in her law career, Sophie Edison badly needs to re-evaluate her life. She escapes to her favorite hideaway on the tropical island of Fiji, where the attentions of the resort owner – the enigmatic and lethally sexy Dominick ‘Nick’ Dufour – prove a temptation too great to resist. Nick’s obvious desire to take her to bed is just the salve her battered confidence needs, and she embarks on an affair that leads her to uncharted waters. Before long she starts to wonder if she can ever go back to her old life.

Nick has lusted after Sophie for years. When she turns up at his secluded resort alone for the first time he wastes no time in making her his lover. Sophie is his perfect match in bed, and in the ocean and the shower...but although he might long for something more, Nick knows theirs is just a holiday fling. For he is keeping the secret of his checkered past from Sophie and it could prove the ultimate deal breaker...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

Newlywed Catalina Robinson thinks it's not possible to be more satisfied...but then she learns what it's like to love two men.

Honeymoon Castaways

© 2007 Dawn Halliday

Cat has just married Dave Robinson, the man of her dreams. Their Best Man, Andreas Bailey, is flying them to their honeymoon resort in Barbados. But over the middle of the ocean, something goes horribly wrong...

Cat, Dave and Andreas find themselves stranded on an uninhabited Caribbean island. Though she's never thought of him as more than a friend, Cat finds herself connecting to Andreas in a way she never expected and is shocked and aroused to learn that her husband feels the same way. Together, the three of them discover a heat and passion uninhibited by the conventions of society. But will they ever be rescued? And what will happen to their unusual relationship once they return home?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, voyeurism and skinny dipping.

Two men and a bottle of nut cream...

Nut Cream

© 2007 Jade Buchanan

Nut [nuht] noun, verb.

1. A dry fruit consisting of an edible kernel or meat enclosed in a woody or leathery shell.

2. Slang, Vulgar – a testis.

Cream [kreem] noun.

1. A soft solid or thick liquid containing medicaments or other specific ingredients, applied externally for a therapeutic, or cosmetic purpose.

2. Slang, Vulgar – to have an orgasm.

Toby Madison is coming into his mating phase, and is leaking pheromones all over the place. He is about to find out what happens to bad little wolves, in the best possible way. Cliff Bullen is more than ready

to place his mark on the man he has always wanted as his mate – with a little help from a bottle of nut cream.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit male/male sex and graphic language.

Welcome to Fantasm Island! Leave your inhibitions at the door and let your fantasies soar.

Fantasmagorical

© 2007 Annmarie McKenna

That's what the brochure said anyway. A week long fling with a stranger. Where's the harm in that? Take a compatibility quiz and a slew of other health tests, sign a strict privacy agreement and give license to any sexual fantasy you've ever had. Evan Knight couldn't wait.

Gabe and Lance have been searching for their perfect third for what seems like forever. One look at the woman he and his best friend and lover Lance have chosen to claim during her time on the island, and Gabe thinks they may have finally found her.

But what if Evan isn't interested in more than the fling she signed up for? Or worse, what if she can't handle two men who are into each other too? Gabe and Lance have one week to convince Evan that the three of them belong together...and they'll use every bit of seduction in their arsenal to make sure when the fantasy ends, their reality together will only just be beginning.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit fantasmagorical sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, and hot nekkid man-love.

Falling in lust with a sexy Elvis impersonator gets complicated when Vanessa discovers the real Elvis Presley may have hoaxed his death.

Hunk of Burnin' Love

© 2007 Veronica Wilde

Summer should mean hot men and toe-curling sex—at least that's what Vanessa believes, but a bad break-up has left her spending her summer nights alone. Then her sex life erupts into flames when she meets two very different Elvis impersonators on the same night. One is a sexy young musician who gets her all shook up in a steamy midnight swim. The other is a graying older man who looks just a little too much like Elvis Presley for comfort.

Vanessa can't help falling in love with her new summer hottie. But their burning love gets complicated when the mysterious older impersonator begins dropping disturbing hints about his true identity—hints that suggest Elvis Presley never died at all.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Chastity Cuthbert is determined to bring love and romance to the Last Frontier.

