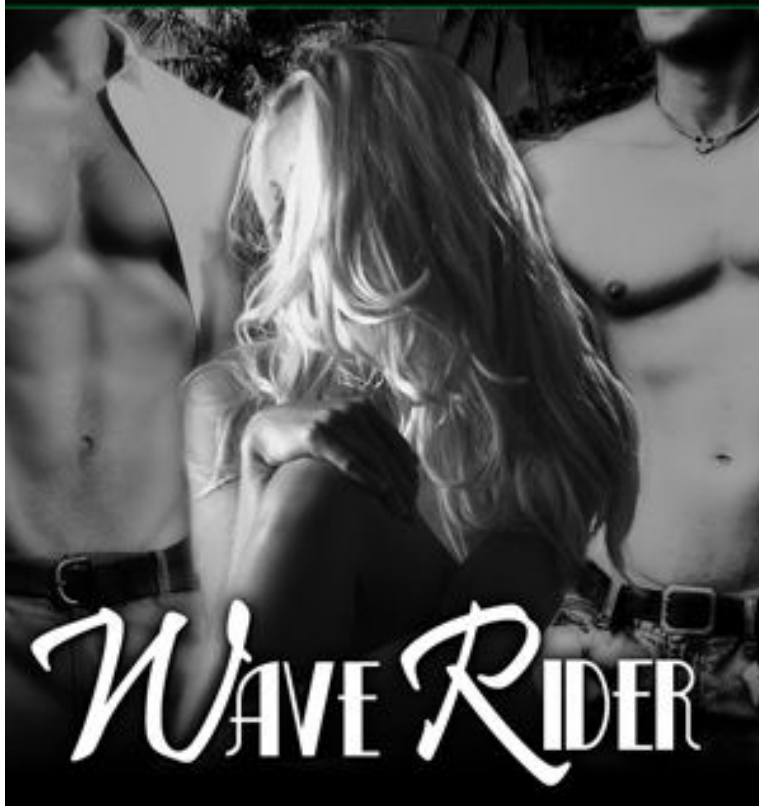


COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



WICKED

Cora Zane



Wave Rider by Cora Zane

Wave Rider

By

Cora Zane

Wave Rider by Cora Zane

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Wave Rider

Copyright© 2009 Cora Zane

ISBN: 978-1-60088-441-2

Cover Artist: Bree Bridges

Editor: Lana Williams

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews.

Cobblestone Press, LLC

www.cobblestone-press.com

Chapter One

Sunny Richards shrugged into a white cotton robe and carried a fresh cup of tea out to the covered porch of the beachfront chalet. She'd slept late and had sadly missed the sunrise, but it was hard to be disappointed with a spectacular view of white sand and turquoise waters waiting right outside her front door.

She took a deep breath and leaned against the porch rail, content to watch the windsurfers while waiting for her best friend, Kat, to wake up. Hard to believe it, but they'd already been in Bonaire for six days.

Before leaving Atlanta for the Caribbean, Kat had come up with the grand plan that they do all their serious adventuring during the first leg of their two week vacation—visiting the salt flats and seeing the flamingos at Lake Goto Meer, among a handful of other things.

Of course, with all their fine planning, they'd arrived only to discover it was much easier to take a bus tour to see what they wanted to see. And so they had. They'd gone on three tours so far, and at the end of each, they'd come back to their little pink chalet, stripped down, and spent the rest of the afternoon lounging on the nude beach.

Sunny envisioned a similar excursion today. When they'd returned from dinner the day before, Kat had mentioned something to her about a little town to the north with 16th century Spanish cottages, but she'd been too tired to ask questions. If Kat wanted to flit up and down the island, she'd go. But if it were up to her, she'd be content to spend the rest of their time in Bonaire slathered in sunscreen and lying on the beach.

Narrowing her eyes as she looked out at the view, she sipped her tea and marveled at the crystalline clarity of the sky. A few white clouds hung here and there, the distant horizon a thin line of blue where the sky and water merged.

Sunny took a deep breath and let the peace of the island wash over her. This was exactly what she needed, a taste of paradise; a break from her job as a dental hygienist, which admittedly wasn't terrible, just predictable. She counted herself lucky to work with a variety of people on a daily basis, but it also left her feeling drained. Each year, by the time she'd accrued her two weeks of vacation, she was ready to hop the first flight out of Georgia.

The surf surged forward with a soft roar, foam fingers raking over the sand almost to the doorstep of the chalet. A warm breeze lilted, and her bathrobe billowed out around her, the balmy air caressing her bare skin and tugging at her long hair. Closing her eyes, Sunny took a deep breath and listened to the rustling of the dune grass and the palms shading the chalet.

Something splashed, and she jumped, nearly upsetting her tea. She caught the cup in a quick save before it fell off the porch rail and glanced toward the beach as a man sloshed his way out of the shallow water, a black body board tucked under one arm.

Gloriously naked, his skin a beautiful shade of caramel tan, he did a lazy jog across the sand and tossed down the board on the beach. Sunny chewed her lower lip, watching him, drinking in the sight of that powerful male body. Drawn to his ripped abs and taut, muscled thighs, she followed the intimate treasure trail starting beneath his navel all the way to the close-cropped thatch of dark hair at his groin.

Perfection....

Every little move he made sent a curl of desire threading through her. When he bent down and picked up a white towel that until now Sunny hadn't noticed was there, her stomach tightened with lust. He shook it out and quickly dried his face with it before wrapping it around his waist.

Tossing back his wet hair, he managed to push away all but a few

disobedient tendrils from his forehead, and that's when she noticed his face, the rare handsomeness of it. A living study in chiseled angles, he had the look of a catalogue Adonis: black brows the same color as his hair and a five o'clock shadow that looked just shy of scruffy. Sunny suddenly wished she could go back to bed and take him with her.

"Good morning to me..." Kat purred from the doorway.

