

The background of the cover is a lush, tropical landscape. A large, multi-tiered waterfall cascades down the center, surrounded by dense green foliage and ferns. In the foreground, a man and a woman are embracing. The woman has long, wavy blonde hair and is wearing a yellow bikini. The man has dark hair and is shirtless. They are looking at each other affectionately. The overall atmosphere is romantic and idyllic.

Sacrifices
in
Paradise

Mary
Suzanne

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Sacrifices in Paradise
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SACRIFICES IN PARADISE

BY

MARY SUZANNE

To our family...

Sacrifices in Paradise

Dark clouds filled the sky and the rumble of thunder was soon followed by jagged streaks of lightning hitting the water. Jenna Wade watched the sea churning up giant waves headed straight for the yacht. The cloudy skyline made it look as if night had already fallen, but it was still early in the afternoon. She stood at the railing of the bobbing yacht staring off at the rapidly approaching storm. Her stomach was beginning to do flip-flops over the constant shaking of the pleasure boat by the fierce wind striking its sides. She placed her hand across her mouth to keep from experiencing the dry heaves that had been attacking her for the last hour.

She didn't have any idea where her fiancé Brody Sullivan was, but she felt he should have been worrying about her safety instead of partying somewhere on the boat. As she lowered her head, she glanced at the large diamond ring Brody had slipped on her finger two months earlier. To Brody, money was no object when it came to lavishing presents on Jenna. His family

had always been rich and he lived the lifestyle never worrying about where his next dollar was coming from.

Lately, there were times, like tonight, when Jenna wondered why she'd ever taken a ring from Brody. At first, she thought what she felt was love, but now she wasn't all that certain. Doubts continued to fill her mind every time she thought of spending a lifetime with him.

Brody was handsome in a clean-cut way, but were looks enough to withstand a relationship with every day frustrations confronting a couple? When her thoughts drifted to the rugged Carter McPherson, the man hired to ferry the yacht across the choppy sea, she felt an awareness rise in her that she'd never experienced before.

She knew she shouldn't be feeling this way about the other man, but the thoughts of how it would feel to be held in his arms kept crowding her mind. There was something about him that made her acutely aware of his presence whenever he was close to her.

A cold dash of water flew over the side of the boat to where she stood bringing a sobering thought to Jenna. It looked as if the weather was going to interfere with their planned three day excursion. She looked up at the skyline and she noticed the dark clouds forming a funnel shaped appearance. She had seen this before off the coast

of Miami where she lived. It wasn't a good sign. It was a certainty that rough weather was just around the corner.

Jenna made her way downstairs, dripping water along the way from being doused by the giant waves sliding across the upper deck. She could hear talking and laughter coming from the galley. One of the voices that she immediately recognized was her fiancé. He was having a good time with a female companion and it didn't seem as if they noticed how the yacht had begun to shake.

When Jenna reached her cabin, she changed into her swimsuit and pulled a pair of jeans on. She removed a dry blouse from her suitcase on the bed and buttoned it in place over her two-piece suit. If things got too bad and they had to swim, she at least wanted to be dressed for what lay ahead. After glancing around the room, she picked up her small compact mirror in the silver case and a hairbrush. Shoving the items into her back pocket, she headed to the upper level.

Her parents had insisted on Jenna taking the cruise so that she and Brody could spend more time alone. Since boarding the yacht, they hadn't had a minute to themselves. Jenna supposed she was being overly sensitive, but her parents had always made certain she was the center of attention. Coming from a wealthy family had

always given Jenna the idea that everyone should cater to her. Brody had done just that so far, up until the time they boarded the boat for the cruise. Now, he was acting as if she didn't exist. That didn't set well with her and she fumed inwardly as she slipped on her tennis shoes.

As she left her cabin and started the climb up to the first level, she had to grab onto the railing for support. If she hadn't, she would have tumbled back down the stairs in a heap. By the time she reached the deck, she saw that Carter McPherson was removing the straps that held the lifeboats securely in place. No one had to tell her that they were in trouble. Before too much time passed, the rest of the people taking the cruise were piling onto the upper deck.

Brody walked carefully across the hardwood surface, bobbing and weaving from the thrusts of the seesawing motion. When he reached Jenna he cupped his hands to the sides of his mouth and leaned toward her. "Don't be afraid, I'm here," he tried to reassure her.

His words weren't very comforting as she watched a giant wave knocking him off his feet and his body sliding across the polished deck. Carter reached out and grabbed the back of Brody's shirt, preventing him from being swept out into the turbulent sea. The rest of the cruise members and crew were holding onto the side of

the yacht trying to keep from being washed over the side.

“Everyone get a life jacket and put it on,” Carter cupped his hands and shouted out his instructions.

Jenna didn’t waste a second in picking one up and securing the orange flotation device around the top half of her body. She glanced over and noticed Brody was struggling against the wind to hold onto the puffy orange jacket. As she started to move toward him to help, she saw that he had managed to secure it in place.

When Jenna glanced at Carter, she saw that he not only had a life jacket on, but a backpack was strapped to his back. Near his feet was a small suitcase, making her wonder what he had in it. She had a hysterical thought that Carter was going to jump ship and leave the rest of them behind. She knew she was being melodramatic and shook her head to clear it of all thoughts she’d had seconds ago. There wasn’t much time for her to wonder what he could have in the other case as the wind kicked up and she had to hold onto the rail to keep from falling.

Glancing toward the opposite end of the boat, Jenna saw that most of the people on the cruise were heading toward the lower part of the yacht. She was left alone with Carter at the far end of the polished deck. The wind was so strong that she

felt like a rag doll as she was buffeted back and forth, hitting the rail with such force she almost cried out in pain.

Wave after wave rose high into the air soaking the deck with swishing water. One giant wave came with such force that two of the lifeboats flew over the side of the ship. Jenna tried holding on, but it was impossible. She felt herself flying over the side of the rail and hitting the water with such force it knocked the air from her lungs.

Jenna felt it was the end of her journey as a huge wave sucked her under the swirling water. She tried fighting when something grabbed at her. Her first thoughts were that a shark was ready to attack her. No, she thought silently, she shouldn't be thinking this way. When she was just about to give up hope, she felt someone lifting her into one of the lifeboats.

She gasped for air, trying to fill her lungs with the precious commodity and expelling the seawater that had filled her throat. Jenna started to cough and felt the water flying from her mouth. She lay back in the small bobbing boat, trying to catch her breath. As she glanced around, she saw Carter using one of the paddles that had been secured on the lifeboat. He was fighting against the wind and the waves to keep the boat from going under.

