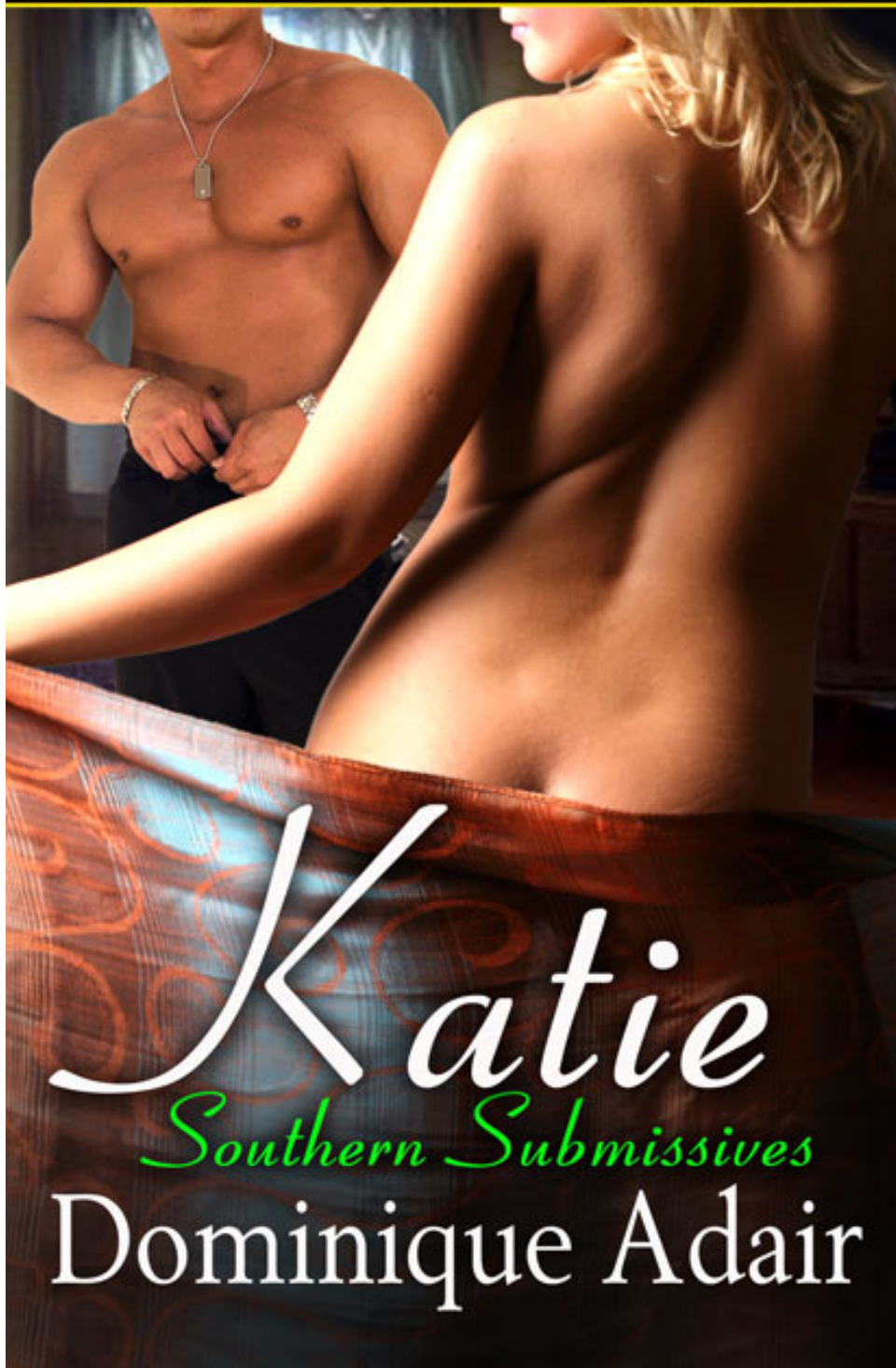


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Katie

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KATIE

Dominique Adair

Dedication

For the real Katie

Prologue

What she wouldn't give to get laid.

Katie Toussant, bookstore owner and born-again virgin, sank onto a short stool with a load of books in her arms. She'd be happy to hand over her firstborn except she didn't have a firstborn. One had to have sex in order to have children. Her lips twisted. Maybe she could offer up one of her friends' children?

Pushing that thought away, she began sorting the books. So far she'd managed to reorganize the Religion, Women's Studies, and the Sex and Sexuality sections of the store. Very shortly she'd have the Erotic Fiction shelves in good order and then she was going to sneak out a few hours early to hit the grocery store before heading home.

Another exciting Friday night in the life of Katie Toussant.

Dust stirred up by shelving books made her nose twitch and she rubbed it with the back of her hand. Flipping through the stack of books, she did her best to ignore the suggestive covers until one gave her pause.

The cover dark and mainly in shadow which served to set off the male buttocks that were front and center. Her gaze ate up the model's tight thighs, clenched buttocks and the delicious groove of his spine. The one arm showing was thickly muscled and she bit the inside of her cheek.

That man's butt would be deemed illegal in a few of the Bible belt states.

Maybe a peek wouldn't hurt...

Glancing around, Katie was sure she was alone before opening the book. Her eyes widened when she realized just how graphic this novel was.

"Are you asking if I'll hurt you?" He glanced down at his rising cock. "Not unless I fuck you to death."

She glanced at his straining flesh then away, her cheeks pink. "Even if you overpower me, I've rerouted the navigational computer to override any commands you attempt to give it. The ship will only respond to me so there's no use in fighting for control."

Like hell there was...

"Indeed?" His eyes closed to slits as she climbed onto the bunk and straddled his thighs. His hand landed on her bent knee and he stroked her silky skin. Little did she know he had a few tricks built into the ship she'd never be able to decipher. "So you're a resourceful kidnapper, then?"

"I try." She wrapped her hand around his cock.

"Not like that."

She released him. "What's wrong?"

"You want the full experience, right? That is why you've kidnapped me, isn't it, Princess?"

Indecision washed over her face to be replaced with a brilliant smile. "Of course, Prince. Why else would I have gone to such great lengths to get you alone?"

Why, indeed...

"Come here."

She scooted closer several inches.

His brow rose. "Why so timid, Princess? You're a woman of the world." He urged her forward. "A woman of experience who knows what she wants." She settled her beautiful body over him, his cock nestled between her damp nether lips. "Now, cover me."

Her eyes gleamed as she lay over him, a sexy, fragrant female blanket. "Is this what you mean?"

"I'd like a kiss."

Her eyes widened and she reared. Before she could move away, he caught the back of her head with his free hand. She made a sound of protest and tried to push free but he forced her down and their lips met. Her mouth was soft and closed so he took his time. His tongue snaked out for a taste, stroking and teasing until she opened to him.

Inside she was liquid silk, warm and sweet, and their tongues tangled, sliding and seducing each other. She shuddered as he sucked her tongue and her hands clutched his shoulders as he teased her unschooled mouth.

He'd only intended to bring her closer so he could feed on her flesh and, instead, they fed on each other's desire. He wasn't prepared for the surge of heat between them as their tongues mated. He changed angles and went deeper, losing himself in the lush sweetness of her mouth. His heart pounded and his blood thrummed in his veins when she made a soft sound of acquiescence.

He slid his hand from the back of her head down the smooth line of her back. She arched like a cat, pressing into him as she mimicked his actions and sucked his tongue. He followed the curve of her hip then gave her buttock a gentle squeeze. Her scent was stronger, much more so than earlier.

Her head came up and her expression was a mixture of wonder and shock. "Oh my," she breathed.

He squeezed her buttock again. "Oh my, yourself," he said. "Now raise up so I can taste those nipples of yours."

A soft flush moved across her cheeks and she averted her gaze as she brought her breasts within range of his mouth. He paused, waiting until she met his gaze before he stuck out his tongue to tease her erect pearl. She quivered at his faint touch and her breathing deepened. With tight licks, he moved around her nipple, tasting and teasing her areola. She moaned in protest when his tongue brushed her erect flesh and he resisted the temptation to take her into his mouth.

He subjected her other nipple to the same torment until she did protest and pressed her nipple into his mouth. He smothered a smile against her pale flesh and suckled her. Her fingers tangled in his hair, holding him a willing captive against her breast. He rolled her hardened flesh against the roof of his mouth and she made excited little noises. After minutes of the exquisite torture, he switched to her other breast and repeated the process before releasing her to admire his handiwork.

Her nipples were rosy and damp from his mouth and they stood out in sharp relief against her pale skin. Her dark eyes were on him and she licked her lips as her hips nudged his.

"Impatient?" he teased.

Ilsa gave him a soft smile and something tightened in his chest. He pushed the feeling away as he reached between them. His hand slid over her soft belly and into her nest of curls. Her flesh was damp and this time he was sure it was her arousal, not the oil she'd used earlier. He zeroed in on the seat of her desire.

Her eyes widened when his thumb brushed her clitoris and she jumped. She pushed up, bringing her lower body into closer contact with his hand.

"Oh!" she said.

Her hips rose and fell in answer to his touch. Her head tipped back and her eyes drifted closed. She raised her hand to her mouth and bit a finger as if to stifle another cry. Her other hand locked around his wrist as if to keep him in place, though he had no intention of leaving her, not yet anyway.

Her teeth released their grip on her finger and her hand traveled over her throat, then down her chest. Slowly, as if underwater, she cupped her breast. Her thumb teased her nipple with a slow stroke as she continued to ride his hand.

Silently, Zane cursed his cuffed arm. He should be the one playing with her nipples, though he couldn't deny how sexy it was to watch her play with herself. He changed the angle of his touch and she moaned in response. Her fingers twisted her nipple and her movements grew more erratic. Her thighs tightened and her nails dug into his wrist as a startled cry broke from her lips. Her body jerked and arched then she came against his hand.

After a few moments, her eyes opened and their gazes met. Her eyes were liquid soft and a little bit dazed.

"Take me inside you," he commanded.

Ilsa moved until his cock sprang free between them. She rose over him, her body ripe with arousal, and guided him to her damp opening. She rubbed his thick head against her damp flesh before taking him inside.

Her pussy was slick from their play and he wasted no time. As she lowered, he thrust upward. Caught off balance, she clutched at his shoulders. Her body gripped him tighter than a

glove and he gritted his teeth against the delicious friction on his cock. His body slipped into the familiar rhythm and the room sounded with the slap of flesh against flesh and the grunts and sighs of their spiraling arousal.

He wanted it to last but he knew it wouldn't, not like this. Not with her lush body moving over him and her breathy cries ringing in his ears. Her beautiful breasts jiggled with each movement. Her head tipped back and her eyes closed, that dreamy smile curving her sweet mouth. She was every man's hottest fantasy.

A rush of sensation streaked up the back of his legs and he knew he was going to come. He'd already emptied his seed into her once, and he had no intention of making that mistake again. When she rose, he reached between them to withdraw from her tight body.

Startled by the intrusion, her eyes flew open and she saw what he was about to do.

"No!"

She pushed his hand away and took him deep, her thighs tightening around his hips.

"Ilsa, I don't want to – "

"I want you inside me." Her hands clamped down on his hips and there was no escape.

OH MY...

Her cheeks flaming, Katherine slammed the book shut and her gaze was drawn to the title.

BLOOD LAW.

No kidding.

Maybe this book should go home with her for the weekend. Katie tucked the slim volume into the voluminous pocket of her work apron. With her cheeks burning, she shoved the books onto the lower shelf then rose. She needed to wash her hands and take a moment to collect herself –

"There you are!" Holly, her business partner and best friend, was walking toward her. "Where did you vanish to?"

"I was straightening the shelves in the front room and lost track of time." Katie tried to walk around her but the other women caught her arm.

"Are you okay? You're looking a little pink."

"Well it is a trifle warm in here today." Embarrassed to her very bones, Katie tried again to move around her partner. "The humidity arrived with a vengeance this morning."

"Summer in N'Awlins, don't you just love it? The humidity is the reason we talk so slow." Keeping a firm grip on Katie's arm, Holly steered her toward the front register. "The air is too thick to breathe let alone speak."

As a lifelong resident, Katie couldn't help but laugh as this was an old and often-shared joke between them. There were days it was so bad that she would run from her house to the car and back again just to avoid the humidity as much as possible.

"I hear you."

They entered the main room of the store and Katie was pleasantly surprised to see Ethan, Holly's boyfriend, and their new assistant Angie, talking at the register.

Ethan was a handsome devil and she couldn't help but feel a tiny nip of jealousy when she observed them together. They just seemed to fit without even trying. She wondered just how many of their friends had achieved that level of comfort with their spouses even after years of marriage. Not too many she'd guess.

As they approached, Ethan turned and gave Katherine a wide smile, and when he saw Holly, that look turned blatantly sexual.

"There you are. Where ya been, girl?" Angie's thick Cajun accent rang out.

Melissa, their original assistant, had left them a few months ago when she received a full ride scholarship to college so they'd hired the beautiful Angie in her place. With her dark hair, dark eyes and generous curves, her southern charm was very much appreciated by any man within a thousand feet of her. If Katie were going to be jealous of anything, it would be of Angie's good looks and her confidence.

"I was working up front." She smiled at Ethan. "How are you?"

"I'm well, just thought I'd pop in and bring my woman and her girls some snacks." He held up a familiar pastry bag.

"Is that what I think it is?" Katie's stomach rumbled.

"Of course. A round of cream puffs for the lovely women of Book Ends."

"We won't be lovely for very long if you keep bringing pastries around," Holly teased. "We'll all gain weight."

"And I suppose you would need new clothing." Ethan set down the bag to pull his woman into his arms. "It's so tough to be a woman."

They laughed.

"Well, thank you, Ethan," Katie spoke up. "We certainly do appreciate a treat now and then—"

"Girl, what did you find up there?" To her horror, Angie snatched the paperback from her apron pocket. Her dark eyes widened when she saw the cover and a laugh was quick to follow. "Now I know why you were so quiet." She gave Ethan and Holly a wide grin and held up the book so they could see the cover. "She be readin' the porn again."

They laughed and Katie wanted to sink into the floor. Her cheeks were flaming and she snatched the book away from Angie. "Give that back, young 'en. You're too immature to be reading big girl books."

"Well speaking of porn..." Ethan spoke and Holly gave him a dark look.

"Angie, are there any customers left in the store?" Holly spoke.

"No ma'am. Ms. Kelly just left wid her pile of kids and I need a smoke after dealin' wit' them."

"Katie..." Holly took her hand. "Ethan and I missed your birthday last month so I wanted to give you our belated gift before you left for your weekend off."

Katie smiled. "Really, you didn't have to—"

"Who are you kidding? You love presents." Holly reached over and plucked a fat, cream-colored envelope out of Ethan's pocket. "This is for you, from us."

Her embarrassment forgotten, Katie took the envelope. "Thank you both, so much." Holly was right, she loved getting presents. She opened the envelope and removed the thick pages. Reading the text, she frowned, not quite understanding what the gift was.

