



Loose Id

*Throwing a Kink  
in the Kidnapping*

ABBY WOOD

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## About this Title

**Genre:** Erotic Contemporary

Melina Cruisse set out on a once-in-a-lifetime vacation with one goal in mind: she wanted to find the wild woman inside of her that she hid behind her small-town persona. Deciding that she'd have three flings over the summer, she cast inhibitions to the wind and set out to snag her a man. The plan did *not* include waking up naked, inside a strange mansion, and being told she couldn't leave.

Devon Guy watched a beautiful woman dance nude under the moon. That night he vowed to take her home and convince her to spend the summer with him. Of course, it shouldn't be too hard; he was the King of Sanovi, and everyone obeyed him. But his prize pleased him more than anything—a fiery enchantress who demanded her fair share of the deal and wasn't afraid to defy him...which put a little kink in his kidnapping.

***Publisher's Note:*** *This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable: Dubious consent.*

## Dedication

*To my editor, Morgan Fayne, thanks for all that you've done. You're wonderful!*

*To my hubby—You'll always be my king.*

## Chapter One

Mel sat down at a vacant table on the beach behind the hotel. She crossed her legs and set her foot to swinging with the beat of the acoustic guitar players who strummed for the dancers on the makeshift dance floor. With her drink balanced in her hand, she lifted it to her lips and sipped. In all her years of bartending, she had never once made a drink that required an umbrella. Folks back home liked their beer and hard liquor without the hoopla.

The umbrella sitting in the drink tickled her nose, and she laughed. If she'd had misgivings about spending her inheritance before she took this vacation, her whole experience since arriving on the island of Sanovi convinced her otherwise. What good did money do if you didn't enjoy life while you were young?

"May I join you?"

She turned and smiled. Midthirties, tan, gym body... The man would fit in perfectly with her plans. "Please."

"Beautiful night, isn't it?" The man set his drink down on the other side of the small table.

"It's wonderful. This place is more beautiful than I ever imagined."

He flashed her a charming smile that showed perfect white teeth. She glanced down at his left hand. No ring, but in the soft light of the candles, she couldn't be sure if a tan line existed in its absence or not.

"I take it you're on vacation, and not one of the locals..." The man held his hand up for the waiter.

“Yes, vacation. I've only been here two days, and already I love it.” She smiled at the waiter who arrived seemingly out of thin air.

“Please, bring the lady another drink. I'll have the same thing she's having.” He waited for the cabana boy to leave and turned back to her. “My name's Jared by the way.”

“Mel... *Melina*.” She let him take her hand.

“Would you like to dance?”

She nodded and let him lead her out with the other dancers. In a brazen move, she slipped her arms around his neck and melted against him. With the sand beneath her bare feet, she swayed more than danced. His arms circled her waist and his hands came to rest at the curve of her hips. His body lined up against hers nicely.

She tilted her head up and smiled. “This is nice.”

The gentle ocean breeze blew tendrils of hair around her bare shoulders and the calypso music in the background created a carefree atmosphere. An air of flirtatiousness came over her in his arms. Everything about this exotic island reminded her of how anything is possible. A night of wild sex with a total stranger on vacation is exactly what she needed.

Her hand trailed down and rested on his chest. She shook her hair and let it fall down her back. Jared's arms brought her closer, and she widened the sway of her hips. *Yes!* This just might be man number one in her quest to bring out her wild side.

Within his arms, she arched her back, tilted her chin up, and gave him permission to advance to the next step. The gentle kiss at the base of her throat made her smile. After the last few boyfriends who never thought of her pleasure, she promised herself that this would be her coming-out-to-play vacation.

No longer satisfied to wait for any man to decide when and how to have sex with her, she planned to lead the way on her adventure of self-discovery...and self-satisfaction.

Walking off the plane, she'd stripped off *Mel*, her small-town bartender persona, and slipped into *Melina*, woman on the prowl.

She ran her hands down the front of the man's chest and back up to finger the hair that peeked out between the edges of his shirt. He moved in for a kiss, and she met him halfway. She explored his lips and teased him with her tongue. His lips softened and tasted of pineapple mixed with 100 percent male, spurring her desire to find out how the rest of his body tasted. Pleased so far, she vamped up her moves and gave a little nip to his bottom lip.

He groaned and smooched his way to her ear. "How about we go back to your room?"

She nodded.

He led her back to their table. "Sit and finish your drink. I need to tell my friends I'll be gone tonight." He lifted her hand and brushed his lips against the backs of her fingers. "Don't run away."

"I won't. Hurry back."

She lifted her drink and took a long swallow as she gazed after him. His toned body pleased her, and she hoped he knew how to treat a woman in bed. Once he moved out of sight, she turned back to the other dancers and drank some more. The alcohol soothed her nerves and gave her courage.

The waiter appeared at her side with a bottle of champagne. "The gentleman you were to meet apologizes, but something came up and he won't be returning." He set the bottle and a single champagne flute on the table. "Compliments of the hotel. Would you like me to pour?"

Disappointment washed over her, but she refused to let anyone see her frustrations. She smiled and accepted the gift. The others in the area were already paired up and either danced or enjoyed the breeze coming off the



Caribbean Sea at one of the many tables scattered about. Unable to sit still, she stood up. The ground tilted, and she paused to find her balance. Shit on men, she got dumped. *Whatever.*

With the consolation prize in hand, she strolled outside the area where the music played and set out to walk along the shore before heading back to her hotel room alone. It figured that the first time she thought she'd get lucky, the guy flaked out on her. Where did a woman go to find a man who'd sweep her off her feet and be so hot for her, he'd keep her in bed for days on end?

The movies, that's where. Maybe they had an adult channel on the cable.

She strolled at a leisurely pace and sipped the bubbly along the way. The night might be almost over, but she still had lots of vacation time to achieve her goals. She wasn't going to give up yet. Maybe she needed to up the ante? Become more aggressive and live a little dangerously?

The waves came up to wash over her feet, and the warmth of the water soothed the setback of being dumped. She glanced back toward the hotel and decided to walk farther down the beach. Far enough away to slip off her dress and take a quick swim without anyone scoping her out. Or maybe, just close enough that they could.

She walked for a few minutes, loving the way her feet sank into the warm sand. Surprised at how much she'd drunk, she set the bottle down in the sand and slipped her sundress over her head. She'd purposely avoided underwear and, naked, stepped out into the water up to her waist. She squatted down to let the Caribbean Sea wash over her shoulders and sighed. The salt water caressed her skin in the way a lover warmed her up after a romantic night out.

She straightened up and strolled out of the water, loving the stroke of the cool night breeze against her skin. She let her head fall back on her shoulders and closed her eyes. Drowsy from the drinks, Melina relaxed in the water. A pleasant euphoria came over her and she spread her arms out at her sides. *Live the moment.*

The *whoosh* of the waves lapped at her ankles, and the gentle flow of air hardened her nipples. She opened her eyes and gazed up at the moon. A connection she never experienced came over her, and she moved her hips to the natural sounds of the night. Her feet followed, and soon she weaved and danced under the moon. Content with life and free of any misgivings, she announced every desire she possessed to her only witness...the moon.

\* \* \* \* \*

From his window seat inside, Devon watched the woman walk away from the dance floor with the champagne he'd sent her and head for the water. The buffoon who'd been pawing her like a horny teenager hadn't been hard to get rid of. Everyone had a price, and that one's had been far less than the cost of the champagne. He excused himself from the table where he shared dinner with the manager of the hotel, plucked the jasmine blossom out of the centerpiece on the table, and walked out of the hotel.

The way the woman's hair picked up the reflection of the candlelight and turned her curls into a perfect array of colors first attracted his attention. Because of the play of lights on her hair, he couldn't be sure if it was dark or light. But she'd captivated him. His long strides hurried down the path, keeping a safe distance behind her. He only wanted to gaze upon her beauty, not terrify her.

She stopped. He leaped over to a boulder jutting out of the sand and propped his back up against the hard surface, where the moon shining down on the rock cast a shadow that hid his body from view.

From this distance, the details of her body remained in darkness, but he luxuriated in the silhouette of her nude body against the backdrop of the ocean. He raised the blossom he still held tenderly in his hand and inhaled long and deep. It reminded him of the woman, beautiful and soft. Tonight she opened herself up as an offering only for him, and he imagined the heady fragrance of her womanly scent reaching out to him on the breeze.

Undulating her body, she moved to music only she heard. Her arms extended above her head, her slender legs danced upon the sand in the most intoxicating motion. The way her hips swayed back and forth and her shoulders pulled back in complete abandonment hypnotized him. Afraid to breathe and interrupt such a wonderful gift, he leaned back and basked in her glow.

Something about this woman dug deep inside of him and wouldn't let go. Her dance brought out emotions in him that he kept carefully hidden from everyone in his life, and he longed to share that part of him with her. He wanted to breathe in her essence, like the jasmine blossom he loved, and nurture the carefree spirit that swirled around her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Melina picked up her dress, shook the sand out of it, and slipped it back over her head. Then she picked up the champagne. No reason not to enjoy the rest of it; she was on vacation.

A song the band performed earlier played in her head, and she hummed the tune. She'd drunk much more than usual tonight, and she swayed on the sand to keep from falling.