For what seemed hours, Carter fought against

the raging storm, blocking out any sight of stars overhead. It was pitch black and Jenna felt so alone out in the middle of the huge ocean with only Carter as her companion. She silently wondered how the yacht was doing weathering the storm. Glancing around, she couldn't see any outline of the ship they had just been thrown from. Again, a shudder passed through her and she wondered if Brody was safe.

Eventually, the storm began to subside and the sky started to clear. Jenna could feel the upset rolling through her stomach over the continuous jostling movements the waves were making. She glanced up and saw a clearing in the sky. The moon soon came out with stars beginning to shine brilliantly. At least the worst of their experience was over. Little did Jenna know that this was only the beginning of an experience she'd never forget for the rest of her life.

* * * *

Toward morning, she felt stiff and sore from the cramped quarters of the small boat. There hadn't been much conversation between her and Carter because of the noise caused by the storm. Now that the sea was calmer, she glanced up and saw that he was watching her.

"Are you all right?" His voice sounded hoarse

She supposed the exertion in rowing the boat and the seawater that he'd swallowed had caused the hoarseness in his voice. Even though they'd been through hell that night, she still thought he was the sexiest man she had ever seen. Now, he had a sexy voice to match that magnificent body. The unbidden thought made her feel guilty as she thought about Brody. For all she knew, he could be drowned by now, along with the rest of the crew on the yacht.

"Yes," she mumbled in a hoarse sound that matched Carter's. "Do you know what happened to the rest of the people on the yacht?"

"The last time I saw the ship, it was still afloat," he answered. "Since there wasn't anyone on the top side with us, they probably don't know we were washed out to sea. I'm sure they're going to find out this morning when they can't find us."

"Where are we?" Jenna's voice held a whiny sound. "I can't believe it's this hot so early in the day. My skin's going to get cooked if we don't find land soon. I need some water to drink."

He gave her a narrow look of disgust. Jenna didn't miss the anger shooting from the depths of his dark eyes. If looks could kill, she'd surely be dead where she sat in the tiny lifeboat.

"I would have to get a whiner for a companion," he muttered softly, but Jenna heard every word.

“That wasn’t a very nice thing to say,” she shot back at him, bristling over how he was talking to her. Never in her life had she had anyone treat her this way. She knew right then that she wasn’t about to start allowing it now.

“Look, we have to make the best of a bad situation and no amount of complaining is going to help.”

She clamped her mouth closed and watched as he removed one of the paddles where it was attached to the side of the boat. He slipped it in a slot and the paddle stood up at a vertical angle. He then took the remaining paddle and did the same thing on the opposite side. Jenna continued to watch as he stripped off his shirt.

She didn’t have any idea what he was going to do next. The only thing that held her interest right then was the bulging muscles laid bare for her to see. His bronzed chest had a mass of dark hair across it. Jenna had to stop from reaching out and running her fingers through the thickness. Again, she watched in fascination as Carter removed his jeans and was only wearing tight black trunks.

Jenna tried to look away, but the huge bulge in the front of his trunks had her hypnotized. She wasn’t able to look away and could feel Carter’s gaze on her. When she glanced up eventually, she saw how he was trying to hide a grin.

“What’s so funny?” she asked in a raised tone.

"You are," he answered calmly. "Miss Prim and Proper has finally shown what she's made of. Those snapping green eyes tell me only one thing. You like what you see so far."

She started to say something about what he was suggesting, but Carter held his hands up and stopped her. "This is going to be a tedious few days until we're either rescued or we spot land, so let's try getting along. Oh, and another thing, I give you permission to examine every last inch of my body whenever you want. In fact, I can take the trunks off now to give you a better look.

He reached for the elastic with his thumbs and started to pull the fabric away from his body. For seconds, she watched, telling herself that she wasn't interested in seeing anything, only wondering if he meant to go through with it. Sanity suddenly returned to her and she looked away.

"Stop that!" she shouted. "I'm an engaged woman. Didn't you see my ring?"

"Well, if you are an engaged woman then you should start acting like one instead of ogling another man's penis. What would your fiancé think if he were to see you now?"

"Just shut up!" Jenna raised her voice, but she knew Carter was right. She had found studying his hidden penis through the fabric of his trunks intriguing. The thought of what it looked like kept

buzzing through her head, but she wasn't about to let Carter know what her thoughts were right then.

"Scoot over here closer to me." He began draping his discarded shirt across the extended paddles. "This will give us a little relief from the sun."

"I don't know whether I should. You'll be accusing me of trying to seduce you."

"I wouldn't mind that at all," he told her with a sly grin. "Now come on and get over here. The sun will burn that delicate skin of yours."

Jenna didn't want to admit he was right but there wasn't any sense in getting burned alive. She carefully moved beneath the makeshift shelter, feeling instant relief from the hot rays overhead.

She could feel Carter's body heat reaching out to her. When she accidentally bumped his arm with hers, an electric shock raced through her. The man was too potent with his dark over-long hair and the rugged chiseled features making up his handsome face. She knew she had felt something when she'd first met him, but she brushed aside the niggling sensation and concentrated on Brody.

Jenna didn't feel any anxiety over Brody's fate, making her wonder what the extent of her feeling was for him. She shouldn't have been ogling Carter, but something had possessed her to continue watching him. Now sitting so close to

him was sending a chill of awareness racing down her spine.

She felt Carter nudging her and she brought her head up with a start. When she glanced at him, she saw what he was holding. A canteen of water was only a reach away for her. She started to take it from his hand, but he stopped her.

“Only a small drink,” he told her as he tipped the canteen up and dribbled some of the precious liquid into her parched mouth. “We may have to make do with this water for some time.”

Jenna hoped he was wrong. She couldn’t imagine being marooned at sea with no chance of ever being rescued. Surely someone from the yacht had already used the radio to send a distress signal. She certainly hoped so.

After she had greedily swallowed the small portion of water, Jenna felt the need fill her for more. Her only consolation was that she knew Carter wasn’t taking his fair share. She watched as he recapped the container and put it back in the backpack.

Jenna glanced over and caught him watching her again. She realized she must look a wreck after being thrown overboard and doused with seawater, but she remembered that Carter had seen her as she had boarded the yacht. So maybe he remembered how she looked when he’d first seen her.

