



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S STEAM

HEAT WAVE

LIAISONS IN JUBILEE

JAMIE CRAIG

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Jamie Craig

Chapter One

It took all of Katie's concentration not to glance at the clock on the wall. The meeting with the execs from New York was running late, they knew it was running late, and they knew Katie knew it was running late. None of them seemed to care. All three men were more interested in their bottom lines than their numb bottoms, and Katie was left smiling and making promises left and right about how this summer was going to be their biggest yet, no holds barred. If anyone noticed that her foot never stopped tapping beneath her chair, nobody said a word.

Twenty minutes later, Katie rose to shake their hands as they prepared to file out. Her mouth felt like it was stuck in Miss America mode.

"Good work, Katherine."

Smiling at Quentin Collins, her immediate superior, was far easier than dealing with the three men at the same time. He had been the one to recruit her from the Miami resort where she'd worked after graduating from USC, and it had been his influence that pulled her up through the ranks, until she was now the executive manager for the largest resort on the east coast. The holiday division of Jubilee Hotels was now in a position to become a major player in the international market. Katie Mayes wanted to be the reason they got vaulted to the big leagues.

"I just want to get past the launch next weekend," she said, squaring her folder against the conference-room table. "Hothouse and the Guild both start tomorrow, but as far as I've been able to find out, they're not even half-booked."

“Which bodes well for us.” His weathered face creased even further as he maneuvered toward the open doorway. “Keep it up, and all the sacrifices you’ve made for the team the past few years will be worth it. I promise.”

Her grateful response was ready on her tongue, but the sudden appearance of Rosaria, her assistant, poking her head inside the room cut her off.

“Caleb’s on the phone again,” she said. “He got me to admit you didn’t have any meetings after this one, and now he’s insisting he needs to see you for dinner to discuss the launch entertainment program.”

All the good will accrued from Quentin’s comments vanished in the space of a heartbeat. Of all the people Rosaria could mention, it had to be Caleb Beckett. To everybody else, Caleb was just the Entertainment Director for the resort. Quentin knew the truth, though. He knew that Katie had indulged in an affair with Caleb for the three previous summers running, torrid four-month flings that ended as soon as the resort closed, only to resume as soon as the staff reconvened the next year. But it was also Quentin who had pulled her aside the week before she’d flown to Atlantic City.

“I know about you and Beckett,” he said without preamble. When her mouth opened to try and explain, he shook his head. “Don’t. I’m doing this now because I like you, Katherine. I think you’ve got a tremendous future with Jubilee. But you’re a manager and Beckett’s your subordinate. You know better than anyone that company policy forbids your involvement with him.”

She did. That’s why she and Caleb had agreed to keep the affair secret. Well, that, and because it seemed to give their fucking an added edge knowing what was at risk if they got caught. Which, apparently, now they had.

"Nobody else knows," Quentin continued. "So I'm giving you a choice. Your job or your relationship. You can't have both."

As far as ultimatums went, it had been a fair one. That was why she'd deliberately avoided any but the barest of contact with Caleb since arriving at the hotel a month earlier. They saw each other in passing, or in meetings, or when she had to check on something in Entertainment, but every time he attempted to initiate something more private, Katie blew him off.

Just like she was going to do now.

"Find out what he wants and offer him a ten-minute block in Monday's staff meeting," she told Rosaria. "If he takes it, amend the agenda."

Rosaria nodded, scurrying off to leave them alone again. Out of the corner of her eye, Katie saw Quentin smile, though he didn't say a word as he headed for the doorway.

Inwardly, she sighed. It was a good thing she was done for the day. She was going to need a stiff drink to get over the headache blossoming behind her eyes.



The night was sweltering by the time Katie was able to slip away. Neon painted the boardwalk in dancing red and yellow lights, and tourists were thick along the paths as they strolled along, clogging the way for those who had an actual destination in mind. In her low-slung jeans and silk camisole, Katie melted into the crowd, indiscernible even to locals as the sharp-suited executive manager at the Jubilee. She'd left the updo back at the hotel too. Her pale blonde hair hung in layers past her shoulders, highlighting the classical angles of her face even more

effectively than her natural makeup and sheer pink lipstick. The combination made her look a good decade younger than her thirty-two years.

It took ten minutes of brisk walking to reach the nightclub she had in mind. The Wooden Nickel was good for escaping the rigors of her structured life. Nobody knew her here; for the most part, it catered to out-of-town college kids. Even better, it had a dance floor that spilled out onto the beach, and in the rising summer heat, it was better to be writhing under a clear, starry sky, than jammed into a small square with a hundred other bodies trying to do the same thing.

The club was already packed by the time Katie arrived. The air pulsed, the driving bass booming over the speakers, but she ignored the call of the music to head straight for the bar. She wanted a beer first. Something to get the juices flowing. Then she'd pick out her partner of the night and get the party started right.

It happened as she leaned over the counter to give the bartender her drink order.

Sweat dripped between her breasts, but it was the distinct prickle on the back of her neck that made Katie stiffen. Somebody was watching her. More than one set of eyes had followed her in, but this was different. This was watching with purpose. Easing back onto her stool as casually as possible, she tilted her head in the vague direction she'd sensed it.

Nobody was there. Nobody she knew, anyway. Then she lifted her gaze upward to the balcony railing that overlooked the beach.

Eyes like dark chocolate regarded her from beneath heavy lids. Dark brown hair he always wore too long for company policy—that he only got away with because he played on a regular basis with the bands he booked—was pushed back off his structured features, and some time over the past few weeks he'd grown a moustache and goatee that framed

his succulent mouth perfectly. He even wore the dark suit and jewelry that typified his attire when he was onstage. Only Caleb Beckett had the aplomb and style to pull off such an ensemble in a college bar.

Katie's stomach alternated between constant fluttering and utter stillness. Damn it. She didn't need this tonight. If she had half a brain, she'd forget her drink, walk out of the club and go back to Jubilee.

It took everything she had to turn back to the bartender when he set her beer down in front of her. One drink. Then she'd leave.

She drank her beer quickly, the cold liquid temporarily soothing her parched throat, the alcohol going straight to her head. But it wasn't fast enough. She felt him at her back, even though he wasn't quite touching her.

"Come here to dance?"

It didn't matter if Caleb was speaking or singing. There was a velvet lilt to his voice that always sent a rush of warm electricity down the back of her neck. It might have been weeks since she'd felt him so close, months since she'd had him even closer, but the absence did nothing to lessen her body's reaction to his presence. If anything, it seemed to have made it stronger. Her pussy clenched, and her skin heated, and she had to fight not to lean back against the hard wall of his body right then and there.

Caleb still hadn't moved by the time she set down her empty bottle. "Brilliant deduction," she said, twisting around on her stool. He only moved enough not to get knocked over by her long legs, but it was still too close for Katie's comfort. Resting her elbows against the bar, she looked anywhere but at his hungry eyes. "The crowd looks lively tonight. Lucky for me."

Caleb never looked away from her. She could almost feel the weight of his eyes. "Do you think anybody here could keep up with you?"

“Does it matter?” She risked a glance back at him, only to get caught by the sight of his full mouth. How many times had she lost herself while kissing him? Too many to count. The sudden thought of what his newly acquired facial hair would feel like against her inner thigh made her cheeks flame, and Katie jerked her attention back to the thrashing crowd. “It’s just dancing. It’s not like I’m taking the guy home to fuck his brains out.”

“Oh, it’s never just dancing with you, Katie.” He leaned forward. “But if that’s what you want, I’ll give you a few turns around the floor.” Caleb smiled, managing to look charming and not at all lecherous. “Maybe you’ll change your mind about the second part.”

She faltered for a fraction of a second. It was tempting—so tempting. She’d never known a man to move like Caleb, in and out of bed, and after all, it was just a dance, no matter what he might profess. Except there was her job to consider, and she was his boss, and any concession now had the possibility of being disastrous later.

Katie slid off the stool and met his gaze without wavering. “I’m not going to change my mind,” she said. He stood so close that their bodies brushed against each other as she headed for the dance floor. She didn’t need to find a partner before she got there. Experience told her she wouldn’t be alone for long once she started moving.

She watched Caleb from the corner of her eye as he slipped onto the dance floor. She tried to avoid him, but he adjusted his body, weaving with the rhythm and sliding between the writhing bodies that surrounded her. He positioned himself behind her, gripping her hips lightly.

