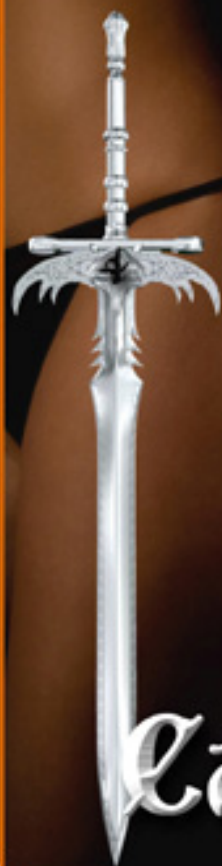


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Fawn Lowery



Eara's Man

Swords

CARA'S MAN

TAROT: THE FOUR OF SWORDS

BY

FAWN LOWERY

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Cara's Man

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The Four of Swords represents the challenge to be quiet! Sometimes resting and doing nothing is the ultimate challenge. Activity can be a habit that is very difficult to break. There is always so much to do, and modern society beguiles us with its attractions and distractions. If you are recovering from an illness, allow yourself quiet time to heal. The Four of Swords also represents taking the time to think things over without hurry. It is important to step back and gain perspective, to gather your strength and center your energy.

*To all the great editors and artists at eXtasy
Books...*

CARA'S MAN

Cara Phillips raised one hand and raked her fingers through her short blond hair. She was growing weary of lying in the sun, doing nothing. And she was bored stiff with the notion of doing nothing for another full week.

It wasn't her nature to loll around. She was a doer, a person compelled to be on the move, making things happen. She let out a long sigh and reached for the bottle of suntan lotion sitting on the little table near her lounge chair. Absently, she smoothed the white cream along her right thigh.

At twenty-four she had already ended the one relationship she thought might lead to marriage. It was an amiable split though, with Ron simply packing up and moving along. There weren't any long goodbyes — a quick "Good Luck" thrown haphazardly over his left shoulder as he walked out the door, and it was over.

"We can't have a relationship with you traipsing half way around the world to please one of your neurotic clients, Cara," Ron yelled while he gathered

his things strewn about the bedroom.

"My clients aren't neurotic," Cara had replied in defense. "You simply don't understand what is involved with being an interior designer."

"Maybe I don't," he bit out. "And I'm tired of trying to understand."

True. Their relationship had its ups and downs. And she did travel a lot. She shrugged one bare shoulder. If a person wanted to get ahead –

"Excuse me, Miss."

Cara jerked her head around, spying one of the waiters who tended the bar at the pool. He held a tray with a frothy pink drink setting on it.

"The gentleman at the bar sent you a drink."

Cara glanced toward the bar and saw a man partially hidden in the shade from the colorful canopy perched on a stool at its end. He nodded his head at her and waved one hand.

"Tell the gentleman I don't take drinks from men I don't know," Cara said and resumed applying the suntan lotion to her legs.

The waiter left without reply and Cara made it a point to keep her eyes averted from the bar. By now the young man had delivered her message and the friendly gentleman was probably scowling his discord. Well, it simply didn't matter. She had come to St. Thomas to rest, to gather her thoughts, actually, to look at her life as she never had before, and she didn't need any distractions – especially of the male persuasion. She grimaced

when the alarm on her watch alerted her it was medication time. She had finally gotten a physical exam — after nearly collapsing from exhaustion three weeks earlier, only to be given a regimen of pills to get her back on her feet.

"You must take at least a month off and rest, Miss Phillips."

Cara slid her gaze across Dr. Johnson's desk and up the front of his white doctor's coat, to his thick jowled face and the pair of beady dark eyes staring at her over the pair of wire rimmed spectacles. He resembled a character from a Dr. Suess story — real, only to the imagination. But his voice was forceful.

"Unless you slow down, you're working yourself into illness. Heart attacks are brought on by less hours than you work."

So, in order to extract herself from his office, and his fatherly advice, she had agreed to slow down, fly off to a restful place, and relax. But it was easier to say, than do.

Cara popped a pink pill and a green pill into her mouth and sipped a drink of water to swallow them, and then she took the paperback book from her tote bag and perused the front cover. She hadn't read a book since college — since she'd gotten her degree in Interior Design. She adjusted the brim of her straw hat so the sun didn't shine on the pages of the book, and began to read.

It was quiet around the pool, only Cara and two other couples. No children since the Beachcombers

Resort catered exclusively to adults. Palm trees lined the crest of the large sand dune separating the pool area from the white sand beach leading to the Caribbean Sea. A soft breeze fanned the frilly leaves making them sway gently. The sky was a cloudless stretch of blue as far as the eye could see. And behind Cara, a tall fifteen-story hotel stabbed at the sky. She had reserved the penthouse apartment for the month but she found it almost impossible to stay cooped up in it. She craved activity — and the limelight.

She found it hard to concentrate on the printed page. It was too quiet and too still. She let out a long sigh and raised her gaze to scan along the ocean's edge. It lapped hungrily at the sands, drew back, then returned momentarily to lap across the sands again.

"Excuse me."

The voice sounded at precisely the moment the shadow fell across Cara's upper body, blocking her view of the ocean and throwing her face into darkness. She jerked her head upward, spying a most impressive bare chest, a washboard abdomen, and a pair of shoulders as broad as Texas. Her breath caught in her throat.

"Aren't you Cara Phillips?"

His voice was mellow, a tone that seemed to soothe and excite at the same time. His features were chiseled, as though hewn from cast bronze;

the shadow he stood in accentuated his straight nose and firm chin. Blue eyes — the color of the ocean — gazed down at Cara while the light breeze gently blew his dark auburn hair across his forehead.

“Yes,” Cara replied. Who would have guessed she’d pick a place to regain her health and run into someone who knew her? “And you are?” He didn’t look familiar — but then, perhaps she was just too mentally exhausted to remember him.

He smiled slightly and extended his right hand to her. “Gabe Collins.”

His name spun round in Cara’s mind. Gabe Collins — the world-renowned architect who designed half of the skyscrapers in New York! Of all the times to finally meet her idol — it had to be when she wasn’t up to par mentally or physically.

She felt his stare, perhaps looking for signs of recognition of his name. But he was staring at her breasts—wasn’t he? She felt her senses jolt with the thought of his attention being lustful. An erotic feeling suddenly zinged along her nerve endings. His gaze was traveling over the top of her red bikini, pausing to inspect a nipple that pressed too tightly against the thin fabric. She tipped her chin in the air, pushing the wide brimmed straw hat that slightly askew on her hair, to the back of her head. She flashed a tiny grin at him, making the small dimple in her left cheek wink.

"It's nice to meet you." She put aside her paperback book and swung her feet over the side of the lounge chair, all too aware of his gaze traveling along her legs. She slid her hand into his and regretted doing so a second later. Her palm meshed perfectly with his, a sign that other parts of him would probably fit quite nicely with hers as well.

"Are you here working?" he asked, releasing her hand and pulling up a chair to sit in.

"No. Vacation." She felt suddenly self-conscious in the great man's presence. She couldn't tell him she was there to learn to relax — or under doctor's orders. The admission would somehow undermine her reputation as a professional.

Cara's pulse was racing. His eyes were doing funny things to her senses, as his gaze seemed to be inspecting every inch of her body. Her mouth suddenly felt as though it was stuffed with cotton. She swallowed to try and alleviate the feeling. She should at least try and make conversation with him — since she'd wanted to meet him forever.

"Are you here building another skyscraper?" she asked, her voice almost a nervous squeak. Quickly she reached for the glass of water setting on the table.

"I'm here to rest." He gave her a wide smile. "And to start a new project."

His words somersaulted through her mind. "A new project?" she repeated, smiling at him. She sat up a bit straighter and looked directly into his face. What she wouldn't give to be able to work with Gabe Collins.

"I'm drawing up plans for a new hotel and resort on the other side of the island," he said. He leaned back in the metal chair and crossed his legs.

Cara's gaze drank him in—sweeping along his tall length as he relaxed in the chair. Suddenly heat sweep through her insides as she realized her gaze had paused on his crotch. Why had she looked at his crotch? For Pete's sake! The man would think she was nuts if she didn't control herself.

"Could I interest you in a drink?" He waved one hand at a nearby waiter.

"Nothing alcoholic," Cara stammered. She pulled in a deep breath and resumed her prone position on the chaise lounge, stretching out her bare legs and adjusting her straw hat.

"Have you plans for dinner?" he asked. He ordered lemonade for them both and pulled his chair closer to Cara's chaise lounge.

Instantly, Cara felt intrigued by his overt move toward her. It seemed he was within grasping distance of her breasts. She felt her nipples begin to tighten at the thought of him reaching out his

hand and fondling her. She shifted her position in the lounge, her senses on fire with carnal want. It had been months since she had contact with a man — sexual or otherwise.

“About dinner,” he reminded, handing her a cold frosty glass of lemonade. “If you’ve no plans—”

Cara accepted the drink and turned her eyes on him, smiling. “I’d love to join you for dinner,” she said, trying not to sound too thrilled that he asked. Not only was she having a conversation with the great man — perhaps the greatest architect of the times — but also he was inviting her to dinner!

“Since you’re here on vacation, have you taken advantage of the hotel spa?” he asked. “Ramon is a marvelous masseuse. In fact, I have a massage scheduled in an hour.” He gave her an expectant look. “I could arrange for a second masseuse and you could join me.”

His invitation held all the sensual connotations that sent Cara’s thoughts turning to those of a sexual nature. The place between her legs suddenly tingled.

“It’s a date,” she replied, flashing him a coy look through her long dark eyelashes.