Her auburn hair usually hung loosely along her shoulders, framing the delicate features of her small face. She had been told many times that her deep green eyes shrouded by dark sooty lashes held a look of mystery. She had gotten her fair share of proposals in her lifetime, but she had accepted Brody's ring. There were times when she wondered what she felt for him was really love.

She ran her hand down her hipline and knew there was no way that Carter couldn't see the curves outlined by the tight jeans. Jenna wondered why he wasn't showing more of an interest in being with her.

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By late afternoon, Carter removed crackers wrapped in cellophane. He handed her a packet, and again, he didn't take any for himself.

"You have to be hungry, or thirsty," she protested, breaking open the wrapper and handing him one.

"If it will make you happy, I'll share with you." He took her offering and bit into the cracker. "By the way, where are you from?"

"Miami," she told him. "Why do you need to know where I'm from?"

"Usually, if you're from a place as big as Miami, there will be more Coast Guard ships out

looking for us. We're not so far out that we couldn't be spotted."

"If we're going to share information, where are you from?"

"Originally, I lived in Idaho, but the lure of the ocean and sunny weather brought me to Miami. I've been here for three years."

"I don't remember seeing you before we boarded the yacht," she stated curiously.

"I doubt you would have," he answered, lapsing into silence.

She silently wondered what he meant by that remark. Maybe he was referring to their different lifestyles, but she couldn't be sure. She wasn't about to press him to go into more detail.

* * * *

On the third day, Jenna was just about to give up hope of ever seeing land again. She'd done her fair share of complaining like a spoiled brat and received glaring looks in return from Carter. Jenna had come to realize that he didn't think too much of a complainer. Her parents and Brody had let her get away with her demanding ways, but Carter was different.

That evening, she glanced out across the water and her eyes widened. Maybe it was a mirage way off in the distance. She hoped it wasn't. It looked

like greenery surrounding a raised mound. Even if the island was small, anything was better than the tiny cramped lifeboat they now shared.

“Carter.” She excitedly gave him a shake. He had only been asleep for a short time, but seeing the island was too important a deal not to awaken him.

“What the hell . . . ,” his words tapered off with the expletive flowing from his lips. “What’s happened now?”

Watching his handsome features, she saw the look of irritation filling them. Well, he would just have to be irritated with her because she needed to show him what she had spotted in the distance.

“Look,” she pointed to where the lush green scenery was becoming clearer. They didn’t have much daylight left so Jenna was hoping they could reach the tiny island before it became totally black. With the darkness, they would only have the moon and stars to guide them.

“Why didn’t you wake me earlier?” he asked gruffly. “We’ve almost passed it.”

“Because I just saw it,” she retorted, stung by his accusing tone. “If we both row, we should reach the island before nightfall.”

“Just scoot to the front of the boat. It will be easier for me to use both paddles.”

Jenna did as he said. Excitement began to fill her as they drew closer to the greenery-filled land.

She placed her hand on her forehead, shading her eyes to get a better look where they would soon be docking the boat.

By the time Carter reached the sandy beach, total darkness shrouded the area. They were farther out than she thought and it had taken quite some time to reach the safety of the island. Once they got out of the boat, Carter pulled it out of the water. He certainly didn't want to lose the boat in case they weren't found and had to use it again later to try and find their way back to civilization.

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Jenna was grateful when a cloud slipped past the moon. This gave them enough light to find their way up the sandy beach toward the wooded area. It was rough going, but eventually they came to a clearing.

"I don't think we should sleep out in the open tonight." Carter struggled to pull the lifeboat behind him into the trees.

"What do you mean?"

"There could be someone else on this island, or wild animals could be roaming around. Take your pick."

Jenna shuddered inwardly, listening to his explanation. When she had spotted the land from the boat, she hadn't given it a thought that danger

Sacrifices in Paradise

could be waiting for them on the sandy shoreline. Without saying another word, Jenna picked up the other end of the lifeboat and helped Carter carry it farther into the trees. She stumbled a few times and he had to slow his pace, but eventually, they could hear what sounded like water falling.

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The moon peeking through the clouds lit up a patch of land. Carter saw what he thought looked like a cave near a small waterfall. This would be ideal, he thought silently, hoping that the cave wasn't already occupied.

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It wasn't long before they were placing the lifeboat near the entrance and entering the cool interior of the cave. Suddenly, a small flame lit up the darkness so they could find their way around inside the shelter. Jenna glanced at Carter and saw that he had a lighter. She wondered how he had managed to keep it dry while they were in the water and everything else had become wet.

"Where did you get that?" she asked.

"I packed it in the backpack inside the medical kit. This pack is with me all the time when I take trips, in case of emergencies. I'm glad I had it

strapped onto my back before we were thrown overboard.”

“How did you manage to bring the small case with you once we hit the water?”

“After I got you in the lifeboat, I glanced around and saw that the case had been swept overboard with us. I grabbed it before it had a chance to sink.”

“What do you have in it?” she asked curiously.

“A change of clothes, some soap, a towel, toothbrush, and tooth paste.”

“Wow, you thought of everything,” she murmured. “I did manage to grab a brush and compact mirror.”

“We have about everything we need,” he stated, getting up and walking around their dark shelter. “This lighter isn’t bright enough to read the writing on the wall, so we’ll have to wait until morning to find out what it says. You can use the shirt I packed to cover with.”

Jenna could hear the snap on the case opening. Within seconds, Carter was handing her the shirt. She felt her way around the cave and sat down on a sandy patch of ground. She was too tired to worry about spiders, or insects, as she lay down and pulled the shirt up to her neck. For the first time in several nights, she was able to fall asleep peacefully, knowing that the next day was the first day of working toward being rescued.

All through the night, Jenna would awaken and wonder where she was. Realty would set in when she heard Carter's heavy breathing as he lay next to her. Eventually, she fell into a deep sleep, blotting out the cave and her companion only inches away from her on the hard ground.

* * * *

The following morning Jenna awoke and glanced over to see if Carter was up. When she didn't see him, her gaze drifted around the rock shelter finding him standing near the wall reading the scribbled messages. She got up and shook the sand out of his shirt.

"Can you make out what the writing says?" She made her way over to where he was standing.

"From what I can tell, this cave is used as a ritual sight for offerings for devil worshippers," he told her. "And according to the last addition to the wall, they have a timetable that shows when the next meeting is going to be. They'll be back in less than a month. It gives a date for the third week of this month."

