

ESCAPE



Pool Boys

Sierra Dafoe

Changeling Press

Pool Boys

Sierra Dafoe

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2007 Sierra Dafoe

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

ISBN: 978-1-59596-735-0
Formats Available:
HTML, Adobe PDF,
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader

Publisher:
Changeling Press LLC
PO Box 1046
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046
www.ChangelingPress.com

Editor: Chrissie Henderson
Cover Artist: Reneé George

This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Pool Boys

Sierra Dafoe

On her thirty-ninth birthday, Lainie gets a completely unexpected “present.” Divorce papers. Certain that her heart is irretrievably broken, she cries herself to sleep -- and wakes up, even more unexpectedly, in Belize. At a resort. With three of the most gorgeous pool boys she’s ever set eyes on.

Rutger. Jamar. Paolo. Each more edibly handsome than the last. For Lainie, absolute, unendurable heartbreak is looking better all the time!

Pool Boys

I'm not watching them. Really, I'm not. Anyone could see that what I'm really doing is lying here on the lounge with my sun hat tilted down over my nose, innocently reading my book.

Just don't ask me the title.

What I want to know is what sick joker put a romance novel in my bag anyway. It wasn't me -- that'd be like treating pneumonia with a good shot of the plague. There's nothing quite like getting your divorce papers on your thirty-ninth birthday. I'd think it was intentional, but in twelve years of marriage the bastard never once remembered my birthday.

Actually, what I *really* want to know is what I'm doing here, because I sure didn't decide to come to Belize. All I did was fall asleep crying. And woke up here, on a terrace beside a pool with tropical sunlight pouring down around me like honey.

But somehow, I can't seem to care. Hell, I can't even summon enough motivation to spread on sunblock. Instead, my gaze is drawn, over and over, to the resort's pool boys.

Jesus, they're gorgeous.

Rutger dives into the pool, his muscles bunching and flexing as he glides through the water. He's a college student from Uzbekistan. I asked him when he brought me my first G-and-T, while trying desperately to keep my gaze on his face -- it kept wanting to wander down to the vicinity of his crotch. He's also the one who told me I'm in Belize, which was nice of him, because I had no idea.

And then there's Jamar, in the lifeguard's chair. I'd feel significantly more panicked about the entire situation, except that it's impossible to feel much of anything but awe when looking at him. Teenage girls flock around him, tilting their pert little

sunscreen-coated noses up to giggle and admire his beaded dreadlocks. I don't blame them -- his abs are so taut they ripple when he laughs, and his skin glows like polished mahogany across his broad, rolling shoulders.

Jamar's eyes flick toward me, and I hastily drop my gaze back to my book.

The story's right in the middle of a hot scene, too, which doesn't help at all. Against my better judgment I get sucked in, skimming along quickly as the heroine wraps her hand around the hero's raging erection, making him groan deep in his throat as her fingers brush the hard, velvety tip...

"Good book?"

I sit up abruptly, blushing. Closing the book (and trying to ignore the pulsing in my crotch), I look up at Paolo.

Paolo's my favorite. He's Portuguese, and his accent is just like the air here; soft, sultry, way too much like sex. He's standing over me -- looming, more like, he's got to be six foot two at least -- in nothing but those tight white shorts they all wear. His hair is a mass of black ringlets that falls almost to his shoulders, his chin has this wicked cute cleft in it, and his eyes are surrounded by the thickest lashes I've ever seen on a man.

"You seemed to be enjoying it." He picks up my glass -- it's way too easy to imagine those strong deft fingers curving around my calf, or cupping my ass -- and raises a questioning eyebrow. I nod, uncomfortably aware of the trickle of moisture between my thighs.

I'm almost relieved when he walks away to fetch me a refill. Besides, it gives me a chance to watch that hard, round soccer player's butt flex beneath those white shorts. Guiltily, I tear my gaze away, and find Jamar studying me from across the pool. His full lips pull back in a brief, brilliant smile, and he nods slightly as if telling me to relax, enjoy myself -- it's Belize, after all.

A clink of glass as Paolo returns, setting down my drink. I reach for my bag, but he shakes his head, a small smile playing about his lips. "Forgive me, *senhora*, but..."