It felt like the air had been sucked out of her lungs. Though her first instinct was to push him away, Katie knew that would start a scene she wasn’t prepared to follow through with. Coming to the Wooden Nickel

might give her a measure of anonymity, but if she got involved in a commotion, it would spread along the boardwalk faster than wildfire. And she knew Caleb. He wouldn't let something like attracting attention stop him. Hell, he was a performer at heart. He'd take that attention and use it to his advantage.

So she went with it. She didn't have a choice. Within seconds, though, the heat of the room and the throb of the music and the buzz from the beer made her initial concerns dissolve away. Her arm coiled up and around to caress Caleb's neck, her eyes fluttering shut so that she could focus on the pure physical pleasure suffusing her body. Caleb knew exactly how to fit against her, and somehow, knowing they were his hands holding her against him just spurred Katie to grind her ass back into his burgeoning erection.

Caleb followed her lead on the floor, and to her surprise, kept his hands firmly on her hips, instead of allowing them to wander over her curves. His body was so hot against hers and it was impossible not to let her mind drift to the very thing she said she wasn't going to do. But for the moment, she was happy to dance with him, to feel the rhythm of his hips, to feel the life pulsing from him with each step.

The music shifted from the upbeat tempo to something slow and sensual. Caleb tightened his grip and began directing her, leading her into the new tempo.

Gradually, Katie became aware of the other guys drifting away, and she opened her eyes to the swirling lights, wondering what in hell she was doing. So what if Caleb moved like liquid fire against her? So what if she felt like she was going to explode just from the firm caress of his hands? She was asking to get burned by letting him do this.

Twisting in his arms, Katie meant to walk away, but his searing gaze kept her pinned against his chest, just as effectively as his hard hands.

She leaned forward, her breasts crushing to him with a familiar ache, and settled her mouth at his ear. It took a moment to say the words. His scent made her mouth go dry and she had to swallow more than once in order to find her voice again.

“Quentin knows,” she breathed.

“So? Is he the jealous sort?” Caleb joked. When she didn’t smile, the light in his eyes dimmed, and he managed to look like he might be taking this seriously. “What did he say to you?”

“He gave me an ultimatum. You or my job.” She couldn’t resist. It only took turning her head the scantest of inches to trail her mouth along his jaw. “You think anything else could’ve kept me away?”

Caleb wrapped his arm around her, rotating his hips and grinding against her. His other hand slid between her thighs to brush along her pussy, before moving up again to cup her ass and hold her closer to him. Tilting his head, he brushed his lips over her neck and said, “That’s a very serious threat. Maybe you should go.”

“Maybe I should.”

But now that his arms were around her and it wasn’t just his hands holding her in place, Katie was having a hard time remembering why she couldn’t at least enjoy the dance with him. His body was strong and warm, his mouth sinful, and following his lead was as easy as breathing. She closed her eyes to let the music wash over them, her fingers threading through the long strands of his hair, and when she felt him kiss her neck again, Katie shivered.

“Miss me?” she murmured.

“Yes.” He kissed a trail along her jaw. “I missed your mouth, and I missed your ass, and I missed the way you shout my name.” He rested his lips on the corner of her mouth. They swayed to the music, not even

an inch separating their bodies. “I think about you, think about holding you like this. Do you think about me?”

“Maybe.” Yes. “Maybe there’s nights when I get done with work and my feet start heading for your place before I can tell them to stop.” *Maybe I get to your door before I talk myself into turning around.* “And maybe when I’m lying in my bed at night, the only way for me to come using my vibe is to pretend it’s you.”

The music stopped, but Katie didn’t move. His breath fanned across her cheek, and she parted her lips to let her tongue dart out and taste the texture of his skin. The soft rasp of his moustache tickled, making her mouth water, and she exhaled, long and soft and slow as the need for him shuddered through her. “Maybe I should tell Quentin to mind his own fucking business.”

Caleb began guiding her off the dance floor, but not quickly. “I think that’s exactly what you should tell him. Come up to the balcony with me. I think we can find a private spot there.”

She couldn’t delude herself into thinking that staying at the club would keep her hands off him, but at the very least, it would keep their fucking to a minimum. And really, she hadn’t sought Caleb out. She couldn’t be blamed for it. They were colleagues who had run into each other in a public place, and if they were seen together, it was easily explained as coincidence.

But she was going to make sure they weren’t seen. And maybe this would slake her thirst for him, at least temporarily.

Lacing her fingers through Caleb’s, Katie shot him a wicked grin when he glanced down at their hands. “Someplace dark,” she agreed, hoping he would take the hint. “I’ll let you lead the way.”

It seemed that everybody at the Wooden Nickel was there to dance. The balcony was virtually empty. They wound through the tables and

chairs, moving farther into the shadows and farther from the bustling crowd. As soon as they were alone in a secluded corner, Caleb pushed her against the wall and claimed her mouth. His hands immediately sought her skin, pushing beneath her camisole to cup her breasts.

Katie smiled into the rough caress of his kiss, her hands finding their own paths to touch his enflamed skin. "You act like you've never had me alone before," she taunted, sliding her hands beneath his jacket to pull the white T-shirt he wore under it free of his waistband. She traced around to his belt buckle, letting her nails scrape along the way. "Better slow down. This time's going to have to last the both of us."

Caleb hissed, his palms rough against her nipples. His mouth was frantic and hungry, going from her lips, to her jaw, to her neck and back again, like he couldn't taste enough of her. "For a few minutes until I get you home?"

The raw desire in his voice made Katie cocky. Palming his cock through his pants, she whispered against his mouth, "Who said I was going home with you?"

"Did you say you weren't?" Caleb unbuttoned her jeans, pushing his fingers between her thighs. His sigh was full of satisfaction as he came in contact with her hot flesh. "Because I don't remember hearing anything like that."

He brushed across her clit, making her muscles flutter, her hips jerk forward. Katie's hand flew to his shoulder, using him as a brace to keep from swaying as her knees threatened to give out beneath her. Though he was hot everywhere else, his fingertips felt cool against her heated skin, and she hooked a foot through the back of a nearby chair, yanking it toward them. It enabled her to rest her sandal on it, spreading her legs further to allow Caleb room to explore.

“And here I thought you were one of those creative types who didn’t need everything spelled out for him. I should’ve walked away the second I saw you tonight.”

“There’s still time to walk away,” Caleb pointed out, sliding his fingers into her pussy. He curled his fingers against her walls, stroking her flesh as he jerked his wrist. “Just say the word.”

The only word that came to Katie’s mind at that minute was *more*. She didn’t even realize she’d said it out loud until she heard him chuckle.

“Son of a bitch,” she muttered. She yanked at his belt, pushing the zipper out of her way in order to find his throbbing length, the tip already wet with pre-come. Thank God they didn’t have to worry about condoms. She’d long ago trusted Caleb to be straight with her about testing, and birth-control pills had been her best friend since she’d been in high school. “My life would be a hell of a lot simpler if I’d never met you.”

Caleb laughed. “Oh, Katie, you don’t mean that.” He pulled his hand away from her and reached for his cock, his hand covering hers as he guided his head to her heat. He paused just before entering her. “Do you?”

The question took her by surprise. From the beginning, their relationship had been about sex, a carnal lust determined not to be dismissed when they were in each other’s company. Certainly, they had fun together; Caleb was eloquent and charming with a direct wit that always made her laugh. And he was easy to work with, accepting decisions with little argument and possessing an uncanny eye for talent that drew crowds. But that was it. They never strayed to conversations that could in any way be construed as serious.

This query, however, broke that unspoken tenet.

Liquid eyes gazed at her in heavy-lidded expectation, and Katie felt her stomach clench. “Simpler doesn’t mean better,” she conceded. Bracing against the wall, she coiled her arms over his shoulders in order to pull his lips to hers. Their kiss left her breathless. “God, I’ve missed you.”

“Missed you too,” Caleb gasped as he finally pushed into her. He moved slowly, each thrust deliberate and torturous. She tried to push for something more, but he resisted all her efforts, as though he was taking her earlier warning very seriously.

His languorous pace was set to torture her, she was sure of it. He was forcing her to experience every thick inch of him, to feel how he stretched her, filled her, glanced over her g-spot as he slid inside. Katie’s lips parted against his, swallowing his shallow breaths, and she clung to him until her clit ground against the base of his cock. Then she wrapped a long leg around his hips, refusing him the space to move, as she devoured his mouth in a kiss that made her head spin. If this was all she was going to get, she wanted to make it last. It would have to fuel fantasies for weeks to come.

