



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S STEAM
HEAT WAVE

HUNK OF BURNIN' LOVE

VERONICA WILDE

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Veronica Wilde

Chapter One

Vanessa Reeves woke up naked and alone on a muggy summer morning with her thoughts full of Elvis Presley. It was August sixteenth, the anniversary of Elvis's death, and that reminded her of her boyfriend, Landon. Or rather, her ex-boyfriend. Landon had ended their three-year relationship at the beginning of summer, saying he wanted to be free. She still couldn't help thinking about him, though, especially on hot lonely nights when it was just her in bed, naked and burning for his touch. Or on lazy mornings like this when she dreamt of sleepily rolling over to guide him inside her. They had been so good at morning sex. And sex in the shower. Sex outside in the garden—that too. And sex in her backseat that one time—

Stop, she scolded herself. She would never get over Landon if she kept thinking about their sex life. Yet it was hard not to. Landon had been the ultimate bad boy, six feet of bad attitude and good looks, with serpentine tattoos and the irresistible smile of the devil himself. And the sex—oh, the things he could do with those long fingers and gyrating hips. Memories of him burned through her like molten lava.

Quickly Vanessa forced her mind back to neutral territory—Elvis. Despite the fact that he had died years before she was born, she had always loved his music. Landon had made fun of her Elvis collection, calling her *Grandma* and pretending to check her dentures. *You're twenty-six*, he'd say. *Why do you listen to that oldies crap?* She liked other music. She just liked Elvis a lot too. She never understood why Landon

had to be so sarcastic about it, as if the earsplitting industrial bands he worshipped were somehow musically superior.

Now she couldn't listen to Elvis without thinking of Landon.

Vanessa stretched out between her white sheets. Her window was open and she could tell by the breeze that it was a muggy, overcast morning—perfect for staying in bed with a hard, well-muscled body that knew just how she liked to be touched and licked...

Stop it, Vanessa.

Reluctantly, she climbed out of bed and looked in the mirror. Almost unconsciously she cupped her full, firm breasts then ran her hands down the narrow curve of her waist. She'd been working out all summer, determined to make Landon burn with regret over leaving her. Now she was strong, buff and curvy in all the right places. Her long black hair had never looked so glossy and her deep tan made her brown eyes glow. Unfortunately she hadn't run into Landon once all summer—and to make matters worse, she hadn't had a date since they broke up. Plenty of guys had asked her out at the bookstore where she worked but none of them felt right. Her best friend was starting to refer to it as her "Summer of Celibacy".

She would die before she let Landon know it but she had spent most nights this summer listening to Elvis's love songs, wishing fervently to meet someone new. Somehow Elvis had a song for every emotion. "All Shook Up" described perfectly Landon's physical effect on her. "Kentucky Rain" captured her anguish after he left. And of course "Heartbreak Hotel" and "Are You Lonesome Tonight" epitomized every solitary night this summer.

Now she was facing another weekend without a man, but she didn't want to think about that. Instead her mind turned to her mom, who had also been a major Elvis fan. In honor of the date, Vanessa decided to visit

her. She slipped on jeans and a white tank top, then headed off to the florist.



Hours later she was walking through the cemetery with pink tea roses in her hand—her mom’s favorite. It was a gentle summer twilight, birds singing in the huge maple and elm trees that adorned the grounds. A few other families were visiting but the cemetery was quiet. She glanced to the west, where the setting sun was casting long shadows through the spiked iron gate.

She walked past the meditation pond and mausoleum until she came to her mother’s grave. *Carole Reeves, beloved wife and mother*. Vanessa blinked back her tears. Her vibrant, fun-loving mother had died of breast cancer four years ago and she had never stopped feeling the basic unfairness of it all.

“Hey there, darlin’.”

She turned to see a middle-aged man behind her. Instinctively she clutched her handbag and glanced around to make sure other visitors were still present in the cemetery. Then she took a look at his jeans, sweatshirt and baseball cap and relaxed. This guy just didn’t seem menacing.

In fact, despite his sunglasses, he seemed downright familiar. Probably he was the cemetery caretaker, here to remind her that the gates would be closing soon.

“Oh—hello. Is it closing time?” She glanced again at the sunset. “I didn’t realize the time.”

“No, no, you’re fine. I’m just saying hi.”

His deep southern accent was also familiar. So was his voice. He almost sounded—ridiculous as this was—like Elvis Presley. She had Elvis on the brain today.

He nodded at her mother's grave. "That your momma?"

"Yes. She passed away a few years ago. Breast cancer." Tears rose to her eyes and she tried to brush them away.

"I'm sorry to hear that. Losing your momma is a terrible thing. I lost mine young too."

Just like Elvis, she thought. The more this guy talked, the more he sounded exactly like him. On the other hand, the silver hair poking out from his baseball cap, and the portly belly pushing at his sweatshirt, didn't exactly evoke the popular image of the sexy, raven-haired star.

"I'm sorry," she told him. "Was it cancer?"

"Heart attack."

A peaceful silence settled between them as they regarded her mother's grave. A faint breeze stirred the grass as the man adjusted his baseball cap. She glanced sideways at him. Yes, his resemblance to Elvis was remarkable. He could have been a middle-aged, pudgy Elvis gone gray. Just like Elvis would look if he were alive.

Be real, she scolded herself. Elvis had died decades ago and he had been in his early forties then. He would be an old man now—if the legends about him hoaxing his death were true.

But this man was in his late fifties at the most. Maybe a well-preserved sixty. Still she glanced curiously at him. Finally she had to say it.

"I'm sure you hear this all the time," she began, "but you look just like Elvis Presley."

The man didn't smile or even look at her.

She waited for a response. The man lifted his head and stared right at her. There was just enough light in the cemetery for her to see through the dark lenses of his sunglasses...and right into his pale blue bedroom eyes, just like Elvis's. She looked at his lips. Elvis had always had the most distinctive lips, sensuous and unique, even after his weight gain.

So did this man. A shudder ran through her.

"You a fan?" he said at last.

She nodded fervently. "My boyfriend—ex-boyfriend—always made fun of me for listening to him but I love him. I like newer music, don't get me wrong, but Elvis's music just—it was perfect."

Those blue eyes bore through the sunglasses. "Sounds like you take him serious."

"Of course I do," she said, surprised. "He's the King." Her eyes ran nervously over his pudgy chin and cheeks, his silver hair. Silly, silly to be thinking these things.

"You ever seen one of them impersonators?"

She made a face of distaste. "No. I think it's sort of disrespectful..." Then she realized the obvious. "Oh my God. You're an Elvis impersonator." Certainly he wasn't dressed as such right now but he had to be. He just looked too much like him not to be. Perhaps he'd even had plastic surgery to get those perfect lips.

The man broke out in a broad smile. "You hear of the Celebrity Star Revue?"

"That show with all the celebrity impersonators? The one at the summer carnival?" She had seen the ads on TV but never thought of attending.

"Come on by the show tonight. In fact, come on backstage and see me, I'll get you a great seat."

"For real? I would love that."

The man still had an odd light in his blue eyes. But all he said was,
“See you tonight then. Nine o’clock.”

Chapter Two

Every summer the carnival came to town, perching on the edge of the beach like a loud, multicolored monster of whirling rides and cheap prizes. Vanessa hadn't been there in years, namely because Landon had always made fun of it. *Childish* and *stupid*, he called it. Yet now it seemed like fun—cheap, bawdy fun. As she walked through the straw-covered grounds, the electronic song of the merry-go-round and the screams of joy from the rollercoaster overwhelmed her. She could smell fried dough and cotton candy and everywhere she looked someone was trying to shoot moving bottles or stumbling off the Tilt-A-Whirl.

Yes, it all sparkled before her like a vulgar, roaring gem. Suddenly she realized how much she had missed out on this summer by staying home and moping over Landon. Well, that was going to change—starting tonight. She was wearing a short red cotton dress that showed off her tan legs and her long black hair was loose; the appreciative glances of passing men told her she looked good. So what if she was alone? Feeling adventurous, she headed down to the auditorium where glossy posters advertised the Celebrity Star Revue.

She paid for her ticket and slipped down a dark hall leading backstage. “Hi, I’m Vanessa Reeves,” she told the security guard. “Mr....” Her confidence died as she realized she had never learned the impersonator’s real name. “Elvis invited me to come see him tonight. He told me to come backstage.”

“Did he now.” The man looked her up and down with a sly smile. “Go down that hall there. Second door on the right.”

“Thank you so much.” Even without directions, she would have known which dressing room was his. A booming rendition of “Burning Love” was blaring through the door. She knocked.

Was that a “come in” she heard? She tried the knob and stepped in—and found herself staring at a naked man.

Her first impression was of smooth, tanned muscle. He was in his mid-to-late twenties, just over six feet tall with the broad shoulders and narrow hips of a model. That flawless sun-browned skin just seemed to go on and on, rippling from perfectly carved pectoral muscles down to a sculpted abdomen and continuing into long, hard-muscled legs. But as if magnetized, Vanessa’s eyes were drawn to the center of his body, where an impressively thick, long cock was growing hard under her gaze. A wave of shock and heat swept over her and she quickly dragged her attention up to the man’s face.

Silky black hair framed one of the most handsome faces she’d ever seen. Ice-blue eyes blazed at her in outrage.

“Oh God, I’m sorry,” she gasped. Heart pounding, she began to back out.

“Sorry?” the guy yelled, grabbing a towel to cover himself. “Haven’t you ever heard of knocking?”

“I *did* knock,” she said hotly. “I thought you said to come in. Look, I’m sorry. The guard said this was the Elvis impersonator’s room.”

It was obvious now that the portly, silver-haired impersonator she had met at the cemetery was nowhere around. Her face was burning pink with embarrassment—and her body was flushed with reactive lust at seeing such gorgeous, naked masculinity.

He snapped off the boom box, cutting off the Elvis song mid-tune. As he wrapped the towel around his narrow hips, his gaze traveled up and down her body. “Looking for Elvis, are you?”

“Yes.” Despite her flustered state, she couldn’t help noticing just how fine he looked in the towel. With his wide shoulders and sculpted torso, he could have stepped out of an underwear commercial. “Look, I’m really sorry. I was at the cemetery today and met him—”

“You met Elvis at the cemetery?” A mocking white smile crept across his tanned face. “Was he eating a peanut butter and banana sandwich? Did he say, *Thank you, thank you very much?*”

She scowled. “Look, I happen to be a big Elvis fan. So while I’m sorry I walked in on you—well, naked—I’m not going to let you mock his memory.”

Somehow her indignation unlocked his true smile. He grinned more genuinely and came toward her. “That makes two of us. T.J. Woodard here—a huge fan of the King.”

She mustered a friendly smile, as if he wasn’t standing before her with just a white towel tenting over that impressive manhood. As if the image of his enticingly stiff cock wasn’t flashing repeatedly in her mind no matter how hard she tried to think of something innocent. “Vanessa Reeves. Thanks for being so nice about the mix-up.”

T.J. adjusted his towel as he walked closer. For a moment she stiffened with anticipation. But he only pushed the door shut behind her.

Her heart began to race with a nervousness that wasn’t entirely unpleasant.

“So,” she said lamely. “Do you work here as part of the crew?”

Those blue eyes were mesmerizing her with their erotic speculation. With every moment that passed, it was becoming harder to remember the Elvis impersonator she had come here to see.

"Yeah, I work the lights." His gaze was growing more interested, yet calculating too as he took in her short red dress, then returned to her face. "So how about I get you the best seat in the house?"

"Okay..." A devious hint rode his smile but she wasn't sure how to decipher it.

He leaned closer. "Just on one condition."

Something fluttered inside her stomach. She nodded in a daze.

"You have to give me the best kiss I've ever had in my life." His lips were full and sexy and she couldn't help but notice how pink they were against his tan. "Deal?"

She swallowed nervously. "Deal," she promised, her voice barely a whisper, and extended her hand.

T.J. took her hand in one meaningful squeeze. Then he let go of his towel.

Unable to stop herself, her gaze fell down his broad golden-brown chest to the eight-inch rod stiffening between his legs. It rose up like a velvet colossus, straining toward her with undisguised lust.

A helpless, animal heat swept through her like wildfire. All the frustration and yearning of this sexless summer collected between her legs in one trembling, demanding ache.

"I..." Her voice was shaking as she tried to assert control over the situation. She hadn't even had a date in months and now here she was under the spell of a naked stranger. Normally she would never do something like this, no matter how sexy the man. Yet she only leaned back against the door as T.J. took her skirt and pushed it up her thighs. Taking his cock in his hand, he rubbed its swollen head back and forth over her panties. Vanessa closed her eyes and succumbed to the moment, feeling the heat of his skin press through the satin.

"You still haven't kissed me yet," he whispered.

