



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S STEAM
SINS OF SUMMER

HONEYMOON CASTAWAYS
DAWN HALLIDAY

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Dawn Halliday

Dedication

For L. You know why.

Chapter One

June 16—Saturday

Air whooshed past the windows of the small plane, an eerie, gentle sound compared to the normal roar of the engine and propeller.

“We’re going down,” Andreas Bailey said in a matter-of-fact voice.

Every muscle in Catalina Robinson’s body tensed. She reached for her husband. David took her hand, but scowled at Andreas, who sat in front of her in the pilot’s seat.

“Not today.” Dave spoke into the microphone of his headset. “We’re off-limits to practical jokes. It’s our wedding day, man.”

Cat breathed a sigh of relief. Andreas always tried to scare them when he took them flying—stalling, steep turns—once he had taken the plane into a harrowing spin. She hadn’t spoken to him for a month after that. He’d had to woo her back into friendship with a dozen red roses and dinner at China Grill.

Andreas kept the plane level, but the vast ocean below loomed larger with every second, betraying the swiftness of their descent. He repeatedly turned the ignition, but the engine did not even attempt to turn over.

“This is no joke.” Andreas kept one hand firmly on the stick, the other adjusting various instruments. “We’re going down.”

Cat stared at Andreas’s broad shoulders, the chocolate-colored skin of his shaved head over the top of the seat. Since she sat directly behind him, she could not read his facial expression, but the tone of his voice sent a shiver of dread down her spine. She turned to Dave. As she watched, the blood drained from his face.

“What’s wrong?” Dave asked through thin, tight lips.

“Engine’s frozen.” Andreas leaned across the empty passenger seat beside him to turn the knob of a control. “Oil leak, maybe.”

“What can we do? How can we get it started again?” Dave was almost shouting.

“Oh my God,” Cat whispered into her headset. Terror overcame her. She couldn’t move. The wind whistled. The plane plummeted towards the earth. She couldn’t look out the window, but she knew what was down there. Miles upon miles of nothing but the vast, deep Caribbean ocean. There was no way they’d survive a crash on the open sea.

Cat looked down at her legs. Beneath the white satin skirt of her wedding dress, her knees knocked together in a steady rhythm, an uncontrollable reaction to her fear. *Bump. Bump. Bump.*

Andreas’s even voice broke through her panic. “Calm down. The engine is not going to start. I’m going to try to land without killing us.”

Cat riveted her gaze to the altimeter. They were at two thousand feet, descending fast.

The airplane banked, and she clutched Dave, pursing her lips so she wouldn’t scream. Andreas continued calmly. “I’m going to try to find a place to land on that island. Just sit tight. Make sure your shoulder harnesses are on securely.”

Cat wrenched her head to look out the window. A tiny macaroni-shaped blob shimmered green and brown in the middle of the sea. She saw no evidence of human life—no buildings, no roads. No runways.

Please let there be somewhere to land, she prayed.

She squeezed her eyes shut. Through her headset, she heard Dave’s harsh breaths. He held her hand in a bone-crushing grip.

When she gathered the courage to open her eyes, the island looked larger. She could see trees now, a scruffy jungle. Waves crashing on a coral reef. The vast ocean beyond.

They were close.

She forced herself to look at Dave. He was so gorgeous. She always thought she'd eventually marry someone of Latin descent, like herself, but when she'd met Dave, she had instantly known he was the one. Sexy, intelligent and assertive, he was the perfect all-American man for her. She fell in love with him on their first date. She had married him that morning in a big, Catholic wedding in Miami, attended by two hundred of her extended Puerto Rican family, most of whom she had never seen before, all of whom loved her tremendously. Thirty of Dave's friends and family had come. He didn't seem to mind the imbalance.

Tonight was her wedding night. She and Dave had special plans for it.

Blinking back tears, she brushed a strand of dark blond hair out of his eyes. God, she wanted to live.

He cupped her face in his hands. His eyes were the color of the ocean outside the window, but much more calming. "We're going to be okay."

She took her headset off. "I love you."

"I love you too, babe." He tossed his headset away and curved his hand around her neck.

Andreas was making a mayday call. "Mayday, mayday, mayday, this is Cherokee two-five-seven-one delta..."

The voice faded to the background as Cat pressed her lips against Dave's. Pulling her in closer, he crushed his mouth to hers, thrusting his tongue inside, curling it and sweeping through. He had never kissed her with such urgency before. She threw her arms around him and tried to think only of Dave, of their love for one another. As if that would keep them alive.

"Hang on!" Andreas shouted. "Here we go."

She clung to Dave. She wanted to reach for Andreas, to hold him as well, but he was wrangling with the controls. She brushed his shoulder, running her fingers over the crisply starched shirt of his best man's tuxedo. Despite her righteous anger over the spin incident, she knew he was a good pilot. She trusted him. If anyone could save them, he could.

All she could see out the window beyond Dave's shoulder was blue, blue ocean.

She closed her eyes, too afraid to watch.

They hit the ground with a hard bang and a bounce. The airplane flew for two or three seconds, and then touched down again. The impact flung Cat away from Dave and slammed her into the opposite window.

Crashing noises. The bone-chilling screech of twisting metal. Cat could not see. The motions of the plane flung her around as if she was weightless. It seemed like everything turned upside down beneath her.

She saw a tangle of limbs, black and white, Dave's tux pants and her wedding dress. She'd refused to take her gown off for the trip, knowing today was the only day in her life she'd get to wear it. Then she smashed into the back of Andreas's chair and everything faded.



"Cat, you okay? Are you okay, babe?"

Cat opened her eyes and blinked through the fog. "Dave?"

She straightened, rubbed her eyes and looked around as he released her seatbelt. Things were settling, the body of the airplane still vibrating from the impact. The crash must have knocked her out for a few seconds.

Dave's fingers ran over her head. Searching for a concussion, she supposed. Not like he'd be able to do anything about it—he was in finance, not medicine.

"I'm okay," she said, pressing the back of her hand over her eyes. She felt banged-up, bruised, but she couldn't be seriously injured. "Andreas?"

"I don't know."

They looked at the slumped form in the front seat.

"Oh no," she whispered. Her eyes blurred with panicked tears.

Dave climbed beside Andreas and shook him gently. "Hey, Andreas? You with me, man? Wake up."

Cat watched helplessly. Her whole body trembled. The tears welled over and streamed down her face.

Dave frowned. "He's pretty bloody. I can't tell where he's hurt. You have anything to help clean him up?"

"Is he...is he alive?"

"He's breathing."

Thank God.

She searched around frantically, but found nothing. Then she remembered her dress. Her beautiful, expensive, designer wedding dress. It was a fitting end for it. Most wedding gowns didn't end up being useful at all. If this could help their friend, then it was worth a hundred times what they had paid for it. Taking one of the seams of her skirt between her shaking hands, she yanked as hard as she could. A big piece of satin tore off, and she handed it to Dave.

Andreas groaned and jolted upright. Cat clasped his muscled shoulders as Dave carefully removed his headset. "It's all right," she murmured, leaning over the seatback. He swiveled his neck to look at

her, blinking his dark, almond-shaped eyes. A thick band of blood striped one side of his face.

“Cat. You’re crying.” Andreas reached up to cup her cheek. “Are you okay?”

She covered his hand with her own. “Yeah, I’m fine. I’m not—it’s nothing... You?”

“Yeah.” He laughed shakily. “What, did I pass out?”

“You did,” Dave said. “Where does it hurt? Any broken bones?”

Andreas rolled his shoulders. “Nah. Don’t think so.”

“Well, you’ve got a hell of a gash on your head.” Dave handed him the balled-up piece of satin.

The plane swayed. Cat bit back a scream and clutched Andreas’s hand. Now that the sand and spray had settled, they sat right at the edge of the encroaching waves, on the verge of being dragged out to sea.

Andreas squeezed her hand reassuringly. “Thought it would be a smoother landing on the wet sand...but it wasn’t that smooth, was it? Let’s get out of here.”

Cat kicked off her satin pumps and clambered out on Dave’s side in her pantyhose. She jumped off the low wing and splashed into knee-deep water. Churning waves tugged on the hem of her dress.

The plane looked like it had collided with a Mack truck, with one wing crumpled and the propeller bent every which way. But if the tide swept it away, they would lose everything.

She took a position behind one of the wings and Dave stood behind the other, in deeper water. Andreas went to the nose. On the count of three, they pushed, pulled and heaved, rolling it to higher ground.

“This island looks uninhabited,” Andreas said over the surf. “It’s small—maybe about a mile across. No signs of civilization. Got your cell phones? Mine doesn’t have a signal out here.”

He paused, straining to work the plane over a small hill of sand.

Cat hadn't even brought her cell phone, but Dave had. It was his work phone, and he wasn't sure of its range. Once they pushed the plane past the line of the tide, they opened the baggage compartment, sifted through their luggage, found Dave's phone and turned it on.

No signal.

Cat never thought she'd experience such horror in reaction to that flat little bar. She wrapped her arms around her body, shivering, though it must be at least ninety degrees out. "Does that mean we're stuck here?"

"It's okay. I made calls, I squawked seventy-seven hundred, so any plane within radar or radio range would see or hear us. The transponder and radio shut down during the crash, but the ELT should be working. I switched it on when we were going down." Andreas looked at their questioning faces, then explained, "The ELT transmits a radio distress signal. Pilots monitor the radio frequency in flight. It'll keep transmitting until I turn it off. We just need to wait—we'll probably be rescued in a couple of hours." He flashed them a dimpled grin. "You'll just get a late start on the wedding night."

Dave squeezed his shoulder. "I'm sorry about your plane."

Andreas shrugged. "Did what she was supposed to do. Kept us alive." He slung one arm around Dave's shoulders, and the other around Cat's. "I'm just glad we're all still here."

They walked up the beach together in silent companionship. Andreas rarely touched Cat, but his heavy arm on her shoulder comforted her. She leaned into him and surveyed their surroundings.

The sun beat down on crystalline white sand, unmarred by footprints, but speckled with bird prints, rocks and shells. Hills, like miniature sand dunes, rolled from one end of the beach to the other, the

cause of their rough landing. Cliff-like walls of rock bordered the length of the beach, an easy climb for a rugged sort of person, which Cat was not. A dense forest of twisted stubby trees and weeds loomed beyond.