Caleb snuck his hands under her, gripping her ass, and deepened the kiss. He kissed her like he wanted to feel every bit of her, wanted to fuck her and devour her and know every inch of her. Katie understood. She felt the same sort of hunger whenever they were together, and nobody could satisfy it like he could. She knew they didn’t have much time up there—somebody could discover them at any moment—but she was sure he wasn’t going to rush things. She loosened her leg around him, and he shocked her by pulling back as much as he could and slamming forward.

It drove the air from her lungs. Stifling her instinct to cry out, Katie brought her mouth back to his, losing herself in the waves of pleasure

ricocheting from clit to tit and back again. She was going to come quickly, and she was likely to come more than once, but there was no way she could stop rocking with his forceful strokes, or squeezing around his thick shaft, or sweeping her tongue inside his mouth to taste every last inch of him.

“Fuck, I was so wrong,” she muttered between kisses.

“Wrong about what?” he asked, his voice tight.

“When I saw you up here. Earlier. I thought...”

Another powerful thrust hit her clit in just the right way, and Katie clamped down around his cock as her orgasm burned through her in a fresh wave of fire. She had to wait until the quaking began to calm, until she’d sucked down enough air to speak again, to finish the thought.

“...I thought I didn’t need to see you tonight, that it would be more trouble than it’s worth.” Her trembling mouth brushed over his. “I was wrong.”

“I’m glad you changed your mind,” Caleb murmured before deepening the kiss. He continued to thrust into her, but his body was taut and trembling against her sweaty skin, like he might shatter against her. “I won’t be able to stay away from you.”

His words made her smile, but she hid it from him by licking a path along his jaw, nibbling at his neck as she tugged his shirt up and out of her way. She wanted to feel his hard muscles, feel his slick skin sliding across hers, but that wouldn’t be possible here at the Wooden Nickel or even at one of their places. That was inviting getting caught, and if she was going to have one last night with Caleb, she didn’t want it tainted with worry.

Katie pulled back to meet his dark eyes. “How badly do you want this to continue tonight?”

The air whistled between Caleb's teeth as he inhaled sharply. "What do I have to do to show you how bad I want it?"

"Help me sneak into the executive bungalow. The bigwigs went back to the city instead of spending the night, so it's all empty and lonely until next weekend." She ran her tongue over her bottom lip. "And you have to stay naked with me the whole night to make up for lost time."

Anybody else might have balked at the suggestion of using the executive bungalow, but he didn't miss a beat. "Absolutely. Do you have the keys, or are we staging an old-fashioned breaking and entering?"

"That depends." She traced a flat nipple before flicking the hard tip with her fingernail. "You want to waste time waiting for me to go *all* the way back to my office to get the key, and then *all* the way out to the bungalow? Or do you want to get straight to having your wicked way with me on every flat surface we can find?"

Katie didn't know if it was her sinful promise, or the scrape of her finger across his nipple, but he shuddered against her, a low moan escaping his mouth as he thrust into her one final time, slamming against her clit. The sudden pressure sent sharp pleasure through her, and she curled her nails into his skin as her second orgasm overwhelmed her. He clamped his hand over her mouth as she opened it, muffling her shout of pleasure.

His breath was hot against her face as he silently gulped for air, his mouth so close to her cheek that it almost felt like he was kissing her. When he spoke, she could hear the smile in his voice. "I can get us in without a key."

She leaned into the caress, nuzzling against the rasp of his hair. "Of course you can," she whispered with a laugh. "You, Caleb Beckett, are a man of astonishing talents."

"Including several I intend to reacquaint you with tonight."

“Is that a promise?”

“Or a threat. But it’s all the same in the end, isn’t it?” Caleb said, finally disentangling himself. He zipped up his pants, but made no other effort to straighten his clothes or hide the fact that he had just fucked her against the wall.

Using the wall for support, Katie did her jeans back up, her eyes never leaving Caleb’s. She wasn’t sure what game he was playing at, but this entire encounter had already shattered every rule she’d ever given herself in regards to him. At least she was giving their affair the send-off it deserved. They had started with an explosive bang; it made sense that it end the same way.

Tomorrow.

“I think there’s a door out there, waiting for you to break your way in,” she teased. She ran her fingers along the lapel of his suit, then curled the fabric into her grasp in order to pull him flush again with her body. “Ready to go tear it down?”

“Tear it down?” He kissed the corner of her mouth. “I think you know I work with a bit more finesse than that.”

She smiled and kissed him back. “I’m counting on it.”

Chapter Two

The bungalow was set apart from the rest of the resort, so the higher-ups wouldn't be imposed on by the people who actually paid their salaries. Caleb had never been inside the executives' rooms, but he knew they would be about a hundred times nicer than his own modest residence. Somehow, that made the whole experience that much more gratifying.

He looked sideways at Katie while she waited impatiently for him to jimmy the lock. She looked like silver in the moonlight, and his fingers itched to touch her smooth skin again, or run through her soft hair. Just the sight of her was enough to make his groin tight. Sometimes, just a glimpse of her would set his blood pressure sky high as his heart jumped to double-time. To say that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen would almost be an understatement.

She thought this would be their last night together, but Caleb was not going to accept that. He understood her job was on the line. He would never ask her to sacrifice her job for him—that wasn't what their relationship was like. And besides, he knew how much this gig meant to her. She took it seriously, and she loved it—flourished under the responsibility. But this was not going to be their last night together.

The lock clicked. Straightening, he pushed the door open and bowed at the waist. "After you."

A dimple played in her cheek when she smiled. "I hope those manners aren't going to get in the way of our having fun later on," she teased as she swept past.

"I don't think that'll be a problem," Caleb said, kicking the door shut and reaching for her at the same time, wrapping his fingers around her wrist to yank her against his chest.

Before she could say a word, he worked her pants open for the second time that night. He couldn't be patient. He had been waiting nine months to get her alone again, and he thought about her every single night. He dropped to his knees, pulling her jeans down her legs, taking her sandals off at the same time. Her thong followed the pants, so he had a clear view of her glistening pussy. He inhaled deeply, heady from the smell of their sex at the club. Gently, he parted her lips, exposing her swollen clit to his tongue.

Katie tangled her fingers in his hair, guiding him closer as she propped her heel up on the wall behind her. When she tilted her head back as well, it made her long neck seem even longer, her slim body even more graceful. "Have I mentioned how much I like the new look?" she said. "I've been wondering all night what it would feel like if you ate me out. If it would feel different, or tickle, or something."

Caleb grinned, pleased that she'd noticed. He teased her clit with the tip of his tongue, his cheek brushing against her thigh. "Does it?"

"It feels..."

The words were choked off when he circled her sensitive clit again, then swept lower to do the same with her wet opening. While his fingers kept her spread, his thumbs stroked the satin flesh of her inner lips, keeping the same slow pace he knew would drive her crazy. Katie's fingers tightened, and the small pulls of his hair only made his cock throb that much harder.

“The only thing that could make this better...” She’d found her voice again, though it was rough with desire. “...would be if I had you in my mouth too.”

Caleb moaned against her clit, and her flesh vibrated against his lips. Without diverting his attention from her, he unzipped his pants, freeing his hard cock. He could already feel her hot mouth wrapped around his shaft.

“I could do this all night,” he said, looking at her from beneath his lashes. “Do you believe that I could suck your clit”—he demonstrated by pulling her clit between his teeth—“all night?” He swept his tongue along her lips. “I could lick you, taste every inch of you.” He moved his tongue over her again, lapping up her juices. “I could fuck you with my tongue all night.” Now he slid his tongue into her passage, his fingers tightening on her thighs, holding her firmly against his face.

“I believe you,” Katie breathed. “God, do I believe you.”

For a moment, she undulated against his mouth, riding his tongue as assuredly as if it was his cock. Then her knee straightened, and Katie placed the foot she’d had against the wall onto his shoulder. With a strength that always took him by surprise, she forced Caleb to loosen his hold on her thighs, breaking the seal of his lips from her glistening pussy. She smiled down at him as she pushed him back onto the floor.

“Tell me you want me to suck you,” she ordered without removing her foot.

A shiver raced down Caleb’s spine, and his cock jerked. He watched her with half-closed eyes, unable to look away. He couldn’t resist reaching up to drag his thumb over her swollen clit. “I want you to suck my cock, Kate.”