Her fingers shook as she took his perfect, taunting face in her hands and kissed him on his jaw. Her mouth traveled up his skin, her lips tracing the line of his high cheekbones before grazing his eyelids. He was so blood-stirringly gorgeous that her body needed to adjust to him before addressing the ultimate prize of his mouth. She lightly bit his nose, then kissed each of his silky temples. She could smell the scent of his shampoo and it mingled with something feverish—the hot smell of masculine arousal. At last her fingers slid down to his collarbone and she rested her forehead against his, not quite letting her mouth touch his.

He half-opened his burning crystalline eyes and stared at her in a challenge.

She brushed her mouth over his, learning the fullness and curve of his lips before testing their sensitivity with her tongue. She bit his lower lip just once, letting it escape her teeth so slowly that he moaned. Then her lips moved together in a simulation of a pucker as she kissed him traditionally for the first time.

He pushed her hard against the door, kissing her back as passionately and feverishly as a man gone mad. His rigid cock pressed into her panties as she twisted and ground against him. Hungrily his hands slid into her long black hair, pinning her head to the door as his mouth worked hers in ravenous need.

A pounding on the door separated them. “T.J., soundcheck.”

Vanessa jumped away, wiping her mouth. A flush of arousal stained her cheeks and dampened her panties. She wasn’t sure what had just happened but she knew it wasn’t anything she’d experienced before.

T.J.’s eyes burned into her. “They need me. Come find me after the show, okay?”

Wild horses couldn’t have prevented her. She nodded, and with another tricky smile, he slipped into his pants and headed out.

Catching her breath, Vanessa tugged down her skirt and walked back down the hall. The guard wordlessly led her into the auditorium to a table up front as the rest of the audience filtered in.

Five minutes later, the ceiling lights dimmed and a voice boomed over the speakers, "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Celebrity Star Revue."

A thrill-building hum raced through the room. From the same speakers a lively music began as four girls in skimpy costumes took the stage in a wild dance. The announcer boomed, "And here's the King of Rock and Roll...Elvis Presley!"

The band launched into a merry rendition of "Viva Las Vegas". Vanessa turned expectantly toward the stage to see at last her older cemetery friend.

Yet the Elvis who strolled out in a black and gold lamé jacket and massive sunglasses was young. His black hair was cut full with sideburns and he strutted and moved with snake-hipped finesse. He was the young sexy Elvis, the one whose gyrating pelvis had been banned on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. The one whose lazy bedroom eyes and erotic pout had caused millions of young girls and grown women to scream and faint with excitement over his overwhelming sexual charisma.

It was T.J.

Vanessa's jaw dropped as she watched her backstage man move as smoothly as the suave Elvis she had seen in all of her mother's favorite old movies. His voice, deep and confident, was almost an exact replica of Elvis's voice. How was that possible? He had sounded nothing like him in the dressing room—not that she had been using her ears as much as her eyes, of course. He had Elvis's height, and black hair and blue eyes, but his features were very different. Yet somehow his transformation into Elvis was complete.

“Viva Las Vegas” ended and he disappeared offstage. An older emcee emerged and, taking the microphone, introduced all of the band members and revue dancers. The band launched into the rollicking opening chords of “Burning Love”.

T.J. sauntered back out in a black leather jumpsuit. He was no longer wearing sunglasses and she could see those crystalline eyes perfectly as he sang. For the first time, she understood the meaning of the word *heartthrob* as their gazes connected and her heart gave a desperate pang. *Stop it*, she scolded herself. *You don't even know this guy*. Yet she couldn't deny that he was affecting her emotions now as turbulently as his touch had affected her body just minutes earlier.

Still singing, he walked down the stage steps and into the audience. She watched in disbelief as he slid down to one knee in front of her and twisted his scarf round her neck as he sang.

After the refrain, T.J. pulled her toward him with the scarf and kissed her. There in front of the hundreds of envious, interested eyes watching him, his full mouth pressed hers in a momentary reawakening of their backstage fire—and then he was gone, still singing, back up to the stage.

She sat absolutely still in her seat, feeling as if her body had been turned to water or stone. For the rest of his performance, as he performed “Suspicious Minds” and “Heartbreak Hotel”, she could not move. Her panties clung to her wet, aroused sex and her mouth burned where he had kissed her. And all the while her mind raced in a dazed question of what would happen after the show. Was T.J. simply playing a game with a fan who had stumbled into his dressing room or did he feel the same intensity between them that she did?

At last he left the stage and a Madonna impersonator came on. Vanessa barely took notice of her or the other performers until the show finale, when all of the impersonators took the stage for a final bow. T.J.

emerged last and waved to the crowd before exiting, receiving the loudest applause. As the lights came up, Vanessa followed the rest of the crowd out to find the impersonators lined up behind a velvet rope, posing for photos.

Almost a dozen girls were giggling around T.J. He winked at her, then pulled a sneer for the camera. At last the crowd dispersed and she approached him.

“Hey, baby,” he said in his best deep Elvis voice.

In his stage makeup, sideburns and black leather, T.J. loomed over her like a hybrid of the naked man she had kissed backstage and a suave young Elvis Presley. The effect was disconcerting. It made her want to follow him backstage to rewind the night—take off the jumpsuit and wipe off the eyeliner and sideburns until he was that same delectable naked man she had kissed.

She finally found her voice. “Why didn’t you tell me backstage?”

“Now what fun would that be?” he asked in his normal voice. He was smiling casually but the heated challenge in his eyes still burned.

A group of middle-aged women appeared behind them with cameras. He flashed a perfect Elvis sneer at them, making one of the women shriek with excitement.

“I have another show,” he told Vanessa without breaking character. He slipped her a piece of paper with an address on it. “Meet me at midnight for a swim.”

It wasn’t a question or a request but a command. As he posed for photos, Vanessa quickly walked away, the paper clenched in her shaking fingers.

Chapter Three

So. It was a hot August night and she had a date.

Not just any date. She was going to have a tryst with the sexiest man she'd ever met—a man who had pulled up her skirt and teased her with his hard cock moments after they met. A man who brought her every sexual nerve to life with one glance. He just happened to be an Elvis impersonator.

Her Summer of Celibacy was about to erupt in flames.

The August moon was high in the sky as she drove to his address. T.J. lived in the countryside and his road was lit only by the stars and the lights of distant houses. She shifted uneasily in the car, aware of her bikini bottoms already clinging to her wetness. She was wearing cut-offs and a pink tank top over a white macramé bikini that hugged her curves. She knew she looked sexy yet the memory of T.J.'s demanding mouth and prodding erection had her stomach fluttering with nerves.

She hadn't been with anyone since Landon broke up with her. Now she was facing a night with a man who affected her more strongly and swiftly than anyone she'd ever met. It could end in the summer romance of her dreams or it could end in her second heartache this year—but either way, she was determined to take the risk.

At last she pulled into his driveway and emerged to a chorus of crickets. A splash broke the peaceful summer night and she walked around to the back of the house.

Underwater lights illuminated a large backyard pool. T.J. was waiting in the greenish glow with a devilish grin, his black hair wet. The waves sent a dancing light over his tanned chest.

"About time," he said and splashed water at her.

"Hey!" She jumped back as the water sprinkled her tank top. "You're getting me wet."

"That is the point, I believe, in swimming."

"Not when I still have my shirt on."

"In my opinion, tank tops usually look best when wet." He splashed her again.

She dragged her attention from the impressive spectacle of his chest, determined to gain control of the situation. Slowly she pulled her pink tank top over her head and tossed it on the grass. She was gratified to see those blue eyes go hot with interest as the white bikini top rode up the bottom half of her breasts. She casually tugged it down with just enough force to almost reveal her nipples. She swallowed a smile as T.J. made a soft noise in his throat. Unzipping her cut-offs, she slid them down her hips with a suggestive swivel.

Her white bikini glowing against her tan, she descended onto the top underwater step.

"Stop right there," T.J. said. "You aren't coming in any further dressed like that."

She looked down incredulously at her bikini. "What?"

"You saw me naked. Fair's fair."

"You—" Words failed her as she realized the implication. "That was an accident," she protested. Did he honestly think she was going to just strip naked for his enjoyment before she'd even gotten in the water?

Apparently.

"Take off your top and your bottoms," he told her. "Now."

An inexplicable shyness swept over her. “I barely know you...”

He walked toward her. As he did, the pool grew more shallow and the water receded down to his hips, exposing his thickly erect cock. The underwater lights glistened on his naked body.

She bit her lip, unable to take her eyes from his straining erection.

“Come on, Vanessa,” he cajoled in a voice that was half coaxing, half warning. He walked closer, the water dipping down to his thighs now to expose a set of tight, large balls. “Performing gets me so hot that I always need a swim afterward. And swimming feels best naked.”

Her fingers shaking, she untied the strings of her bikini top. She held the fabric over her nipples for a moment, then gathered her courage and tossed it aside, her breasts bouncing with the movement. Her face was burning with self-consciousness as his hot gaze locked on her stiff rose-colored nipples. Forcing her thumbs into the waistband of her bikini bottoms, she eased them down her hips. Then she stopped, paralyzed by doubt. She couldn’t help but be aware that this was the first time she had gotten naked with a new man in three years—and that she was doing it with a sexy performer who had his pick of women. She took a deep breath, wondering again if he felt as smitten as she did or if he simply did this all the time.

T.J. walked onto the bottom underwater step and stroked a casual finger through the curls exposed over the bikini bottom. Without a word, he pressed his mouth to her stomach and delivered a kiss that burned the tanned curve of her navel. Slowly he began to lick down into the soft mound beneath her bottoms. She closed her eyes from the intensity of the sensations.

He bit each of her hipbones lightly before his tongue continued its southward path. Her tan lines glowed in the reflection of the pool, a white triangle of skin exposed against the dark olive tan of her stomach and

thighs. For the first time she realized he had lowered her bikini bottoms without her feeling it. She twisted slightly, experiencing a shiver of longing as his tongue traced her bikini lines. Part of her was paralyzed with pleasure, breathless to see what he would do next, and a lustier, more impatient part of her wanted to throw a leg around his neck and pull his face straight into her pussy.

His tongue traveled between her legs for the first time, licking the moisture that had gathered from her excitement and the humid night without touching her most sensitive nerves. Unable to stop herself, she wiggled with yearning. But T.J.'s hands only slid up the back of her thighs, stroking her softest, most hidden skin until she felt as if her body were melting in his hands.

His fingers gently coaxed her thighs apart. His pale eyes were feverish with lust as he gazed up at her.

She looked down at him, breathing hard. Her bikini bottoms were twisted around her knees and he held her thighs apart in his hands. She was entirely in his control and could only pray that he would deliver the kind of earth-shaking satisfaction his eyes and lips had been promising all night.

He pressed his mouth to her pussy in a light, shivery kiss. The kiss turned long and hot as his lips moved over her folds with burning skill. She moaned, gripping the pool ladder to steady herself on the top step as an electric flush spread over her skin. Then, like an underwater serpent emerging from its cave, his tongue slipped between her lips, tasting her slick sweetness before pushing inside her to explore her most sensitive walls.

She moaned again, feeling her knees give way under the lust rocketing through her body. Weak with desire, she held onto the ladder for balance as T.J. pulled off her bikini bottoms and hooked her legs over

his shoulder. Spreading her thighs wide, he moved his tongue over her with a skill and intensity she had never known. Her nipples were stiffer than they'd ever been in her life and they ached to be touched as his lips moved over her clit and sucked it gently.

"Yes, just like that..." she whispered. T.J touched her so confidently, as if he possessed the intimate knowledge of an old lover while thrilling her with the exquisite freshness of someone new. The sensations evoked by his mouth catered to her body's desires perfectly. This was fire. This was magic. No man had ever made her body come alive like this.

His tongue swam over her clit, making her blood rise, then swirled around her delicate hood in maddening circles. "Please, T.J., don't stop..."

She didn't resist as he pulled her down into the water. Almost all of her body was floating in the pool now, only her hips elevated in his hands as he licked and stroked her. She gripped the ladder handles and let her long hair spread out around her, succumbing to the power of his mouth. The cool water lapping against her bottom made the fiery tension of her pussy feel all the hotter, and the waves washing over her body teased her stiff nipples. Wordlessly begging for relief, Vanessa squirmed under his lips.

His tongue dove back inside her, illuminating all of her secret desires. She thrashed openly in his hands now, a white-hot tension filling her skin like a storm. T.J.'s tongue danced over her lips, sucking them together in a tender kiss, then ran up to titillate her clit. As he slid two of his fingers deep into her tight heat, he began to lick her with rough, rapid strokes in time with the staccato of his fingers.

A deep, urgent heat rolled through her body. As she looked down at his handsome face framed by her open thighs, her gaze connected with his in a moment of mutual lust. Her orgasm broke over her like lightning,

convulsing her body and arching her back as her flesh throbbed beneath his mouth.