She looked up at Holly. "What is Utopia? Is it some kind of spa?"

Angie squealed and Holly ignored her. "Utopia is the resort that my cousins own in the Bahamas. I've mentioned it before."

Katie blinked. The only cousin Holly had ever spoke of was Richard and he and his brother owned a resort that was some kind of sexual playground for the rich and famous —

No she did not do that...she wouldn't.

Her eyes widened and her gaze immediately dropped to the papers in her hand. Four days, three nights, classes dealing with sex and sexuality, consensual, explore, handsome, well-trained companions, a variety of sensual settings...

Katie closed her eyes and her cheeks went from warm to flaming in less than a second. Holly and Ethan had presented her with four days in a sexual paradise in which to indulge in any fantasies she'd ever had in her life.

Chapter One

"Seamus is *so* fired."

Muttering under his breath, Richard Malloy exited his office. Once again the network printer at the front desk had lost its connection and his computer guru had called in sick for the third time in two weeks.

"Sick my ass. He's probably out surfing on the other side of the island and trying to pick up my evening housekeepers."

With his repair kit in hand, he strode down the marble steps and into the lobby of Utopia. His keen gaze swept the gleaming expanse and he couldn't help but feel his chest swell with pride. Towering arrangements of exotic flowers provided brilliant color against the beige and pale green décor. With the brightly polished floors, and wall of floor-to-ceiling windows, the area was welcoming and comfortable.

The wide entrance doors were open and the fresh, ocean breeze was welcoming. Outside, the plush Utopia transport vehicle crammed with their arriving guests had just parked under the canopy in front of the door. He couldn't help but experience a sense of accomplishment at the arrival of the full tram.

He and his brother Tom had hocked everything they owned and maxed out every credit card they had to build the original Utopia resort fifteen years ago. Being young and impervious to failure, they'd hoped against hope that Utopia would hit the ground running.

Lucky for them it hadn't been quite that easy.

The first year and a half had been a struggle, alternating between a banquet and the need for dumpster diving just to eat. With almost three million dollars in debt and creditors making sounds of unease, they'd made the radical decision to turn Utopia from an island resort to an adults-only island that catered to sexual fantasies.

After closing the resort they went about the painstaking task of handpicking their new staff. Once they were on board, the employees went through a rigorous health and psychological evaluation before beginning their training. For the Malloy brothers, their main concern was guest safety and security and the last thing they needed was a psycho on the staff. After selecting a crack medical team and a psychologist to screen the guests, they'd reopened with hardly a whisper.

After contacting their most influential friends to come down for a free weekend, Rick knew that "word of mouth" would sell the rooms faster than anything else and he'd been right. Within several months Utopia was fully booked, and when they raised their prices to astronomical heights, reservation times were moved out six months.

The resort was an unmitigated success.

"Good morning, Mr. Malloy." Kali, the slim Hawaiian receptionist gave him a shy smile.

"Kali, how many times do I have to ask you to call me, Rick?"

"At least ten more times, Mr. Malloy." Her smile grew. "My mother always says I'm very hard-headed."

Laughing, Rick stepped behind the registration desk. "I hear the printer has some stubborn tendencies as well."

"Yes, sir. This is the third time this week it's been offline."

"I hate dealing with computers." Rick dropped into a crouch in front of the offending machine. "Tom is going to owe me one for this."

"If you don't mind me saying, sir, I think we need a new printer up here."

"One is already on order. I'm hoping it will be here on Tuesday." He poked at the status button but the OFFLINE showing on the screen didn't even flicker.

Great...

"Our guests are arriving, sir."

"As they register, inform them that their registration paperwork will be delivered to their rooms." He set his tool kit on the floor. "This might take a few minutes and we don't need to keep them waiting."

"Yes sir."

The buzz of voices increased when the guests entered the lobby. As if on cue, Rachel, the other receptionist appeared and they began registering their guests.

As usual, most of the guests wore bright, tropical colors, designer labels of course. Judging from the variety of accents, it was a diverse crowd this time. When the guest list boasted a large percentage of Europeans, this made for some exceptionally memorable moments for the staff. Guests from Europe were usually much less restrained about sex and sexuality than their North American counterparts.

Busying himself with the computer connections, it didn't take long to find the problem. The printer cable had come loose, and when someone had shifted the machine one of the pins had bent thus breaking the network connection. With a set of needle-nosed pliers, Rick made quick work of straightening the pin and hooking up the printer. After turning the printer off then on again, it restarted and the word ONLINE appeared in the LCD window.

And his brother said he was the least mechanical in the family.

Pffft.

Picking up his tool kit, he was about to rise when a last-minute arrival caught his eye.

Standing just inside the entrance, her expression was similar to what he'd imagine Alice's was after she'd fallen down the rabbit hole. The look on her face telegraphed her unease to anyone paying attention.

Her skin was milk pale and her dark brown, unruly hair was pulled back into a ponytail that resembled a large handful of corkscrews. Black-framed glasses shadowed her eyes and, horror of horrors, she wore a gold eyeglass lanyard around her neck. Weren't those rationed out to elderly spinsters and Catholic schoolteachers? With a dirt

brown skirt that ended just inches above her ankles and a prim, button-down white shirt, a suit of armor couldn't have done a better job of making this woman invisible.

This had to be Katherine Toussant, Holly's business partner. Who else would arrive at a resort for consenting adults dressed like a spinster librarian who'd gotten on the wrong boat and was now certain her soul was headed for eternal damnation.

Rick ducked behind the counter when he realized the crowd had dissipated and only the young woman was left. What in the devil had Holly been thinking in sending someone so obviously repressed to Utopia? This was a haven of freedom of sexual expression, relaxation and pampering. Classes in shuffleboard and the Dewey decimal system were not on the schedule —

"E-e-excuse me, miss. My name is Katherine Toussant and I have a r-r-reservation."

While her manner of dress might be repressed, her southern accent screamed of seduction and hot, sweaty sex. It was the whiskey-soaked voice of a siren and his body's reaction was instantaneous. Heat roared to life in his lower gut and his cock began to swell. Shoving his head under the desk as if he were still messing with the printer, with every sex-drenched word his body continued to betray him.

Damn it to hell...

Sweat broke out on his upper lip and his breathing increased. Within seconds he'd disturbed the dust and his nose began to twitch and the urge to sneeze rose.

No!

A sneeze ripped through him and he whacked his head on the bottom side of the desk. Stunned, he sat down hard.

"Mr. Malloy," Kali spoke. "Are you okay?"

Feeling foolish to the extreme, he looked up to see both Kali and their guest peering down at him. Katherine leaned over the counter, craning her neck to see what was going on. One gaze was concerned and the other, curious. His gaze met his guest's and behind those ugly glasses he discovered her eyes were an amazing shade of chocolate brown.

With her sleepy bedroom eyes and full pink lips that begged for a kiss, Rick knew, this woman was not quite what she appeared. The sheer voltage of electricity her gaze generated was enough to steal his breath and set every hair on his body on edge. Stunned, he sprang to his feet.

"The printer is now working, Kali." Avoiding Katherine's gaze, he tipped his head toward them. "Good morning, ladies."

Mustering what little dignity he could, Rick took his tool kit and beat a hasty retreat out of the lobby. By the time he reached his office, he was annoyed that he'd reacted in such an immature fashion. Never in his adult life had he experienced such an immediate sexual awareness with a woman he'd never spoke to.

Yes, he'd experienced inopportune erections, but not since his early teenage years. Besides, he was the serious brother, Tom was the adventurous one. Never would Rick consider seducing a guest. His brother would take great pleasure in strangling him very slowly, as Rick would return the favor should the situation be reversed.

But Tom isn't here, he's in Shreveport visiting his daughter.

Stunned by his reaction and irritated by the inner voice betraying him, Rick dropped the kit on his desk and took his chair. No matter what had happened in that lobby, he was going to find out more about Holly's business partner.

As the owner of the resort, he held an unfair advantage over Katherine and he knew it. With just a few stokes of the keyboard, he located her electronic application, profile and the mass of other forms his quests were required to fill out. He was in charge of personnel and his responsibilities dealt directly with the safety and welfare of their guests. Each visitor was required to complete a physical and psychological examination before they were permitted to request a reservation let alone board the boat to the island. Once they arrived, they met with the island medical teams to complete the process.

It took only seconds to learn that Katherine Toussant was thirty-four and she'd bought a portion of Holly's bookstore twelve years ago. For the past ten years she'd

taken care of her elderly mother, and after her sister had passed, her mother went into a steep decline. Requiring twenty-four hour a day care, Katherine hired help to assist for her mother while she worked. Several months ago her mother had been moved to a very plush retirement center leaving Katherine to explore her newfound freedom.

How in the world she'd found the energy to care for her mother and run a business was beyond him. There were times when he was so exhausted after a long day that he would've been happy to leave Utopia to pump gas in the backwoods of Idaho just so he could sleep eight hours at night.

Not that he would seriously consider it, but it was good to dream.

Clicking to the next page, he scanned her sexual history, surprised that there wasn't much to read. She'd had one serious relationship and that had lasted three years. He'd been the one to introduce her to bondage. It had been an unfulfilling relationship but she was intrigued with the idea of bondage and discipline. While at Utopia, her desire was to have a proper Master who could teach her more about the lifestyle.

Heat sprang to life in his gut and in that moment Rick knew he would be the only man to touch her. Even though he and his brother had sworn to never seduce a guest—their business was too important to risk their security for sex—this time his libido was determined to take charge. He wasn't sure why he'd had such a strong reaction to her, but it was something he felt the need to explore in depth.

Katherine would receive her Master all right, and there was no one on the island better to train a submissive than the owner himself.

Chapter Two

Dear God, please don't let me make a fool of myself.

Katie's heart was beating so hard she was surprised it didn't jump out of her chest. Nothing like losing one's heart to ruin a perfectly good vacation. The ridiculous images which leapt to mind caused her to slap her hand over her mouth when a nervous giggle rose. Despite the salty breeze whipped up by the speeding boat, she felt hot, anxious. Her head was light thanks to her accelerated breathing and her palms were clammy even though the temperature hovered somewhere around ninety.

All in all, she was not the picture of seduction.

Struggling to contain another nervous giggle, she sank her fingernails into her slick palms. Thank goodness she'd had sense enough to turn down the offer of alcohol before boarding the boat or she'd be hanging over the edge by now. Then again, if she'd had two margaritas instead of the iced fruit juice, maybe it wouldn't have taken Mistress Deborah almost an hour to coax her out of the corner of the wardrobe room and into her costume.

She groaned at the memory of Deborah's distressed look when Katie had taken refuge behind a clothing rack. The other woman had selected Katie's clothing for her long weekend and to Katie, it was an outfit only a twenty-something could've been able to pull it off. The bathing suit bottoms had consisted of a nearly nonexistent thong and the top was an intricate arrangement of beads and shells strung on hemp string arranged to cover her breasts.

Katie looked down at her ample cleavage. Seeing that she was a 36D on a good day, it would take a good deal more than a few strands of beads to cover the twins. After much negotiating and compromise on each side, they'd finally agreed on an appropriate costume for her island adventure.

Long gone was the button-up blouse and ankle-length skirt she'd arrived in just yesterday. Her glasses had been replaced with custom contacts and her normally unruly curls had been strangled into submission with an array of braids with shells and beads worked into the ends. The arrangement was vaguely reminiscent of the heroine from the movie *10.*"

Bo Derek she was not.

Her stomach twisted though she wasn't sure if she were more excited or more terrified. None of her customers would recognize her now. Katie almost failed to recognize herself when she'd looked in the mirror this morning. Who could've guessed that bookish little Katie Toussant, bookstore owner and former nursemaid could be transformed into Katherine, seductress extraordinaire, in less than twenty-four hours? Certainly not her.

Her attention was jerked back to reality when the boat hit a wave and leapt into the air. Grabbing the railing, she barely managed to keep her seat. Well, if she did go overboard at least her clothing wouldn't cause her to sink. If the entire outfit weighed a pound that would surprise her.

Even though she'd wanted to resist, Deborah had talked her into wearing the teeny thong bottoms. They were off-white with an arrangement of beads and shells covering the v-shaped cloth in the front. The edges were trimmed with dangling beads that kept her attention on her pussy as she'd walked to the boat. Instead of the bead top, they'd agreed upon a bikini top that matched the thong bottoms. While there was very little material to cover her girls, she did feel about one hundred times less self-conscious than if she'd worn only the bead top.

In the end Deborah had relented and allowed her to don a bright rose and green sarong which did a great deal toward making Katie feel more comfortable about her near naked state. With her skimpy bikini, sarong and her hair caught up in the intricate braids, for the first time in her life she felt beautiful, free.

Her stomach did a slow, nervous roll. To keep her mind occupied and off her upcoming adventure, she reached for the colorful hemp bag on the seat next to her. Deborah had packed the bag earlier and Katie was curious to see what she'd included.

On top was a beautiful pair of beaded sandals. She didn't think she'd wear them much as walking on the sand was easier without shoes in her opinion. Beneath the shoes were several more colorful sarongs, two more bikinis—one dark blue woven with silver threads and the other sported a bright floral pattern. At the bottom of the bag was her makeup case and a paperback book. She grinned when she saw the title.

Satisfaction, A Woman's Guide to Sexual Fulfillment

Well, that would come in handy.

"Miss Katie, your island is just ahead," Simon's voice could barely be heard over the roar of the engines.

Looking to where he indicated, there was a spot on the horizon growing larger with every passing second. It was a rich splash of green and beige on an otherwise blue vista and the reality of the situation hit her. She was going to spend a weekend on this island with a stranger having wild sex in every conceivable position possible.

Not knowing what else to say, "It looks small," she yelled.

Her Utopia handler, Simon, shrugged his tanned shoulders. "It's big enough, maybe three square miles or so. Besides, if you're enjoying your time on the island, you won't have any desire to sightsee." He threw a boyish grin over his shoulder and her stomach tightened further.

True, because I'll be too busy having multiple orgasms...if I'm lucky.

Leaving her bag on the seat, she moved cautiously to the other side of the boat for a better view. Even at this distance she could pick out the tall palm trees and a wide swath of pale ivory beach.

This is my fantasy...this is my fantasy...

Thanks to the magic of a spray-on tan, Deborah's idea, and the wardrobe change, she was no long Katie from the Book Ends bookstore in New Orleans. Now she was Katherine, a woman in need of some serious relaxation and wild monkey sex with a handsome stranger dedicated to pleasing her.

Clamping a hand over her mouth, she barely managed to stifle her laughter. With her reservation she'd had to specify her most recent sexual encounters so her handlers knew it had been more than ten years since last she'd had real, man-on-woman sex. The kind of sex that left the participants breathless, sweaty and exhausted. The kind of sex that one could find in erotic romance novels.

The moment she moved home to help take care of her mother, Katie's sex life had come to a crashing halt. Not that it had been red hot before then, but she'd had few complaints.