"What do you mean by offerings?" Jenna asked as a chill raced down her spine over the unknown.

"It could be animal, or human. Some of these people are way out with their thinking."

"Have you ever met anyone in a cult like that?"

"Back in my hometown of Idaho, there were a few wannabes," he said. "They tried sacrificing a cow from a ranch outside the city limits. The local sheriff got wind of what they were up to and put a stop to it before it had a chance to make any headway."

"Did you belong to their cult?" she asked shakily, hoping his answer was going to be no.

"Are you crazy?" His tone was gruff. "I don't believe in any of that stuff."

"I'm sorry for asking, but I had to know," she murmured as her voice trailed off. "What are we going to do when they come back?"

"We'll worry about that later," he told her. "We should go in search of that waterfall we heard last night. I don't think we were imagining the sound we heard. And then there's the problem of gathering food."

Jenna nodded as she followed him to the outside of the cave. The sunshine filtered through the trees and gave off such a bright sheen that she had to shade her eyes against the glare. When her eyes adjusted, she gazed around the wooded area. It was so beautiful her breath caught in her throat. Lush greenery sprouted everywhere, with wild flowers in an array of colors dotted the landscape. The island resembled a tropical paradise seen on

postcards and in paintings.

Off to the right of the cave was a beautiful, cascading waterfall shooting clear water into a small basin below it. The small pond looked so inviting to Jenna that she began stripping off her jeans and blouse. She felt grateful she'd remembered to put on her bikini before being thrown overboard.

When she turned and glanced at Carter, she saw that he was doing the same thing. But there was only one difference. He didn't bother about his trunks beneath his jeans. It didn't seem to worry him any to stand stark naked in front of her.

The shock quickly left her and was replaced by a yearning that filled her entire body. He looked magnificent standing in the morning sun. What she had noticed outlined beneath his clothing in the lifeboat, now stood out long and erect for her to feast her gaze on.

She slowly shook her head, realizing that should be the last thing she should be thinking about. But her gaze was continually drawn to it against her will as she watched him dive into the water. Some of the cold water splashed onto her, bringing Jenna to her senses.

Wading out into the water, she needed the time to adjust her body to the cool spray floating across to her from the fall. She decided to

completely dive in and ward off the chill that was causing her teeth to chatter.

As she adjusted her eyes to the water, Jenna could clearly see the bottom half of Carter moving his legs to keep afloat. She had an urgent desire to move alongside him and grab his erect penis between her fingertips. She quickly raised her head above the water. Before she could change her mind, she swam over to him and let her hand glide across his muscular chest.

Carter gave her a searching look as his eyes narrowed. His gaze locked with hers and Jenna couldn't look away. A magical spell pulled at her, making Jenna want to explore the rest of his body with her fingertips. While he held her spellbound with his hypnotic gaze, she automatically moved her hands down his body. Reaching his desire, she slowly began to manipulate the hard length. His arousal was immediate.

Jenna felt Carter slipping his fingers into the material of her bikini bottom and touching her skin. Slowly, he pulled the mini covering away from her body. Out of the corner of her eye, Jenna saw the skimpy material floating by. When his hands reached behind her, his deft movements had the tie of her bikini top loosened and soon joining the bottoms floating across the small pond.

Jenna's breasts quickly spilled out into the water. Carter's gaze feasted over the huge mounds

with the hardened pink nipples. His mouth moved to capture one of the nipples easily. The sucking brought spasms of delight racing through her. When he moved beneath the water, she could see the top of his head as it reached her hairy pussy below. His hands shoved her legs apart as his mouth captured the clitoris and he began nibbling away at the raised desire of her body. He was giving her such pleasure that she screamed out into the quiet morning. His continuous licking motions of her throbbing womanhood made her feel the need for his possession. She didn't know how long she could hold out, but it didn't look as if Carter was ready to take her just yet.

He slowly rose to the surface when he ran out of air and placed his arm around her waist as he guided her through the still water to the bank. Jenna let Carter lead her into the cave without giving it a thought that she didn't have a stitch of clothing on. Out of the corner of her eye, she kept a vigil of his masculine body as they had walked alongside each other to reach their destination.

When they entered the cool shelter of the cave, she felt goose bumps rising on her body from leaving the heat from the sun behind. She shivered as she felt Carter's arm dropping away from her.

He moved across the room and placed the clothing from the case onto the floor of the cave. Slowly, he reached for Jenna and gently placed her

onto the makeshift bed he had created moments ago.

It didn't look as if Carter was going to wait very long to possess her. She felt his mouth find hers, dropping down onto hers in an urgent display. All she could do was raise her head and offer him what he wanted. When his tongue slipped inside the moist interior of her lips, she groaned over the excited state he was beginning to bring to her senses.

Desire raced through her in the next few moments. She'd never experienced this state with Brody and found her heart beginning to race out of control. When he moved down her body slowly, she felt his tongue licking away at her more intimate spots along the way, open for his capture.

As he reached her dewy moistness with his swiftly moving tongue, she reached down with her hands and placed each alongside his head. The thought that she never wanted him to move from the spot he had found so easily with his tongue, had her writhing and moving in a sensuous display of wanton craving for more of the same.

For what seemed an eternity, Carter continued with his nibbling on her pussy, bringing more sensuous sensations to fill her body. Eventually she felt spasm after spasm flow through her in a great tidal wave of rushing feelings. The need for

his possession attacked her senses, sending delightful sensations racing through her body. She felt the need to scream out, telling him to hurry and show her the pleasure she knew was surely coming once he took her.

When he started to lick his way to the top of her body, she felt the need fill her again for his total possession. But, he wasn't ready to appease her fully just yet. His mouth stopped on the way and recaptured her nipples that now stood hard and erect.

"Oh, Carter, I want you," she managed to mumble from lips that were dry and parched from the excited state she found herself in.

Wanting him as she did, Jenna moved her hands down to his manhood and began rubbing it vigorously. The small manipulation seemed to work in bringing him to a more aroused state. He mounted her body and his hard shaft entered her waiting wetness.

What started out slowly and gently soon changed into a frenzied copulation that had Jenna's head spinning. She felt eruptions quake through her body, filling her with pleasure. Again and again, she felt the same sensation, until the final explosion filled her entire body.

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Carter slowed down the pace, holding off from having a final climax so that he could increase the pleasure she was now finding in his lovemaking. He covered her mouth with his and sucked on her tongue greedily, exciting her even more.