Sunny spared a glance over her shoulder and found her friend leaning against the jamb, her flame red hair piled high in a messy bun. Fresh out of bed, Kat wore one of the robes provided by the resort with nothing underneath, the white robe in sharp contrast to her golden tan. They'd been walking around like this for the better part of a week.

Kat nodded to the stranger. "How's that for a view?"

"Better than watching the sunrise," Sunny teased, and then her heart jumped when the man on the beach suddenly glanced toward their chalet and did a double take as he noticed her standing there. Too late to turn away, her eyes locked with his. Sunny neither smiled nor acknowledged him, merely gazed at him like a deer caught in the headlights.

Kat had already gone back to the doorway and didn't seem to notice. She stopped with her palm against the jamb. "So, hey, are we going to Rincon or what?"

Sunny shrugged. "I guess we can hit the tour then head up to that little restaurant on the beach for a late lunch. That's up to you."

"Ugh. We'd have to wear clothes."

"Well, yes, unless you want to get arrested."

"Yeah, yeah..." Kat yawned. "Better get a move on if we're going. The tour starts soon."

She wandered back into the house muttering something about breakfast, but Sunny didn't quite catch what she said. She'd glanced off toward the beach again, and it didn't help her concentration to find the body surfer was still there, watching her.

Almost as soon as Kat was gone, he removed the towel from his waist and draped it around his shoulders. It shouldn't have shocked her, not at a clothing optional resort, but the brazen gesture caught her off

guard.

There were rules, of course; it was generally understood: no cameras, no staring at nudists on the beach, but it was hard not to with him welcoming her to look her fill. Sunny couldn't help feeling he was putting on a show just for her, and a giddy excitement spread through her.

Her heart pounded faster. Was she imagining it? The invitation she saw in those dark eyes?

Heat crept into her face, and she prayed he couldn't tell from this distance. Determined to pretend indifference, she took another sip of tea and continued to watch him as though his smoldering gaze didn't wreck havoc on her at all.

Squinting in the sun, he picked up his body board and trudged across the sand in front of the chalet, his gaze lingering on her until he'd passed by completely. Just like that, he was gone, continuing down the strip of pristine beach toward the far grouping of bungalows.

A small smile on her face, her thoughts swirling with possibilities, Sunny eased away from the porch rail and went inside to get dressed for her outing with Kat.

Chapter Two

Sunny stepped off the tour bus and waited for Kat to join her. It was shortly after three, and the shadows had begun their slow stretch across the ground. Towering palms shaded the dusty walkway outside the clapboard depot, and as the salty breeze tugged at her straw hat, Sunny held a hand on her head to hold it in place.

In the distance, the sparkling ocean was just visible over the dense green foliage growing beside someone's yellow house. After prowling the Dutch settlements in Rincon for most of the day, the beach was like a daydream just out of reach. On the ride back, she'd been able to think about little else but returning to the resort. She hoped to grab a bite to eat then lie around on the sand until sunset.

Sunny heard Kat's laughter and looked up to see her bounding down the steps of the bus ahead of Hans and Inga, the Danish couple they'd met on the tour.

Tall and blonde, both the man and his wife had infectious, energetic personalities like Kat. In Rincon, the couple had walked with them through the settlements and had eagerly shared asides with Kat while they'd browsed together in a few of the souvenir shops.

The three of them glanced toward Sunny, and their laughter settled into a curious silence. They hung back when Kat started up the walkway toward her.

Shielding her eyes from the sun with her hand, Kat approached her and lowered her voice. "Do you mind if Hans and Inga join us for lunch?"

Sunny sighed. Honestly, she was ready to wind down for the day, but it was Kat's vacation, too. "Invite whoever you want to, just feed me already."

Inga suggested an open-air restaurant right down on the beach, and since it was close by and required the least walking, Sunny declared it a plan. Following Inga and Han's lead, the four of them walked together through the quiet neighborhoods down to what looked like a converted cottage on the beach.

"Wow, this isn't half bad," Kat said as they found a table on the back deck of The Sandy Dog.

Sunny glanced toward the house band, a Caribbean affair complete with a steel drum, and pulled out a chair facing Kat. The restaurant was wonderfully informal. The back deck held tables that flowed right out onto the beach itself, and many of the customers were in off the beach; no shirt or shoes required.

While waiting on her order of coconut shrimp and wine soup, Sunny rested her hand on her chin and listened to Kat's playful banter with Hans and Inga. Although Kat hadn't mentioned it, she sensed an attraction there, something electric between the three of them. It flashed in Kat's brown eyes, a vibrant interest too obvious to ignore. Amusement curled through her. She tried not to notice it and focused instead on the ocean view, the way the gentle wavelets seemed to flow in time to the smooth rhythm of the house music.

"Hey, Sunny." Kat nudged her, dragging her out of a daze. "Check it out. There's your sexy surf god again."

"He's looking right at you," Inga noted.

Sunny gazed across the open air bistro in the direction Inga nodded. And just like Kat had said, there he was again. Despite her dark sunglasses, his mesmerizing eyes seemed to lock on hers, and the connection sent a tremor of desire racing through her from head to toe.

She wondered where he was from. Cool and continental in his breezy white shirt and lounge pants, he reminded her of hot afternoons in southern Spain. Through the gap of his shirt, she glimpsed the thin trail of dark hair that disappeared at his waistband, and when she looked up

again, his eyes were still on hers, black-brown and intense.

"Think he's on the menu?" Kat teased, and Sunny lifted her eyebrows thoughtfully.

Maybe...

After eating their meal, Sunny and Kat parted ways with Hans and Inga, promising to catch up with them later. On their way out of the restaurant, Sunny looked once again for the dark-haired surfer, but much to her disappointment, he was nowhere to be seen.

They returned to their chalet, and upon entering the little beach house, Kat flopped on the striped couch in the living area and let out a loud sigh. "Oh, blessed air conditioning..."

Sunny laughed, remembering how cool and calm Kat had acted on that stuffy tour bus.