"But what? And please, call me Lainie."

He grins at that, his warm gray eyes gleaming, and I almost forget that I'm thirty-nine, that I just got divorced, that for all I know I'm old enough to be his --

Nope. Nope, not thinking about that. And I'm definitely not thinking about that trickle of curly black hair running from his belly button down into his shorts. Nope, nope, nope.

"Lainie. That's a lovely name. But the sun here is fierce, and you're..." He reaches down and slides my bikini strap aside, revealing the paler skin beneath. Picking up the sunblock, he gestures. "May I?"

What the heck. I smile, feigning nonchalance. Inside my chest, my heart's pounding.

I lean forward, and he slides in behind me, his thighs surrounding mine. It takes all my willpower not to lean back against him, not to run my hands over those tanned, bulging thighs. Instead, I fold my arms around my legs, hugging them, and lean my forehead against my bent knees.

He doesn't drizzle the lotion onto my back; instead, he rubs it between his hands and then spreads it across my skin. At his touch every nerve in my body is suddenly, almost painfully awake. In fact, I'd swear they're humming; a high, inaudible noise like live current running along a wire.

I have to lift my head -- I can't seem to breathe. From under half-lidded eyes, I watch Rutger reach the side of the pool and pull himself out right in front of me, water sluicing in a spray off that broad, gorgeous chest. His nipples are contracted to two small brown points, and it's way too easy to imagine flicking my tongue over them, feeling those hard little bumps under my nibbling lips... Paolo's fingers slide beneath the strap across my back, and I moan lightly, a small, horny sound like a hungry cat.

Oh my God, did I just *do* that?

I stiffen, but Paolo laughs, a low, warm chuckle that seems to slip right down inside me. Easing one shoulder strap down, he murmurs almost in my ear, "You don't really need to wear this, you know." My clit throbs at the thought -- no bikini, no fabric, just skin against skin and his hands running over me...

But the girls are still clustered around Jamar, and no matter how I might be tempted there is no *way* I am taking my bikini top off in front of them. Paolo notices the direction of my gaze, and smiles as he moves out from behind me.

"Maybe later," he says. "Now lie down."

I stretch out on my belly, keeping my thighs firmly together -- I'm so wet, I know he'd see it -- and Paolo straddles my legs, working the lotion down over my lower back and the exposed curves of my ass. His weight against the back of my thighs is enough to make me moan again, but I bite my lip, trying to force the awareness of his crotch, rubbing lightly against me as he works, from my mind. I fail miserably.

His fingers dig in, kneading, and as I relax he moves downward, caressing my thighs, my calves, massaging my feet. Slowly, he works his way back up, easing my legs apart as he goes, and now his agile fingers are stroking the insides of my thighs, trailing just inches from the swollen outer lips of my cunt. Everything inside me feels full and sweet, like a tropical fruit, bursting with juice and practically begging to be pierced...

As if by accident, his thumb brushes over the Lycra covering my crotch, and I quiver beneath him, hardly daring to breathe. It couldn't have been chance, surely -- guys just don't *do* that by accident, not even young, inexperienced ones.

And somehow I don't think Paolo's inexperienced.

Could he really be interested? In *me*? When there's a whole bevy of tight-bodied girls practically panting for the pool boys' notice? I can feel their heavy, pouting gazes on us, watching jealously as Paolo's hands work over my ass. Then his thumb nudges my crotch again and, shifting slightly so his body shields his motions, he curves one hand under me and presses firmly against my clit.

Dear God, I have died and gone to heaven.

Paolo places one hand on my tailbone, keeping the other between my legs, and makes slow, firm circles with both. I'm melting between them, pinioned between those warm, intent hands. I moan again, and he whispers, "Shh. Just enjoy it." His voice is rough with arousal and I can't help it -- I squirm below him, urging him on.

His fingers move faster, rubbing my mons, tugging the fabric of my bikini firmly up between my folds. I arch against that teasing pressure, and feel him lean over me as his fingers glide over my clit, the circles smaller now, tighter, pushing me over the edge and I'm coming, my juices gushing out, soaking the thin fabric. He runs his fingers over the dampness and prods lightly, once. God! I would give anything to have him slide the fabric aside, slip one of those long, tanned fingers inside my dripping folds.