Pure hunger gleamed in her blue eyes. Without looking away, Katie grabbed the hem of her camisole and pulled it off over her head, leaving

her completely naked for his pleasure. "I don't want to miss feeling you against any inch of me," she said, right before sinking to her knees at his side.

She made short work of his clothes, stripping him almost faster than he'd done her. By the time she was done, his hands were itching to grab her and drag her back to his mouth, but Katie didn't seem quite ready for that. She ran long, elegant fingers along his cock, circling his balls once and then sliding back up its length. Only then did she bend over, her pale blonde hair trailing across the darker skin of his stomach as she let her tongue take the same path as her hand.

"Oh...Katie...God..." Caleb sighed, relaxing against the floor.

For the moment, he couldn't do anything except close his eyes and give in to the overwhelming pleasure. Nobody knew how to do what she could do. He licked his lips, and the taste of her that lingered there sent another wave of pleasure through him, prompting him to reach for her. He curled his fingers around her thigh and pulled her leg across his chest, coaxing her until her pussy was just inches from his face. She never broke contact with his cock, her lips so soft against his skin, her tongue so clever. He waited until she swallowed his shaft, then gripped her hips and brought her swollen flesh to his waiting mouth.

The first contact of his tongue against her clit made her moan, a long, drawn-out sound that reverberated through his cock. The second drove her nails into the sensitive skin of his inner thigh, scraping across his sac at the same time, while the third got her moving up his length, catching at the head in order to swirl her tongue around the crown at the tempo he was setting.

Caleb focused on her clit, lapping her flesh until it throbbed against his lips. Her hips jerked with each swipe of his tongue, driving her clit against his teeth. He struggled to concentrate, but it was difficult with

her mouth searing him, her breath tickling his skin each time she exhaled. He sucked her clit between his teeth, biting gently as he teased the tip with his tongue. She slammed her hips down, and retaliated by scraping her teeth along his shaft.

Katie didn't do anything by halves. Whether it was work or pleasure, she threw everything she had into it with an energy that belied her calm exterior. It was one of the things that had first drawn Caleb to her. The potential of unlocking her passion had been too powerful to resist, and he hadn't been disappointed. Even three years later, she still surprised him on a nightly basis.

Her orgasms were no exception.

While her body quivered in violent throes, her mouth and hands never ceased their assaults on his flesh. Her fingers forced his thighs apart, shaking as they smoothed down beneath his ass and pulled him even deeper into her throat. The sounds she could never stifle when she came echoed into his cock, and the ragged sensations left by her teeth sharpened to fiery peaks.

Caleb dug his fingers into her flesh, holding her against him, intent on catching every bit of her juices as she came. His hips jerked erratically, unable to find a steady rhythm. His entire body was shaking, pushing for more, always seeking out more of her. He slid his tongue down her flesh to thrust into her slick, clenching passage, triggering another orgasm. As she cried out again, his balls tightened, and he exploded deep in her mouth. She didn't lift her head or pull away—she never did—until he was completely spent.

Her tongue traced upward along his softening shaft, her breath satin warm against his skin. "We're going to have to wait here for a minute, I think." With her long-legged grace that whispered wicked promises for later, Katie peeled their sweaty bodies apart to turn around and curl into

his side, her head propped up in her hand so that the ends of her pale hair tickled along his shoulder. Her smile was slow and satisfied. "Walking might be asking a little much right now."

"Yeah, a little downtime might be a good idea," Caleb agreed, the bottoms of his feet still tingling. He skimmed his hand over her shoulder and down her arm, entwining his fingers with hers. "Do you regret leaving the bar with me yet?"

"No," she replied without pause. Then her lashes ducked as she glanced down at their hands. "Though I regret we're only going to have tonight."

Caleb knew that even though she had given in to him this time, she wouldn't change her mind about their future prospects. Not unless something changed. Without releasing her fingers, he brought her hand to his mouth. "If this is all we have, we better make it memorable. Don't you think?"

Her clear gaze followed the path of their hands, her swollen mouth curving into a smile when his tongue traced the outline of her fingers. "I think that's the best suggestion I've heard all week."

Caleb slid his leg between her thighs and freed her hand so he could wrap his arm around her. "Then we'll get on that as soon as we can walk to the bed. In the meantime, I've got to know. How do you propose we stay away from each other for the next three months? It's going to be a very long summer."

Her nose wrinkled in a moue of distaste. "Oh, sure. Ask the tough questions after you've already put my brain in reverse."

"I know, it's hardly fair. But clearly, you don't want to give this...us...up any more than I do." He looked down, tracing the curve of her body with his eyes. "I missed you, you know."

Katie took longer to respond this time. "I missed you too," she murmured. "You have no idea how much I was looking forward to this summer when Quentin sprang his little ultimatum on me."

Caleb thought he might have some idea. It was getting harder to leave her every year, and Labor Day had quickly become his most hated non-holiday. The day after Labor Day always dawned with him going south, and her going north, with only the promise of the next summer between them.

"It must have come as quite the shock. Though I suppose we're lucky he didn't fire us both as soon as he found out."

"He's too smart to lose you. He knows what a huge asset you are to Jubilee."

Caleb snorted. "It's not me he's worried about losing, sweetheart."

"He doesn't want to lose *either* of us," Katie insisted. "But that doesn't mean he won't replace us if he has to."

Caleb had his doubts that Quentin would carry through with his threat of firing Katie. She was the best thing that had ever happened to this dump, and everybody knew it. He did know a way to fix things, but he didn't want to go that far yet. Not until he knew how Katie felt about him—if this was more than just sex for her. "Do you already have plans for September fourth? Quentin didn't say anything about seeing each other on our own time, did he?"

In the circle of his arm, Katie stiffened, but when she pulled away to look at him, it was genuine surprise that lit her eyes. "No, to both questions, but...you always go back to Miami when the season's over."

"I do," Caleb agreed. "But I don't have any commitments until the beginning of October, and it recently occurred to me that I haven't seen as much of Beantown as I'd like."

The smile that began to blossom on her face was hesitant, but her voice betrayed a hidden excitement. “I didn’t think you’d want to. I mean, if you want to come up, I’ve got more than enough time accrued to take September off. We could have a real vacation for a change.”

Caleb matched her smile and kissed her. The kiss was unlike any other they’d shared that night. He coaxed her lips apart, pushing his tongue in to taste the salty-sweetness of her mouth. Holding her against him, he gradually deepened the caress, until there was nothing in his world except her soft mouth, and his cock began to stir again. When he finally pulled back, she was staring at him with wide eyes. “I think we should try to make it to the bed now.”



It was the dread of the approaching dawn that drew Katie awake. After hours of touching and exploring and enjoying, time made up for months of absence from each other, she had fallen asleep with Caleb spooned behind her, his arm tight around her waist, his face buried in her hair. Only nights with him were capable of knocking her out so completely, but as always, in the back of her mind, there was that little voice, ready to remind her that they couldn’t get caught, that she couldn’t risk sleeping the night away and getting exposed sneaking away from his place. This wasn’t the same set-up, and they didn’t officially have to be in to work that morning, but housekeeping would still come around the bungalow to ensure that everything was all right with it as part of their rounds. Katie wasn’t willing to risk their jobs over a couple hours of sleep.

When she rolled over to wake Caleb up, however, she found his side of the bed empty. His clothes were still on the chair where they’d dumped

them, and the door stood ajar, but when she strained to hear what he might be doing, silence was the only sound that greeted her. Pushing back the blankets, she rose and walked out to the dark living room. He wasn't there either. Katie was about to call out his name when she saw the blinds leading to the patio had been pushed aside.

He must have gone outside for some fresh air, she realized. A quick glance at the clock on the DVD player told her she had at least an hour until sunrise. There was plenty of time for her to join him.

She only took a single step. This was going to be their last night together until September. Though they hadn't discussed it further, Katie knew that Caleb would follow through on his plan to come up to Boston after the Jubilee season was over, but that still left three very long months ahead of them to try and endure without indulging their desires. She wanted to give him something now to make the wait worth it. Something special.

She knew exactly what to do.

It took very little time to get ready. Only five minutes elapsed from the time Katie made her decision to the time she slid open the patio door.

Caleb stood at the railing, casually smoking a cigarette as he leaned against the half-wall and gazed out at the dark ocean. He hadn't bothered to get dressed, and even in the dim light spilling from the bungalow, she saw the outline of his muscled back tapering down to his slim hips. Her mouth watered. God, he was gorgeous. Even now, with her plan firmly in mind, she just wanted to walk up to him, sink to her knees and worship him with her tongue. It took everything she had to simply stand there.