T.J. held tight to her twisting hips as she came. A hot flush was soaking her hair and face, her breasts stained pink from the heat of her orgasm. Slowly, shakily, she eased back from him and dipped her burning body in the cool water of the pool.

When she surfaced, T.J. drew her to him. "You okay?" he murmured, his mouth skating over hers.

"More than okay." She took a deep breath and tried to compose herself. It wasn't like her to connect so swiftly and deeply with anyone, let alone a man she had just met. The chemistry between her and T.J. was as unusual as it was thrilling. Even now, being held in his arms felt way too natural. She looked in his eyes, their brilliant color offset by his wet black lashes, and tried to gauge his feelings.

"What are you thinking?" She flushed with regret as soon as she said it. Men hated that question. Landon had always reacted with irritation when she asked him.

Yet T.J. only smiled and pulled her close, until her breasts flattened against his chest. "I'm thinking that my summer just got a lot better."

She rewarded him with a deep kiss, tasting herself on his mouth, and wound her arms around his neck. Satiated as she was in some ways, she still needed more of him—his body, his gaze, his mouth. She needed to feel all of him pressed up against her, his hard cock pushing between her thighs.

He kissed her back more sweetly than before. She closed her eyes and surrendered to it, thinking of all the different ways this guy knew how to kiss, from their dressing room kiss with his erection teasing her panties to his performance kiss during "Burning Love" to the way he was

kissing her right now. His mouth knew tricks her ex-boyfriend had never heard of.

T.J. drew back from her and swam into the deeper end of the pool. She followed.

“So,” he said. “You never said how you liked the show.”

She didn’t care if she sounded like a fawning groupie. “It was awesome. I never would have gone to something like that on my own but you blew me away.”

His lips twisted in a wry smile.

She studied his face, the greenish pool lights dancing over it. His sensual lips belonged on an angel—but his brilliant eyes were full of the devil. He didn’t look at all like Elvis right now and yet he emanated that same burning, lustful exuberance that he had given off so intensely during the show.

She cocked her head. “It’s funny... Your features aren’t much like Elvis, except for the coloring and your pouty lips, and you don’t sound like him when you talk. And yet tonight you really delivered.”

“I try. Anyone can put on black sideburns and big sunglasses and a jumpsuit, but that to me is just a parody. I try to bring forth the fire and charisma that made Elvis’s performances so stunning.”

“From what I saw tonight, you definitely do.” She remembered then how they met. She had been so focused on T.J. that she had forgotten who invited her to the show. “So what’s the deal with the other impersonator? Do you trade nights or something?”

T.J. shook his head. “No idea what you’re talking about.”

“The older Elvis,” she prodded. “The one I met today at the cemetery. He’s the one who told me to go to the show tonight.”

T.J. gave her an odd look. “There is no other Elvis, Vanessa. It’s just me.”

“Seriously?” Now she was confused. “This guy was a dead ringer for Elvis. It was really something.”

“Hold on. Are you telling me that some guy was dressed up in an Elvis costume at the cemetery? What were you doing there, anyway?”

“Visiting my mom’s grave... She died a few years ago from breast cancer. And no, this guy was just wearing jeans and a baseball cap. It was his voice and his face. Just like Elvis would look if he’d gone gray.”

“Elvis was already gray when he died. He colored his hair.” T.J. swam close to her. “I’m sorry about your mom,” he said and kissed her cheek.

“Thanks. She was a great lady.” She appreciated the genuine sympathy in his eyes. Her ex-boyfriend had always been disinterested in the subject of her mom’s death yet T.J. had shown greater compassion after only knowing her a few hours.

Still she couldn’t stop thinking about the other Elvis. Perhaps it was another impersonator who admired T.J.’s performances. But those eyes—that voice... “Do you know other impersonators?”

T.J. was kissing her neck but now he pulled back. “Actually we prefer to be called ‘tribute artists’ and no, I don’t. What’s with this other guy? You’re not one of those crazy Elvis fans who go to conventions and hang up pictures of him, are you?”

“Of course not. I just like his music. But this guy today—”

She saw the jealousy in T.J.’s eyes and stopped.

“Never mind,” she said, kissing him again. “He led me to you and that’s what’s important.”

“Is it now...” His tongue slid over hers. They kissed slowly and deeply as he framed her cheekbones in his hands. Then he tugged her back into the shallow end. As he pulled her against him, his mouth traveled to the hollow at the base of her throat. Her pulse beat against his lips.

T.J.'s hands wandered down to cup her breasts, stroking her nipples until she moaned. Hungry to feel him against her, Vanessa ran her hands over the cheeks of that tight, perfect butt she had admired on stage. T.J. responded by pushing her ample breasts together and sucking both of her nipples into his hot mouth.

A whimper of need escaped her. She threw her head back, surrendering to the spell of his lips on her breasts. The full summer moon filled her gaze, glowing and mystical as a chorus of crickets spread through the country night.

Something hard and hot and alive pressed insistently at her stomach. She looked down with a smile to find T.J.'s cock, swollen with demand against her.

He moved her long wet hair off her face. "See what you do to me," he whispered and wrapped her fingers around his shaft.

It throbbed in her hands like a hot, insistent animal. She stroked it with sensual fascination, loving this proof of his physical need for her. She palmed his head, wrenching a tight gasp of appreciation from him, as a wet flood of anticipation unleashed itself between her thighs.

T.J. began kissing her again, moving her back toward the pool steps. His hands roamed over her breasts before possessively cupping her pussy in his hand as she backed up the steps. Now they were in the same position they had begun this passionate night—her standing naked on the top step while he gazed up at her in lustful adoration. But this time he walked up the steps to stand equal with her.

Holding his shaft in his hand, he began to tease her clit with his swollen head just as he had in his dressing room. Immediately all the pent-up desire of their first encounter was renewed, flooding through her body like hot scarlet light. Vanessa leaned her head on his shoulder with a moan, letting tantalizing anticipation swell in her blood as she savored

the firm feel of his cock. His muscles were so hard, yet trembling against her with what she sensed was the same desperate hunger.

Taking her hand, T.J. led her out of the pool. He retrieved a condom from the pocket of his discarded jeans then led her into the darkness of his backyard, away from the pool lights. She followed, hindered by the swollen wetness of her sex.

They kissed hungrily, feverishly, pulling at each other's bodies until they fell on the soft grass. Bathed in moonlight, Vanessa straddled him, feeling his cock push against her aching sex like a promise. This was the point of no return for her; she knew that in opening herself up to him, she was opening herself up to the full power of the connection she had sensed between them in the dressing room. She stared down into his shining eyes, then positioned him between her folds.

T.J. reached for her hips. Slowly she moved onto him until his head pushed past her initial tightness and deeper into her velvet heat. Smoothly she guided him in until their bodies were sealed together. She began moving on him with a corkscrew motion of her hips, teasing him until he groaned.

Oh God, she thought. *It's too good. He feels too perfect.* Her pussy was still wet and aroused from her earlier orgasm, lending an almost excruciating sensitivity to her flesh. As he drove into her with eager thrusts, her entire body felt incandescent.

Leaning forward, Vanessa began to fuck him with a smooth, expert rhythm, creating a luscious friction between them. T.J.'s cock seemed impossibly engorged inside her and an electric current was spreading through her blood, making her feel crazed with desire. Using her thigh muscles, she rode him as wild and fast as an untamed horse, meeting each thrust of his narrow hips with the answering tightness of her pussy.

T.J. bucked wildly beneath her, his hands pawing at her ass in almost desperate need.

The ecstasy consuming her body was too intense to last. Vanessa fought for control. Without warning she released him from her snug heat, eliciting a howl of protest from T.J., and reversed her position. Holding onto his legs for support, she slid his cock inside her until he was engulfed once more as she faced the other way. She began to ride him again with that same smooth rhythm, reveling in the thrusts of his swollen head.

That sensual fire roared again through her body, blotting out all sensation except the hard, urgent drive of T.J.'s cock.

Groaning with excitement, he cupped her bouncing behind in his hands. Vanessa balanced herself on his shins, panting and delirious as she fucked him faster and harder. The friction of his cock driving in and out of her was making her dizzy with elation. T.J.'s balls were high and tight beneath her and a thunderous tension was swelling between her legs; she knew it wouldn't be long before either of them exploded.

Rising up on her knees, she began milking his cock with her inner muscles, making T.J.'s breath come fast. Her clit was a swollen nub between her legs and she ached to stroke herself, but instead she reached down and began to fondle T.J.'s balls. Lightly dragging her fingernails across his sac, she teased and rolled them in her hands as she slid up and down on his shaft. The combined sensations were too much for him. With a primal moan, he pulled her back on his chest and fingered her clit. Hot joy flooded Vanessa's body. Oh yes, this was the lover she'd been waiting for all her life. This was the man who knew how to touch her and take her and make her come. As he stroked her burning nub with a perfect rhythm, her pussy contracted in deep, wrenching

spasms. Vanessa cried out in an almost painful ecstasy and felt her muscles close around his cock again as T.J. erupted deep inside her.

T.J. rolled onto his side, holding her in his arms. Their wet skin was covered with grass and sweat, their naked bodies blue in the moonlight. Vanessa felt suffused with erotic bliss. No one had ever lifted her to such heights. Yet she was afraid to speak and break the spell between them.

At last he pulled her tight to him and kissed her hair. "I've never met anyone who made me feel like this," he whispered.

She rolled over to look into those starlit eyes. "Ditto," she whispered back before adding shyly, "But you must do this all the time... What with all those women screaming at you during your show each night." She hoped she didn't sound jealous.

He laughed dryly. "No. I rarely even give out my real name, let alone date any of them."

She was as surprised as she was thrilled. "Really? Even with all those pretty girls coming up to you after the show?"

"They don't want me. They want Elvis. They don't even know me." He threaded his fingers through hers, staring into her eyes with tender satisfaction. "Come see my band tomorrow night. We're competing in Battle of the Bands. If you're there, I'll sing that much better."

She leaned up on an elbow and looked at him in astonishment. "Band?"

"Yeah, I thought I told you. The Elvis gig is just my day job, so to speak. My real band is playing tomorrow night. Can you come?"

She kissed him, her man of surprises. "Wouldn't miss it for the world."

She still didn't know what could really come of this, she reflected as they got dressed. It was crazy to be so enamored of someone she had met only hours earlier. Yet everything from the dreamy look in his eyes to the

searing touch of his fingers told her that they were experiencing something rare and special. T.J. was way too gorgeous and wanted by far too many women for her to even consider losing her heart to him. But as he pulled her into his arms again for a deep and wordless embrace, she suspected she might not have a choice.

Chapter Four

The next day a summer thunderstorm crackled and boomed outside the bookstore where she worked. A typical Saturday, she was kept busy all through her shift, first on the registers and then at the information desk, helping customers find the books they needed. At last her coworker and best friend Leigh arrived after lunch. Vanessa tugged her into the New Age section for a private chat.

"You're not going to believe what happened to me last night," Vanessa whispered. "I met the hottest guy, Leigh—and I am so completely sprung on him."

Leigh pretended to faint. "Hold on a second. Are you telling me that the Summer of Celibacy has ended?"

"Has it ever." A smile of satisfied bliss unfurled across her face.

Her best friend gaped at her. "Tell me everything *now*."

Keeping an eye out for their supervisor, Vanessa quickly told her friend the entire story—waking up and remembering it was the anniversary of Elvis's death, then meeting one impersonator in the cemetery who led her to T.J. "He's gorgeous and sweet and great in bed and—"

A shy cough silenced her. Both of them turned to see another coworker peeping around a bookcase at them.

"Hi, Vanessa," Gabe said shyly.

Leigh walked off but Vanessa struggled to be polite. "Oh, hi, Gabe."

Gabe was the official bookstore conspiracy nut. At any opportunity, he would discourse on government plots, secret societies and bizarre cults. He had spent the last company Christmas party describing the true mystical meaning of the floating eye and pyramid on the American one dollar bill. Whenever customers came in seeking a book on alien kidnappings or political conspiracies, everyone sent them to Gabe.

Despite his oddball theories, Vanessa knew he was highly intelligent and painfully timid—so she always tried to be nice to him.

He came closer now, his eyes gleaming behind his spectacles. “Did I hear you talking about Elvis’s death? Or rather—his alleged death,” he added craftily.

She wasn’t especially pleased that he had eavesdropped on her conversation. “Gabe, please. You’re not referring to those tabloid sightings, are you? Elvis is dead. No one could have pulled off a stunt like that.”

“You’d be surprised,” Gabe told her with a sinister look. “There are many unresolved questions about his death. *20/20* even did a special on it. Many people believe that it was a wax dummy in the coffin—”

Vanessa glanced around, hoping no one could overhear their conversation. “Gabe, come on.”