The ocean was sandy-bottomed, and appeared shallow for quite a distance offshore. The afternoon wind covered the surface with choppy waves and white caps. Bigger waves began to curl far offshore, and then journeyed into the long, rounded cove where they'd landed. In the distance, Cat could see the dark shadows of submerged coral.

She glanced up at Andreas. Blood trickled down the side of his face and over the white collar of his tux shirt, congealing in the heat of the day. He was a mess. She motioned to one of the flat rocks. "Sit down. I'll clean your cut."

He sat, giving her a bemused look.

"While you do that, I'm going to take a look around." At her terse nod, Dave wandered off towards the tree line.

Andreas watched him go, and turned to Cat. "I'm okay."

"You are not okay—your face is a disaster. You look like you've been in a battle. Hold on a minute." Lifting her sodden skirt, she trudged back to the plane and found some water and a roll of paper towels.

She rotated the water bottle in her hands. As far as she knew, Andreas only carried a gallon or two in his plane. What would they drink here? Dying of thirst on a desert island was not the way she wanted to go.

Biting her lip, she debated whether to use seawater to cleanse the wound.

No. She'd heard that bacteria lived in seawater. Better to be safe than sorry. Anyway, even if they didn't find any water here, Andreas said help was on its way. They'd have to survive with what they had until they were rescued.

Cat went back to Andreas and knelt beside him, squirted some of the precious water on the paper towel and brushed it over his skin.

He closed his eyes.

Wiping the blood away revealed his cut—a big gash on his temple. “Oh, Andreas. You need stitches. This is so wide.”

He made a harsh sound in his throat. “It’s small, considering—”

“—what could have happened,” she finished. They had come close today. If the plane had been any lower, if the landing had been harder, if they had been anywhere else—they probably wouldn’t have made it. She dug her stockinged toes into the sand.

“Yeah.” He gave her a crooked smile.

She smiled back at him. As cool as he had been under all that pressure, he wasn’t unaware of the danger.

“I have some of those butterfly bandages in the first-aid kit,” he said.

“Where is it?”

“In the luggage compartment, buried under your suitcases.”

“Okay. Be right back.”

She found the first-aid kit and rifled through it. It was well-stocked, and even contained a bottle of penicillin, which would be good if Andreas’s head got infected. Cat gave a shaky, loud laugh. They’d be rescued before it had a chance to get infected.

Of course they would.

She took the kit back to Andreas and finished cleaning him up. Then she carefully squeezed the edges of his cut together and pressed the bandages on.

“You should have been a doctor,” he murmured.

“No way.” She looked down to replace the unused bandages in the first-aid kit, fighting a wave of nausea. She hated blood and gore, but

wasn't about to let him know that. Not right now, with all the blood-soaked paper towels strewn across the sand.

Anyway, she liked her career plans as they were. In the fall, she was headed to law school. She'd worked as a legal assistant for five years now, more than enough time to make her discover where her true ambitions lay. Because of Dave's moral and financial support, in just a few years she would achieve her dream of becoming an immigration lawyer.

The bottle slipped through her fingers, dumping onto the sand. Her bodice brushed against Andreas's knee as she lunged for it, capturing it just as it began to glug out precious water. Grabbing his leg for balance, she clutched the water to her chest and glanced up at him.

The expression on his face made her lose her breath. Andreas never looked at her like that—so direct, so openly hot. Sexy.

Like he wanted her.

She let go of him, lost her balance and landed on her butt in the sand, eye-level with his crotch. His erection bulged against the black material of his tux pants.

Oh God. Andreas? She clenched her hands over her knees.

"Cat," he said softly.

She tore her gaze away, biting her lip. He ran his knuckles over her cheek.

"I'm sorry for ruining your dress." His voice was a low rumble.

Her mouth was so dry, she wanted to gulp up the rest of the water. Was his head injury worse than it seemed? When she studied his eyes, however, she saw only clarity.

"It's okay," she mumbled, staring down at herself.

She was a mess. The relentless tropical heat made her sweat from head to toe. The dress had torn in more places, dirt and blood had

smudged all over it, and it was sodden and heavy with sand from the knees down.

“You’re beautiful,” he said.

Her cheeks burned. What was going on? He’d never talked to her like this before. He’d never touched her like this before.

“And I’m sorry about today,” he continued, his voice rising to a more familiar pitch. “I know you were looking forward to your wedding night. Dave told me—”

“What did he tell you?” Her words came out as a strangled whisper. She didn’t know how to feel about Dave discussing their sex life with Andreas.

He opened his hand. It was so big it covered the whole side of her face. “He told me it was to be special.”

His palm cooled her burning cheek.

“We only have an hour or so left of daylight,” he continued. “We might have to spend the night here.”

She nodded.

“If that happens, I’ll leave you alone. I want you to have this night together.”

She tried to laugh. “That’s not what’s important right now, Andreas. What’s important is that we are safe, and we will be rescued soon. We can delay the wedding night.”

He shook his head. “No. This is the most important day of your lives. I don’t want you to forget it.”

She did laugh, then. As if she would ever forget this day. It had been the strangest, craziest, most intense day of her life.

Chapter Two

Andreas found the oil leak in the line to the oil gauge behind the cockpit panel, an insidious place for a leak, where it wouldn't smoke or show a drip. Still, if he'd been paying more attention to the gauge rather than chatting with Cat and Dave, he might have had a few minutes more warning.

Sunset came with no sign of rescue. They spent the final moments of daylight building a shelter of sorts beneath the sharp rock face at the end of the beach. Andreas planned to stay up for most of the night, keeping watch at a bonfire down in the middle of the beach so someone might see them if they happened to be sailing or flying by. He'd sleep there and leave Cat and Dave to their wedding night in the comfort of the shelter.

Cat unpacked the airplane, and, using their clothes and seat cushions, constructed a cozy room of sorts in a niche in the rocks. Dave found a tiny trickling stream at the edge of the tree line, good enough for fresh water, which Andreas would boil tonight to purify. While Cat and Dave set up the shelter, Andreas worked in the plane, building wire racks to support the cans of water in the fire.

They scrounged together what food they had for dinner: six protein bars, a bag of chips, a bag of trail mix and a box of Jordan almonds from the wedding. Andreas pulled a six pack of beer from the storage compartment, chuckling at their wide-eyed reactions. "I always carry it

with me—for emergencies. If I'd known, I would have brought champagne instead."

"Better than nothing," Dave said.

Cat clapped her hands together gleefully. "Two for each of us."

Andreas snorted. Cat was so small, she was under the table after two beers. Two beers didn't affect him in the least.

He winked at her. "One for you and three for me, huh?"

"It's *my* wedding night, remember?"

He turned away, the smile falling from his face. Her wedding night. He'd almost forgotten.

They ate dinner under a vast blanket of stars, sitting around the bonfire. He stole glances at Cat throughout. She was more beautiful than ever at her wedding this morning, with flushed cheeks, a joyful smile and shining dark eyes. But after the crash, she had nearly knocked him flat—first with her tears, then with her brave face and shaking fingers when she cleaned his cut. He'd just wanted to hold her, to comfort her.

But she had married his best friend this morning. He would never get the chance.

He'd always felt a fierce attraction for her, but something about the stress of today, something about almost losing his life and causing Cat and Dave to lose theirs, had brought his feelings to the forefront. He just hoped he could find a way to suppress them. He hadn't been so subtle this afternoon. She'd seen his hard-on through those too-tight tuxedo pants.

Embarrassing. He downed his beer.

Dave leaned back on his elbows on the sand, protein bar in hand. "Ever read *Lord of the Flies*?"

"Yes." Cat shuddered.

Andreas remembered that story. A bunch of boys, crashed on a remote island, no surviving adults. By the end of it, they were killing each other like animals.

“Do you think that could happen to us?” Cat put her hand on Dave’s knee, but she looked at Andreas. “I mean, if we’re not rescued. Would we all go crazy? Forget to live like civilized people and end up hurting one another?”

“I read it in high school,” Andreas said. “But someone will come tomorrow, so...” he shrugged, “...not to worry.”

Cat bit her lip. “I don’t know. People can go crazy when they’re away from civilization. I heard one story of three couples who were sailing to Hawaii from the west coast. After a few weeks on the open sea, one of the women went nuts and flung herself overboard. They sailed around in the Pacific for days, but couldn’t find her. When they got to Hawaii, they faced murder charges.”

Andreas shook his head. “Not going to happen.”

Dave clasped his hands behind his head. “I agree. First of all, we’re grownups. The kids in *Lord of the Flies* were twelve years old and a figment of some writer’s imagination. Second, who knows that woman’s history? She could have been crazy before they set sail. Third, we know one another well. If we weren’t rescued, we’d find a way to work together. We’d make it.”

Andreas thought of the ELT, even now transmitting that signal at 121.5 megahertz. If they hadn’t already heard it, someone would soon. Someone would come tomorrow. Cat and Dave knew it too. It was the only reason the conversation stayed light.

As he passed her the second beer, Cat snuggled up to Dave. “It’s almost better than a resort, don’t you think? Instead of strangers, we’re

with our best friend. It's beautiful here, and quiet. Not such a bad way to spend our wedding night."

Dave kissed the top of her head. "Not so bad," he agreed, looking over her head at Andreas.

Andreas forced a smile. His cock stirred again as he watched her, watched how she stroked Dave's leg, how her bare foot curled around his calf.

She'd called him their best friend. He knew he had Dave's trust, but had never known she felt that way about him. Did she mean it, or was she already drunk?

Dave still gazed at him, his eyes questioning. Andreas knew what his friend wanted. He flung his hand towards the shelter. "Ah, you two go ahead. I'll stay here and watch the fire."

"You sure?" Dave asked.

"Yeah. Go on. Have fun."

Cat giggled, then turned to Dave and punched him lightly on the shoulder. "You told him."

"Nah," Andreas said. "He just told me he wanted it to be special."

He lied. Dave told him everything. In fact, he had gone shopping with Dave for tonight. By the glint in Dave's eye, he was sure he still planned to dress Cat in the things they'd bought for her.

Andreas gritted his teeth against his tightening cock.

Grinning, Dave pulled Cat up. She snaked her arms around him and laid her head on his chest. Andreas wanted to press his body into her, grind against her butt cheeks. He wanted to make a Cat sandwich. Little Cat pressed between him and Dave. The thought made his cock twitch with anticipation.