* * * *

The spa was a luxurious offering of hot tubs,

private rooms for long massages, and cleansing herbal wraps applied for relaxation and weight loss. The area was spacious, antiseptic, and air-conditioned. Several attendants strolled about the corridors clad in neat white uniforms. Soft music filtered into the space. All in all, the atmosphere was one of peace and calm.

Cara was all too aware of Gabe Collins' presence as she clutched the large soft towel wrapped around her body and followed him down the wide expansive hallway. A private room at the end of the building contained two massage tables draped in white sheets. An assortment of aromatic candles were lit, and setting on a window ledge. The blinds were drawn, throwing the small room into near darkness except for the glowing candles. A fragrance of jasmine permeated the air.

"Which table would you like?" Gabe paused just inside the room.

He stood beside her, a towel draped around his hips. It rode low, giving Cara a peek at his flat abdomen and the wispy trail of black body hair that led down to his private parts. She forced her eyes away, hoping he hadn't caught her giving his lower extremities another inspection.

Cara crossed the room and chose the table on the left. Her cheeks were flaming from embarrassment. Why couldn't she keep her eyes

off his cock? She hurried to stretch out on the table on her stomach and turn her head toward the wall, away from Gabe. But her ears were listening to sounds he made as he lay down on the table. Had he removed his towel? She wondered. Did men usually remove their towels when they got massages?

Her thoughts were put on hold when the two masseuses came into the room. Gabe talked with them and Cara was content to say no more than to point out the fact that her back felt stiff.

At first she tensed when the masseuse put his hands on her flesh, but once his expert fingers began to work on her sore muscles, she relaxed and savored the warm rhythmic kneading. In fact, she couldn't say for sure, but she thought she dozed off — but only for a short time, or so she thought until she turned her head and saw that the table where Gabe was supposed to be lying, was empty.

Abruptly, she raised her upper body onto her elbows, and scanned the room for him. Massaging fingers were gently working their way down her spine and onto the rise of her buttocks, making spiraling tingles flood her body. It felt so good she didn't want it to stop and instead of saying anything about Gabe's absence, she merely laid her head back down and closed her eyes. He was a grown man. He was capable of taking care of

himself.

She felt languid, serene. Relaxed, as she had never felt before. Maybe she could just stay there on the table and have a week-long massage. The thought made her chuckle. The expert fingers rubbed and kneaded, trailed along her spine and flared out across her hips, only to work upward to her shoulders and her neck, then repeat the process over and over. She felt as limp as a noodle sprawled on the table, the soothing aroma of jasmine filling her senses and the total quietness of the dimly lit room giving her a feeling of calmness.

She almost dozed off again — almost. Her eyes widened as something different touched her back. At first she couldn't believe it — then she became super-sensitive to the light touches. Feather-light kisses were being placed all along her spine — then lower —

Cara jerked around suddenly, spying the person working on her sore muscles — the man with the audacity to kiss her back.

Gabe smiled down at her.

She stared up at him.

He gave her a wink with one blue eye and gently pushed her upper body back down on the table.

"I slipped Ramon a twenty and he took a hike," he said, resuming his tending of her back.

Cara couldn't help but laugh. "You're not trying to take advantage of me, are you Gabe Collins?"

"I've been helping you relax," he replied.

"Hmmm," she answered, contemplating her next move. She felt almost too relaxed to get off the table and leave. But then, did she really want to? Hadn't she been lusting after Gabe Collins since he interrupted her solitude out by the pool? "And here I thought you had something else in mind."

He chuckled out loud, then leaned his head down and nuzzled her nape. "So you do interior design *and* read minds," he stated. He nipped her left earlobe with his teeth. "I've been wanting you since I watched you walk across the patio to the pool, Cara," he admitted.

She pulled in an audible breath. "I really can read minds," she said, a giggle in her tone.

Gabe pressed his upper body against her back as he worked his mouth across her cheek to her lips. Cara felt the sudden pressure of warm firm muscles as he leaned across her body. She kissed him back, opening her mouth when he poked his tongue against her lips. Her senses skyrocketed out of control when she felt him pull away the towel riding low on her buttocks.

He let a low moan slip from his throat when Cara made no attempt to stop his sexual advances.

He kissed her mouth and ran his hands along her back, across her hips, the length of her legs, and then he pulled her upward, pushing her legs over the edge of the massage table.

Cara pressed her breasts into the solid wall of his chest and wrapped her arms around his neck. He spread her knees and stepped between them, pulling her buttocks to the edge of the table. He was hard and needing release.

Cara drew in an excited gulp of air. Pulling her mouth from Gabe's, her eyes flickered open. She was moments away from having sex with Gabe Collins – her idol – and her body was on fire to let it happen.

"Condom," she murmured, trying to focus her eyes on his face. He was gorgeous, she admitted, and his kisses were quickly driving her wild. "We can't do this without a condom, Gabe." His name rolled off her tongue like she'd known him forever – or at least longer than three hours.

He brought his hands trailing up her arms to travel across her collarbone to gently clasp her face between his palms. He tipped her face upward and kissed her again.

"Details," he said, smiling at her. "I've taken care of the details." In the next instant he took hold of her right hand and placed it on his erection. "See."

Cara lowered her head and glanced at the hot

stick of flesh in her palm. True. He had taken care of the details. The condom was already in place. A smile pulled at her lush lips.

"I read once that you were particularly good at tending to even the smallest detail," she quipped. Her hand moved along his length.

He laughed out loud at her words. "Even the smallest detail can have significant meaning," he said, his hands moving to her buttocks. He smoothed his palms across her supple flesh, then delved between her legs, causing her to gasp.

Their conversation abruptly over, he grasped her buttocks in his palms and pushed his hard cock between her legs, entering her warm cave. Cara wrapped her arms around his neck and closed her eyes.

At first he shoved in so fast that it made her gasp, he was so long and thick, but once he began moving, she savored every thrust with elation. Her body was starved for male attention — for a hard cock that could thrust her to orgasm.

Her senses were keen to the sensations he was causing her to have. His big hands grasped her buttocks and pressed her crotch into his with such expertise that Cara knew for certain he would not disappoint her.

The metal massage table shook with their hurried movements. She was on the verge of climax, the tide of orgasm rising inside her when

she realized Gabe was just as close. She held him tighter as he increased his thrusting and when she knew the moment of release was upon them, she ground her lips against his and allowed the explosion of incredible sensations to flood her body.

* * * *

Gabe kissed Cara's breasts while the orgasm waned inside his body. They were sweating, panting. Cara stroked his cheek, and delved her fingers amid his auburn hair, combing it off his forehead. She kissed his mouth, tasting the sweat on his upper lip. Their hot breath mingled.

"I have other relaxation techniques too," he said. He trailed his lips down the arch of her throat, across her collarbone and onto her breast. He pulled her right nipple into his mouth and suckled it, causing it to tighten.

I bet you do, Cara thought. The waning sensation of orgasm still lingered in her body while her mind was still trying to make sense out of what had just occurred. She had had sex — hot sex — with Gabe Collins — a man she'd only just met.

He pulled his mouth off her breast and looked at her, meeting her green gaze.

"You're wondering why you had sex with me,

aren't you?" He raised one hand and ran his palm across the rise of her left breast, slowly, teasingly.

Cara shook her head from side to side. "No. I admit sexual attraction to you," she confessed, her cheeks pinking slightly. "It's just that I've been in awe of you for so long —"

His outburst of laughter cut her words short.

Gabe trailed a fingertip along the smooth contour of her left cheek. "And why in God's name, would you be in awe of me?" he asked, a teasing grin on his lips.

"I can name every building project you ever completed, Gabe Collins," she began, her eyes caressing his face. "I've read every interview you ever gave—"

"Hush," he instructed, placing his finger across her lips.

She stared at him. He appeared genuinely humbled by her praise. Realization wafted through her insides. Gabe Collins was not only a brilliant architect, but also, he was humble. Suddenly she viewed him in a whole different light. And for the first time since they met, she felt herself relax in his presence. She almost laughed out loud. For Pete's sake! She had just fucked the guy — on a massage table, no less — and now she felt relaxed in his presence! Get a grip, girl, she silently admonished.

"Are you hungry?" he asked, staring down at

her.

“Ravished,” she admitted, smiling at him. Sex always gave her an appetite, but she didn’t tell him, she merely sat still while he removed himself from between her legs, discarded the used condom in a small waste can near the back of the room, then came back to the table to help her down.

* * * *

The main dining room at the resort was a huge room sporting a tropical motif of red hibiscus and green palm leaves. White linen-draped tables filled the space with white taper candles lighting each. The ambience of the room spoke of quiet and seduction, a place where lovers could share a succulent dinner, complete with wine in crystal glasses or indulge in one of the numerous drinks the resort was popular for. Alas, Cara’s medication prevented her from trying any of the concoctions — but she promised herself once the pill bottles were empty — she’d sample every drink on the menu. It was a silly whim, perhaps, but being restricted in any way was foreign to her lifestyle. She had always been a free spirit — taking each day as it came — until her health became in jeopardy from over-working.

They were seated at a table near a large

window where they could look out over the beach. The sun was near setting and the horizon was ablaze with gold and magenta hues. A very beautiful contrast when compared to the deep blue of the Caribbean waters. The thought of a stroll on the beach suddenly came to Cara's mind, but then she glanced across the table and locked gazes with Gabe. He had other ideas in mind, she realized. His blue gaze was smoldering with lust.

"You look lovely," he complimented, his gaze wafting over Cara's strapless sundress.

"Thank you," she replied, wondering if the top of her dress revealed too much cleavage. His eyes were drinking her in, heating her skin with warmth that belied his touch.

