



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S STEAM
OVERHEATED

SKIN TO SKIN

DIONNE GALACE

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Dionne Galace

Dedication

For Tim. My best friend, my partner, my husband. I love you.

And for Syd, who put up with my whining even as she cracked the whip.

Chapter One

“Fuck this heat!”

Leilani Howard stretched lazily on her lounge and glanced at the blonde perched on the wooden railing of her front porch wearing only a red bikini top and a pair of denim Daisy Dukes. “I told you we should have gone to the beach.”

“Fuck the beach. You know it’s going to be littered with noisy children greasy with sunblock lotion and their fat, hairy daddies ogling girls in bikinis.” Jenna Harris plucked an ice cube from her glass of iced tea, sucked the sweet out of it and dropped it in her shorts. “Ahh...that’s better.”

“That’s disgusting, Jenna. You’re gonna get some sort of infection doing that.” Leilani lay back against her lounge and rolled her own glass of iced tea across her forehead. “Besides, you’re only contributing to the greenhouse effect with your yapping. If you just sit there and shut up, maybe you won’t be so hot.”

“God, you sound like my mother.” Jenna unrolled her waist-length hair out of its topknot, shook it like a dog and rolled it back on top of her head. “Maybe you can ask your new neighbor if we can take a dip in his pool.”

Leilani thought of the tall, muscular golden god who’d moved in next door just last month and felt her skin get hotter. *Oliver Clayton. God, even his name is hot.* She had been tossing and turning on her bed all week and it wasn’t just because of the weather. The very thought of the man’s big hands all over her skin had her pussy weeping and her body sweating all over the place. Too bad he was a first-class jerk. “I’d rather bake in my own sweat, thanks.”

“Well, that’s what’s going to happen if we don’t cool off right now.” Jenna hopped off the railing and dropped her long, slender frame on the lounge next to Leilani. “Are you sure your AC is broken?”

“For the hundredth time, yes. And the repair company said they won’t be able to get anyone out here till Tuesday.” She lifted her black curls off her back and neck and secured them on top of her head with the scrunchie wrapped around her wrist. “Doesn’t your apartment complex have a pool?”

“Oh please. With all the crackheads and hoodrats living in that place, I’d rather jump into a pile of used needles, thanks.” Jenna picked up the Evian water spray and battery-operated mini-fan, pointed it at her face, turned it on and spritzed some water on the blades. “Man, that feels good.” She turned the fan towards her friend and spritzed more water on the blades. “There. Feel the love.”

Leilani lifted her face and welcomed the cool mist kissing her skin. “Ahh, you’re a darling. If I paid you ten dollars an hour, would you do it for the rest of the day?”

“Hell, why not. I make about as much answering phones and being yelled at all day, anyway.”

Leilani lowered her sunglasses and winked at her friend. “I’m totally joking about paying you, though. I’m as broke as you are.”

“Bitch.” Jenna switched off the fan and tossed it on the table next to the Evian spray and the pitcher of iced tea. “Are you sure we can’t ask your neighbor about the pool? I’m dying here. All this heat is not good for my Nordic skin.”

“Ugh. You ask him. Maybe he’ll dig the tall Viking princess thing. He doesn’t go for the lighter shade of brown, that’s for sure,” Leilani said with an affronted sniff.

“Wait, are you saying he shut you down? You, Miss Leilani I-Can-Get-Any-Man-I-Want Howard?” Jenna cackled and clapped her hands. “That’s precious.”

“Oh please, he didn’t shut me down. He’s probably racist. Or gay.”

If there was one thing Leilani knew like the back of her hand, it was her effect on men. Courtesy of her African-American father, she had an all-year-long tan, a booty that wouldn’t quit and curly black hair. The exotic tilt of her chocolate-brown eyes came from her *Sansei* mother. Men had been chasing her since she sprouted breasts in middle school.

Because of her ass and tits, she looked older than she actually was and had men of all ages following her around. She wasn't supermodel-gorgeous—her nose was a little too big, and *lordy*, she loved to eat—but she had in spades what a lot of pretty girls didn't. Sex appeal. She knew how to move her body in a way that drove men crazy and didn't hesitate to use it to her advantage.

Which was why she didn't understand why Mr. Tall and Golden wasn't drooling over her. Last week, while he was washing his truck wearing cut-offs and nothing else, she passed by his front yard five or six times pretending to be walking her neighbor's dog Fifi, and he didn't look up once. She even put on her shortest skirt, a halter top that barely covered anything, and her super-special lip gloss that made Angelina Jolie's lips look anorexic. But no... He was so busy trying to make his stupid rims shine, he didn't even notice when she dropped Fifi's leash and bent over, flashing him her hot-pink thong.

"Wait, what do you mean racist? Are you telling me you've gone and gotten yourself smitten with a white man?"

Leilani looked up from slathering her leg with sunblock and threw a glare at her friend over her shoulder. "Who said anything about smitten? You're talking crazy."

Jenna rolled her big blue eyes. "Because we barely started talking about the dude and already you're getting ornery." The look on Leilani's face had her laughing and practically falling off her lounge. "You're totally sweet on him. Is he cute?"

Leilani waved her hand dismissively as though the very thought of the man didn't make her want to pour the entire pitcher of iced tea on her head. "Oh, he's all right. He's about six-three, tanned in a surfer boy way, green eyes...short blond hair"—*tousled like he just rolled out of bed and rubbed some gel on it*—"linebacker shoulders, eight-pack abs... Sure, he's cute. If you like that sort of thing." God, did she get breathless just talking about him? Damn that man.

"Mmm...sounds just like my type," Jenna replied, wiggling her blonde eyebrows suggestively. "Maybe I *should* go over there and ask if we could

use his pool. Orrr...you could swim in his pool while he and I go swimming in his bathtub. And by swimming, I mean—”

“Jesus Christ, I get it!” Leilani slammed her glass on the table. Surprised at her own vehemence, she looked at Jenna, who was watching her with a Cheshire cat smile on her face. Embarrassed by her reaction to her friend’s teasing, Leilani casually picked up the mini-fan, turned it on and aimed it at her overheated face. “Go on, then. Ask him.”

Jenna smirked. “Not if you’re going to break a glass and cut my throat with it.”

“Shut up and go, Jenna. Jeez.”

Jenna rose languidly from her lounge, shook her skinny butt at Leilani and strolled off of her front porch, fluttering her fingers in goodbye over her shoulder.

Leilani glared at her friend’s back and folded her arms over her chest, pushing up her bikini-clad breasts. She wasn’t going to watch. She wasn’t. *Ugh!* Pushing her butt off the nylon lounge, she braced her arms on the wooden railing and followed Jenna’s trek across her neighbor’s yard with narrowed eyes. The woman had the gall to hop and skip like a bunny rabbit.

She swore to herself that if her neighbor ended up going for Jenna, she wasn’t going to tear her hair out. She wasn’t like that. Jenna had been her best friend since high school and no guy was ever going to get in between them. Still, the image of Jenna’s long white limbs wrapped around the Adonis-like body of her neighbor had her blood boiling. Oh, hell, no... *I saw him first.*

Meanwhile, Jenna had already made it to her neighbor’s front porch. Shaking her hair out of its topknot and propping her hand on one hip, she pressed the doorbell. As she waited for her quarry to answer the door, she turned her head towards Leilani and blew her a lascivious kiss. Leilani responded by flipping her middle finger at her.

After what seemed like an eternity, the front door opened and the hottie popped out wearing nothing but low-rise khaki shorts. A bead of sweat trickled from Leilani’s forehead down to her breasts as she watched the two of them talking. Jenna did her thing, flipping her hair

around and shaking her C-cups in a way that would have made Tawny Kitaen proud. Leilani groaned. *That's it. He's done for.* No mortal man had ever been able to resist Jenna's patented shake and jiggle. Leilani held her breath.

But the golden god looked more put-upon than anything. A grin slowly crawled across Leilani's full lips as Jenna's face darkened with outrage. She couldn't hear what they were saying, but Jenna looked like she was about to spit nails. Jenna started stabbing at Oliver's bare chest with her inch-long French tip, but the man merely shrugged in a Gallic way and shut the door in her face. Jenna whirled towards Leilani's porch, her face an unattractive red, and flung her hands in the air as if to say "I give up". Leilani struggled to keep herself from laughing, but managed it and summoned her friend back to her porch. Jenna made a screeching little noise that Leilani could hear even from her house and kicked the door.

Leilani couldn't help the laughter that burst out of her mouth as she watched Jenna limping across the yard. She laughed so hard that she was actually hiccupping by the time Jenna made it back to her porch. The blonde stomped up the steps and threw her a death glare that should have been scary, but only made her giggle again.

"Oh God," Leilani gasped, wiping at her eyes. "That was charming. You should have seen your face when he slammed the door on you."

"Shut up." Jenna dropped her weight on the lounge, removed her thong sandals and began to massage her big toe. "That man may be super hot, but you don't want him, sista. Trust me on this."

Leilani sat back down on her lounge, adjusting her frilly pink micro-skirt over her thighs. "Umm...is he gay?"

Jenna leveled a look on her. "God no. He's just... Oh, baby girl, he's a pig."

"Why, did he cast aspersions on your character and call you a triflin' ho?"

Jenna angrily combed her fingers through her hair, twisted it and piled it on top of her head. "No, dummy. He's a cop." She shuddered

melodramatically. “Ugh, I can’t believe I wasted my shake and jiggle on him. I feel dirty now.”

“How could you tell he’s a cop? Did he flash his badge at you?”

“Oh come on. The haircut, the way he talked, the way he stood... Eww, he even smelled like gun oil and Ivory soap.” Jenna rubbed at her skin as though trying to get rid of dirt that Leilani couldn’t see. “You can have him, girl. He prefers you anyway.”

A cop. Huh. *No wonder he is such a hard ass.* Trying not to look too interested, she tucked a lock of hair behind her ear, adjusted her skirt again, and *then* she asked, “And how do you know that?”