The sound of the door made him glance back. Her appearance kept him from looking away.

Without her own wardrobe, Katie had had to improvise. She wore Caleb's suit jacket with nothing underneath, his belt cinched at her waist to turn it into the tiniest of dresses. Her hair was swept up using pencils from the desk in order to pin it in place, and she'd slicked on a fresh coat of lip gloss to make her mouth shine. Her high-heeled sandals finished the ensemble.

"You left me all alone in bed," she scolded.

"I thought you deserved to sleep. You had a long night." He was staring at her like he had never seen her before. "You look like you're ready to go dancing again."

"I was thinking...something a little more private."

With long, slow strides, Katie closed the distance between them, plucking the cigarette from his fingers and taking a deep drag on it before stubbing it out on the nearby ashtray. The nicotine sent a quick buzz to her head, making it spin, but she didn't let it stop her from taking Caleb by the hand and leading him to one of the deck chairs.

"Three months is a very long time," she said as she pushed him gently into the seat.

"It's an eternity," Caleb said, reaching out to push the jacket aside. She playfully slapped his hand away. "Are you going to do something to make the wait more tolerable?"

"Something like that." She circled the chair, dragging her fingertips along his collarbone until she stood behind him. Then she slid her hand down his chest and caressed the flat of his stomach as she leaned in to murmur into his ear. "I know how tough it's going to be this summer. Wanting to touch you, but not being able to. Falling asleep all hot and sweaty even though the AC is cranked as high as it'll go. Nobody's ever made me feel like you do, Caleb. Nobody."

She smiled as his cock jerked, and he arched his back slightly, pushing against her hand. His voice was thick when he spoke, like something was blocking his throat. "That sounds like hell, Katie."

"Which is why I want to make it up to you now." She skimmed her mouth along his shoulder before straightening and finishing the circuit around the chair. Standing in front of him, Katie toyed with the ends of the belt. Though she knew she appeared calm and in control to Caleb, her heart was thumping like a jackhammer at what she was about to suggest. "Do you still have that fantasy about bending me over your knee? Because I think some of my bad behavior the past few weeks might just merit some of your...*personal* attention."

Caleb's eyes widened, and it was impossible to ignore his physical reaction. "What...what bad behavior would that be?"

She lifted a shoulder in a nonchalant half-shrug. "Ignoring you, for starters." She placed her foot on the arm of the chair so that her pussy was just visible to him. "And I gave you the brush-off at the Nickel tonight. Some men might take that as a personal affront."

"Some men might," Caleb agreed, reaching out to slide his fingers up her thigh. "I wasn't personally offended myself." He flashed a smile at her. "I knew you wouldn't ignore me for long."

In spite of the welcome soreness from their night of fucking, the feather glances of his fingertips made her breath hitch. Maybe giving into his fantasy of control wouldn't be nearly as hard as she thought.

"Then there's the whole caving to Quentin thing." It shocked her how even her voice was. The rest of her was anything but. "Don't tell me that doesn't piss you off, even a little bit."

His eyes sparked and his mouth curved, a sign that he knew the game, before his face hardened. "I have to admit, I expected better of you, Katie. Since when have you let anybody tell you what to do?"

"I know, I know. But it's too late to do anything about it now. Except for telling you."

She dropped her foot to his bare thigh, running her toes along the taut muscle before putting it back to the ground. Quelling the uncertainty flaring inside her, Katie sat in Caleb's lap, making sure to trap his hard cock between her thighs as she leaned back against his chest.

"I should have told you sooner," she confessed. Her hands went to the belt, undoing the buckle. Slowly, she pulled the strap free from her waist, feeling it slide between their bodies in a long, delicious stroke. His cock jumped against her pussy. She could only assume it was from the sensations of the leather burning across his skin. "But I was afraid of how you'd react."

Caleb gripped her wrist with one hand and took the belt from her fingers with the other. "I have to say, I'm more disappointed than angry." He wrapped the leather around one of her wrists. "Clasp your fingers together. Yeah, like that." The leather went around her second wrist. His breath tickled her ear as he cinched the belt tighter, lashing her hands together.

This was new. In all the time they'd been together, not once had Katie let Caleb bind her in any way. It left her feeling too vulnerable, too out of control, and she'd begged off the few times he'd brought it up. He'd been his usual gracious self and backed off the subject, but she always knew that the desire was there. That, and the spanking fantasy. He'd whispered that one in her ear one night the previous summer while she'd been riding him, caressing her ass as he described in that electric voice what he wanted to do to it. Though she'd nixed the idea afterward, it didn't change the fact that she'd come so hard that time that she was out for the rest of the night.

She was equal parts excited and terrified about what was going to happen. What had convinced her in the end that she could do this was knowing she could trust him.

Without the belt to keep it closed, the jacket fell open, baring Katie's breasts to the warm predawn air. "What are you going to do?" she asked, keeping her voice small.

He kissed the back of her neck, his mustache tickling her. "I'm going to show you how disappointed I am," he murmured, hot lips brushing against her cool skin. "And I'm going to make sure you don't forget." He paused for a moment, before kissing a path to her ear. When he spoke, his tone was different, his words soft. "If you want to stop, just say patio."

Though her throat was dry, Katie whispered her assent. Caleb might be the one issuing commands at the moment, but his concern for a safe word was all she needed to surrender the last of her worries. He wouldn't hurt her. Except in the best way possible.

Caleb lifted her from his lap and turned her over, positioning her across his thighs. He pushed her jacket up, exposing her ass to the early morning air and to his hand. She braced herself, but he surprised her by running his palm over the curve of her cheek, caressing her lightly. Then, without warning, he brought the flat of his palm down over her flesh.

The sudden sting made her jerk against his legs. One of the pencils tumbled from her hair, letting a long strand escape to drape over her shoulder, but all Katie felt was the burn already fading along her ass. That wasn't so bad, she thought, but then his body moved against her side, and his hand struck again, this time finding a fresh patch of skin to enflame.

His cock was hard and slick with pre-come against her stomach, and it twitched against her every time he brought his hand down. “What are you going to tell Quentin the next time you see him?”

Caleb expected her to be coherent enough to respond to questions? Shivers ran through her with every heated stroke, racing along nerve endings already too sensitive for more, and small whimpers accompanied the squirms of her body as she rubbed against his hard lines. He caressed the burn after each blow, but that only served to heighten the sensations the next time his palm made contact. It took two more for her to remember that he’d asked her something, and another to find the breath to answer.

“What...what do you...?” Katie cried out as one slap stung a little bit more than its predecessors, and her back bowed away from his legs for endless seconds before she could relax again. She realized Caleb was hesitating, but though she knew he probably anticipated the safe word to come any moment, she refused to take this away from him.

She swallowed hard and tried again. “I’ll tell him whatever you want me to tell him,” she whispered. On a whim, she added, “Sir.”

“Tell him...tell him that you’re going to see whoever you want, and do whatever you like. If he doesn’t like it, you tell him he can fuck off.” His hand came down then, emphasizing his point. His fingers curled against her heated skin, and his tone dropped to something dark and silky. “Do you understand?”

Her wrists strained against the belt binding them together, but Katie kept them down and out of the way as she risked a glance back. Caleb’s eyes were black and fathomless in the indistinct light, resting on her in expectation, and something in her chest tightened. Supposedly, this was just a game, this was about Caleb’s fantasy and not real life, and maybe she wouldn’t use the exact words he chose for her, but right then, Katie

thought she could do it. She could talk to Quentin. Not once had their work suffered in all the time they'd been together, and if it took Quentin three years to find out the secret, then obviously they were doing something right.

"Yes, sir," she breathed. "I understand perfectly."

"Good." The word seemed to vibrate through her body. He slipped his hand between her thighs, his fingers gliding against her wet pussy. He caressed her flesh for a moment before sliding two fingers inside of her. "I'm a fair man. If you do that, you'll be rewarded."

She had known that she'd been aroused, even through the pain. She still wasn't quite prepared for how wet she sounded, or how her muscles clamped down around his fingers, or how badly she craved more. It felt like she would fly apart if he stopped touching her, and Katie was prepared to do whatever it took to make sure that didn't happen.