"After dinner, I'll show you another relaxation technique," he said in a low voice, a slanted smile gracing his lips.

Cara's heart skipped a beat. She could hardly wait, she admitted silently. She picked up her menu and began reading the entrees. Oysters were the featured item for the evening, but she doubted whether either of them needed additional sensual stimulus.

They ordered steaks and carried on a friendly conversation until their food arrived. Cara hadn't been kidding when she admitted to being ravenous. She ate every scrap on her plate and when the dessert cart came around, she ordered

the tropical cheesecake.

They had after-dinner coffee, and then Gabe invited her for a walk on the beach. The sun had dipped below the horizon and the new moon hung high overhead amid a placid field of twinkling stars.

"It's a night for lovers," Gabe said, grasping Cara's hand.

Were they lovers? Cara wondered. Given the fact that they had just met earlier in the day, could they be considered lovers? Perhaps they were embarking on a short torrid love affair, she dared to think. Sex. Lust. Their association had all the earmarks of an affair. She glanced at him, illuminated in the soft white light of the moon and stars. He was, perhaps, the most handsome man she had ever met. And, to tell the truth, she had secretly been in love with him since her college days. But then that was only a girlhood crush, she decided. Love only blossomed when two people came together in real life.

The sex with Gabe had been incredible, hot, lusty, a joining of two people in need of orgasm. She wondered — but chose not to ask — had it been as long for him as it had been for her? Had he gone without a woman — as long as she had gone without a man?

That's a silly thought, she admonished, smiling. She pulled her gaze away from Gabe and turned

her eyes out over the ocean. It was quiet, lapping gently at the sandy beach. The moon shone on its rippling surface, accentuating the rolling whitecaps as they came gently ashore.

The tug on her arm landed her in Gabe's warm embrace. She snuggled against his chest, his fragrance that of expensive cologne and warm male flesh. She felt contentment foreign to her body, something she was unable to completely describe.

His lips were warm pressing atop hers and his hands were gently gliding across her back. She gave her mouth over completely to his tending, relishing the care with which he bestowed his kisses. When he bid entry into her mouth with his tongue, she eagerly opened her lips and welcomed him inside, meeting the tip of his tongue with her own. A dance of sorts ensued, with Cara poking her tongue into his mouth before the kiss ended.

"I want you," Gabe whispered against Cara's lips. "I want to make love to you right here on the sand."

The thought of having sex again with him filled her with expectation of the highest kind. In the past she had never been able to get enough sex — to experience orgasm enough. Occasionally she wondered how she managed to work such long hours — especially when she was living with Ron — knowing there was a willing sexual partner

waiting at home. In the end, she had simply realized she didn't truly love Ron — not the way a woman should love a man in regards to lasting love.

The thought of others walking along the beach perhaps, coming up on them as they were having sex, briefly ran through Cara's mind. But then she quickly pushed the thought aside. Earlier that morning she had seen a couple fondling each other in the pool. The resort catered to adults only, she reminded herself, pushing aside her fears.

The thought that they were indeed having an affair grew in her mind as she allowed Gabe to pull her along the beach to a small alcove where a number of large sandstone boulders lay. He tugged her behind one giant rock and pulled her into the circle of his arms.

"Want to know a secret?" he asked in a low voice.

"I love secrets," she replied, raising her arms to encircle his neck.

"I feel like a kid sneaking around to have sex."

Cara giggled, then silenced when he kissed her.

She was burning with desire when he pulled his mouth away and began searching for the zipper on her dress. Finding it, he quickly lowered in, exposing Cara's bare breasts to his eyes. His hands at once rose to cover them, his thumbs rubbing erotically on her nipples.

Cara unbuttoned Gabe's shirt and pushed the fabric aside so she could run her palms across his warm skin. A bevy of taut muscles lay just beneath the smoothness, flexing as her inspecting hands glided over them. A spray of dark hair lay across his chest and around his male nipples. Cara dipped her head and kissed one nipple tentatively, bringing a shiver from Gabe. Then, in the next moment, he clasped the back of her head and held her mouth against his nipple. She pulled the tiny nub between her lips, feeling it firm against her tongue.

Her dress disappeared from her body in one swift movement, leaving her clad only in a red panties and white strappy sandals. She laughed softly and stepped out of her shoes, opening the way for Gabe to strip off her underwear. He rid her of the tiny panties almost as quickly as he had her dress, then he stripped out of his own clothes.

The moonlight bathed their naked bodies, caressed the creamy smoothness of supple skin and lent an aura of seduction to their senses. Gabe dropped to his knees and pulled Cara's hips to his mouth. He kissed her abdomen and poked his tongue into the hollow of her navel.

Cara sucked in a quick breath and tangled her fingers in his thick hair, holding his head against her belly. His hands grasped her buttocks, his fingers inching along the rounded halves with

inspecting ease. Soon she felt his fingers broach her rear orifice and was overcome with desire to spread her legs and feel his mouth on her crotch.

He pushed her thighs apart with one hand and stroked her crotch with his fingers. Parting her hairy fleshy lips, he delved his tongue inside her delicate folds.

"Oh Gabe!" Cara said in a breathy tone. She sucked in a deep breath as his mouth found her clitoris and sucked it between his lips. "Oh honey!"

He sucked on her clit while his finger poked inside her rear orifice, sending her almost into orbit. She bucked her hips and urged him to play more while she clutched his head and pressed his face tighter into her crotch.

Her breasts heaved on her chest. Her nipples were tight clusters, jutting forward. She brought one hand up to fondle one, needing to be touched, feeling on fire with desire.

An orgasm began for her. Gabe's mouth was sucking on her clit so wantonly and his finger was into her rear orifice up to his palm — she had never been brought to orgasm like that before and it was all too marvelous!

"I'm having an orgasm, Gabe!" she whispered.

He increased his sucking on her clit as she tangled her fingers in his hair in her fit of climax and gyrated her hips against his mouth and

hands.

* * * *

Cara stretched and turned on her side. The bedroom was brightly lit from the sun shining in through the drapes she had not drawn at the window. She refused to open her eyes, content to lie still and contemplate the past several hours of her life.

She had met — and had sex — with Gabe Collins — the one man in the whole world she idolized. He had come to her at the pool — and she had given in to her lust for him.

Lust, she thought, trying to figure her motive for last night's sex on the beach. Silly, she was her own person — she answered to no one, yet she had come to the island to rest, to regain a semblance of purpose in her life.

Her eyes flickered open. She should call the office and check on things. Marie was capable of answering the phone and taking messages, but she didn't have a clue about sending out any of the designers on a job. Leslie Miller was deep into the Crane project, a series of loft apartments on the east side; and Jean Elliott was almost finished with the Compton apartment, a short project that involved working with the clients to redo their residence. Jean was the newest addition to the

Phillips Design Studio. She was fresh out of college and in need of guidance.

Cara levered herself out of bed and reached for her cell phone. One quick call, and she'd put work out of her mind. She punched in the number and waited for Marie to pick up.

"Phillips Design Studio," Marie chirped into the receiver.

"I'm calling for a report, Marie," Cara informed her.

"You're supposed to be resting and recovering," Marie reminded, her voice stern.

Cara rolled her eyes toward the ceiling. If Marie only knew how hard it was to lie around and do nothing — she wouldn't be yelling at her. She listened to the drone coming over the line, giving Marie the benefit befitting her age — she often took the mother-daughter side of things where Cara was concerned. She waited for Marie to pause in her reprimand, and then she asked again about business.

Marie drew in a long breath. "Jean will finish up the initial design this week, and then when the client approves the recommendations, she'll arrange for the construction — or whatever it will take."

Cara smiled and shook her head. Marie was trying hard to reassure her that all was well and she should get back to relaxing — or enjoying

herself.

"Everything is fine," Marie continued. "And I have the number to the resort if I need to contact you."

Cara hung up the phone and headed to the shower. It was nearly impossible to get work out of her head.

The telephone was ringing off the hook when Cara returned from her morning shower.

"Good morning, sleepy head."

The husky voice caressed her ear and brought a wide grin to her face. Gabe was on the line. And after last night — well, she could still recall how his hands felt skimming across her bare skin, how his mouth felt pressed against her. And the orgasms had been absolutely incredible!

"Come join me for breakfast, Cara. I'm downstairs in the restaurant."

Breakfast with Gabe. The thought sent her senses reeling. Last night wasn't just a dream — or a sex romp on the beach with a handsome stranger. It had meant something to him, perhaps, as it had meant something to her.

"I'll be there as soon as I dress," she said, pulling the towel from her body.

"I'll be waiting," he said, and then hung up.

Cara dressed quickly, pulling on white slacks and a red t-shirt, then stepped into her sandals. She grabbed her purse and cell phone and headed

for the door, and then she realized she didn't have a speck of makeup on her face. Rushing to the bathroom, she quickly dabbed on red lipstick and a touch of mascara, and then she was momentarily startled by her own reflection in the mirror. For a moment she stood still and stared at herself. She looked rested already, she thought, turning her head from side to side.

She giggled, a short burst of laughter that echoed around her in the large bathroom.

"I have a sex glow," she murmured, biting her bottom lip. She smoothed her fingertips across her right cheek, meeting her green gaze in the mirror. "Yeah," she agreed, nodding her head. "I have Gabe to thank for this glowing look."

She saw him seated at a table for two mid-way in the restaurant, a cell phone held to his right ear, an assortment of papers on the table before him. He was working, maybe conferring about some multi-billion dollar building project somewhere in the world.

A wave of utter sadness swept through her insides. She had only just found him — he couldn't leave yet. She managed to contain the moan of regret that tried to inch up her throat. She shouldn't have such thoughts about a man that must belong to the world — since his talents were displayed so lavishly in numerous countries.