“Girl, who are you fooling? You are totally hot for this man.”

Leilani narrowed her eyes at her friend. “Don’t play games with me. You *know* I can make you talk.”

“All right, all right. Sheesh.” Jenna smirked and picked up her iced tea, sipping slowly from the Krazy Straw Leilani had stuck in her glass. “So I go up there, knock on the door and ask Mr. Protect and Serve if you and I could take a dip in his pool. I tell him he could join us. I do my patented shake and jiggle. And he throws me this dirty look! I couldn’t believe it. Anyway, he said no and closed the door.”

Leilani gritted her teeth, but forced a smile on her lips. Jenna and her stupid games. When Jenna got the goods, it always took a little bit of arm-twisting to get her to talk. The girl could make a Buddhist monk scream. “And why does that mean he prefers me over you?”

Jenna rolled her eyes. “Because he said, and I quote, ‘And you can tell your friend she can stop prancing in front of my house in her little outfits. I’m not buying,’ end quote. Naturally that means he likes you.”

Chapter Two

Oliver Clayton sipped his beer as he stared out of his living room window. It gave him a perfect view of his neighbor's front porch where she was now displaying her assets in a black bikini top and tiny pink thing that one could laughingly call a skirt. As he watched, she rose from her lounge, sauntered to the side of the house and turned on the sprinklers for her front yard. Laughing like little girls without a care in the world, she and her blonde friend danced and twirled around as the water drenched their tight bodies.

But he only had eyes for Leilani Howard. Christ, what a hottie. All that honey-colored skin, shiny black hair and such luscious pink lips that he got hard just thinking about them. And those eyes...those heart-stopping cat eyes that seemed to taunt him every time she looked at him.

He almost bumped into her yesterday as he was walking to the end of his driveway to pick up his newspaper and she was coming back from her morning jog. She was wearing a pair of black stretchy pants that clung to her heart-shaped ass and a hot pink sports bra that showed off her round, perky breasts. A bead of sweat trickled from the side of her face down to her neck then to the edge of her sports bra and his eyes had vigilantly tracked its movement. She was a little winded from her run, but the glow it brought to her cheeks and neck made her look more beautiful. Her Asiatic chocolate eyes seemed to taunt him, daring him to chase and catch her. For a brief moment, he actually considered taking her up on the invitation. Instead, he said nothing, saluted her with his newspaper and walked back to his house.

Outside, the blonde friend picked up a garden hose and sprayed Leilani in the face with it. Leilani shrieked and tried to get away from her friend. In the process, her long hair escaped its topknot, cascading down her shoulders and back like a black waterfall. Ollie groaned and rubbed

his hardening cock through his shorts. If he'd only taken her up on her offer, he could be laying between her legs now, exploring her honeyed pussy with his tongue. Instead he was standing like a creepy old man by his window watching her and her friend go *Girls Gone Wild* on each other.

Now Leilani had control of the hose and was chasing her friend with it. The two of them fell to the grass, giggling and shrieking. For a brief moment, their faces were close enough together that Ollie was sure they were about to kiss. Had he read the signs wrong and Leilani was actually a lesbian? *No way. No woman looked at a man like that if she didn't want his cock deep inside her pussy. Right?* But what if he was wrong? Before he could start doubting himself, Leilani sprayed the friend in the face with a blast of water and the chase was on again. Damn, if he were a lesser man, he would be filming this shit and selling it on the Internet. *But that would be wrong.* Hell, all he wanted was to go out there and cover her with a giant towel so no one else could look at her.

Thankfully, a handful of neighborhood kids came over to join them dressed in bathing suits and carrying a colorful assortment of water toys. One of the mothers had brought over an inflatable pool that was less than three feet in diameter and Leilani helpfully filled it with water from the hose. The kids fought over who was going to get into the pool first, but Leilani mediated and had the kids settle it with Rock Paper Scissors.

As he watched the cheerful scene, Ollie felt like a selfish bastard. As far as he knew, he was the only one in the neighborhood with a pool. He could go out there and invite the kids as well as Leilani and her friend over for a swim. If it had been Leilani who'd asked him earlier, he wasn't sure he could have said no. But the thought of so many strangers invading his privacy made his skin crawl. And kids... Well, they were all right with him. In moderation. And in the presence of their parents.

Shutting the blinds on the window, Ollie limped over to the sofa and crashed, placing his injured leg on the ottoman. Grabbing his bottle of prescription Vicodin, he shook two tablets out to his palm, tossed them into his mouth and crunched them between his teeth, swallowing them dry. As he waited for the painkiller to take effect, he sank into the

cushions of the couch and turned on the TV to the Discovery Channel, massaging his thigh.

It was a hell of a thing to take a vow of celibacy. But if a man got shot in the thigh over a woman with the bullet barely missing the important parts, he was allowed to reevaluate his priorities. Right now, getting involved with another woman was *not* one of his priorities. And that meant staying the hell away from Leilani Howard and her sexy cat eyes.

* * *

Oliver woke up with a burning pain in his inner thigh. And a raging boner so hard and long it almost reached his navel.

God, that was a hell of a dream. Who knew a woman could even bend her body that way?

He reached for the bottle of Vicodin on the bedside table, threw a couple of tablets into his mouth and drowned them with a glass of water. Well, that would take care of the pain. He only wished it could kill his erection too. He grabbed the towel at the foot of his bed and wiped away the film of sweat on his bare shoulders. A sudden bolt of pain through his thigh had him hissing through his teeth and seeing stars in front of his eyes.

These dreams he'd been having about Leilani were going to kill him if the pain didn't beat her to it.

Yeah, he wasn't going to be able to sleep until the Vicodin kicked in and it was too damn hot to stay in his room. He picked up his boxers from the floor and slipped them on. After a moment, he decided to put on his jeans too, pressing down on his penis as he pulled the zipper over it. He thought about jacking off to relieve the pressure in his balls, but the pain in his thigh wasn't exactly sexually stimulating. He figured he'd sit on the patio with a beer until the pain subsided or he got sleepy. He could use the fresh air.

Popping open a can of beer, Oliver limped out to the patio, leaning against the railing for a moment so he could catch his breath. It was a little cooler outside than it was inside, but not by much. It did feel good to get out of the house, though. He was going fucking nuts in there. All

he could think about was the pain in his damn leg or the sight of Leilani in her bikini rolling around in the grass. Neither was a particularly calming thought.

His cock throbbed like a living thing against his leg and he rubbed it absently through his jeans. The cold beer helped, but what he'd really like to do was go for a swim. That would definitely cool him off. Unfortunately, with his leg acting up, he would most likely drown and it would only be ironic justice for a guy who wouldn't let his neighbors swim in his pool.

There was the sound of a door opening and banging closed. Ollie raised his head in time to see Leilani walking out to her patio. He ducked behind a post and watched her stretch her slender arms over her head, thrusting her pert breasts forward. The movement caused her spaghetti-strapped tank top to pull up revealing a tanned, slightly rounded belly. For some reason, it turned Oliver on even more. He always liked a woman who wasn't afraid of food. The boxer shorts she was wearing were white sprinkled with red hearts and showed off her long, golden legs and plump ass. In the moonlight, with her wild black hair flowing freely around her shoulders, the woman resembled an Aztec goddess. Ollie's hand tightened around his beer can.

As though she sensed him looking at her, she turned towards his patio and squinted her eyes, her hands propped on her waist. Ollie pushed off from the post and braced his arms on the railing so she could see him better. Across the yard, she finally spotted him and waved hello. Against his better judgment, he waved back. She must have taken his greeting as an invitation because before he knew what was going on, she was crossing the yard in her bare feet and walking towards his house.

Damn the woman. She was going to be the death of him.

"Hello, Oliver," she said in that husky voice of hers, stepping up onto his porch. She nodded at the beer in his hand. "Got any more of those?"

Her neck and shoulders were glowing with sweat and gave her an otherworldly sheen. Oliver raked his gaze from the top of her hair down to her bare feet, then back up to the nipples poking through the thin material of her tank top. He could almost taste them in his mouth. He

took a healthy gulp of his beer and swallowed hard. “Nope. Last one.” He had a twelve-pack in the fridge, but that would mean limping into the kitchen and frankly, it was too far to limp and he was too goddamn tired.

She raised one perfectly tweezed eyebrow at him and smiled. “Do you mind if I have a sip?”

There was three feet of space between them. Ollie extended his arm, but didn’t take a step towards her. If he got any closer, he was liable to grab her and pin her against the wall. “Here you go.”

She sashayed towards him. He was entranced by the sight of her bellybutton. She was an innie. He felt like dropping on his knees in front of her and swirling his tongue into the tiny oval hole.

“Thank you.” She accepted the can from him, licked the spot his lips had touched and tipped the can towards her open mouth. “Ahh, that’s good.”

She rolled the can over her chest and the condensation, along with the cool night air, made her nipples more visible through her shirt. Ollie groaned inwardly and massaged his thigh.

“Is something wrong?” she asked, looking down at his thigh. “Is it hurting you? I know a little massage. I can help you out, if you want.” Her cat-like chocolate eyes blinked innocently.

Ollie realized his tongue had gotten stuck to the roof of his mouth and he couldn’t say a word. The last thing he needed was this gorgeous woman kneeling between his legs attempting to massage his thigh when she should be massaging his cock. With her lips. He snatched the beer from her hands and poured the rest of it into his mouth. She looked up at him in surprise. “Sorry. Thirsty.” He cleared his throat and rubbed the back of his neck. “What are you doing up, Leilani?”

She lifted her hair off her shoulders and the movement thrust her tits forward as though she were offering them to him. *Damned woman.* “Couldn’t sleep. It’s just too hot.” She dropped her hair and her curls fell over her shoulders. She rolled her hips and took another step towards him, brushing her manicured nails against his bare chest. “And what are you doing *up*, Oliver?”