“I know it sounds crazy. But if you do the research, the evidence all points to Elvis hoaxing his own death. Have you seen the photo of him in his coffin?”

“No, gross! That’s so morbid.”

“Vanessa—it’s not him. The nose is wrong, and the face is much thinner and younger than he’d looked in years. And the coffin weighed nine hundred pounds, despite the fact that both he and the coffin together could only account for about six hundred. A lot of people say

there was an air-conditioning unit in the coffin so the wax dummy wouldn't melt."

Oh God, Gabe was crazier than she'd ever realized. "Um, okay," she said. "That's very interesting but—"

"And his life insurance policy was never cashed. We're talking over a million dollars unclaimed all these years. Makes you think someone was afraid to commit insurance fraud, doesn't it?"

"Gabe—look." She was beginning to feel embarrassed. "I just said that guy sounded like him—that's it. He wasn't old enough to be the real Elvis. He was sixty at the most."

"Plastic surgery." Gabe shrugged. "He could afford it. Hey, I agree, it was probably just another impersonator. But you wouldn't be the first person to report meeting Elvis long after his 'death'. Hundreds of people report seeing him every year."

"I have to get back to work." Vanessa hurried back to the information desk. She didn't want to hurt his feelings, but today she wanted to enjoy her lingering physical elation from last night—not get tied up in a weird discussion of faked deaths and oddball conspiracies.



An electric tingle still lingered in the air when Vanessa walked out of her house that night in stiletto heels, a short black slip dress and only a tiny scrap of black silk between her legs. The thunderstorm had cooled off the heat, leaving a moist breeze that danced along her bare arms and lifted her short hemline up her thighs. It was the kind of summer night meant for red-hot sex—and after last night's romp with T.J., every cell in her body was crying for it. Yet at the same time, she couldn't deceive herself that this was a matter of simple lust. All day she had been

anticipating their date with a euphoric longing that was way too intense for a summer fling. Because that was what this was, right? Regardless of her besotted feelings last night, she had to keep that in mind. Otherwise T.J. would hurt her just like Landon had.

The club hosting the Battle of the Bands was downtown. She'd been there before with Landon to see some of his favorite bands perform but she hadn't gone back since they broke up. A nervous tremor ran through her as she showed her ID at the door. Would he be here tonight?

The club was just as she remembered—a dark sweltering cave of noise and colored lights. Broken glass and cigarette butts crunched beneath her heels as she peered at the band on stage. No, it wasn't T.J.'s band and that was a good thing—they sounded terrible. At the bar she ordered a Diet Coke and Bacardi. She had just paid the bartender when a new song burst out from the stage, and turning, she saw T.J.

He was center stage, flanked by a bassist, guitarist and drummer, but that was the only similarity to his performance last night. Tonight he looked every inch the young rock star, his taut shirtless torso bathed in sweat and his pale eyes glittering with eyeliner. He strutted and shook like a diabolical prince, his black hair artlessly falling around his tanned face as he sang. If she hadn't seen him out of his Elvis persona, she never would have recognized him as the same person.

T.J. was kneeling now, singing with heartfelt passion into the mike. As he tilted his head back, his black hair falling over his tender neck, she realized she liked his band's music. Unlike so much of what her ex-boyfriend listened to, this went beyond earsplitting noise and was actually enjoyable. She sighed with relief.

God, he was so sexy. Every girl in the club was watching him with barely restrained lust, their eyes hot with backstage intentions. But she was the one who had made him moan last night—and she was the one

who would be on top of him tonight. A small pang echoed through her pussy at the thought of straddling him later on.

His band finished and left the stage. As the next contender for Battle of the Bands was announced, she headed back to the bar for ice water. The sweltering club had left her throat dry and she didn't want to order a second drink when she was driving.

Someone tapped her hard on the shoulder. She turned to see Landon, her ex-boyfriend, staring at her.

"What are you doing here, Vanessa?" He scanned her short black dress and heels and grew angry. "Jesus, are you even wearing a bra?"

A river of emotions swamped her—shock at seeing him for the first time after three months, pleasure that she was dressed to kill and then annoyance at his tone. "I'm watching my friend's band. Why shouldn't I be here?"

"This isn't your scene, Vanessa. You usually don't even stay out past midnight. What friend and which band?"

She sipped her drink. "The one that just finished. I'm dating the lead singer."

His eyes widened with surprise before swiftly narrowing in jealousy.

"Oh, that's nice," Landon snapped. "You didn't waste any time getting over me, did you?"

Her brows shot up. "Are you serious? We broke up three months ago, Landon. Did you honestly think I spent this whole summer sitting home and pining over you?" There was no reason for him to know that was exactly what she had done—until last night.

"I— You just— You shouldn't be dating a musician, Vanessa. They're wild, they do drugs, they—"

"Act like immature losers? I believe that would be you," she told him, and, taking her drink, vanished into the crowd.

A gleam to her right caught her eye. A familiar face watched her from the wall, the stage lights glinting off his tinted glasses. It was the older Elvis impersonator from the cemetery.

She did a double take, as startled again by his dead-on resemblance to Elvis Presley as she was at seeing him here. Quickly she tried to cut through the crowd to find him. By the time she reached the wall, he was gone.

Weird. The guy had to be a secret fan of T.J.'s. Yet how odd for a sixtyish man to attend the raucous, screaming Battle of the Bands. This was a young crowd.

A hand grabbed her arm and she bristled, ready to tell Landon off. But it was T.J.. His tousled hair was wet with sweat and his grin was triumphant. "Did you hear us?"

She threw her arms around him. "I got here just in time. You were awesome."

He kissed her, the heat of his trembling body burning through her dress. "They won't announce the finalists for a few days. Let's take off."

The high of performing seemed to have ignited T.J.'s libido. In the parking lot he led her between cars, pulling her dress up and tugging her panties down. "I have to have you now," he muttered, his fingers sliding between her legs. She writhed beneath him, caught between fear of exposure and the pleasure of having her pussy so unexpectedly and publicly stimulated. "I saw you from the stage and couldn't wait to get my hands on you..."

"T.J., we're in a parking lot!" She tried to fix her dress but he stopped her.

"So what?" he murmured, his mouth traveling over her cheekbones in an impatient trail of kisses. "No one's watching." He pressed her against the car and slid his leg between hers. "Come on, Vanessa," he whispered,

his thigh rubbing her swollen clit. "I can't hold out all the way to my house."

The muscles of his fevered body were shaking against her. Like a contagion, his excitement swept over her. "I don't think I can either." She pushed her hips against him.

"The beach. We'll go there." That fast, he was pulling her through the parking lot to his car.

The wind whipped her long dark hair in her face as T.J. navigated the streets to the beach. Her dress clung to the dampness between her legs as she turned to face him. Naughtily, she kicked her stiletto heel off her left foot and slipped her foot into the crotch of his jeans. His erection felt hard enough to burst. T.J. groaned and looked at her. "Vanessa, don't end this before it gets going..."

In response she only smiled and spread her legs wider. As T.J. frantically tried to keep his eyes on the road, she pulled her black satin panties to the side, exposing all of herself to him. She ran her fingers over the wet pink folds of her pussy, then opened her lips for him. He gripped the steering wheel tightly. "Are you trying to make me have an accident?" he growled.

She had just begun to slide two fingers inside herself when he screeched into the parking lot, killed the engine and dove between her smooth and open legs. The agile strokes of his tongue set a fiery thrill through her body. His fingers replaced the movements of her own, opening up her soft and yielding entrance to fill her pussy with firm, dexterous strokes. His tongue washed over her clit, making her moan, but then he pulled away.

"Beach," he panted.

He led her down across the sand, beyond the jetty where the lights of the parking lot did not reach. Here the waves crashed against the shore

with primal force, the sand bathed silver in the moonlight. Vanessa took off her dress and panties and inhaled the oceanic scent of the night, enjoying the cool August breeze across her breasts. She turned to T.J. to find him already naked, his eyes burning with erotic fire. He dropped to his knees and pulled her hips to his face.

She shook her head, tilting her body away from him. “No.” He had satisfied her so thoroughly last night. Tonight was his turn. She wanted to sear this night on his memory.

His full lips looked sensual and inviting in the starlight. She traced them with a fingertip, savoring the masculine beauty of the face before her, then knelt opposite him. With avid hunger she took his cock in her hands, squeezing and stroking his hardness until he seemed close to exploding over her fingers. All the while her gaze drank in the tanned, cut pectoral lines of his chest and the abdominal muscles quivering with tension. After seeing him perform his own music on stage tonight, his talent and fire seemed even sexier. She wanted to spend hours exploring his beautiful body.

T.J. seemed to feel differently. “Vanessa, you’re teasing me,” he said in a choked voice.

She smiled. “Sorry.” With one wide stroke of her tongue, she licked off the pre-come glistening on his swollen head. T.J. groaned with appreciation.

Still watching the flush of excitement on his face, Vanessa rubbed his cock over her nipples. Pushing her breasts together around him until his shaft was snug in her cleavage, she began licking his head with broad, firm strokes.

Breathing rapidly, T.J. jerked his hips, trying to drive deep into her mouth. Instead she gripped him tight in the ring of her lips, wiggling her tongue back and forth until his veins pulsed beneath her. His thighs

tensed visibly with frustration. To tease him further, she ran her fingernails up and down his muscles until they clenched beneath her touch. She shifted, feeling her own flesh swell and ache. Causing such a gorgeous man to lose control was the ultimate aphrodisiac.

“Vanessa...” T.J.’s voice was tight with demand.

Swallowing a smile, she sucked all of him into her hot mouth, from his head down to his base. T.J. held still for a moment and she knew he was struggling for control. Tantalizingly she ran her tongue down his shaft, then sucked him firmly, drawing out his pleasure with her mouth.

An almost anguished groan escaped him. T.J.’s hips began to pump as her lips and tongue worked him faster. The warm smell of his skin mixed with the salty ocean air, intoxicating her senses. She loved doing this to him, loved making him feel as excited and on fire as she had felt last night. She tongued the sensitive tip of his head, tapping it until he writhed against her. With a final succulent swirl of her tongue, he exploded into her mouth, drenching her with his juices.

He collapsed on the sand, eyes closed in obvious satisfaction. “Oh God... Vanessa...”

She smiled, tracing his perfect lips once more. The salty-sweet taste of him had only made her own throbbing need more urgent. She leaned over him, kissing his hard stomach, and then placed his hand on the soft mound between her legs. Slowly his index finger traced patterns through her curls, grazing her clit to slip down over her tender, aching folds.

She straddled his hand, enjoying the exquisite feel of his cool fingers on her burning flesh. Stretched out on the beach beneath her, T.J. looked like a sleeping god of the moon, impossibly handsome. She dropped to all fours, the sand damp beneath her hands and knees, and lightly began to brush her stiff nipples over his face.

T.J. opened his eyes. The moonlight filled them with a delirious gleam. “You look so fucking sexy,” he murmured then sucked her nipple inside the hot soft cushion of his lips.

That familiar fire ignited in her body. A long, deep sigh escaped her as she arched her back, shamelessly pressing herself into his mouth. Part of her had been afraid that last night’s magic would never be replicated. Yet the sensation of his tongue circling her breast evoked that same glorious fever filling her veins.

T.J.’s fingers slid deep into her slickness, stroking her inner tunnel in knowledgeable circles that made her gasp. Her own juices were pooling around his hand, and the roar of the surf and the damp sand clinging to her naked body made her feel as primal as an animal. But as she rocked herself toward fulfillment on his expert fingertips, she knew she needed more. She wanted to feel all of him inside her, she wanted to experience the full power and potential of the chemistry between them.

She reached for his cock and palmed the head, coaxing and teasing him back to full hardness. T.J. groaned under her ministrations and reached for a condom. Leaning over, she bit his lower lip before capturing his mouth in a deep, burning kiss. “Fuck me,” she whispered into his mouth and turned around, presenting him with the temptation of her behind.

With swift urgency, T.J. reared up on his knees behind her and placed his resuscitated erection against her swollen, soft flesh. With one firm push of his hips, he buried his shaft in her slick heat until his balls rested against her.

Vanessa gave a short gasp that was part lust and part gratitude. Her blood pounded from the excitement of being so completely filled, her walls stretched tight around him. His cock felt magnificently huge within her. For a moment T.J. didn’t move as both of them adjusted to the

intense desire coursing through them. Slowly he withdrew from her, teasing them both with momentary deprivation before driving back into her depths.

Vanessa's fingernails dug into the sand. "Don't stop," she begged hoarsely. If he stopped, she was sure she would explode. Her body was shaking with the force of her desire and even the slap of his balls against her skin was driving her fever higher and higher. T.J.'s cock was spearing in and out of her, building up in speed and intensity until he was pounding at her in a forceful, relentless rhythm. She closed her eyes and moaned, her breath coming raggedly in time with his thrusts as he fucked her. A white-hot friction was rising in her pussy and it filled her flesh with an almost unbearable tension.