She warned herself against having such

thoughts and crossed the room to slide into the chair opposite him. He made eye contact with her, and waved one hand for the waitress, without missing a word in his phone conversation.

Cara ordered omelets for each of them, having gotten a nod of agreement when the waitress began to write. She served herself coffee and tried not to eavesdrop on his conversation, but after a couple of seconds she realized it was impossible not to overhear.

Gabe was discussing a project with one of the foremen on the job and Cara's idea that he would be leaving the island pretty soon, was reinforced. She tried to push aside the dejected feeling she harbored and turn her attention to the steaming cup of coffee sitting before her.

It was almost five minutes later when Gabe got off the phone. By that time Cara had convinced herself that she was lucky to have spent any time at all with busy architect, Gabe Collins. She aimed her best smile at him when he closed the cover on his cell phone and turned his attention to her.

"I have to go to the other side of the island today," he said. "I'd like it very much if you'd go with me."

Her heart jumped in her chest. "I'd love to," she said, jumping at the chance to spend more time with him.

"It might not be very relaxing," he hedged,

cocking an eyebrow at her.

Why would he say that? Cara wondered.

"But I promise you a pleasant sail around the island."

"On a boat?" she quickly blurted out.

He laughed out loud.

She felt embarrassed and giddy all at once. Embarrassed that she had reacted to his invitation with such silliness and giddy because he wanted to spend more time with her.

The waitress appeared suddenly and placed their food before them. Cara picked up her fork and attacked the fluffy omelet, her appetite in full force. One thing she could say about having to rest — she was eating more — and maybe enjoying it too.

His knee rubbed teasingly against hers beneath the table and when Cara glanced in his direction, he was watching her with a curious look in his blue eyes.

"How long are you staying on the island?" he asked, his fork poised in mid-air, a bit of omelet on it.

She met his gaze. "Until the end of the week." She halted her words. But I could stay longer — if you wanted me to, she thought silently. If only he wanted her to —

"Business dictates?" he inquired, his tone serious.

"My business is my life," Cara said matter-of-factly. She poked a bite of omelet into her mouth and chewed thoughtfully. "Though I've been told I need to learn to relax, to step back and look at things from a different perspective."

Gabe suddenly reached across the table and covered her hand with his. "I learned the hard way how important it is to take time off and gather your senses, Cara."

His hand was warm covering hers and at first she was bombarded with sensual feelings — since his knee was pressing against hers as though they were suddenly growing together — but then she realized he was trying to convince her not to leave the island at the end of the week.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" he suddenly asked.

Cara almost choked on the food in her mouth. If she answered with her heart, she'd have to say yes, since she'd often been accused of being just a hopeless romantic. Well, so what, if she believed in eternal love and the Easter Bunny —

Gabe suddenly shook his head and resumed his eating. "You don't have to answer that, Cara. It's silly — and I'm usually not such a —" His words broke off suddenly. Glancing around the dining room, he waved the waitress over and ordered a bloody Mary.

Tears suddenly welled up in Cara's eyes and

she tried her best to hide them from Gabe.

"What?" he asked when he saw her face.

Cara dabbed at her eyes with the corner of the linen napkin. "I'm sorry. I guess I'm just a hopeless romantic."

"Honey!" Gabe exclaimed reaching for her hand. He leaned across the table toward her, her left hand clutched in both of his, a look of total disbelief in his eyes. "Then you really do believe in love at first sight?" he asked, his words barely a whisper.

Cara stared at him. This display of sensitivity on his part made her heart swell with adoration. Suddenly she wanted to be in his arms, feeling his body against hers.

"I suppose I do, Gabe." Her throat went suddenly dry.

"Then you don't think I'd be rushing things if I asked you to stay a little longer on the island?"

"I don't know if I should," she began. Too many times in the past she had thought a relationship was going to work – only to have it fall apart when she least expected it.

"God, Cara! I look across the table at you and all I can think about is wanting to make love to you," he confessed, his voice a hoarse whisper.

Her pulse skittered in an erratic beat. His words wrapped around her heart in a tight grip. Could this really be happening? Could she be falling in

love with Gabe?

"Perhaps this ... thing between us ... is just lust, Gabe," she ventured to say, staring at him to gauge his reaction.

His gaze never wavered. "I have no trouble identifying lust for lust's sake, Cara. I'm not some love-sick teenager."

"I didn't mean —"

"It's all right. Really. I don't want you to think I'm rushing you."

The waitress was in their midst again, delivering the drink Gabe had ordered. She set it before him and took leave silently, and Gabe quickly picked up the drink and swallowed it in a few short gulps.

Cara chuckled at him. Had their conversation gotten so serious that he needed to douse his thoughts in an alcoholic drink at eight-thirty in the morning? The thought that he might really be developing feelings for her filled her with hope. But could she afford to stay longer on the island to find out?

"Lust is a real ... and viable thing, Gabe," she began, her heart racing.

He leaned toward her, a slanted smile on his lips. "Woman, you could drive me to drink," he informed her. "Or make me swear off women altogether."

She had little doubt that women didn't fawn

over him — he was a handsome, very successful man, and perhaps her face mirrored her thoughts for he chuckled audibly.

“Cara, you’re the first woman I’ve fucked in over six months.” He raked one hand through his hair. “It’s a damn wonder I could get it up after such a long abstinence.”

* * * *

Was it lust he felt for Cara? Hell yes! But it went further — from lust to an emotional attachment that surprised the hell out of Gabe. It had happened so fast — so unexpectedly.

He knew she was coming toward him, even before she spoke his name. He could feel her presence, sensed her body drawing nearer to his. It was uncanny. And it was wonderful.

He turned and took her hand, drawing her against his side as they crossed the lobby to the front entrance of the hotel. The boat was reserved and waiting at the pier.

The boat was a cabin cruiser with a lower deck that had a small galley and a bedroom. Cara took her tote bag below while Gabe started the boat’s motor and pulled away from the dock. Momentarily they were underway and Cara had little knowledge of where they were headed — aside from Gabe saying they were going to the

other side of the island.

When Cara returned to the main deck of the boat, she saw Gabe sitting in the driver's seat on the upper deck. The sky was cloudless, and the Caribbean was placid. A soft breeze blew the pale blond tresses at her temples and the sun warmed her bare arms. She gazed around the boat, a luxury cruiser by her standards, with its teak wood trim and twin decks, and spied the red padded cushion on the built-in seating spanning the boat's main deck. Momentarily she stretched out on the cushion nearest the upper platform where Gabe sat, and leaned her back against the rail, enjoying the movement of the boat and the undisturbed beauty of the water.

As earlier, her thoughts were of Gabe and their conversation over breakfast. She sighed and turned her gaze to the left side of the boat. A rough shoreline was visible, dotted with greenery and sandstone boulders. Typical of the island, she thought, remembering what enticed her to the resort in the first place.

She'd been on the island going on a month, and while she found it quite difficult at times to rest and rid her mind of all work-related details, she was beginning to think that she had found some fragment of inner peace — a prerequisite for a happy life, according to Dr. Johnson.

She glanced in Gabe's direction. She wondered

if he was wrestling with his thoughts, as she seemed to be. They hadn't spoken since boarding the boat. She threw her legs over the side of the padded seat and stood up, quickly grasping the railing on the top of the boat's side to keep from falling. She had never tried to walk on a moving boat and found she had to hold on to steady her feet. She found it a bit humorous. She made her way to the ladder leading up to where Gabe steered the boat, and climbed up the short flight of steps.

Gabe glanced at her as she plopped, laughing, into the seat beside him.

"How long does it take before you get sea legs?"

He winked at her with one blue eye. "I like your legs just the way they are," he said. He reached across the open area between the seats and rubbed her left thigh. "They're long, and shapely, and I'd love to feel them wrapped around me."

She felt herself blush at his words. She'd never been exposed to such personal or sexy compliments about her body. She dropped her gaze from his, feeling that further eye contact might bring more of his sensual musings to light.

"Did you bring your bathing suit?" he asked, a slanted smile on his handsome face. "Not that I plan on letting you put it on —" He paused his

words and gave her another wink.

"You didn't tell me we would be swimming," she reminded, a feeling of desire rising inside her.

"There's a picnic lunch in the galley too."

"You thought of everything," she quipped, laughing.

"I'm a guy with a lot of ideas." He raised one hand and pointed toward the shoreline. "That's our destination."

Cara followed his pointing hand with her eyes to spy a construction site in progress. She had been on enough building sites to know that the land was being cleared in order to begin a project. She remembered then that Gabe had said he was on the island to build a resort and hotel complex.

Gabe cut the motor of the boat and the craft eased against the sandy shore, and then came to an abrupt halt when its bow dug into the sand. He turned thoughtful eyes on Cara as he levered himself out of his seat.

"All ashore!" he announced, reaching for her hand.

He helped her climb out on the bow of the boat, and then spanned her waist with both hands to set her on the shore. But he didn't turn her loose once her feet were planted firmly on the ground; he merely wound his arms around her waist and pulled her against his body.

Cara didn't object one bit to being in his arms.

In fact, she had already decided his embrace was a wonderful place to be. His arms were strong, muscular, and gentle on her body. She sighed and raised her mouth to receive his kiss.

His head descended to hers and his lips took total possession of her mouth, devouring her lips and poking his tongue inside to taste her sweetness. Cara wound her arms around his neck and splayed the fingers of her right hand in the thick auburn hair at his nape. She dashed the thought that a number of construction crew might be watching them from the rumbling, smoke-spewing machinery crawling about the land. It didn't matter. She was in Gabe's arms and it felt so right for her to be there.