He turned away, clenching his jaw so he wouldn't laugh out loud. He had lost his damn mind. The crash had rattled his brain.

He and Dave had almost shared a woman once before. It was a girl from work he'd dated a couple of times. One night, he took her to the apartment he and Dave shared. They had a few drinks before Dave showed up. The three of them fooled around a bit, but then Dave excused himself. Later, he and Dave had talked about it, and Dave said it wasn't doing it together that had turned him off, but the fact that he hardly knew the woman.

Small arms slid around his neck, and Cat's lips brushed the top of his head. "Good night, Andreas."

"Night."

Before she left, she pressed her unopened second beer into his hand.

He opened the can and took a long draught of warm beer as he watched them stride hand-in-hand up the beach. He wished he had someone with him tonight, someone to hold, someone like Cat to have sex with on a warm, moonlit beach.

Dave was a lucky bastard.

Time passed. The moon blazed, full and bright. Andreas fed the fire and stared at it gloomily, punishing himself for allowing the crash to happen. In his logical mind, he knew it was a mistake and not his fault. Last week the flight school's mechanic had done some work on the oil lines. The innocent error of attaching an incorrect fitting could have been what almost killed them.

Still, he could not help but feel responsible for their current predicament.

Andreas stretched and checked his watch. A little past midnight. He passed his fingers over the cut on his temple. It hardly hurt anymore. Cat had a magic touch.

He walked down to the waterline and stared over the midnight blue of the ocean. The waves and wind had diminished since the crash, and now the water shimmered in the moonlight, as silky as Cat's thighs.

Stop. Stop. Stop.

Over the gentle roar of the surf, he couldn't hear anything from the direction of the shelter. He wondered if Dave and Cat were still awake—still making love.

Stop!

He went to the stream and filled the beer cans with water. Returning to the fire, he drew short, realizing he'd left the wire stands inside the plane.

They'd moved the airplane closer to the shelter. If Andreas went there, he'd risk disturbing Cat and Dave. Still, they needed the water, and he needed the stands in order to make the water safe enough to drink. He'd try not to disturb them.

Slowly, Andreas approached the airplane. He climbed on the wing farthest from the shelter, so they wouldn't see him if they were awake, opened the door and reached inside for the twisted wire on the backseat.

He heard a low groan.

There it was again. Unmistakably Dave. Andreas looked up through the window on the opposite side of the airplane and saw them.

Cat straddled Dave and was riding him hard, her black hair down and streaming, shining in the moonlight. She wore the white satin corset he and Dave had bought for her. It contrasted starkly against her cappuccino skin. The laces criss-crossed down her back and tied in a neat bow at the bottom. Dave must have helped her get into it. Satin garters curved in narrow strips over each of the round globes of her ass, attached to white lace stockings covering her legs. White spiked heels finished the ensemble.

Dave lay on his back on the cushions they'd taken from the plane, naked and pale beneath his wife, his torso heaving, his eyes squeezed shut, his hands clasping her waist, pushing her pussy down over him.

Andreas's cock jumped to instant, painful life. Almost without thinking, he moved his hand to his shorts, pressing his erection flush against his body. His polite mind shouted, *Turn away, go back to the fire*, but he couldn't move. He froze, watching like some voyeur, sweat breaking out on his temples, his pulse hammering in his hard-on. He ran his fingers down the bulging vein on the underside of his cock.

Dave said something. Andreas couldn't decipher what it was, but it sounded like an order, and in a flash, Cat moved off him and crawled down his body feline-like. Dave's cock looked just as hard and painful as his own, but it was flushed red, many shades darker than the skin on Dave's torso, and glistening with Cat's juices.

Cat turned so that she was on hands and knees alongside Dave, facing his toes. She tucked a lock of black hair behind her ear and knelt over Dave's groin, giving Andreas a perfect view of her generous cleavage and pretty face. She was totally focused on her husband. She knelt lower and took Dave between her lips. Slowly, she worked her way down, until the entire length of his cock disappeared into her mouth.

Dave moaned again. The side of his buttocks hollowed as he tilted his hips to give Cat better access. His hands moved all over her ass, caressing her cleft, sinking lower.

Andreas stroked his shaft. He could not see exactly what Dave's fingers were doing from this angle, but he imagined Dave's fingers plunging into her. How did Cat's pussy feel? Dripping wet? Tight? Contracting with every stroke of Dave's fingers? Could he feel her pulse in it, as Andreas felt his own pulse in his cock?

How deep was he going? Dave had long fingers. Was he thrusting them all the way in? One of them? Two? More? Was he fucking her ass and pussy at the same time?

Stifling his moan, Andreas sank to his knees on the airplane wing. He had to watch, to see what happened, to see how they finished it. He gripped the edge of the doorframe with one hand and tightened his fist over his cock. His palm felt cool over the burning, sensitive skin.

Cat wiggled her ass and slammed herself back over Dave's fingers, her cries muffled by Dave's cock. She popped her mouth off him and skimmed her cheek against his shaft to the base. Her tongue curled over his balls like a cat licking cream.

Dave twisted his fingers as he slid them inside her.

Andreas pumped himself in time with Dave's thrusts.

Cat stiffened, arched her back. "Yes!" Her eyes closed as she shuddered all over. Still, she stroked Dave with her fingers, pressing him against her cheek, rubbing her face against him as she came.

Andreas felt the build, the fire racing down his spine, through his balls, up into his cock.

No, not yet. It wasn't over. He had to give Dave a chance... He wanted to come with Dave, it was important that they come together. Andreas loosened his grip and closed his eyes, breathing through pursed lips. Control.

The tightness receded, and he opened his eyes and looked through the window.

Cat gazed straight at him.

He stared at her. *Shit.*

But then Dave said something and she turned and positioned herself on her back. Maybe she hadn't seen Andreas after all. Maybe moonlight shone on the window, creating a two-way mirror of sorts. He hoped.

She spread her legs wide so he could clearly see the swollen, pink folds of her pussy, glistening wet and waxed bare.

Holy shit. Andreas had never seen anything so inviting in his life. He wanted to suck her, to finger her, to make love to her all night long.

Dave moved into position over her, blocking his view.

She raised one leg up so her heel stuck straight into the air. Andreas pumped his own shaft as Dave pushed himself in, agonizingly slow, until she swallowed him whole.

Andreas wished it was his cock, not Dave's, penetrating her. He ran his fist up and down his shaft, imagining he was inside Cat. Inside her hot, wet, tight pussy. Buried to the hilt inside the amazing Catalina Hernandez.

Not Hernandez, no, not anymore. Robinson. His best friend's wife. He winced. What was he doing here? He was fucked up.

Dave said something, pulling Andreas's attention back to them. The only word he could decipher was "beautiful".

Andreas looked at her face. Damn right—she *was* beautiful. She smiled up at her husband, angling her hips for deeper penetration.

Dave dragged his cock nearly all the way out, then drove back in. Too slow. Andreas ground his teeth in frustration, but disciplined himself to pump his cock in time with his friend's agonizing pace.

Cat stroked her nipples over the corset. Andreas wanted to see them. He wanted to lick them. He imagined how they would feel under his tongue. Firm, ripe little nubs. She would squirm as he lapped at them.

Dave held her waist, his fingers digging into her flesh, finding his rhythm. Cat's head thrashed back and forth. She was panting—making little "hah, hah, hah" noises. Dave ground out another order, and one of her hands instantly went to her pussy, the other flicked her nipple over and over through the material.

Andreas couldn't see much more than Dave's profile, but he saw the tight line of his jaw and knew that he was barely holding on.

Good.

Sweat gleamed off Dave's back. He pumped faster now, driving into Cat with gusto, grunting at the end of every thrust. Andreas jerked harder, squeezing up and down his cock's length, brushing his thumb over the head with every stroke. His cock swelled. Every nerve came to life, blood rushed through every vein.

Andreas couldn't hold back. Dave ground into Cat with a guttural groan. His body tensed. Andreas's body tensed. Cat's back arched. She clutched Dave. Andreas clenched his teeth together. Cum spurted from his cock, spattering on the seat of the airplane. Tremors rolled through his body. Tremors rolled through Dave's body. Cat screamed.

Andreas dropped his forehead against the doorframe, gulping air. His body felt like rubber. He wished he could stumble over to Dave and Cat, lie beside them, flop an arm over them and fall asleep.

But he couldn't do that.

Gathering his strength, he put his dick away, wiped up the mess he had made, grabbed the wire stands from the backseat and tried to escape back to the bonfire without them noticing his presence. As he walked away, he heard them murmuring words of love to one another.

He felt very much alone.

Chapter Three

June 18—Monday

Dave dragged a forearm over his sweat-soaked brow, dropped the armload of coconuts he had gathered into a hole in the sand and approached Cat, who stood outside the airplane with a pile of tools at her feet.

“Shit!” Andreas exclaimed from the depths of the cockpit.

Dave raised an eyebrow and slipped an arm over Cat’s sandy shoulders. “Uh-oh.”

She shook her head, rolling her eyes. “He’s in a mood,” she whispered.

Andreas crawled out of the cockpit, holding a yellow rectangular-shaped box, which he flung out onto the sand. “Piece of shit.” He clambered out of the airplane and jumped down, separated from them by the wing.

Dave ground his teeth. The yellow box was the ELT—he knew it. He shouldn’t be surprised—it was their third day here with no sign of rescue. Yesterday, Andreas had spent most of the day trying to get the radio working, with no luck. Seawater had shorted out the battery during the crash.

Cat released a breath. “Broken?”

“Yeah. Contacts are all corroded. I don’t know how—I just had my fucking annual in January. It never turned on at all.” Andreas frowned at her, a deep crease appearing between his black brows. “We’re stranded.”

“No,” Dave said. “Look, people will be looking for us soon. You filed a flight plan, right? So they know we went down somewhere between Miami and Barbados. Once the wood dries out, we’ll keep the fire going day and night. They’ll find us.”

Andreas looked towards the sea and spoke rigidly. “I didn’t file a flight plan.”

Silence.

Dave released a breath. “Uh...why?”

“Not required for flights into Barbados.”

So nobody knew where they were. Probably no one even noticed they were missing.

“It’s Monday, right?” Cat leaned forward, her hands resting on the wing. “You didn’t show up at work this morning. They’ll—”

“I was going to take the week off.” Andreas continued to gaze off into the distance, tight-lipped.