On her way to the bedroom she'd been using as her own, Sunny stripped off the cotton sundress she wore and tossed it into a chair. Bright light filtered through the bamboo blinds in her room, and she squinted at it while kicking off her sandals. Lounging on the beach had been her fantasy all afternoon, but now, after the restaurant, whenever she thought about the beach, she pictured her dark-haired stranger sluicing naked out of the surf.

* * * * *

Twenty minutes later, wearing nothing but her sunglasses and the straw hat she'd picked up in Rincon, Sunny kicked off her flip flops and reached into her beach bag for the bottle of tanning oil.

"Look! It's Hans and Inga." Kat sat up abruptly on her lounge chair and waved at the couple.

"You're on the prowl again," Sunny mused, and Kat made a little noise somewhere between a cough and a groan.

"Come on, Miss Prude, tell me you wouldn't want to ride that?"

Sunny didn't know if Kat meant the husband or the wife, but knowing her friend, she probably referred to both.

Kat looked at her and frowned. "Care if I go over and say hello? I'll

be really quick."

"Don't mind me." Sunny rubbed oil on her arms. "Knock yourself out."

In an instant, Kat was on her feet, jogging over to where the tall, golden-haired couple walked on the beach. Sunny smirked to herself. Nothing was ever simple or quick with Kat, but that was okay. If she busied herself with an affair, it would give Sunny some downtime to enjoy the island by herself.

Settling back in her lounge chair, she tugged down the brim of her hat and had just closed her eyes when a thickly accented voice spoke down to her.

"May I join you?"

Sunny opened her eyes a fraction and had to tamp down a trill of surprise when she found her sexy surfer standing there, gloriously naked, his shadow falling over her. He was even better looking up close.

"I'd prefer it to you stalking me," she told him, and at once his mouth quirked at the corner.

"My apologies," he said as he tossed down his towel in Kat's lounge chair and settled in. "I would've spoken to you earlier, but I thought maybe you and your companion were a couple."

That struck her as odd. "Why would you think that?"

He shrugged. "This is a couples-only resort."

Heat swept into her cheeks. Although she was pretty sure she and Kat weren't the only ones to bend the couple's only rule, it made her a little nervous to be called on it.

She eased up on her elbows and looked at him fully. "Is that what you're about? You plan to turn us in?" He looked at her like she'd lost her mind, and a wave of relief rushed over her. Wary, she settled back in her chair again. "Good. Just so you know, my friend and I paid the required fees. Who cares if we're actually together or not?"

He sighed and offered his hand to her. "I'm Paulo Rivas, from Venezuela. And you?"

"Sunny Richards. From the 'States."

He kissed the back of her hand. "Your name suits you."

Sunny had heard that compliment before many times and forced a smile. She imagined the connotation had something to do with her wavy blonde hair, but whatever the reason, she was fine with it. If Paulo wanted to flirt with her, he was more than welcome.

Shading her eyes, she glanced past him to check on Kat. Standing beside Hans and Inga, her friend's red hair stood out like a halo of ginger flame in the sunlight.

"Your friend gives it away, do you see? The way she keeps touching the man's arm? She wants him."

"Actually, she wants them both," Sunny said, wondering if she'd managed to shock him. "If I know Kat, she'll have them both wrapped around her finger sometime before sunset."

Paulo went quiet. He squinted at the soft waves rolling in. At last he looked over at her and nibbled at his lower lip. "I'm staying in the blue chalet up the beach, the Paradise Suite." He hesitated. "Would you like to go?"

"This is a couple's resort," she reminded him. "It depends on who you're here with. A wife or girlfriend, maybe? Somebody waiting to karate chop me the minute I walk into your room?"

He chuckled. "I'm here with a friend, the same as you. He'll not mind us being together. What do you say?"

Sunny took a deep breath and glanced down at her bare breasts. "I think I need more oil."

Instead of reaching for the oil bottle, as she suspected he might, Paulo leaned down and swirled his tongue over her left nipple before sucking it into his mouth. His forwardness shocked her, in any other situation it would have pissed her off, but at least he was honest about what he wanted. It freed her own honesty, which she'd held bottled to this point. She wanted him. She'd wanted him from the start.

She speared her fingers in his hair, and he slowly nipped his way down her ribcage, her muscles jerking until he reached her belly button and traced the rim of it with his tongue.

"You're beautiful," he murmured, his hand sliding down her thigh. "If you will honor me with the chance, I would love to give you pleasure."

"I need lots of pleasure," she murmured, seeing no reason to lie about it.

Feeling bold, she reached down beside the chair and picked up her bottle of tanning oil. She pooled a handful of the coconut-scented oil and before he could ask her what she planned to do, Sunny took his cock in her hands, sliding the slick liquid from balls to shaft, stroking him from base to tip.

A mock cough escaped Paulo's lips as his erection grew, and he rolled over slightly onto his side and watched her hands smoothing over him.

The slide and tug of motions, the wet grip of sun-warmed oil, the sound of it moist through her fingers, like a sucking mouth over his sensitive skin.... Sunny had him, and she knew it.

"That feels incredible," he gasped, and Sunny loved the way he said it—with perfect openness. His accent thick and absent of shame. Wind rustled his black hair, and his eyes slipped closed. For a moment he seemed to sway with the breeze then he opened his eyes slowly and murmured to her, "I wish for your mouth on me."

He traced the pad of his thumb across her lower lip and when she sucked it into her mouth, his balls tightened. With a low moan, he erupted in her hand.

Sunny massaged him until she'd wrung him of every drop. Then, feeling smug, she laid back in her beach chair, dragging her hand across her beach towel.

Paulo sighed and rolled back onto lounge chair. He shook a little, his flat male nipples stood hard as if in afterthought of the act. He reached over and smoothed his hand down her thigh across her belly. Sensitive muscles jerked at his touch, making him smile.

After a moment, he rolled onto his side and kissed her ribcage while his fingers blazed a trail down her body. Sunny drew in a deep breath, and lay back, welcoming the exploration.