His hands began to move on her back, lowering to clasp her buttocks. He pressed her close, allowing her to feel the impression of his rising cock against her belly.

"I've been thinking about you all morning," he whispered, pulling his mouth away slightly and staring down into her upturned face.

"This is hardly the place, Gabe," she whispered. But he had aroused her as well with his kisses, his inspecting hands, and his rising hardness.

Reluctantly, he agreed. "I suppose you're right," he said. "I don't need an audience to make love to you." He looked thoughtful for a second. "Though the notion has a certain appeal." He gave

her a warm squeeze before releasing her.

Have sex with Gabe while others watched? The idea was totally arousing and for a second Cara almost creamed her panties. Surely he was joking — wasn't he?

She kept staring at the back of his head as he picked his way through the dense underbrush on the island to the rough clearing where the machinery churned out clouds of black smoke. Was this guy for real?

Bulldozers and large landrovers were all ready on the scene pushing the vegetation into large piles around the perimeter of the site. The stench of diesel motors was terrible and the noise was almost deafening. By the time Gabe halted his feet near the clearing, Cara was wishing she had waited for him on the boat.

"This will be the biggest resort on the island. It will dwarf the Beachcombers Resort by five hundred rooms," he said in a loud voice.

She noted the exuberant look on his face at starting a new project. She smiled at him. She knew exactly what he was experiencing — that excited awareness of creating something new, that complete feeling of expectation as the project got underway. She pulled in a deep breath. In so many ways she was envious of Gabe, envious in a way that only those in their line of work could understand.

He wound one arm around Cara's shoulders and pulled her against his side as he stood looking over the ground being cleared. Momentarily one of the giant bulldozers stopped and the driver waved at Gabe. And Cara knew he would be going to meet the man, to have a walk about the clearing and to discuss the area necessary to commence the project.

Cara stood on the sidelines; her eyes pinned on Gabe as he walked with the man around the clearing. She watched the way he walked, how he swung his arms, the confident way he took the lead. Confidence had always impressed her — especially in a man.

Her brow wrinkled as a thought came to her mind. Was she attracted to Gabe because of who he was? Because of his success — his confidence in being, perhaps, the best architect in his field? She had long been in awe of him. Could this attraction to him be merely the outcome of her adoration?

Her musings were unsettling in a way. Indeed, it had been easier to believe she was merely fulfilling a lusty need for him than to think she might be imitating a fan falling in love with her idol.

But she *was* a fan of his — and he was her idol. She shook her head. Surely she was mature enough to know the difference between idolizing someone and being genuinely attracted to him or

her.

Maybe it would be best to leave the resort at the end of the week and return her mind to her business. Maybe she should just agree that her time with Gabe was a summer fling — like a shipboard romance — only on dry land.

She accessed his body with her green gaze. He was magnificent — tall, robust, handsome. And she felt her senses becoming aroused just imaging him stripped naked, his long cock hard and ready to thrust into her body. An audible mew slipped from her mouth. She had never felt so lusty about a man in all her life.

She watched Gabe come toward her, his business concluded as the man with him returned to his bulldozer. She needed to get her thoughts straight about him — before they spent much more time together. But how could she decide how she felt about him when she was constantly bombarded by her own feelings of sensual want and lusty needs every time she laid eyes on him?

* * * *

They were far out to sea when Gabe cut the motor and joined Cara on the main deck of the boat. He wafted his eyes over her trim figure as she turned to look at him when he braced his legs apart to stand against the rocking of the boat.

Their eyes met and suddenly a tacit message seemed to pass between them. Cara's pulse jumped in her wrist as Gabe stripped out of his polo shirt. He stood before her, clad in khaki pants and brown leather boat shoes, his auburn hair blown askew by the breeze.

She watched as he crossed the deck to her and sat down beside her. He pulled her against his bare chest. His lips pressed firmly against hers in a hot wanton kiss. In the next instant, he pulled his mouth away and yanked her t-shirt over her head, exposing her lacy bra.

She gave a little yelp of protest. It was such a surprise — though not fully unexpected. She had been privy to several sensual glances from Gabe since they had returned to the boat and gotten underway on the return trip.

His mouth worked along the curve of her neck, nibbling sensually on her smooth flesh, until his lips caressed the rise of her breasts pushing over the lace cups of her bra.

A sensual moan escaped Cara's lips and she leaned her head back and closed her eyes. His mouth felt so good on her sensitive flesh. Without further beckoning, she reached the clasp on her bra and released it, tossing the garment to the floor of the boat.

"Suck my nipples," she whispered, thrusting her mounds into Gabe's face. "I love to feel your

mouth on me."

He didn't disappoint her. He cupped each firm mound in his palm and sucked her taut nipples between his lips, then teased the rosy buds with the tip of his wet tongue.

Cara clasp his head between her palms. It felt heavenly — his hot mouth suckling and licking her breasts. She let a ragged sigh leave her throat as her temperature shot up a degree. The soft breeze caressed her bare skin and the worry that someone might see them vanished the second she realized land wasn't to be seen in any direction. They were completely alone — free to disrobe and enjoy each other any way they saw fit.

She was suddenly almost overcome by the desire to touch Gabe, to fondle his male cock, to feel its girth in her hand. She reached out her right hand and stroked his pants front, feeling the firmness she sought just hidden beneath the khaki fabric. With nimble fingers, she released his fly, freeing his hard cock into her palm.

"Oh babe!" he said, his mouth sucking wildly on her nipples. He pressed his abdomen forward, pressing his cock against her palm, and then he lowered his hands to her crotch and stroked her flesh through her white cotton slacks. "Oh babe!"

Wild thoughts raced through Cara's mind. "Let's get naked and go for a swim," she said, her breath coming in short gasps. His fingers were

quickly working her into an orgasm through her clothing.

She stood suddenly and pushed her slacks down, then reeling slightly from the rolling motion of the boat, giggled and grabbed hold of Gabe's hand. In the next instant he was supporting her while she stepped out of her shoes and then kicked her slacks and panties aside with one foot.

She was standing before him naked, and so aroused she feared that if she didn't jump into the water right away — she'd have to fuck Gabe right there on the deck of the boat.

He laughed out loud, as though aware of her aroused state, and stood to remove his pants, but Cara's fingers took over when he reached for the snap and she soon had his pants sliding along his muscular legs to land in a rumpled heap around his feet.

The breath caught in her throat at the sight of his extended cock. It was very beautiful in the full sunlight, very long and thick.

"Gabe," she said, her tone quivering. "Gabe."

She wound one hand around its thick base and dropped to her knees in front of him. The desire to take him into her mouth was more than she could bear. In the next instant, she was fitting her lips around its smooth head and feeling its hot length slide along her tongue.

Gabe grabbed her head with both hands.

“Oh my God, Cara!” he said, pulling in a quick breath. He pushed in slowly. He stared down at her face positioned at his cock. Her red lips slid along his length, taking more of him inside her mouth. Her tongue played along its length, teasing and taunting.

He stepped out of his pants bunched around his feet and pushed them aside. Cara moved one hand between his legs. Her fingers began a slow inspection of his balls, tracing the circumference of each in turn, then traveling along the tight channel leading up to his anal opening. Gently her fingertip eased inside his sensitive opening —

“Cara — Honey!” he yelled, wiggling his hips.

Cara giggled suddenly and pulled her mouth off his cock. In the next second, she was diving over the side of the boat into the water, leaving Gabe dumbfounded.

He dove in the water — once he’d managed to gather his senses — and became engrossed in a playful water ballet with Cara. She splashed and giggled and when he finally managed to catch her — simply slipped out of his embrace, ducking beneath the surface of the water and surfacing several yards away.

She felt giddy, and sexy as hell! She loved the feel of the cold water against her naked body and since she’d had almost a month's rest, she felt

rejuvenated physically, which made swimming so much fun. But while she was frolicking in the tropical waters, she didn't forget the state of arousal her body was in. Sex was on her mind – hot, thrusting – mind-boggling sex.

She swam around to the aft of the boat and climbed up the ladder to get onboard. She wiped the water from her face and combed her fingers through her hair, and then she stood in the middle of the deck, her hands planted on her hips, her legs spread to secure her footing, and waited for Gabe to join her.

She stood naked on the deck, her breasts jutting forward, water streaming down her tanned, supple skin. Gabe treaded water and looked at her, his gaze traveling along her length then he kicked his feet and swam back to the boat, his cock hard and ready.

Anticipation welled up inside Cara. Her recent sex act toward Gabe had given her a feeling of great power over him. It was lusty and arousing in a whole new way. Her crotch ached for stimulus and her nipples craved his mouth.

She watched Gabe swim to the boat ladder; his eyes were pinned to her body, drinking her figure in, wanting her. She watched his body as he mounted the ladder, his powerful arms and shoulders pulling his body upward, then she saw his hard cock bobbing invitingly at his crotch as he

traversed the steps and finally stepped aboard the boat. He raised his hands and swept his palms across his face, then over his head and neck, wiping the water away.

"You brought condoms – right?" she asked, a smile on her lips, and the tiny dimple in her left cheek winking at him.

"In my right front pocket," he replied. He crossed the deck toward her as she stooped and rifled through his pants to retrieve the condoms. When she stood up, he took hold of her. "Feeling playful – are you?" he teased. He grasped her left breast in his right hand and cupped her crotch with the other hand, making her giggle in surprise.

Cara leaned into his hands, wanting him to fondle her body. She grasped his cock in one palm, sliding her fingers along its length while his fingers slid amid her silken folds and tickled her clit.