Cat stared at him. “People won’t know we’re gone for another week, then.”

Dave shrugged. “Well. We’ll survive.”

“A week, minimum.” Andreas crossed his arms over his chest. “And we’re out in the middle of fucking nowhere.”

“It’s okay.” Cat reached out to Andreas, as if she wished she could hold him. Dave shot his wife a curious glance. Was she thinking what he was thinking?

And what exactly was he thinking? He gave himself a mental shake. Ever since he’d seen Andreas watching them, he couldn’t get a picture of the three of them together out of his mind.

“It’s not okay!” Andreas paced behind the wing. “What if one of us gets sick? We’re isolated out here. It could be months before they find us.”

Dave squeezed Cat's shoulder. "We're healthy. We've got plenty to eat—"

"Hurricane season is starting. If bad weather hits, we have no shelter—"

"We'll do the best we can," Dave said. "That's all we can do."

Andreas spun on them, his hands cupping the top of his skull, his eyes wild. "The best we can? My fucking airplane had an undetected oil leak. The battery is fried. The ELT is a piece of shit. My best is a piece of scrap metal. Not fucking good enough, Dave! Keep with me, and I might kill you both."

With a ferocious kick at the plane, Andreas strode off down the beach, leaving a dent in the shuddering fuselage.

Dave watched him go, shaking his head. Andreas had a tendency to become overdramatic about things. Dave was more of a practical guy. This was the Caribbean, a populated place. They would make contact with civilization, and he strongly suspected it would be sooner rather than later. There was no question of their survival until then. This island was stocked with fish begging to be caught, juicy coconuts and water—not that he considered those ideal foods. But they'd survive. All they needed to do was sit back and wait to be found.

Cat hoisted herself up to a sitting position on the wing, tucking a stray strand of hair behind her ear. She wore the new black bikini top she'd bought for their honeymoon and tight jean shorts. She'd pulled her hair into a ponytail to keep it out of her face while she worked. Dave suspected she wouldn't wear much else for the duration of their stay here. It was too hot to wear too many clothes.

His dick was already at half staff. He sighed and leaned against the engine cowling. She was too sexy for her own good. Ten minutes didn't go by without him thinking of making love to her.

Cat's forehead creased with concern. "He blames himself."

"Yeah."

"What should we do?"

He thought about it. He'd known Andreas for ten years, since they were both eighteen years old and fresh out of high school. They'd been roommates through college, then moved down to Miami together and shared an apartment while Dave earned his M.B.A. and Andreas worked for a flight school. Despite their differences in appearance, they came from similar backgrounds and understood one another's ambitions. Andreas eventually learned how to fly and became a partner in the company while Dave found his niche in corporate finance. Last year, they had gone their separate ways—Dave and Cat bought their executive townhouse in South Beach, and Andreas bought land outside of the city, where he was building his own house.

Dave sighed. "He thinks he's let us down."

Andreas was the best friend he'd ever had, the person closest to him in the world besides the woman sitting in front of him.

And Andreas wanted her.

Dave had suspected it for a long time. Now he knew. He also knew Andreas would never make a move on Cat. Andreas took his friendships seriously. He was Dave's brother in every way but blood.

"He thinks he's messed up our honeymoon," Cat said.

That made Dave smile. He stepped closer to her and stroked her cheek. "He didn't ruin it for me."

The past two days had driven home what a lucky man he was to have Catalina. Cat was a city girl, born and raised in Miami. She was the type of woman who preferred exotic clubs and high heels to camping and rock climbing. He wouldn't have expected this level of toughness from her, but she had shown her adaptability in the past two days. She'd worked

beside them to build their shelter, catching and gutting fish, organizing supplies, trying to fix the things that were broken. She'd had a sense of humor when they all huddled under the wing during the rainstorm last night. She'd laughed while eating her pathetic portion of fish this morning, and said that it was the best way to diet. All of it made him love her even more.

He was beyond lucky—he was blessed to have her. And he didn't know why, but she felt the same way about him. He was doubly blessed.

She smiled up at him with sparkling eyes. "It's an adventure. Not ruined. Something we'll tell our kids about. Someday we'll have fond memories of this."

He laughed out loud. "Fond memories?' That might be stretching it."

If they were not sweltering hot, they were being rained on. He was hungry—not that he'd admit it—Cat and Andreas must be equally hungry, but neither of them had complained. He craved a burger. A big, dripping triple-decker burger, with cheese and bacon. Oh yeah.

Worst of all was the uncertainty. When would they be rescued? How would they be rescued? What should they do while they waited to be rescued?

He had a few ideas for the last question, anyway.

The image of him and Andreas on either side of Cat invaded his mind again, and his cock hardened painfully.

Damn. He wanted it.

He would talk to her about it. The worst thing she could do was say no.

She leaned forward and tugged on his arm, drawing him between her legs, flush against her body. "Yes. Fond memories. I already have a few of this island." Her voice lowered into a sexy purr. "Don't you?"

He laughed and slipped his arms around the curve of her waist. Her skin was so warm. "Yeah. I do." He nuzzled her hair for a long moment as she made sweeping strokes with her fingers over his back.

"Maybe Andreas needs some fond memories too," he murmured into the black curls.

She stiffened. Not much, but enough for him to feel it.

She pushed him away so he could see the serious expression on her face. "What are you saying?"

He took a deep breath. "I saw him watching us."

She licked her lips. "I...uh...I saw him too."

"Ah. I see." Dave remembered how she had paused after sucking him off. He could pinpoint exactly when she'd spotted Andreas, right when he'd asked her to get onto her back. What made it more interesting was that she had scarcely blinked, then had lain on her back on the mat and spread her legs, giving Andreas a clear view.

Dave almost smiled. This might be easier than he thought. Gazing down at her, he got straight to the point. "He wants you, Cat."

She swallowed. A look of panic crossed her face, followed by a wide-eyed look of distress. He swiped his fingers down the smooth column of her throat.

He fought the urge to kiss her, to plunge into her right here on the wing.

"Dave—"

"What do you think?"

Her eyes widened even more. "What do I think about *what*?"

He lowered his voice. "Don't play with me, Cat. I know the effect Andreas has on women. He wants you. Chances are you want him too."

His reaction when he'd seen Andreas watching had shocked him. He would have expected to be pissed off, or at the very least embarrassed.

Neither had happened. Instead, it had made him proud of his woman, and proud of himself.

Damn, he was like some sort of caveman exhibitionist.

He shook his head to dismiss those thoughts. There was no need to psychoanalyze himself. He wanted what he wanted, and if Cat was interested...he knew Andreas well enough to know he'd take full advantage of the opportunity.

Cat frowned. "You're testing me. We've been married for one and a half days and you're testing if I'll stay faithful. Do you have that little trust—?"

He pressed two fingers over her lips. "No. I'm not testing you. I—" He took a measured breath. "The way he was looking at us—watching us—watching you. I want this. For all of us."

"I'm married to *you*."

"I know."

"You're the one I love."

"Yeah." He cupped her cheek in his hand and tilted her head up to face him. "You're mine, babe. I trust that. I *know* it. If I was insecure, I wouldn't want to share, I'd want to keep your hot little body all to myself."

"So, you're so secure with me, you're suddenly willing to pass me around like your own personal sl—"

He kissed her before she could finish it, yanking her body tight against him, snapping her head back with the force of his mouth. Her hands dove beneath his shirt, pulling him closer, and her torso wiggled, creating friction between his dick and her stomach.

He pulled back, threading his hands into her hair, holding her face. "You love Andreas in a way too. I know you do."

She gripped his upper arms. “I’m not about to break my wedding vows to...to make Andreas happy.”

“You wouldn’t be breaking your wedding vows. I’m still your husband—you’re not going to leave me for him, right? You wouldn’t be cheating on me. And why not make Andreas happy?” He pulled her close again and stroked her ponytail, pressing his erection against her belly. The thought of her and Andreas...and him... He nearly groaned aloud.

“You... Dave, are you serious?”

“He’s my best buddy, my lifelong friend. You’re my wife, my lifelong companion. We trust one another. I want all of us to be happy. Satisfied.”

Her chest raised and lowered with shallow breaths. “Have you shared women with him before?”

They’d come close, but... “No.”

“You mean to say, I’d stay with you one night, and the next I’d stay with Andreas, and so on?”

He chuckled. “No. I want us all together. I want to watch. I want him to watch. I want us both fucking you at the same time, both working to make you come. I want you sucking my dick while he fucks you, and then I want to fuck you while you suck him.”

He loved her reaction when he talked dirty. He watched her carefully. Her eyelids grew heavy. Goose bumps rose across the bare skin of her forearms. He slipped his fingers to her throat, feeling the race of her pulse.

It would happen. His own pulse sped to match hers.

She was silent for a long time. Then she ran her teeth over her lower lip. “All three of us? Together?”

He stroked her arms. “Yeah.” He wanted to add “right now”, but it would probably be better if she took some time to wrap her head around the idea first.

“Okay.” She blinked and looked up at him, grinning, her eyes sparkling mischievously. She wiggled against his cock. “When?”

He took a startled step backwards, then laughed. She would never stop surprising him.



They found Andreas skipping stones at a tide pool on the far edge of the beach. He sat on the edge of a rock, his feet immersed in water.

Dave moved beside him, gathered a handful of stones and began to throw. Cat lingered behind, watching them. They sat wordlessly beside one another, tossing stones. It became a silent contest. How many skips before the rock sank? Who could skip the farthest?

Would they compete over her in the same way?

Andreas was starting with a huge handicap. She was married to Dave, happy with him. They were great in bed together. It was hard to imagine that Andreas’s presence in their sex life could change any of that.

It might change everything, though. She didn’t really believe threesomes could work. Someone always got hurt.

But Dave was confident enough in her love to share her, and Andreas wasn’t just some sex partner they’d picked up in a swinger’s club. Both of them trusted him with their lives. He would never hurt either of them.

She knew Andreas wanted her, from his erection on the day they had crashed, and then she’d seen the look in his eyes as he’d watched her and Dave make love—that hot, dark look, potent with lust. But when she heard Dave say it aloud, *He wants you, Cat*, her pussy had clenched so tightly, she thought she might come on the spot.

And that was the most surprising thing of all. She wanted Andreas. Badly.