By the time she arrived back at the hotel, the party had ended, the musicians had left, and all the candles were extinguished. She set the empty bottle on one of the deserted tables and headed toward the back of the hotel.

Her foot slipped on the step leading to the door, and she stumbled. A hand grasped her elbow and kept her from falling. She turned and teetered into a man's hard body. She blinked to focus her vision. Even in her haze of drunkenness, she recognized the quality silk of his shirt, that expensive, luxurious feel that she didn't run into very often back home. He even smelled expensive.

She lifted her chin and gasped. His hair, the color of the darkest liquor with just the right amount of curl, framed the most beautiful face she ever laid

eyes on. Unable to gather a coherent word of thanks, she simply stared and leaned into him. Unlike her head, her body knew exactly what to say.

*Oh tasty... Mmm...*

He didn't smile or say a word, but reached out with the gentlest of touches and tucked her hair back behind her ear.

She reached up and found a flower tucked into her hair and wondered how he'd done it without her noticing. She inhaled the floral scent. Her eyelids threatened to close, and she heard something that might have been her, purring. She'd never smelled such an intoxicating fragrance.

He helped her up the steps to the door, and with a slight nod and a lift to the corner of his mouth, he urged her to step inside. His arm around her back, he guided her through the lobby.

Not positive if this polished man with his fancy clothes and knock-'em-dead good looks was real or an apparition of her drunken state, Melina reached out with her hands to find out. He'd stepped out of the night, taking her by surprise, but he certainly felt real. Her surroundings melted away, and she focused on not letting the man slip through her fingers. No, this one she wanted to keep. He'd do quite nicely to achieve her vacation goal.

Outside the front of the hotel, a long black limousine idled in front of them. A man dressed in a dark, fancy suit stood by the open back door. She hesitated. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she knew better than to get into the car of a stranger. She swayed, and the man tightened his hold to steady her.

She relaxed against him and took comfort in the way he supported her and kept her from falling. So tired, she slipped her arms around his neck. He picked her up and cradled her against his chest, and she closed her eyes. Who needed three men to explore her newfound freedom? This one, alone, more than made up for the difference with his mysterious and exotic allure. *Yes, he'd be the ultimate prize in my vacation package and the perfect man to make memories with to bring home.*

Inside the car, she snuggled into the warmth her handsome stranger provided. Unable to keep her eyes open, she closed her eyelids. She'd only rest for a few seconds, and then, she'd be ready to play.

## Chapter Two

Melina stretched her legs. The sheets slid along her bare skin, and she sat up in a rush, knowing something wasn't quite right. She grabbed her head and moaned. *Oh my God, how much did I drink?*

"Good morning, Ms. Cruisse."

Her head snapped up, and she scrambled to cover herself. "Who are you?" She gazed down at the silk sheets clutched to her breasts. "Where am I?" She wrinkled up her nose and lifted one hand to her head. "Shit on alcohol, what did I do?"

"You are safe. This is Mr. Guy's house." The dark-skinned man with hair pulled tightly back in a short ponytail handed her a glass of water and two white pills. "For your headache."

"No, thank you." She accepted the drink, though, then swallowed and groaned.

He took the glass from her and smiled. "No harm will come to you. You have nothing to fear."

She frowned. "I didn't go home with you last night, did I?"

He shook his head.

"Where are my clothes?" She gathered the sheet around her and climbed off the bed. "Exactly where am I?" *Shit! What a stupid thing I did.*

"You are in Mr. Guy's guest bedroom. He put you to bed last night after you fell asleep in the car." He paused, giving her time to remember.

The image of the mysterious man with the intoxicating smell came back to her. She remembered wanting to turn him into her fantasy, but how she got from the back of the hotel to his house escaped her.

“If you'd please get my clothes for me, I'll be out of your way in no time.” She pushed her hair back. What a sight she must be with her curls stuck out in every direction. If her head weren't killing her, she'd be embarrassed, but right now, she only wanted to leave and find her self-respect. Maybe this idea to create a new persona needed a little more thought. *I don't even know where I am, for God's sake.*

“Mr. Guy would like you to join him for breakfast.” He lifted a robe off the end of the bed and held it out for her to slip on.

She looked at it.

He waited.

She jerked the material out of his hands. “Turn around.”

She dropped the sheet and slipped her arms into the sleeves. “Do I even want to know where my clothes are?” *Please tell me I didn't parade down the street, ripping off my clothes.*

“Mr. Guy will answer all your questions.” The man turned around and motioned to the door.

“And who the hell is Mr. Guy? Who are you, Mr. Man?” She marched past him and opened the door. Couldn't the idiot answer a straight question without talking in some freaking code?

He walked beside her down a hall, and she entered another room that caught her full attention—an office, lined wall to wall with ornate cherrywood bookcases. She licked her lips and gravitated toward what she viewed as the mother lode of all dreams. This way outnumbered her pitiful collection of beloved books back home.

“You appreciate the classics?”

She dropped her hand and turned to find the man from last night, who now sat behind a wooden desk that matched the bookcases. She nodded. He appeared even sexier than she remembered. She pulled the robe tighter. Her bravado fled, and she blamed it on the strange morning and her headache.

“Please, sit.” He nodded toward the chair in front of the desk.

She tucked the robe under her legs, sat down, and waited.

“I imagine you are hungry. You are welcome to the fruit in front of you.” He pushed the basket to the edge of his desk. “There will be a meal served after you have been shown to your area.”

“Excuse me? My area?” She sat up straighter.

Mr. Guy smiled. “Your area.”

“I think I want to leave, if you don't mind. I'm sure you have a lovely house and all, but this little trip to the side wasn't in my itinerary. I've got a full schedule, so if you don't mind giving me back my clothes, I'll see myself out.” She stood up and waited for him to hand over her things.

He leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms across his wide, solid chest. “We'll talk later. For now, you will see your area, and later, join me for dinner.”

“Dinner?” She scowled. “What time is it?”

“You've slept most of the day.” He leaned forward. “For now, please go with my servant, and he will get you ready. At dinner I will explain why I brought you to my home.”

“But—” She stepped toward his desk.

“At dinner.” He motioned her to leave the room.

He dismissed her? Fine! She didn't want to stand around and talk with someone who ordered her around. She plucked an apple and an orange out of his stupid fruit basket and turned to march out of the room with her head held high. She planned to walk right through the house and out the front door, if she could find it. Who was he to keep her here now that she'd changed her



mind? Humph. If he wanted her company so badly, surely she'd remember if anything happened between them last night.

She succeeded in stepping a foot out of the office, and his manservant stopped her with a gentle hand on her arm. She wrinkled her nose, raised the apple, and bit a huge bite out of the side to spite the way this man obeyed Mr. Guy's orders. She retched and spit out the chunk of fruit. In her frustration, she'd bitten into the orange by mistake.

"If you would please follow me, Miss." The man smiled.

"Do I have a choice?" She set the orange down on a small table in the hall.

"No, Miss."

She snorted. "Where I come from, this is called kidnapping." *Oh shit on my imagination! Is that what this is? Did I fuck up and try to seduce a kidnapper?*

He ducked his head and motioned with his hand for her to go ahead of him down the hall. She pursed her lips. He almost appeared embarrassed to force her to follow the instructions. Maybe she had discovered Mr. Guy's weak link, and she'd convince this man to let her leave before dinner.

So far, the servant was the only one who showed any real emotions. Well, except for how Mr. Guy oozed sexuality the way some people sweat.

"Do you know what he wants from me?" she whispered, far enough away from the office door not to chance Mr. Guy overhearing. *Please say no, or I'm going to bring this house down with all the screaming I plan to do.*

He led her up a stairway. She kept glancing over to gauge his expressions, but her hope that he'd spill the plan died at the way his lips pressed together. At the top of the stairs, he stopped and gazed behind them.

"You'll be okay. No harm will come to you if you listen to Mr. Guy." He placed his hand on her arm.

"Who is Mr. Guy, and why does he hold so much power over you?" She shook her head. "I don't understand any of this. I planned to have sex with the

man, not be ordered about like one of his servants.” The man frowned, and she gave a lopsided smile. “Sorry.”

The man pulled her away from the stairs. “He is the king here on Sanovi Island, Miss. He is a kind and generous man, but he also demands his every word be obeyed. You will be fine, I promise.”

“Why won't he let me leave? He'd do better asking me outright to stay at his house. The way he acted seemed pretty pompous to me. Now my vacation is ruined. This island must have the craziest rules, because back in the States, people don't tell someone they must have dinner with them if they've asked to leave.” Her voice rose, and the man shushed her.

“Oh my God, he's holding me hostage!” She slapped the man's arm. “He probably kidnapped me. I knew it! He's probably calling up the United States and trying to get them to hand over money for my exchange.”

“Calm down, Miss Cruisse. Mr. Guy has his reasons. I'm sure he'll tell you at dinner what is going on.” He patted her arm but stopped when she glared at him.

“What's your name?”

“My name is Manuel, Miss.”

“Manuel, I am Melina Cruisse. Is there a way you could get word back to the hotel that I'm here?” Tears clouded her vision, and she realized how caught up in this game of cat and mouse she let herself get. *What in the world was I thinking last night?*

“I'm sorry, Miss Cruisse, I cannot.” Manuel removed a set of keys out of his pocket and searched for the right one.