But he slides off me, his fingers trailing regretfully down my thighs. He lifts my head gently, places a soft, fuzzy towel under my cheek for a pillow. "Now sleep, lovely Lainie. Sleep and relax."

Distantly, I hear a splash as someone dives into the pool. Further away, there's the mournful cry of a gull. From the cove below the terrace I hear the slow hiss of waves, and their ancient, timeless rhythm rocks me to sleep.

* * *

A cool breeze playing through my hair wakes me, and I open my eyes slowly to see a velvet-black sky, thick with stars. The foliage around the terrace rustles in the night air, and I roll over slowly, disoriented.

The terrace is deserted, the pool lights turned off. It's so dark I can barely make out the glimmer of the water. Rising, I start to gather my things, then hear a splash behind me and turn.

"Lainie." It's Paolo -- I'd know that voice anywhere.

"Where are you?"

"In the pool," he replies, a rumble of laughter running through his words. "Come join us."

Us? Damn. For a second there, I'd been hoping...

But a swim sounds good -- I'm all sticky with lotion, and immensely grateful that Paolo coated me thoroughly before I passed out in the sun. Stepping carefully, I feel my way to the edge of the pool, and start to let myself down.

Someone laughs -- that's not Paolo. This voice is even deeper, a rumbling, melodious baritone. "Jump, Lainie! Jump on in!" As my eyes adjust I can just see Jamar,

leaning back against the far side of the pool, his long arms stretched along the sides as he smiles at me. Paolo glides gracefully through the water, doing a backstroke, the dips and swells of his chest mere shadows in the night.

Poor me. A midnight swim with two pool boys? I jump, and come up on an outrush of air that's just short of laughter. The water's warm, still holding the sun's heat, and it laps, soft and gentle, against my skin. Then something just as warm, but firmer, brushes my thigh, and I turn to see Paolo surfacing beside me, beads of water trickling from his ebon ringlets.

"Are you rested, Lainie?" he asks, and I nod dumbly, swallowing against the tightness in my throat as he moves closer, his chest brushing against my suddenly erect nipples. His arms slide around me -- dear God! -- his smooth, velvety skin gliding under my fingers as I run my hand up over his pecs, feeling the crisp sprinkle of dark hair, the wide spread of his shoulders, the column of his throat...

Then he's kissing me, his firm lips nibbling at mine, easing them open as surely as he eased my legs apart earlier. His tongue slips into my mouth and I arch against him, trying to draw him closer, deeper... Something caresses my back, and I gasp, half-turning, and find whatever expostulation I was about to make silenced by Jamar's full, warm lips.

Oh, sweet heaven! I wrap my arms around Jamar's neck, stroking the smooth, rolling muscles of his back as, behind me, Paolo slides his hands up my sides and down over my shoulders, his fingers playing across the wet fabric covering my breasts. I shiver, and my nipples tighten further. I can feel both of them pressed up against me, their long, hard bodies surrounding me in the water. Heat pulses off both of them, centered on their groins, and I realize with a shock that both of them are naked.

Their long, rock-hard shafts push up against me eagerly. Both of them in the prime of their virility, young and horny, and their hands are moving over me, Jamar cupping my ass, pulling my crotch hard against his rigid shaft, Paolo's erection nudging against my tailbone as his hands squeeze my breasts. I turn my head, and Paolo leans

forward, sliding his tongue into my mouth even as Jamar stoops, sucking my nipple through the fabric of my bikini.

Impatiently, I tug at the ties of my top, wanting to feel that gorgeous mouth against my breast. Laughing, Paolo releases the straps, lets the tiny bit of fabric go floating away on the water, which is gleaming now, bits of light rippling across it. Raising my head, I see a fat golden moon just rising, four days past full. It spills across the water of the pool, silvering Jamar's ebon shoulders as he bends his head to my breast, drawing my nipple between those incredibly soft, full lips. Paolo cradles me as I lean back against him, my whole body suddenly boneless.