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When she felt the quick shudder racing through Carter, she knew he had reached the ultimate climax. Hot juice flowed from him into her and Jenna savored every drop he was depositing in her. She held onto him, feeling the remaining shudders of ecstasy racing through her body. Carter slowly dropped down onto the clothing next to her and she could hear heavy breathing coming from him.

Jenna didn't know how long they lay alongside each other, but eventually Carter sat up. She watched from the corner of her eye as he stood and reached for the pair of jeans they were using as a bed on the sand-filled floor. As he slipped into the tight fitting pants, she felt a moment of desire filling her again. She smiled inwardly, realizing she could become used to Carter's lovemaking. She was acting almost insatiable when it came to feeling his hard length inside of her.

* * * *

"Are you awake?" Carter startled Jenna out of her day dreamy state.

"Yes," she murmured.

"We're going to have to do some scouting around for food because I'm starving. Making love has drained any of the energy I had in reserve. But it was well worth it." He glanced down at her and grinned.

A warm glow enveloped her heart at hearing his words. She couldn't figure out why in the world she should be feeling this way. She had only known Carter for a few days, but it seemed like a lifetime to her.

"I'll be right with you," she eventually answered him.

Jenna looked around and realized her clothing was still by the pond where she'd taken them off earlier. She silently hoped her swimsuit hadn't sunk to the bottom and that she would have to dive to retrieve it.

Carter walked out of the cave and Jenna hurriedly got up and brushed the sand from her bottom. As she walked back through the cave opening into the sunlight, she saw Carter turning to look at her. Even though they'd made love so openly earlier, she felt shyness overwhelm her as she walked across the open space without clothing.

Another grin split Carter's lips. "Don't tell me you're becoming shy," he laughed. "I know every part of your body intimately. You shouldn't be worrying about me seeing you now. You look more voluptuous than you did in the cave."

"I guess that was a compliment," she murmured softly.

"Yes, and I mean every word of it." His features suddenly became serious. Gone was the laughter that filled the dark eyes that were watching her intently.

Jenna glanced at him from lowered eyelids and kept on walking. She wasn't going to read too much into what he had just said, but she felt as if her heart was beating a little faster just listening to him.

It didn't take her long to wade out into the pond and gather the two pieces of her bikini. She carried the wet garments over to a tree branch and hung them out to dry. After slipping into her blouse and jeans, Jenna headed off in the direction Carter had taken. She hurried to catch up to him as he entered a grove of trees. She almost stumbled over him as she came upon his bent figure near a bush heavy with blackberries. He had stripped off his shirt and was using it as a container to carry his find back to the cave.

"Do you need any help?" She kneeled down near him.

"Sure," he answered.

Jenna began gathering the berries and throwing them into his shirt that lay between them on the ground. When it didn't look as if another berry would fit into their container, Carter rose and lifted the bounty over his shoulder.

"Now, all I have to do is catch a mess of fish," he told her as they walked back out into the clearing.

"How are you going to manage that without a fishing rod?" A skeptical look lined her face.

"You'd be surprised by what I can do."

No, I wouldn't, she thought silently, after the way you made love to me this morning. Jenna knew that anything Carter tried to do in the future wouldn't come as a shock to her.

* * * *

For the next few days, Jenna and Carter existed on fish and berries. One night while they were eating, Carter looked at Jenna with a frowning expression lining his rugged features. "You're acting very differently from the woman I pulled into the lifeboat." He made the observation with a curious look filling his dark gaze.

"I have to admit I was a spoiled brat back then, but the last few days have changed quite a few things for me," she admitted.

"What about Brody? You haven't mentioned him at all recently."

"I haven't given Brody a thought lately," she murmured. "Maybe I really wasn't in love with him after all."

"That's possible," he said thoughtfully.

"Do you think the rest of the people on the yacht made it?" She asked him the same question she'd asked right after the boat disappeared from their view while they drifted away in the lifeboat.

"I'm sure they're safe," he told her. "The crew I had with me knew what to do in case of an emergency. We were just unlucky to be thrown overboard."

"What about the people that wrote the message in the cave? What if they return? Do you have some kind of plan?"

"So many questions," he laughed. "Take a breath and calm down."

"Well, it scares me to think that we'll be at some devil worshippers' mercy," she answered, not bothering to hide the shudder racing through her body.

"We're going to vacate the cave and build a shelter in the woods before they have the chance to return. We'll find a spot where we can watch the cave and know when they've arrived."

"What will happen then?"

"I'm hoping the boat they arrive on has a radio

so we can sneak onto it and contact someone," he explained. "Surely, they'll have maps, or something to guide them to and from the island."

"I hadn't thought of that," she murmured, feeling safe with Carter. For some reason, Jenna felt all her worries beginning to vanish. She knew that somehow Carter would protect her.

* * * *

Later that night, after eating their dinner and bathing in the pond, they walked slowly toward the cave. Once they reached the damp shelter, Carter set about building a fire with the twigs he had gathered from the woods. It wasn't long before a yellow glow filled the dark interior of the cave.

As Jenna looked at Carter, she felt a yearning seize her insides. The need for him to make love to her again was powerful. They had been so busy for several days collecting food and surviving, lovemaking hadn't even been a thought, but now the thought raced through her head with a speed that surprised her.

While she watched him with coveted glances, the realization struck her that she loved him. Now she knew what she had felt for Brody was only an attraction. With Carter, it was an all-encompassing emotion, filling every fiber of her body.

When he lay down, she stood up and began stripping off her clothing. She knew she was acting aggressively, but the need that was flowing through her had to be appeased and only his lovemaking would do it.

Once she was undressed, she walked slowly over to him and kneeled down, straddling his shoulders. She pushed her body down until the lips of her pussy were planted firmly on his mouth. Moving slowly, she eventually felt the hot lick of his tongue as it found her clitoris. The more she moved back and forth, the more he sucked away at the tender meaty part of her body. As she moved forward, she felt his tongue entering her vagina and felt a thrill pass through her body that she'd never experienced before. The rocking motion continued, until she felt sparks of fiery heat make an invasion of her head.

Jenna felt an orgasm hit her with the intensity of a sledgehammer. Her entire body tingled with the shock wave, causing her to scream out in pleasure. When she could eventually control the emotional reaction that had ripped through her, she moved her body down his, intentionally caressing his chest with her hardened nipples. A shudder swiftly passed through Carter.