"Pocket," she panted. His sharp intake of breath alarmed her, and she realized that the single word was far too close to their safe one for her not to make clear. "In the coat pocket," she said, this time more clearly enunciating. "I brought something else out."

Without removing his hand from her pussy, Caleb reached across her body to root around and extract the small tube of Vaseline she'd stuck in there. Though he frowned slightly in confusion, she tossed her hair and gave him a teasing smile. "It's not exactly K-Y, but I thought it would do in a pinch."

"You're a woman of many surprises," Caleb said with real appreciation in his voice. She couldn't stop her whimper as he removed his fingers from her. She watched as he smeared the Vaseline on the two fingers still wet from her juices. He slid one fingertip between her cheeks, pushing his first knuckle past the tight ring of muscle.

Katie tensed. She knew what was going to happen, had planned for this very thing, but that didn't stop her body from reacting to the intrusion. Anal play had never interested her, and while she understood other women got off on it as much as regular fucking, it was a step she'd never taken, not even with Caleb. The subject hadn't even been brought up since that first wild weekend they'd spent together. He'd learned her boundaries, and he'd respected them all this time.

But now it was time for those boundaries to be stretched. If she could handle some spanking—even get excited by it—then she could do this. For both of them.

Caleb pushed his finger in slowly, up to his third knuckle, and paused. He ran his other hand down her spine, a light, soothing motion, but it didn't distract her from what he was doing. He seemed to sense when she was finally comfortable with the intrusion, because it was only then that he moved out of her. He paused for a moment as she relaxed against him before repeating it, this time with two slick fingers.

Her throat worked until she found her voice again. "Are you still disappointed?"

Caleb didn't answer immediately. He jerked his wrist, pulling his hand away, and then thrusting into her once again. He set a slow, deliberate pace. "No," he said, as she writhed against his hand. "No, not at all."

"Good." The unfamiliar discomfort faded with every stroke of his fingers, to be replaced by an ache that Katie recognized all too well. Her hips began to pump to meet his hand, and her nipples scraped across his thighs. Every movement meant his cock rubbed along her already slick stomach, and soon, his soft sighs joined her louder moans.

Katie felt the tension in his body. His muscles were tight, and each sigh turned into a ragged breath. When he pulled his hand away from

her, she expected him to flip her around and end his torment. Instead, he coated a third finger, and thrust all three into her stretched flesh. “Are you ready, Katie?”

“You know I am.” She twisted her neck to look back at him, and her eyes burned as much as her ass did. “God, Caleb, just fuck me already. Please. This is driving me crazy.”

Caleb moved quickly, lifting her off his lap to her feet. He covered his cock with the Vaseline, stroking his shaft to coat every inch of himself. She settled on his lap again, her back against his chest. She stared out across the ocean as he pulled the head of his cock along her ass, then pushed it past her puckered flesh.

Everything stopped. All she felt was the insistent pressure as Caleb sank into her body, slow and slick, stretching her far beyond what his fingers had. He didn’t stop and start to allow her to adjust, but neither did he force himself, keeping his pace patient and unhurried for long seconds. It seared, inside and out, until Katie was convinced her skin would ignite at the slightest provocation.

When he was completely sheathed, Caleb coiled his arm around her waist, pulling her even closer to his chest. His breath was hot where he dropped gentle kisses along her shoulder, and it spurred her to finally exhale, a long, shuddering sound that wracked her body.

The waves crashing against the beach echoed the crashing in her ears. The belt’s long tail brushed against her knees until he grabbed it and yanked it back, pulling her arms tight against her torso. She tilted her head back to look at him, but he caught her chin and forced her head forward again. It felt like every inch of his body was touching every inch of hers, and his breath and lips and words were so warm against her skin. She couldn’t hear everything he said, but she caught the occasional *so good*, and *so beautiful*, and *so tight*.

His thrusts were shallow at first, but gradually became longer, deeper, until he was lifting her almost completely off his lap before dragging her back down again. Katie wished desperately that she could see him, or that he could see her, but Caleb was unyielding in this, his hands joining in his mouth's assault. Calloused fingertips dug into her soft inner thighs, spreading her wider. She was begging long before she even thought not to.

"Don't...don't stop, don't...please, Caleb, just...just, I need you to..."

Caleb shuddered. "I won't. Oh God, Kate..." Each stroke seemed longer, slower, more intense than the one before it. "I've thought about this so many times." His words were pulled from him, like the effort to speak was almost enough to undo him.

Coherent thought seemed impossible, but still, the question demanded to be heard. "Why didn't you ask me?" Though he wouldn't allow her to look back at him, it didn't stop Katie from leaning her head back against his shoulder, tendrils of her hair slipping over his skin as she stared up at the starless sky. "I would do almost anything for you."

Several seconds passed in silence, and Katie wondered if Caleb even heard her at all. When he finally spoke, there was something heavy in his voice, the breathy pleasure completely gone. He sheathed himself completely, his hold on her firm, and said, "I know, Katie."

Part of her was tempted to use the safe word. She didn't want to play this game where she couldn't even look at him. But she didn't. Katie feared that if she uttered it aloud, Caleb would stop entirely, and that was the last thing she wanted to happen.

So she closed her eyes and called his image before her mind's eye instead. It was simple with his hands growing bolder, his mouth hungrier. Teeth scraped against her neck, and one of his hands strayed from her thigh to trace her outer lips. And when a finger flicked across

her clit, seemingly as if by accident, it sent her crashing over the edge, her entire body undulating against his cock, his chest, his strong legs, as her orgasm swept through her.

“Oh...Katie...Katie...” She felt him tense behind her before his climax shook his frame. Every muscle seemed to tremble, his chest seized, and his cock twitched and jerked against her tight walls. “God...God...” He panted, thrusting into her one final time before collapsing back against his chair, holding her with one arm wrapped around her waist.

The sun crested in front of them, warming her skin and turning the gray water golden. Despite the beauty of the sunrise, and her own deep satisfaction, a sadness washed over her. This was it, for three months.

“Katie? I meant to tell you something earlier tonight.”

She squeezed her eyes shut. If he tried to convince her to let the affair continue behind Quentin’s back anyway, she didn’t know how she’d be able to say no. “Didn’t Rosaria get you a slot on the agenda for Monday’s meeting?” she joked.

“I won’t be at the staff meeting on Monday. I’m handing in my resignation. I know it’s short notice, but Lenny should be able to pick up the slack. He’s been angling for my job for the last two seasons, anyway.”

His words were a blast of cold water over her satiated limbs. Twisting out of his arms, Katie swung around to stare at him in disbelief. “You’re quitting? Why? You can’t. I need you.”

“I need you too, Katie. This winter was the winter from hell. I got through it because I was thinking about you. I just wanted to see you again. And now I find out I can’t even touch you for three months? I can’t treat you like the woman I love?” He shook his head. “No. This job is not worth that. Quentin pays me for my time, that doesn’t mean he gets to dictate my life.”

She didn't even hear the last of his statements. Her brain was still stuck on what he'd said in the middle.

"The woman you...*what?*"

"Love. I love you." He offered an easy smile. "Enough to see if we've got something more than sex here."

Katie felt like she'd been thrown overboard without a life jacket. In all the time they'd spent together, they'd never talked about feelings. It was about fun, and sex, and having a good time, and more sex, and why in hell was Caleb changing the rules on her now? What was wrong with what they'd had? Except they couldn't have that any more because of Quentin's little ultimatum. If Caleb asked her again how she planned on getting through the summer without touching each other, Katie still didn't have a clue how she'd answer. She just didn't know.

What she did know was that she'd never been with anybody like Caleb before. It wasn't just the physical, though that was pretty amazing. It was how talented he was, how easygoing, how certain of his own abilities without having the need to flaunt it in anybody else's face. She enjoyed his company, and frankly, the past three summers with Jubilee had been the best of her professional career. He made her better, damn it, and now he wanted to change all that? For what?

For love. He loved her.

"What do you think is going to happen?" she asked carefully. "We've never even had an official date. You might decide that I'm a real bitch when we're out in the open, and then where will you be?"

His smile never wavered. "That's a chance I'm willing to take, though I know you better than that." He leaned forward, his eyes earnest. "I'm giving you the option, Kate. I don't want you to put your career in jeopardy. You've got a real future with Jubilee. You make this place what

it is, and I can see how happy it makes you. But I think you could be my future...if you'll have me."

The sincerity of his words made her heart pound. Katie didn't think of her future in terms of men or relationships; it had always been about the job, about what she needed to do next in order to get the new promotion.