Now with her mama safely ensconced in a posh New Orleans nursing home, Katie was free to resume her life. Several months ago she'd created a lengthy To-do list and number one on the list was to get laid.

Fast.

To some people her number one priority might seem selfish or just plain dangerous, but she didn't care. After spending thousands of hours sitting with her mama and dealing with all the minutiae of caring for a sick relative, it was time for her to reach out and take what she wanted from life. Over the years she'd watched most of her friends marry and start families while her loyalty lay elsewhere.

But not anymore, it was time for Katie to walk on the wild side for a change.

A slow heat ignited in her lower belly. At first she'd been stunned by her belated birthday gift. Not only had it cost many thousands of dollars, but Holly was the only person who truly understood just how stressed and depressed she'd become.

After they'd entered into a business arrangement, only a year later, Katie's family suffered the loss of her only sister, Aggie, in a car accident. It was that incident which caused her mama to go into a steep decline. In the past few years her mother had grown

more dependent upon her and she'd commanded enormous amounts of time, energy and financial resources from her remaining daughter. Katie's social life had become nonexistent and, with the exception of a girls' night out several times a year, she didn't have much of a life outside of her books, Mama and work.

Until now.

Simon cut the motor and the boat slowed. "Are you ready, Katie?"

"As I'll ever be," her voice came out a little squeaky.

The boat gently motored its way into a tiny lagoon and her breath caught when she saw how exquisite her little sanctuary was. The sandy beach was pristine and she could see the shells and a few crabs scuttling around. Beyond the beach was the forest with a wide, clear path disappearing into the verdant green. Between two towering palms was strung a two-person hammock and a few yards past that was her home away from home.

The hut was entirely open to the weather with only three walls and a multileveled deck facing the lagoon. Thin, gauzy drapes obstructed her view but she would bet the inside would not disappoint. On the deck, chairs were strewn with colorful pillows creating a cozy scene. It would be an excellent place to watch the sunsets.

"Do you have any questions?" Simon cut the engine and guided the boat toward the dock.

"No, I don't think so." This time her voice was a mere squeak. "I'm pretty nervous right now and I don't think I can think straight."

"Try not to worry too much." He made quick work of tying off the boat to the dock. A wide smile graced his handsome face and his pale blue eyes were kind. "You look beautiful and there isn't a man on the planet who wouldn't desire you, myself included."

Katie's gaze shot to his crotch the back up to his face. Well, he did appear to be happy to see her...

“Just remember that here in Utopia you’re perfectly safe to express yourself both sexually and emotionally. Open communication is encouraged and our lifestyle promotes sexual freedom, sexual independence along with personal satisfaction.”

She thrust her chin forward. “That’s exactly what I’m looking for.”

“Then it is what you shall have. At Utopia, any and every act is to be consensual and every client is carefully screened with a thorough background check as well as a physical and psychological examination as you well know. If you have even a moment of unease with potential partner, you can say no and your wishes will be respected. The screening becomes even more rigorous when a client indicates a preference for bondage and discipline. We feel we can never be too careful where the safety of our patrons is concerned.”

Katie smiled and rose from her seat. “Thank you for reminding me, Simon, I appreciate it.”

“Now,” he retrieved her bag and handed it to her. “The moment your foot touches the dock, you are known only as Katherine, a beautiful jetsetter who is here for a long relaxing weekend in the Bahamas. In your daily life you command the attention of every male in the room with only a flash of your wicked smile. They line up for the pleasure of attending you. You are sex incarnate, a *femme fatale* like none other.” He took her hand and helped her from the boat onto the dock. “Every man who sees you wants you, they long to take you into their bed and possess you.”

On wobbly knees, Katie stepped onto the dock, her head swirling with Simon’s words. She barely heard him untie the boat and begin his return journey to the main island. With her heart in her throat and the sun warm on her skin, she walked onto the beach.

With her bag dangling from her fingertips, she walked over the hot sand, her gaze eagerly devouring everything around her. Water lapped at the white sand and the scent of seawater was familiar and welcoming. Birds chirped and bickered in the palm trees while a few crabs scuttled over the sand, their claws raised at her approach. The sea

breeze kissed her cheeks and tugged at her hair as a wide smile threatened to split her face.

All in all, it was perfection.

* * * * *

Rick's desire for Katherine was reinforced the moment she stepped one dainty foot on his island. With her generous womanly curves, she reminded him of a pinup girl from the 1920s and 1930s. He would bet her body was soft and plush, not hard like all the Pilates-crazed women who usually came here. Since when did it become *verboden* to be built like a woman in this country? Being fit was one thing, being built like a twelve-year-old boy was something else.

Rick stretched out his long legs, his gaze still fixed on the woman walking along the beach. Though the white gauze curtains obstructed his view, he appreciated her slow easy walk. Holly had made him promise to watch out for her friend, and what better way to watch out for her than to take her into his own bed. He reached for his glass of wine.

Somehow he didn't think this was what Holly had in mind.

With every step, Katherine was coming closer and the changes in her appearance were striking. Gone was the suit of armor and in its place were the heart-stopping curves he'd hoped where there.

Walking just at the edge of the water, her hair was arranged in a series of intricate braids. Her generous breasts were barely covered by a modest bikini top in ivory. A bright cloth was tied around her waist and when she moved, the front gap opened wide and he was granted an excellent glimpse of one shapely limb. Gone was her pale skin and now she sported a sun-kissed complexion.

His cock stirred. Just the thought of his tongue on her breasts, his cock entering her sweet pussy was enough to have his blood running hot. His gaze devoured every inch of her.

Katherine dropped her sandals then tilted back her head, a dreamy smile on her lovely face. Slowly she lowered herself to the sand, allowing the water to lick at her knees. Lowering her head, she looked around as if to ensure no one was watching her. One hand cupped her breast, the thumb moved over her erect nipple in a slow, deliberate movement.

His jaw clenched.

Her head tipped back and the other hand stroked the long line of her throat while the first continued cupping her breast. Her lips parted and he could imagine the sound of her sigh. Now she held both of her breasts, giving them firm, rhythmic squeezes. Gentle waves soaked her sarong before caressing her knees. She was a vision of feminine power, Poseidon's daughter taking her pleasure in the embrace of the ocean.

Never had he been jealous of water before now.

Curious hands slid over her soft belly to cup her pussy. Moving her fingers in a slow, steady rhythm, her hips began to undulate in time to the waves. The tips of her braids licked at her plump ass while her pink tongue darted out to dampen her mouth. She was sensuality incarnate, nubile, responsive and eager to explore the possibilities of her body as she plumbed the depths of her pleasure.

Rick's jaw ached and he stifled a groan. His sudden erection pressed painfully against his jeans causing him some discomfort.

Her head dipped forward, this time he heard her faint, breathy moan. Her fingers continued their dance in her pussy, the motions increased. He imagined her could smell her heat, her arousal.

Every primal instinct in his body commanded him to go down to the beach and claim his woman, but he couldn't, not yet anyway. First he had to see what Katherine was made of. If she wanted a true Master, she had to pass one test before he could tame her.

Chapter Three

“Woman!”

At the unexpected sound of a man’s voice, Katie fell forward and her eyes flew open. Frantic, she looked to the left then right, her heart almost stopping when she saw her visitor. He was massive and her neck gave a twinge when she looked up at him. He was dressed as a tribal warrior, complete with loincloth, body paint and a very large spear.

A strangled scream flew from her lips. Not even thinking to get to her feet, she threw herself to the right. Wanting only to put some distance between them, she scrambled away in an awkward crab-like fashion across the sand.

Just where in the hell had he come from?

“Stop, woman.”

Her mouth went dry and her arms were noodle weak. Her butt landed in the water even as her feet dug into the sand, readying herself to spring into action if need be.

“Who are you? Where did you come from?”

He towered over her, the black and blue stripes and his fierce expression was menacing. This man, whoever he was, meant business. Gooseflesh peppered her skin and every hair stood at attention. Had Simon left her on the wrong island? Where there still tribal clans living here?

“W-w-where did you come from?”

“Other island.” He pointed to the north.

His eyes were polished jet and his skin was deeply tanned. More paint covered his broad, heavily muscled chest, only his legs and feet were bare of ornamentation. She

could discern nothing soft about this man. There was something primal, animal about him and he scared her silly.

"Oh, well then," Katie forced her arms to relax and she pulled her legs close and wrapped her arms around them. "are you from Utopia? Is my fantasy beginning now?"

"Silence!"

Katie jerked. If anything he looked even more stern than before.

"You will speak only when spoken to, woman!" His voice was a deep, sexy snarl. "How dare you badger me with questions? In my tribe, women are submissive to their men. Do you understand?"

She gaped up at him and gave a jerky nod.

"Name, woman?"

"K-k-kat—"

"Kat?" The warrior frowned and moved closer to peer at her. The warm scent of male flesh and clean sweat teased her nose. "You do not resemble a jungle cat. How did you get such a name?"

"My name is Katie, well, Katherine really and it's a family name. In every generation there is a Katherine..." Aware she was rambling, her cheeks went red-hot and she shut her mouth.

He shrugged as if her words meant nothing to him. He planted the base of his spear in the sand just a few inches from her toes.

"Woman, were you touching yourself?"

"Yes." Mortified, she dropped her gaze and wanted to vanish into the sand.

"Look at me when you speak!"

Her gaze met his. "Sorry."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

He stepped to the right, his empty hand moved toward a wicked looking knife at his waist. His dark gaze scanned the hut and the jungle as if he were looking for any looming threat. His gaze came back to hers and the fierceness of his expression kept her pinned to the sand.

"In my tribe, women are forbidden to touch, to pleasure themselves. That is the job of their men."

"I'm not in your tribe and I can do as I please." Shocked that she'd dared to be so bold, she wanted to kick herself. Instead of the rage she expected, a slow smile spread across his lips, reawakening the heat in the depths of her belly.

"You are mistaken, Katherine. You cannot be allowed to wander this island alone and do as you please. It isn't safe." Moving several steps further onto dry sand, he picked up the spear then drove it into the sand with the tip down. "Let it be known to those near and far, that I claim you as my woman." His grin grew fierce and a jolt of arousal ripped through her gut and her pussy flooded with warmth. "To use as I desire."

"Now, you just—"

"Silence, woman!"

Katie made the split-second decision to head for the water. Throwing herself into the surf, she was dismayed when she didn't get even five feet away from him. He'd caught a large handful of her braids and he tugged her back onto the beach.

"You think to swim back? The sharks would enjoy a morsel such as yourself."

Sharks? She eyed the water with great suspicion. Simon didn't say anything about sharks.

"You will struggle no more, Katie." Releasing her hair, he kept a firm grip on the back of her neck and marched her toward his spear. "I have claimed you and as my woman, you will accept the fate I have decided for you."

"No," she gasped.

No matter how much she twisted and turned, within minutes he had her on the sand. He produced some fat rope from a leather bag she'd not noticed earlier and made quick work of binding her, using his weapons as stakes. With her arms and legs outstretched like a human X, she couldn't decide if she were scared, mad or so turned on that breathing was becoming difficult,

Deciding to be mad, Katie's anger was diffused the moment she pulled against the restraints. Why, he'd tied them in a way that she could escape easily, if she really wanted to...

And she didn't.

"What are you going to do with me?"

Her voice didn't come out quite as sharp as she'd intended though it was difficult to be angry when this man was offering her the possibility of multiple orgasms. A wicked flash of arousal struck her hard at the thought of being possessed by this painted stranger.

"Punishment as would be handed down to a woman of my tribe." He rummaged through his leather pack and withdrew a small flogger. "You must learn to obey your owner, your Master. Taking pleasure alone, without the permission of your Master, is a selfish act. It is an insult to my manhood." With a flick of his wrist the slim rope ends flicked against her breast.

She caught her breath.

"Pleasure is to be shared," the flogger came down again, this time across her stomach. "Between a man and woman." It came down again across her inner thigh before trailing up and over her pussy.

Her body jerked and a silken whimper broke from her throat.

"Or two women." The flogger came down across her other breast and the firm caress against her peaked nipple caused her to emit a keening cry. He withdrew an impressive knife from a calf holder. "Your body is made for pleasure, Kat." He slipped the blade beneath the thin straps of her top before cutting them. Her breasts were

exposed to the brilliant sunlight and this native's heated gaze. "I have claimed you. It would anger the gods if I did not partake in your flesh."

The flogger came down across her bare nipples, first one then the other, in a slow rhythmic pace. Kat struggled to press her thighs together but she was too securely bound with her thighs spread wide. Sweat broke out on her flesh and her hips arched mindlessly, following the rise and fall of the lash until every inch of her body was warm from the tender lash. Every nerve leapt into awareness and the heat built in her lower belly until she felt as if she were going to explode.

When was he going to touch her, really touch her?

"You are receptive, Kat," the native spoke and his voice sounded strained. "This is good."

An impressive mound was building behind his loincloth and she noticed a thin line of sweat on his upper lip. So he wasn't quite as unmoved as he sounded.

Yum...

"It is my job to train you, teach you the role of a submissive tribal woman." He produced a cloth from the waist of his loincloth. "It is time to blindfold you."

"I—"

"Silence!"

His intent expression was the last thing she saw before the cloth covered her eyes. The darkness was hot, thick and her level of awareness leapt to a near painful level. The scent of his heated big body clung to the cloth and she took a deep breath. She could almost taste his skin.

The soft whistle of the flogger caught her attention just before it came down across her left breast. Her body's reaction was swift and the breath left her lungs. Soon she was lost in the mesmerizing dance of pleasure and pain. Her captor set an easy rhythm with the flogger, slowly working it across her body until she was quivering and her skin was damp with sweat.

Without her sight, she had no idea where the flogger would land next. It was an exquisite game of cat and mouse though all too soon her body was liquid-hot, aroused to within a breath of release.

"How do you feel, Katherine?" The native's deep voice sounded and his breath was warm across her cheek. "Does my touch please you?"

"Yes."

"Good, good." He made a hum of pleasure. "You will obey me, won't you Katherine?"

A slow tingle of fear rippled down her spine but she found it only added spice to her aroused state. Oh my, had she become a complete pervert during her years of celibacy?

"Katherine, you will answer me."

"Yes!"

"This is good."

In that moment whatever misgivings she'd had about coming to Utopia were lost in the face of her overwhelming need for release. She was safe and secure, Holly would never let harm come to her and she was free to embrace her sensual side and explore her fantasies.

She could only hope it would happen soon.

* * * * *

Rick reached for the two-way radio that sat on the table at his elbow. On the front was a small LED readout and a standard keypad. He punched in the code that would directly connect him to the receiver in Lars' ear.

"I'll take over from here."

The "native" looked toward the hut and gave Rick a thumbs up. He leaned down and whispered something to Katherine and she nodded. Lars walked toward the path leading into the jungle and soon vanished from sight.

Rick's gaze lingered on Katherine's bound form. Her skin glistened in the brilliant sunlight and even from here he could see the rosy glow the flogger had rendered on her tender flesh. She'd passed his test with flying colors. She was the perfect submissive, obedient, beautiful and edgy with a touch of fierceness that prevented her from being a doormat.