Melina stared up at the wooden door. This wasn't the same room she slept in last night. Her brave front melted off her, and a knot of worry settled in the pit of her stomach. Her belief that she came here on her own free will fled, and she wondered what Mr. Guy planned to do. For some reason, he held all the power, and it scared the shit out of her.

“Please, Manuel,” she begged.

“It will be all right; it is not what it seems. There is a real reason why you are here. Don't worry.” He pushed open the door and gave her a nudge to get her moving.

She gazed inside the room. Manuel wasn't joking! This wasn't a single room, but a house inside of Mr. Guy's grandiose mansion. She stepped through the doorway, her curiosity overtaking common sense.

The extra-large main room contained overstuffed couches, huge pillows the size of mattresses, and odd-shaped chairs. The number of plants in the vastness created a tropical atmosphere with potted palm trees that swooped over the sitting areas. Green, leafy vines climbed the tall bookcases, which rivaled the ones Mr. Guy enjoyed in his office.

She stood immobile in the middle of the room. Her mouth hung open. She'd never seen such a place in her life.

“I will show you the rest of the area now, Miss Cruisse.” Manuel tapped her arm.

Melina nodded her head. Her inquisitiveness overcame her desire to dodge Manuel and lock him in the room. Her brows lifted, and she tried to make sense of every little detail.

“There's a kitchen over here.” He led her through an archway off the main room.

Constructed in brick tiles and outfitted with stainless steel appliances, it showcased both the old-world style and contemporary ease. She stepped up to get a closer inspection of the gas grill set in the island counter in the middle of the kitchen. She whistled. That sure beat barbecuing in the rain back home.

“Come.” He pointed to a second archway off the kitchen.

She stepped around the island and peered inside the other room. Her mouth fell open. Manuel chuckled, and she turned to find him sporting a

satisfied grin. This room beat any fantasy she could have dreamed up of having wild, abandoned sex with the king of Sanovi.

Every wall was adorned with hardback books, floor to ceiling, organized by size. A miniature desk, which she swore matched the one that Mr. Guy owned in his office, sat kitty-corner across from a picture window. The Caribbean Sea lay one hundred yards ahead, with only sand between the house and the ocean.

“We must press on if we are going to make dinner in time.”

She turned away from one of the most beautiful beaches she'd seen since arriving on Sanovi and continued with the tour. At the sight of a laptop sitting on top of the desk, she paused. Two minutes alone and she'd have every FBI official in the States invading the island to come to her rescue.

“As of right now, the Internet is not available in this area of the house. Mr. Guy has informed me that the privilege for outside contact will be restored later.” Manuel bit down on the smile that threatened to show. “I'll show you your bedroom now. Mr. Guy suggested I bathe you and dress you for dinner.”

“What!”

“I will show you—” He pulled her arm toward another room.

She jerked her arm away. “Oh, I don't think so! I have been bathing myself and picking out my own clothes since I turned four years old, thank you very much!”

She marched past him and entered the room ahead of him. “Shit on the moon!”

The circular bed amazed and fascinated her feminine side. Too many yards of silk to count lay over the mattress, and she wondered how anyone lay on top without sliding right off the bed and onto the floor.

A day lounge, a hammock, and a low bench—similar in shape to a gymnast's vault, with a leather cover—sat around the perimeter of the room and drew her curiosity. The corner of her mouth lifted at the odd-shaped

contraption. She'd seen that kind of long seat on an Internet search gone astray. Popular with the more sexually outgoing people, it made her almost wish she had time to figure out how a person used it. It certainly wasn't for sitting down to read a book.

A quick glance at Manuel, and he opened his mouth. She held up her hand.

"No, don't explain. I can guess what Mr. Guy does in the privacy of his own home." *And it's too bad I can't stay and try it all myself. Not with some man who bossed me around without even listening to me.*

He cleared his throat. "If you come with me, you'll see that there are clothes for you and Mr. Guy has set out an outfit that he is requesting you wear down to dinner." He stepped into a walk-in closet the size of her apartment back home.

Filled to capacity with every type of clothing a woman could dream up and enough shoes to last three lifetimes, the contents of the closet would outfit a third-world country.

"The bathing area is over here, and if you'll excuse me, I'll draw your bath." He stepped around her and set a dress on the bed.

"I already told you, I can bathe myself." She followed him back into the room and crossed her arms.

"Yes, I know, Miss Cruisse, but it is my job to see to your every need... Please, let me do my job." Manuel kneaded his hands together.

"I don't understand anything that has gone on here." She inhaled. "You keep telling me that everything is fine and I'll be okay. I made a mistake last night. I thought I was seducing that man, and here I am with a servant who wants to bathe me. Somehow you all left me out of your plans."

"That is the way things are done on Sanovi." Manuel laid his hand on his chest. "Can you trust me, if nothing else? Let's just get you bathed, dressed, and you'll find out what Mr. Guy wants...okay?"

She sighed. "Oh, very well. You may fill the tub, but I will take my bath in private."

Manuel left to do his duty, and Melina stayed behind in the bedroom. She counted to ten, then ran from room to room in a search for a phone or unlocked door and came up a complete failure. Somewhere, somehow, she'd outsmart the overconfident man downstairs.

She returned to the bedroom, and Manuel's steps across the tile got closer. She flew across the room, launched herself at the bed. She landed on the silk covers and promptly slid off onto her ass on the floor in a billow of colored fabric.

"Your bath is ready, Miss Cruisse." Manuel tilted his head at the heap of silks covering her on the floor.

With the grace of a guilty person, she flung off the fabrics and stood up. "You can leave, Manuel." *Aha! You are not the only one who can order people about.*

"I will make myself busy. If you need anything, you have only to call my name." He bowed and backed out of the room.

She strolled into the area Manuel came from, and once again shook her head in amazement. The bath consisted of one of those Japanese tubs that resembled a small American swimming pool. The water, colored blue from the reflection of the tiles, tempted her after her rough night and day.

She stripped out of the robe and walked into the water. A bench ran around the sides; she sank down, delighted that the water came clear up to her chin. She sniffed. An aroma came from the water, but the name of the scent escaped her. A flower, or mix of floral scents, that represented something exotic and sweet.

She ducked her head under the water and hurried back to the surface to lean her head against the edge of the tub. With her eyes closed, she tried to convince her body to relax after all the mental strain this faux kidnapping had

put her through. The whole night wiped from her memory, she wished she could remember if anything happened between her and Mr. Guy.

Instead of bossing her around this morning, he might have tried slipping into the sheets with her and convincing her to stay for dinner.

Her hand traveled along her flat belly and up to her breasts. She skimmed her nipples. She imagined Mr. Guy's cock bulging under his Gucci trousers. Her hand traveled down to her pussy, and she clamped her bottom lip between her teeth. The thought of him taking control over her got her hot.

She kept herself waxed smooth, so that every motion and touch caressed the sensitive skin of her cunt. Her experimental excursions had taught her delicious ways to come while in public or fully dressed just by crossing her legs or hitching up the seam on her jeans to rub against her aroused flesh. But the idea of *him*, with her...

Her thumb and finger drifted toward each side of her clit, and she stroked it up and down. The higher she built herself up, the longer and fuller she grew between her fingers. Her ex-boyfriend used to tease her about her half-inch mini cock; too bad the only cock that interested him was his own.

Reaching down, she plunged her finger into her pussy. She raised her breasts up to the level of the water and set up a motion so that it lapped against her hardened nipples.

The tension in her shoulders melted away, and she relaxed in the water, letting the warmth of her longing soothe her insides. A welcome comfort of pleasure built deep within her pelvis. Her pussy pulsed and strained for more. The urge to bring ultimate release grew stronger.

Concentrating on her clit, she hurried to bring some relief to her overcharged body. At the peak of climax, she gasped and rode the shudders that spread into the tiny hidden spaces of her pussy.

After dunking her head again, she rose and turned to search for the shampoo. Not a bottle in sight, she debated on whether to call for Manuel's

help or go without. Knowing her hair tangled in a web of snarls if left without conditioner, she sighed and admitted she needed his help.

“Manuel?” she called.

“Here, Miss Cruisse.” He showed up so fast, he must have stood right outside the door. *Whatever! If he gets his rocks off peeking at someone's private moment, it only meant he probably didn't have much of a sex life of his own.*

“I need soap, shampoo, and conditioner. You can set them by the door and leave. I can manage going that far.” She kept her body turned toward the wall of the tub, out of his view.

“Mr. Guy expects me to wash you, Miss—”

“Oh no, Mr. Guy does not, and I am quite capable of doing all this myself.” She frowned. Manuel left without a word.

*He'd better not leave and go get the big guy.*

Manuel returned a few seconds later carrying a tray containing assorted bottles and sponges. “It really is okay, Miss Cruisse. This is my job. I know that American women usually do their own bathing, but Mr. Guy wants you to be bathed. What Mr. Guy wants, he gets.”

He set the tray down on the floor next to the tub and knelt down.

“Do I not have a choice in anything?” That whine she hated showed up. The warm water and her self-sexual moment catching up to her, she yawned.

“No, Miss, not at the moment. Now dip your head back and I will shampoo your hair.” He uncapped one of the bottles.