Andreas's bare back rippled with muscle every time he tossed a stone. Dave's allure was more subtle, with his torso hidden beneath a white T-shirt. She was more accustomed to seeing him in a suit and tie, but right now all he needed was a pack of cigarettes rolled up in one of his shirtsleeves and he'd look like one of the Jets from *West Side Story*.

Both men had broad shoulders, tapering waists, thick thighs. Gym workouts every day after work had honed Dave's body, and the manual labor of building a house had honed Andreas's. Compared to her soft curves, they might as well have been made of stone. Both were much taller than her—Dave was six feet even and Andreas just a fraction of an inch over that. Compared to her, at a little over five feet, they were giants.

Cat stepped around them and lowered herself into the pool. Water came above her knees, bath-warm, lapping softly against her overheated skin. She wiggled her toes in the silky sand of the pool's bottom.

She looked at Andreas. "Hey."

"Hey." He turned a rock over in his hands, not meeting her eyes. Guilt rippled off him. She wanted to tell him how stupid he was—that it was because of him they were alive at all.

She glanced at Dave, who had nothing more to offer than an encouraging nod.

Oh, nice. He was going to leave this up to her. She subtly bared her teeth at him, then turned back to Andreas. She moved around them slowly, until she stood in front of them both. Very deliberately, she placed one hand on Andreas's thigh and one hand on Dave's thigh. Andreas's thigh twitched under her palm, rock hard with tension. Dave's wasn't relaxed either. She glanced at him furtively once again. His blue

eyes darkened, narrowed. A thin sheen of sweat broke out on his forehead.

Lust or anger? Hard to tell.

Well, he had gotten her into this. It was too late for second thoughts. She wasn't going to turn back now.

She added pressure to Andreas's thigh. "This isn't your fault, you know."

He cocked his head at her. "It was my airplane, my radios, my ELT. At least I should have told you to make sure you'd have cell phone coverage, but I didn't even do that, did I?"

She shrugged. "We wouldn't have done anything to our cell phones. We weren't planning to use them on the honeymoon. We wanted a complete escape." She smiled slyly. "Looks like we got it."

"Huh." Andreas flung his stone past Cat. They all watched it skip three times before hitting a rock at the far end of the pool.

She turned back to him. "Stop being so angry with yourself. We don't blame you for any of this."

"You can say that now—it's only been two days. How are you going to feel in a week when we're hungry, sunburned and bored? If we're not dead of some tropical infection, that is."

"We'll work through it together. And we're not going to die of an infection—you've got antibiotics in your first-aid kit."

Andreas snorted.

She squeezed his thigh. "We're together," she whispered meaningfully, knowing he felt like an outsider.

He wouldn't anymore. Not if she could help it.

Taking a deep breath, she moved to stand directly in front of Andreas. Slowly, she reached up to stroke his cheek, gliding her fingers over his lips. He had such a gorgeous, wide mouth, such full lips, so soft.

She kept her eyes solidly on his, but felt Dave watching her. Heat resonated from him, swirling between the three of them.

Andreas's eyes narrowed. He flicked a glance at Dave. "What are you doing?"

Courage, Cat. She swallowed the lump of anxiety in her throat. "Kiss me."

"Hell, no!" Andreas jumped to his feet into the pool in front of her. Water splashed, wetting her shorts.

Andreas's head swung from Dave to her, and back again. "What the fuck is this? Is this some kind of test?"

Cat took two shaky steps backward. "I'm sorry, I— No, it's not a test."

Andreas turned to leave, but Dave captured his forearm. "Stay. We have a proposition for you."

Andreas stopped, breathing heavily, staring at Dave. The muscles in his torso were so tense, they rippled with every breath. "What?"

Dave's Adam's apple bobbed, the only hint that he was nervous. He didn't beat around the bush. "I want you to sleep with Cat."

Goose bumps rippled over Cat's skin.

"What?"

Dave's voice lowered. "Come on, man. It's stupid for you to jack off in the corner while we're having a good time."

Cat didn't think skin as dark as Andreas's could flush, but he proved her wrong. His cheeks reddened. He pressed his lips together and didn't speak.

Dave held out his hand. "Come here, Cat."

Shakily, she took her husband's hand and moved to stand between his legs. He turned her to face Andreas. "Look at her. She wants this." Dave stroked her hair. "I want it. You want it. Why deny it?"

Cat's nipples ached. She didn't dare cast a glance at them, but feared they must be poking out like marbles against the shiny material of her bikini top. Resisting the urge to cover herself, she raised her gaze from the rippling water at Andreas's shins, up his strong legs, his gray surf shorts, his rippled abs and muscular torso, his strong chin and nose, sculpted cheekbones. She stopped when she saw the fear shining in his eyes. He looked more fearful now than he had sounded in the moments before the crash. He shook his head minutely.

Dave flicked the clasps at her neck and behind her back. She stood very still as the bikini top slithered down her body and slid into the water. Still as a statue, Andreas watched her. She gazed into his eyes, saw his pupils dilate.

"Dave," he groaned.

She was on display. Her husband was the one putting her on display, showing off her body like a trophy. His trophy.

God, it made her hot. Her pussy was on fire. She wanted Dave's mouth on it. She wanted both their mouths on it.

Dave pulled her close into his body and licked up the curved side of her breast. "She tastes good, my friend."

She stared at Andreas. He didn't move.

Dave stroked down her shoulder blade, resting his palm on the small of her back.

A muscle in Andreas's arm quivered.

Cat licked her lips. *Now or never.*

She moved out of Dave's embrace and took two long steps through the knee-deep water. She felt Dave's presence just behind her as he jumped into the water and stepped forward with her.

"Please kiss me." She pressed her breasts against Andreas's chest, wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled his head down to hers.

He froze, but he didn't jerk away. She'd never kissed such an unresponsive mouth. His lips felt like velvet against hers, so soft. She kissed the corners of his mouth, then a little higher at that place that dimpled when he smiled. She returned to his lips, brushing them over and over with hers. Dave held her from behind, running his hands up and down the sides of her waist.

Andreas's cock pressed against her belly. Dave's rubbed against her lower back.

Cat's knees buckled. It didn't matter. Dave held her up.

She nipped at Andreas's lower lip. She could feel his tension, streams of electricity buzzing beneath his skin. She willed him to relax, to set himself free, to open to her. She traced his lips with her tongue, and then tried to nudge them apart. Suddenly, she was no longer in control.

Andreas was.

One of his arms wrapped around her waist, drawing her tightly against him. The other held her by the back of the neck. All she could feel were the two men's hands everywhere, moving over her, making her weak with desire. And his lips. They opened, hot and strong, and his tongue insinuated into her mouth, thrusting and retreating in the rhythm of sex, making her think of his cock hardening against her stomach.

She wanted to taste him.

"That's right," Dave murmured. His tongue traced the shell of her ear. His hands slid over her hips to work the button of her shorts.

She skimmed her hands down Andreas's sun-heated torso, over his small, tight nipples, down further to the waistband of his swim trunks. She pushed against his hips until he backed away, sitting down hard on the rock he'd used as a seat before. She found the snap of his swim trunks and tugged it loose.

He wrenched his lips away. "Shit...I can't...I can't..."

"You can," Dave said.

But Cat hardly heard them. Dave slipped her shorts down into the water and she kicked them off. She knelt, gasping as the coolness washed over the overheated skin between her legs. She yanked open the fly of Andreas's shorts, and his cock sprang free.

Dave knelt behind her, his chest pressing against her back. His fingers glided down the crack of her ass, past her pussy, stroking the folds of her labia, making her shiver. The water washed away her natural lubrication, and when he stroked her, every nerve jumped and quivered. Her pussy contracted.

"She loves to give head," Dave informed Andreas over her shoulder, as if talking about the weather.

She almost laughed. It was a joke between Dave and her. Cock—her favorite popsicle. And this cock... She took it in both hands and smoothed her fingers up it reverently. It was big and dark and beautiful, rippled with veins, velvety smooth like his lips, but so solid, with a plum-shaped head. Just right. She brushed her lips over it. As she did, Dave's fingertips brushed over her clit.

"Mmmm." A pleasant tingle ran through her body.

"Cat...Cat," Andreas whispered.

She looked up into his eyes. He squeezed her upper arms. "Do you really... Is this what you really—?"

"Please, Andreas," she said. "Please, please let me suck you."

His shoulders shook. "I... God, you know I want it. But Dave...you—Shit this could—"

"Stop fucking analyzing this," Dave growled. "Let her do what she wants to do."

Andreas made a sound low in his throat. His fingers relaxed on her arms in silent acquiescence.

She opened wide and took him into her mouth. Dave's breath hitched behind her. He grabbed her hips with both hands, lifted her in the water and impaled her over his cock. A startled cry erupted from her throat.

"Ah!" Andreas responded. His fingers tangled in her hair. She loved it, loved the tension in his fingers, the pleasure-pain as he pressed her mouth down over his cock, the feel of Dave's cock buried deep inside of her.

Dave stilled, holding her butt against his hips. "That's right, babe. Take us deep. Yeah. Good girl."

As her husband watched from over her shoulder, Cat worked her way down Andreas's shaft, so deliciously salty and rock hard and silky soft at the same time. When he reached the back of her throat, she forced it to relax and pushed him deeper.

"Holy shit," Andreas groaned.

"Yes," murmured Dave. As if to reward her, Dave drew out slowly, and then drove back in. She cried out again, trembling all over, and slid Andreas in and out of her mouth, basking in the moans and muffled curses her actions elicited.

There was nothing like this. Nothing in the world. Two men she loved, two beautiful cocks pumping into her. Each of them watching her pleasure the other.

Water lapped against her hips as Dave thrust into her from behind. The position might have been difficult, but the saltwater buoyed her hips, giving him easy access to her pussy. She knelt between Andreas's thighs, working his shaft and balls with her mouth and hands.

She and Dave made a rhythm of it. He thrust into her, pushing Andreas deep down her throat, and then he'd release, and she'd move her mouth up to swirl her tongue around Andreas's cock head.

She wanted to tell Dave how good he felt inside her, fucking her the way he was, with water swirling all around them. She wanted to tell Andreas how gorgeous he was, how hard. How close she was to coming, just from having him in her mouth, just from the sounds he was making. She couldn't talk with her mouth stuffed full, but Dave did it for her.

"It feels good, doesn't it?"

She moaned her assent.

"You like his big dark cock thrusting deep into your throat, don't you?"

"Mmm."