He felt himself grow harder at her blatant innuendo. She was so close he could smell her and he didn't know how much longer he could hold out. Her intoxicating scent was a combination of strawberries, cinnamon and hot summer night. God help him, but he wanted to know if she smelled like that everywhere. Before he could stop himself, he plucked one of her curls from her shoulder and used it to tug her closer. She braced her soft, cool hands against his chest and her lips quirked into a smile.

Lowering his head, he traced a line along the side of her neck with the tip of his tongue, which made her moan and press her crotch against the bulge in his jeans. He could take her now, if he wanted. He could brace her against the wall, lower her shorts, unzip his jeans and plunge his aching cock deep, deep inside her. He buried one hand in her hair and pulled her head back so he could continue his assault on her throat. She whimpered and began an agonizingly slow grind against his cock.

He groaned. But not from pleasure. A searing bolt of pain stabbed through his thigh and he almost passed out from the intensity of it. He quickly shoved her away from him, but grabbed her arm before she could fall flat on her ass.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" she demanded, pushing her hair out of her face.

"Sorry." The muscles in his upper thigh cramped up like a vise grip and he crushed the beer can in his fist, dropping it to the ground. Christ, it felt like molten lava had been poured into the old wound. Beads of sweat popped up on his upper lip and forehead and for a moment, he thought he was going to piss himself because of the pain. "Go home, Leilani. Get out of here."

"For God's sake, Oliver, what's going on?" She yanked her arm angrily from his grip, but remained maddeningly close to him. Placing her fingers under his chin, she lifted his head so she could look at his face. "Talk to me, are you in pain?" She pushed him aside for a moment, opened the door behind him and draped his arm around her shoulders. "Come on."

He attempted to pull away from her, but she held fast to him. "What are you going to do, carry me in? I'm two hundred and twenty-five pounds, lady. And what are you, one-ten, maybe one-fifteen?"

"Bless your heart, but no." She flashed a quick grin at him. "I do a bit of weightlifting at the gym, you know, and I come from sturdy stock." She slipped her arm around his waist and gave him a squeeze. "Now brace yourself on me, I'm gonna walk you in."

Ollie had his doubts, but somehow the two of them made it to the couch. He had always thought of her as a delicate orchid, pretty to look at, but ultimately useless and without much substance. He may have to reevaluate his opinion of her. She dropped him on the cushions, but somehow their legs got tangled together, and she ended up on top of him.

"Oh, isn't this interesting," she murmured, a small smile curling her full lips. She drew a circle around his cheekbone with a fingertip. "But I've never been one to take advantage of a sick man." She lifted her body off him and pulled him up so he was sitting upright. Brushing a lock of her hair out of her face, she gently picked up his injured leg and placed it on the ottoman. "Is there anything I can get you? Do you have anything for the pain?"

Ollie looked up at her face and saw something there that trapped the breath in his throat and had his heart pounding against his rib cage. She was more than beautiful in the moonlight shining through the window. She was...*ethereal*. And so immensely fuckable that his cock pleaded with him to just grab her. He had to get this woman out of his house now or he would never want to let her go. "I'm fine," he said hoarsely. "I've taken some Vicodin."

She raised an eyebrow and whistled through pursed lips. "An officer of the law taking narcotics. Heavy stuff." She took a throw pillow and squeezed it between his back and the couch cushions. Picking up his hand, she sat next to him and placed his palm on her bare thigh. "What's with the leg, anyway? Was it a gunshot wound?"

Ollie gritted his teeth. God, she smelled so good. He resisted the urge to stroke the soft flesh beneath his fingers. "Yeah."

She brushed her thumb over his temple. "How did it happen? Were you trying to be somebody's big hero?"

He grunted. "Something like that." And sticking his nose where it didn't belong.

"Wow, you're a talker, aren't you." She chuckled and grabbed the Kleenex box nearby. She pulled out a few sheets and leaned over him, dabbing at his forehead. "Look at you, you're sweating. Poor baby."

Her breasts hung over his face and one nipple was close enough he could have stuck out his tongue and licked it through the thin cotton covering it. He watched, mesmerized, as a bead of sweat trickled from the back of her ear, down her neck, disappearing into her cleavage. Saliva began to pool in his mouth. "I'm fine, Leilani. You can go now. The Vicodin is kicking in."

The corners of her lips quivered, but the teasing smile remained. "Are you sure you don't want me to give you a massage?" She waggled her fingers suggestively. "I'm really good with my hands."

Oh, I bet you are. "No," he said through gritted teeth. He shut his eyes for a moment. He didn't know how long he could keep himself from grabbing her around the waist, throwing her on the couch and taking what she clearly offered. He opened his eyes and forced a stern expression on his face. "Go home."

She stilled against him and rose gracefully from the couch. Pulling her tank top down so it covered her belly, she tilted her head to the side and a thoughtful look entered her eyes. "You're a hard man to know, Oliver Clayton."

"Maybe I'm just a man who prefers to be doing the chasing."

A corner of her mouth twitched and she gave him a brief nod. "Point taken." Without another word, she turned on her heel and walked out of his house. The door quietly clicked closed.

Ollie shoved his hands into his short blond hair and banged his head against the couch cushions. *That went well, Clayton. Asshole.* At least she wouldn't be bothering him anymore. She was driving him nuts with all those sexy outfits she'd been parading in front of him, showing off her honeyed skin. Though it killed him to think he would never see her in

her stomach-baring, curve-hugging clothes again, he wished she would stay far, far away. It would be the best thing that could happen for the both of them.

As he sat in the dark contemplating his own stupidity, the pain in his thigh slowly subsided until it disappeared entirely.

Chapter Three

“Hope you’re staying cool, San Diego, ’cause if you thought yesterday was a scorcher, today is gonna be a dooooooz...”

Leilani shut off the radio. She didn’t need some hokey deejay telling her the Devil had come to town and brought the weather with him. She already knew she must have sweated at least ten pounds of water weight just this weekend alone.

She double-checked the fan pointed at her, but it was already set at full power. She stood up from her desk and removed her T-shirt, wiping the perspiration from her neck, breasts and armpits. Hell, she was hot enough that she was tempted to hack off her hair. She unbound it from its loosening topknot, re-twisted it and secured it with pins. She could take a shower again, but had already showered three times today, and frankly, a fourth time would just be...weird.

She switched off her computer and headed for the kitchen to get a can of pop. Throwing open the fridge door, she stood in the cold in her bra and panties and sighed with pleasure as the air glided over her skin. Maybe she could get her laptop, grab a chair and work inside the fridge all day. Mmm...that would be nice. And if she could somehow get Oliver Clayton to grovel at her feet, begging to suck her toes, life would be perfect.

At the thought of the man, Leilani’s good mood evaporated. Taking a can of diet soda from the fridge and the pint of French vanilla ice cream she had in the freezer, she shut the door with her foot and brought the two items to the tiled island. God, just thinking of the man’s name made her want to simultaneously scream and stick her head in a bucket of cold water. *Stupid, stubborn man.* Where did he get off playing hard to get with her? She had never had to chase a man in her entire life and couldn’t believe he avoided her like she had leprosy when he was

obviously interested. Hell, unless he sported a permanent erection in his pants, he wanted her as much as she wanted him.

She dropped two scoops of ice cream into a giant mug and poured the diet soda after it. She stuck a Krazy Straw into a floating mound of ice cream, grabbed a dessert spoon and strode towards the living room, flopping gracelessly on the couch. Turning on the TV, she flipped through several talk shows, a half a dozen soap operas, a couple of home improvement shows and finally settled on a Movie-of-The-Week starring Judith Light as an abusive housewife.

A few minutes into it, she looked down at herself and shook her head in disgust. "Look at me. I'm a good-looking sista and yet I'm sitting here in my drawers, watching a TV movie and stuffing my face with ice cream." She sighed and turned off the TV. "This is just sad."

Who the hell does Oliver Clayton think he is, anyway? But when she thought about him sitting in the dark, looking all defeated and telling her to go away in that agonized voice of his, something inside her just...broke. God, Jenna was right. She was smitten with the man and she didn't even know a damned thing about him.

Why did she have to fall for a guy like him? *Fall? Whoa, back up, Leilani. You don't even know the dude.* It was just a *Jungle Fever* thing, that's all, a novelty. And he was so very different from all the other guys she had dated in the past. She didn't even like white guys. She liked them darker than chocolate and smoother than silk...a fine-ass brother like Denzel Washington. Or olive-skinned and whipcord-lean like Takeshi Kaneshiro. She didn't need some blond-haired, green-eyed surfer type treating her like gum stuck under his shoe and trampling all over her heart.

I'm fine, Leilani. You can go now. Ugh. She couldn't believe how dismissive he'd been of her. The man irritated her like no other had ever done. Sometimes, all she had to do was think his name and her blood—Oh, who was she kidding? She was one hundred percent, over-the-moon, batshit crazy over the guy.

Before last night, she had never even had a conversation with him. Sure, they may have said hello to each other in the past... Okay, she said

hello and he grunted. Not that he really had to say *anything*. From the moment he turned those heartbreaking green eyes on her, she was lost. It sounded cheesy even to her, but every time he looked at her, she felt like throwing her arms around him and never letting go. For all she knew, the man could be a complete imbecile, but somehow that didn't seem possible. There was quiet intelligence in those mesmerizing eyes...an intensity that had her head spinning and her knees melting. She didn't even want to think about his effect on her panties.

She slammed her mug of Diet Coke float on the coffee table and sprang up from the couch. She had to get out of the house or she was going to go nuts mooning over Oliver frickin' Clayton. But where would she go? It was early in the afternoon, so if she went to the mall, she'd be bumping into secretary-types shopping on their lunch break or kids with nothing better to do but hang out at the food court. She didn't want to go to the beach because she had never been a fan of the sand, and salt water had a tendency to wreak havoc on her hair.

What was it about the man that made her feel like a teenager with a first crush when she was a grown woman a stone's throw away from thirty?