Melina turned and let her head fall back. She closed her eyes, and the fragrance she enjoyed earlier got stronger. She inhaled and let Manuel's fingers stimulate her scalp. Her thick, curly hair wasn't the easiest to wash; he did an amazing job of it without pulling a strand.

“Manuel, what is that wonderful smell?” Tiredness softened her words.

He chuckled. “That would be the jasmine flower. Mr. Guy has a preference for jasmines.”



His hands left her head. "Keep your eyes shut, Miss. I'm going to rinse the soap out of your hair."

She tilted her head back more, and the cascade of water Manuel poured over her hair made her moan with pleasure. "You have a way about washing hair. I'm glad now that I let you do it."

"Yes, Mr. Guy, always knows what is best." He rubbed in conditioner along the length of her hair. "Now, dip your head in the water. This conditioner is meant to stay in your hair. You only need to dilute it."

She wasn't sure if Manuel spoke the truth about Mr. Guy knowing what's best. If she hadn't drunk so much last night, she sure wouldn't have woken up alone this morning. Nope, with a man like him, she'd still be riding him strong. She squeezed her eyes tighter. Too bad his attitude overrode his charm of last night. Or maybe her drunken mind had made the charm up to go along with the rock-hard body he offered.

Manuel handed her a hand towel, and she dabbed her eyes. She opened them to find him holding a loofah lathered up with soap bubbles. She shook her head. Mr. Guy wasn't going to get his way with Manuel washing her whole body.

"Stop frowning, you will get wrinkles. I will wash your arms, legs, and back. The rest I will leave to you." He motioned her to rise onto the bench.

Regardless of whether she bent to his ministrations or she grew incapable of gathering the strength to fight him any longer, she stood up. He bent over the edge and scrubbed her legs; she gazed at his face to try to catch him checking out her naked cunt.

He glanced up and gave her the most honest grin she'd witnessed from him. "I'm gay. You have nothing to worry about."

She bopped him on top of the head. "You are? Why the hell didn't you tell me that to start out with? Shit in the water!"

“Mr. Guy only hires gay men to take care of the women.” He rose and motioned with his finger for her to turn around.

“Women? There are more women here?” She stepped down from the bench and held out her hand for the sponge.

“Mr. Guy will answer that. Please, forget I said anything. He would not be pleased with the way my tongue runs away from me.” He replaced the bottles on the tray and stood up.

“Hang on! Are you saying he kidnaps other women and keeps them here? Does he rule over a harem?” She washed her bits and sank down into the water. “This is the Caribbean, not Saudi Arabia. You gave me your word that I only needed to go down to this stupid dinner, Manuel.”

“I have said too much. Mr. Guy will answer your questions in time.” He hurried over to the wall, removed an oversize terry bathrobe from one of the hooks, and held it out for her.

“Why do you call him 'Mr. Guy'? Why not 'Your Highness' or 'Almighty God'?” She stepped out of the water.

Manuel smiled. “He lets those closest to him call him Mr. Guy. He is a very generous king.”

He ushered her to a large mirror and pressed her down onto the stool. With the hands of a professional hairstylist, he dried her hair, combed it, and twisted the length in his hand. He pinned it up on the back of her head with the exact amount of tendrils left loose to soften the look. She stayed silent during the beauty treatment. So Mr. Guy collected women, huh? Interesting...

After the dress Mr. Guy requested she wear lay against her clean skin, Manuel hooked her arm through his and led her from the room. “Relax. Everything is going to be fine. Mr. Guy will set your mind at ease.”

He led her back down the stairs. A calmness settled over her. She strolled toward the dining room with an open mind. The scent of jasmine surrounded her, and she smiled. Now that her headache had gone, and she felt more like

herself, she wondered exactly what Mr. Guy's plans for her might be. As much as she hated to admit it, having her own personal manservant was something she could get used to, pretty damn quick. Maybe this whole thing would please the new and improved Melina Cruisse, who she'd come to Sanovi to find.

## Chapter Three

Manuel led her down a long, straight hallway opposite the direction Melina had walked earlier to Mr. Guy's office. He stopped at an elevator. She whistled softly.

Mr. Guy's mansion, with its old-world charm and modern conveniences, distracted her from keeping track of the floor plan, which she'd been trying to remember in the off chance she needed to escape. There were too many floors and doorways to keep her sense of direction.

She'd love to view the house from the outside. She bet it presented an impressive sight snuggled up to the coastline. Manuel ushered her inside the elevator. Three buttons, marked One, Two, and Three, lit up the panel in the elevator, and he pushed number three.

A *whoosh* and a *ding* delivered them to the top floor, and she followed him down yet another hallway. She peeked into the main kitchen. A stainless steel room filled with big-enough appliances to feed an army took her breath away, and she snorted. Nothing should surprise her, but she wondered how eccentric Mr. Guy ran with his desire to furnish his house with outlandish conveniences. He must have endless money.

Manuel stepped back to let her enter the dining room first. The table caught her attention. Longer than a banquet table, she counted twenty chairs surrounding the sides. Only two place settings dressed the table.

She strolled over to the end, taking her time to gaze up at the two overhead chandeliers with their dripping crystal strands. The lights cast low, it provided an intimate scene. She moved to the head of the table and pulled out the chair. Manuel laid his hand on top of hers and cleared his throat.

“Oh, very well. It was worth a shot.”

He pulled out the chair to the right, and she sat down. Manuel patted her shoulder and left her alone in the room. A few seconds passed and Mr. Guy waltzed in with a grin that looked more like a snarl. She wondered if he'd greet her with the same tenderness he showed her at the hotel, or if he'd off her head with the butter knife.

“Good evening.” Mr. Guy sat down at the head of the table and laid his napkin across his lap.

Two women entered with trays of food and kept their eyes cast away from Melina. She gazed at the array of food placed in front of them, and her stomach growled. After everything that had happened, her lost appetite came back with gusto.

“Thank you, ladies.” He nodded and waited for them to exit the dining room before turning to Melina. “May I call you Melina?”

“You can call me anything you want. You're the king, right?” She snatched a strawberry out of the bowl and popped it into her mouth.

Her shoulders sank, and she closed her eyes. The most delicious sweet flavor assaulted her taste buds, and she moaned.

“Please, eat, and we'll get to know each other.” He passed her a bowl. “I'm sure by now, you have learned that I am Mr. Guy, King of Sanovi. I'd be pleased if you'd call me Devon, though.”

“Devon or Devil?” She winked and took a bite of stuffed chicken. “There's such a thin line to cross, isn't there?”

He laughed. “I've been called both. I'll probably manage to answer to both if you choose to use them.”

In that smile he gave her, she witnessed both sides of the man. The powerful king of Sanovi and the man-devil from last night, who possessed the ability to whisk her away in his limousine before she knew a thing about him.

She'd never run across a man with such charisma as this man who claimed to be the king of Sanovi.

She scooted the food around her plate with her fork. With her hunger appeased enough, the lustful wanting drew more of her attention. She sat back and gazed at him. He warmed her body up and got her juices flowing without lifting a finger, and in the past, it took other men fifteen minutes of foreplay to get her to the level of wanting to spread her legs.

"I think I'll call you Dev, if that's okay with you. That way"—she leaned closer—"you're left wondering if I'm calling you Devon or Devil..." She kissed the tip of her pointer finger, placed it on his bottom lip, and gave him her best pouty-pucker-lip smile.

Devon leaned forward and sucked the top of her finger into his mouth. The sensitive nerve endings sizzled at the way his tongue molded around the tip. The hair at the back of her neck tingled. She removed her finger and placed it in her mouth to sample his taste.

"Mm, delicious." She propped her chin on her hand and waited for him to make the next move. If he wanted to play a game of control, fine. He'd find out a little something about Melina Cruisse.

He grinned, lowered his head, and cut off a piece of chicken. She narrowed her eyes. How did he remain unaffected by their play? Maybe he was immune to the charms of a lowly bartender. Well, he didn't know what he was missing.

"Okay, let's cut to the chase here, Dev. Why am I here, and when can I leave?" She crossed her arms, but in her low-cut dress, that stubborn action pushed her breasts up to an incredible height. She hurried and placed her elbows on the table. No way did she plan on giving him an eyeful just so he could turn it down.

Devon Guy took his leisure, wiped his mouth with the napkin from his lap, and laid it atop his unfinished dinner plate. He didn't appear taken aback by her demands. If she guessed, she'd even say he found it mildly amusing.

"You are here because I found you at my hotel. You can leave when I say you can," he said.

"Nope, not enough information. Give me the whole truth, or I'm walking out the door right now with this gorgeous silk dress of yours. I've played your little mystery game. Shit on a king! I've played your little game of holding me hostage in your house today." She stood up and inhaled. "Well, last time I looked, Mr. Only-gets-a-hard-on-when-you're-bossing-someone-around, I'm an American, and you must have the biggest set of balls to think you are going to get away with keeping me here when I have asked to leave. That's kidnapping, in my book!"

Her chest rose and fell in great gasps, and she plopped back down in her chair. The dimple on his left cheek appeared. She scoffed and turned her gaze away from him. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction of pissing her off more.

"What sort of life do you lead in America?"

She lifted her chin but kept her face averted. "The kind of life where no man tells me what to do."

"So, you don't have a man. Are you employed?"