Ladies! Meet Red Hot Alaskan Men

© 2007 Nancy Lindquist

Chastity Cuthbert is in love with love. Its too bad that she's so busy working on everyone else's happily ever after that there's no time left to work on hers. Her company, The Alaskan Connection, matches single women with sexy Alaskan hunks. Business is booming. Until Dave Wellington drags his personal vendetta against outsiders right to her doorstep.

Dave Wellington, Mayor of Smithfield, Alaska won't allow Chastity's cadre of red-lipped floozies to take over his town. A she-bitch from the

lower forty-eight broke his brother's heart and no one else is gonna go through that. Not if he can help it. Besides, Smithfield is welcoming tourists for the first time. The male residents need to keep their minds on business. Not sex.

Determined to change Chastity's mind, he travels to Chicago to talk her out of her plan. Chas is so pissed off at the sexy mayor that she forgets her "no one-night stands" motto. Right into Dave's bed.

Now she has to travel to Smithfield and face him. She's strong. She can face Dave again. Just because she snuck out of his hotel room in the middle of the night doesn't mean she's a big ole chicken. Right?

Warning: This book contains hot naked Alaskan guys, all looking for love. Read it at your own risk. I am not responsible for any sudden urges to go to the Last Frontier, nor travel costs incurred. Oh, and there's explicit sex too.

One hot summer night and a scorching balcony interlude light the fuse of hidden attraction between neighbors Jill Reed and Cole Adams.

One Night on a Balcony

© 2007 Samantha Lucas

Jill Reed has spent her entire life denying her sexuality, but living next door to Cole Adams the past few months has made it near impossible.

Cole is fresh off his third divorce and considers himself a one-man relationship train wreck. He purposefully keeps his lust for Jill in check because, after all, she's the kind of woman a man keeps.

Jill and Cole have been denying their bone-deep attraction for months, but one night on a balcony, passions ignite, an adventure starts and everything is about to change—forever.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, sex in a public place, graphic language.

Sometimes the truth is the greatest aphrodisiac.

Liaisons in Jubilee

© 2007 Jamie Craig

Katie Mayes is the Executive Manager for a large, east coast beach resort. Unfortunately, her boss has discovered her one secret – her seasonal flings with Caleb Beckett, the Entertainment Director for the resort. Company policy dictates no internal fraternization, especially between managers and their subordinates, so her boss gives Katie a choice. Caleb or her job.

She avoids personal encounters with Caleb, until one fateful night a week before the resort's big summer launch. Then, she runs into him at a local nightclub. When Caleb approaches her, she tries to give him the cold shoulder, but he follows her onto the dance floor where the music, her desire, and his persistence break her will. She claims it's only one more night before they break it off completely, but Caleb insists on more. Far from an ending, he views the summer as their true beginning.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, spanking, light bondage.

*A bad marriage is like a fierce thunderstorm on a fragile field of wheat.
Will a proud Texas cowboy and a stubborn Boston-bred lawyer find
shelter from a real summer storm long enough to rebuild their love?*

Second Wind

© 2007 Dee S. Knight

Cocky cowboy Rafe Walker doesn't plan to meet a beautiful woman in designer jeans and ostrich boots at the rodeo, but the beauty catches his gaze just before the gate opens for his bull ride. Talk about losing focus! With one glance, his thoughts are of sex-scented sheets, not hard, sawdust-covered dirt.

A city girl like her would never fit in on his ranch, but a weekend in Dallas? Yes, Ma'am, she'll do just fine. Little does he expect a ride wilder than with any bull. She grabs hold of his heart and his hottest fantasies and holds on tight.

Cathy Fitzgerald, raised in a wealthy eastern family, half falls in love with the rakish cowboy after one impulsive weekend of wild sex. She returns to Boston, breaks off her near engagement and waits to hear from Rafe. After months of silence, he surprises Cathy with a proposal. It's a shock to both of them when she accepts, and moves to his ranch in nowhere, Texas.

They soon find that passion alone can't sustain a marriage. Rafe's pride and Cathy's long hours at work breed distrust and broken hearts. Giving their marriage its second wind will take an act of nature.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Life's not always about the journey, but who takes you on the ride.

Custom Ride

© 2007 K.A. Mitchell

A stint in the Air Force left Ryan MacRae with a bitter memory of life in the closet. Jeff Allstein is a mechanic who has too much to lose if his private life becomes public. The heat of their attraction boils over on a stormy summer night, but satisfying that need only makes them both crave more.