He turned off the two-way and hid it away in a drawer. He had only minutes to get changed before he could begin taming his slave.

* * * * *

Katie ground her teeth in utter frustration. Where had he gone? Her ardor was cooling in direct relation to the level of irritation her backside was experiencing. Who knew sand could creep into every crack and crevice like that?

Her breath left her in a huff. Just what kind of fantasy was this? The native had told her patience was the key to satisfaction and it was her duty to await his pleasure. What about her pleasure? Getting sand in her butt crack definitely wasn't it. Humph, wasn't that just like a man?

Was he watching her now?

The desire to squirm was strong but she resisted. No, she didn't think he was watching her. She just didn't have a sense of his presence. For a moment she felt a rush of panic. Had he left her here alone? If she screamed for help, would someone from the resort rescue her? Damn it, she couldn't take this much longer.

"You're an impatient woman, I see."

Every nerve in her body leapt into awareness when the masculine voice sounded only a few feet away. It was deeper and much huskier than before and the sound of it was enough to remind her of where they'd left off.

"Don't worry." The voice grew nearer. "You'll be well taken care of."

His feet made whispering noises in the sand and when he reached her side, she felt the heat of his body.

"Has it been hard for you, lying here waiting for me?"

A big hand landed on her arm. Slowly he began to stroke the tender skin of her inner arm. Despite the heat, she shivered at the tender touch.

"Yes," her voice was shaky.

"Lonely?" His fingers brushed her cheek.

Her tongue felt thick, awkward and she settled for a nod.

"Loneliness is a terrible thing." His questing fingers stroked the sensitive skin between her breasts. "A woman like you needs a man to touch you." His fingers teased one aching peak. "To taste you."

Pushing her top out of the way, the touch of his tongue against her nipple caused her to arch toward him, begging him to take her into his mouth. He ignored her silent entreaty.

"To ease the ache between your thighs."

The cool steel of a blade against her skin was both frightening and erotic at the same time. The sarong loosened and slid off her hips. The sound of his indrawn breath was loud. With a slice of the blade, he cut the straps of the bikini bottom leaving her bare to the elements and his hunger.

Arousal hit her hard enough that she'd have been bent double if she hadn't been tied up. Liquid pleasure soaked her pussy and her cheeks heated. When had she ever been quite so aroused before?

"We're alone here, Katherine." His voice was gruff, guttural. "No one can see what we do here."

His big hand covered the narrow strip of hair that adorned her pussy. Katherine couldn't stifle her moan and she twisted against her bonds. His breath was hot against her skin and the spiky caress of his lightly bearded chin stroked a circle around her nipple.

"Let me hear you."

His tongue flicked at her other nipple and she tried to spread her legs farther to entice him to touch her. Silently she cursed the blindfold that held her in darkness.

"I want to hear how aroused you are." He cupped her pussy and her hips bucked. "When I taste you," his tongue licked a lazy path down her stomach and along her bikini line, "I smell your desire."

"Please." Her voice was high, faint.

"Yes?" His breath stirred her silky curls.

"Please..."

One finger rested against her damp slit, "You will call me Master," he whispered against her skin.

"Please, Master." Her voice came out thin.

"Greedy little cat." He ran his finger just inside the labia, taking care to avoid her clit. "This time you shall have your pleasure first." He inserted one finger into her vagina. "Next time I shall have mine."

The moment his mouth covered her, she was sure she'd lost her mind. The firm, moist licks against her clit paired with the fingers teasing her vagina were more than enough to send her over the edge. Her back arched, her body as tight as a bowstring when she pressed her pussy into his face for more of his magical touch. Sparks flew along her nerves when his faint beard grazed her thighs and like a summer storm, release came hard and fast. Bolts of electricity tore through her body and her cries echoed with the roar of the ocean.

Chapter Four

Rick took a drink of the red wine, his gaze was fixed on the woman at his feet. She sat facing away from him on a large flokati rug as nude as the day she was born. Her legs were bent under her body and her torso bent forward. Her arms were wrapped across her breasts and her forehead rested against the fluffy wool. This position put her saucy backside at a convenient angle and he could feast his gaze upon her plump pussy. Makeup from his tribal costume was smeared across her skin only making the situation more erotic.

He'd left his mark upon her.

His gaze moved over her plump ass and her pussy. Maybe he should've told her to spread her legs farther before assuming the position. For a new submissive, already she was quite obedient and wanted to please him.

She was all his.

Pride mingled with lust danced through his nervous system like guppies nibbling at their food. After watching her momentous climax on the beach, his cock was desperate for relief. It was still as hard as a sword but soon, soon that too would be taken care of. He stretched out his long legs and brushed his toe against her foot. Her perfect, heart-shaped ass gave a twitch.

Thirty minutes ago he'd commanded her to assume this position and she wasn't allowed to move until he gave his permission. She'd yet to say a word, her body should be aching by now and it was time to set her free. He rose.

"You've been very good, my pet." He walked to the small closet and opened the door. Inside was a selection of paddles, floggers and other goodies. The scent of leather was enough to send a rush of need to his gut.

"Master?" her saucy accent was subdued.

"Yes?" He selected a pliable leather paddle. Running his hands over it, he decided it would be the perfect accompaniment for what he had in mind.

"May I know your name?"

If he could've, he'd have smacked himself in the forehead and let out a resounding "Duh" upon himself. Caught up in their earlier play, it never occurred to him to introduce himself. His mother would gladly box his ears for this gaffe.

"My name is Rick, you may call me Master Rick." He shut the closet.

"Thank you."

Walking toward her, he couldn't help but smile at the incongruity of the situation. Never before could he remember having such a conversation with a submissive. They usually knew his name before the spanking began.

"Katherine, you've pleased me very much." He resumed his seat. "I know how hard it is to remain in this position without moving and you've managed quite well. In pleasing me, you shall receive a very special reward. But first, we need to come up with a safe word for you."

"A safe word?" Her southern accent was somewhat muffled thanks to her downward position on the rug. "What is it for?"

"A safe word is a phrase you use when you feel uneasy about our games. It will be your way to call a halt to whatever we are doing."

Her braids twitched. "I see."

"So what word would you like to use?"

She was silent for a moment and he would've given almost anything to see her face right then. He could imagine her plump lips pursing as she contemplated this grave question.

"How about margarita?" she said.

"Margarita? Why margarita?"

"Why not?" Her shrug was awkward. "It's my favorite drink and it was the first thing that popped into my brain."

Fighting hard, Rick barely managed to avoid laughing though his grin was so wide his cheeks were beginning to ache. What a fascinating creature she was.

He rose. "Margarita it is then." Walking around her, he allowed the tip of the leather paddle caress her back. Her entire body twitched. "Have you ever been given a proper spanking, Katherine?"

She hesitated then shook her head.

"Please tell me about your previous experiences with bondage."

"Master, can I please sit up? My back is beginning to ache."

"With your blindfold in place, you may sit upright."

Slowly she rose to sit back on her heels with a soft moan. More streaks of makeup marred her breast, belly and thighs, showing him in detail where he'd plundered her flesh like a starving man. Her breasts jutted outward, their crowning glory hard-tipped and begging for his tongue, his mouth, his whip. Most of the face paint was around and near her pussy. Her taste lingered on this tongue and his flesh burned to taste her again.

"...I was with him..."

Realizing Katherine was speaking and he hadn't heard a word, he yanked himself from the incredibly erotic vision.

"...and he was into bondage." Her southern accent was heavy, sexy and immediately drew images of humid night air and limbs tangled with damp sheets. "So I let him tie me up a few times and I really enjoyed it."

"Did he ever spank you?"

"Yes, no...well, only with his hand." Her cheeks grew pink. "Sometimes when I was on top, he would spank me as we...made...had sex."

Ah, a real romantic type of guy. Did he take the chewing gum out of his mouth first?

"Did you play any other games?" he asked.

"He liked it when I called him Master. He would come home from work and I would draw him a bath and feed him his dinner." Her lips curved upward. "I enjoyed that as well."

"And after you fed him dinner, what did he do for you?"

Tilting her head to the side, her smile faded. "What do you mean?"

"Did he draw you a bath, give you a massage or suck your pussy until you begged him to stop? What did he do in return for his bath and dinner fed to him by a beautiful, woman?"

"No." Her smile turned sad. "He didn't do any of that. He explained to me that in the Master/submissive relationship the sub was supposed to take whatever the Master dished out and be satisfied with that." Her lips twisted. "That didn't seem very fair to me."

Lazy fucking bastard. If he were on this island now, Rick would take great pleasure in hunting him down and whipping him within an inch of his life.

"Master, are all bondage relationships supposed to be like that?" Her sweet face was turned toward him and though he knew her eyes were a deep, rich brown, he would have cut his hand off to look into them right at that moment.

"No, Katherine. Dominant and submissive relationships should be, in my opinion at least, on equal footing. We pleasure each other and it is in that give and take of the relationship that mutual respect and satisfaction is found."

Giving him a hesitant nod, she bit her lip.

"Your former Master was a lazy bastard."

His comment wrenched a startled laugh from her and she tried to cover her mouth with one slim hand. Reaching down, he caught her wrist and they both froze. Her skin was so soft and her wrist so slim he could break it by just squeezing his hand. She licked her lips and pleasure bubbled in his system like a soda that had been shaken.

"Katherine, never hide your amusement or your frustration, both are a pleasure to observe."

Her silken brows shot up and her mouth formed a silent O. He released her wrist and she allowed her hand to drop to her lap. Her shoulders slumped.

"I-I-I always thought maybe I wasn't good enough in bed for him—"

Rage had him biting back what he really wanted to say about her worthless boyfriend. In his opinion the he-bitch needed the biggest anal plug Rick could find and he'd take great pleasure in shoving it up her ex's tight ass.

"Katherine..." He tipped her chin upward so that if she hadn't worn the blindfold, they'd be looking into each other's eyes. "You are a beautiful, passionate woman who is about to learn what pleasure her body is capable of feeling."

Her gulp was audible.

"I hate it when women take on their man's shortcomings." He barely managed to avoid snarling. "Your ex was a selfish, egotistical bastard who wouldn't know a good woman if she were sitting on his face."

A startled laugh erupted from Katherine and this time she made no effort to restrain herself. The pleased sound was as clean and clear as a pond on a warm summer day. Just hearing it caused his anger to fade.

"Don't hold back now," she giggled.

Leaning forward, his lips brushed her cheek. "Just trust me, Katherine, for I will take you to heights you never dreamed existed." He felt her shiver when his lips brushed the line of her jaw.

"Yes, Master." Her words came out in a breathless rush.

"You will reassume your former position, Katherine, and soon we shall begin our journey."

* * * * *

Katherine had no idea what to expect when it came to being paddled. Just the word alone had her on edge. Paddling. There was a multitude of implications in the word versus being spanked. Paddling sounded playful while a spanking sounded more serious.

Shivers broke out even as the ache between her thighs increased. Would it hurt? Was it supposed to? She wasn't really sure. All she knew was that her nerves were strung tight by the time her Master's footsteps approached.

"Patience, Katherine."

Something touched her shoulder and she flinched. Moving slowly around her body, the item licked at her flesh like a butterfly looking for a place to land. What the devil was he doing? Was he trying to make her crazy? Was she supposed to do something in particular or should she just wait for his command? The soft leather caressed the inside of her thigh and without conscious thought, her legs spread farther apart to expose more of her aching pussy.

He made a sound of appreciation and her cheeks grew hot. He must think her some brazen, love-starved hussy from Southern Louisiana. Maybe he thought—

With a gentle hiss, the paddle came down across her shoulders. Rick trailed the soft leather down her spine and the moment the sting faded, her skin felt incredibly warm. The paddle landed again, once, twice three times, each time moving to another place so that she was never struck in the same area twice.

All too soon her skin was rosy warm and her nerves hummed with pleasure. Juice from her pussy ran down the inside of her thigh and she knew she'd never been this aroused ever before. Was this what it was like to be totally dominated by a caring Master?

"Katherine, will you rise from the floor?"

Slowly she sat up, her head swirling and her heart thudded in her chest. What was he going to do now? Getting to her feet, she swayed. A strong, male hand caught her

elbow and remained there until she steadied. With her shoulders back, she stood tall and proud, unmindful of her nudity.

"You are exquisite." His voice was hoarse, much more so than before. Was he as aroused as she?

"Thank you, Master."

"Katherine, do you trust me?"

Strangely enough she did. Even as she thought about how surreal this situation was, there was something between them that she couldn't quite put her finger on. It was that feeling one gets upon meeting a good, kind human being. Was it the sensual, caring timber of his voice or the strong reassurance in his touch? Her stomach clenched. Whatever it was, she could only go with her gut feeling and hope that it wouldn't lead her astray.

"Yes, I trust you."

How funny was that? She, Katherine Toussant, the most cautious woman on the planet, had just placed her wellbeing in the hands of a man she'd met only a few hours before. While she wasn't able to pick him out of a lineup, here she was ready to do anything he told her to do. Where was the logic in that?

"Now tell me your safe word again."

"Margarita."

"Excellent."

Rick took her hand and, still blinded by the blindfold, Katherine could only hope he wouldn't walk her into a door or something equally as humiliating. He stopped and pulled her hand up over her head. Releasing her hand, he guided her to grab something hard and cool to the touch. Was it a towel rack of some kind?

"You will hold onto this with both hands and hang on tight. This time I'm not going to bind you so you'll be able to remove your hands at any time, though I command you to remain in this position until I release you."

"Yes, Master." Reaching up with her free hand, she grasped the bar. It was set at just the right height so it was comfortable and she didn't have to stand on her tiptoes to reach it.

"You will spread your legs for me."

He ran his hand down her back and she shivered at the calloused caress. With her heart in her throat, Katie moved her feet a few inches apart.

"More."

Swallowing hard against her rising desire, she spread her legs as much as she could yet still retain a comfortable grip on the bar overhead.

"Excellent."

His mouth touched her shoulder, a gentle kiss followed by a slight nip of his teeth, before he moved away. Immediately she missed his close presence, the warmth of his body, his manly scent. She could track his movements around the room by the noises he made, the slide of a wooden drawer, the chink of metal upon metal. Her nerves were fine-tuned to the point she wanted to scream for him to either fuck her or paddle her again. Whichever it was, she didn't care. All she knew was that she couldn't take much more of this.

"Katherine, what I have now is a whip. It is smaller and thinner than the paddle. In the wrong hands it can hurt and maim. Used correctly it can heighten your arousal tenfold." His voice was a low purr. "I think you will find this quite stimulating."

Before she could even comprehend what he'd said, she heard the soft hiss, just seconds before the whip left a fiery kiss across her buttocks. A cry was wrenched from her lips and her body jerked as if electrified. Shock and desire waged war on her vulnerable buttocks and before she could brace herself for another blow, it landed just below the first.