T.J. was grunting urgent, unintelligible things. Leaning over her back, he cupped the fullness of her breasts in his hands and twisted her nipples between his fingers. Vanessa dropped her head and screamed as an orgasm of shattering euphoria ripped through her. The stabbing thrusts of his cock dissolved her nerves into soft, wet heat as she came, her pussy milking him tightly. T.J. squeezed her breasts and held her against him, and with a final thrust, erupted inside her.

Vanessa collapsed on the sand, her legs and arms shaking too hard to hold herself up any longer. Her heart was pounding and she was breathing hard, but a strange sense of exaltation spread through her. T.J. had unlocked feelings inside her that she hadn't known existed, a union of complete emotional and sensual gratification. She reached for his hand as a deep, drowsy contentment stole over her mind, and closed her eyes.

T.J. gathered her into his strong arms, kissing her neck. "You okay?" he whispered. "Vanessa..."

"...Vanessa. Wake up."

She opened her eyes with a scowl, wanting to enjoy this bliss saturating her entire body. The crimson glow of the sun rising over the water jolted her into a sitting position. She had slept in his arms for hours.

T.J. laughed tenderly, brushing the sand from her hair. “You’re beautiful when you sleep.”

She buried her head in his shoulder, reveling in the contrast between his warm skin and the cool fresh air of daybreak. “Have you been awake this entire time?” She realized with a flash of guilt that he had covered her with his clothes to keep her warm, while he had remained naked.

“Most of it. I was making up song lyrics while I watched you sleep.” He kissed her lips.

She groaned. “T.J., you should have woken me up. That must have been so boring for you.”

He smoothed her hair back, meeting her gaze with a look of affection that was as enamored as it was serious. “Vanessa, there is nothing boring about being with you. Pretty much every moment we spend together is awesome.”

She smiled shakily, not sure of how to respond. The ardent look in T.J.’s eyes told her that he meant his words. But she was afraid to make a fool of herself by telling him just how enthralled she felt in return. She still didn’t know if this was just a typical summer fling for him or if this was as rare and special for him as it was for her.

“Come on,” he said, helping her to her feet. “We should go before the cops kick us out for public indecency.”

Still sleepy, she pulled on her dress and panties and walked hand in hand with him back to his car.

Chapter Five

The next afternoon found her at the bookstore's information desk, dreamily watching more warm summer rain drench the parking lot.

"Slow today," Leigh said as she wandered over from the empty cash registers. "When do you get off?"

"Not till closing." T.J. had rehearsal tonight so they wouldn't be seeing each other. He had invited her to come watch after she finished at the store, but she thought a night apart might help her clarify her thoughts. This physical infatuation swimming in her veins was so intense she could think of little else. All day she had been in an erotic fog, tuning out the customers asking her for help. It was as if T.J. had infected her with his own particular brand of sexual magic.

"Vanessa," Leigh said loudly.

"What?"

"I just asked what you were doing tonight. Why are you so spacey today?"

"My hormones," Vanessa muttered. "This guy has put a spell on me."

The truth was that he had cast his spell on her heart as well as her body. She just didn't want to admit that to Leigh or herself. As her attachment to him deepened every day, she felt more and more vulnerable to the kind of emotional devastation that Landon had inflicted upon her—and despite the brevity of their relationship, she sensed that with T.J. that kind of disappointment could hurt just as badly. Somehow she had always known in the back of her mind that she and Landon

would self-destruct as a couple. They hadn't had the compatibility to build a life together. Yet when she looked in T.J.'s crystalline eyes or felt his arms go around her, she felt he had the potential to fulfill all of her dreams for the future.

She momentarily toyed with the idea of ending things now, before she fell any harder for him. No, she couldn't. Giving up such a passionate, sensitive man to protect herself was crazy.

Leigh peered closely at her with a frown. "Why are you so preoccupied with him anyhow? He's just a guy."

"He's not just a guy, Leigh. He's...different." Vanessa fiddled with a pad of Post-It notes to avoid her friend's gaze.

"Vanessa, come on. He's supposed to be your rebound fling to help get over Landon. You can't get serious about him. I mean...he's a musician and you know what they're like with women."

Something inside her recoiled at hearing her insecurities articulated so bluntly. "Not all musicians are like that."

"Most of them are," Leigh said cynically. "Look at your beloved Elvis Presley. He cheated on Priscilla left and right."

"T.J. isn't Elvis," Vanessa snapped. "You've never even met him."

"Fine, whatever. I'm just saying you might want to try keeping your mind on work right now—you've got a customer." Leigh vanished back to the registers, where a line was forming, as Vanessa straightened up with a forced cheerful smile.

Her smile dropped as she got a good look at the portly gray-haired man approaching her. It was Elvis—or rather, the middle-aged impersonator from the cemetery. Just like the other day, he wore a baseball cap. At first glance, he looked like anyone else.

"Oh my God—hi." Surprise at seeing him in her store left her tongue-tied.

"Not God, just the King," he kidded with a broad smile. "You got time to help out an old man?"

At the sound of that beloved familiar voice, a nostalgic warmth filled her whole body. She knew it was silly but she couldn't help but feel honored, as if Elvis himself really had chosen to visit her.

"Of course," she said shyly.

Despite the rain, he was still wearing his big tinted glasses. The blue eyes behind them were reassuringly kind. "Your boyfriend did a good job last night."

"Yes, he did." A million questions raced through her mind. "So why did you send me to the show the other night when you weren't there? I thought you were the impersonator but instead I met T.J..."

He winked at her. "You saying you'd have it the other way around?"

"Well, yes—I mean, no, because of T.J. but—well, listen, I want to see you perform. Just hearing you talk gives me the shivers. Hearing you sing must be incredible."

That broad smile spread over his face. Somehow it strengthened the resemblance even more. A funny pang went off in her stomach and she looked closer at him.

"I need a book," he said. "Can you help me with that?"

"Oh...sure." Here she was as flustered as her mom would have been around the real Elvis. She resolved to be more composed as she slipped out from behind the information desk. "What was it?"

To her surprise, he was looking for a book on numerology. She led him over to the New Age section, grateful that conspiracy theorist Gabe wasn't on shift, and they looked through the available titles. He didn't seem interested in any of them. "The book is called *Cheiro's Book of Numbers*. Can you order it?"

“Oh sure.” She led him back to the information desk, where she looked up the ISBN of the book and discovered it was an old book, not kept in stock. “Not that that means anything,” she told him. “We can easily order you a copy. How’d you hear of this book?”

“It’s an old favorite of mine.”

“It shouldn’t take long to come in...” Her voice trailed off when she noticed a large ring on his hand. It consisted of the initials TCB. She realized those were probably his initials and remembered that she didn’t know his name. She raised her head, feeling foolish again. “By the way, I’m Vanessa.”

He extended a hand and they shook, but he did not volunteer his own name.

“And you are?” she prompted.

He tilted his head, smiling that famous smile. Then he said, “You can call me Jon.”

“Okay.” Somehow it was disappointing to associate such an everyday name with him. *Oh be real, Vanessa*, she scolded herself. *Like he really wanted you to call him Elvis.*

She searched for a pen and paper. “If you just write down your name and phone number, we’ll call you as soon as your copy arrives. There’s no commitment—you can look at it first and decide if you still want it.”

He only pushed the pen and paper back at her with that inscrutable smile.

“Uh... Did you change your mind?” she asked, puzzled.

“That’s not going to work. I’ll just come back.”

She stared at him. His blue eyes stared back at hers through the tinted lenses in a challenge...a challenge to know who he really was. That strange excited flutter began in her stomach again and her skin rose up in tiny goose bumps as she took in the whole of his face once more—the

curve of his lips, his bedroom eyes, even his distinctive nose. It was all so familiar, yet looked so strange framed by that gray hair and his casual clothes.

"I'll be seeing you," he said with a smile and walked out of the bookstore.

Every cell in her body wanted to leap over the desk and go after him as she watched him leave. *That's Elvis Presley. That is really, truly Elvis Presley as an old man. I know it is.*

Leigh wandered back over. "Who was that guy? He looked familiar."

"That...that was the Elvis impersonator I told you about."

Leigh's eyes bugged out in astonishment. "That's your sexy new boyfriend? That old guy?"

"No. He's the guy I met in the cemetery."

"Oh. How can he impersonate Elvis with gray hair?" Leigh checked her cell phone, then slid it back in her pocket. "Listen, let's get a drink after work."

"I can't, Leigh. I've got something I have to do."

As soon as Leigh left, she looked up Gabe's number and called him. This mystery man was driving her crazy, and she needed to know facts that only Gabe could teach her.



A rainbow-like aura circled the August moon as she hesitated in Gabe's driveway that night. He had invited some conspiracy buff friends over to "explain" the facts of Elvis's death to her but now she was paralyzed by feelings of foolishness and curiosity. What was she doing?

Gabe popped his head out the front door. "Come on in," he said cheerfully. "We're dying to hear all about this guy."

To her relief, the three guys awaiting her inside looked normal—that is normal considering they spent their spare time creating websites dedicated to Bigfoot, aliens and suspicious celebrity deaths. After offering her a drink, Gabe sat her down at the kitchen table and paused over his notebook. “Before your mind is influenced by what we show you, I want to transcribe your notes. Tell us everything that happened, Vanessa—what this guy said, what he wore, how he looked.”

Taking a deep breath, she complied. But as she described his sweatshirt, gray sideburns and casual demeanor, she realized how absurd it all sounded. This guy hadn’t said or done anything to indicate he was Elvis Presley. It was just the dead-on resemblance, and she had no way to show them that, did she?

“And you didn’t get a name, right?” Gabe asked, writing furiously.

“Today, I did. But all he said was ‘Jon’. He might as well have said John Smith.”

She was surprised by the excited look the other guys exchanged. “I don’t think it was his real name,” she added. “He was wearing this big ring with initials on it and there wasn’t a J—”

All four men went absolutely still. “What initials?” one asked in a hushed voice.

She stared at them. “TCB.”

All of them exploded into shouts of satisfaction and excitement. “It’s him,” one shouted. “It’s got to be.”

Vanessa held up a hand for calm. “Can you please explain what’s such a big deal? Elvis’s initials were EAP—Elvis Aron Presley.”

“TCB stands for *Taking Care of Business*,” they told her jubilantly. “It’s carved on his gravestone and he had a custom-made ring with those initials.”

She absorbed this information. “Well, a thorough impersonator might get one made himself.”

“Elvis also used an alias for his drug-enforcement work—Jon Burrows,” Gabe informed her. “Supposedly he’s been spotted quite a bit up in Kalamazoo, Michigan, at a building owned by a Jon Burrows.”

“Hold on,” she said. “Drug enforcement?”

A happy smile rippled over Gabe’s face. “Oh, Vanessa, do we have a lot to tell you.”

For the next three hours Vanessa underwent a crash course on the final years—and after—of Elvis Presley.

First they showed her photos of his gravestone, featuring a misspelled middle name.

Then they showed her an unexplained photo of Elvis taken through the screen door of his pool house—but taken four months after his death. Gabe showed her a photo of Elvis taken right before his death, heavysset and tired-looking, and contrasted it with a photo of his corpse in his coffin, looking oddly young and slim with a strange pug nose. “Not the same person,” he said. “Furthermore, people reported the body as sweating—which dead bodies don’t do—and as looking fake, like wax.”

Wax corpses? Misspelled tombstones? She was beginning to feel like an idiot.

“Elvis was supposed to start a tour the day he died,” one of his friends told her. “Yet he failed to order a single new jumpsuit, despite the fact he’d gained too much weight to fit into his old ones. People also found it odd that they were able to autopsy the body, return it to the house, order a special coffin, arrange a very extensive funeral and have thousands of T-shirts and new albums printed—all in less than a day.”

Her head was beginning to hurt. Yes, it all sounded very suspicious. But it was still hard to believe. "I don't understand the drug-enforcement part," she said.

"Elvis met with President Nixon and became a drug-enforcement agent," Gabe explained. "That's a documented fact. Some people theorize that as a result of his undercover work, he ran afoul of someone shady and was having his life threatened. Maybe the best way to protect his family was to fake his own death."

"He had the government connections to pull it off," a friend added.

"But..." Vanessa was bothered by too many unanswered questions. "He'd be an old man by now. In his seventies. This guy was sixty at the most... And why would he just be walking around in public?"

"You didn't recognize him at first," Gabe pointed out. "Having gray hair and wearing sunglasses is probably all the disguise he needs. As for looking young, so do a lot of celebrities that age. Elvis could certainly afford the surgery."