He stroked a finger across the smooth lips of her bare pussy, caressing her there, a delicate touch that ended in a slow swirl right over her sensitive clit. When he leaned across her and darted his tongue

through her slick folds and sucked her, Sunny knew she wouldn't last very long.

Gasping his name, she turned her head, her hands streaking through his black hair, savoring the sensation. Right before her eyes closed, Sunny glimpsed Kat up the beach. She was on her knees in the sand, her red head bobbing against Hans' groin. The look on his face, the way he gazed down on her friend in admiration while Inga held back that wealth of garnet hair... The delicious sight shot fire through her body, and amplified her lust one hundred fold.

"She is lucky, is she not?" Paulo whispered against her inner thigh. "Having two lovers to attend her?"

Thrumming with desire, Sunny glanced down her body and found him watching her with those sinfully dark eyes. He offered her a wicked smile as he picked up the bottle of oil beside her chair and held it above her, squeezing it until transparent honey drizzled against her skin and slithered down the slit of her shaved pussy.

Paulo poured just enough directly onto her body, then set the bottle down and stroked her in long, languorous movements up and down her legs, kneading the firm muscles of her thighs, her calves, before working his way back up again.

Sunny moaned. Her womb throbbed, and her pussy had grown slick, her body loosening under his expert massage. Her thighs trembled, her body threatening to unravel under his touch.

The oil soaked into her skin, and when he'd nearly rubbed it all away, he locked his arms beneath her knees and dragged her closer. Paulo found her clit and teased it with his lips, his tongue. "You're so wet," he growled against her skin.

His words sent a shiver through her and her nipples peaked. At that very moment, Paulo penetrated her with two fingers, and Sunny nearly bucked up off the lounge.

Mesmerized by his dark brown eyes, she ran her hands through his thick hair, holding him to her as his mouth closed over her clitoris. He sucked her, flicking his tongue against her while his fingers stroked a come-hither motion in her cunt. Pleasure throbbed through her, building

and building until she moaned with it, her stomach muscles clenching while she undulated mindlessly against his mouth.

Paulo's beard stubble grazed her inner thigh, and the rough abrasion shot her over the edge, broke her down in a fit of convulsive shivers. At the first sign of her climax, he gripped her tightly, flicked her just right with his tongue until she was thrashing beneath him and muttering raggedly, "Oh...."

Paulo feasted on her body until at last she pushed him away, the sensation too intense to bear any further. Spent, Sunny lounged there, sated, her heart racing away. Contented as a lazy cat, she closed her eyes and focused on the sound of the surf rolling in, and the distant cry of gulls. While she recovered, Paulo sat there like a guardian, stroking her hip while planting a row of gentle kisses along her thigh.

"So, will you come to my suite? I vow to put your pleasure above all things."

"Mmm.... You mean there's more of this?"

He picked up her hand and kissed it. "This, and so much more."

Chapter Three

Hand in hand, they walked up the beach, the waves stretching across the sand just high enough to wash over the tops of their bare feet.

"It's beautiful here, yes?"

"Very," Sunny agreed. "Is that what drew you here to the island?"

"Bonaire is good for windsurfing," Paulo told her and gestured toward a handful of sailboards out on the water. "My friend, Matteo, it was his idea to come here."

"I'm glad you did," she said, amazed at how husky her own voice sounded. "When I saw you on the beach this morning... You surf, too?"

"I do, but perhaps not as well as Matteo." He shrugged. "I love the ocean. I grew up in a village much like this one. Matteo and I have surfed together since we were children. We go place to place now. Ride the waves. Big or small, it's no matter. The excitement is in the newness, the discovery."

A secret thrill rushed through her. Underlying his words she caught the double entendre. There was something exotic and sexy about that—about him. Back in Georgia, she didn't know anyone who actually surfed.

Paulo took her to a blue-gray chalet situated close to the weathered board fencing marking off the end of the resort's private beach. Each of the resort chalets looked a little different from the last, and this one had a jungle of natural foliage growing around the tiered front deck, and a craggy walkway leading around to a private, terracotta patio.

Paulo led her across the patio to a bistro table situated near the set of sliding glass doors leading into the chalet. Plants grew everywhere, tall, sheltering, and green. Sunny glanced around, and noticed an open-air shower tucked into one of the corners of foliage, and in another niche, a wooden bench built into a shielded gazebo of vine tangled lattice.

"There is champagne," said Paulo. "Would you like a drink?"

"I'm fine, for now."

"Good." He pulled her close, his hands sliding down to grip her buttocks. "I haven't tasted nearly enough of you."

He walked her back toward the outdoor shower and turned the flower-shaped knob, the squeaky faucet flowing water down on them. Sunny gasped at the shocking iciness of it, her nipples puckering into tight buds. "C-cold!"

Paulo grinned, devilish. "Let me warm you?"

Shielded by the garden-like privacy, Sunny saw no reason to hold back. She matched his kisses, his caresses, and nipped at his bare chest when he traced his hands down her back to squeeze her rounded bottom. The shower poured down on them, soaking their skin, their hair, but Sunny no longer felt the cold. Nothing mattered but the moment, and the man in her arms.

"Paulo, aren't you going to introduce me?"

The masculine voice shattered the silence like a thunderclap. Sunny jolted in shock and sudden embarrassment. She would have spun around, but Paulo held her pressed against him, his erection grazing her lower belly. She could only stare at the intruder who watched them from sliding glass doorway.

Unaffected, Paulo continued to kiss her neck, his hands moving in soothing circles over her back. "Matteo, this is Sunny," he said, his voice perfectly calm, as though having someone walking in on him during sex was a normal occurrence.

Matteo nodded. "You offered her champagne?"

Paulo kissed her chin. "I did."

It took Sunny a moment to realize she wasn't here by chance, that this set up was no accident. Both men had planned this, Paulo and his

handsome, brunet friend. Her lips parted, a question lingering there, but her mind drew a blank. Then it dawned on her, two men...her and Kat. She pulled back a little and looked at Paulo. Had he intended to bring Kat here, too? Jealousy flashed through her, an unusual streak of emotion considering the situation, but there it was nonetheless.