The stinging caresses continued until reality faded to a soft, fuzzy dream drowned out by the raging needs of her body. Her skin was rosy warm and with each strike she sighed in dreamy acceptance, wanting it to never end. Slowly Rick worked his way over

her body—her thighs, buttocks, back, breasts and nipples received the same, sensual treatment. By the time the leather stroked against her damp pussy, she was sobbing incoherently and begging for release.

“Katherine, you are the perfect submissive.” Rick’s voice sounded strained. “You may let go of the bar.”

It took a few seconds for her sluggish senses to respond to the command. Finally, on unsteady legs, she managed to release the bar only to have her arms fall uselessly by her side. Her weakened legs couldn’t support her and she sagged backward into her lover’s body.

He picked her up with ease and carried her across the room. There he allowed her body to slide intimately against his and the feel of his massive erection against her stomach caused her to gulp. Moving backward, she didn’t get very far until she felt the cool caress of leather against her warm buttocks.

“This is called a horse, Katherine, and it is one of my favorite toys. Turn around.”

She turned, her hands skimmed the soft leather trying to learn its features with only her fingertips.

“Now rise up onto your tiptoes and bend over the horse.”

Puzzled, Katherine did as he commanded and only when her upper torso lay upon the horse did she realize why this was his favorite. This apparatus would put her lower body on full display, not to mention she was now at the height for a proper fuck without killing his knees or back.

“Spread your legs for me. I want to see your excitement.”

Almost dizzy with the need for release, she did as he commanded. Metal clanked together and she felt cold steel bind her ankles to the legs of the horse. Blood rushed to her cheeks though she wasn’t sure if it was from excitement or embarrassment. Though her hands were unbound, her legs were firmly secured.

“What is your safe word, Katherine?”

"Margarita." Her mouth was dry.

"You will remain blindfolded. Your lack of visual stimulation will make it easier for you to concentrate on the sensations your body creates. I want you to focus on your pleasure and your pleasure alone."

She gulped. No lover had ever said that to her. Tears pricked her eyes and she blinked them away. Eager to continue her lessons, she gripped the horse with both hands.

"This is called a pussy whip." Something soft slid across her back. "It is used for warming the skin or to stimulate your pussy."

Her throat tightened.

"You will enjoy this." He slid the whip down her spine, stopping at the crease of her buttocks. "Do you want to use your safe word?"

Mute, she shook her head.

"You please me a great deal, Katherine."

The whip landed across her shoulders and she sighed. It was a different sensation than the other whip, this was flat like a small paddle, and it covered more skin with each blow. Within moments she was pressing her weeping pussy against the horse, desperate to rub herself but knowing he wouldn't allow it.

"Do you need to come?" His voice was breathy, gruff.

"Yes," she sobbed.

The whip landed smartly across her engorged pussy and her back arched wildly as she screamed. Sparks appeared against her eyelids and her labia burned. She'd become a slave to her desire and the need for completion burned white-hot under her skin. No longer was she Katie, spinster bookseller. Now she was Katherine, accomplished submissive and sexual powerhouse.

Without conscious thought she began humping the horse as much as her confined state would allow. Vaguely she heard something hit the floor before his big, hot body

pressed close to hers. His loincloth-covered erection prodded her vagina and she responded by pushing her hips back against his.

There was a rustle of cloth then he covered her, forcing her torso down to the horse. His skin was scorching hot and he was nude. His cock caressed the crack of her ass in a slow, sensual sliding motion.

"Feel me, Katherine." His hips began moving against her, forcing soft little moans from her. "Know that when I enter you for the first time, when my cock slides deep into your pussy, you will never know another man such as I."

"Yes—"

"Nor will you want another ever again."

His hand followed the curve of her hip then moved between her legs even as his hips kept up their tantalizing punishment. The pace of his thrusts increased and his hand continued its wicked dance. With a gentle flick of his thumb over her clit, she came with a soul-deep scream. Her mind and body fractured and the thick spasms took hold and ravaged her body.

When it was over, her body and mind felt as substantial as a bowl of warm honey. Vaguely she was aware of Rick removing the cuffs that held her captive but the lingering waves of her satisfaction commanded her attention. Picking her up, he cuddled her close to his chest as he carried her to the bed. The soft linens felt like heaven against her recently awakened skin.

"Rest for a while, Katherine." Lips brushed her forehead. "I will wake you when it's time."

Time? What did she need time for? Before she could open her mouth and ask him the question, she fell asleep.

Chapter Five

Leaning against the deck rail, Rick watched the sun sink into the west. Tonight's show was brilliant, the varying shades of pink, violet and red were almost painful to view. Even though he'd lived in Utopia since they opened, he never missed a sunset if he could help it.

Anticipation hummed along his nervous system, aided by his groin which was still heavy with arousal. He'd left Katherine in bed over an hour ago and he'd been in a painful state of lust since then. Less than thirty feet away slept the woman who, in just a few hours, had managed to do what no other woman had even come close.

Turned the master into her slave.

When Holly had contacted him about her business partner paying a visit to Utopia, he'd thought nothing of it. His family, siblings and cousins mostly, were always sending a "special" friend to the island. Utopia's guest list was forever full and he'd learned to leave one slot open, just in case, for a last-minute family reservation.

It was only by a sheer stroke of luck that he'd been in the lobby when Katherine's group arrived. Most of the time he preferred to make himself scarce when the boats came in. He enjoyed dropping in on the various classes and chatting with the guests, though, in general he preferred staying in the background.

Thank God for that cheap printer and Seamus' lousy work ethic. Maybe he should give the boy a raise instead of firing him. Reaching into his pocket, he withdrew a lighter and began lighting the kerosene torches lining the rail.

No, that would be too easy. Maybe he'd make the boy grovel before allowing him to come back to work.

And if this relationship turns into something more?

Rick stopped, lighter in midair.

Just where had that thought come from? He was a mature, accomplished man who'd had scores of relationships. Never before had he even been tempted to think about making one permanent. Life with an eager submissive such as Katherine would be very interesting though. Her training could take years, years of mind-blowing sex, sensual spankings and —

"Fuck!"

The flame from the lighter scorched his thumb and he released the lever and the flame winked out. He shook off the sting. What the hell was the matter with him? Rick scowled at the lighter as if it were the focus of his thoughts, not the woman inside the hut. Katherine. His cousin's business partner and best friend.

She'd splinter his ass if Katherine same to any harm mentally or physically.

He shoved the light into his pocket. The bottom line was that he had no business pondering a long-term relationship with any woman, let alone Katherine. Utopia was his mistress and she was a greedy one. The brothers had agreed that until they reached forty, Utopia would come first in their lives and that was that.

You're thirty-eight now...

Yes, and soon to be thirty-nine. But thirty-eight almost thirty-nine wasn't forty and he was determined to keep his part of the bargain. By the time they both reached forty, they'd be multimillionaires and their futures would be secure as well as the future of their family. No longer would his family have to bear the stain of multiple failed businesses by their brilliant but common-sense lacking father and grandfather. His college-educated sisters no longer sported hand-me-downs and thrift store clothing. He and his brother no longer wore jeans that were far too big as those were the only sizes available at the rummage sale. Their lovely mother, steadfast, supportive and fiercely loyal mother, now lived in a half-million dollar mansion in Washington State. There she golfed, crocheted and worked part-time at a flower shop. She was well taken care of and happy to play with her grandchildren, and spoil them mercilessly to her heart's content.

Nobody, not even a delightful creature like Katherine, would cause him to jeopardize his plans now.

* * * * *

Katie awoke slowly, awareness creeping over her senses like a thief in the night. When she opened her eyes she was momentarily confused by the pitch-black room. Was it the middle of the night?

Reaching up, her fingers encountered the blindfold. Pushing it out of the way, she blinked against the evening light. The room was bathed in a pinkish, orange glow and her gaze was drawn to the white gauze curtains and the sunset outside. Her breath caught when she saw the brilliant sunset. Sitting up, she wrapped her arms around her knees to enjoy it.

The sunset notwithstanding, Utopia was truly a paradise. Birds chattered in the trees and her breath caught when a crane of some sort flew low over the lagoon and scooped a fish from the water. Living in New Orleans, she was close to nature too. Her home sat on a bayou just outside of the city and every morning she was treated to a heavenly sunrise she made a point not to miss. Life was too short to sleep through sunrise everyday.

Stretching, she was amazed at how relaxed she felt. When was the last time she'd felt this good, this...alive?

Well it wasn't the last time you had sex, that's for sure.

In a rush, the events of her first foray into bondage came back. With a moan, she grabbed a pillow and buried her flaming face. She felt so good that she had the inexplicable urge to tilt her head back and howl like a wolf.

In her wildest dreams, she'd never imagined how liberating bondage could be. Her cheeks warmed at the thought of their unrestrained sensuality. Never had she been able, nay, encouraged to act in such an abandoned fashion and she was eager to do it again.

Stretching, Katie shoved the sheets off her body and rose. The bedroom was lovely, the walls covered in thatch and there were no glass in the windows. The west wall was gone and covered by sheer gauze curtains opening onto a broad deck. The floors were covered in a variety of fluffy rugs and colorful clay pots were filled with flowers.

The bathroom was to the left and she was pleased to see her bag hanging near the shower. After making quick use of the facilities, she donned a clean bathing suit and sarong. After a quick layer of mascara, she was ready.

Ready for what?

Should she just wander outside or wait for Rick to come to her. Katie's stomach gave a noisy grumble. No, she didn't think she could wait much longer without having dinner. Would he join her?

As if her thoughts had alerted him she was awake, Rick's voice sounded from just outside the bathroom door. "Katherine, are you ready?"

"Almost," her voice came out in a high, nervous squeak and she winced at the sound.

Great...

He chuckled and the husky sound sent shivers over her skin. "When you're ready, please join me on the deck for dinner."

"I'd love that, thank you." Her stomach gave another loud rumble and she pressed her hand over it.

"Excellent."

The sound of his retreating footsteps caused her to release a noisy sigh of relief. Hustling back over to the mirror, she checked her reflection. Staring back at her was a woman she didn't quite recognize. With her hair tamed into braids and her spray-on tan, she looked healthy, athletic. Her eyes gleamed with something she couldn't quite name.

So this was what a sexually satisfied woman looked like.

A huge grin threatened to split her face, and with one last glance in the mirror, Katie summoned all of her courage and reached for the door handle. It was now or never.

The bedroom was empty but the gauze curtains were pulled back to reveal the traces of sunset streaking the sky. On the second level of the deck a table had been set up. The crisp white linen cloth and the silver-domed dishes looked oddly out of place in the rustic beach setting, not that her stomach cared one bit. An arrangement of tropical flowers in the center of the table gave it a festive air.

Rick, well, she assumed it was him, sat near the table staring out at the water. Her gaze ate every inch of him and to say she was quite pleased was an understatement. Even sitting down she could tell he was quite tall. His legs were long and his bare feet were clean, the nails neatly trimmed. The arm of the chair hid his midsection but his shoulders were broad and his skin tanned from long hours in the sun. His shoulder-length hair was pale brown and gold streaks.

From her position, she couldn't see his face well, only his strong jaw and his cheekbone. Her heartbeat increased and she licked her lips. This man had possessed her mind, body and soul. He'd taken her to sensual heights she'd only imagined, and still Katie had no idea what he looked like...

"You almost missed a beautiful sunset," his sexy voice called over his shoulder. "That would've been a shame."

Damn! She thought he hadn't noticed her.

Turning, their gazes met and her stomach did a somersault, only this time it had nothing to do with hunger. His eyes were striking, a greenish hazel, and his nose had a slight bump on the bridge as if it had been broken at one time. A slight shadow of a beard marked his well-defined cheeks but it was his wide, welcoming smile that made her knees go all wobbly. She frowned. He looked vaguely familiar but she couldn't quite place him.

"Come closer, Katherine. I promise I don't bite." He held out his hand and a teasing light came into his eyes. "At least not unprovoked."

"Well, then." She took his hand and the moment his fingers closed around hers, a sleek warmth invaded her allowing an impish Katie to take over. "I guess I'll have to think of ways to provoke you."

"Hmm..." He rose and pulled her close. "It won't take a whole lot for me to want to sink my teeth into you."

His head dipped and their lips met in the faintest caress of skin on skin. A hungry growl built in her throat and his grip tightened in response. His tongue teased the seam of her lips and she opened for him. Her body melted into his, their tongues met in a sensual dance. Her nails dug into his shoulders and her mind lost all ability for rational thought, allowing her hunger to take over. His arms slid around her. One big hand dropped to cup her buttock and give it a firm squeeze, pulling her tight against him. The hard length of his arousal pressed into her belly and a surge of lust hit her square in the lower gut.

He is SO hot –

Her stomach gave a noisy roll.

Rick chuckled and broke the kiss. His lips were damp and while amusement was written on his face, something darker, deeper lingered in his eyes.

"According to your stomach we need to attend to our dinner first."

She gave him a rueful smile. "I think you're right."

He slid one hand along the curve of her back as if he didn't want to let go. Sliding a hand to her elbow, he directed her attention to the table. She blinked. There was only one, oversized wicker seat by the table.

"I think we'll need another chair," she said.

"Oh, I'm sure we can come up with something a little more creative."

His slow smile sent a curling wave of heat through her system. Their hands slid apart and she sank into the chair while he began removing the domes from their dinner. The scent of roast pork caused another call from her stomach and her thoughts immediately turned from sex to food.

"I hope you enjoy roasted pork." His voice was deep, sexy.

"Right now I'm hungry enough to eat a horse." He laughed and she couldn't help but smile in return.

"Utopia has a much celebrated culinary reputation. I really don't think it will come to that."

With her gaze fixed on the dishes, her eyes widened and her mouth watered as each was revealed. There was a bowl of fresh pineapple, coconut shrimp, a colorful rice dish, a plate of roasted vegetables along with numerous items she didn't recognize.

Heavens, if they ate all of this they'd be too stuffed to even think about sex.

"Does it look good to you?" his voice was teasing.

"Oh my, yes. I'm afraid I'll dive head first into the plates and just roll around in it as I eat."

He laughed again then picked up a bottle of wine from its bucket. "That sounds pretty appetizing to me."

Pleasure tightened her stomach and Katie reached for a pineapple chunk, anything to keep her hands occupied.

"Not yet. I've decided that tonight I'll feed you myself." Rick sat beside her in the chair and immediately she knew why there was only one seat and she ended up half sitting in his lap.

"W-w-why are you going to do that?"

"Eating is one of the most sensual experiences life has to offer. What is sexier than an excellent glass of wine, a beautiful strawberry, or roasted meat that just melts on

your tongue?" He reached for a plate. "You live in the one of the most diverse cities for ethnic foods, surely you understand this."

"I do. New Orleans is the only place I've ever been where people discuss what they want for dinner while still eating lunch."

"Exactly." Humor laced his voice.

She'd never had a man pay her so much single-minded attention in her life. Feeling suddenly uneasy, Katie drew up her legs. This experience was both unnerving and one of the most shockingly sexual of her life.