"I'm on hiatus, if you must know." She sniffed. *I will not cry, I will not cry.*

"So you have no obligations that require you to fly back to your American home?"

She turned and cocked her head. "If you want to hire me, just ask. If you are talking about holding me hostage for longer, well...find someone else. I'm not interested anymore." She cast her gaze down to his middle, and she quirked the side of her mouth. "I don't think you are interested either."

He smiled. "I have a proposition for you."

She waited to hear what this included, but he sat there with that damn dimple showing. *Fine!* She nodded to let him know she listened.

"I'd like you to live here for three months. At the end of the three months, if you are not one hundred percent happy, I will deliver you to the airport

myself and wish you well.” He didn't move from his relaxed position on the chair.

The two attractive serving women returned at an awkward moment in the conversation, placed a dish of custard in front of each of them, and cleared their plates. Melina's gaze swung to Devon's face. *How did he know custard was her favorite dessert?*

The women took their exit, and she scooped right into the soft, creamy delight. She lingered over the spoon and sighed. Holding the rich custard in her mouth to savor every tantalizing drop, she ignored the pressing matters that she and Devon discussed.

The treat ended too soon. She set her spoon in the bowl with a clatter and turned to the master of the house. “What's in it for you?”

“I get you in my bed for at least three months, maybe longer.” He set his own spoon down.

“Your bed! That's rich. If I remember correctly I practically came at the sight of you last night, but I woke up alone this morning. Nuh-uh, no, thank you. You'd be boring in bed.” She stood up, and he clamped his hand around her wrist.

In one swift move, he stood beside her. She didn't even see him get up off the chair.

“Let me prove it.” He lowered his mouth to her ear and whispered, “Give me tonight. If you are not completely satisfied and screaming my name, you can walk out the door tomorrow.”

She didn't move a muscle. His lips wandered around the lobe of her ear, and the warmth from his breath sent shivers down her spine.

She cleared her throat to hide the effect of his caress. “Can we try out the circle bed in my room?”



His mouth moved down the side of her neck. Her nipples hardened beneath the silk sundress. He nodded his head, and without another word from him, she already knew her answer.

"How about that weird bench?" she whispered, her head falling back under his manipulations.

"Anything for you."

She inhaled through her nose and puckered her lips to exhale. Her heart pounded, and she tried to calm herself down. One more thing she needed to do before she gave him her final decision.

She dropped her hand down, cupped his crotch, and found a fully aroused cock. *Oh thank God!* "Okay, you've got one night to prove you are man enough for Melina Cruisse."

She stood on tiptoe, raised her mouth, and moved in for a celebratory kiss. He laid his finger over her lips, and she pouted. Didn't they just agree to have wild monkey sex all night long?

"Go with Manuel. I have everything planned and will be down in a few minutes." He swatted her ass in a childish way to hurry her out of the room. Manuel appeared out of the blue to escort her back to her room.

She rode the elevator back in silence. That silly Chinese fortune cookie that she'd opened before planning her vacation taunted her, and she chewed on the inside of her cheek. *Live the moment*, the tiny slip of paper read. It appeared that she indeed would live the moment, with the king of Sanovi.

Manuel led her back into her area. This is what she wanted all along. An experience to last a lifetime. Away from home, where she dared to come out of the modest shell she found herself wearing, and able to play out her wildest erotic fantasies.

"Let's get you undressed, Miss Cruisse. Mr. Guy will be down here promptly, so you must be ready." Manuel undid the buttons on the back of her dress.

“Can I ask you something before you go?” She raised her arms, and he slipped the dress over her head.

He sighed. “If you must.”

“He...he won't hurt me, will he?” She turned to study Manuel for any sign that he lied for his employer.

He shook his head and smiled. “No, he is the gentlest of lovers.”

“You've had him?” Her hands came up to cover her bare boobs.

He chuckled. “Of course not! He is only interested in the females.”

“Whew...scared me for a moment. I thought that explained why he hasn't jumped my body when it seems I'm throwing myself at him. He's awful standoffish, even if he does have a special way of making a woman cream her jeans just by being in the same room with him.” She lowered her hands.

“Get up in the bed now and look...provocative. I believe you Americans call it 'playing the bunny'?” He held her hand.

She managed to climb atop the bed without sliding off and stretched out. With the silks cool and seductive against her skin, she squirmed around to find a comfortable position.

“Can I ask you another question?” she asked.

He rolled his eyes. “Yes, but then I need to leave.”

“Is he as controlling in bed as he is the rest of the time?” She flipped her hair over one shoulder. The idea that he might be sent a quick little jolt throughout her lower torso.

“That you will have to find out for yourself.” He bowed and walked out of the room. At the door, he turned. “Relax, you will enjoy yourself.”

## Chapter Four

Manuel passed the office door, and Devon called out, "Did you get her settled?"

"Yes, Mr. Guy. I waited outside her room like you instructed me. Her eyes closed within five minutes." Manuel smiled. "She is a feisty one, but after all the excitement she's had, you were correct, she couldn't fight the exhaustion."

"You will take good care of her," Devon said. "I do not want this one lacking for anything. You are to treat her like a princess. What she wishes, she receives." He tapped his desk with his finger. Confident in his man's loyalty, he sat back in his chair.

"If I may, sir, I need to confess." Manuel dropped his chin to his chest. "I accidentally let it slip about the other girls you have here, my king."

"Yes, I know."

Manuel's head came up. "You know?"

"Ms. Cruisse informed me earlier, and I will have to give her some explanation tomorrow, if she remembers." He leveled his gaze on his manservant. "You must watch your tongue."

"It won't happen again, Mr. Guy, I swear." Manuel laid his hand over his heart.

"Very well. You may go back to protecting Ms. Cruisse. You will find your things across the hall from her door." He flicked his hand in dismissal.

"Yes, Mr. Guy." Manuel turned on his heel and exited the office.

Devon waited for Manuel's steps to recede out of hearing distance, then reached under his desk and pushed a button. The bookcase across from him

slid apart and revealed a twelve-screen security console. He picked up the remote off the top of the desk and pushed a button to power one of the monitors. Leaning back in his chair, he exhaled the breath it seemed he'd been holding all day. On the screen, Melina Cruisse slept curled up on her side, her dark, curly hair spread out on the pillowcase in a most exquisite picture.

\* \* \* \* \*

Melina's eyelids fluttered open, and she froze. Only her eyes moved around the room. For a moment, she forgot where she lay. The last two days came back to her, and she sat up in a rush. That rat of a devil didn't come to her room last night!

"Good morning."

Startled to death, she crab-walked backward on the bed, and not finding a wall to press up against, her ass slid off the bed, and her bare arms and legs shot out in every direction. Landing with a very unladylike *thud*, yards of silk twisted around her naked body, she scrambled to stand up.

"Is it a Sanovi custom to scare the shit out of someone first thing in the morning?" She blew the hair out of her face. "Today is my get-out-of-jail-free pass. The asshole didn't even come to my room last night." She curled her upper lip. "What do you think of that, Manuel? You've got a king who talks big but can't finish the task. Actually, he barely starts it."

"Mr. Guy would like to see you in the pool area, Miss Cruisse." He helped her untangle from the bedclothes and held out a robe for her to slip her arms into. She sighed. Another piece of high-quality silk, which Mr. Guy seemed to have in massive amounts. If he thought she'd continue playing his disturbing game, he'd soon learn she was calling it quits. He'd promised her she'd be satisfied last night or she could walk out the door this morning. Well, she was walking. There were other fish in the Caribbean Sea, and her vacation wasn't over.

But first she'd see what the big goon wanted.

Without a word of complaint, she followed Manuel back down and into the elevator. This time he pushed the button labeled One. The doors opened to a hallway with many closed doors in each direction. He led her to the right and came to the very end, where an elaborate wooden door accented in gold depicted a carved scene of a swimming hole at the bottom of a majestic waterfall set in the jungle.

“You are to go in by yourself.” Manuel nodded his head in the direction of the doorknob.

She placed her hand on it, inhaled, raised her chin a notch, and pushed open the door.

Inside, glass panes enclosed the whole room and gave the illusion that she stepped deep into the jungle at her own private paradise. The swimming pool resembled an outdoor water hole with rocks, moss, and ferns along the edges. Palm trees and exotic flowers peeked out between the rocks and brought nature inside the house.

She gasped, clasped her hands to her chest, and threw her head back in delight. A huge gushing waterfall spilled over the rocks and sent a spray down below. A limestone shelf to stand on under the falling water brought a fantasy to mind of making love in the wild, and it blew her away that Dev created this Garden of Eden right in his own home.

“Do you like it?”

She searched for his voice, and finally, she spotted him in the pool. He leaned back against the edge with his arms thrown over the moss-covered rocks. A slow, growing smile emerged on her face, and she sauntered over closer. His bare chest with thick, dark hair fascinated her, and she dropped her gaze to see if he swam nude, but the shadows of the rocks made it impossible to tell.

“This is unbelievable. I have never seen anything compared to this, anywhere.” She sat down beside him and let her legs drop into the water, too

tantalizing not to try out. “Oh God! It's bathwater warm.” She laughed in delight.