"As close as I am to my friend, there are some things I don't share," she told Paulo firmly.

"Share?" Matteo asked as he looked at Paulo, his brows raised in question.

A slow grin spread across Paulo's face, replacing his look of confusion. "Oh, no, no..." He chuckled and ran his hands down her arms, kissed the curve of her shoulder. "No, *gatita*, I assure you from the moment I first saw you, I knew there was no one on this island for us but you."

He stroked her cheek then nodded at Matteo, a jutting of his chin. "I promised to give her pleasure, Matteo."

"And so we will, both of us." Matteo leaned up from the doorway and stalked toward her, his stride reminding Sunny of a graceful panther. "We will worship you like a goddess—if only you will allow it?"

He picked up her hand and kissed it, and Sunny swallowed hard. His eyes mesmerized her, the color reminding her of turquoise waters. He wore a leather necklace with a shark's tooth, but his chest was otherwise bare. Never in her life had Sunny met a more beautiful man. Taller than her by at least a foot, Matteo had a body designed to inspire lust.

To answer him, she cupped him through his black pants, the silky fabric disguising very little, allowing her to feel every warm curve of his semi-erect cock.

Matteo smiled and bent to kiss her. Soft at first, he sampled her lips with light pressure, sipping and teasing until at last he took the plunge. Their tongues met the same moment his calloused hand found her breast, and Sunny's heart thundered as excitement blazed high and hot through her veins. Never before had she been swept up in such a sweet storm of pleasure.

Behind her, Paulo kneaded her hips and stroked along her thighs,

his erection grazing her buttocks and lower back. Matteo unleashed the draw string of his pants and shoved them down, kicking the puddle of fabric away from his feet and the fall of water from the shower.

"Suck him, *mi tesoro*." Paulo kissed her neck and gripped her shoulders, asserting gentle pressure there, encouraging her to go down on her knees. "Yes...take him with your mouth."

Paulo drew back her curtain of hair and watched her lave her tongue over the head of Matteo's cock. Sighing deeply, Matteo reached out and stroked her hair.

If this was a dream, Sunny never wanted it to end. Matteo tasted like salt and sunshine, and she couldn't help noticing that the smooth, satin-soft skin of his groin matched the rest of him—no tan lines. Lean and well cut, he had an ideal surfer's body. Tall like Paulo, Matteo was chiseled in a different way, his arms and chest more defined, while Paulo boasted hard thighs and stunning, ripped abs. Together or alone, each represented a model of masculine perfection. And for today, they were hers.

"I believe she likes you, Matteo," Paulo rumbled, his passion-laced voice an inadvertent caress.

Sunny cupped his balls, her tongue twirling over him, flicking like a serpent's against his shaft. When she suckled the rounded, rosy tip, her mouth releasing him with a wet smack, Matteo swore in Spanish.

He caressed her temples and tucked her hair behind her ear. With his hand at the base of her head, Matteo took a backward step. She released him for a moment, her hand still wrapped around his cock while he eased down onto the wooden bench beneath the mock gazebo.

The gurgling water behind them had the exotic sound of a waterfall as it splashed against the patio. Sunny smiled to herself as she brought her mouth down on him again. She could tell he wasn't going to last.

"Ah, *bonita*, please don't stop...." Matteo moaned, his head drifting back, his hips making little thrusting motions.

Paulo kissed her neck then went down on his knees behind her. Guiding her thighs apart, he widened her stance just enough before pulling her back onto his lap. Sunny shivered as his cock nudged her

entrance. When he slid inside her, she let out a little cry of surprise. Even with her wetness, Paulo felt very thick. He stretched her, ramming deep, a low noise rumbling in his chest as he pulled her weight onto him and rocked with her.

Sunny moaned, and Matteo's cock twitched in her mouth. He praised her with soft words she didn't understand and cupped his hand against her jaw, urging her to suck him faster, deeper. A primitive instinct made her want to match Paulo's thrusts. Wound tight with arousal, she pushed herself and Matteo toward the edge, certain at any moment her heart might unravel with the excitement thrumming through her.

A low groan escaped Matteo's throat, and glee spread through her like liquid sunshine. She had brought him this far so fast. The first twitch of his cock warned her he was about to come, and when he stiffened beneath her, she released him just in time to watch him erupt over her fist as she pumped him to completion.

At last Matteo pulled away, shaking and moaning, his breath hissing through clenched teeth. "Oh, Paulo...you were right. She is a goddess." He laid his head back and looked at her through hooded eyes. "We must reward her."

Paulo grunted, and Sunny heard his breathing quicken. At his unspoken insistence, she rose up with him, and he twirled a chair around from the bistro table and sat in it, pulling her back down onto his lap so that she faced away from him, her knees spread.

Sunny writhed on Paulo's cock, taking him deeper with each thrust. Across from her, Matteo sat on the bench and watched Paulo fucking her. The way he traced his thumb over his lower lip was so erotic, a chill spread across her body. Her nipples hardened painfully, and Sunny reached down to rub her clitoris, desperate to come.

A smug smile on his handsome face, Matteo got up from the bench and walked over to her, and she moaned softly when he knelt in front of her, appraising her exposed body and Paulo's stabbing cock.

"Please," she murmured, and Matteo leaned forward and flicked his tongue against her clit.

Dizzy with lust, Sunny came so hard she could hear her blood

pounding in her ears. Light headed, she shuddered, unraveling, melting over Paulo while little stars danced behind her eyes.

At the first velvet clutch of her insides, Paulo came with a hoarse shout. He bucked beneath her, his dick slipping through her wetness. Sunny gripped his thigh and the top of Matteo's head; she had to hold on to keep from falling over as wave after sparkling wave of pleasure throbbed through her.

She had never come so hard in her life.

* * * * *

A little while later, after the three of them had showered together on the chalet patio, Paulo and Sunny walked out onto the beach and rested beneath one of the thatched canopies. The first golden pink streaks marked the coming sunset. After they had settled in, Paulo reached over and picked up Sunny's hand.