Straddling his muscular hips, she found his penis and felt it slide easily into her vagina. She rode his hard shaft, creating a heated friction to fill

her body. Her frenzied movements were not only delighting Jenna, she could also feel spasms rocking Carter's body beneath hers. The pleasure she experienced kept mounting in her and she moaned his name over and over again.

The climax came for her quicker than she expected it, but she kept up the movements, giving enjoyment to Carter. Eventually, she felt the shuddering response of his climax as the white-hot juice of Carter filled her. The feeling of euphoria passed swiftly through her as she climaxed again with a heightened sensation that shook her.

Spent and drained, Jenna rolled away from him. She tried lying quietly for a few minutes to slow down her breathing from the exertion she'd exhibited in her wanton lovemaking moments ago.

"You sure know how to please a man," he told her in a husky tone.

Jenna smiled across at him and silently wished he could actually love her, but she decided she was going to have to work on that part of their relationship. Didn't he think she was still in love and engaged to Brody? She was going to have to tell him her real feelings if they ever did escape this island.

"How about another dip in the pond? It's either gotten awfully hot in here in the last half

hour, or the sex has raised my temperature. Either way, I'd like nothing better than to feel the cool waterfall tumbling down on my head."

"I'll race you," she challenged as she started toward the entrance. She had only gotten a few feet when she saw lights bobbing in the distance. She caught a flicker of what she thought was a light near the sandy beach. Stopping, Jenna reached for Carter's hand and put her finger to her lips. "Look." She pointed to where she meant.

"What's wrong?" he whispered, sensing the urgency in her actions.

When Carter glanced to where she was looking, he realized the people that held the devil worshipping had returned early. According to the cave wall, they weren't supposed to arrive for another week.

"Help me gather up all our possessions and we'll hide in the woods," He had already turned toward the cave.

Jenna hurried along behind him, grabbing the clothing that was lying on the floor and pitching the things into the suitcase. She remembered to grab her brush and mirror before heading out the door, almost running toward the woods. As she glanced over her shoulder, she saw that Carter was using a tree branch laden with leaves to swipe across the sand and remove their footprints. He had thrown sand over the fire and any of the

wood that was burning was soon out.

* * * *

It wasn't long before he joined her some distance from the pond. As they cowered beside the bushes, Carter raised his head to get a better look at the people that had just arrived on the beach.

From what little he could tell in the darkness, there were several people piling out of a motorized boat. The boat was about five times larger than the raft that he and Jenna had used after being thrown overboard. He silently hoped there was some sort of radio or map that he could use to find their way, once they reached the boat and managed to commandeer it.

Eventually, he was able to count the new arrivals. There were five that he could see. Carter was hoping that there weren't more staying behind on the boat. The only way they could escape was to wait until the middle of the night and hopefully the arrivals would be bedded down.

The group eventually made their way past Jenna and Carter, heading toward the cave. There was one thing that Carter noticed. A woman had her hands bound behind her back and tape covering her mouth. This was no doubt the sacrifice for their session on the island. He silently

wondered what they intended on doing to her. He only knew one thing and that was he was going to have to help the woman if they tried to harm her. Carter wasn't about to tell Jenna his plans.

Carter had noticed how the men looked grubby and had several tattoos emblazoned across their chest. There wasn't any doubt in his mind that these were the same people that had written the messages on the cave wall. He did notice that the most favorite tattoo among the group was a picture of the devil encircled with flaming fingers of fire.

He let out his breath with a sigh once they entered the shelter. It wasn't long before giant flames of fire lit the surrounding area. Jenna and Carter could see the group more clearly as they set about building the bonfire even higher.

One of the men shouted to the other, "Do you want to make our offering tonight, or wait until tomorrow?"

"Let's do it tonight," he answered gruffly. "I'm feeling a little bloodthirsty. I'm sure our leader will go along with it."

"But they're staying on the boat tonight," another man answered.

"Well, that's just too bad," he told him. "They'll just miss out on the fun."

"If we know what's good for us, we'll wait until morning until the others join us," the second

man warned his companion.

“Oh, all right, we’ll wait, but if they aren’t here by daybreak, we’re going ahead with it.”

Jenna leaned toward Carter. “Are they going to sacrifice the woman they have tied up?”

“It seems so,” he told her.

“We have to do something to help her,” Jenna said urgently.

They could hear laughter and loud talking, but they couldn’t understand what they were saying.

* * * *

While they waited for the boisterous group to settle down for the night, Carter felt the bugs and insects making a meal of his arms. He figured the same was happening to Jenna, but she didn’t utter one word of complaint.

For what seemed like hours, they huddled together, waiting for the voices to eventually die out for the night. It was several hours before they thought it would be safe enough to sneak into the cave and try to rescue the woman.

“Let’s give it a try,” he whispered to her. “Be as quiet as you can.”

* * * *

Jenna knew better than to say anything and alert

the satanic group that they weren't the only people on the island. If they caught them, Jenna realized that she and Carter could be the next offering for the cult.

She felt her heart beating so swiftly she thought it was going to jump out of her chest at any moment. Every little noise she heard in the still night air caused her pulse to accelerate again.

By the time they reached the edge of the entrance to the cave, Carter stopped Jenna with a hand on her arm. She watched as he reached up and touched her lips with his fingertips. When he made a motion with his two fingers toward his eyes and then the cave door, she knew he was sending her a signal that he wanted to look around before they entered.

She shook her head that she understood and crouched even lower on the warm sand. Carter slowly made his way forward until he was only a dark figure in the night. Again, Jenna held her breath, wondering what Carter's plan was going to be for the men inside.

Soon she heard shouts drifting out to her and inched closer to get a better look. What she saw caused her to feel a little safer. Carter had managed to grab the guns the men had brought with them and he was holding the cult members at bay.

"Jenna," he called out to her.

It didn't take Jenna long to join him in the cave. She shuddered as she glanced around at the dirty looking men scattered on the sandy floor. Their hair was long and stringy and it didn't look as if they'd taken a bath in weeks.

"What should I do?" She went to stand near Carter.

"Untie the woman and then we're going to tie these men up," he explained, reaching for the rope and tape that the group had brought with them.

Jenna didn't hesitate in helping the woman remove the ties and tape. Carter handed Jenna the rope and she, with the help of the woman, began securing it around each of the men's arms and legs. Before long, they were secured tightly.