She took a sip of her wine, surprised at the surprisingly fresh, fruity taste. "This is quite good."

"I will pass my thanks onto my father and grandfather. It comes from our family vineyard in California and they will be quite pleased." With his bare fingers, Rick picked up a chunk of pork. "Now taste this."

She hesitated. "Do we not have silverware?"

His grin was sexy. "Now where is the fun in that?"

Katie, whatever happened to your romantic nature?

Leaning forward, she took the succulent bite of meat. His fingertip grazed her lower lip, sending a spike of awareness through her body. Before she could react the rich taste of pork and Caribbean spices burst on her tongue and dazzled her senses. She couldn't help but moan out loud.

"That good, eh?"

"Orgasmic," she mumbled around the succulent mouthful.

Laughing, he brushed his lips over hers and she thought her heart would stop. They froze, their lips mere millimeters apart. His gaze was direct and Katie stopped chewing. The bite of pork swelled to immense proportions as her tongue grew thick and she swallowed hard. Rick's eyes glowed with heat, a need she now understood

with every fiber in her being. Without conscious thought, her hands were in his hair and their lips met. Instead of feasting on the food, they ate at each other's flesh.

Katie gave a low moan when he suckled her tongue, his teeth lightly grazing her sensitive skin. His big hand covered her bikini-clad breast, her nipple erect even before she leaned into his hand.

Rick slowed the kiss, gently nibbling her lower lip, and his hand slid down her side and away from her aching breast. "I think dinner should be on you this evening. Katherine, please remove your top."

Without even thinking to object, she pulled the string closures and the miniscule bits of cloth were removed. Shyness and the desire for him warred within her, desire winning out when his gaze landed upon her exposed breasts.

"Most excellent."

Before she could even guess what he was up to, he reached for a small dipper in a bowl of sauce. When he trailed the warm liquid over her breasts, Katie thought that maybe, finally she'd lost her mind. Just how in the world had she come from her bookstore to end up on a desert island only a few days later?

Her silent question went unanswered when Rick picked up a chunk of meat, rubbed it in the sauce on her skin then popped it into his mouth. As he chewed, a look of sublime bliss crept over his face.

"Now it's perfection."

Katie tilted her head back and laughed. With a lot of teasing, kissing and licking, they feasted on the pork, fresh fruits and rice. Each bite was accompanied by sensual strokes of his hands or tongue on her eager body. Soon her breasts and belly were sticky and the heat between her thighs had reached a boiling point. By the time Rick offered her a bite of juicy pineapple, she was hungry for more than just food.

"And now for desert," he slipped a piece of fruit between her lips and the cool juice dripped onto her breasts.

"I'm sticky—" She struggled to avoid biting her tongue even as she chewed.

"I can take care of that." With a wicked gleam in his eye, he dipped his head and laved her sticky skin with his tongue.

"Mmm."

Her fingers tangled in his thick hair and he suckled one nipple then the other. Against her hip, his erection was growing harder, more urgent. Oral sex had never been something she'd enjoyed. Her last boyfriend had been selfish, causing Katie to swear off it. But now, feeling his cock lengthening, thickening, all she wanted was to take him into her mouth.

"Master," her voice was breathy.

"Mmm?" His suckling was relentless, greedy.

"May I pleasure you?"

He released her erect nipple, his gaze meeting hers. The look of need and pleasure was enough to convince her that tasting this man would be a very different experience indeed.

"Yes, I would like that."

He released her and Katie moved from his lap. He rose and turned the chair to give her plenty of room to maneuver before sitting again. With his attention on her again, she skimmed out of her sarong and bikini bottoms. His gaze gobbled up every inch of her body, and in that moment she felt sexier than ever before.

Sinking to her knees, she reached for the drawstring on his pants. His cock had created an impressive tent behind the soft linen and she couldn't wait to uncover her prize. With ease she opened the loose pants and his erection sprang forth.

Without hesitation she wrapped her hand around the thick stalk. His skin was hot, liquid silk over steel, and a drop of pre-come appeared on the head. Leaning forward, she swirled her tongue over the broad head.

Rick's swift intake of breath was like music and a rush of feminine power engulfed her. She opened her mouth and slipped it over the head. Trying to take him deep into her mouth, she began stroking his thickening cock and working her mouth over him. With her free hand, she cupped his balls.

A low moan sounded from her Master and her gaze darted upward. His expression was dreamy, his eyes closed and his lips glistened with moisture. His fingers captured a few of her braids and she tensed until realizing he was only going to gently guide her through the movements he enjoyed. His hips began to move, gentle thrusts in response to her sucking. Her pussy grew wet and she closed her eyes to concentrate on his magnificent cock and her body's answering response.

"Yes, Katherine." His voice was soft, needy. "Excellent. Just like that."

She began sucking in earnest. Closing her eyes, she sank into the wonderful state of arousal they'd woven together. Her tongue slid over him as her hand began grasping and releasing the base of his cock. The movements of his hips grew more urgent and the pressure in her pussy grew.

"Katherine, you will stop now."

Stunned, her eyes flew open before she released his delicious cock. A light sheen of sweat dampened his upper lip and his expression was pained.

"Master?"

"Come," he took her hand and pulled her to her feet, "I'm going to fuck you now."

Her mouth went dry and she didn't think she would be able to say anything even if her life depended upon it. Rick guided her into his lap, her knees bracketing his hips and the head of his cock at her wet entrance.

"Let me in, Katherine."

They groaned simultaneously when she sank over him. Her breath caught as her pussy stretched and his cock filled her. She barely had time to enjoy the wonderfully

full sensation before her hunger took over. Bracing her hands on his shoulders, she began raising and lowering her body over his.

Soft moans escaped her and her body slipped into a frantic rhythm for release. His big hands gripped her hips, aiding her in the strenuous journey. Something pressed against her anus and threw her off her stride for a minute. Her eyes flew open and Rick gave her a lazy smile.

"I'm going to finger-fuck your beautiful ass, Katherine."

She made a startled noise as this was new territory for her. His finger moved in and out of her anus and to her surprise, the sensation was incredibly pleasurable. Leaning forward, her breasts against his chest, she settled back into her ride, the sensations even stronger. Beneath her, she felt him ascend the peak, his muscles growing taut.

He came in a rush, his animal roar of satisfaction enough to send her over the edge. Throwing her head back, she came hard with an orgasm that stole her breath and caused stars to swirl against her eyelids. Gasping for breath, she allowed her head to drop onto his shoulder.

Now *that* was what she was talking about!

Chapter Six

“Why do you keep calling me Katherine?”

Rick was almost asleep when her question roused him. Her curvy body was tight against his and her thigh was tossed over his hip. The wiry curls of her pussy tickled his thigh and his cock gave an answering twitch. Now was not exactly the time for a deep conversation.

“What do your friends call you?” He stroked her arm which was across his chest.

“Katie.”

“What does your mother call you?”

“Katie.” Confusion lingered in her voice. “What does that have to do with anything?”

“Most people shorten names and I prefer not to. It’s nice to know that no one else in your life calls you Katherine. It sets me, our time together, apart from the rest of your life.” He slipped his hand beneath her arm to cup her breast. God he loved her breasts.

“Ah, that makes sense.” She shifted to give him better access. “It is my given name though no one uses it.” Her voice grew breathy. “I guess it’s a bit of a mouthful.”

“No, Katherine, this is a mouthful.”

He took possession of her mouth with little fanfare. Their kiss was one of hunger and need. Her hands clutched at his shoulders as their tongues tangled. Nipping her tongue, he drew her tongue into his mouth, suckling it, teasing it with his own. The kiss went on, slowing until it was a gentle act of seduction, sharing, teasing. His hands roamed her bare flesh, cupping her breast, teasing her hardened nipples. A low moan came from her throat when he pinched one hardened nub.

Satisfaction whipped through his system when he felt her body melt into his. He turned onto his side until they were chest to chest. His chest hair caressed the erect tops of her breasts and judging from her purr, she enjoyed it.

Her scent surrounded him, the silkiness of her flesh, and her innate sexuality which she seemed to be completely unaware of was driving him crazy. He pressed his face into her throat, inhaling her heat. He wanted to fuck her until neither of them could move and it was only by the merest thread that he managed to restrain himself. This time he wanted to savor her, taste every inch of her flesh before he took her.

Their limbs tangled and they wrestled their way around the bed, Katherine trying to hurry him along but he was having none of it. He kissed her face, her throat and nipped her tender earlobes. Her breasts received more attention when he took her nipples into his mouth and rolled them with his tongue.

Her fingers tangled in his hair and tried to hold him in place but he wasn't about to do what she wished. She writhed against him when he finally managed to get her beneath him. They melted together as if they were born to lie like this. Sliding a hand between her thighs to find her pussy slick and hot, he eased one finger inside.

"Rick," she gasped, her hips arching upward. "Don't tease me anymore. I can't take it."

Neither could he.

"Your wish is my command."

Parting her thighs with his, he moved over her, opening his thighs to spread hers apart. The need to plunder burned hot in his system and he tamped down on the urge, his being centered on the warm female flesh below him. Her nails dug into his buttocks and her silky thighs bracketed his hips and squeezed, blowing away what little self-restraint remained.

He pressed forward and thrust his cock into her pussy.

Katherine arched beneath him, her silken cries adding to the urgency boiling in his blood. He rode her hard, deep. His cock slid against her wet flesh and his eyes

threatened to roll back in his head at the silky friction. His hips hammered against hers as they climbed the slippery slope of release. Seconds later he knew he was coming. With his head thrown back, his body moving without conscious thought, he howled out his release. Beneath him he felt her stiffen, then her body jerked with the power of her orgasm.

Slowly, the storm subsided and Rick summoned the effort to roll off her. Tucking her into his side, he stroked her back until she fell asleep. Lightly he kissed her on the forehead, and all the time a persistent voice spoke in his head, one more day...

* * * * *

Katie stood in the shower, the warm water sluicing over her skin. To her, the day had flown by in seconds rather than hours. They arose late and Rick conned her into skinny-dipping with him in the morning sunshine. The water had been warm and his kisses honey sweet.

After they'd stuffed themselves silly with a late brunch, they'd lazed in the sun like overfed pups. She'd already learned Rick was an attentive lover and master, but what she hadn't quite expected was his quick sense of humor and his fondness for touching her. Whenever she was within reach, his hands were on her somewhere. Everything was fair game, her arm, holding her hand, touching her shoulder and when he was feeling adventurous, on her buttocks. To a woman who'd gone so long without an intimate touch it was quite unsettling though she'd quickly grown used to it.

Her soapy hands stopped when the reality of her situation sank in. Tomorrow morning the boat would return to take her to Utopia and by noon she'd be on a plane back to New Orleans. Her eyes stung and immediately she tried to pull her emotions back under control.

Don't do this, Katie. Not now.

With shaky hands, she turned off the water and reached for a towel. All too soon they would be separated and she was determined to make the most of their last night together.

She could cry when she got home.

* * * * *

"That sunset was amazing." Katie was dazzled by the streaks of royal blue and fuchsia marking the sky. "I think I'm jealous of you." She gave him a sideways smile and her chest tightened when his gaze met hers. It should be against the law to have that much handsome packed into one man.

"How is that?"

"You can watch these fantastic sunsets every evening." She smiled. "I'm usually working when the sun sets and I miss it."

"I think," he reached for the bottle of wine, "you need to make more time for sunsets." He filled their glasses.

"You think?" She smiled and satisfaction, like warm chocolate pudding, enrobed her body.

"Yes. I try not to miss them if I can."

"Rick, how did you end up here at Utopia?"

He shrugged. "The same as everyone else I guess."

Something flashed across his handsome face but it vanished before she could put a name to it. Why was he suddenly being evasive?

"You work here, correct?" Her gaze remained fixed on his.

"Yes, for several years now." He raised his glass and a lazy smile curved his sensual mouth. "To you, Katherine."

"Flatterer." She raised her glass in response then took a drink of the excellent burgundy. "Are you trying to distract me?"

"Is it working?" His smile was enough to ignite a sensual tingle of awareness. She had a feeling this was a man who didn't miss much.

"Not quite, but you might be on the right track."

He laughed. "That's good to hear." He reached across their dinner table and took her hand. "I was afraid that maybe I'd lost my touch."

Katherine's stomach clenched when his forefinger drew a lazy circle on her palm. Her gaze dropped to their linked hands. It only took a touch, a look from this man, to ignite fantasies that she'd long harbored in her heart. Rick was safe, kind, warm, funny and a lover the likes of which she'd never dreamed even existed.

"I don't think you have to worry about losing your touch." She gave him a slow smile. "I would say that your talents are very much...intact."

His brow arched and a heat ignited in those sexy eyes. "Is that so? I think it must be time for dessert then."

"Dessert?"

"I firmly believe in dessert, every day if possible."

Rick rose, their hands still linked. Without a second thought, Katherine followed his lead. Taking her wineglass, she followed him to the lower level of the deck. Laid out on a bistro table was a white tablecloth and three silver-domed plates. In a crystal vase was a rainbow of rosebuds.

"How lovely." Katherine set her glass on the table and trailed her fingers across the lush, fragrant blooms.

"Utopia is supplied by an excellent florist on the mainland." Rick sat in the chair and pulled her to stand before him. "Are you wearing your bikini bottoms?"

He released her hand and gave her left knee a tender caress before sliding upward under her sarong to cup the curve of her bottom. Her stomach flip-flopped and the flesh between her thighs was suddenly drenched with moisture.

"Yes." Her voice came out soft, a husky whisper.

"Remove them, Katherine."

Stepping back, she shimmied out of the bikini bottoms. Leaving them on the deck, she stepped forward until his knees were less than an inch from hers.

"Lovely." He looked up at her, his gaze approving. "You are a very obedient submissive for such a short time we've had together."

He slid his right hand up the inside of her thigh, this time not stopping. He plundered her aroused flesh and she choked back a surprised cry. Her knees wobbled and she was forced to grab onto his broad shoulders for support.

"Come, Katherine, remove your sarong."

She plucked at the tie and the material slid from her body with a whisper. He began to stroke her clitoris. Her body jerked with each delicate touch as if it had acquired a mind of its own.

"Straddle me."

Grateful to not have to remain standing, she straddled his lap. The feel of his pants against her bare thighs was both erotic and unsettling. She'd never been in this position before, almost bare and completely vulnerable to a man who was still fully clothed. It was a heady experience for sure.

"Are you hungry?" His voice was deeper, husky with need. His hand landed on her upper thigh, his thumb teased the wiry curls of her pussy.

"Yes, Master."

He reached over and removed the domes from the plates. The scent of rich chocolate, vanilla and caramel teased her nose. "I have to wonder if you're more hungry for this," he gestured to a petite cake covered in pale orange fondant. It was shaped like a chunk of coral and a candy fish was attached so that it looked like it was swimming. "Or this?"

Katherine whimpered when his finger gave her clit a tiny stroke. Instinctively her hips thrust forward, allowing him easier access to touch her.