“Back when I was a little boy, my parents took me deep into the forest here on Sanovi, where a natural spring bubbled out of the ground and formed a pool. It contained the clearest water you can ever imagine for being out in the middle of the jungle. The area was hidden with trees and foliage so thick, I used to think my parents and I were the only ones who'd ever discovered that secret pleasure.” He moved in between her legs and wrapped his arms around her knees.

“I promised myself that when I grew up, I'd make my own secret spot in my home, where only I would come to relax.” His hands wandered on the tops of her thighs, opening the robe draped over her. “Today, I have broken my rule. I invited you to come here with me to share in my secret pleasure.”

“Why?” she whispered.

“In here”—he spread his arms—“I am Devon, the man. Outside this door, even in my own bedroom, I am still the king of Sanovi. It is here that I want to be with you. I have waited my whole life for a woman who will catch my heart, and I found you.”

“I don't know what to think. You came off so controlling. You seemed unresponsive to me.” She ran her fingers down his jaw to gauge his reaction.

He smiled. “I will always appear that way out there. It will be something that you will have to accept. Here, in my private room, you will get the true me, the man who fell for the woman who danced in the moonlight.”

“You spied on me?”

He nodded. “Come in the water.”

She slipped the robe off her shoulders and let it fall to the ground. He lifted her into the water, and she slid down his body. Nope, no shorts. Under the surface of the water, she discovered 100 percent glorious man. His cock

pressed against her belly, and she let her head fall back, luxuriating in the potent arousal overcoming her.

Dev nibbled the exposed skin at the curve under her chin. His tongue came out to lap at the erogenous zone that drove her crazy. His hands cupped her head. His mouth came up, and his tongue invaded the opening of her mouth with gentle licks. Exploring, tasting, and memorizing every surface, she purred and met him thrust for thrust.

Her body pulsed to life, and she wanted nothing more than to have him fill her pussy. She yearned for him to possess her body, to take the heat he built up inside her and make it catch on fire.

With her arms around his neck, she swung her legs around his waist and linked her ankles to keep her body pressed into him. The tip of his cock teased the lips of her pussy, and she gyrated her hips against him. She wanted more of him, needed to experience him plunging into her pussy and adding to the desire rushing through her veins. Her movements ran up and down the hard shaft of his cock, teasing her clit; she moaned, and her fingers bit into his shoulders.

He pressed her back against the moss-covered rocks and slowly laid her upper body down. Her legs still dangled around him in the water. He lifted her ass up, and with her arms braced on the rocks, she floated horizontal on the water. Dev spread her legs wider and lowered his head. She gasped. His tongue laved her slit from her anus, over her puffy lips, and flicked between the skin to tease her clit.

Her breath came out in short bursts at the way he knew exactly where to touch her, and it drove her need for him higher. Parting her farther with his fingers, he plunged his tongue into her cunt. Her back arched up into the air. His tongue seemed longer, harder, than most. She'd never had the insides of her pussy caressed to such depth, and she convulsed around him.

She clutched one hand in the moss to hold her in place and reached down with her other hand and grabbed a fistful of dark ebony hair. Pulling him in

and out of her, she moaned at the way his tongue pressed against the inside walls of her cunt.

“Oh God...” She brought his mouth up to her clit. “Suck.” She gasped. “Me.” She removed her hand from his head and used both hands to brace her body and thrust her pussy against his face. “Hard!”

He latched on to her bud, and with it drawn into his mouth, he moved ever so slightly back and forth. Hot pools of liquid spread out inside her cunt and oozed out of the opening as the water lapped it off. The roughness of his tongue combined with the smooth warmth of the water intoxicated her, and she spread her legs wider. She welcomed every luscious stroke of his tongue. The wave of pleasure grew higher, and his movements increased in length as her clit grew. The way it enlarged took other men by surprise, but Dev didn't stop to comment.

“Mm...” His tongue ran the length without losing control of her aroused clit.

She clenched her hands in the moss tighter. “I”—her hips ground against his face—“need”—a guttural cry slipped out—“you!”

He loosened the hold his lips had on her, licked to soften his parting, and moved up her body and latched onto her tit. Her pussy bumped against his stomach, and she moved to hold onto his shoulders. He drew a long moan of pleasure mixed with a tinge of pain from her at the way he sucked down hard on her breast, filling his mouth.

He switched to the other one and repeated the delicious torture. She panted. Her pussy begged his hard cock to beat her over the edge. She unhooked Dev from her tit with her finger and drew him up to her mouth. His hands pressed her down, back to her original position, and her cunt muscles involuntarily spasmed, searching for the one thing they craved to gobble up.

“You”—Dev grabbed both her ass cheeks in his big, strong hands—“ready?”



“Yes!” She caught her bottom lip between her teeth. “Give me everything.”

His hands moved to her waist where the indentation flowed out to cover her hips. One quick plunge and he touched her cervix. “Oh!” She puffed. “Fuck!”

He plunged into her again and slowed his pace, letting them both build up into that wonderful utopia they both sought. Her eyelids lowered on their own accord, and she fought to keep them open to watch. Her mouth opened, and Dev's gaze never left hers.

“Please?” The intensity of her lust for him grew higher and stronger.

She let go of his neck and arched her back. Her head floated on the surface of the water and gave him a view of her breasts swaying with each thrust of his cock. Her arms spread wide, she concentrated on the magic he brought out from the depths of her soul and let him take control. She wanted to give him the perfect picture of herself lain out for him on top of the water.

Unable to keep her legs around his waist any longer, she stretched each limb straight out on each side of him. His thumb wandered down to her clit and rubbed in tiny circles. With everything centered on the marvelous sensations, her upper body fought to stay afloat. She reached for his arms to hold her in place.

“I”—her breath came heavy—“you... Yes!” Her cry bounced off the walls and shook her to the core. Her pussy throbbed around his dick and squeezed as Dev groaned and let her have every drop of his cum.

She rested her head on his shoulder, her heart pounding. She struggled to catch her breath and bring sense to such a wonderful fuck. His arms lingered under her ass, gently rubbing, no longer tense from pleasure.

“Aw, Melina.” He kissed the side of her neck.

“Incredible. You are...amazing.” She lifted her head. “I had no idea.”

He cocked his head and frowned. “You are *not* a virgin.”

She laughed. “Of course not, I just have never experienced such a strong reaction to a...man.” He pulled his head back in disbelief, and she shook her

head. "Not in a single screw session. It usually takes them licking my pussy, or me finding my own satisfaction, but even those...those didn't compare to how powerfully I came with you inside me."

The corner of his mouth lifted. "You like, yes?"

She laughed. "Oh, me like megamuch, yes."

His grin grew. "You will stay with me?"

"For this?" She shrugged her shoulder. "For a relationship?" She lifted her other shoulder. "I don't know what you want from me. I have a life back in the States. A boring one, but still, I need to know what you want of me."

"Will you believe me if I said I fell in love with you while I watched you dance under the moon?" The damn dimple appeared on his left cheek. "You wore a baby blue sundress and drank most of the champagne I sent you before you got in the water. Barefoot, you spread your arms out to the glow of the moon and tilted your head up in unconcealed pleasure. I thought, for a moment, you might sacrifice yourself to me. I selfishly took your midnight dance for a gift to me, and that I will always cherish."

She studied him, not sure if that dimple meant he fed her a line of bull or he told her the truth. "You sent the champagne? But I thought—"

He smiled. "I sent him away. He was a bad choice for you. He would have treated you like a one-night stand."

"So you swept me away and kept me hostage here until you could convince me otherwise?" She wrinkled her nose.

"I did." He lowered his chin. "At the time, I knew you'd leave when you woke up in my house, yes?"

He had no idea she'd planned this vacation for the sole purpose of living out her fantasies, and he didn't need to. She told herself she didn't need love, only pleasure in her life. She deserved that much. "I'm on a three-month sabbatical. I'll give you three months." She held out her hand.

He threw back his head and laughed, a move unlike anything she associated with him. She joined in and laughed too. Three months of having sex with the king of Sanovi was going to go down as the best damn vacation she ever took.

He gave her a loud, smacking kiss. "Deal!"

"One thing." She winked. "I am no longer a hostage, okay? That's a little over-the-top."

He nodded. "Agreed. Only the best for Princess Melina Cruisse."

"Come," she said. "Swim with me. Show me this paradise you've built."

He placed her feet on the bottom of the pool.

"Have you really shown no one this place?"

"It is true." He ducked under the water and swam toward the waterfall.

She followed, her arms cutting through the water at a slower pace. He arrived at the ledge ahead of her and climbed out. Treading the water, she gazed up at him. His answers confused her. She didn't know whether to believe what he threw her way. The possibilities of a relationship, a real relationship, with a king no less, intrigued her.

He stepped under the waterfall, tilted his face up to the water, and swept his hair back with his hands. She thought him a perfect statue of a man without an ounce of fat over his sculpted muscles. His size and firm body contrasted nicely with her smaller frame and softer edges.

"Come." He held his hand down.

She reached out, and he pulled her up on the rock with ease. She scrunched her shoulders up and screamed.

"It's freezing!" She wrapped her arms around her breasts.

He laughed. "You'll get used to it. It's refreshing and cleansing."

Her teeth chattered, and she shook her head in denial. She jumped back into the pool. The warm water coated her skin like a nice comfy blanket, and she sighed.