"Now, we're going to make a run for the boat," Carter told them, "but we're going to have to be extra quiet. There are some members still on board."

The three ran swiftly across the sand through the dark night. Scurrying over the sandy beach, they had only one thought in mind, their transportation off the island was just a little distance away. Carter had carried one of the guns with him and shoved it down in the waistband of his jeans.

When they reached the boat, he stealthily crawled on board and disappeared from their view. A month ago, she would have never

pictured the problems she was now having. But, she realized that in the last couple of weeks, she had grown into a more mature woman having to deal with different situations. She felt she owed her transformation to the strong, resilient Carter.

Suddenly, she heard a scuffling sound coming from beneath the upper deck of the boat. Jenna felt her heart racing madly, wondering what had happened to Carter. If he were hurt, she wouldn't know what she'd do after just discovering her feelings for him. He had told them to stay put, but it was the hardest thing she ever had to do.

It seemed a lifetime passed, but it couldn't have been more than five minutes. She glanced up and saw three dark figures climbing over the side of the boat. Her heart leaped into her throat until she saw that Carter was holding a gun on the other two.

"If you know what's good for you, you'll head up the beach before I unload this pistol on you both," he told the men as they hit the sand with a running gait.

Carter reached down and offered his hand to the two women and pulled them aboard. When they reached the small cabin right off the upper deck that housed the radio and maps, Carter lit his lighter and cupped it with his hands to find out where the instrument panels were.

Jenna offered to help by taking the lighter from

Carter. She held it for him to see and still have the use of his hands. As he pulled the wires from the ignition switch, she knew time was important. Within seconds, he had stripped the rubber coating off the wires and touched the different colored ones together. The engine sputtered several times, but eventually it roared into life.

Carter quickly grabbed the lever and guided the boat out into the water. Once they reached a safe distance from shore, he slowed the boat and lit the lighter again. It didn't take him long to find the panel lights near the steering wheel.

The night was suddenly loud with shouts and screams from the people standing at the edge of the water. The two men must have run into the cave and untied the others they had left behind.

Within seconds, shots rang out and Jenna ducked down, hoping that they were far enough away from shore that the bullets couldn't reach them.

The boat was too far out for the cult members to swim to and reach it, so Jenna felt safer for the first time that night. Just the thought of still being on the island with that group brought shudders racing through her. There wasn't a doubt in her mind that they would have been killed that night, or the next day. They were shooting at them now without the thought that they may hit someone.

She noticed that Carter pushed the lever down

and sailed a little further out from the shoreline. She figured he was just being on the safe side and making certain that the bullets couldn't reach them. It wasn't long before he slowed the boat down to a crawl.

"Here's the compass and a map. I've also found a radio, but I want to make sure we're farther away from the angry crowd on the beach before we start looking at the map, or using the radio."

"I want to thank you for saving me," the woman they had rescued spoke into the quiet night. "My name is Patricia Waverly."

"How did that group get you on the island?" Jenna asked.

"I was at my beach house alone when they broke in last night," she explained in a shaky tone. "I've never seen any of them before, but I soon found out what they were up to. All they could talk about was that they had found an offering to appease the devil."

"You must have been so frightened," Jenna said.

"Believe me, I thought I'd never live to see tomorrow," her voice trailed off into silence.

Jenna glanced over to where Carter was trying to get the control on the radio to work. He had spread a map out on the small console and was trying to study it by the dim light overhead.

Neither was watching Patricia Waverly. When she moved across the short space near the console, she picked up the gun Carter had carried aboard. When Jenna glanced up, she couldn't believe her what she saw. Patricia Waverly was aiming the gun at them.

"What are you doing?" Jenna asked with a shocked sound flowing from her tone.

"The two of you are going to turn this boat around and head back to the island," she said in a demanding tone.

"Why would you want to go back?" Carter asked, surprised over her actions.

"They weren't going to sacrifice me," she laughed, giving them a look that made them think she thought they were fools. "They were trying to draw you out of your hiding place. My friends figured you would be the knight in shining armor and try to rescue me. Only their plan backfired. They drank too much and fell asleep."

"How did they know we were on the island?" Jenna couldn't fully comprehend what Patricia Waverly was telling her. "What would you have sacrificed if we hadn't shown up?"

"We've been watching the island from a safe distance," she informed them in a sarcastic tone. "And we could always have used an animal for what we wanted to do. You're wasting my time by talking so get this boat turned around. The others

are going to get impatient if I don't get you back to the island soon."

Carter fumed inwardly. He couldn't believe this was happening. There was no way he intended to be taken back to the island and offered up as a sacrifice. He would have to devise another plan and try to disarm her. "You're nothing but a rotten bitch! You certainly are a good actor, though. You had me believing you needed our help, but you were planning to have us killed instead." Just saying the words and thinking what she had in mind for the two of them made Carter see red again. His anger boiled over and without thinking, he made a lunging dive for Patricia Waverly.

To Jenna's horror, she heard a loud shot ring out and watched as Carter slumped over. Her adrenaline kicked in and she ran across to Patricia Waverly and slammed her body against the other woman. Patricia wasn't expecting the maneuver and started falling. Without finding anything to grab onto, she fell over the side of the boat into the churning water.

Jenna didn't bother trying to help her as she ran across to Carter. It looked as if he had been shot in the side and red stains of blood were soaking his shirt. She ripped off a strip of his shirt and folded it into a makeshift bandage.

"Carter, can you hear me?" she asked urgently.

"Yes," he managed to say through clenched teeth.

"Hold this piece of shirt against your side while I try to get someone on the radio."

After she got him to press the cloth against his wound, she ran to the radio and started pressing the buttons. Jenna picked up the microphone and heard a crackling sound echoing out to her.

"If anyone is out there, we need your help immediately," Jenna pleaded frantically. "Carter McPherson has been shot and we need medical attention, he's losing quite a bit of blood."

To Jenna's surprise, a voice came over the radio. "This is the Coast Guard," he said, identifying who was receiving her message. "What's your location?"

"I'm not sure," she answered, beginning to feel as if this was a lost cause.

"Look on the boat's panel and tell me what the compass reads," he told her. "This should tell me which way you are heading."

"We just left a small island, but I don't know what the name of it was," she said. "Hold on a minute. I have a map with a location circled in red." Jenna carried the map over to the light and read off the name of the island to the man listening on the other end.

"Cut your engine and wait for us," he instructed her. "We know where you are located."