What would really make her feel better would be a cool dip. Preferably in somebody's pool. And she did not mean the YMCA. She propped her hands on her hips and bit her lower lip. Well, it was the middle of the day. What were the chances that Oliver would be home? Didn't cops usually work in the daytime?

She peeked her head out of the front door, but didn't see his white Dodge Ram pickup in front of his house. And there was no way he could fit that gigantic sucker inside the garage. What was it with men and big-ass cars? Normally, she would have thought he was overcompensating, but she had felt that steel-hard cock against her crotch. There was no way the dude was compensating for anything.

She could almost feel that cool, clean water closing over her head now, running over her skin like silk. Maybe all she needed to get that man out of her head was a nice, long swim. And she knew the pool was clean because she watched him just last week diligently cleaning it in his

denim cut-offs. That is, she stood on a stepstool and peeked over the fence. She'd been slick about it too. He had no idea she had watched him until she got a cramp in her leg. God, she crept herself out sometimes.

She hurriedly put on her swimsuit—white top and white bottom decorated with hot pink hibiscus flowers—and tied a hot pink sarong around her middle. Grabbing a towel and a bottle of sunblock, she made her way to the front porch and slipped her feet into her pink and white thong sandals. She looked up and down the street to make sure no one could see her, then crossed into Oliver's yard and crept towards the side of his house. Checking over her shoulder one last time, she pushed at the wooden gate to his backyard and frowned when it didn't budge. Well, hell, didn't anyone trust the inherent goodness in people anymore?

"Stupid paranoid cop." She glanced around her immediate area for a stick with which she could lift the latch. "A-ha!"

Within seconds she was in, closing the gate quietly behind her. The kidney-shaped pool was now just about ten feet away from her and looking at the cool blue water, she shivered in anticipation. God, she couldn't wait to jump in.

She approached it with the reverence of a child given a ten dollar bill at a candy store and instructed to go nuts. She stopped at the edge and dipped her big toe into the water, biting her lower lip to keep herself from moaning out loud. Oh, it was going to be so *good*. But first thing's first. Dropping her sarong on a lounge, she sat down so she could rub sunblock on her skin. While her hands glided smoothly over her breasts and inner thighs, she imagined they were Oliver's hands touching her, rolling and plucking at her nipples with those long, nimble fingers. Unfortunately, she only succeeded in creaming her bikini bottoms and making herself more sexually frustrated than she already was.

With a sigh, she took her hands away from her body and stood up from the lounge. Yes, she needed to wash that man outta her mind. "Better do some stretches first. Don't wanna get a cramp. No lifeguard on duty," she muttered.

Raising her right leg straight out behind her, she dropped forward and pressed her fingers on the white tile, curling her leg until it was

almost touching her spine. She held the pose for a minute then slowly lowered the leg. Taking a deep breath, she did the same for her other leg and held the pose until she could feel a slight burn in her thigh. Afterwards, she stood up straight and did a few side twists with her hips, then a couple of toe touches.

And finally, she was ready. Oh, how she truly savored this moment. If only Jenna could see her now. She looked around Oliver's neat little yard with a sense of triumph. God, she was so slick sometimes, she scared herself.

With a grin on her face, she swung her arms over her head and dove into the cool blue water.

Chapter Four

It's all in my head. The stabbing pain in his old GSW...the cause of it was all in his head.

After waking this morning feeling as though little red ants were crawling inside his thigh—and incidentally, with an impossibly hard erection courtesy of an X-rated dream starring his beautiful neighbor—he finally gave in and called his doctor, an old buddy from college. He also phoned his captain to let him know he wasn't going to make it in and drove to his buddy's practice across town.

Bill Crenshaw poked and prodded the wound to check it for infection, but found nothing. He asked about Ollie's physical therapy as well as his daily care and treatment of the wound, complimented him on the rapid healing of it, and told him he should be able to return to active duty in no time.

"But Bill, the leg—" Shit, how was he going to explain this without sounding like a fool? Ollie rubbed the back of his neck in embarrassment. "Umm, how the hell do you explain the pain I get in there when I..."

Bill patted his shoulder encouragingly and put on his best trust-me face. "Go on, son, you can tell me. It won't leave this room, I swear."

Ollie looked up and narrowed his eyes at his friend. Not only was the bastard being overly solicitous, he called him "son". And he was only two months older than Ollie. "Aw, fuck you, Crenshaw. Get out of here with this shit."

His friend widened his eyes innocently. "Well, hell, Clayton, how am I supposed to help you out when you can't tell me what's wrong?"

"I swear to God, Bill, if you tell any of the guys about this, I'm going to dig deep into your past and find something—anything—that I can pin on you, so I can throw your ass in jail."

"I'm squeaky clean," Bill responded with a smirk.

Ollie flashed his teeth at him. "I'm a really good cop."

Bill raised his hands in mock surrender. "It's not like I can tell the newspapers, man. I'm sure you've heard of a little something called patient-doctor confidentiality."

Ollie ran his hand through his hair and exhaled heavily. "Umm...all right. Well, whenever I..." He cleared his throat. "Umm. Whenever I—"

Bill looked at him in exasperation. "Oh, for the love of Pete, Clayton, butch up and just spit it out."

"Fuck off, I'm getting there." Oliver rubbed his eyebrow and sighed. The best way to say it was quick and fast. Bill was a professional. He wouldn't fall down on his ass laughing. Probably. "The wound only really hurts when I get an erection." The words tumbled out of his mouth in a rush.

To his credit, Bill didn't burst into a guffaw. Instead, he looked gravely at Ollie and whistled through his teeth. "Well, hell. I've seen that neighbor of yours with the—" He held both of his palms in front of his chest. "The hot black chick with the booty that won't quit. Shit, man, it's a miracle you haven't come to me before now and begged for an amputation." He lifted his shoulders. "Short of an MRI to see if there's a clot in your thigh or something, I don't know what to tell you."

Every part of Ollie's body went still at that moment as he stared at his friend.

"Ollie, either it's all in your head or there's something physiologically wrong with you that I can't see. I suggest we go to the hospital right now and get you an MRI to find out."

A good friend cancels all of his morning appointments and goes with you to the hospital, just so he can be right there with you when the radiologist tells you there is nothing wrong with your leg. And then he laughs at you and tells you you're insane. Sitting in the hospital cafeteria, Ollie looked at his friend across the table and almost wished he hadn't saved him from getting his ass kicked by the frat dicks that day all those years ago.

"When did the pain start anyway?"

"About a month ago, two months after I got shot." Ollie sipped his coffee, grimaced, double-checked to see he wasn't actually drinking battery acid, then drank another mouthful. "The first time it happened, I thought I pulled my groin moving the furniture or something."

"Was that also the first time you saw the hot black chick with the tits?"

Ollie set down his cup of coffee and glared at Bill. "Her name is Leilani, all right?" He paused and narrowed his eyes. "Wait, what are you saying?"

Bill raised his eyebrows. "Jeez, Ollie. For a hotshot detective, you're pretty damn dense, you know that?" At his friend's blank look, Bill shook his head in disgust. "Before you got shot, you were feeling pretty lucky, right? Probably thinking you're gonna get to have sex with that gorgeous redhead. So up to the point the redhead's boyfriend burst into the room and shot you, you had an erection."

He met the woman in Vegas during a cop convention. He was nursing a scotch in the dark corner of the hotel bar when the gorgeous redhead sidled up next to him, rubbed her tits against his arm and invited him to her hotel room. He'd been feeling pretty lonely and was already more than a little drunk at the time, so he figured, why the hell not. He just didn't figure on being the unwitting pawn in the middle of a psychotic lovers' quarrel. "Like you wouldn't believe," he muttered.

"Well, the mind's a funny thing. Somehow, your brain now believes that an erection is very, very bad for you. To protect you, it sends a little message to your leg to remind you what happened the last time you got a little horny." With a smirk, Bill sat back in his chair and folded his arms across his chest, looking pretty pleased with himself. "And that, my friend, is why your GSW hurts whenever you have an erection. I can get you a psych consult, if you want."

Ollie didn't want to admit it, but the smug bastard had a point. His thigh only seemed to hurt whenever Leilani was around. "I don't need a shrink, thanks. I'm fine." He crushed the empty Styrofoam cup in his hand and sighed. "I'm probably never going to have sex again, but I'm

fine.” He remembered the feel of her silky skin under his tongue and sure enough, his thigh began to throb.

“Hey, it’s all in your head, buddy. *You* need to take control now. If you really want this woman, you need to tell your brain what’s up and go after her.”

* * *

It's all in your head, Clayton. Not that knowing that made any difference. All he had to do was think about how Leilani’s breast would fit in his palm and his GSW shrieked in pain. Even now he could smell her clean cinnamon scent in his nose and see her sly, taunting smile when he closed his eyes. Outside of a lobotomy, there was no getting away from the woman. Not when she’d gotten so deep underneath his skin.

Intellectually, he knew Leilani was worlds different from the crazy redhead he met at the bar. After all, the redhead turned out to be a chronic drug-user and a part-time hooker who had an arrest record as long as his arm. Leilani, however, graduated in the top of her class at UCSD with a degree in computer science, had a house of her own, and had never even received as much as a speeding ticket in her entire life. Of course, he could easily see himself pulling her over and letting her off with a warning when she flashed those mischievous eyes at him.

Obviously he’d had time to investigate her while playing desk jockey at the precinct.

In short, she was a classy lady who exuded grace and sensuality with her every move. And a damn sight better than a corn-fed Illinois boy like him deserved.

He shut off his truck and massaged his thigh. There had to be a way to resolve this once and for all. Every waking moment he’d had since he met the woman had been spent obsessing over her, imagining how it would feel to have her in his arms. Now that he knew, all he could think about was how to get her back there.

He pulled up his shirt and used the hem to wipe the sweat on his forehead. Maybe he could go for a dip in the pool. He wouldn’t have to

swim. He could just stay in the shallow end until the pain in his thigh subsided. With luck, his cock would also settle down in the water.