One of his friends leaned forward. "Vanessa, we're not saying it's him. We're just saying there are a lot of good reasons to think Elvis Presley did not die in 1977."

She rubbed her eyes. It was almost one a.m. and she had absorbed all of the Internet sites and conspiracy theories she could. "I don't know. I believe that he could have hoaxed his death. But I don't believe it could be kept quiet all these years. Sooner or later, someone would have talked. The temptation to make a fortune off such a hot story would be too great."

"You're forgetting that they would need proof," Gabe said gently. "You've seen this guy twice, but so what? If you called a journalist right now, you'd be a laughingstock."

That was true. She stood. "It's late." She had a lot to think about, and she was beginning to wish she'd just gone to T.J.'s rehearsal. "Thanks for showing me all of this."

Gabe had a zealous gleam in his eye. "Vanessa, if he ever comes into the store when I'm there..."

"I'll tell you for sure." She patted his shoulder as she walked out. "Thanks, guys."

Driving home, she couldn't stop thinking about everything she had learned. Would she see "Jon" again? If so, what should she say? "Hi, I think you're Elvis Presley. By the way, why exactly have you been hanging around so much?" It was all so crazy...and yet she couldn't shake the conviction deep in her bones that it was really, truly him.

Chapter Six

The next night T.J. took her to the carnival. For two hours they slammed together on the Tilt-A-Whirl, screamed on the roller coaster and shrieked and laughed in the haunted house. On the Ferris wheel they kissed so urgently at the top that Vanessa didn't realize they had descended until the ride master pointedly cleared his throat. The revolving colored lights, merry electronic tunes and games played over her senses in a dizzying elation until she hugged T.J.'s waist for support.

Although he occasionally spotted revue regulars walking around the carnival, none of them recognized him as their favorite Elvis impersonator, which she found amusing.

He kissed her hair. "Hungry?"

"Starving."

They bought baskets of fried shrimp with big wax cups of soda and ice and ate it on the beach. The greasy food tasted better to Vanessa than any meal this summer. The sand was soft under her bare toes and the briny scent of the ocean made her feel achingly alive. Maybe it was already mid-August, but these last few nights with T.J. had given her the summer romance of her dreams. She cast a longing glance at him. He looked so handsome tonight in faded jeans and a black T-shirt, the sea breeze ruffling his black hair.

Unbidden, yesterday's argument with Leigh surfaced in her mind. *He's a musician and you know what they're like with women.* It reminded her that summer was almost over. The Celebrity Star Revue would end

when the carnival did after Labor Day. Would T.J. consign her to the rest of his summer memories and start a new chapter in his life? She brought their shrimp containers to a wastebasket on the sand, letting seagulls pick at the remains of their dinner. As she walked back, she tried to think of a way to bring up his future plans.

"So why aren't you performing tonight?" she asked when she returned.

"There's a regular concert scheduled tonight." He shot a rock into the water. "I'll be glad when summer's over and this gig ends with it. I need to focus on my band."

"Will you be Elvis next summer?"

"Depends on how successful the band is. The revue money's good but it eats up too much of my time." He began to idly draw in the sand three letters: TCB. "As Elvis himself would say, you gotta take care of business. And my priority is my career...not imitating someone else's."

Her stomach clenched. All night she had been thinking of a way to discuss yesterday's findings with him and now he had given her the perfect opportunity.

"Um...right. Speaking of which, guess who came to see me at the bookstore yesterday?"

T.J. gave her a suspicious sidelong glance that reminded her intensely of a young Elvis. "Who?"

"The other impersonator. The one I met at the cemetery." She wanted desperately to deliver all of this in a casual, plausible manner but her throat was dry with nervousness. "He kind of spooked me, T.J. I mean...he looks exactly like Elvis. Exactly."

She waited for him to respond. Instead he shot another rock into the water. When he spoke, his voice was flat. "So?"

“So... It sounds crazy, but what if? I was talking to these guys last night who research this stuff and they provided me with a lot of compelling evidence that Elvis Presley didn’t die in 1977. It’s really astonishing when you look at the photos and analyze the lack of documentation and compare the conflicting stories and—”

“Vanessa, Elvis is dead. He was abusing prescription drugs and he was in bad health and he keeled over on the toilet and died. It’s that simple.” His body shifted away from her.

“I know that’s probably what happened. But if you could have seen this guy. His eyes, his lips... And he was wearing the same TCB ring as Elvis and he asked for a book that turned out to be Elvis’s favorite book—”

T.J. moved away so that he was facing her. His blue eyes shone with incredulity in the night. “How naive are you? You’re twenty-six and gorgeous. Some old fart comes on to you in the cemetery and drops hints that he’s Elvis and you totally buy into it. This guy is just playing you, don’t you get that?”

“It wasn’t like that.” Her face grew flushed with annoyance. “For one thing, he’s the one who steered me to you. Secondly—”

“He suggested you go to the show doubtless so he could meet you there. He was probably in the audience, waiting to buy you a drink until he saw me kiss you.”

She shook her head. “You haven’t even met this guy. He’s really sweet.”

“Vanessa, give me a break. Did you tell him where you worked? If not, how did he know? Sounds like a stalker to me.” T.J. scoffed as he got to his feet. “I can’t believe this. I thought you were different.”

She stood, her blood going hot with indignation. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

"It means that I thought you liked me for me. That's why I told you I worked the lights crew, because I wanted to see if you'd still want me. But it turns out you're just another Elvis groupie."

"I am not!" she said, deeply stung. "How dare you?"

"How dare I?" His eyes were like ice. "You've got to be kidding. Ever since I put on sideburns and a jumpsuit, I've had women of all ages trying to get in my pants, calling me Elvis and begging me to talk like him. They want to sleep with *him*—not me. And you're just the same. Hell, you're worse—one of those loony tunes who believes he's alive."

"I am not loony tunes." An incandescent fury was spreading through her body. "I am trying to have a reasonable discussion with you based on logic and evidence, and you've totally flipped out. If anyone's loony tunes, it's you."

"Oh, yeah, right. Listen, when I go on stage and sing 'Hound Dog', I know it's an act. But you think it's the real thing." His tanned face was tight with betrayal. "Go sleep with your old middle-aged Elvis, Vanessa. Apparently you think he's closer to the real thing than I am."

"What?" she exclaimed. "I don't want to sleep with him. I want you. I want—"

T.J. turned his back on her and strode away across the beach.

"T.J.!" she cried after him. Panic and despair spread through her body in a cold wave. "Don't do this!"

He only walked off into the night without answering. She stared after him, the ocean breeze whipping her hair across her eyes as they filled with tears.



Vanessa was listless and quiet at the bookstore the next day. Her throat ached with fresh unshed tears and her mind replayed her argument with T.J. on a loop. It seemed impossible that such a promising relationship could end over a ridiculous fight about an Elvis impersonator. Surely she could resolve the misunderstanding between them. Yet then she would wonder if T.J. even wanted it resolved. Maybe she really had been just a summer fling to him and this was his way of terminating it before it went stale.

All day she battled the impulse to call him. The store was busy with back-to-school shoppers and she was grateful to be placed at the registers, where neither Leigh nor Gabe could approach her. She dreaded telling Leigh that her hot summer romance was already over and she knew Gabe was eager to discuss her Elvis “sighting”. She was sorry now that she had told him about it, sorry she had ever met Elvis or “Jon” or whoever he was.

All the same, she kept an anxious eye on the doors, hoping “Jon” would come back. But he did not return—and T.J. did not call to apologize.

At last her shift was over. She slipped out before Leigh or Gabe could stop her and headed straight for the cemetery. Somehow she needed to speak to her mother—or at least return to her grave where this had all started.

It was another peaceful summer twilight, just like last week. She crouched down in front of her mother’s tombstone and stared at the carved numbers spelling out her mother’s birth and death. It wasn’t fair that her mother had died so young of breast cancer; it also wasn’t fair that the world had lost one of its greatest stars at forty-two. But her mother was definitely gone and Elvis probably was too.

“Hey, darlin’.”

She turned to see him behind her. “Jon”, looking as casual as ever in jeans and baseball cap. His sunglasses were tucked into the neck of his shirt and the effect of his pale blue eyes was intensified in the dusk. She wiped her eyes and stood up.

“You know, I thought you were bringing me good luck at first,” she said. “But now I think it’s more like you ruined my summer.” She knew it was a childish thing to say but she couldn’t help but resent him for her fight with T.J.

The man absorbed this thoughtfully. “I guess summer wasn’t always such a lucky time for me either. Checking out in August the way I did.”

Her mouth fell open.

“Got married in the spring. Had my daughter in the winter. Yeah, I guess summer wasn’t really my season.”

Her lips were shaking. She couldn’t be hearing this. Everything T.J. had said last night about “Jon” being a crazy old stalker made more sense than this. And yet the somber expression in his blue eyes told her it was the truth. “Are you... Are you trying to tell me that it’s really you? Oh my God.”

Elvis gave her a look of sad and infinite patience.

“Oh wow. Oh wow.” She put her hands in her hair, trying to think. She was speaking to Elvis Presley. The real Elvis Presley. The rumors were true—he had faked his death. She had just uncovered the biggest celebrity mystery ever.

“But...” She couldn’t think clearly. “I mean, why tell me? How do you know I won’t go tell the whole world, sell my story to the media?”

“I suppose you could do that,” he said mildly.

“But no one would believe me, right?” Her eyes ran over him in wild exuberance, memorizing everything—his belly, his scuffed tennis shoes,

his gray hair. Trying to be stealthy, her left hand reached for her cell phone and slyly activated the camera function.

“Some would, some wouldn’t.” He still seemed calm and unafraid of what she might do.

With shaking hands, Vanessa raised her phone and took his picture. To her surprise, he did not even flinch. She was flushed with victory and excitement. “I know to everyone else this will just be a photo of a guy in sunglasses and a baseball cap,” she began, looking down to check the photo. “But at least to me—” She stared at the screen. Nothing was on the picture but trees and graves.

She looked up and gasped. Elvis Presley in all his youthful magnificence stood before her—rich black hair and sideburns, narrow-hipped with those deadly blue eyes. He smiled at her.

“You really did die,” she said softly.

“Well, now maybe I did and maybe I didn’t. What is dying, Vanessa? My poor abused body giving out on the throne?” He grinned to show he considered dying on the toilet a joke. “My memory lives on in the hearts of millions who swear they see me in Hawaii and at Graceland and all over the world. So maybe in some ways I am still alive.”

She tried to force her lips into a smile, but they were shaking. “I don’t want you to go.” Somehow she knew she would never see him again.

“But I have to, darlin’. We all have to eventually.” He cocked his head and regarded her through those blue eyes that still shone brightly.

To her surprise, she began to weep. Tears of gratitude blurred her vision and flowed down her cheeks as she grasped the miracle of what had happened to her in the last week. She really had met Elvis Presley—and she really had found love. “Don’t go.”

He put a hand to her cheek, though she felt only a prickling energy. “Don’t cry,” he said kindly. “Your summer may get lucky yet.” He turned

and walked away. When she wiped her eyes and looked up, the cemetery was empty.

Chapter Seven

An hour later Vanessa was running through the carnival, heart pumping with the desperate urge to find and speak with T.J. before he went onstage. She knew now beyond a shadow of a doubt that what they had was meaningful and real, and she had to fix things between them before it was too late. The swirling lights of the Tilt-A-Whirl and Ferris wheel played over her face, giving the night the feeling of a monstrous dream. At last she reached the auditorium and headed straight for the stage doors around back. As she headed down the corridor to the dressing rooms, she could hear shouting.

“Godammit, T.J., I’ve been more than fair,” the stage manager barked. “But this other band of yours is ruining our show.”

“This other band is my career!” T.J. snapped back. He was dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, not his Elvis clothes, and his blue eyes were bright with fury. “You know I love performing here, Ben, but I’m not going to be an Elvis impersonator forever. Tonight is the opportunity of a lifetime—I have to take it.”

He did a double take as he saw Vanessa. “We made it into the Battle of the Band finals,” he told her. “Our band made it into the final three, Vanessa—and we have to go on in two hours. The guys are waiting for me.”

He pushed his black jumpsuit at the stage manager. “I’m sorry, Ben. Fire me if you want but I absolutely cannot be Elvis tonight.”

Just then the opening chords of “Are you Lonesome Tonight?” drifted backstage.

“Oh Jesus,” moaned the stage manager. “They’re waiting for you to come out. Look what you’ve done.”

“I’m sorry,” T.J. said simply. “I really am. But I have to sing my own music. I think even Elvis would understand that.”

Suddenly a haunting voice began to sing the opening words on stage. Vanessa, T.J. and the stage manager all stared at each other before racing for the stage.