"You like me fucking you from behind, don't you? Harder, babe? You want it harder?"

She whimpered. A deep shudder spread from her core through her body. It made her wild when Dave talked dirty.

Shaking, she pressed the tip of her tongue into the slit at Andreas's head. She knew he was close. He came alive beneath her lips, heating, growing, dark, pulsing veins standing out in relief.

Dave thrust hard, stroking a sweet spot within her, and she drove her mouth down over Andreas. Together they pumped. Andreas thrust into her mouth. Cat tightened her hands and lips around him, applying as much pressure as she could. Dave hammered into her from behind. Cat lost herself in the wetness, in the sensations. She was one giant, flaming nerve. It felt so good. The only sounds were wet sounds. Her mouth working Andreas's cock. Small waves slapping around their hips.

Then Dave reached around to brush his fingers against her clit, and she was lost.

She exploded. Her back arched. She held on to Andreas for dear life, trying not to clamp down with her teeth. She cried out, her body spasming with every contraction. As if in a dream, she felt Dave stiffen behind her. "Fuck," he gritted, and then louder, "Fuck!"

Then he started pulsing within her, sending off a round of shattering aftershocks in her body. Andreas thrust his hips, pushing himself down her throat. His fingers curled in her hair. And then his cum flooded the back of her throat. He came and came, giving a feral grunt with every burst of his cock.

Suddenly, everything was very still. Cat loved this moment of savoring, right after someone came in her mouth. She moved her tongue lazily over Andreas's softening shaft, lapping up every creamy drop of him. Dave leaned against her from behind, breathing harshly, still inside her and pressing her against Andreas's body.

Keeping Andreas in her mouth, she laid her cheek against his thigh and looked up from under her lashes. He stared down at her, eyelids heavy, lips parted, temples shimmering with sweat. She pulled off and kissed the head, then smiled up at him, reaching behind to search for Dave. His fingers threaded with hers and squeezed.

Love for both of them washed over her like a foamy wave. It was so liberating, knowing Dave would approve.

"I love you," she whispered.

Chapter Four

June 21—Thursday

Dave didn't have the attention span to work for hours on the airplane with Andreas. Obsessed with finding a way to communicate with the outside world, Andreas spent most afternoons working on the radios. During those long hours, Cat would sit in the shade under the wing or in the cabin and help him whenever she could, but mainly just keeping him company. Dave grew restless and explored the island.

He had it mapped out in his head now. They had landed on the best, longest, flattest beach on the island. Deep crags and jagged rocks featured in all the others. Despite Andreas's unending fury at himself for being responsible for their situation, he had saved their lives with his cool decision-making under pressure. Dave had done nothing but sit helplessly in the backseat.

He climbed over the rocky coast on the windward side of the island. Ahead, a thick thatch of trees blocked his path, hanging heavy with green fruit. He went towards them to investigate.

Soursop! His heart quickened. The trees were laden with the spiny fruit. He tore one from its stem, ripped it open and sucked at its insides, his mouth puckering from its sour, slimy flesh. It was something new, something they all could enjoy. And there was plenty of it. Spitting out seeds and whooping with glee, he picked as many as he could carry, and, arms full, trekked back across the island.

Tomorrow, he'd bring a bag. Then he'd explore more. Maybe he could find something else to eat.

He saw Cat and Andreas as he approached camp. They were standing beside the airplane, arms wrapped around one another. Cat's head rested on Andreas's bare chest.

Jealousy stabbed at Dave, drawing him short, but then Cat looked up and saw him. Grabbing Andreas's hand, she ran towards him, a silly grin spread across her face.

He dropped the soursop fruits and met them halfway. "What? What's going on?"

Cat flung herself into his arms and showered kisses over his cheeks and lips. Andreas held back a few paces.

Dave was stupid to have been jealous. Stupid, stupid, stupid. Nothing could come between what he and Cat had for one another. Their relationship with Andreas would only help it grow.

"I think I can fix it," Andreas said.

Dave glanced at the mangled airplane and raised a cynical eyebrow.

"Not the plane!" Cat smiled up at him. "The radio."

"Really?" He swung his gaze to Andreas.

"Yeah." Andreas reached up to scratch the scab on his temple.

"Stop," Dave and Cat commanded together. Andreas's head had started to get infected on Tuesday. They'd dosed him up on penicillin and it seemed fine now, but the last thing it needed was for him to pick at it with greasy fingers.

Smiling crookedly, Andreas dropped his hand. "The battery shorted during the crash, but if I use the ELT battery in combination with a couple of flashlight batteries, I think I can rig them to create a makeshift twelve-volt battery for the radio. Then we'll be able to call in some maydays."

“Apparently nobody heard your distress calls when we were going down.” Dave surprised himself. Usually Andreas was the cynical one.

“Yeah, but that was a fluke. We’ve seen airplanes overhead. If we can catch one of them monitoring the right frequency—” Andreas shrugged, “—it’ll be over.”

“Wow,” Dave said.

It hit him that their days here were limited.

It hit him that he was having a damn good time, despite the constant hunger gnawing at his stomach.

It hit him that things would change once they got home to Miami. They would go back to their old lives. Their old lives had been full...but they were fuller now. There was more of a purpose when you strived so hard simply to survive.

Cat sensed his feelings. She put one arm around him and reached out for Andreas.

They stood for a long moment, looking out over the ocean. Dave slung his arm over Cat’s shoulders, Andreas slipped his around her waist. She pulled both of them close.

“It’ll be good to be rescued,” she murmured. But the catch in her voice told Dave she had reservations too.

“The first thing I’m going to do when I get back is go to Clarke’s for a burger and an ice-cold beer,” Andreas said wistfully, staring at the horizon.

Cat grinned. “I’ll go with you.”

Dave smiled and kissed the top of Cat’s head. “Me too. But in the meantime...we’ve got soursop.”



Andreas licked his fingers. Soursop was a refreshing change from their diet of the past five days, but if he ate another bite, he'd be sick.

As it was, he was sticky and messy. He'd washed his hands in the stream, only to have the airplane grease replaced by fruit slime.

He stood, stretching his arms overhead. "It's hot. I'm going to go in the water, start spearing before it gets dark."

He had taken his spear to the coral reef for the past few days and had done better with that than he had with the fishing pole. He'd caught five grouper fish yesterday alone—big ones.

"Sounds good, but..." Dave slid a sly glance to Andreas, then flicked his eyes meaningfully to Cat, who was wiping soursop from her face with a little grimace, oblivious to their exchange. "Let's all go in."

"All right," Cat said. "Gotta go change. My bathing suit is hanging—" Dave and Andreas broke into peals of laughter. She looked up at them. "What?"

"What do you need a bathing suit for?" Andreas asked.

"Oh." Cat blushed a pretty pink shade. "Well, I suppose I don't. I guess."

Dave pulled her to standing. "Here, let me help you."

He took the hem of her shirt and tugged it up, exposing a lacy bra. Every muscle in Andreas's body tightened in anticipation. Cat bit her lip. The way she looked at them with her shy bedroom eyes made his pulse race.

"You know—" she unclipped her bra and tossed it away, "—just because we're sleeping together and we're alone here doesn't mean I'm going to start running around like I'm in some nudist colony."

"Why not?" Dave and Andreas asked in unison. Cat snorted, and with a haughty raise of her eyebrows, dropped her shorts and panties, and

ran off towards the water. Dave and Andreas shared a glance, and then sprinted after her.

Andreas walked in slowly, savoring the feel of the cool water stroking his skin. Just ahead, Cat dove underwater, coming up right in front of Dave. He took her in his arms. She wrapped her legs around his hips and her arms around his neck, and kissed him on the mouth.

Andreas had never seen anything like them. They shared such unabashed love for one another, they virtually oozed sex. He came up behind them and pressed his body into Cat's naked back. Her head dropped back on his chest, her eyes closed, and he slipped his arms around her waist, caressing her stomach. She made a purring noise in her throat. "Mmm, that feels good."

He rinsed her shoulders and neck as she relaxed against him and Dave held her. Then they set her gently down and cleaned themselves.

Andreas was the first to leave the water. He strode purposefully to their comfortable shelter. It was so hot out, he was almost dry by the time he got there. He leaned against a rock and waited, watching the beach.

Cat tugged Dave out of the water, following Andreas. But Dave stopped just as they stepped out of the shallow water onto the hard-packed wet sand.

"Let him wait." Dave twined his arm around her stomach, holding her back possessively. "I want to be inside you here. Now."

She glanced up at the rock overhang. She could see Andreas's silhouette just beyond the wing of the plane. "He's watching."

"Yeah," Dave said into her ear. "Get on your hands and knees."

Her breath shallow, her heart racing, she lowered herself onto the sand. Dave was always dominant in bed, and she loved that about him.

She loved doing the kinky things he asked her to. She loved the toys he bought for her, how he sometimes tied her wrists and ankles to the bedposts, how sometimes he spanked her during sex until her butt tingled.

But she'd never known he was such an exhibitionist—that taking her from behind while his friend watched would turn him on.

Dave went onto his knees behind her and entered her without preliminary. Her pussy was already dripping from the men's caresses in the water, and it swallowed his cock greedily.

He began to fuck her in slow, long strokes.

This was her favorite position, it always hit the sweet spot inside her, and she wriggled and moaned with the joy of it. The sand was cool and wet beneath her hands and knees. The sun beat down on her back. Salty water droplets rolled down the sides of her face.

"You have my permission—" Dave punctuated each word with a thrust, "—to fuck him whenever either of you wants it, understand?"

"Oh God, Dave," she whispered, meeting him thrust for thrust. Her climax was building, a sweet, intense pulse deep within her.

"Just tell me about it," he said. Thrust. Thrust. *Thrust*. Cat bit her lip to keep from crying out. "Tell me everything."

"Okay," she whimpered. "I just...I just..." Right now, all she wanted was for him to shut up and make her come.

"No games, Cat. We tell each other—" *Thrust*. "—everything. Everything, do you hear me?"

"Yes. Everything. No games. I love you, Dave. I love *you*."

His hands gripped her hips now, jerking her body into his with every thrust. "Now you can come."

That was all it took. It overcame her in pounding waves, leaving her gasping and shuddering. Dave came soon after, his fingers sinking into the flesh of her hips, groaning her name as he spilled himself inside her.