But even as she thought that, she realized it wasn't entirely true. How many times last winter had she spent an evening dreaming of what it would be like to see Caleb again? And she could remember at least three different dates where she'd sat there, comparing the man with her to Caleb. She'd missed him, and she'd anticipated spending four glorious months together. She'd made plans for them, all the way up to Quentin's ultimatum. There was no way around it; she considered him a part of her future. Now here he was, offering her even more.

Katie held up her wrists, still bound in his belt. "Undo me, please."

Caleb slowly unbuckled the belt and slid the leather over her wrists. He dropped the belt to the ground without taking his eyes from her. "Thank you."

Though her pulse was racing, her voice was deceptively soft. "For what?"

"For trusting me enough to let go."

She smiled. "You make that incredibly easy." Her hands were stiff from having been in one position for so long, but Katie stretched them out along his bare chest, her gaze dropping to watch her fingers stroke his still damp skin. "I've never considered my...feelings for you," she confessed. "I'm much better organizing people than I am at compartmentalizing my emotions."

He covered her hands with his, pressing them against his skin. "I know. I don't expect you to declare your love for me right now or

anything, Katie. But I do hope you'd be willing to consider your feelings now."

She *was* willing. But it was still way too fast for her. She needed time to sort it all through in her head. "You're singing at the launch next week, right?" His nod was hesitant, but the confirmation was all Katie wanted. "Don't quit yet. Give me a week. To think about all this. And I'd like for you to be my date at the afterparty."

"Katie, I..." Caleb paused and nodded. "You know I'll be there."

"With me, though." She smoothed her palms over his shoulders so that her breasts were crushed to his chest and their mouths were separated by a hair's breadth. "I want everyone to see that I'm with the hottest man in the room."

Caleb smashed his mouth against hers, kissing her until she was breathless. "I'll be with you. Anywhere you want to go."

All Katie did was smile before losing herself in another of his heart-stopping kisses. Maybe she didn't need so much time after all.

Chapter Three

Caleb felt the music long after the gig was over. The bass thrumming through the ground, vibrating through his feet, the drums following the rhythm of his heart, and the howling guitar tying everything together. He felt the energy of the crowd long after he left the stage. There was nothing like that energy, and nothing left him as drained, or as satisfied. They danced, they sang, they shouted, they sweated, and he took it all, draining it from them like a vampire.

But tonight was different. The only person he felt was Katie. The bright lights in his eyes obscured his vision, but it didn't matter. He knew exactly where she was standing all night, and his eyes were drawn to her lithe figure again and again. He didn't allow himself to be distracted from the music, but for the first time he was eager to finish the gig and willing to leap off the stage as soon as the music ended.

Despite that, he didn't get a chance to see her until the party. She was waiting for him near the door where they arranged to meet, holding an ice-cold bottle of water and a towel. He took them both gratefully, wiping the sweat from his face before wrapping his arm around her waist and pulling her into an embrace.

"Did you like the show?"

"Loved it." Her halter-style sundress left her arms bare, and without even a glance at the crowd around her, Katie lifted them to drape over his shoulders. "You had them eating out of the palm of your hand."

“Really?” He kissed her softly, holding himself back from what he really wanted to do. That could wait until they weren’t surrounded by people. “What about you?”

Her eyes twinkled from some unknown delight. “You don’t need to be onstage for me to want to eat you up.” Abruptly, she twisted away, grabbing his free hand and lacing her fingers through his. “Come on. Everybody’s here already. Let’s mingle.”

Caleb followed obediently, though he wasn’t interested in mingling. He was very interested in the way her dress clung to her curves in just the right way. “Everybody? Who are you in such a hurry to see?”

Her shrug was playful. “Oh, if I had my way, we wouldn’t be here at all. But the boss has got to put in an appearance, you know.”

It struck him as she stopped and started amid the throng that he’d never seen her so relaxed in a work setting before. Usually, when they interacted professionally, Katie made sure to keep her distance from him, polite and friendly but slightly aloof so that the wrong assumption—or the right one, in their case—wouldn’t be made. This new approach gave him hope that she was willing show their co-workers the woman he knew her to be behind closed doors. All the way until he spotted Quentin speaking with Lenny.

Caleb took her elbow, pulling her against his chest so he could speak in her ear. “You haven’t told Quentin that I quit, have you?” It was a rhetorical question. He knew the answer. “What are you doing, Katie?”

Her smile faded a little. “What I do best. Organizing people.” She pulled back, trying to lead him toward Quentin, but when he resisted, she squeezed his hand. “Trust me, Caleb.”

Caleb wasn’t worried about confronting Quentin, but he didn’t feel he had anything to lose. Katie had something to lose. But she was a big girl, and he did trust her. How could he not? Every season, he watched her

manage one of the largest resorts on the east coast with an ease that was almost intimidating. “I guess a party isn’t a party without at least one awkward conversation. Lead on.”

Quentin’s smile was engaging as they approached. When he saw their clasped hands, however, his welcome visibly deflated. “I thought we’d discussed this, Katherine,” he said after greetings had been exchanged.

“We did.”

“And? Why are you throwing your career away like this? You can’t tell me he’s worth sacrificing your future for.”

“Actually, he *is* worth it. But I’m not sacrificing anything.” She shifted to Caleb. “Tell Quentin what you told me last weekend.”

Caleb looked from Katie, to Quentin, and back again. She smiled encouragingly. Caleb had to admit, this would be a bit more satisfying than simply dropping a letter of resignation in the mail. “Oh, right.” He smiled broadly. “I quit.”

“But...but...” For an executive, Quentin wasn’t exactly graceful in dealing with surprises. Probably why he’d responded so harshly with Katie in the first place. “He sang tonight. At a Jubilee launch. That puts him on the payroll.”

“Yes,” Katie agreed. “But not ours.” Her gaze was steady as she turned back to Quentin, and she stood tall, every inch the manager Caleb knew her to be. “Caleb Beckett is too valuable a commodity for us to lose. The guests love him, he has an uncanny knack for nosing out talent, and if I let him walk away, I’d be slitting our throat for the summer. And don’t try and tell me I’m biased. I tracked all the numbers for the past three years. Weekends he performs yield over double our regular grosses.”

“That doesn’t change the fact that he quit. And you still let him perform tonight.”

“He *tried* to quit. I asked him to give me a week.”

“To do what?”

Katie took a deep breath, glancing at Caleb out of the corner of her eye. “To split up his job. I’ve given Lenny all the administrative responsibility, the parts Caleb hates anyway, and Caleb is going to be responsible for the more creative aspects.”

She launched into a detailed analysis of the talent agency she’d contracted with, but most of it was a blur to Caleb. The only part he caught for sure was that she’d signed over his employment agreement to this other company.

Quentin was frowning by the time she finished. “Maybe we’re not signing his paycheck,” he said, “but that doesn’t mean we’re not still the source of his income. You’re subverting company policy for your own satisfaction, Katherine.”

“You’re right. I am. But company policy prohibits fellow employees from fraternizing, and technically, he doesn’t work for me any more.” Her gaze was unflinching. “I’ve dotted all the i’s and crossed the t’s, Quentin. Everything is aboveboard. But if you fight me on this, you lose both of us.”

Caleb could only stare at her. If he didn’t admire the hell out of her already, he did now. He never had a single doubt about his feelings for her, and now he knew she was *the one*, and he was one lucky bastard for finding her. He risked a glance at Quentin and managed not to laugh at the rainbow of colors on his face. Lenny was beaming, clearly pleased with the entire situation—no doubt his new duties came with a better paycheck as well.

“Well?” Caleb said, looking to Quentin. “This works for me if it works for you.”

He could see the struggle in Quentin's eyes—pride versus greed. The man didn't like to be shown up, but he also didn't like to lose money. And holding out to save his pride would result in a great deal of revenue loss. They all knew it, perhaps Katie most of all.

"Fine. But don't think I won't have my lawyers look over all the contracts."

Katie smiled. "I wouldn't expect anything less." She stepped closer to Caleb, curling into his side. "Now if you'll excuse us, I'd like to finish basking in my boyfriend's fantastic opening night before I whisk him away. Enjoy the party."

Caleb was more than happy to steer her away from Quentin and back to the crowd, allowing the group to swallow them. His groin was uncomfortably tight, and his skin was warm, and his chest had bands around it. This was about more than just keeping his job—a job he was willing to walk away from. This proved she was willing to fight for him. This proved that maybe he wasn't the only one who needed this relationship.