"I wish it wasn't so, but Matteo and I, we leave tomorrow." His eyes faintly sad, Paulo kissed her fingers. "I wish I'd found you sooner, that there was more time...."

A grimace on his face, he glanced out at the ocean, and Sunny followed his line of vision to see Matteo's silhouette cutting across the water, his sail high and billowing, a red and white shark's fin gliding over the water.

She inhaled deeply and marveled over the kinship she felt toward both men. How had it happened so quickly? Of course, she recognized the relationship for what it was—a holiday affair. The knowledge was bittersweet, and for a moment, she wished it could be more, but even in this place of fantasies, she had to be realistic.

This island life and her life in Georgia were two different things. As much as she'd like to live this way year round, it would never work. Back home there were no waves to ride, no days to spend doing nothing but lying in the sun, basking in pleasure. Sunny thought about the dentist office where she worked, and suddenly it seemed all too close—the return of an old life she'd almost forgotten, one with responsibilities and bills. A

world that sadly didn't have a Paulo or Matteo in it.

Sunny pushed it from her thoughts, and squeezed Paulo's hand.
"We'll just have to make the most of the time we have left."

Chapter Four

Sunny and Paulo waded away from the beach, but not too deep, because Sunny admitted to him she'd never been a confident swimmer. Hip deep in the surf, she raked her fingers through the water, while Paulo briefly went under a few feet away and came up again, tossing back his wet hair.

A shout drew their attention farther out, and Paulo turned and grinned. "Matteo...he shows off for you."

"So I see." Flattered, Sunny shaded her eyes and watched Matteo skip across the water like a stone. He carved a tight curve, tilting the rig downward until the sail almost touched the waves. How easy he made it look, the way he flipped the sail and turned about sharply, sending up a wall of spray.

It took skill to pull off those moves, and even at this distance, Sunny was aware of his strength, the ripple of muscle playing in his arms as he twirled the sail and started back. The wind tugged at her hair, and she flicked it back, watching the hard muscles flex in his thighs as he mastered the sailboard.

He surfs like he fucks—nothing held back. A wave of heat rolled through her at the thought.

"Matteo has impressed you," Paulo said as he pulled her into his arms, and Sunny chuckled.

"Oh, I'd say you've both managed to impress me." She settled into the embrace and savored the warmth of his chest against her back.

Together they watched the flare of orange and magenta streak the sky as the sunset stretched out behind the chalets along the beach.

"There is something magical about this place, don't you agree?" Paulo asked by her ear.

"Mmm. Definitely...." *You and Matteo are the magic.*

As if summoned by her thoughts of him, Matteo cut across the water to a spot nearby and dipped the rig in a quick jibe. When he had come to a stop, he squinted off toward the sunset. "I'm starving. What do you say we all go to dinner?"

Sunny left them long enough to return to her own chalet for a quick shower and to change. She entered the silence of the little beach house and knew at once that Kat wasn't there. The lights were off, and the hum of the air conditioner filled the chalet with soothing, white noise. On her way past the small kitchenette, Sunny glimpsed a sticky note on the fridge and detoured to read it.

Going out with Hans and Inga—have fun! Kat had signed the note with a heart.

Sunny wrote a note of her own to let her friend know where she would be, and who she would be with, then jumped in the shower.

Twenty minutes later, wearing an emerald halter dress that accentuated her tan, she walked down the beach carrying her gold sandals. Paulo and Matteo waited for her on the shaded front porch of their chalet. Her heart did a crazy flip. How sleek and sophisticated they looked. Matteo appeared dangerously handsome in dark trousers and a black shirt, his shark tooth necklace a flash of white in the twilight. Paulo looked as exquisite as ever in khaki trousers and a breezy white shirt similar to the one she'd seen him wearing at the restaurant right after the bus tour with Kat.

"Sunny, we were about to come looking for you," Paulo teased when he saw her. As she walked up to the porch, Matteo stepped forward to kiss her.

"You look beautiful, *mi sol*."

She held him at arm's length to look at him. "So do you."

When Paulo stepped forward to greet her with a hug and kiss of his

own, Sunny noticed he was clean shaven. She'd liked his scruff, but he looked polished and urbane without it—an exciting change. She traced her fingertips across his smooth skin, and a wicked light came into his eyes. Had he shaved just for her?

He said nothing about it, merely linked an arm through hers. “Are we ready to go?”

Although Sunny had already been to The Sandy Dog, it felt different walking into the restaurant with a handsome man on each arm. The hostess, a woman with dreamy, sloe eyes and tiny shells clipped on the ends of her long black braids, led them to a table out on the open deck. As Paulo held out her chair for her, Sunny marveled at the intimacy of the place. She couldn't imagine a more romantic setting to go on a “first date” with her new lovers.

The cover of night had given The Sandy Dog an entirely different ambiance from her earlier visit. Candlelight burned in red globe holders on every table, and fairy lights were aglow all around the palm leaf canopy. A bon fire had been lit out on the sand, and a soft, Caribbean rhythm played in time with the rise and fall of the ocean.

Sunny ordered grilled shrimp and steamed vegetables with a mango sauce, and while waiting for their food to arrive, she danced with Matteo and Paulo near the bonfire. During dinner, she listened to them both talk about their daily lives in Venezuela, their work in real estate, and also about the places they'd traveled around the world to sail and surf.

Little details stuck with her such as Paulo's dislike of coconut, and a preference for short boards and stand-up surfing. Then there was Matteo's insistence that his sailboards must be red. Paulo teased his friend about his superstitious nature, and Matteo shrugged it off while he ran his fingers over the shark tooth necklace he wore—his good luck charm.

They liked adventure, but always within reason, and always together. The more they told her, the more Sunny realized how close they were, how deep their connection went. She didn't tell them so, but it touched her heart the way they looked out for one another, both in the water and out of it.