She sank onto the cool sand and he came down with her, spooning her from behind. They stayed in that position, naked and wet, warmed by sex and sun, until Cat's eyelids grew heavy. Finally, Dave nuzzled her hair.

"Ready for round two? Andreas is waiting."

Chapter Five

June 24—Sunday

Cat shook out the cushions they'd been using for bedding and tidied their little shelter. It had rained nearly solid for the past two days. It was a good thing they had made the shelter weatherproof. Still, their palm-frond roof leaked. Everything was damp.

This past day had been the hardest for her. She couldn't help but think of their king-sized bed at home—soft, warm, dry, covered with fluffy pillows. Their kitchen fridge, stocked full of food. She missed people in general—the hustle and bustle of her cosmopolitan city. And she had started to wonder if they'd ever be rescued.

Dave had gone off on another of his island scavenging treks despite the rain, saying the wetness didn't bother him. Andreas was working on his radio rig inside the airplane. She was beginning to think nothing would ever come of his efforts to get the radio working.

A shadow fell over her. She looked up to find him standing in the makeshift doorway between palm fronds. His lips curled into a wide, sexy smile. "It's going to work."

"The radio?"

"Uh-huh." He took a step inside. "Where's Dave?"

"Oh, you know." She waved her hand.

"Hiking?" He lowered himself on a cushion. "Well, we should keep watch for airplanes. Whenever we spot one, we should try it. We'll keep doing it until someone hears or the batteries die."

“Sounds good.” She reached down to brush a drop of rainwater from his nose.

He caught her wrist and looked up at her with serious, dark eyes. “Cat?”

“Yeah?”

“What’s going to happen when we get back home?”

“You mean...with us?”

He nodded.

She blew out a breath. “I don’t know.” She didn’t know where she wanted this to go. They were having a great time, but things were different here. Free. Without any of the restraints or demands of their real lives. When they got home, Cat and Dave would begin married life together. She would start school in the fall, while keeping her job part-time. Andreas was mired not only in work responsibilities, but in the immense project of building his house.

“So this is a temporary thing? We’re together here, but once we go home, we go back to how it was?”

She shook her head, lowering herself beside him. “Back to the status quo? I don’t know. Do we have a choice?”

He took her chin in his hand, turning her head to face him. “There’s got to be a choice. I can’t go back to the way it was before. Not now. Not knowing—” His voice dwindled.

He was so gorgeous, he took her breath away.

Before she knew what she was doing, she raised her lips, inviting him for a kiss.

He did not decline the invitation. They were all over one another in an instant, and within seconds, they were both naked, and Andreas lay on his back on the cushions, his hard cock in her hands.

The three of them had sex twice, sometimes three times a day every day since she and Dave had approached him. They were insatiable.

Like newlyweds.

She didn't want it to ever end.

"Suck it, Cat," Andreas demanded. Then, almost as an afterthought, "Please."

She pressed her lips to it and grinned. "Since you asked so nicely..."

Cat ran little kisses up and down its length. She nipped and nibbled and licked. Then she took him into her mouth, running her lips from the base to the tip of his long shaft, humming with pleasure.

His hand closed over hers, over his heavy cock. "Mount me."

She looked up at him. The plea had disappeared from his eyes, now he stared at her with a dark, intense look, and she dared not disobey. She did not want to disobey. At this moment the heat swirled in her, so insistent and greedy, she would do whatever he asked. In the end, she knew her own satisfaction required her compliance.

She crawled up him on hands and knees, and positioned his cock at her entrance. Both her men were so big, so masculine, so gorgeous and demanding. How had she gotten so lucky?

Slowly, she sank her body over him, reveling in the friction of him sliding into her.

"Yesss." The word came from her in a long breath.

"You're so good," he murmured through his tight jaw. "So tight and sweet. Better than I—"

"—imagined?" She leaned forward over him. Her nipples brushed his chest. "Did you fantasize about sleeping with me?"

He blew out a breath through his nose. "Oh, yeah."

She rocked her hips. "Even though I was marrying your best friend? That was naughty, Andreas. Very bad."

He cupped her breasts, running his big thumbs over her nipples. Hissing, she arched her back to give him better access.

“I’m a man,” he said. “No control over fantasies.”

She rocked over him again. Her clit rubbed against him, sending delicious ripples through her body. “Ahhh.” She stroked the hard ridges of his chest with her fingertips. “Tell me your fantasy.”

He laughed, a low rumble. “Why? I’m living it now.”

She shivered. “Fuck me, then.”

He took control, setting his hands on her hips and controlling the rhythm of her ride, forcing her clitoris to brush against him at every stroke.

Cat squeezed her eyes shut and focused on climbing the ramp to orgasm. Pants of pleasure erupted from her every time he pounded her over him.

Suddenly his hands relaxed, breaking the rhythm, breaking her from the sweet build. With a groan of frustration, she opened her eyes. Andreas was looking up, past her shoulder.

“Don’t stop on account of me,” Dave said from the doorway behind her.

Cat’s heart pounded. Dave’s voice sounded bland. Flat. Dangerously so. How long had he been there? Had he listened to their conversation?

Her face was hot—not with guilt, but of the sheer embarrassment of being caught on the edge of an orgasm. This was the first time she and Andreas had made love alone together. Dave had given permission, but it was in the heat of sex. Was he angry? She couldn’t turn around. She couldn’t face him.

Andreas’s lips curled in a wicked smile. He lifted her slowly, until his cock barely touched her pussy, then pushed her down, hard, over him. Cat gasped.

“Lean forward,” Andreas murmured. “Kiss me.”

She hesitated.

“Do it,” Dave said behind her, his voice still soft, still dangerous.

Leaning forward, she took Andreas’s mouth. He was such a good kisser, she could almost forget that Dave stood behind her, watching. She could almost forget that her ass was tilted up in the air, open and exposed, with Andreas’s cock buried inside her.

She could almost forget, but not quite.

Andreas’s tongue swept into her mouth. He held her by the flanks, caressing her skin as if he felt her hammering heartbeat and tried to soothe it.

Dave’s cold, wet hands massaged the cheeks of her behind. “My wife has such a fine ass.” She wiggled involuntarily, which caused Andreas’s cock, still rock-hard, to stroke her inside. She moaned against his mouth.

“So round and pretty.” Dave gave her butt cheek a little smack. Cat flinched, more from surprise than pain. His sodden shirt landed on the cushion beside her head, and then his pants. He knelt beside her. His hand curled around her shoulder, lifting her mouth away from Andreas’s, then tugged on her hair, turning her to face him. His eyes were narrow and intent, his hair dripping around his ears.

“Fuck him,” he said harshly. “And kiss me while you do it.”

Slowly, she began to move. Andreas massaged her legs, then his fingers glided back to her breasts to stroke her nipples. Cat held onto Dave’s muscular arm with one hand, Andreas’s chest with the other, and rotated her hips in little jerking movements.

She kissed her husband. He held her head, moving with her, biting and licking her lips and tongue. His kisses traveled across her face, down

to her jawline and beyond, to the sensitive spot behind her ear. She looked down and saw his pale hand on Andreas's dark leg.

She came. Hard, pulsing bursts of pleasure rocketed through her. They raced through every nerve in her body, leaving her breathless, choking for air. She saw stars. Vaguely, she heard herself making noise. Dave and Andreas held her in the firm cocoon of their arms, and Dave kissed her, murmuring words she didn't understand into her ear.

There was no rational thought for her beyond that. She fell into the sensations of making love to them, of them making love to her. They spoke to her, to one another, but she didn't hear. All she could hear was the roar of her arousal, the scream of pleasure as it raced through her veins. Her body wanted more, and she would not deny it.

Dave's cock pressed into the crack of her ass, sending a fresh orgasm rolling through her. He cradled her in his arms while she shuddered through the spasms, and then began to tunnel into her ass. She writhed against it, but Andreas held her firm. She whimpered, pleaded, begged for them to stop, or for them to give her more, she wasn't sure which.

She heard Dave's soothing words. "Relax. I love you, babe. Open up to me. Accept me."

And so she did.

Then their hands were all over her. Over her skin, her breasts and her clit. She came again. And again. And then both of them were fucking her vigorously, and all she heard were her own cries of pleasure and pain, and the sounds of two men, *her* men, making love to her as one.

Again, they spoke to one another, and she couldn't hear anything but one word, "*Together.*" They both expanded within her, intensifying the pressure and the pleasure-pain. Everything. And through the fog of it all, she heard them say another word, this time in unison, "*Now!*"

They both stiffened. Andreas groaned, Dave yelled, and they burst inside Cat, sending her into yet another bone-melting orgasm. Her body tightened and coiled around them, milking their cocks until she was dripping, overflowing with a combination of their cum and her own.

She sank onto Andreas's chest. He wrapped his arms around her, his breath warm in her hair. Dave fell to the cushions beside them.

Cat closed her eyes and sank into oblivion.



Cat stretched her limbs. Ooh, she was sore. Pleasantly so. She rolled to her back, feeling the press of a man on either side of her. The intoxicating musky smell of their bodies, their sex, wafted through their cozy little shelter.

A shaft of sunlight pierced through the doorway. The rain had stopped.

Life was good.

If they got the radio working, life would be changing very shortly. Yet none of them wanted to live forever on this island.

Cat sat up, twisting her back to get the kinks out. The insides of her thighs were sticky. "Oh. I think I'm going to take a bath."

Instantly, both of them were sitting up beside her.

"You okay?" Dave asked.

Andreas's hand made little circles on the small of her back. A crease of concern appeared between his brows.

She smiled at him, then turned to kiss Dave softly on the lips. "Yeah. I'm okay." She shrugged her shoulders to her ears, then dropped them. "I'm more than okay. I'm..." What was the word? Oh, there it was. She giggled at the realization. "I'm happy."

Dave nuzzled her hair. "Aw, babe. I'm happy too."

They both looked at Andreas expectantly. His lips tilted and his dimple appeared. "Yeah. 'Happy' is a good way to describe it."



Wires and tools were scattered everywhere in the cockpit of the airplane. Andreas sat in the pilot's seat, Cat sat naked in Dave's lap in the passenger seat beside him.

Dave had heard the plane first and called her away from her bath.

Cat craned her head to look out the door. She couldn't see the plane through the thick cloud cover, but she could hear the steady roar of its engines. It was growing fainter.

"Hurry," she whispered.

Slowly, Dave touched a wire to one of the smaller batteries.