"How long do we have to stay here?"

She paused from where they'd been heading for Rosaria. When she tilted her head to look at him, there was a flushed sheen high in her cheeks, and her eyes were impossibly bright. "Long enough for people to know that we're together. I'm done pretending you're not important to me."

Caleb folded her against his body, running his hands down her back to fit her against him. He rotated his hips once, grinding his erection against her thigh. "I'm a little concerned if we stay too long, everybody will get a demonstration of just how together we are."

Her smile turned sly. "And you have a problem with exhibitionism since *when*?"

“Oh, you know how shy I can be,” he teased. The music shifted from background sound to something throbbing, meant to get people out on the floor. “Can I have this dance?”

Instead of answering right away, Katie slipped her arm around his neck to pull him into a hungry, lingering kiss that left his lips tingling and his cock aching. “I’ll be with you,” she said against his mouth. “Anywhere you want to go.”

Caleb caught his breath, her words echoing in his mind, sending chills down his spine. “You’re the most amazing woman I have ever met, Katherine Mayes.” He began walking backwards, away from the dance floor and towards the back exit. “And I’m going to take you somewhere private right now and show you how much I love you.”

She matched his pace, her smile never wavering. “Oh, sure, I get the hurdles clear for us to be together in public whenever we want, and the first thing you do is drag me back to your place.”

“Only because it turns me on when you clear hurdles.” They reached the door and he kicked it open, pulling her out behind him. “Let’s make a date for a public appearance tomorrow night,” he murmured as he pinned her against the wall. He didn’t wait for her consent before claiming her mouth with a kiss that demonstrated exactly how much he wanted her.

Katie was breathless by the time Caleb broke away. “This probably sounds way too eighties teen movie, but this is going to be the best summer ever.”

Caleb smiled. “Summer, winter, doesn’t matter. Now that it’s you and me, it’s all going to be the best.”

About the Author

Jamie Craig is the sum of two wholes: erotica writers Pepper Espinoza and Vivien Dean. Pepper has been writing since she was a child, but began her professional writing career in 2005 and now writes full time as well as attending graduate school and working toward a Masters in British and American Literature. A former resident of Los Angeles, she now lives in Utah. Vivien, the daughter of an author and sportswriter, also began writing at an early age, but eventually explored storytelling through acting and film production before coming back to prose. Vivien, her British husband and two children live in Northern California.

To learn more about Jamie Craig, please visit www.jamie-craig.com. Send an email to Jamie at jamie@jamie-craig.com.

Look for these titles by Jamie Craig

Now Available:

Liaisons in Jubilee

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Craving Kismet

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

Fantasmagorical

© 2007 Annmarie McKenna

Available now at Samhain Publishing

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Enjoy the following excerpt for *Fantasmagorical*:

Gabe Lariet had recognized her as his the second she'd walked in the door. Her long, dark brown hair was caught up in a haphazard ponytail that had worked itself loose in the oppressive heat of Fantasm Island. He itched to rip the offending elastic off so he could see the thick strands flow over his thighs and belly when she sucked him off.

Or better yet, over Lance's cock while Gabe buried himself in her pussy. A pussy he knew by the tremble of her body and the scent of her essence was already wet and preparing itself for them.

He pressed his erection into the small of her back and she melted into him. She was tiny compared to him. More than a head shorter. They would need to be careful not to hurt her the first time they took her together. And make no mistake, they would most definitely fuck her at the same time. They'd shared women many, many times over their long friendship, especially since discovering some time a few years back that what would make them whole would be a third. A woman to complete their circle.

He plucked at the woman's distended nipples through the thin cotton of her shirt as she watched her friend take a good amount of Zach's length down her throat. It looked like the friend could do some major sucking but she didn't do anything for him. His taste ran to a certain petite brunette who would fall to the floor if he took a step back right now.

Gabe supported her with his arm across her smooth tummy and continued to palm her breasts with the other. They were small, but damn if her nipples weren't hard as rocks.

"I'm claiming you," he growled in her ear, glancing around at her face in time to see her eyes slide shut. She pursed her lips and nodded acceptance.

There weren't always matches at Fantasmagorical. He'd never had it happen to him, but occasionally it did happen that a guest wasn't claimed for the entire week. In those cases, the guest's name was put into a pool and they were then paired by the day. They spent their week being doted on by several different employees who'd been hired for the sole purpose of keeping unclaimed guests happy.

Gabe and Lance, on the other hand, had made lots of women happy. Women looking for a ménage or a break from their traditional bedroom antics. They'd even had several return customers to the island who'd asked for them specifically, but they'd yet to connect with one on a spiritual level. The day would come eventually, either here on the island or back at home in Florida. And when they found her, they'd keep her forever.

Fantasm Island, owned by his own eccentric billionaire uncle, got its business through word of mouth. Usually women, sometimes men, came to the resort ready for intense sexual freedom. Anything goes. Guests were tested both physically and mentally and only those who passed with flying colors were invited to come.

"I'm claiming you too." Lance's voice rumbled beside him. The woman jumped in his arms and twisted to see who'd spoken. Her eyes widened to quarter-sized disks and she gasped. She looked around him at the group of women pouting after Lance.

"You're ours," Gabe said and tugged her toward the rear exit. "Get her bag," he threw over his shoulder.

"Already taken care of."

"But my—"

"Your friend is being well taken care of too, by Zach. Believe me." Gabe took one elbow, Lance the other and headed to their quarters. If he didn't relieve the tension in his cock soon, it was liable to explode before he got inside her.

Palm trees lined all the pathways coming to and from the main resort building. Parties, dinners and dances were held at the big building. Smaller huts housed specialty rooms for any fantasy a guest could think up. If they couldn't find what they wanted, the situation could be created.

"I can't wait, Gabe." Lance drew to a stop along the balustrade outside.

She squeaked when he backed her up to the concrete ledge and trapped her between his hands, which he rested beside her.

"You are beautiful." He nuzzled her throat. "What's your name?"

She gave a hysterical little laugh and tilted her head back to give Lance better access. Gabe moved to the other side and added his mouth.

"This is really weird." She moaned.

"But what you want, right?" Gabe whispered, licking along the vein.

When she paused too long, Lance said, "Answer him, sweetheart."

"Yes." The word hissed from deep in her lungs.

"From now on you answer us the first time." Gabe placed a hand at her waist and slid it beneath her shirt. Lance's met his at her breasts so they each held one. They manipulated the hardened tips simultaneously.

She made a disparaging sound but didn't balk at their command. It was part of her profile. She wished to be a submissive in every way that mattered sexually. Of course, her profile only provided a photo, not a name. All the "employees" were given profiles for each guest. It allowed them to claim the guest that interested them the most the minute they walked in the door.

They weren't given a name in case the guest desired to stay somewhat anonymous. If things didn't work out, both guest and employee were allowed to trade at a mixer later in the week, or, if things were really bad right from the start, the owner would see to it the guest was directed to another employee. He wanted everyone to be happy.

"This one time will be your only warning. From here on out you will be punished. Do you understand?" Lance demanded.

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

Samhain Publishing Presents
Midsummer Night's Steam
24 Sizzling ebooks
\$2.50 each

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

A Scorching Seduction

© 2007 Marie Harte

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

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

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

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

Blackberry Pie

© 2007 Bonnie Dee

On a blistering summer afternoon, Reverend Nathan Andrews climbs a mountain to meet backwoods members of his congregation. Fresh from

seminary, the young man isn't prepared for the onslaught of lust that hits him when he encounters a sensuous girl picking blackberries.

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

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

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

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

Catching a Buzz

© 2007 Ally Blue

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

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

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

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

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.

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

Honeymoon Castaways

© 2007 Dawn Halliday

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

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

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

Two men and a bottle of nut cream...

Nut Cream

© 2007 Jade Buchanan

Nut [nuht] noun, verb.

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

2. Slang, Vulgar – a testis.

Cream [kreem] noun.

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

2. Slang, Vulgar – to have an orgasm.

Toby Madison is coming into his mating phase, and is leaking pheromones all over the place. He is about to find out what happens to bad little wolves, in the best possible way. Cliff Bullen is more than ready to place his mark on the man he has always wanted as his mate – with a little help from a bottle of nut cream.

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

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

Fantasmagorical

© 2007 Annmarie McKenna

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

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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.

*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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