Their searing connection makes it hard for Ryan to understand the road blocks Jeff continually puts down. Ryan will have to buckle up if he's going to find love at the end of his custom ride.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit male/male sex, graphic language.

What Leilani wants, Leilani gets...and she always gets her man.

Skin to Skin

© 2007 Dionne Galace

What Leilani wants, Leilani gets. That is, until she meets the enigmatic Oliver Clayton, her new neighbor. For some reason, Oliver seems to be intent on avoiding her even though he's obviously interested. Leilani has tried to everything to get his attention, from wearing skimpy little outfits to walking a neighbor's dog six times in front of his yard. Leilani wants Oliver...and she always gets her man.

In the heat of the summer, the temperature's not only thing rising. Luckily, Oliver has that pool in his backyard and Leilani knows just how to cool off...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, light bondage.

Hot summer nights make people do crazy things.

Spontaneous

© 2007 Karen Erickson

Sophie Kincaid doesn't want to be attracted to her boss but she is. Sick and tired of being used by men, she's sworn them off. But her hot and now slightly drunk boss just became too hard to resist.

His girlfriend dumped him and now Ian Grey is drowning his sorrows in alcohol, something he never does. Flirting with Sophie the sexy bartender inspires him to do even more things he'd never consider. Like have hot sex with her in the storage room.

They can't deny their attraction for each other but Sophie's afraid she doesn't measure up. And what does Ian want from her anyway? She'll have a naked good time figuring it out...

Warning this title contains the following: Hot, steamy, explicit sex and graphic language.

Roping the naughty girl is all fun and games until someone falls in love.

Knotty Girl

© 2007 Maggie Casper

Shelby Langley was not sub, slave or Mistress, she was merely kinky. Point her to a BDSM club where she could watch and experience pretty much anything the mind could conjure, without the tangled web of an actual relationship, and she was in orgasmic bliss.

Long into the lifestyle, Craig Jensen was able to spot a submissive in denial from a mile away. Usually he left them be to find their own way, only keeping an eye out for their safety while on his turf, but there was something about the sweet, young blonde who had a love for rope bondage that called for him to claim her as his own.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, anal play and an overall spanking good time.

*When a school teacher with a backbone of steel meets a hard-nosed
lawman, more than the desert will heat up.*

Marielle's Marshal

© 2007 Beth Williamson

Marielle Bloom never expected to be the victim of a stagecoach robbery stranded in the desert in the middle of summer with a sexy marshal who sets her body on fire with one look from his steely eyes.

Marshal Ramsey Whitfield doesn't know what to make of the outspoken teacher, but he does know she feels perfect in his arms. As they trek together across the barren landscape, searching for civilization, they discover that their desire for each other is hotter than the desert sand.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, violence.

*When a man who isn't human is accidentally enslaved by a woman who
has no idea what he is, the result is magical.*

Sealed With a Kiss

© 2007 Lila Dubois

Signing up for a one-week adventure vacation, Helena expects to be kayaking in the Pacific, not having every sexual fantasy fulfilled in her guide's bed.

Ocean is more than he seems, his kayaking business a cover for his deepest secret.

When Helena accidentally enacts old magic, enslaving Ocean, he doesn't know if she is the luckiest girl on earth, or an enemy of his kind, bent on imprisoning him forever. Ocean's strange behavior worries Helena but she's distracted by the mind-blowing sex.

After the truth is revealed, will their budding love be Sealed with a Kiss?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, voyeurism, and fantasy fulfillment.

When his girlfriend demands he settle down and start a family, Cole Winchester has some hard decisions to make. Marry his girlfriend, or finally own up to his taboo attraction to other men.

Taboo Desires

© 2007 Amanda Young

Cole Winchester feels like a rat, boxed into a corner. Faced with the prospect of being trapped in a passionless marriage, he makes the hard choice to end his relationship.

A run in with an old friend on the beach, propels Cole's fantasies out into the open and forces him to confront his taboo desires. Before him, lies the choice of a lifetime—embrace his desire for another man and all the pitfalls that come along with it, or return to his girlfriend and live out the safe half-life he carved for himself.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, and hot nekkid man-love.

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