"I'm so aroused, Gabe." She could hardly breathe with all he was doing to her. "Take me now," she insisted, trying to pull away. She chose one condom out of the fistful she had pulled from his pocket and started to tear it open, but Gabe snatched it from her fingers.

"That's man's work."

Cara giggled and dropped her gaze to his hands. He fumbled with the wrapper, turning it

first one way, then the other, unable to rip it open.

"Lay down," Cara said, taking a step back.

"Do what?" he paused and glanced at her.

"Lay down on the deck. I want to sit on your cock." She reached for the condom, pulling it from his fingers.

He smiled slyly and released the condom, then he sprawled on his back, his hard cock standing up in his crotch.

Cara brought the condom wrapper to her mouth and bit its edge with her teeth, making Gabe laugh out loud. In the next second, she dropped to her knees between his splayed legs and positioned the rubber onto his cock. With nimble fingers, she rolled it down its length.

She watched him watch her as she tended to his cock with gentle, nimble fingers. She smiled broadly as he reached one hand to her breast and tweaked a tight rosy nipple. The gesture made her draw in a quick breath.

Cara straddled his abdomen, easing her hot canal onto his cock. Slowly, she eased her body down, lowering herself until he was fully inside her cave, then she began to move, her eyes locked with his.

He clutched her rounded buttocks in his hands and thrust upward into her cavity.

"You're hot and tight and you clasp my cock like a warm fist."

Her fleshy breasts jiggled on her chest. Her lips parted, her breath come in short gasps. She arched her throat and laid her head back, closing her eyes.

Suddenly as orgasm arrived, Cara pushed her crotch furiously against his and he grasped her buttocks and lunged upward into her body. In the next moment, Cara was proclaiming her ecstasy.

"Oh damn! Gabe! I'm coming like I've never come before!"

* * * *

The picnic lunch the restaurant at the hotel had prepared contained roast chicken, fruit, bread, and a bottle of champagne, along with plastic plates and glasses and utensils.

Cara sat on a red deck cushion across from Gabe with the checked linen cloth from the picnic basket spread out on the floor. Her feet were tucked beneath her, and she nibbled on a piece of chicken. Her stomach was empty, due to all the activity they had been having. She raised her eyes and gave Gabe a coy look.

"What are you thinking?" he voiced, tossing a chicken bone into the picnic basket.

"I was just thinking that I've never been naked at a picnic before," She laughed.

"This was your idea," he reminded.

"Sex gives me a ravenous appetite," she

confessed, stretching both arms over her head. Her breasts rose with her movement, then jiggled softly when she lowered her arms, making his cock jerk wildly in his crotch. He was ready to take her again. Cara saw him glance at the tattered condom covers lying across the teak deck. There was one left. And she hoped he was ready to use it—if one of them could get it open.

“Have you ever had anal sex?” she inquired. She squirmed around on the cushion, opening her thighs to display her golden haired crotch.

“With a man or a woman?” he quipped, grinning slightly.

Surprise wreathed her lovely features. “You intrigue me.”

He laughed out loud. “Are you wanting to have anal sex?”

She batted her long eyelashes at him. Anal sex had been a fantasy of hers but she’d never been with a man who she wanted to touch her in that way.

“Yes,” she said in a tiny voice.

He growled deep in his throat.

“Of all the dreams to come true —”

He rose and came around to help Cara to her feet, and then he scooped her nude body into his arms, nestling her warm flesh against his muscled chest. He went toward the cabin of the boat. It was time they initiated the bed on the expensive craft.

The bedroom was warm and brightly lit from the sun shining in through the double window. A seafaring motif was carried throughout the space in navy blue and shades of white and cream. Little touches, pictures on the walls and a small lamp in the shape of a lighthouse, brought the theme together.

Gabe placed Cara on the bed and lay down beside her. He began to kiss her mouth while he stroked her hips, and then slid his hand between her legs to delve inside her blond bush.

A few seconds of Gabe's nimble fingers on her sensitive clitoris and Cara was wiggling her hips and wanting sex. Her mouth fed hungrily on his, tasting the spicy chicken and champagne they had shared at lunch.

Momentarily, when Cara was on the verge of orgasm, Gabe rolled her over onto her stomach. He then turned his attentions to her rear orifice. He began to play with it, pushing apart her round buttocks and poking the tip of his tongue against the brown ring.

"Oh, that feels wonderful," Cara exclaimed, thrusting her butt in the air.

Gabe pulled her to her knees and hands and began massaging her sensitive little brown spot with his finger.

"Gabe?"

"Yeah babe?"

"You use a condom for anal sex — don't you?"

He almost groaned out loud. "If you want me to."

"I'll open it," she informed him.

He chuckled. "Details," he muttered, as he listened to her bite on the foil package. Her hand appeared then, jutting between her legs, the condom in her fingers. He let out a sigh, and rolled it on his hard cock.

Cara wiggled her butt at him and he resumed his play. He poked his tongue against her orifice getting it wet so he could enter her without causing her too much pain, and then he reached his arm around her hips and began stroking her clitoris with his fingers.

"That feels marvelous!" she exclaimed, hunching her hips.

He grasped his cock in his right hand and placed its gloved head against her little round orifice. Then he began to push in — slowly, steadily.

"That hurts!" she said in a surprised voice, but she didn't pull away from him.

He paused and stroked her clitoris until she just started to pant, orgasm on the way, then he resumed his entrance into her rear orifice. He pushed deeper into her body, savoring the tightness. He pushed in further, drawing a quick breath. His fingers continued to stroke her clitoris,

moving faster, firmer, against her little nub.

She was on the verge of coming, yet the sensations he was giving to her rear orifice were all so new. She felt filled up, yet wanting him to push deeper inside her. Then a most unusual feeling began to travel along her nerve endings – increasing the orgasm from Gabe’s stroking fingers – to such a heightened degree of climax that she couldn’t resist bucking her hips wildly, pushing her butt against Gabe’s hard cock in need of something more.

He rammed inside her wildly, thrusting so hard that Cara was knocked to her stomach with the force.

“I’m coming!” he announced. He clutched her hips and hammered her rear orifice madly.

Cara withered against the bed, her body alive like never before. She had never experienced such an all-consuming orgasm. Who knew anal sex would be so good – once the initial hurt passed.

Gabe milked his cock slowly inside Cara’s anal orifice.

Cara lay face down on the bed, her breathing ragged, her body savoring the waning sensations traveling through her insides.

“Have you ever spanked a woman?” she asked in a low whisper. “I hear it’s a very erotic experience.”

Gabe chuckled softly and leaned down to kiss

her back, then he nibbled his way up her spine to her ear.

"We're all out of condoms," he whispered.
"And spanking leads to sex."

* * * *

It was late afternoon when they returned to the resort. Cara was amazed at how quickly the time had passed. And how relaxed and satisfied, sexually, her body felt.

"Dinner at eight?" Gabe asked, kissing her lips.

"Mmmm. Yes. Dinner at eight."

She felt all dreamy inside and in need of a nap. And all she could think about was Gabe Collins joined to her body, bringing her ecstatic bliss.

She rode the elevator up to her suite, parting from Gabe in the hotel lobby after he announced he had some phone calls to make and a little business matter to tend to. Once inside her suite, she took a quick shower and sprawled out on the bed. A little nap was all she needed to compliment the day.

* * * *

The telephone was ringing off the hook and Cara was struggling to get her eyes open, fighting the deep slumber she had slipped into. Finally she

managed to rouse and pick up the noisy menace.

"And you wanted more sex," Gabe said in a teasing tone.

She laughed into the phone. "I guess I don't know my own limit," she remarked.

His laughter was husky coming over the line and the deep sound went straight to her senses. "What time is it?"

"Time I stocked up on condoms and came upstairs."

"Hmmm. I think I'm interested."

The phone clicked in her ear and she laid back against the bed, a smile stretching across her lips. "I wonder if too much sex is harmful to a person," she said in afterthought. She drew in a long breath and stretched her body. Then she levered herself off the bed and headed for the bathroom. There was no sense in getting dressed — Gabe would just undress her — but she should at least brush her teeth and comb her hair.

Gabe was knocking on her door in fifteen minutes, a brown paper bag in one hand, and a bottle of champagne in the other.

"Room service is bringing dinner," he said, stepping into the room. "You might want to put on a robe — since I don't really want any other guy feasting his eyes on your body."

Cara smiled at him and went to get her robe. When she returned to the living room of the suite,

their dinner was being brought through the door and Gabe was instructing the waiter where to park the rolling cart. She stood aside and watched, contemplating Gabe's last remark to her.

He sounded quite possessive — or was he merely making a sexual comment to her? After all, their entire relationship had been based on sex — hot, torrid, fantastic sex. She stifled a shiver of longing that threatened her spine.

The waiter left the suite and Gabe slipped the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the doorknob before closing and locking the door. Apparently, he intended to stay the night. Another shiver — quite erotic and of epic proportions — raced along her limbs. She pulled in a quick breath and tightened the belt of her white satin robe, suddenly quite conscious of her budding relationship with Gabe.

In the past she hadn't given much thought to the future — content with her choice of career — and constantly strived to excel and make a reputation in the industry for herself. But since she had been forced to slow down — to take time off and concentrate on herself — she had come to the realization that there was more to life than work. There was personal satisfaction on a more private level — a sexual level that, when honed, could offer many pleasures. And also, since her affair with Gabe began, she found she was much more aware of being alone in the world. All of her

friends were married — some with children. Now, it seemed, she had a different understanding of what life might be, given the opportunity to find the right person to share her life with.

Gabe was busy preparing the small linen covered table near the balcony doors, opening the champagne, pouring two frothy glasses. He held a chair for her, his gaze locking with hers.