"I think it's a tie right now." Rick picked up a knife and sliced a chunk off the rock. Carmel ran out from the center of the cake to puddle on the plate. "Though this cake does look pretty appetizing."

Unable to stop herself, she licked her lips. Chocolate was one of her favorite sweets and she was especially fond of chocolate cakes. There always seemed to be something wonderfully decadent about a slice of cake that was so dark, so rich it looked black.

Rick picked up the bite, dipping it in the liquid caramel until the cake was saturated. Lifting it to her mouth, he fed her the morsel. Almost immediately she was seduced by the taste of rich Swedish chocolate and thick, sticky caramel. She moaned, her eyes drifting closed as she slowly chewed, filling her mouth with flavor that was both heady and seductive.

When she was done with her chocolate moment, she opened her eyes. Rick was staring at her with such raw hunger on his face that something inside of her expanded. Was it really Katie, uh, Katherine the mousy bookseller who'd put that look on this man's face?

Yes...

"That was heavenly." She reached for the knife. "May I offer you a slice, Master?"

He swallowed hard then had to clear his throat before answering. "Yes, Katherine. I would like that very much."

A plan began to form in her mind, a plan that would not only ensure her sexual satisfaction but his as well. Just maybe it was time for the submissive to turn the tables on her master, just this once.

After slicing a chunk off the small cake, she took a few moments to soak the cake in the sticky caramel. It was warm and sweet and as she worked, she reached up with her free hand and pulled the tie on her bikini top.

"Whoops!" She tried to place her arm over her exposed breasts. "Just how did that happen?"

His smile was knowing though he played along with her. "I'm sure it was a manufacturing defect."

"Exactly." She held the moist bite of cake between them. "Did you still want a bite?"

"Yes." His gaze flicked from hers to the cake, then to her breasts and back to the cake.

"And you shall have what you desire," she purred.

Katherine began slathering her erect nipples with the sticky sweet until they were coated with caramel and bits of fudgy cake. His eyes were wide and she could tell she'd startled him.

"See?" She thrust her breasts toward him. "I gave you two bites."

When she popped the cake remains into her mouth, his hands gripped her back and brought her forward. His mouth covered one breast and he began suckling hard. Sensation streaked from her nipples directly to her pussy. Her thighs tightened on his hips and his tongue worked her nipple over until it was clean. When he moved to the next, she tipped her head back, her body arching into his.

"Yes," she sighed.

Mindless of the caramel, she wrapped her hands though his thick hair, holding him to her breast. His tongue laved her hungry flesh until her breathing had changed to panting. Rick stopped then and leaned back, leaving her dazed and steamy with need.

"I think I'd like another bite."

Her gaze narrowed when she caught sight of the obvious enjoyment on his handsome features. He'd caught her in the act. *Hmm, we'll just see about that.* A slow smile curved her mouth. Well, it was time to up the ante.

"I'll bet you do," she whispered.

Turning to peruse the table and their decadent treats, she reached for a fat strawberry nestled in a bed of whipped cream and white cake. Dipping the berry into the cream, she offered it to him.

From his look she could tell he expected a command performance but no, she wasn't about to become predictable now. Deliberately she placed the berry in his mouth, taking care to get an ample amount of cream on his lips.

Pasting a look of contrition on her face, she slapped a hand over her mouth. "Oh my, I'm so sorry about that. I'm just clumsy tonight."

Leaning forward she licked the corner of his mouth. Beneath her tongue, she felt him twitch but she ignored it. Dedicating herself to the task, she nibbled the rich cream from his mouth, taking great care to ensure every tiny speck was removed.

Straightening, she gave him a wide smile. "That's better. All clean now."

Rick looked momentarily stunned but managed to recover quickly. He chewed and swallowed the berry.

"You're very thorough. I like that in a woman."

A streak of warmth shot through her gut. He really liked her?

"And I appreciate that same quality in a man," she said.

"Mmm, what next?" He perused the table. "I think a bite of chocolate might be in order." He selected a cocoa dusted truffle and held it before her mouth. "What do you think? Would you like this bite?"

She nodded.

"Good." He popped it into his mouth with a satisfied smile.

Oh yeah?

Katie grabbed his hair, holding him captive in her hands. Their lips met in a playful kiss that quickly turned sizzling. Their tongues tangled and the rich flavors of chocolate and hungry male shook her to the very core. His hands seemed to be everywhere at once. On her breasts, stroking her belly, gripping her hips and plundering her pussy.

She moaned into his mouth when he began stroking her clit in a determined fashion. With each touch her need spiraled higher until she was forced to break the kiss. Panting, she leaned back and braced her hands on her heels. With her body in an arch, he had free rein of her flesh.

His hands continued to work their magic on her clit and within moments white flashed against her eyelids and her calves tightened. Her release was so fast, so strong that it stole her breath. Her arms wobbled and she'd have collapsed backward off his lap if he hadn't grabbed her. With her body trembling, she wrapped her arms around his neck and rested her forehead on his shoulder.

"Wow," she whispered when she could finally speak.

"I'll second that," he chuckled.

She lifted her head and released her grip on his neck. Their gazes met and in their depths she saw such warmth, acceptance. Mute, she kissed him on the mouth, a tender kiss of thanks.

He seemed to be as shaken from that intimate moment as she though he managed to pull himself together faster. He caught both of her hands and held them between his.

"Katherine, we're going to the bedroom. Pick up the cake and truffles and carry them up there."

She rose and did as he bid, though she wasn't feeling quite back on the ground just yet. Leading the way, she carried the plates into the bedroom. Just where did he want them?

"Rick—"

She turned and without warning he plowed into her. Juggling the truffle plate, she didn't manage to get the cake plate out of the way in time and both the chocolate cake and strawberry white cake he'd been carrying were smashed into her chest. Stunned, she looked down and delicately peeled the china off. The once lovely coral design was now smashed against her bare flesh in a pile of orange brown and caramel while her other breast resembled a Christmas parade float with a pile of cream, white cake and

strawberry glaze. Upon contact with her skin, both the caramel and the cream began warming to run down her belly.

"I'm so sorry –"

"I'm not." He gently pushed her back onto the bed until she sat down. "It looks like dessert will be on you this evening after all."

She choked back a laugh. "You did that deliberately?"

"Of course." He tore off his shirt. "I'm still hungry."

"We'll ruin the sheets –"

"I'll buy new ones."

When he kicked off his pants, Katie lost the thread of their conversation. His cock, erect and magnificent, rose from a froth of dark brown hair. Already a drop of liquid stained the head and she swallowed hard.

He caught her shoulders and she squealed, dropping the truffle plate on the bed when he landed on her. Their chests were smashed together and the sensations of wiry chest hair mixed with cake and cream teased and fired all of her senses.

"I guess I'd better get to work," he said.

Kissing his way down her throat, he stopped to nip here and lick there until he reached her breasts. With his hands, he began smearing the sweet mess down her belly and to her pussy. Handfuls of thick cream here distributed over her pussy and between her thighs. Before she could even begin to contemplate what he was up to, his mouth was on her again. The sensation of cool cream and his warm talented tongue soon had her begging for release.

"Yes, yes, yes," she panted. "Please!" A scream from torn from her soul and her body was racked with convulsions of sheer pleasure.

When the waves of release subsided, she managed to open her eyes. Rick was standing over her, covered in cake and cream.

"Look at me, Katherine. I want you to know it's me who's fucking you."

Reaching for him, her hand curved around his thick cock. Drawing up her knees, she guided him inside her, whimpering at the sensation of being stretched and filled. When he gripped her hips she wrapped her thighs around his waist. With her lower body suspended from his cock, he began to thrust.

Her hands knotted in the duvet cover as the level of his hunger stole her breath. His eyes were closed and his jaw was hard, gritted in concentration as his hips moved at a dizzying pace. Muscles bulged in his neck and broad chest, his touch was greedy, demanding, and she was all too willing to join him. He came with a roar, his head thrown back, and his big body jerked with each spasm of release. Just watching him was enough to send Katie over the edge. Sweet ribbons of release ran under her skin to pool in her pussy. The liquid feel of his release only added to her pleasure.

With Rick still buried deep within her, she wrapped her arms around him when he made to fall onto the bed. His big body covered hers and she twined herself around him. Inhaling the scent of warm male and melting chocolate, Katie finally knew peace.

Chapter Seven

When Katie awoke she was aware of two things, her body was sticky from head to toe and someone was licking her pussy with an enthusiasm that would make any woman swoon.

Now *that's* how a lady should be awoken.

Sighing, she laced her fingers through his thick hair. "How lovely."

"I'm glad you're pleased." He raised his head. "Katherine, do you remember your safe word?"

"Margarita," she whispered.

"Excellent." He placed a noisy open-mouthed kiss on her belly. "I'm going to eat your pussy, but you're not allowed to come until I give you permission."

Since her tongue felt thick, uncoordinated, she nodded in response. Her body was still reeling from their monkey sex earlier and he wanted more? The man had the libido of a schoolboy so that made her one lucky girl.

Rick gave her a wicked grin then lowered his head to resume his task. His mouth covered her clit and with the first touch she moaned. His tongue was silky soft and the strokes firm and long. When his fingers probed her pussy and he began to finger-fuck her, she knew she was in danger of disobeying him. She bit her lower lip in an effort to stem her release, her senses swirling in the face of his sexual mastery.

"Stop," she gasped. "Please, Master. I can't stand this."

Rick raised his head. His lips were damp with her arousal and his eyes were stormy. "I told you, Katherine, you may not come until I give you permission."

"Master, may I come —"

Her words were cut off when his tongue gave her clit the most insignificant caress but it was enough to destroy her. Against her will, her greedy body seized on it and she came with a scream. Pulses of release tore through her body leaving her panting and sobbing. It took her a few minutes to pull her scattered senses together and open her eyes.

Rick was watching her with, his face a mask. "Katherine, I'm very disappointed in you. I did not give you permission to come."

Her eyes widened. "But you touched me and I thought —"

Shaking his head, he rose. "Never assume you know my mind, Katherine. It's important that you realize I have your pleasure and wellbeing in mind when I give you a command. You must learn patience and how to spin out the sensations I create in your body to the nth degree. There is great pleasure in anticipation."

She couldn't help but smile. "You forget that it's been years since I've had sex. Isn't that anticipation enough?"

His lips quirked and she knew he enjoyed her answer though he chose to ignore her question. "You came without my permission and you realize that now I must correct your behavior. You must attend me."

Rick stood by the bed with his hand out to her. In the back of her mind she knew she could say "margarita" and he would back off, but did she really want him to?

No...

Rising, she winced when the sheet stuck to her thigh. She winced when she saw the melted truffles. Not only were the sheets utterly ruined, it was a sad waste of fine chocolate.

Taking his hand, she allowed him to lead her to the dresser on the far wall. When they passed the open windows overlooking over the ocean, the waxing moon was bright and it's cool glow made the view look stark yet beautiful. She blinked and in that moment felt as if she were having an out-of-body experience.

“Brace your hands on the table.”

Facing the wall, she placed her hands on the table. Rick reached for a cord and part of the wall slipped away to reveal a large mirror. He caught her around the waist and pulled her backward until she was bent more at the waist and her arms were almost outstretched.

“Spread your legs for me.”

She did as she was told then he pressed forward, the jut of his powerful erection against her ass. He reached forward and began stroking her breasts and gooseflesh broke out on her skin.

“Katherine, as your punishment I’m going to spank you, with my hand.”

Her mouth opened but before she could speak, his hand landed on her buttocks. The flesh-on-flesh sound was obscenely loud in the room. The sting was immediate and if faded quickly to be followed with arousing warmth. A second spank followed the first and then another, until her consciousness faded to the arousing slaps. Her buttocks grew warm and her pussy was soaked.

Her head felt light, hazy by the time he stopped. His arms came around her to pull her upright. Slowly she managed to open her eyes just as he entered her from behind. Watching in the mirror as he slowly began to fuck her, the sight of their bodies entwined added a level of eroticism she’d never dreamed possible. With her back arched into him, her thighs spread and his cock thrusting in and out of her pussy, she was sure she’d never experienced anything quite as heady as this.

The thrusts increased and Rick braced his forehead on one shoulder, his hips hammering at hers. Closing her eyes, she allowed her body to take over. Release was swift, powerful and if his arms hadn’t been around her, she’d have fallen to the floor. Bracing her against the dresser, he came with a groan, his release spurting into her body in solid jerks.

After he withdrew, Rick scooped her up and carried her outside. She settled her head on his shoulder, his heartbeat strong against her palm, and Katie knew she would be leaving a piece of herself with this man when she left.

Her heart.

Stunned with the sudden realization that she'd fallen in love with her Master, Katherine was mute when he carried her into the lagoon. The water was bathtub warm and she was all too eager to clean the remains of their dessert from her skin.

In silence under the cool moon, they bathed each other. Using the warm water and their hands to cleanse their bodies, they made slow work of the task. Her fingers stroked the thick mat of chest hair and she took extra care to sure all the cake and cream were removed.

His fingers caressed her breasts, belly, pussy and thighs. By the time he told her to turn around, she was shaking with arousal or exhaustion, she wasn't sure which it was. Many kisses and caresses later, they completed their impromptu bath and walked up to the hut, hand in hand.

When they entered the bedroom she was stunned to see it had been cleaned from top to bottom. The bedding had been replaced and all traces of their messy lovemaking were removed. Rick got a towel and dried her off before pointing her toward the bed.

"Sleep, Katherine."

Numb with exhaustion, she climbed into the bed. Within a few minutes he joined her, pulling her close. She fell asleep with her head on his shoulder.

* * * * *

He was in big trouble.

Rick lay in bed with Katherine, a fragrant bundle of woman if ever there was one. Holding one braid, he rubbed it between his fingers as he contemplated the beautiful trouble he had on his hands. He gritted his teeth. Damn it, he was thirty-eight years old and he would've thought by now he was in full control of his emotions and his cock.

Staring into the darkness, he knew he was sunk. His mother had always told him and his brothers that love knew no boundaries, no timetables, no rhyme or reason—it simply was. One couldn't choose who they loved, it was a done deal before they could even think of protecting themselves.

He hated it when she was right.

Somehow this big-eyed, wild-haired bookseller from New Orleans had wandered into his life and managed to wrap her hands around his heart and stake her claim.

Damn Holly.

The thought ran through his head though he really didn't mean it. Holly would be the first in line to kick his ass when she found out about what had happened between him and Katherine. Right after her would be his brother, then his mother, then the general manger of Utopia—

He stifled a groan and rubbed a hand over his tired eyes. There was time enough to think this through in the morning. Early the boat would return to take them to Utopia and Katherine wasn't scheduled to leave the island until just afternoon. That would give them more than enough time to work something out.

Yawning, he nuzzled her dark hair that smelled of seawater and woman. He was in the position now to travel as he wished so he could easily be in New Orleans once or twice a month. He could get a house or apartment, some place for them to stay and they would make love in the afternoons. He yawned again. And stuff themselves silly on beignets and chicory coffee.