The light on the radio's display came on. Faint, but there it was.

"Not much juice," murmured Andreas, turning the dial to the right frequency.

Cat's heart sank. She bit her lip as Andreas pressed the communicator button and spoke into his headset. "Mayday, mayday, mayday..."

He announced that they'd gone down, gave the airplane's N-number, and their approximate coordinates. Then he released the button.

The three of them listened in silence. Nothing. Cat felt tears welling. She thought she'd been ambivalent about being rescued, but at this moment, she wanted nothing more than to hear another human voice on that radio.

Andreas released a breath between his teeth. "One more time. Then we'll try again later."

Cat and Dave nodded their assent.

“Mayday, mayday...”

This time at the end of his speech, there was some static. Then a tiny voice.

“This is American fourteen-oh-two en route to Miami International.” *Static*. “We have your coordinates and will—” *Static*. “—as soon as we are within range. Is anyone hurt?”

Cat felt the air release from all of their bodies. A commercial jet had heard them. They were going to be saved.

Andreas went back on the radio and briefly explained their situation, then said their battery was dying and they wouldn’t be able to communicate for much longer.

As the light flickered, they heard the small voice once again. “Search and Rescue gives an ETA at your coordinates in two hours. Good...” The voice faded.

They all sat silently for a long moment, staring at the radio.

“Guess we’d better pack,” Dave said.



Andreas watched Dave and Cat run along the beach, waving their arms at the advancing helicopter. The chopper was still far offshore, but headed directly for them. Cat grabbed Dave’s hand and they stopped to watch it.

Andreas approached them, his hands thrust into his pockets.

“They’re coming,” Cat whispered as he moved beside her.

Andreas nodded. “Just a few more minutes on Fantasy Island, then we’re gone forever.”

He felt the little shiver go through her. “‘Fantasy Island’. I like that.” She glanced at Dave. “What do you think? Should we ask him now?”

“Now’s as good a time as any,” Dave said blandly.

“Ask me what?”

She turned to Andreas, took his hand and pressed it to her chest. “We don’t want to be separated from you when we get home.”

He raised his eyebrows.

“We were thinking...well, we were thinking that you might want to stay with us, at least until you get your roof built.”

He flicked a glance at Dave. “Were you?”

Dave nodded. “Yeah. We—well, *I*, at any rate, miss having you around. Miss your dirty jockstrap on the floor. Miss your dirty dishes in the sink.”

Cat scowled. “Hey. No dirty jockstraps or dishes in my house.”

Dave shrugged. “She runs a tight ship, I’ve got to admit. But if you follow her rules...”

“...she’ll be a nice kitty and try her best to make you happy,” Cat finished.

Andreas looked down at her. “Will she?”

She bit her lip in that sweet, shy way she had. “Yeah,” she whispered. “She will.”

“Until my roof is built?”

“And your walls are up,” Dave said.

“And you might want your plumbing in,” Cat added.

“And electricity...”

“And all the fixtures.”

The helicopter drew closer, its engine roaring. Dave raised his voice so they could hear him. “You’ll want your flooring too.”

“And you’ll want to paint it first. It’s nasty living with a fresh paint smell.” Cat wrinkled her little nose.

“Of course, you’ll need to move all your furniture there too.” Dave made a grand, encompassing gesture with his free arm, as if insinuating Andreas had so much furniture that it would take years to get it all moved in.

The helicopter was almost overhead.

Andreas nodded slowly. Cat’s heart beat frantically against his fingertips. She gazed at him in a silent, hopeful plea.

The three of them together. This could work.

“You know,” he shouted over the sound of the beating rotors, “my house will be big enough for three.”

“Me, Dave and you in your brand-new house?”

He looked down at Cat and saw the joy and trust in her eyes. Dave squeezed his shoulder and nodded, a grin playing about his lips. Cat slipped an arm around both of them and leaned into him to whisper into his ear, “Yeah, I think we might be able to manage that.”

Smiling, all three of them tilted their heads to the sky.

About the Author

Raised on a boat in the South Pacific and in the quiet rainforests of Hawaii, Dawn Halliday had plenty of time to develop her overzealous imagination. Between exploring deserted atolls, swimming in churning seas, and exploring lava tubes, Dawn started dreaming up stories of love and adventure before she could read them.

When she's not traveling to exotic lands (which she can always justify as "research"), Dawn lives with her True Love and three rambunctious children in Southern California. She writes passionate historical and contemporary romance, and loves every minute of it.

To learn more about Dawn Halliday, please visit www.dawnhalliday.com or send an email to Dawn at dawnjhalliday@gmail.com.

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

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Available now at Samhain Publishing

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.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *A Scorching Seduction*:

"She's been way too quiet for way too long," Trace said grimly. He banged on the door and, not hearing anything, nodded to Vaan.

Unfortunately, her door failed to open with the security codes.

"I can't believe she's stalling. What does she think will happen when we open the door?" Trace shook his head.

Vaan scowled. Cursing to himself, he finally overrode her block and opened the door. As he'd suspected, the little liar had run. Before leaving her alone to change, they'd searched her room. Apparently, they hadn't

searched well enough. Though irritated, Vaan couldn't help admiring the alluring young woman.

Long black hair, deep brown eyes and a body that made him hard just from thinking about it, Fia had been a temptation he'd done his best to ignore since her arrival two months ago. Fighting his sweltering attraction to Trace was bad enough, but the timid sex sharer had stirred protective instincts within him he'd been hard-pressed to face. He didn't like feeling such an animal attraction for such a shy, malleable female. And despite a face and body made for sex, something about her had seemed...off.

Like Trace, he'd been suspicious. But after two months of nothing but her stellar service, as well as reports of her amazing fellatio and sweet little pussy, he'd been more than inclined to relax his vigil, at least as far as Fia was concerned.

Now, however, he felt like a fool. And the feeling didn't sit well at all.

"Trace, find her. I'm going to talk to Vela, and do some research into our missing girl."

Trace nodded as he left.

Vaan found Vela lazing about in her private pool with Clea rubbing her shoulders.

"Hey, Cuz."

Vaan shot her a frown, glancing at Clea, but Vela shrugged.

"Honey, Clea knows more about me and this place than the Racor army. So tell me, what has you all hot and bothered?"

"Did you give Fia your security codes?"

Vela sat up straighter. "No, why?"

"Because she used them to break into your quarters, and she somehow vanished from her room without using the front door."

Clea grinned. "That's because she probably went through the armoire to our private room."

Vaan gritted his teeth as he glared at Vela. To her credit, she flinched under his gaze. "Why wasn't I informed of that particular passage? And how many more are there in the compound, that as your head of security, I should know about?" Damn it all to hell. This place could have been crawling with the TAC and they'd never have known it until the shackles fell.

"Come on, Vaan. I can't share all of my secrets, now can I?"

"Vela..."

"Oh, all right. That particular passage connects with the central garden. If you're small enough to fit through the window, you could conceivably find yourself in the inner courtyard. From there it's a few more steps before you reach the compound perimeter. But don't worry. Even if she's after you, she couldn't let anyone know you're right here."

"Unless she has a communicator, and she knows just where on the island her signals will pass."

"Oh," Clea said, biting her lip. "I gave her a map of the island a month ago, and I mentioned that little spot near the mirror pool." At Vela and Vaan's frowns, she sighed. "She seemed homesick. How was I to know she was after you?"

"So until this conversation, nothing seemed strange about her? Her side of the room is completely devoid of character. That doesn't strike you as odd?"

Clea shook her head. "No, I asked her about that. But she said she was an orphan, and I thought she might have been down on her luck. She didn't do the clients, and seemed kind of out of place here. But she begged me not to say anything. Poor kid. She really needs this job."

"So if she didn't service the customers, who did?" Studying Clea, he had his answer. "You did. You both have roughly the same build, the same coloring except for the eyes and lips, and the same proportions."

“Maybe we should invite Fia back for a third.” Vela grinned, and Clea chuckled, running her hands over Vela’s shoulders to her breasts.

Vaan rolled his eyes. He’d learned all he needed from these two. “I’ll see you later. Vela, Trace and I’ll be out of touch for the next few days, I’m sure. Have Jakes take over the watch.”

She nodded, obviously distracted by Clea’s tongue in her ear.

Quickly leaving, he found Trace pacing at the edge of the compound bordering the tropical jungle covering the rest of the island. He could see the summer heat taking its toll on his friend, but had no time for pity.

“She entered here, not so long ago. We need to find her.”

“Yes, we do.” Vaan relayed his information, and Trace’s eyes darkened steadily until they were burning with anger. “But not you, not now. I’ll track her. I need you to head for the mirror pool here,” he said, handing Trace a map. “It’s mostly through thick vegetation, so you should be sheltered from the suns. I located it once a few months ago. Use this and your nav guide to reach the pool. That’s where she’s eventually got to be headed for a withdrawal. There’s nowhere closer to communicate from, and since she knows we’re on to her, she’ll want a quick extraction, pronto.”

“Right. I’ll grab some supplies and meet you at the pool. But if I don’t see you there by third moon, I’m coming after you. When you find her, don’t let her go, Vaan. You know what’s at stake.”

Trace handed Vaan a dagger, and Vaan took it and moved out. He surged into the jungle, uncaring of what beasts might lie in wait. He had a new objective to handle, and a burst of excitement spiked his blood. Vaan lived for the chase, for the thrill of the hunt. And now he had new prey and a new thirst for vengeance to quench.

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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.

*Her boyfriend is back...and that's a major problem.
Antonia isn't ready to face the one man who shakes up her world...*

Full Disclosure

© 2007 Mary Wine

Antonia doesn't need to look at forbidden fruit. The taste still clings to her lips, haunting her with just how good she and Danton had been together...

...Right up until he informed her that he had to get married because he was going to be a father. That just made it worse. Inside him was a man worth dreaming about, even if she knew it was in vain.

Danton always double-checked his facts. It was a habit that kept him alive during missions that should have killed him. His impromptu wedding was no exception. There wasn't going to be any consummation of the vows until he had a paternity test. But doing the right thing had cost him the one woman he loved.

Until the test came back negative. Now there is nothing that will stop him from coming back with the prize he'd been forced to abandon three

months ago. Toni was going to be his, right after she got the full disclosure on his hasty wedding and the blunt fact that he loved her.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language and bondage bedroom games with toys.

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.

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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