Cara crossed the room and slid into the chair, a sweet smile on her face. This man — this sex machine — was rapidly capturing her heart. Her admission seemed to solidify the thought in the back of her mind. If she could only figure out if Gabe was interested in her for herself — instead of thinking he might just be having sex with her because he could. Because she was willing, she reminded. Very willing.

He had ordered seafood, oysters on the half shell, the resort's specialty, and an aphrodisiac as old as time. When he lifted the covers and Cara saw the meal, she burst into laughter.

"Do you really think either of us needs an aphrodisiac?" she quipped.

He picked up her hand from the table and brought it to his mouth. Tenderly, he kissed her knuckles. "I'm covering all bases," he replied, laughter in his tone. He then took the covers off the remaining plates to reveal thick, juicy steaks with buttered potatoes.

"All right!" Cara exclaimed, grabbing her fork. They laughed and began eating.

"Tell me about yourself," Gabe said, digging into his food.

Cara raised her eyes and glanced at him. "There isn't much to tell. You know I'm an interior designer. I have a business in New York. I have three employees." She paused and chewed a piece of steak. "I've just finished taking a ton of medication because I nearly worked myself to death —" She glanced at him and saw he was staring intently at her. "It's hereditary, I think. My father worked himself into a heart attack and died when he was forty. I hadn't planned on following in his footsteps, but —"

"What's your favorite color?" he cut in.

"Red. It makes me look hot when I wear it."

"What's your favorite food?" he continued, smiling broadly at her.

"Steak — because I like meat." She winked a green eye at him. "What's your favorite food?"

"You," he replied in an instant.

"Mmmm. Good answer," she said, smiling broadly. She took a sip of champagne and gazed across the table at him. She was glad he was there — glad he had come to spend the night. She was in need of a bed partner — in need of waking up nestled against a hard male body.

"Now tell me about you," she cooed, raising her

glass to her lips.

"What do you want to know?" he countered, finishing his steak.

"Have you ever been in love?"

"With a woman? No. Have I ever been in love with my career? Yes." He chuckled out loud when Cara raised one eyebrow at him. "In my line of work, you have to love it, or it will drive you crazy."

She was suddenly given privy into his private emotions. And she felt honored for him having let her in. And in a lot of ways, she related completely with his words. Her career was so parallel to his.

"My favorite color is yellow—like the pale yellow of your hair. I've already told you my favorite thing to eat. I like to sleep late on weekends. I like fast cars. I detest pickles. And I'm ready to marry and settle down." He picked up his glass and drained it. "Did I leave anything out?"

Duh? Cara thought, her eyes growing large. But on second thought — maybe she shouldn't voice her initial question of whom he thought he might marry. The subject made her pulse quicken though.

"What's in the brown bag?" she asked, changing the subject.

"Condoms," he answered simply.

She giggled and shook her head. She had never

been so open about sex — though she had always wanted to be. Always before — with other men — sex was experienced in bed, with the lights out. When she thought about their day out on the cabin cruiser, she became aroused all over again.

She stood up suddenly and released the belt on her robe. The satin fronts parted, revealing her bare skin. She walked toward Gabe, a small smile on her face. She felt quite naughty all of a sudden — as though she should tease him a little — just to get the sex games started for the evening.

He scooted his chair away from the table as she approached and pulled her onto his lap.

Cara opened her legs and sat across Gabe's lap, facing him, her robe slipping on her shoulders to expose one fleshy breast. She wound her arms around his neck, splaying her fingers in the auburn hair at his nape. Leaning into his chest, she pushed her breasts against him, as she lowered her head and kissed his lips.

Heat swept through Gabe's big body, rushing through every pore and organ, igniting his passion full throttle. Suddenly he took command of the kiss then, possessing her lips with his, tasting her mouth with his tongue. Her breasts, where they met his chest, beckoned to his hands, his mouth. A groan rose in his throat.

She kissed him with such wild abandon that for an instant she almost surprised herself. She hadn't

eaten any oysters — damn! She didn't even like seafood, yet she felt emotionally charged just being in Gabe's arms. I'm falling in love with him, she admitted, totally aroused with the idea.

Gabe slid the satin robe off her arms, baring her body for his hands. The soft material draped across one silken thigh and the rounded curve of one hip. The contrast between tanned skin and rich satin fabric brought his hand to inspect the tantalizing display. His palm skimmed along her side, smoothed along the curve of her waist and slipped beneath the robe, pushing it completely from her body. The fabric rustled softly, then spilled onto the floor at his feet. She was bare on his lap, straddling his legs, exposing her blond bush to his eager inspection.

Gabe's breathing had quickened considerably since Cara straddled his lap and began to kiss him. She ran her palms across his shoulders and onto his chest, then brought her fingers to the buttons on his shirt. Slowly, teasingly, one by one, she worked each button through its buttonhole, purposely touching his skin with her fingers.

"Do you want me, Gabe?" she asked in a tiny whisper. "Do you want to make love to me?" Only after the words left her mouth, did she become aware of how she had phrased the sentence. She had asked if he wanted to make love to her — not have sex for the sake of having sex. She hoped the

surprise she felt wasn't displayed on her face.

He opened his eyes.

"I could hold you and let you kiss me all day — if my balls didn't start to ache." He pulled in a long breath. "Your eyes are the color of fresh leaves in the spring, with tiny flecks of amber and brown. They are the most gorgeous eyes I have ever seen." A shudder shook his body. "Baby, making love to you is my heart's desire." His hands rose to brush along her back. He clasped her neck, running one thumb along her jaw to stop beneath her chin. He tipped her head with the least of pressure. "We're about to make love, Cara, aren't we?"

His question revealed he had read the message she unconsciously sent him. They weren't just going to have sex — they were indeed about to make love.

They were speaking about love! Holy cow!

Her eyelashes closed and opened over her green eyes as she contemplated his words.

"I don't know," she finally murmured, reluctant to reveal her feelings for fear they may not be returned in kind.

"Don't you?" he remarked, his breath fanning her cheek as he pulled her mouth against his. His lips covered hers completely, pressing firmly, yet with a gentleness that she readily identified.

A new surge of something totally foreign

wafted through her insides and for a split second she felt completely owned by Gabe Collins — his woman, his love.

She almost fought against the feelings — her mind confused and muddled. Perhaps she had imagined it, she thought, trying to justify the situation. Perhaps it was the aftereffects of the champagne — or the big meal she had wolfed down. Or perhaps it had really happened. Would it be so crazy to believe? Perhaps.

* * * *

His hand skimmed along her flat belly, trailed down the length of her thigh to her knee, then began a sensuous path back up her body. His fingers caressed, gently stroked and felt her skin, so smooth and satin, so supple.

Cara's eyes slowly open. She'd never watched as a man caressed her body, never seen the inspecting fingers trailing here and there, arousing her or sampling her body.

He seemed to be almost fully intent on his mission to touch every inch of her body. His dark head was bent, following his moving hand with his blue gaze. His caress was as light as a warm breeze on a summer day.

There was love in his touch.

Cara bit on her bottom lip. It was true. There

was definitely love in Gabe's touch — something she had never experienced with a man before. Sex used to be just sex — off with the clothes and in with the cock — no particular bout of foreplay.

But this was more than foreplay.

Cara raised her right hand and stroked Gabe's bare back. Rippling muscles lay just beneath the warm smooth skin. He had ended her desire to tease him earlier — ended it in a surprising way. When love was mentioned, she lost all sense of being with him just to enjoy the sex act. A serious note sprang up between them. Even the joking about the condoms ended.

"You have the most beautiful body in the world."

"Flattery will get you laid," she countered.

He chuckled slightly and lowered his head to pull one taut nipple between his lips. His hand made its way up her inner thigh and into the golden bush at her crotch. His fingers slid amid her moist folds and found her clitoris. He began stroking her, slowly, gently, while his tongue teased her nipple.

"God, Gabe! You're going to make me come!" she informed him in a hurried whisper, her hips pressing upward to apply more pressure to her clit.

"Tear open a condom," he instructed, but he didn't stop his stroking of her or his sucking her

nipple. And momentarily she was withering beneath his hand and grasping his shoulder, digging her nails into his skin.

Cara reached for his hand. Gasping it, she tried to still it at her crotch. Her breathing was ragged, her breasts were heaving on her chest. Still, he moved his fingers on her clitoris, continuing the orgasmic sensations bombarding her body. Finally, when she realized he intended to play at her crotch regardless of her attempts to stop him, she gave up and pulled her hand away. Stretching her hands over her head, she gave him full reign to do with her as he wanted.

A low growl came from his throat as he got to his knees and positioned himself between Cara's legs. He took hold of her buttocks, lifting her from beneath, and raised her body to his mouth.

She was arched, with her thighs over his shoulders, her upper body leaning on her shoulders and head, while he began a very erotic tending of her crotch with his tongue.

He began by flicking the tip of his tongue along the slippery folds concealing her most sensitive clitoris, an action that almost drove her wild with want, then he purposely poked the tip of his tongue inside her hot passage, tasting her womanly juices.

A quick, strong orgasm crashed through her insides making her wiggle about furiously.

Momentarily he lowered her body to the surface of the bed and reached for the paper bag sitting on the nightstand.

A tiny giggle leapt from Cara's throat when she realized his dilemma.

"It's not funny," he admonished, then laughed in spite of things.

He couldn't reach the nightstand without crawling to the head of the bed and then he couldn't open the damn package when he finally got a condom in his hand.

"Son-of-a-bitch!" he muttered. He turned disgruntled eyes on Cara when her laughter rang out in the room. "You think I'm a pretty inept lover, don't you?" he said, his fingers working furiously on the foil condom package.