Elvis was singing before the crowd. Dressed in a white jumpsuit, thick sunglasses obscuring his eyes, he delivered an unforgettable rendition of the poignant song Vanessa had cried to so many nights this summer.

The crowd burst into thunderous applause as he finished. “Thank you—thank you very much,” he said and walked offstage in the opposite direction. The awestruck band looked at each other in astonishment as the emcee rushed after him. Vanessa knew they would find no one.

“Now that’s an impersonator,” the stage manager breathed. “I’ve never seen anyone do Elvis like that. How the hell’d you line him up, T.J.?”

“I—uh—” T.J.’s jaw worked helplessly.

“Right, you’ve got your band gig. Go on, have fun. Forget everything I said—you more than made up for it.”

Without a word, T.J. pulled Vanessa into the parking lot and straight to his car. She slid into the passenger seat and he gunned off into the night.

“Vanessa...” He glanced over, his eyes searching hers with remorse. “I was such an ass to you last night. It’s just that the whole Elvis thing, well, makes women crazy. I never know if it’s me or Elvis they want.”

She turned to face him, the wind blowing her long black hair across her face. "I don't want Elvis. I want you."

She realized it was true. The Elvis mystery was just a side trip, a fascinating sexual fantasy of sideburns, swiveling hips and that oh-so-sensual sneer. Her man, the one she wanted to hold forever in her arms, was a star in his own right and there was no one else she'd rather have.

Around two a.m., after T.J.'s band had won the Battle of the Bands and he was photographed by the local paper, T.J. drove her back to collect her car. The carnival was dark and empty, the grounds littered with discarded tickets, spilled popcorn and unwanted prizes. The scent of fried dough and cotton candy still lingered heavily in the air, the roller coaster and merry-go-round ghostly and quiet as they passed. In just two weeks, Vanessa realized again, the carnival would be gone. Summer was almost over. But she knew now that what she and T.J. had would last so much longer.

T.J. seemed to be thinking the same thing as he led her past the parking lot and to the beach. He wrapped the warm strength of his arms around her as together they watched the tide roll in.

"So that man on stage tonight..." T.J.'s voice faded into baffled awe. "Vanessa, it was him, wasn't it?"

She nodded. "Yes. It was him."

"But everyone in the place saw him. They heard him sing. Someone must have tracked him down—"

She shook her head. "They'll never find him, T.J. Trust me."

He looked confused but she would explain later, she decided. Right now, looking up at his brilliant eyes in the moonlight, she wanted only to reconnect with the innate magic between them.

Slowly Vanessa began to undress her favorite singer, removing his T-shirt, jeans and black cotton briefs as if his tight, tanned body was the

most anticipated gift she'd ever had the privilege of unwrapping. She ran her hands down his smooth chest and narrow hips, then sought his lips in a kiss that spread a sensation through her body like melting honey. His mouth swept down across her throat, leaving a burning trail on her skin. Vanessa dropped her head back with a moan. The moon was bright and she felt almost drugged as T.J.'s hands lifted her shirt to explore her breasts with torturous slowness.

Vanessa stepped back to admire him. The rhythmic wash of the surf filled her ears as she drank all of him in, from his sculpted face down to his long, muscular legs. From the waist up, T.J. looked as flawless and cut in the moonlight as a statue, only the ocean breeze ruffling his black hair. Yet below the waist his cock was stiffening to an impressive size, its engorged head gleaming with a pearly drop of pre-come in the moonlight. Vanessa ran her fingertips down his stomach, savoring the feel of his taut muscles. As she took his shaft in both of her hands, squeezing and rubbing him until he pulsated in her hands like living marble, a warm arousal unfurled inside her.

T.J. let out a primitive growl, pawing roughly at her bra and shorts until her clothes tumbled to the sand. Now they were both naked and the proximity of his swollen cock only inches from her pussy excited her. He rolled her stiff nipples between his fingers, gently pulling them out from her body until she arched her back, desperate for more.

The ache between her legs was reaching fever pitch. She knelt on the cool, damp sand, her thighs already wet with excitement, as he retrieved a condom from his pocket and knelt opposite her. With trembling fingers she spread her knees and guided him inside her.

His cock felt like heaven. She bit her lip with joy, his hot thrusts sending an electric current up her spine. Together they coupled in a fast and perfect rhythm, their stomachs slapping as he drove in and out of

her wet, tight suction. A euphoric fire spread through her body as his gaze burned into hers with a relentless passion that told her he felt just as intensely as she did. On and on he speared in and out of her until their skin was gleaming with sweat.

Panting, Vanessa slid her fingers down her navel, forming a tight V around his thrusts. The resulting friction unleashed a hot bolt of excitement inside her that seemed to reach from her nipples down to her toes. She closed her eyes, her breasts slapping wildly against his pecs, as she felt her slickness pool around his cock.

Rocking faster, T.J. pulled her close and drove deep into her core with an urgent, primal groan. Immediately her pussy dissolved into blissful contractions, milking T.J.'s shaft as he exploded inside her.

Both of them collapsed exhausted and wet on the sand. When he caught his breath, T.J. gathered her into his arms. He turned her chin to look into her eyes.

"This was such a boring summer until I met you," he said, kissing her softly. "But in less than a week you've made it the best summer of my life."

She kissed him back, slow and sweet. "But summer's almost over now..."

"Then I guess you'll be making it the best year of my life." He leaned in to kiss her again when a shooting star rocketed across the August sky.

"Make a wish," T.J. told her.

As she made her silent wish, a song began to play. From somewhere across the ocean, or perhaps from the empty carnival, the distant refrains of an Elvis song drifted toward them. They looked at each other.

"Appropriate song," T.J. said, his arms tightening around her. "Because you know what? I really can't help falling in love with you."

Secure in his arms, Vanessa looked into the night sky and gave a silent thanks to that very real star who had made her wish come true.

About the Author

Veronica Wilde is a passionate book addict whose work has spanned multiple genres. Copywriting is her day job but her true love is fiction, particularly anything involving the paranormal. A former New Yorker, currently she lives in Arizona with her boyfriend and the three cats who own them.

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Available now at Samhain Publishing

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...

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Fijian Fling*:

Nick’s cabin was set higher than the guest bungalows, on a plateau accessible only by a narrow wooden staircase that passed through lush tropical vegetation. The view from the deck was spectacular and Sophie took a minute to appreciate it as Nick pushed open his front door.

Soon his heat enveloped her as he wrapped her in his arms and pressed his lips to her neck. “This place is so beautiful,” Sophie sighed, enjoying the moment.

“You’re beautiful,” Nick countered, the strain in his voice reminding her why she was here. He ran his tongue over her skin. “You’re also salty.”

Sophie tried to sound flippant over the lump of anticipation clogging her throat. “You don’t like salt?”

“I like the idea of you in my shower more. Come on.” He took her by the hand and led her inside.

Sophie barely registered the rattan and white furnishings, the assortment of bachelor clutter—fishing poles and discarded footballs—inhabiting the room. She went willingly with Nick to the small bathroom at the back of the cabin. The shower stall was twice as long as an ordinary stall and lined with functional white tile. Nick drew back the clear plastic shower curtain and leaned in to run the water.

Heart thumping wildly, Sophie realized that she’d never actually showered with a man before. Brad and she had always respectfully allowed each other privacy to conduct their ablutions alone. She had a feeling that the remainder of her holiday was going to be full of new experiences.

The thought sent an excited shudder through her.

Her excitement only intensified when Nick turned back to her and gave her a slow, devilish smile as he ripped open the Velcro fly on his boardshorts and casually slipped them down his hips. “Any time you want to join me,” he offered and stepped under the spray.

Sophie gulped. She was almost afraid to lower her gaze, knowing Nick was naked. Intense curiosity won out over modesty in the end.

Her mouth lost all moisture. His backside was pure steely muscle, the skin olive, lighter in tone than the rest of him. He turned around and she gasped at the sight of his shaft protruding magnificently proud from the thatch of glossy dark hair at the juncture of his thighs. His member was long and smooth, gloriously thick and erect.

Lust pooled in her middle, sliding down until wet heat gathered in her bikini bottoms. Sophie wanted to tell him to forget the shower, to move straight to the part where he worked that stiff piston inside her, stretching her muscles in delicious new ways she'd thought she'd never experience. But she wouldn't know how to ask for such a thing if she were game, so she reached for the tie of her bikini top and released the knot.

She felt Nick's eyes on her as she discarded her bikini, something wickedly thrilling about undressing in full view of a naked, hungry man. By the time she stepped into the shower stall she was painfully aroused.

Nick was rubbing a bar of soap in slow circles over his chest. Sophie watched, mesmerized as the water washed the suds down his body until they pooled in his thick pubic hair. "Do you like what you see?"

The arrogant satisfaction in his voice told her he already knew the answer. But Sophie said, "Yes."

"Does watching me turn you on?"

Sophie could hardly get the words out. "Oh, yes."

Her enthusiasm elicited a groan from him, then a command. "Touch me, Sophie."

She reached out and tentatively touched her fingers to his solid pectorals. His chest hair was a thick, damp pelt, an erotic sensation against her fingertips. More boldly she threaded her fingers through it. There was something intensely masculine about Nick's abundantly haired chest that made her feel more feminine in an intrinsically primitive way.

Just touching him made her breasts feel tight.

"Lower," Nick demanded and Sophie immediately complied. She moved her hands down over his flat abdomen and out to his hips. Her fingers brushed the taut flesh of his buttocks and thighs.

Nick groaned at her slow examination, discarding the soap. His fingers speared through her wet hair. "Touch my cock, baby. Please."

His rasped *please* sent Sophie's excitement into overdrive. Moaning, she gripped him, his width filling her hand. He was slick with soap, and Sophie slid her hand down to the base of his member until her fingers touched his balls. She fondled him gently.

Nick's hips bucked. "Fuck!" He grasped her hand, crushing her fingers around his cock. He held her hand still, his chest heaving. She felt him pulse against her palm. "Do you like sucking cock, Sophie?"

His question made her gasp. She'd always approached the act with dispassion. But right now she could hardly wait to taste him, to fill her mouth with him. She licked her lips. "I'd like to suck you."

The Rocktastic Corduroy Peach—big schemes, big dreams and some really big drama-queens.

The Rocktastic Corduroy Peach

© 2007 Michael Paul Amos

Available now at Samhain Publishing

For Marcus Mason, young at heart guitarist with unsigned rock band Corduroy Peach, life is just one big shit-sandwich. The status of rock ‘n’ roll legend has thus far eluded him and, with the psychological milestone of his thirtieth birthday fast approaching, the chance of hitting the big time seems ever more remote.

Struggling to give up the damned cigarettes and haunted by the specter of an unhappy divorce, he hates his day job as a dog food salesman and wishes he could pluck up the courage to ask out gorgeous but nerdy Oxford student, Rose Finer.

When a throwaway comment by local celebrity Radium Mars puts Corduroy Peach briefly into the limelight, Marcus finds himself competing with suave drummer Dermot for Rose’s affections, and fighting to remain in the band as insufferable singer Danny-boy tries to maneuver him out.

Not willing to let go of his dreams easily, Marcus struggles to work out if this is the beginning of the big-time or the beginning of the end, a question that can only be answered in a final showdown with Radium.

Warning, this title contains the following: foul language, strong sex references, mild drug references, cruelty to a cuddly toy, outrageous melodrama and poor personal hygiene.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *The Rocktastic Corduroy Peach*:

Marcus ran up the stairs two at a time until he reached the small landing where he'd met Geordie and the mouse earlier on. The doors of the hall were open but Marcus couldn't see in very far through the crowd. He recognized some of the faces from the downstairs bar.

"Jesus." Marcus trembled with excitement. He would be going on stage in five minutes and this lot was here to see him. So many, many people.

"You alright there, man?" said a voice to his right.

Marcus saw a small, totally bald man in black leathers, sitting on a chair by the wall, his slightly unsettling, wide-eyed stare only half on Marcus. A pint of lager wobbled precariously in one trembling hand, a curl of smoke rose from a cigarette in the other.

"It's just, you seem, well, transfixed by the surroundings in which you find yourself," the man continued. He sounded as if he were trying to impersonate a robot. Something about his manner suggested this was not in any way intentional.

Marcus nodded at the hall. "It's fucking packed in there. It's only our first gig."

"Oh. Would I be right in surmising you are with Corduroy Peach?"

Marcus couldn't help but smile. The man was stoned or something, he had to be.

"Yeah, mate, I'm the guitarist. Mason. Marcus Mason."

He held out his hand and then instantly regretted it. Fortunately, the man extended a hand back. It was the wrong hand to shake with and was encumbered by a cigarette, making the occasion rather an awkward affair. Still, at least he shook.

"Skin. Mr. Skin. You've got a good crowd in there, man. A good crowd."