Taking care not to jostle his thigh, he carefully climbed out of his truck and limped towards his front door. As soon as he got inside the house, he removed his shirt and groaned as the AC cooled the film of sweat that covered his upper body. He braced his arm against the wall for a moment and stood under the vent, luxuriating in the cold air sweeping over his skin. After a few minutes, his erection went down and the pain in his thigh subsided, allowing him to walk to the kitchen without limping. He opened the fridge, grabbed a can of beer and popped it open, tipping the can towards his mouth. He finished the can in a few healthy gulps, crushed it in his fist and tossed it into the bin under the sink. Feeling reasonably refreshed, he headed for the sliding glass door that exited to his backyard and froze.

There was someone swimming in his pool.

“Well, I’ll be damned.”

With a grin slowly crawling across his lips, he turned on his heel and strode towards his home office. It was where he kept an extra pair of handcuffs.

As soon as Leilani surfaced from the pool, she immediately realized something was wrong. *Okay...no longer alone.* Her nipples stiffened in awareness and her skin tingled with the sensation of being watched. She folded her arms protectively across her breasts—oh, why the hell did she take off her bikini top?—and turned around.

Oliver Clayton was sitting on a lounge just a few feet away from her wearing only a pair of red board shorts, holding a pair of handcuffs and twirling her white bikini top around his index finger.

Leilani was entranced by the shiny metal twinkling in the sun even as she swallowed nervously and kicked backwards in the water to get away from him. A quiet menace radiated from the man. He reminded her of a panther, crouched and waiting for the perfect moment to spring. He was dangerous, a threat to both her body and her heart. In response to

his nearness, her pussy wept silky cream in her bikini bottoms and she instinctively crossed her legs in futility to stave off the flow.

"I can arrest you for trespassing, you know," he murmured, his hunter-green eyes glinting with both threat and promise. "I might even have enough evidence to charge you with breaking and entering." He flashed his straight white teeth at her. "Now should we deal with it here or do I have to drag your pretty ass to the precinct?"

"You wouldn't." Even though the water wasn't cold, goose bumps sprouted all over her body. Her nipples became as stiff as pencil erasers and poked against the skin of her arm. "You can toss me my top and I can leave, Mr. Clayton. We don't have to make a big deal out of this."

"Mister?" He raised an eyebrow. "I prefer Detective Clayton, thank you. And you have to know I can't just let you go. What message would I be sending if I did that? That anyone can just break into my backyard and swim in my pool without my permission?" He shook his head. "No, I have to make an example out of you, Leilani."

Leilani shivered in spite of herself. Watching the man warily, she vigorously rubbed at her arms in an attempt to get rid of her goose bumps. What did she really know about the man? For all she knew, he had a hidden room in his house where he tied up his victims and sexually tortured them. "What are you going to do to me?" God, did she have to sound so breathless?

One corner of his mouth quirked and a dimple popped out in his cheek, matching the one on his chin. "You'll find out in due time." He jiggled the handcuffs in front of her. "Get out of the water, darlin'. Let's go. Nice and slow now."

Leilani gulped and took another step backwards. A few more steps and the water would be closing over her head. Maybe she could swim quickly to the other side, climb out of the pool and run out of the backyard. Once she was in her house, she could lock all the doors and windows and pray he didn't come after her. But she didn't do any of that.

Instead she stayed where she was, shaking like a damned fool. She was sure he wouldn't hurt her, but she wasn't sure about the look glittering in his eyes. It bothered her how much it scared and excited her

at the same time. She was tempted to tell him to come and get her if he wanted her, but her gaze drifted to his thigh. What if it cramped up again and he drowned? She wouldn't be able to pull that big, muscular body out of the pool. She didn't necessarily take pleasure in the crush she was nursing for the stubborn, grumpy bastard, but she didn't want him to die, either.

"Are you going to come out of the water or do I have to drag you out?"

A part of her thought she should be outraged that he would dare talk to her like this, but even that gave way to desire and hunger. For a whole month she had been going crazy wondering how his lips would feel on hers or how his mouth would feel on her breasts. Looking into his eyes, she realized there was something underneath the predatory gaze. *Vulnerability*. He was silently telling her to trust him.

Leilani suppressed the smile tugging at her lips. So her cop wanted to play, did he? Oh yes, she'd play. Taking a deep breath and hoping she wasn't going to regret it, she slowly lowered her arms and allowed him to look his fill.

Let the games begin, Detective.

Chapter Five

Leilani dropped her arms to her sides and Ollie almost fell out of his chair. The handcuffs slid out of his hands, landing on the grass. *So much for keeping my cool.*

Her breasts were just as he imagined them. Round, perky and tipped with dark brown nipples that looked like Hershey's Kisses. He couldn't wait to touch them, to suckle and nibble on those nipples. His mouth watered at the thought. His eyes followed the natural line of her body, her exposed belly, the tapered waist and the generous flare of her hips. Her bottom was covered by a white scrap of cloth that was barely holding on for dear life.

Reaching down, he felt around the grass for his handcuffs and was thankful when he found them quickly enough. He wrapped his fingers around the cool metal just as Leilani got to the edge of the pool and began to gracefully pull herself out on the rungs. He could have gotten up to help her, but at that moment, his thigh had begun to throb and frankly, the way his cock was threatening to poke a hole through his shorts told him standing up probably wouldn't be a good idea.

He surreptitiously snuck a hand down to his inner thigh to rub the area around his wound. It wasn't hurting yet, but the throbbing was definitely a warning. *Not now*, he prayed silently. *Please not now.*

Leilani stood before him, confident in her near-nudity, one arm hanging loosely by her side and the other propped on her hip. Her dark eyes belied her curiosity, but her lips were pursed in a sensual smile. Her curly mane was scraped back in a ponytail, serving to emphasize her long neck and the delicate bones in her face. Beads of water dotted her lips and neck as well as the valley between her breasts and he couldn't decide which part he wanted to lick first.

"Take down your hair," he ordered hoarsely.

Leilani raised one eyebrow, but reached up to pull off the scrunchie holding her ponytail, sending a cascade of black curls over her shoulders and back. One errant curl teased her nipple. With her hair loose, he decided she looked more like a Polynesian princess.

For a brief moment, he had a vision of himself lying in a hammock on a desert island somewhere sipping on a piña colada while Leilani danced in front of him in nothing but a grass skirt and her hair draped over her breasts.

“Will you give me back my top?” She nodded at the tiny piece of white fabric clenched in his fist. “Or are we going to do this naked?”

He looked down at the bikini top tangled with his fingers. “No, you’re not going to get this back.” Raising his head to look at her, he reared his arm back and flung the bikini top into the pool. “You don’t need to be wearing anything for what I’m going to do to you.”

“Well, I guess that means I have to take this off too.” She hooked her thumbs into her bikini bottoms and did a little shimmy, but didn’t take them off. As she studied him from beneath the veil of her lashes, the tip of her pink tongue peeked out and touched the corner of her lips. “What *are* you going to do to me, Detective?”

Staring at the expanse of brown flesh before him, at the enticing dip in her navel, and those long, slender legs that could easily wrap around his hips, a hint of insecurity began to nibble at him. What if his leg cramped up in the middle of their lovemaking and they had to stop? He jiggled the handcuffs uncertainly in his hand. He felt kind of stupid for bringing them out now. What the hell did he think he was actually going to do with them?

He looked up at Leilani’s face and could see she was struggling to keep her flirtatious expression. She arranged her hair so it covered her breasts more adequately, and placed both hands on her hips for a moment before dropping them again so they hung at her sides. The teasing glint that was just in her chocolate eyes faded until she stood before him shifting uncomfortably from one foot to the other.

“Um...I should go.” She jerked a thumb over her shoulder. “I’m just going to grab my stuff and get out of here. I’m sorry for trespassing.”

Damn, he'd lost her. He resisted the urge to slam his palm into his forehead and call himself an idiot. He took a deep breath and slowly released it in an effort to regain his composure. "Your top is underwater in the middle of my pool. Are you seriously going to go home dressed only in those skimpy bottoms?"

A tiny knot appeared between her brows. "No, I brought my sarong with— Oh, fuck it, Oliver. You want nothing to do with me. I get it. I'll stop bothering you, okay?" She ran a hand over her hair, inadvertently flashing him her tits again, but realized what she was doing and blushed, crossing her arms securely over her chest. "I...I'm just gonna go while I still have some dignity left, thanks."

"Sit down, Leilani."

She raised her eyebrows in surprise, then shook her head. "No. I'm going home. You're probably not going to see me for a while. For the next few years, I'll be very busy trying to avoid you."

"I wasn't asking, Leilani."

"I..." Looking adorably flustered, she sat on the lounge next to him, her bare thigh only inches from his.

He stopped thinking. Stopped worrying. And for once just went with the flow. He cupped her face between his hands and brushed his lips against hers. She stilled against him, then placed her hands around his wrists to tug them away from her head.

"This isn't going to work, Oliver. I'm just gonna..."

"Shut up." He buried his hands in her silky-soft hair and used his grip on her to pull her close. "You're so fucking beautiful, you know that?" Without waiting for her response, he lowered his head and covered her mouth with his own.

He took his time tasting her, painting her lips with the tip of his tongue before plunging deep and devouring her. After what felt like an eternity, she responded, moaning into his mouth and sucking his tongue into her own. He nibbled on her lower lip, then the upper one, savoring the exotic taste of her. She tasted like vanilla and something he couldn't quite define. Whatever it was, it made his head swim and he couldn't get

enough of it. He brushed his tongue over her teeth before sweeping into her mouth to taste her again.

She leaned into him, placing her palm on the lounge between his thighs for leverage and her other hand on his bare chest. She replaced her hand with her breasts, rubbing her nipples against him. Without taking her mouth away from his, she rose again, but only to put one leg over him so that she was straddling him and sat down again. Ever so slowly, she began to grind her crotch against his cock, stroking the length with her mound while she feasted on his mouth.