Cara tried to curtail her laughter. "I think you need to carry a pair of scissors with you, Gabe," she advised, grabbing the package from him. She bit its edge with her teeth, and ripped it open.

He took the condom from her fingers and rolled it on his engorged cock. Luckily his frustration with the condom package hadn't dampened his desire to fuck — he was still hammer-hard and ready.

Once he had the condom in place, Cara welcomed him into her body with open arms, ceasing her giggling fit the second he shoved his cock inside her cave. She sucked in a quick breath

and clutched his buttocks with her palms as he began to move, thrusting deeply inside her.

Their heat mingled as Cara's tight passage wrapped around his cock like a warm blanket, bringing a long sigh from his lips.

Within seconds they were both on the fringes of orgasm. Cara dug her nails into his buttocks to the point of sheer pain and when she crashed over the edge into full-blown orgasm, she bucked her hips erratically because the climax was so powerful.

Gabe released a loud grunt as the climax shot through his body and exploded along every nerve ending, sending his senses reeling with the force. His heart hammered in his chest.

* * * *

Cara awoke when the sun streamed in through the window and shined across the bed. Why couldn't she remember to close the drapes at night? She questioned, but then recalled the fact that since the suite was on the top floor, no one could see inside.

She stretched and rolled to her side expecting to see Gabe when she opened her eyes. But he wasn't in bed. Surprised, she sat up and looked around. There was no sign of him. She listened for sounds of the shower, thinking he may be in the bathroom, but heard nothing.

"Maybe it is just sex between us," she said, throwing back the sheet. She really thought he'd be there with her come morning — after their night of lovemaking.

She got out of bed, stretching her arms above her head and yawning. Gabe was really gone, his clothes were missing from the floor in the living room and the chain lock was off the door. But why hadn't he told her he would have to leave early?

She couldn't make sense of it. And perhaps she shouldn't try. She headed for the shower. In two days she would be flying back to New York, her month long recuperation stay at an end.

Maybe it would be the end of her affair with Gabe as well.

She wrestled with the unsettled feeling she was left with during the time she showered and dressed. Then, preparing to go the hotel restaurant for breakfast, she found she was hoping to run into Gabe there. She found the thought gave her a bit of a lift, but once she entered the restaurant and saw no sign of him, her hope flagged miserably.

Over breakfast she made plans for the day. She'd check in with Marie at Phillips Design Studio, and perhaps do a little shopping. Her associates would be expecting souvenirs of the island since all but Marie thought she was vacationing.

She forced her mind to think of her return home, to things at the business she started on a shoestring five years ago, and not to think about Gabe at all. Apparently she had imagined things last night — his touch hadn't meant as much as she wanted it to. After all, neither of them had confessed to being in love with the other.

She returned to her suite and placed a call to the office. Marie picked up on the second ring.

"I'll be back on Friday," Cara said.

"Are you rested? Do you feel better? Is everything alright?" Marie babbled in a rush.

"Yes. Yes. And yes, everything is fine," Cara replied. "Is everything going smoothly at the office?"

"Absolutely," Marie quipped. "In fact, Jean finished the Compton apartment yesterday and the client is very satisfied."

"Fantastic," Cara chirped. That was one less worry out of the way. "And how's Leslie doing on the loft apartments?"

"They're coming along — though it will still take several months to complete."

Cara already knew that project would run long. Carl Weston was prone to changes — even nearing the end of a project — but he was always willing to pay for the Phillips' services.

"And Ray Dalton stopped in yesterday. He's bidding on a contract to build a new strip mall and

wants you to design its interior."

Cara wrinkled up her nose. Ray Dalton was an ass. He was difficult to work with and he had leering eyes. She suffered a case of goose bumps just thinking about him.

"Tell Jean to handle it," she instructed Marie.

"Okay," Marie replied, sounding a little skeptical.

"She needs the experience," Cara clarified in lieu of her decision. She let out a long breath. "If she needs any help, I'll be around to lend a hand."

Marie brightened immediately. "All right. See you on Friday."

Cara put down the phone and shook her head. Sometimes she just grew tired of dealing with people. But she knew it was a vital part of being an interior designer.

She gathered her purse and left the suite, intent on doing that shopping she had planned but when the elevator doors opened into the lobby, she saw Gabe heading her way.

He looked contemplative, she noted, getting off the elevator. Was he headed up to her suite? Or maybe to his own, since she knew he was a guest at the resort.

"Cara, honey," he said, a smile spanning his lips when he saw her. He took hold of her hand and turned her back toward the elevator she had just gotten off of. "I need to talk to you."

She allowed him to lead her into the elevator without further explanation. A multitude of questions flooded her mind about his leaving sometime during the night or early this morning, but she kept silent, waiting to hear what he had to say.

As soon as the elevator door slid closed, he gathered her into his arms and kissed her. "I'm sorry I had to leave so early this morning." He kissed her again. "But I had a meeting with two of the owners of the project I'm beginning."

She let out a long breath as relief flooded her body. "I looked for money on the nightstand, but you didn't leave any," she quipped, giving him a wink.

He gave her a little squeeze. "I left all the condoms so you'd know I'd be back," he countered.

"Touché," she whispered, then rose up on her tip-toes and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "So what are you wanting to talk to me about?" she inquired, her curiosity aroused.

The elevator came to a halt and the doors slid open. They were on the top floor where her suite was but Gabe took her hand and led her down the hall in the opposite direction. Momentarily he unlocked his own suite and ushered her inside.

Cara scanned the large living room, seeing it was very similar to her own, except for the

enormous desk near the glass balcony doors. A bevy of papers were scattered across its top and lying on the carpet near its base.

"I'm pretty messy when I work," he confessed. He walked over to the desk and made a half-hearted attempt to tidy up. "Of all the buildings I've designed, I've only worked with one interior designer that I really liked." He glanced at her. "Most times we argue."

She cocked an eyebrow at him. Being renowned came with a price, she knew from her own experiences in working with architects. Personalities often clashed, making everything difficult.

"I'm ready to start the basic design, Cara, but I need an interior designer to work with."

Cara's heart jumped in her chest. Suddenly she needed to sit down.

* * * *

Gabe brushed his fingers across her cheek, tucking a blond wisp of hair behind her ear. "I promise, Cara, I won't let you get over-worked. I promise I'll take good care of you. I won't ask any more of you than you're willing to give, honey."

"Gabe," she said, slightly confused. "What are you talking about?" She rested one palm against his chest, feeling the steady thud, thud, thud of his

heart.

"I want you to work with me, Cara. I want you to design the interior of the resort while I design the outside."

Her mouth dropped open in surprise. Never in her wildest dreams would she ever imagine Gabe Collins would offer her a job!

"One of the owners has a house on the island that I'm going to live in while the resort is being built. I'm moving in tomorrow. The site is almost cleared and ready for the groundbreaking."

She should say something, she told herself. She should tell him how wonderful she thought the whole thing was —

"Cara?" he said, clutching her by the upper arms. "Cara? Are you interested in working with me?"

"Yes. Oh yes, Gabe," she spewed, throwing her arms around his neck. "Oh yes. Thank you. It's a dream come true."

"None of that adoration stuff, Cara," he said, his tone stern.

For an instant he held her very tightly, then he pushed her to arm's length, his hands tight on her upper arms. His eyes bore into hers in a no-nonsense stare.

"I love you, Cara Phillips," he said. "And I seriously think you love me." He continued to stare at her. "We may have lusted after each other

in the beginning — but I think we're past that." He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "I don't mean that I've quit lusting after you, Cara, and I probably never will — but now love comes with the lust." He chuckled out loud. "Am I making any sense?"

Tears threatened the back of Cara's eyes. She raised one hand and caressed his cheek. This marvelous man — this renowned architect — had just proclaimed he loved her!

"You can't even open a condom," she murmured, her voice on the verge of cracking.

He threw back his head and laughed loudly. "As long as *one* of us can get them open —"

He pulled her into his arms and hugged her so tightly she thought she would stop breathing.

"I love you, Gabe," she confessed, savoring the feel of his muscled arms wrapped around her.

He let out a long breath and suddenly Cara understood the reason behind it. She broke their hug.

"You were thinking I was having sex with you because you're my idol," she said.

He nodded his head. "Yes. I've been the victim of fan adoration before. I think they're called groupies." He chuckled. "I'm not a rock star — for Pete's sake."

"But you're a handsome, successful man who is known around the world, Gabe. It's no wonder

women are attracted to you." She caressed his cheek. "I admit I had sex with you the first time because of who you are — but —"

"But — what?" he urged, his eyes holding her gaze.

"But I wasn't certain why you were having sex with me. I thought you might be taking advantage of me because I idolized you."

He pulled her back into his arms. "Good grief, Cara. You said it yourself. I can't even open a damn condom — does that sound like I'm smart enough to take advantage of a foxy lady like you?"

She laughed at his words.

"Truthfully, honey. It began as lust — but now it's love."

"Yes," she agreed, tightening her arms around his neck. "Yes. It's love."

He kissed her then, deeply, and his hands began to caress her back, then lowered to press her belly into his abdomen. The unmistakable feel of a budding erection pressed against Cara's belly.

Suddenly he groaned and broke their embrace. Leaving Cara standing in the middle of the room, he crossed the floor to the door.

"Where are you going?" she called.

"Down the hall to get the condoms!"

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I've been living my dream of writing for pay for fifteen years, but when I'm not at my desk, I enjoy riding motorcycles with my husband Dave. We've toured the lower forty-eight states and had many wonderful adventures. We have plans to visit Alaska and Hawaii in the next two summers. When I'm not traveling or writing, I enjoy reading and taking long walks with my sweetheart.