After the meal, they stayed for a while listening to the band and watching the bonfire, but eventually they wandered down the beach holding hands, Sunny in the middle, and Paulo and Matteo on either side. When at last she looked back, the bonfire behind the restaurant flickered like a small campfire. The back deck where they'd had dinner twinkled, an indefinite shape shimmering in the surrounding darkness. The music reached her, a faded echo. Barely heard, the audible bass blended in with the soft roar of the ocean.

There on the shore with the water washing up over the tops of their feet, Sunny took turns kissing them under the stars. She reveled in their caresses, and the way Matteo's hands plumped and massaged her small breasts. Standing behind her, Paulo lifted the hem of her skirt to rub her through the thin lace of her panties, while he ground his erection against her bottom.

"Stay with us, tonight, Sunny," he whispered, and Matteo nodded.

"Yes, stay the night."

How could she resist such temptation?

She nodded and kissed them both again before allowing them to guide her back to their chalet. The walk seemed more dreamlike than real, like she floated on air, or drifted on sensual waves. Anticipation throbbed through her. Sunny couldn't help wondering what pleasures they would create for her this time.

When they at last reached the beach suite, Paulo kissed her for so long she thought perhaps they would end up making love there on the porch with the tide stretching up toward the front steps.

But Matteo had other ideas. He pulled her away and up the steps, into the moonlit darkness of the house, where he turned her in his arms and embraced her. In the bedroom, Paulo lit a candle while Matteo undressed her, kissing every inch of bare skin he revealed.

Sunny ached with need, and Matteo seemed to sense just what she wanted most. He crouched down in front of her and spread her thighs with his hands, his tongue tracing along her moist cleft. She moaned and raked her fingers through his dark hair, holding him to her when at last his mouth settled over her.

Paulo took his place beside her, his hand pumping over his erect cock. With some gentle prompting, she sat on the edge of the bed, and drew Paulo closer so she could take him into her mouth. Paulo stroked her cheek and rewarded her with a low groan.

"Come, my angel, let's get into bed," Paulo insisted, and Sunny swirled her tongue around the head of his dick one more time before releasing him. Matteo stood up in front of her, cupping his erection, and pulled back the mosquito netting. Paulo took her hand and drew her up on the bed with him to lie against the pillows.

Lips touched, tongues tasted, fingers raked over damp skin. Lying on their sides, Paulo took her leg and tugged it up high on his hip then rolled with her onto his back, pulling her on top of him.

"Ride me," he ground out, and gripped her hips while she straddled him and slid his cock along her pussy until finally she sank over him, taking him to the hilt.

Matteo took a packet out of the side table drawer before joining them, and when he crawled across the bed to join them, she saw it was a red plastic bead, the kind with oil inside. Butterflies winged to life in her stomach. Her pussy clenched. Paulo cursed in Spanish beneath her and thrust deep.

His eyes locked on hers, Matteo nipped the top of the bead with his teeth and squeezed a little onto his cock. It shone in the darkness, and when he stroked the lube down the length of his cock, Sunny made a choking noise in her throat and reached out to help him masturbate.

A wicked light glittered in those crystalline eyes. "Are you ready for me?"

Unable to speak, Sunny merely nodded. Matteo kissed her deeply, and she tasted herself on his tongue. At last he moved around behind her and stroked his hand down her back, tilting her hips from behind so that she was splayed forward over Paulo.

Matteo smoothed his palm over her bare bottom, and then she felt the oil slithering over her anus. Her heart thundered in anticipation. Beneath her, Paulo trembled, his breathing ragged. Matteo traced his fingers through the oil, gathering moisture before he pressed against her

tight ring with his thumb. He entered her gently with one finger before adding another and stroking deep.

Matteo swore softly in Spanish. At the first nudge of his cock against her puckered opening, Sunny tensed. She wasn't sure she could do it, wasn't at all convinced she could take them both, but Paulo lifted her chin and teased her with a kiss until at last, Matteo pressed his cock against her and slid deep inside.

"Ah, Paulo she is so tight!"

Paulo moaned at Matteo's words, and Sunny swore she felt his cock twitch. She knew Paulo and Matteo must feel each other inside her, the friction of their slow, deliberate fucking. The heady thought nearly sent her over the edge, but she held back, savoring the delicious experience of being sandwiched between these two handsome men.

Matteo reached between her and Paulo, and swirled his coarse fingers in slow circles over her clit. Nothing she'd ever experienced before compared to this, the fullness of taking them both, the simultaneous thrusts for many strokes before they varied the rhythm, alternating their penetration. The strength of their bodies surrounded her, so much heat and friction making her dizzy with lust.

"Oh..." She panted, heat flaring in her face, stars pulsing behind her closed eyes. "Oh, I'm gonna come!"

A harsh sound slipped past Paulo's lips, and then he tensed beneath her before breaking down into a shuddering climax. His slick heat erupted inside her at the same moment Matteo pressed deeper, giving her everything he had, everything she needed to release into an orgasm so strong, Sunny thought she might faint from it.

It carried her high then bore her sharply down into throbbing, trembling weakness. A cry escaped her lips and she collapsed atop Paulo, grateful the crush of their bodies held her in place. Cursing under his breath, Matteo pulled out quickly, kissing her shoulder as he spilled his seed against her lower back.

They fell across the bed exhausted, damp from sweat, and their hearts racing. The room smelled of sex and ocean air, of Caribbean fantasies Sunny had never believed possible until she'd met these two

exquisite men, until they'd taken her there and shown her the dream was indeed real.

After a while, Matteo rolled over and smoothed his hand across her flat tummy, and she glimpsed the flash of white teeth as he grinned over her body at Paulo. "I believe we have kept our promise to please her, my friend."

"Mmm, very much," she agreed, and Paulo chuckled. Grinning to herself, she turned her head and kissed his neck, tasting the saltiness of his skin.

She snuggled between them, wanting to savor this moment, their nearness. Basking in the afterglow, she clung to it, to them, lingering in a state of contentment until she fell asleep.