“Yeah, it’s pretty good.” Marcus extracted his hand from Mr. Skin with some difficulty. Mr. Skin seemed to have forgotten he was still shaking it.

“I think I’d be interested in putting you lot on, man.”

“Sorry?”

“I put bands on at The Cape if you would be interested in partaking of a gig therein.”

Another gig. Could the night get any better? “Yeah, mate, we’d be well up for that.”

“The remuneration would not be excessive, only a couple of hundred notes, but we get a good crowd in. Would you be so kind to hold my drink for me?”

Marcus took Mr. Skin’s pint from him, still reeling slightly from the words *a couple of hundred notes*. Two hundred pounds for a gig? The world was going mad.

Mr. Skin picked up an empty glass from the floor and effortlessly vomited half a pint of clear fluid into it. He stared hard at the liquid, in the way people inexplicably peer into their handkerchiefs after they have blown their noses. Clearly satisfied, he put the glass down and took his pint back from Marcus’ unresisting hand.

Marcus’ mouth formed a perfect “O” shape.

“Sorry about that, man.” Mr. Skin held his lager to his lips. “I’m having a little trouble with my amphetamines.”

Mr. Skin took a deep draught from his pint while Marcus’ brain went into overdrive, trawling for something, anything to say. It did him no good, he was well and truly stumped. He was rescued by Danny-boy and Dermot running up the stairs, with Paul following shakily behind.

Danny-boy was breathless when he got to the top. “We’re all here? Let’s get on.”

Marcus turned quickly to Mr. Skin. "I'll catch up with you later, mate." Then he pushed his way into the hall after the others.

"Yeah, fine, man."

Alone now on the landing, Mr. Skin swayed a couple of times in his seat. A spasm passed across his face and he dropped his pint, slowly slipping from his chair to the floor.



Absolutely no way would Marcus fuck up the first chord tonight. They were opening with "Live for Tomorrow" but Marcus was confident, he'd been practicing. He would get it right.

They were onstage, strapping their guitars on, squinting out into the lights. He could hear the audience out there, talking, laughing, waiting for them to start. As nobody came right up to the stage, he couldn't see anything except the legs of the closest people. Still, the excitement was overpowering. He wasn't going to make a mistake, not tonight.

From his right came the sound of Paul tuning his bass guitar. Behind him, Dermot did a little warm-up drum roll. A whoop came from the crowd. Was it Rose? Marcus couldn't tell.

Danny-boy faced Marcus, his back to the audience. Arms stretched upwards, he cracked his knuckles over his head. Marcus grimaced. Danny-boy's armpits each sported a neat, round sweat patch. Marcus never realized stage lights could be so hot. He silently prayed to the god of good performances for Danny-boy to keep his arms down.

"You ready?" hissed Danny-boy.

Marcus fingered the opening chord of "Live for Tomorrow" on the fretboard of his guitar and nodded. Danny-boy looked at Dermot who gave the thumbs-up. Satisfied, Danny-boy silently counted to three and turned with a flurry to the microphone.

“Hello, Oxford.”

But the microphone was not turned up and his voice could not be heard above the crowd. He sagged and tapped the microphone crossly with his finger. After a few taps, the sound came up and the noise of Danny-boy’s nails on the metal mesh of the microphone boomed out. He spoke into it again, this time without the bravado.

“Er, testing? We’re Corduroy Peach. Er...”

He glanced over his shoulder at the band. Marcus noticed Paul was still tuning his bass guitar up. “Danny-boy, wait, Paul isn’t ready.”

But Danny-boy was back at the microphone. “Er, hello, Oxford.”

A man in the crowd shouted, “Get on with it.”

“This is called ‘Live For Tomorrow’.” Danny-boy turned to face the band. “One, two, three...” he began.

“Hang on, me duck, hang on.” Paul crouched over his tuner.

Danny-boy closed his eyes and screwed up his face. “Oh Jesus, Paul, come on.”

Paul flicked a switch on his electronic tuner and stood. “Alright, me duck, I’m ready.”

Danny-boy glowered at him. “Are you sure, Paul? I mean, we only look like complete tits already.”

“I said okay. Go on.”

Danny-boy closed his eyes, took a deep breath and stood for a moment. “One, two, three, four...”

Marcus’ concentration had strayed from his guitar during this exchange. His hand slipped down one semi-tone.

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

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

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

A Scorching Seduction

© 2007 Marie Harte

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

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

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

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

Blackberry Pie

© 2007 Bonnie Dee

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

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

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

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

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

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

Catching a Buzz

© 2007 Ally Blue

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

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

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

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

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

Full Disclosure

© 2007 Mary Wine

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

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

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

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

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

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

Does a full moon really cause naughty behavior?

Bad Moon Rising

© 2007 Leeanne Kenedy

Hailey Burke has heard that full moons cause people to behave in strange ways, but she never thought it would apply to her until the night she winds up in bed with a man she doesn't even like. So she'd had a temporary loss of sanity when she slept with Zack Creighton, the womanizing photographer. Big deal. Doesn't mean she's going to do it again, right?

Wrong.

Unfortunately, Zack has something else in store for Hailey. He's liked the sassy redhead from the moment he met her, but he can't get the stubborn woman to let go of the misconceptions she's formed about him. Sure, he's played the field, but Zack is no womanizer, and he has no intention of leaving things at one night. Once he's had a taste of Hailey, he wants another. And he's determined to convince her that he's not the bad boy she's always thought.

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

How can masturbating in a hotel Jacuzzi lead to love? Cassidy Yates is about to find out.

Beyond the Tears

© 2007 Michelle Cary

A year after her husband died while serving in Iraq, Cassidy Yates still nurses a broken heart. Thinking a vacation will help, she agrees to a week in Key West with her best friend, April. Upon arrival, April suggests a way for Cassidy to ease her pain—sleep with the sexiest stud she can find.

Not the type to bed hop, Cassidy refuses April's idea and ends up alone. Abandoned by her friend, Cassidy decides to take a nighttime swim. In the Jacuzzi, she masturbates to the memories of making love to her husband. Mortified by her own behavior, Cassidy retreats to her hotel room, hoping no one witnessed her exhibition.

Chase Dempsey is a man with rugged good looks and a killer smile. He isn't looking to fall in love and only wants few days of relaxation before returning to his Texas ranch. Still, he's curious after watching Cassidy's erotic display and wonders what makes the gorgeous redhead tick. When he finds her dropped sarong, he realizes she's just given him the opportunity to find out...

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

Is their passion real, or only a mirage?

La Mirage

© 2007 Jennifer Colgan

On a lonely stretch of I-95 in the middle of the Nevada desert, journalist Savanna Blaine and photographer Ben Lantano find themselves stranded by engine trouble on their way back from an assignment. Their quest for a gas station leads them to La Mirage, a beautiful resort nestled in a secluded canyon where they are the only guests.

Invited to spend the night in lush accommodations, passion flares between Savanna and Ben who have suppressed their hidden desires long enough. A single touch ignites an unforgettable night in each other's arms, but the next day, when La Mirage mysteriously disappears, they're left to wonder, is their newfound intimacy real or nothing more than a trick of the summer heat?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, oral sex.

One tempting heiress. Two sexy cowboys. Three means fun beyond her wildest dreams—until her Cord starts to unravel.

Take Me

© 2007 Mackenzie McKade

Thoroughbred rancher's daughter Caitlyn Culver has always wanted playboy Cord Daily, even after her daddy threatened to bankrupt him. But winning a racehorse in a poker game means Cord is no longer just a cattle rancher. He's come back wealthier and more wicked than ever.

Snaring this cowboy won't be easy for Cait, and keeping him will be even harder. Still, his sexual antics and taste for ménages won't scare her off. She knows the best way to snag a man like Cord is to pretend

indifference. So when he comes onto her in the barn, she plays along—only to leave him tied to a ladder, aroused and unfulfilled.

It's payback time.

Cord seeks out Cait and brings along his playboy cousin, Dolan Crane. The two cowboys are enough to set her body afire. She's bound and determined to resist their sexual allure, but ends up experiencing a night beyond her wildest fantasies. Now Dolan wants Cait for himself. Cait's father wants Cord's racehorse. And Cord wants Caitlyn to choose—her father's money or her cowboy's love.

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

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

Fijian Fling

© 2007 Sami Lee

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

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

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

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

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

Honeymoon Castaways

© 2007 Dawn Halliday

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

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

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

Two men and a bottle of nut cream...

Nut Cream

© 2007 Jade Buchanan

Nut [nuht] noun, verb.

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

2. Slang, Vulgar – a testis.

Cream [kreem] noun.

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

2. Slang, Vulgar – to have an orgasm.

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

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

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

Fantasmagorical

© 2007 Annmarie McKenna

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

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.

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

Ladies! Meet Red Hot Alaskan Men

© 2007 Nancy Lindquist

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

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

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

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

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

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

One Night on a Balcony

© 2007 Samantha Lucas

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

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

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

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

Sometimes the truth is the greatest aphrodisiac.

Liaisons in Jubilee

© 2007 Jamie Craig

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

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

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

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

Second Wind

© 2007 Dee S. Knight

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

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

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

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

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

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

Custom Ride

© 2007 K.A. Mitchell

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

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

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

What Leilani wants, Leilani gets...and she always gets her man.

Skin to Skin

© 2007 Dionne Galace

What Leilani wants, Leilani gets. That is, until she meets the enigmatic Oliver Clayton, her new neighbor. For some reason, Oliver seems to be intent on avoiding her even though he's obviously interested. Leilani has tried to everything to get his attention, from wearing skimpy little outfits to walking a neighbor's dog six times in front of his yard. Leilani wants Oliver...and she always gets her man.

In the heat of the summer, the temperature's not only thing rising. Luckily, Oliver has that pool in his backyard and Leilani knows just how to cool off...

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

Hot summer nights make people do crazy things.

Spontaneous

© 2007 Karen Erickson

Sophie Kincaid doesn't want to be attracted to her boss but she is. Sick and tired of being used by men, she's sworn them off. But her hot and now slightly drunk boss just became too hard to resist.

His girlfriend dumped him and now Ian Grey is drowning his sorrows in alcohol, something he never does. Flirting with Sophie the sexy bartender inspires him to do even more things he'd never consider. Like have hot sex with her in the storage room.

They can't deny their attraction for each other but Sophie's afraid she doesn't measure up. And what does Ian want from her anyway? She'll have a naked good time figuring it out...

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

Roping the naughty girl is all fun and games until someone falls in love.

Knotty Girl

© 2007 Maggie Casper

Shelby Langley was not sub, slave or Mistress, she was merely kinky. Point her to a BDSM club where she could watch and experience pretty much anything the mind could conjure, without the tangled web of an actual relationship, and she was in orgasmic bliss.

Long into the lifestyle, Craig Jensen was able to spot a submissive in denial from a mile away. Usually he left them be to find their own way, only keeping an eye out for their safety while on his turf, but there was something about the sweet, young blonde who had a love for rope bondage that called for him to claim her as his own.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, anal play and an overall spanking good time.

When a school teacher with a backbone of steel meets a hard-nosed lawman, more than the desert will heat up.

Marielle's Marshal

© 2007 Beth Williamson

Marielle Bloom never expected to be the victim of a stagecoach robbery stranded in the desert in the middle of summer with a sexy marshal who sets her body on fire with one look from his steely eyes.

Marshal Ramsey Whitfield doesn't know what to make of the outspoken teacher, but he does know she feels perfect in his arms. As they trek together across the barren landscape, searching for civilization, they discover that their desire for each other is hotter than the desert sand.

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

When a man who isn't human is accidentally enslaved by a woman who has no idea what he is, the result is magical.

Sealed With a Kiss

© 2007 Lila Dubois

Signing up for a one-week adventure vacation, Helena expects to be kayaking in the Pacific, not having every sexual fantasy fulfilled in her guide's bed.

Ocean is more than he seems, his kayaking business a cover for his deepest secret.

When Helena accidentally enacts old magic, enslaving Ocean, he doesn't know if she is the luckiest girl on earth, or an enemy of his kind, bent on imprisoning him forever. Ocean's strange behavior worries Helena but she's distracted by the mind-blowing sex.

After the truth is revealed, will their budding love be Sealed with a Kiss?

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

When his girlfriend demands he settle down and start a family, Cole Winchester has some hard decisions to make. Marry his girlfriend, or finally own up to his taboo attraction to other men.

Taboo Desires

© 2007 Amanda Young

Cole Winchester feels like a rat, boxed into a corner. Faced with the prospect of being trapped in a passionless marriage, he makes the hard choice to end his relationship.

A run in with an old friend on the beach, propels Cole's fantasies out into the open and forces him to confront his taboo desires. Before him, lies the choice of a lifetime—embrace his desire for another man and all the pitfalls that come along with it, or return to his girlfriend and live out the safe half-life he carved for himself.

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

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