He could feel her heat through her bikini bottoms and the nylon of his board shorts and he wanted more of it. He felt like shoving down his shorts, pushing aside her bikini bottoms and just plunging into her. Hell, if she didn't stop gyrating against him like that, he wasn't going to last very long. His dick felt longer and harder than it had ever been before, and he felt no pain in his thigh except for the sporadic twinge of discomfort. It throbbed threateningly, probably gathering up all the pain receptors in his body, so they could all explode at the same time and kill him.

But at least he would die in Leilani's arms with the taste of her mouth on his tongue and her breasts pillowed against his chest.

But he had to slow things down now. His hands untangled themselves from her hair and swept down her neck, past her shoulders, brushing along the length of her arms until they reached her wrists. He pulled his mouth from hers with a pop and she mewled in protest. "Shhh, baby. We're far from done, don't worry." He lowered his head and sucked one brown nipple between his teeth. She resumed moaning in pleasure.

While she was distracted, he gently tugged her hands to her sides, stroking the skin below her elbow. He maneuvered her wrists so they were resting along her spine and encircled the both of them with one hand. When he had them in position, he raised his head from her breasts and looked at her flushed face. Her swollen lips parted in a small, shy smile.

He almost felt guilty for what he was about to do to her. Almost.

“Hello,” she murmured, brushing her nose against his.

“Hello.” He smiled back and clapped the handcuffs around her wrists.

Leilani’s passion-hazed eyes widened at the distinct *click* of the handcuffs. Her mouth opened and closed as though she wanted to say a lot of things, but couldn’t quite decide which one to say first. She shrugged off his hand as she flexed her arms, testing the security of her restraints.

“Omigod.” The handcuffs clinked behind her as she wiggled her arms. She made a squealing sound of frustration when they didn’t budge. Her lips pursed in annoyance as she narrowed her eyes at him. “Damn it, Oliver, I didn’t think you were actually going to use these stupid things. Let me go now.”

With her hands bound against her back, her breasts thrust forward, bobbing under his chin as she continued to struggle. Ollie groaned inwardly, but managed to keep the stern expression on his face. “No, baby, I’m not going to let you go. You deserve a little payback for the entire month you’ve been teasing me, shaking that sexy ass at me in your hot little outfits.” He dug one hand into her dark mane and yanked her head back. “I’m going to kiss you all over, nibble on you, until every single part of your body has been touched by my mouth.” He bent his head and sucked the skin under her chin between his teeth, laving it with his tongue. “And when you’re quivering under me, screaming my name and begging me to take you, I’m going to fuck you so hard, you won’t walk right for a week.”

Leilani moaned and ground her crotch against his cock. “Oh, Ollie, we don’t have to go through all that. I’m pretty easy. We can do it right now, if you want.”

“No, no, baby. We’re gonna do this my way.” Ollie dragged his open mouth from her neck to her collarbone, tracing her sternum with the tip of his tongue. When he reached her breasts, he slid his hand from her hip to the underside of one breast and flicked the chocolate-colored nipple with his thumb. “I’m gonna make you scream my name so much you’re gonna forget your own.”

Ollie couldn't control the shaking he felt in his hand as he continued to explore her breasts. Her skin was so soft and smelled so good that he could barely restrain himself from tearing off her bottoms and thrusting his cock deep into her pussy. He circled her areola with his tongue and watched as her eyes drifted shut in pleasure, biting her lower lip as though she were keeping herself from crying out loud.

With his index finger, he drew a path from her rib cage down to her navel, dipping briefly into it, before continuing his descent to the garter of her bikini bottoms.

He could smell her need for him, that sharp musk of feminine arousal that signaled her excitement. When his fingers encountered the damp crotch of her bottoms, he pinched her clit gently through the material and was rewarded with a hot gush of cream. He pushed aside the white cloth and whistled softly when he discovered there wasn't a trace of hair on her pussy. With the tip of his finger, he traced a line along the slick folds and sank knuckle-deep into her, groaning when her moist, silky warmth closed around him. Raising his eyes to meet hers, he drew his finger out of her and brought it to his mouth, sucking at the dewy moisture. She looked longingly at his lips and licked her own in response.

He was right. She did taste like honey, a veritable ambrosia. He couldn't wait to feast on her. He couldn't wait to plunge his tongue into her pussy and suck out her cream. But he couldn't very well do that in his backyard where any perv with binoculars could be watching them. And he needed her to be comfortable for what he had planned.

"Ollie, please..."

"Damn, you're on fire," he murmured, pulling her face to his and allowing her to lick his lips so she could taste herself on him. "Why don't we take this inside." Without waiting for her response, he swept her easily into his arms and rose from the lounge, holding her tight against his chest. "I'd ask you to hold on to me, but you can't exactly do that, can you?" He smirked. "Don't worry, Leilani. I won't drop you."

Leilani squeaked and pressed herself against him. "Ollie, your leg!"

“It’s all right. Now hush and let me take care of you.” Oddly enough, he had completely forgotten about his wound until she mentioned it. It throbbed if only to remind him it was there, but otherwise it didn’t really bother him. And his dick was hard enough to smash bricks.

He took her into the house and set her on the edge of his dining table. She looked up curiously at him and bit her lower lip, but didn’t say anything. It was enough that those sexy cat eyes of hers penetrated through his soul. He placed his hand against her warm cheek and she turned her face towards it, pressing her lips to the center of his palm. At that moment, it hit him how beautiful she truly was and he had to grip the corner of the table to keep himself from falling down to his knees to worship her. “Lay down on the table, sweetheart,” he ordered thickly.

Her lips quirked at the corners in response, but she remained silent. With a breathy sigh, she lowered herself onto the shiny mahogany even as her legs dangled over the edge. She managed to look graceful even though her arms were still awkwardly bound behind her.

For a moment, Ollie was entranced by the sight of Leilani lying on the dinner table, her breasts bare for his eyes and mouth to devour and her silky hair spread across the dark wood. He could have stared at her forever, but it was obvious from the strain on her face that she wasn’t entirely comfortable laying on her arms. *Good one, Ollie. Way to be smooth.* He was about to reach into his pocket for the keys to free her when she lifted her head from the table and smiled at him.

“This is just a suggestion,” she said, “but if you have another pair of cuffs, you could bind each of my wrists separately to the legs of the table.”

He raised his eyebrows. Well, *damn*. Here’s a woman who knew what she wanted and how to ask for it. God, he was going to have so much fun with her. He lowered his head and pressed a kiss on her abdomen. “I’ll be right back. Stay here.”

She flashed him a saucy smile. “Oh, I’m not going anywhere, baby.”

He ran to his office, grabbed his other pair of handcuffs from the desk drawer and dashed back to her side. He reached into his pocket for

the keys and gently rolled her to her side so he could unlock one cuff. "Scoot over to the other side of the table."

She did as he asked, bending over to crawl across the table. Ollie couldn't help but grab a handful of her plump ass, giving it a squeeze. She moaned and gyrated against his palm. Ollie pulled at the fabric so that it sank into the crease of her butt, admired his handiwork for a moment, then leaned over and dragged his tongue over her slit.

"God, Ollie, I don't know how much of this I can take," she whimpered, pressing herself against the heat of his mouth. But she rolled over and laid back down, raising her arms over her head so that they touched two corners of the table.

Ollie worked quickly, fastening one wrist to one leg and doing the same for her other wrist. When he was finished, he couldn't help but step back and stare at the image before him. Stretched out along his dining table with her long, slender legs spread-eagle and her breasts just waiting to be fondled and suckled, Leilani had never looked more beautiful. He trailed the tips of his fingers along the inside of her smooth leg and felt his cock throb at her shiver of anticipation.

"Now that you have me where you want me, what are you going to do with me?"

"I was thinking of cooling you off, actually. You're a little too hot for me." With a mischievous grin, he turned on his heel and headed for the kitchen. When he returned, he had a bucket of ice in his hand and a dangerous gleam in his eyes.

Chapter Six

Well, this has got to be the kinkiest situation I have ever gotten myself into. What was she thinking, letting this guy tie her up to his dining table? Hell, she didn't just *let* him tie her up, she even happily suggested a better way for him to do it. And now she was trussed up like a Christmas turkey and Oliver was looking at her like he wanted to swallow her whole. Maybe all the chlorine in the pool caused her to lose her damned mind. This wasn't something a decent woman did on the first date; this was something a man had to convince his woman to do after a few years of being together. It was right up there with anal sex.

The rosebud of her butt clenched involuntarily at the last thought and she had to bite her lip to keep from whimpering.

But the hunger burning in Oliver's eyes was enough to squelch the last of her doubts. This was a man who made her feel more wanted than she had ever felt in her entire life. Sure, it took a little while to convince him he wanted her more than his next gulp of air, but she was here now and about to get the fucking of her life. She hoped.

"Thank you for trusting me," he murmured, lowering his head to nuzzle her inner thighs.

Leilani felt like giggling when his day-old beard tickled her skin. "Just don't let me regret it, Ollie." She raised her hips from the cold, hard wood when he reached for the garter of her bikini bottoms and pulled them down to her thighs then dragged them all the way down her legs and past her ankles. "And you better make it worth my while."

"You're tied up on my table and still acting like a queen, huh?" He reached into the bucket of ice and plucked out one ice cube.

"You better believe it," she answered, looking warily at the ice cube in his hand.

“Hmm.” He brought his hand over her body and allowed the condensation from the ice to drip on her skin. He lowered the ice to her nipple and slowly circled her areola with it, a look of utter concentration on his handsome face.

Leilani hissed through her teeth as her torso popped up from the table. “Fuck, Ollie, that’s cold.”

“I thought you were hot, baby. Isn’t that why you snuck into my pool?” He sucked the nipple into his mouth and bit down gently before laving it with his tongue.