She shook her head at Dev in disbelief. He stood under the ice-cold water with no problem. Nary a goose bump broke out on the surface of his skin. The man was a rock.

He grinned at her and slipped farther under the falls. She waited for him to come out, but he remained hidden.

A whistle drew her attention to the other end of the pool. She turned and Dev stood at the edge, rubbing a towel over his hair.

*How did he do that?*

She swam the length, walked up the steps, and stood in front of him. He flipped the towel around her shoulders and pulled her in for a kiss. She opened her mouth and nipped his bottom lip.

“Ow! What was that for?” He chuckled and rubbed his mouth.

“For disappearing, you rat. How did you go from there to here?” She wrapped her arms around his waist.

“I’ll show you later.” He looped the towel around her ass and pulled her into his nakedness.

She squirmed against him and he groaned. It surprised her that he only had halfway to go to have a raging hard-on. *Isn't he full of surprises?*

“Let’s get dressed and go have breakfast. You hungry?” He reached down for her hand.

She lowered her gaze to his crotch. “I’m always hungry. I’ve got a huge appetite.”

“Come, Melina, I will find you food.”

## Chapter Five

Manuel walked Melina through the main kitchen to meet Dev for breakfast out on the balcony. Showered and dressed, she felt her energy returning after their workout in the pool. Now that the reason why he brought her back to his house was out in the open, she looked forward to all the adventures Dev could give her.

She walked out to a breathtaking view of the ocean. Dev waited for her at a small bistro table and stood to greet her, but she rushed past him to the railing and peered over. Rock cliffs ran down the sides of his house clear out into the water.

“You have your own private beach.” She turned to him in wonder.

He finished chewing. “Yes, I ordered the house built into the side of the cliffs. The beach is completely private, except for an occasional ship that comes too close out of curiosity to check out the house. I have a watchman on duty who radios out to them that they are trespassing, and we usually don't have any trouble.

He motioned for her to sit. “Eat, you need to keep up your strength.”

Several bowls filled with an assortment of exotic fruits lay out on the table in front of her, and she suspected they all grew wild on the island. She gathered several different kinds on a plate and scooped a few spoonfuls of yogurt and dry granola on the side. Dipping the fruit, she rolled it in the granola and took a bite. *Shit on the balcony! That tasted so good.*

Melina concentrated on filling her stomach, and after she cleaned her plate, she reached over for a slice of cantaloupe. She glanced at Dev, who sat back in the chair with a cup of juice, and smiled over her mouthful of fruit.

"This is all so delicious. I can't imagine eating all this fruit for breakfast every morning. You are very lucky to live somewhere that this is available to you year-round." She held the cantaloupe out for him to try, but he shook his head.

"I have some business that I must conduct this afternoon, but I hope to get back in time to share an after-dinner treat with you." He set his glass down.

"I'd never turn down one of your cook's desserts." She grinned. "I'd die for one more bite of the custard he served last night!"

"Then you shall have it." He reached over and wiped juice from her chin with his thumb.

She picked up the damp washcloth beside her plate, ran it over her mouth, and scrubbed her hands. "I imagine your business has to do with being a king. I'm wondering... How did you become the king? Did the people of Sanovi vote you in, or are you a descendent of many kings?"

"This island has been ruled by many of my grandfathers. When my father passed on, I became the ruling king at age twenty-five." He stood up.

"I can't imagine. That is only a year younger than I am now." She stood up and pushed in her chair. "How old are you?"

"I am thirty-eight." He walked her into the kitchen. "If you need to use the phone, there is one hooked up in your room now. You might want to call your family..."

"No, it is only me." She shrugged at his questioning look. "My parents died a couple years ago. A drunk driver hit them coming home from a late-night meeting. That's actually how I financed this vacation. I decided to set my life back on track and make myself happy in the here and now. No sense waiting until I'm too old to enjoy myself."

He rubbed her arm. "I am so sorry."

"What about your family? Any ex-wife, siblings?" *Please don't tell me you've been married before.*

He smiled and kissed her forehead. "My mother is still alive. She lives on the other side of the island with her...new husband."

She raised her brows. "From your tone, I take it you don't have a loving relationship with your stepfather."

"No." He bent down and gave her a fast kiss on the lips. "Now, I am late. I must go, so I can get back to you tonight. Feel free to make yourself at home. You are welcome to wander around the house, except for the east wing... I'm having work done in that area."

He left the kitchen, and she stood there wondering what to do in the meantime. She didn't have long to wonder. Manuel strolled in with a grin on his face. She snorted. *Yeah, right. I'm not a hostage, yet he keeps his pit bull at my side.*

"How would you like to enjoy a walk along the shoreline, Miss Cruisse?" Manuel rubbed his hands together.

She wagged her head. This pretend act of excitement didn't fool her. She knew damn well that Dev assigned him to hostage duty for the rest of the day. He'd learn that she wasn't going to bail on their agreement. He pleased her too much for her to lose out on more pleasure. Besides, he fascinated her with all this wealth and power.

If she were honest with herself, his sweeping control over her and everyone in his life turned her on.

"Actually, I'm still tired from my night of no sleep. I think I'll go back to *my area*, grab a book, and settle down for a nap before Dev comes back." She stepped around him, stopped, and turned around. "Unless, you have other plans for me."

His posture relaxed. "Oh no, that sounds delightful. I'll walk you back."

Her plans didn't exactly include reading or staying in her room, but she wanted to check out the rest of the house and find out if Manuel's slip of mentioning Dev's other women had any truth to it. She didn't have any fanciful yearnings about the king of Sanovi really falling in love with her at first sight. He told her that to have a free romp in the pool, but that was fine. She'd gladly be his playtoy for the duration of the three months. In fact, she'd never dreamed her little adventure would work out so well.

But she wanted to know whom else she had to deal with.

Once she found out the truth, she'd relax and enjoy her stay. She'd much rather stay here, and have all the sex she wanted with a god of a man, than go back to her apartment and wait for the time to pass before she had to go back to her mundane job of serving drinks to lonely, broken-down drunks. The money her parents left her, and the slip of paper with her Chinese fortune, urged her to follow her dreams.

She never imagined that the one person she got to let loose with would end up being Dev. Her tummy tightened. He brought out wonderful feelings inside her, and if she wanted to admit it, which she didn't, it'd be real easy to fall head over heels in love with the man. He had a certain way about him that made him different than other men from her experience.

His tenderness, concealed with a controlled manner, turned her on more than seizing control of the sex herself, like she'd thought she wanted. She exhaled and blew her bangs out of her face. He acted differently at the pool. Each persona he carried excited her, and she wanted to explore each side of him.

"Here you go." Manuel opened her door. "I'll leave the door unlocked. If you need anything, I'll be right across the hall."

She turned, and indeed, the door across the way stood wide open. "Sure thing, and if you'd wake me up in time for dinner, I'd appreciate it."



She shut the door in Manuel's face, stuck her ear to the wood, and listened for his footsteps to go away. She counted to twenty and gave a jump for joy. *I did it! I got rid of the pit bull! I rule!*

After the triumphant spell wore off, she planted her hands on her hips and scanned the room. An idea struck her, and she jogged into the room that housed the sliding door to the outdoors. She might not get past Manuel to explore the house for other women, but for sure, she'd explore the outside windows at the back of the house. At least, the windows on this floor. The other rooms she'd explore after Manuel trusted her a bit more.

Melina checked all around the room for a wire, or an alarm hooked up to the door that led outside, but everything checked out clean. One last thing to get through, and she hoped Dev kept his word and removed all the permanent locks in her room. She placed her hand on the handle, inhaled, and gave it a tug.

The glass door slid noiselessly along the track. The wind from the sea blew in, and she stifled her urge to laugh in the face of Dev's devoted manservant. She ran straight toward the water, her feet burning from her run across the sun-warmed sand, and let the waves wash up over her ankles.

Dev's testimony to the privacy of his beach rang true. Unless someone landed a helicopter in the sand, she had the whole place to herself. Not wanting to push fate and get caught outside before she managed to look around for signs of other women, she ran back toward the house. She hoped he didn't really keep a harem living in his house. The thought that he played her for a whore disturbed her, even though she told herself it was she who'd been out to play him.

Becoming the new Melina proved harder than she'd originally thought. She still desired to have a man fall in love with her and want her. That didn't change. She wanted the freedom to touch herself, touch someone else without waiting for Saturday night, or for whenever the man was in the mood to have sex. If she wanted to lie on the floor and get her jollies from a porn movie on

television, she shouldn't have to put up with a man who snatched the remote and told her to get dressed, like her ex-boyfriend did.

After her parent's death, her view of the world changed. She only had one life, that she knew of, and she deserved to live true to herself.

The first two windows to the left of the sliding door proved fruitless. No sign of anyone moving about, she moved on down the line. So far, so good. She hurried back to the sliding door to check out the right side. All three windows lay blocked with dark curtains.

She stomped her foot in frustration and admitted she didn't learn anything new to put her mind at rest.

She continued walking to the end of the house, discovered a seven-foot rock wall that connected to the building, and ran in a straight line over to the side of the cliff.