When he finally asleep, her braid was still held tight in his hand.

* * * * *

By the time Katie stumbled into the polished marble reception area of Utopia, she felt a little like Alice in Wonderland. Somehow, while she'd slept, someone had stolen her cozy little hut on her beautiful little island and had thrust her back into the real world.

Needless to say she didn't like it one bit.

Rick gave her fingers a squeeze as if he sensed her reluctance to return to humanity. Looking up into his handsome face, she gave her a warm smile that he returned. Damn she loved how his eyes crinkled when he smiled.

"Katherine, let's head to my office and we can talk in private —"

"There you are!"

The booming voice cut through the din of the departing guests and Katie turned. Her eyes widened when she saw a large man striding toward them. Why, he looked almost exactly like Rick.

"Hey, bro." Rick released her hand to give the other man a quick hug. "You're back early."

"Damn straight. I came back here because I knew you'd be working hard only to find you off cavorting on one of the islands." His green eyes, several shades darker than Rick's, moved to her. "And who is this?"

"Hi, I'm Kati —"

Rick moved between them before their hands could touch. "This is Katherine. Yes, this is the woman I've spent the weekend with and no, you're not allowed to meet her. Hands off, she's mine."

Shocked, Katie stared open mouthed from one brother to another. What did he just say?

The newcomer leaned to the side to catch her gaze, his grin was wide. "My brother never did like to share his toys."

Before she could decide if she was offended or amused by being called a "toy", Rick took her arm and led her toward the café. "Katherine, can you wait here for me while I deal with my brother for a few minutes?"

"Certainly." She gave him a bemused smile. "He looks like you."

"No, I look like him." He gave her a quick kiss on the forehead. "He's the elder."

“Ah, I see. Is this why you don’t like to share your toys now – your brother swiped them in childhood?”

His grin was quick. “Exactly. Someone has to give him what for.”

By the time she settled herself in the plush leather seat, she felt giddy. What a twosome they were! Her gaze was drawn to Rick as he and his brother walked toward the front desk.

“Miss, would you care for anything to drink?” The soft voice of the waitress interrupted her viewing of the two handsome hunks of men.

“Yes, I’d like some water with lemon, please.”

“Right away, miss.”

Digging into her only bag, she rummaged around until she found her makeup bag. Their leave-taking had been a rather rushed affair and she’d barely had time to dress before getting on the boat.

In the mirror of her compact she took one glance then wanted to slap it shut. Her face looked the same, yet different. Her skin was darker from their time in the sun and her eyes were bigger, deeper somehow? She had the look of a woman well satisfied in the arms of an accomplished lover. Good grief, could anyone else see satisfaction written on her face?

Hussy.

Bemused, she closed the compact and dropped it into her bag. Her gaze automatically lit upon the brothers again. They stood at the end of the reception desk, their heads down as they studied several papers. Rick was pointing to something and the other brother was shaking his head and it was then everything clicked into place.

The printer.

She blinked. He was the man behind the counter when she’d checked in. He’d been down there working on the printer and she assumed he was some sort of technical

support person. Did Utopia allow their employees to work – she swallowed hard – with the guests?

“Your water, miss.”

Startled by the return of the waitress, she jerked her stunned gaze away from Rick and gave her a sunny smile. “Thank you so much.”

The young woman put the glass on the table. “These are for you also.” She had an armload of delicate rosebuds in yellow, pink, lavender and red.

“Oh my, who are these from?” She buried her nose in the fragrant blooms.

“From Mr. Malloy.” She gestured toward the desk. “Is there anything else you need?”

“No, thank you very much.”

She touched the delicate buds. Malloy, was that her lover’s last name. Malloy? Now just where had she heard that before? It was recent –

Richard Malloy.

Holly’s cousin who owned the resort.

No, it couldn’t be...

“Miss,” she called out.

The waitress returned, her order pad at the ready. “Yes, ma’am?”

“Can you tell me who those two men are?” She gestured toward Rick and his brother.

“Why, yes. That is Richard and Tom Malloy, the owners of Utopia.” She gestured toward the blooms. “I assumed you knew who they were since they’d sent you flowers.”

“Uh, yes, well I’d never been properly introduced to Rick’s brother. I was just curious as to his name.” She gave the girl another blinding smile.

“Of course. Is there anything else you require?”

“No, thank you so much for your help.”

By the time the waitress left Katherine wasn't sure if she were flattered or totally and utterly mortified. Her gaze locked on Rick's broad back. Why hadn't he told her who he was? Surely he realized that at some point she'd make the connection?

Oh no...

Surely Holly hadn't lined Rick up like some rent-a-stud to service her? Her throat tightened and her eyes stung. No, Holly would never do that to her —

Why else would he have sought her out?

Her hands clenched and her gaze narrowed. She had quite a few questions for him when he got done with his brother. Picking up her glass, she took a drink, her gaze never leaving Rick. After about fifteen minutes the lobby was so crowded that she could no longer see him. With each minute that passed she was feeling more and more stupid.

"Ladies, Gentlemen, we will begin boarding the boat for the 11a.m. departures," a voice spoke on the loud speaker. "If you will please step outside, we will begin."

With her nerves on edge, the desire to run was strong. Katie had been sitting there almost forty-five minutes and she was jiggling her leg a mile a minute. Forcing herself to stop, she rubbed her damp palms on her sarong, her gaze still scanning the crowd. Slowly the visitors cleared and when they did, she was stunned to see both Rick and Tom were gone.

Jumping up, she scanned the lobby but they were nowhere to be found. The only Utopia employee was the receptionist and she was checking out the last few guests.

He'd already forgotten about her.

Katie swallowed hard against the sudden lump in her throat but it didn't help. Feeling more the fool than ever, she grabbed her bag and hurried toward the entrance, her roses left on the table. Pasting on a friendly smile, she looked up at the man who was assisting people with their boarding.

"Got room for one more?"

Chapter Eight

Three weeks later Katie was covered in dust from head to toe but her entire house was immaculate. Granted, she really hadn't needed to clean the linen closet as it was neat to begin with. But it didn't seem right to clean everything else and leave this closet as it was...

Liar.

Her shoulders slumped. She'd been working herself like crazy just so she didn't have to think about *him*. Granted, they hadn't much time together but that didn't mean she didn't miss him, and it wasn't just the sex either. His laugh made her feel warm and fuzzy inside and she adored the way the skin crinkled at the corner of his eyes, the shape of his hands, the touch of his lips.

He'd lied to her —

He didn't lie, he simply didn't tell you.

She snorted. As if the sin of omission was so much easier to forgive. Slamming the linen door shut, she stomped downstairs. A lie was a lie whether it was premeditated or not. Well, at least it explained why he'd avoided her questions the night before they'd left the island. Maybe he'd thought that if he came clean she'd demand to be taken back to Utopia —

You would not.

Scowling, she snatched a bottle of water out of the refrigerator then stomped outside to the porch. The heat and humidity of her home surrounded her like a familiar blanket. In a way, it was strangely comforting. Who needed to breathe anyway?

Bracing her hip against the railing, she stared out into the marsh. Okay, so maybe she wouldn't have demanded to be returned to Utopia, but she would have insisted

upon some answers. Why in the hell had he chosen her to seduce? Did he spend a lot of his time in bed with strange women?

Cad.

Raising the bottle to her mouth, she noticed her hand trembling. With a sigh, she let her hand drop. No, she wasn't mad at him, not really, though she did feel as if he'd deliberately deceived her. If he'd been straight with her from the beginning she wouldn't be sitting here melting in the heat and kicking her own butt.

Several times soon after she'd reached home Rick had tried to call her but she'd stopped taking calls, allowing her answering machine to pick them up instead. It had been over ten days since the last time he'd called. Maybe now he'd forgotten about her and wouldn't call back which would mean if she wanted her answers she'd have to call him.

Nope, not going to happen.

Coward.

Aggravated, she turned and stomped back into the house. Walking into the living room she flopped onto the couch. Maybe there was a movie on that could divert her attention to something mindless rather than chewing on what happened at Utopia.

Picking up the remote, she no sooner turned on the television when the phone rang. Ignoring it, she muted the volume and continued clicking through the channels. After four rings, the machine picked up and her voice sounded.

"You've reached the Toussant residence, please leave a message."

Beep.

"Katherine—"

She froze when Rick's voice sounded.

"You're probably not too happy with me and I don't blame you. I never meant to trick you or fool you and I hope you don't think that. I was in the lobby working on that stupid printer and when you came through the door, and I knew I had to get to know

you. I wish I could explain it better but I can't. I saw you and knew I couldn't stand the thought of another man touching you, teaching you how to be a submissive and experience the passion you are capable of. I just couldn't allow it."

Katie dropped the bottle of water, her heart pounding so hard that she'd almost stopped breathing.

"As for Holly, I just spoke to her and she's plenty mad at me. You see, she'd made me promise that you'd come to no harm at Utopia and then," he sighed. "I fucked up good, didn't I?"

Yes, you did.

"I should've come clean that first day and I didn't and that was a big mistake. I just want to talk to you so we can get this straightened out, that is if you don't hate me. Please give me a call or come back to Utopia if you wish. I'll be waiting for you and I am in love—"

The machine shut off.

Did he just say what she thought he'd said? With a squeal she launched herself off the couch and pushed the rewind button for a second then play.

"...be waiting for you and I am in love—"

Yes!

With another squeal, she did an impromptu happy dance in the middle of the living room. While calling him was an option, going back to Utopia was a better one. She wanted to look him in the eyes when she told him she was in love with him.

From a tiny balcony across the street from her flat, Rick watched Katherine's wild dance around the room. His smile grew wide when she did a sexy little shimmy, her arms over her head and an expression of sheer joy on her beautiful face.

Either she was happy about his call or she had a sudden influx of bugs that needed a taste of shoe leather.

Betting on the first, he left the balcony and headed for the door, pausing only long enough to grab the leather satchel the concierge had prepared earlier. His heart was beating hard by the time he exited the hotel and made his way across the street. Just as he reached the doorstep, the door flew open and he was face to face with Katherine.

Her flushed cheeks were framed by disheveled hair, her blouse was cockeyed and her purse dangled from her fingertips.

"You!" She tilted her head, her eyes wide. "How...what are you doing here?"

Rick stepped forward, forcing Katherine to step backward toward the steps. He could smell the scent of female sweat, sending his libido into overdrive.

"I'm reclaiming my woman."

Before she could draw breath, he grabbed her, hauling her body into his arms. Their lips met in a kiss that went from spark to flame in mere seconds. Her purse banged his foot when she dropped it to wrap her arms around him.

It never failed to amaze him that every time they kissed, it felt like the first time. Hungry, frantic, greedy and strength stealing, her knees wobbled and he caught her around the waist. Her legs twined with his. The door slammed shut and he carried her the few feet to the steps.

His knees grew weak when her fingers knotted in his hair adding a spark of pain to her touch. Unable to take another step, he laid her upon the stairs, his body covering hers. The sense of urgency drove everything from his mind except the woman beneath him. They tore at each other's clothing, her hands fumbled with his belt while his tore her panties like tissue paper. Not wanting to waste a moment, he plunged his fingers inside her.

"You're so wet for me," he breathed. His thumb stroked her clit while his first and second fingers took up a slow, fucking motion.

"Yes," her voice was high, needy. "Come inside me, Master. I've been so empty without you."

The roar of his blood deafened him to anything else but her. Leaving her sweet flesh, he tore open his jeans to free his raging erection. With barely a breath between them, he entered her with a swift thrust.

For however long they hung there in that perfect moment of ecstasy, he couldn't say. Staring deep into her eyes, he saw the love and passion he'd been looking for all his life.

"Hold on, Katherine." he muttered.

With, slow easy thrusts, he began to move. The intense suckle of her flesh against his was too much, too powerful. Bracing his upper body with one hand on the steps and the other on her hips, his cock began jackhammering her sweet pussy.

Katherine's response was immediate, her fingers dug into his ass cheeks, her body arching to take him deeper. No matter what he'd intended for their first time, the sheer heat of her flesh drove all thoughts from his head other than completion.

"I'm so sorry," he gasped.

Her lazy dark eyes opened and she had to lick her lips before she could make a sound.

"Why?"

"I won't last much longer."

His hips continued their dance, sweat dripped from his body onto hers and the inexorable climb continued. A slow tingle began at the back of his legs.

"I'm not sorry." Her hand caught the back of his neck and pulled his head down to hers. "I could never be sorry with you inside me."

Their kiss was explosive and he knew it was all over. Crushing her body to his, a mighty roar was torn from him as his release laid claim to his soul. His head was spinning and his body went weak, causing him to fall forward, gasping for air. Katherine wrapped around him like a silken blanket, her cries rang in his ears.

Ultimately the storm had passed and they were left alone, two sated, sweaty humans at the bottom of a long set of steps. After a few moments, Rick finally managed to raise his head and survey his surroundings.

"These aren't communal stairs are they?"

Katherine giggled. "Little late to ask that, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

It took some effort but slowly, he managed to withdraw his still-hard cock from her pussy. Gently, he lowered himself to sit on the steps next to her.

"Damn, that was fucking incredible."

"Thanks, back at you." She gave him a cheeky smile. "So, what have you been up to lately?"

He laughed and slung an arm around her, bringing her close. Just being able to inhale the scent of her hair was the closest he'd ever been to heaven.

"Let's see, not sleeping for one. Every time I'd close my eyes, all I could see was you, in my bed, in my arms, holding hands, having dinner. Your eyes haunted me." He reached for the bag he'd dropped on the floor.

"Me too, I couldn't get you off my mind," she whispered. "I love you, Rick, and I've missed you terribly."

"I'm glad to hear it."

She rolled her eyes at him. "You're supposed to say it back."

Leaning toward her, his lips brushed hers. "I love you, Katherine Toussant."

"Good." She swallowed hard and he didn't miss the sheen of tears.

"I'd wanted to come and surprise you. But we didn't quite make it." He opened the bag and pulled out a plastic bag filled with fresh rose petals. "I was going to shower your naked body with these then make love to you, instead we ended up on the steps with my pants around my ankles and your panties in shreds."

“Well, there’s always round two.” Rising, she gave him a flash of her butt cheek then turned and headed up the steps. Her tattered panties were still around one ankle. “I think I hear my antique bathtub calling our names.”

Just the thought of her soapy body against his was enough to stir him into action. With the rose petals in hand, he grabbed his pants and ran up the steps after her. Capturing her at the top, he caught her by the waist, pulling her back so she could feel his growing erection against her buttocks.

“And then the rose petals?” He kissed her neck.

“Anything for you, Master.”

About the Author

J.C. Wilder left the world of big business to carry on conversations with the people who live in her mind, fictional characters that is. In her past she has worked as a software tester, traveled with an alternative rock band and currently volunteers for her local police department as a photographer. She lives in Central Ohio with 6,000 books and an impressive collection of dust bunnies.

The award-winning author also writes as Dominique Adair.

J.C./Dominique welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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