Her nipple, which had gone a little numb from the ice, was suddenly assaulted with sensation again as he suckled her. She couldn’t help but cry out when he did it again, rubbing the ice over the nubbin until it was numb, then drawing it back into the heat of his mouth. He licked and nibbled one breast while his cold fingers plucked and pinched the nipple of the other. The alternating hot and cold drove her crazy and had her squirming on the hard table.

“Oh God,” she whispered as she watched him reach into the bucket for another piece of ice. *This man is going to kill me.*

Instead of applying it to her nipples, he stroked it over her face, brushing it over her eyebrows and the bridge of her nose. Her heated cheeks welcomed the icy kisses and she moaned as he traced the shape of her lips with it. She caught a portion of it in between her teeth and drew it in along with his finger. He pulled the ice out, but returned his finger to her mouth, allowing her to suck on it. She bathed the digit with her tongue, making sure her eyes stayed on his as she sucked harder on it. With a groan, he pulled his finger out and replaced it with his tongue, plunging deep while his hand wandered back to her torso to play with her breasts.

Below her waist, her pussy wept in neglect, begging for the same attention he lavished on her tits and mouth. She wanted his tongue, his fingers, his cock down there. She didn’t care; she just wanted any part of him inside her. God, if her hands were free, she would grab his hair and push his head down there.

As though he'd read her mind, he raised his head and looked deep in her eyes, his own eyes darkening until they were almost black. "What do you want, baby?" He splayed his hand across her stomach, one finger maddeningly close to the top of her mound, but not close enough. "Do you want me to suckle your breasts some more? Do you want me to lick that sweet, sweet pussy? Or do you want me to fuck you with my cock?"

She rolled her head to the side and noticed he was still wearing his red board shorts. The way his penis tented the material should have looked ridiculous, but it only made her mouth water. "God, *yes*, all of those. Please, Ollie...please take off your shorts and *fuck me*." She could hear herself begging, but no longer cared. There was nothing else in the world she wanted more than this man pumping between her legs.

A smirk curled his upper lip, but he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his shorts and pushed them down his legs, kicking them off his ankles. His cock, which was easily eight inches and thicker than her wrist, sprang up from the nest of blond hair on his crotch and slapped up against his flat, muscled stomach. The plum-shaped head was a few shades darker than the trunk of his penis, almost purple in color. He gazed down at her and the blazing desire in his eyes made her breathless.

Suddenly, Leilani couldn't wait to get her lips around his cock.

"Give it here," she whispered hoarsely.

He indulged her by taking another step towards the table, his large brown balls swinging freely between his thighs. He wrapped one hand around the base of his penis and directed the head towards her mouth.

There was a bead of pre-cum that had escaped the slit and Leilani didn't waste time, swiping her tongue across the fat purple head. She liked the clean, salty taste of him. She even liked his smell. He really *did* smell like Ivory soap and...something else. Yes, something indefinably male. Was it gun oil? She felt like laughing even as she engulfed the head into her mouth and moaned around it.

Above her head, Ollie groaned and buried his hand in her hair, feeding her more of his cock until he hit the back of her throat, then gently pulling out. Leilani allowed him to set the pace, stretching her lips

around his girth as he began to slowly saw in and out of her mouth. At one point, he got a little exuberant in his thrusting and caused her to gag. He pulled out immediately and lowered his head to brush his lips apologetically against hers.

"Mmm...now you're going to have to make that up to me," Leilani murmured as he continued to make soothing, I'm-sorry noises.

"And how do you propose I do that?"

"Well, I suppose you could let me go and let me ride your face for hours." He growled and nipped at her neck for that. "Or you could get up on this table and stab that cock into my pussy."

He chuckled and nuzzled her ear. "It's an antique table, babe. It wouldn't hold the both of us. I really don't want to end our day in the emergency room." He left her side for a moment, plucked his shorts from the floor and pulled out the keys to the handcuffs. "If you want a good, solid ride, we're gonna have to go to the bedroom." He went around to the head of the table and unlocked the cuffs, helping her up and rubbing her wrists. He pulled her to the edge of the table and wrapped her legs around his hips. "Hold on to me."

"Are we going to your bedroom?"

He gave her a crooked grin and the sight of it made Leilani's heart skip. "Hold on, sweetheart."

Leilani hugged him tightly and Ollie lifted her from the table, his hands cupping her butt to support her weight. He strode to the living room, laying her down on the couch. Leilani could only smile shyly at him as he stared at her as though he were drinking her in with his eyes. After a moment, he covered her with his body, propping his elbows on either side of her head. He brushed his lips against hers as he reached down to align his cock with her pussy.

Leilani was so wet that when the head of his penis prodded at the entrance of her vagina, it immediately swallowed it as though it had a mind of its own. She gripped the edges of the couch as Ollie began to push into her, luxuriating in the almost painful sensation of his girth stretching her. *This man is not wearing a condom, Leilani. You don't know*

him from Adam. She was tempted to tell her inner voice to shut up—*God, he feels so good*—but sanity inconveniently returned. “Ollie,” she panted, placing a hand on his chest. “Go put on a condom.”

His eyes were glazed, unfocused when he looked up at her. “What?”

Leilani bit her lip as he paused in his entry into her body. “Con...dom, Ollie.”

“Wait here.” He grabbed her face between his hands, gave her a hard kiss and pulled out, eliciting a surprised gasp from her. “Be back in two seconds.”

Leilani lay on her back and folded her hands over her stomach, staring listlessly at the ceiling. Thankfully, he was back in less than a minute, carrying a handful of tiny silver packets. He dropped the pile on the coffee table and proceeded to tear into one square foil with his white teeth.

“We gonna use all that?” Leilani asked with a grin.

“Gotta protect my girl.” With a groan, he rolled the condom down the length of his cock, then placed his hands on her thighs to spread them apart. “You ready?”

Leilani touched the tip of her tongue to the corner of her mouth. “Yes.”

Without a word, he slammed so hard into her, he robbed her of her breath. Leilani threw her head back as Ollie settled into a rhythmic pounding, his hips pistoning smoothly between her legs. Lowering his head, he buried his face in her neck, sucking her flesh into his mouth and biting down as though he meant to mark her. Leilani cried out and he began to really drive into her, hard enough that the sound of their skin slapping together reverberated throughout the living room.

Without warning, Ollie pulled out of her, turned her around and draped her over the armrest. Before Leilani could say anything, he thrust into her again, his balls slapping repeatedly against her mound. At this angle, Ollie was in her so deeply that she hysterically believed for a moment she could feel him in her throat. Leilani braced herself on the couch cushions as Ollie hammered into her, and she found herself thrusting against him, gyrating her hips against his crotch. Ollie groaned

and held her tight against his hard body, slipping his hand from her hip to her pubic bone, then down to her clit. Sucking her earlobe between his teeth, he pinched her clit between his fingers and sent her over the edge.

Leilani screamed as her orgasm slammed into her like a Mack truck. There was no build-up, no warning. It hit her so hard and so fast she actually saw stars. Her pussy squeezed like a vise-grip around Ollie's cock and suddenly, he was coming too, grunting and shuddering. He slumped against her body, but his muscular forearm on the table kept him from squishing her. They stood like that for what seemed like an eternity, their bodies slick with sweat, both of them breathing hard, and Ollie plastered to her ass like he had no intention of getting off of her. She reached behind him, cupped one taut buttock and hugged him tighter.

"Damn, girl," he breathed into her ear. "That was definitely worth the wait."

"Mmm...but now I'm all sticky." God, she loved the feeling of his body against hers, his breath on her neck. Her big, brawny warrior.

"Don't worry, babe. I'll take care of you." He pulled out of her and turned her around, placing her on her back again. Giving her one of those heartbreaking grins, he turned away and headed for the kitchen. When he returned, he had a washcloth in his hands, which he pressed between her legs. It was cool and wet against her heated skin. He spread her lips apart with his fingers and began to clean her in that efficient, careful way of his. When Leilani started rubbing herself against his hand, he gently pinched her clit and Leilani came apart.

As soon as the spasm subsided, Leilani sank bonelessly into the cushions and would have been satisfied to lay there for the rest of her life if Ollie hadn't outfitted his cock with another condom and plunged himself into her pussy again. This time, he took his time, slowly pulling himself almost all the way out, before slamming himself back in. Leilani wrapped her arms around him and allowed him to love her, kissing him deeply, savoring his masculine taste on her tongue. When she came, Ollie was thrusting into her telling her how beautiful she was. When he

had his own orgasm, it pushed her over the edge again and she screamed her pleasure into his mouth.

“And we’re back to sticky again,” she murmured against his neck. “Wanna clean me off?”

He chuckled and nuzzled her cheek. “You’re going to have to wait, babe. I’m spent.” He kissed her softly and pressed his forehead to hers. “Hey, Lei?”

She smiled, loving the way her nickname sounded on his lips. She pulled back and wiped off the sweat from his eyebrow with her thumb. “Yes, Ollie?”

“I want to ask you something.”

She squeezed her thighs around him and lifted her head so she could plant a kiss on his chin. “You’re not going to ask me to marry you already, are you? We barely started this thing.”

“Lei, this ‘thing’ started a month ago when you flashed your pink thong at me.” He slid his hands to her waist and gave her a squeeze. “But no, baby. I’m not asking you to marry me. Not yet, at least.”

As crazy as it was, Leilani almost wished he would pop the question. Looking into his beautiful green eyes, she could definitely see a future with him and for an insane second, she wanted it so badly, it actually hurt to think about it. “What is it, then?”

“I’d like to take you out sometime.”

She laughed and rubbed her nose against his. “Like a dinner and a movie?”

He gazed deep into her eyes, his own eyes sparkling with mirth. “Something like that, yeah.”

Leilani regarded him thoughtfully for a moment, then nodded. “All right, but on one condition.”

A small knot of concern appeared between his golden eyebrows. “What?”

“You let me swim in your pool whenever I want.”

“Anything you want, baby, anything you want.”