I feel like I've been turned into putty -- they can bend me, shape me any way they want to. My beautiful pool boys.

Then another pair of hands closes around my calves, and I shriek in surprise as Rutger pistons up out of the water, raising me in his powerful arms. He laughs up at me, then tilts his head forward, his mouth moving over the swell of my mons.

"Rutger," Paolo growls behind me. "You don't get to steal this one, you big blond lout!" Grinning back at him, Rutger carries me to the edge of the pool, where Jamar is already seated, his shaft jutting from between those mahogany thighs. Lifting me higher, Rutger deftly yanks my bikini bottom's tie with his teeth, stripping it off me as he lowers me onto Jamar's lap.

I gasp as Jamar's hard, engorged cockhead prods at my folds, spreading my juices as Rutger, his biceps flexing, raises and lowers me on Jamar's shaft, teasing me with it till I'm squirming in his arms and making small, pleading noises.

"You want?" he asks in his rough, accented English.

I nod, panting. "Yes. Yes, I want."

With a broad grin, he lowers me down... down... Oh dear God! Gasping, I cling to Rutger's shoulders, shuddering as Jamar's massive cock invades me, deeper, deeper...

Finally, when I think I'm about to pass out, I feel Jamar's abs pressed tight against my ass, and Rutger stoops before me, his blond head bent as he lowers his

mouth to my cunt. His warm, heavy tongue prods at my clit and I moan, rolling my hips forward. Jamar groans behind me.

Rutger's bull-like shoulders flex as he strokes his shaft under the water. Then my vision is blocked and I look up to see Paolo standing over me, his mouth curved in a mischievous smile. "So, how do you like Belize?"

I grin back, almost wanting to shake a scolding finger at him. Instead, I crane my neck forward and wrap my lips around his gorgeous cock. He murmurs something, his hands coming up to play in my wet hair. Rutger's mouth closes on my clit, and an electric jolt runs straight through me as my cunt spasms around Jamar's thrusting shaft. Eagerly, I suck harder, moaning in delight when Paolo's fingers clench in my hair and he thrusts forward, hard. My nostrils are full of the warm, musky scent of him, the tang of the ocean, the rich, elusive fragrance of some tropical bloom...

Rutger's tongue dances over my swollen clit, and I can feel his shoulders working under my hands, tugging his cock. Behind me, Jamar groans, burying his huge shaft inside me, and something as warm and sweet and sultry as the night air is unfolding inside my body, spiraling out to encompass the thick, throbbing cock in my mouth, the fullness of Jamar's erection inside me...

Rutger growls, deep in his throat, the sound vibrating against my cunt as I drag his head hard against me, feeling my climax swelling like a wave, curling, cresting... Jamar thrusts deeper, his entire body going rigid, and Paolo glides in and out of my mouth with a greedy intensity. Sucking desperately at his shaft, I let the wave take me, lift me, I am floating atop it...

And then it crashes through me, aching and throbbing, and I moan as Paolo cries out, his voice husky with need as his semen floods my mouth. It's warm and sweet and salty all at once, and I swallow hungrily, feeling Rutger's movements quicken, his hand savaging his cock until he arches and groans between my thighs.

Gently, sliding forward, Jamar lowers us both into the water, and I lean forward and give Rutger a soft, friendly kiss. He grins. "You liked?"

"I liked," I chuckle. Then Paolo arcs over us, diving into the water, and surfaces in my arms, shaking back his black curls.

Oh yeah. Coming to Belize is definitely the best decision I never made.

Sierra Dafoe

Sierra Dafoe published her first erotic romance with Changeling Press in May of 2006, and hasn't stopped since! Named a Rising Star of Romance in July by Love Romances and More, she received three 2006 CAPA nominations including Favorite Erotic Author (a fact which still has her stunned!)

Sierra lives in northern New Hampshire's White Mountains with her incredibly tolerant hubby, her thoroughly obnoxious cat, and her twelve-year-old puppy. Visit her at www.sierradafoe.com for free stories and monthly contests, and join her Yahoo! group at http://groups.yahoo.com/The_Sierra_Club -- she loves hearing from her readers!