At some point in the middle of the night, Sunny stirred and knew she slept in the big bed with them both, and was comforted by it. How right it seemed, with her head on the crook of Matteo's shoulder. Behind her Paulo lay tucked against her, his warm chest against her back, his arm draped over her side.

Hours later, Sunny opened her eyes to gray twilight filling the room. The candle on the dresser had burned down, the flame gone out. The lack of warmth at her back told her at once she was alone in bed, and when she glanced over to her right where Matteo had slept, she saw the mosquito netting was drawn back.

For a long minute she lay listening to the quiet hum of the air conditioner, recalling the luxurious evening she'd spent with Matteo and Paulo, when suddenly she remembered what Paulo had told her the day before. Alarm skittered through her. Fearing she had missed them, Sunny kicked back the covers and scooted out of bed.

She grabbed her dress off the floor and tugged it on over her head, and on her way down the short hallway, her fingers shook as she attempted to tie the straps behind her neck.

Her heart leapt when she stepped into the living room and saw Paulo near the doorway. Today he wore khakis and a sky blue button-up shirt, a subtle, yet somehow dramatic change from how she was used to seeing him. He handed a suitcase to Matteo, who stood just outside the

front door on the front porch.

"Thank goodness you're still here...." Sunny let out a deep breath, and Paulo turned to face her.

"I was just on my way to wake you," he said and closed the distance between them.

He wrapped his arms around her as though they had been lovers for years, and Sunny cherished the warmth and solidness of his body. He smelled wonderful and familiar, like warm male skin and balmy breezes. "You didn't think we'd leave without saying goodbye?"

"I wish you didn't have to go."

"I know, *mi amor*, so do I." He smoothed her hair back from her face and whispered soothing words against her ear. She didn't understand them, but that was okay. His closeness was what mattered, having him with her to touch and cherish.

Matteo came forward and stroked her cheekbone with his thumb, his turquoise eyes misty.

"I already miss you," she admitted, her voice catching.

Matteo turned her to face him. "It's never easy to say goodbye. But who knows? Maybe someday we will meet again. Here, on the island."

Sweet Matteo...

Sunny nodded, aware the possibility of meeting them again was just a daydream, wishful thinking conjured up to appease a sudden sense of loss. If she ever returned here, what would the chances be that they would be here, too?

If she returned and they weren't here, it wouldn't be the same. The island would seem empty without their presence. They had filled this particular trip with magic, and she feared it would go with them when they left. Sunny swallowed hard and touched Matteo's face, trying to memorize it.

"We have to go, Matteo. The shuttle's waiting."

They left the chalet together, the men with their luggage, and Sunny close behind them. Everything felt strange and different this morning. The empty beach whispered pre-dawn secrets. The palms rustled in the breeze; the waters looked sleepy and gray. She walked

beside Paulo as far as the stone pathway leading up through the cluster of chalets to the resort office.

Paulo and Matteo reached the pathway and stopped long enough to put down the wheels on their luggage, but as they continued on around the corner they seemed to realize she wasn't following them. One by one, they both stopped and looked back at her.

"Sunny, you'll come to see us off?" Paulo asked.

She shook her head and drew in a shaky breath. It was best to leave now. She wanted to remember being with them, not watching them walk away. The men looked at one another then let go of their bags and came back to her.

Matteo reached her first and wrapped her in his arms. She breathed against his neck, drinking in his spicy scent. "You have made this trip special," he told her. "Thank you for so many beautiful memories."

"And you...." She nodded, unable to say more with the tears burning in her eyes.

Matteo seemed to understand. He hugged her once more, kissed her gently, then slipped off the shark necklace he wore and put it around her neck. "So you won't forget me."

She shook her head. "I could never forget you."

"*Mi tesoro....*" Paulo sighed as he came forward to hug her. Sunny wrapped her arms around him, and he rubbed his hands lovingly over her back. "Dream of me," he whispered near her ear.

He cupped her face in his hands and kissed her then, a long thorough reminder of everything they had shared in their brief time together. When at last the kiss broke, Paulo stood back and clasped her hands in his. "I will dream of you," he told her, and Sunny believed him.

"Have a safe trip, okay? And take care of each other," she choked out, before kissing him quickly on the lips. She backed away, and Paulo clung to her hands until at last she stepped out of arms reach, distance parting them.

Sunny waved and blew them both a kiss, but the minute she turned away, heaviness settled in her chest like a stone. Tempting as it was to look back, she resisted the urge and walked toward the pink chalet she

shared with Kat.

It's best to remember them this way, she told herself. She didn't want to remember them as tourists or travelers, but as a part of the island itself, as genuine and native as the waves and the seemingly endless beach.

The walkway ended, and she trekked barefoot across the cool sand, her gold sandals dangling from her fingers. The wind tugged at her hair, and she flicked it back, tucking it behind her ear even though she knew it wouldn't stay.

Up ahead she saw the chalet, and Sunny wondered if Kat was there, or if she was still off on her own tryst with the couple from the tour. Honestly, Sunny kind of hoped she had a few minutes alone. Coming back felt a little like stepping into a life she'd outgrown. Of course, time would bring it all back. She knew this, even though her heart ached now.

The dune grass rustled in the breeze, and the white foam wavelets flowed over her feet. Sunny had just reached the porch of her chalet when the rim of the sun broke over the water, chasing away the twilight.

The first warm rays stretched outward, and she stopped with her hand on the porch rail. Shielding her eyes with a hand, she turned to watch the sun peeking over the horizon, a burst of orange-yellow that colored the world around it and tinted the morning sky.

Sunny took a deep breath and let the beauty of it wash over her, glad that she stood here to witness it, glad she hadn't hesitated or missed out on this chance. She would've regretted it if she had. As far as the eye could see, light shimmered on the water like gold coins.

It was the most beautiful sunrise she'd ever seen.

The End

Author Bio

Cora Zane lives in northern Louisiana with her family and a grumpy old watch dog. To find out more about the author and her books, you can visit her online at www.corazane.com.