And then he was kissing her again and Leilani couldn’t think at all, so she simply hugged him to her and kissed him back.

About the Author

Dionne Galace writes in her pajamas with her computer on her lap and a box of Thin Mints on her side. She started writing at the age of 9 after reading a Fear Street book by R.L. Stine. She currently studies creative writing in Southern California where she also lives with her husband, whom she nightly engages in a battle royale for the TV remote control.

To learn more about Dionne, please visit www.dionnegalace.com.

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

Available now at Samhain Publishing

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.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *One Night on a Balcony*:

“Where are we going?”

“Someplace private.” His voice was tense and he held her hand like it was precious treasure. She followed along without a word. She was burning up and wanted him with such ferocity it scared her. They circled around alongside a fast-food restaurant until he dragged her into the side opening of the castle. He stopped for a second, long enough to kiss her breathless again, then yanked her through the entrance and up a narrow staircase as regal-sounding music sang from secret speakers that seemed to be all around them.

It was dark and cold and he kept tugging her past windows that held dioramas depicting castles and dragons and princesses. The dolls in the windows appeared to be the only other people in there. “Why isn’t anyone else here?”

He pushed her into an alcove where they would be all but invisible should anyone actually come by. "Because this exhibit is duller than bird shit and the parade's on. We'll have privacy for at least a half hour."

He kissed her again, pressing her back against the cold stone wall of the castle. It occurred to her that he sure was knowledgeable about the exact place to get privacy, but with his tongue passionately exploring her mouth and his hands wandering along the bare skin of her leg up under the skirt of her dress, she didn't care about anything else.

"I want to feel you, baby." His words were lost into her lips. "Are you wet?"

She whimpered and nodded at him the second before she felt his fingers slip beneath the elastic of her panties. She gulped in air when he pushed inside her.

"Fuck, you're tight, honey."

Jill knew she'd lost her mind. She was in a public place...*children* were around, and all she thought was how bad she wanted more than his fingers inside her.

"Cole, can't we go somewhere else? I mean, what if someone—"

He swallowed her words, sucked on her tongue and found her clit all in one smooth movement. She was soooo in over her head.

"No one's coming. If they are, we'll hear them and even then, the only way they'd see us is if they turned around and went through the exhibit backwards. This is the entrance to a storage area. No one comes through this way. I swear I wouldn't risk your safety, Jill."

Cole's hand slid down her throat to the front of her dress, his eyes latched on hers as he cupped her breast, his other hand still brushing over the heated slick folds of her labia. He wasn't sure what the hell had come over him. He hadn't been this horny since he'd been a teen, but he wanted Jill. He wanted her now. His cock bulged as he caught the scent of her arousal. He eased two fingers inside her tight passage. He nearly came when she squeezed him.

"You make me crazy, baby. I haven't felt like this in forever."

"Ah. Uh-huh."

He smiled, she was close. She tried to look at him, but her eyes closed again instantly.

“God, Cole. I’m not a slut...”

He cupped her head in his palm, pulled her against him and whispered in her ear. “Wrap your leg around me. And, honey, I never thought you were.”

He kissed her. It was a deep, wet kiss, the kind you gave someone you loved, and that thought didn’t even make him blink. He just kissed her. Tried to show her with his mouth how much he felt for her. This crazy passion he’d been holding back for months had swept over the top of the dam holding back his heart and there was no turning back now.

He worked the zipper on the back of her dress enough to get the material to move aside, and he sucked her hard pink nipple into his mouth even as his finger slid deeper inside her.

*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

Available now at Samhain Publishing

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.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Second Wind*:

"I'm going to kiss you, Miss Catherine Fitzgerald. Is that all right?"

He stepped closer before she had a chance to say yes. She set her cup on a stack of boxes. He tossed his into a nearby trash can, never having taken a sip. Her hands walked up the front of his shirt and over

his shoulders to meet at his nape. His hands fit neatly at the small of her back. He pulled her to him.

He was tall, but on tiptoe her body meshed with his in all the right places. Firm, warm lips met hers. When his tongue demanded she open to him, she did. His flavor burst in her mouth, spearmint and heat, as he boldly explored.

Raising his head, he looked around with heavy-lidded eyes. He walked across the yard, dragging her beside him. After a quick glance, he threw open a stall door and slipped inside. Moments after closing the gate, he lifted her, fitting her over his erection, scraping her breasts against his chest. She dug tunnels through his hair with her fingers, knocking his hat on the straw where he'd dropped her Stetson. Hungrily, she pulled his lips back to hers.

She whimpered. He moaned, licking the inside of her mouth as though she were the sweetest treat he'd ever had. The grind of his hips suggested what he wanted and she wrapped her legs around his waist. He took two steps to back her up to the inside wall. She twisted, rubbing her crotch into the bulge that seemed ready to burst through zipper and button and double stitching the jeans ads bragged about.

Rafe tore his mouth away even while they dry humped against the stables. She buried her face in his neck, oblivious to anything around them, ignoring all but the rising tide of incredible sensations spiraling outward from low in her belly. Her hips had a life of their own, slamming into his, grinding, rubbing, stroking, denim to denim, heat to heat.

His breath bellowed against her ear, sending tendrils of hair flying. "God, I want you."

He smelled of dirt and animal and raw masculinity. His neck was gritty with dust. She didn't care. Her tongue streaked a path up the cords of straining muscle to his earlobe. She nipped it.

"Yes." One word escaped, all she could manage as he shifted slightly and hit the right spot to send her over the edge. She gasped and held her breath, her head thrown back. Pinpricks of light flew across the blackness inside her lids.

Her nipples, sensitive and erect, pushed against the confines of her chambray shirt. The softness she'd admired when she bought the shirt

that morning now seemed rough as sandpaper on her breasts. She should have worn a bra, but her small breasts rarely needed the support. Now the additional sensitivity helped prolong what had been an intense orgasm all on its own.

Finally, she came back to herself. Rafe's labored breathing matched hers, though the bulge in his jeans hadn't diminished. He let her slide down his body and then rested his forehead on her head. The sounds of people walking by penetrated her hearing and bright flames of mortification heated her cheeks.

"You're hot, Catherine Fitzgerald. I think I was in high school the last time I did what we just did. And unlike you, Becky Thomson didn't get off on it back then, though I shot off like a firecracker." He grinned down at her. "Guess turn about is fair play, though I sure would like to feel a little relief too."

She'd never done anything like that before, *never*. Not with her high school boyfriend to whom she'd lost her virginity, and not with the society lawyer to whom she was practically engaged back home. She'd had orgasms before, sure, but not with the primal passion she'd just experienced with this man she'd known about fifteen minutes. A piercing blaze had ripped through their clothing, without any touching or foreplay.

"I hardly know what to say, Mr. Walker. This should be so embarrassing."

He stroked her hair, twirling a strand between calloused fingers and staring at it in awe. "Call me Rafe. I think it's accepted etiquette for two people who humped like rabbits to use each other's first names."

"Humped...?"

"Umm-hmmm." He held her hair to his nose and breathed in. "Like rabbits. Though I think usually Mr. Rabbit isn't still hard and aching when they finish. Jesus, you smell good. Really good."

"You smell like bull, Rafe."

He burst out laughing and stared down at her, his dimples like shining beacons, calling to her. "You are all dusty and mussed. And so pretty I can hardly stand it. Come back to the hotel with me?"

"I don't even know you."

“I think we knew each other the minute you smiled at me across the ring just before the gate opened.”

“I did not smile at you.” She fingered his collar, thinking how much she’d like to be touching him instead of his shirt.

“Oh yes you did. I never flirt with strange women.” She cast him a doubtful look so he added, “Not when I’m about to bull ride. But you...you were different. I knew right away we’d get together.” He leaned down to her ear. “And I’ve never done this before. My partner’s pleasure has never been so important. Come back to the room with me. Let’s do it again only right this time. Let me make you feel good, Catherine Fitzgerald.”

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 Leanne 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 à trois*, and BDSM.

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

Fijian Fling

© 2007 Sami Lee

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

Nick has lusted after Sophie for years. When she turns up at his secluded resort alone for the first time he wastes no time in making her his lover. Sophie is his perfect match in bed, and in the ocean and the

shower...but although he might long for something more, Nick knows theirs is just a holiday fling. For he is keeping the secret of his checkered past from Sophie and it could prove the ultimate deal breaker...

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

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

Honeymoon Castaways

© 2007 Dawn Halliday

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

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

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

Two men and a bottle of nut cream...

Nut Cream

© 2007 Jade Buchanan

Nut [nuht] noun, verb.

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

2. Slang, Vulgar – a testis.

Cream [kreem] noun.

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

2. Slang, Vulgar – to have an orgasm.

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

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

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

Fantasmagorical

© 2007 Annmarie McKenna

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

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

But what if Evan isn't interested in more than the fling she signed up for? Or worse, what if she can't handle two men who are into each other too? Gabe and Lance have one week to convince Evan that the three of

them belong together...and they'll use every bit of seduction in their arsenal to make sure when the fantasy ends, their reality together will only just be beginning.

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

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

Hunk of Burnin' Love

© 2007 Veronica Wilde

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

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

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

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

Ladies! Meet Red Hot Alaskan Men

© 2007 Nancy Lindquist

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

Dave Wellington, Mayor of Smithfield, Alaska won't allow Chastity's cadre of red-lipped floozies to take over his town. A she-bitch from the lower forty-eight broke his brother's heart and no one else is gonna go through that. Not if he can help it. Besides, Smithfield is welcoming tourists for the first time. The male residents need to keep their minds on business. Not sex.

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

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

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

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

One Night on a Balcony

© 2007 Samantha Lucas

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

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

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

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

Sometimes the truth is the greatest aphrodisiac.

Liaisons in Jubilee

© 2007 Jamie Craig

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

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

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

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

Second Wind

© 2007 Dee S. Knight

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

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

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

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

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

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

Custom Ride

© 2007 K.A. Mitchell

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

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

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

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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