We'll send a chopper out to pick up the wounded man and you can travel back with us on the Coast Guard ship."

"Thank you," Jenna answered, reaching for the lever and pulling it all the way down. The boat slowed to barely a crawl, but by keeping the hot wire connection, the lights still shined across the choppy sea. She needed something to guide their rescuers in the dark night.

She quickly walked over to Carter and knelt down beside him. He had let the shirt slip, so she placed it back over his wound and pressed it tightly. It wasn't long before she saw lights fast approaching. Overhead, Jenna heard the whirring sound of the helicopter drawing near. When the Coast Guard reached them, they shined a bright spotlight into the smaller boat.

The helicopter hovered for several minutes, but eventually, Jenna saw a stretcher attached to a rope being lowered to their boat. When it was stationary, she didn't know how she was going to lift Carter onto the cot. She didn't have to worry long as the Coast Guard boat got closer to them and a man jumped across the short space separating the two vessels.

It wasn't long before he had placed Carter on the stretcher and strapped him in. Soon, Carter was just a tiny speck as he was hoisted up to the helicopter hovering overhead.

When the man helped Jenna board the Coast Guard ship, she hurriedly told them what had happened and about the woman that had fallen overboard. Even though she had shot Carter, Jenna felt she should at least have them try to help her.

“We’ll head in that direction before going back to Miami,” he told her, giving instructions to his crew.

By the time they reached the island, the group that had arrived earlier was sitting on the sand. There with the men was the woman that had fallen overboard. She had somehow made it back safely.

When the man on the top deck of the ship pointed a huge gun toward the group, he didn’t have any problems in disarming them. As they were brought aboard, they were taken below and placed in a room with a guard.

Jenna felt so tired from all that had happened, but she was still concerned for Carter’s safety. “Have you heard anything about Carter?”

“I’m going to radio in now to see if he’s reached the hospital,” he told her as he lifted the microphone.

She stood near him so she could hear all of the conversation. Listening to his end, she realized that Carter was now undergoing surgery and that was all the information they could tell him.

"I suppose you heard." He glanced down at her.

"Yes, but how long will it be before we get back to Miami?"

"In about two hours," he said. "There's a cot downstairs that you can rest on and I'll wake you when we arrive."

"That's very kind of you but I don't think I can sleep," she refused his offer.

"Well, just go down and relax then," he said. "Follow the steps down and it's the first door on the right."

"Thank you," she murmured, heading down the stairs. When she reached the lower deck, she opened the first door to the right. There was only a cot and a small sink with a mirror overhead.

Jenna took a look in the mirror and gazed for a long time at the straggly looking woman staring out at her. Her appearance was the least of her worries right then, though. Her only concern was for Carter. This was the first time in her life that she had put another person's welfare before her own. She'd discovered she loved Carter with all her heart. When he was shot, her world felt as if it was collapsing around her.

She didn't know how much time had passed, but soon a knock sounded on her door. As she opened it, she was greeted with a smile from the man she had talked to earlier on the upper deck. "I

wanted to let you know we'll be docking in ten minutes."

"Do you think someone could take me to the hospital?"

"I'll make sure I find someone to give you a ride," he told her as he tipped his hat and started to make his way up the stairs.

Jenna didn't waste any time in rinsing off her face in the sink and trying to brush her hair into some kind of order. If she was going to the hospital, she didn't want to look so disheveled.

By the time the car she was riding in pulled up to the hospital entrance, Jenna only took seconds to thank the man for taking the time to get her here. She hurried toward the doors and waited until they swung open. As she walked down the hall, she got a few curious stares, but Jenna didn't care. Her only concern was finding out where they had Carter.

When she stopped at the front desk and asked about Carter, the nurse on duty led the way down the hallway to a room. Once inside, she saw that Carter was the lone occupant. He had his eyes closed and she didn't know if he was asleep or still knocked out from the drugs they'd given him during surgery.

She made her way over to the bed and pulled a chair right next to him. Jenna took Carter's hand in hers and held it gently. He still wasn't responding

so she thought she'd just sit and wait it out until he awakened.

"Carter," she whispered. "You gave me a scare back there. I want you to know how much I love you. What I felt for Brody was only an attraction. I can tell you all this because I know you can't hear me."

"That's where you are wrong," he said in a slurred tone. "I heard everything you said."

She didn't know what to say. She had confessed her innermost thoughts to him, not realizing that he was listening to every word. Jenna felt like a fool and started to pull away from him.

His grip tightened on her hand. "Where do you think you're going?"

"I didn't think you wanted to be bothered with me now," she told him. "I've just made a complete fool of myself."

"No you haven't," he said softly. "If you couldn't tell I loved you, then you're blind."

"You love me!"

"That's what I said," he whispered hoarsely "and don't try to get away from me again."

"You can be assured I won't," she promised him. "Have you heard anything about the rest of the people on the yacht?"

"I asked the helicopter pilot about them and he said they managed to sail back to Miami,

outrunning the storm."

"I'm glad to hear everyone is all right," she murmured. "I have to find Brody and give back his ring."

"You'd better," he told her. "I'm not about to ever let you go."

Jenna reached over and kissed his lips.

The possessive warmth coming from Jenna only made Carter hungry for more. When he tried to move, he groaned loudly. Just then a nurse came into the room.

"You're going to have to leave now," she told Jenna. "He needs his rest."

"I'll be back tomorrow, minus the engagement ring," she told Carter as she leaned toward him to brush his cheek with her lips.

"I'll be here waiting for you," he told her. "We have a lot of plans to make tomorrow."

Jenna walked from the hospital feeling as if she was on a cloud. It wouldn't take her long to return Brody's ring and end their engagement. She would have to check in with her parents and let them know she was all right. She also wanted to tell them of her change in plans about Brody.

Her agenda for the following day was to return to the hospital and make Carter her sole priority. A month ago she was traveling through life without a purpose, but since meeting Carter, everything had changed for her. She was no

longer the spoiled brat that had stepped foot on the yacht that sunny day.

Carter had brought out two traits in her that Jenna didn't know she possessed. One was determination and the other was a commitment to succeed in life. She felt Carter had taught her what love really meant. They had faced perils on the small island and were now stronger in their love for one another. Jenna felt she had found the man she wanted to spend the rest of her life with and knew time wouldn't change her feelings.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mary Ann is married with two sons and writes Merotic romances full time with her sister Suzanne. Suzanne is also married with two daughters and also devotes her time to writing.