At first glance, no one would guess that it wasn't part of the landscape, but the closer she studied the rocks, the more confident she became that it fenced in a side yard. A very private, concealed area where a certain king she knew might try and hide a group of women. She worked her way around the plants and bushes that bordered the wall, and stood beside it. She cocked her head to hear any sounds, but nothing reached her with the pounding of the surf coming from the other direction. She moved to step away and a giggle stopped her in her tracks. She strained to hear more but came up empty. Maybe the sound came from one of the native birds.

"Hello?" she called out. "Is anyone there?"

Someone tapped her shoulder from behind, and she screamed. Manuel stood frowning at her, and she hauled off and smacked him on the arm.

"Have you ever heard of warning a person when you sneak up on them like that? Shit on the beach! You scared me half to death." She leaned over with her hands on her chest. Her heart threatened to burst out and fall on the ground.

“Miss Cruisse, please come back inside. Mr. Guy has given you your freedom, but with distinct instructions to stay away from the east wing. This is part of the east wing.” He pursed his lips.

“Fine!” She stomped past him. “Has anyone said you are a big party pooper?”

“Not since the second grade, Miss.”

He left her in the bedroom, alone again, after she promised to lie down and take a nap. For extra reassurance, he must have locked the door somehow, because she was now stuck inside.

Giving up, she lay down on the bed. Maybe a nap wasn't a bad idea. Sleep always moved time faster, and if she slept, the sooner Dev would come back. She curled over on her side. One of those funky benches caught in her line of sight.

She popped out of bed to sate her curiosity.

She removed the silk cover and bit down on her lip. It didn't look very comfortable. She bent over and ran her hand along the edge. Her fingers ran across a row of metal switches. Starting at one end, she flipped the toggle.

A small four-inch square in the middle of the bench opened up, and a seven-inch-long dildo popped out. *Oh. My. God.* She hurried to flip the next switch, and a smaller model of the same sex toy popped out a few inches farther down on the bench. *Ouch!* She flipped that particular toggle off and watched it disappear.

The third switch got the bench humming, and she laid her hand atop it. She smiled. *Yeah, baby.* The fourth switch started the whole bench to get up and move like the mechanical bull where she worked back home. *Oh, giddy-the-hell-up!*

She stripped off her clothes and let them fall on the floor. Swinging her leg over the bench, she tried to position herself on the man-made cock, but the contraption moved too fast. She hurried to shut off the bucking bronco.

This time, with the bench not moving, she hovered her pussy over the plastic ride-on toy and slowly sank down. Pleased that she'd succeeded and planted her ass on the bench with the dildo fully submerged, she let out a giggle. She stared out the window and imagined Dev standing out knee-deep in the water, with nothing on.

She recalled the way his body showed no tan marks and wondered if he swam in the ocean nude, or if he got the tan in the house as he lounged around the inside pool. Her pussy spasmed, and she closed her eyes. The vibrations did their job and got her in the mood to experience this contraption fully.

Using her fingers, she opened her petaled lips wider, leaned a tiny bit forward, and placed her clit in direct contact with the leather seat for the maximum stimulation. A gratifying warmth spread throughout her body.

Her legs relaxed, along with her posture, and she let the machine move for her. With a *click*, the dildo suddenly moved up and down on its own power. She widened her eyes, but the movements added to the pleasure growing inside her. Her hands came up to rub her breasts. She pinched her nipples and gave them a pull.

Ready to bring herself to the end of the ride, she reached down and flipped the last switch. The bench tilted, and she braced her hands in front of her and enjoyed the tilts and sideways pass. The dildo now able to slide fully in and out easily with all the pussy juice lubricating it, she ground her ass against the bench to allow the toy to give her everything she possibly could take from it. The leather covering on the bench slid her back and forth with the motion of the machine, taking away some of the control she carried and putting her at the mercy of the bench. It took on a personality of its own that somehow knew how to hit the right spots.

Deep inside her vagina, the urge to experience more of the delightful curl of sensations grew. She leaned more heavily on her clit and let the hum of the bench carry her over the threshold. Her orgasm rocked her to the core and

spread out and down each limb. Unable to get off the bench, or find the energy to lean over and flip the toggles off, she slumped her shoulders and rode out the aftereffects of her orgasm.

Several minutes later, able to get her bearings and strength back, she leaned over and, one by one, flipped all the toggles off. The sudden loss of movement combined with the silence in the room brought her head up, and she scanned the room for any sign that anyone witnessed her self-indulgence. It surprised her that she completely lost herself in the magical ride.

Confident that no one lurked behind any doors or jumped out from the back of a palm tree, she dragged herself off the bench and stumbled to the bed. Exhausted and content, she lay atop the silken sheets and closed her eyes. She really could get used to living this kind of life, where she didn't worry about where her next paycheck came from, and whenever the mood struck, she could get her jollies off with either man or machine.

## Chapter Six

Devon strolled in from the garage later than he expected. A wild wish to have Melina greet him with open arms caught him unaware. He'd always kept more to himself and never stepped out of his protective circle when it came to having a sexual relationship with women. Sure, he lived with a healthy sex life, but he used the women available to the king and kept his attention away from those that sought him out for the sole purpose of becoming the next queen of Sanovi.

Luck hit him the night he decided to visit one of the hotels and, over drinks with the manager, found the woman who captivated him. He called his men off and, alone, followed the beauty down to the shore.

She danced with no inhibitions. Her untamed chocolate-colored hair lit by the moon shimmered with her movements over the sand. Her giggles brought out a smile to his often-too-serious soul, and for once, she let him forget about all his duties and troubles. He became Devon Guy, the man, and he wanted this woman.

He walked straight to his office, shut the door, and pushed the Intercom button. "Manuel, how did the day go?"

"Very well, Mr. Guy. Except for a short walk outside, she stayed inside her room and napped. She wanted me to wake her in time for dinner, but after finding out you were running late, I let her sleep."

"Good. Thank you, Manuel." He sat down behind his desk.

"Do you want me to wake her up, Mr. Guy?"

"No, I'll take care of that." He shut the intercom off, pushed the button to open the bookcase, and picked up the remote.

All twelve monitors came on, and after finding the two he wanted, he shut the others off. He smiled at Melina curled up naked on the bed, and rewound the other tape. A view of her running across the sand toward the water filled the screen. He sat back to enjoy her wandering spirit and chuckled at the expression on her face at the way the sand burned the soles of her bare feet.

A frown quickly marred his face at her peeking through the windows. His heartbeat sped up at the sight of her studying the wall that surrounded the east side of the house. He turned the volume up.

"Hello?"

"Is anyone there?"

He clicked off the television. Anger at Manuel for not protecting her better rose inside him, and he hastened to rewind her bedroom tape. A few minutes into the observation, he leaned back again in his chair. His chin rested on his fist and he didn't blink.

Viewing her on the come-along bench pleased him. His predictions on how willingly she viewed sex hit right on the money. With his attention glued to the movie playing, he found his dick hard and straining at the front of his slacks. He unbuttoned his pants and lowered the zipper. He exhaled at the freedom at getting the material out of his way.

Melina lowered herself down on the contraption on the other side of the room, and he used the remote to zoom up on her face. The way she always caught her bottom lip between her teeth endeared her to him, plus he found it sexier than hell to learn she fell back to that expression at the most vulnerable times. He reached down and settled his hand around the base of his cock.

He paced his strokes to match the tempo with which Melina rode the bench. His toes came up, and he kicked off his shoes under the desk. The more

he gazed upon the picture of Melina climbing higher in her self-sexual journey, the tighter his hand squeezed.

Up.

Down.

His balls ached and pulled up in delight at the attention he gave his cock. With his other hand he reached down, gathered both testicles, and pulled with a constant, smooth pressure. His butt cheeks clenched, his hips came up out of the chair, and he balanced in an awkward position with his legs and shoulders supporting him.

A drop of precum glistened at the head, and he gave it one more stroke and stopped. He snatched the remote and shut the television off. What he wanted wasn't his hand, but the woman sleeping in his house who gave herself freely to him without anything in return.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Melina?"

"Hm..." She rolled over on her back, shivered, and reached for a blanket.

"Wake up, sleepyhead." Dev brushed the hair out of her face.

Her eyelids opened and she gazed up at Dev, who leaned over her with a jasmine blossom stuck behind his ear. She giggled. He gave her a lingering kiss, and she curled toward his body.

"You look really sexy with that flower behind your ear. Does that mean you're single and available?" She ran her hands up his chest. "Because if it does...I might be interested, you know...if you want to hook up."

"Oh, I'm very interested." He removed the flower and skimmed it over her breasts.

Her nipples peaked, and she enjoyed the lustful gleam that showed up in his eyes. She stretched her arms over her head. He trailed the blossom down between her breasts, her stomach, and ended between her legs. Opening herself to him, she lay back and let him do what he wanted.



His fingers replaced the soft, velvety petals on her pussy. She lifted her hips to open herself up wider. Her clit, she knew, peeked out between the folds of her pussy.

"My God," he murmured. He explored her clit with a gentle, soothing finger.

She wiggled and purred with his ministrations. Wanting in on some of the action, she leaned up on her elbows to get his attention away from her clit.

"It won't disappear if you pay attention to other body parts." She grinned. "Take off your clothes, I want to explore your body."

"I've never... No one ever. Shit...that is...one impressive love button." He ran his hand through his hair and stood up. "Are you always aroused? Does it rub against your panties? Can you orgasm just by walking across the room?"

She laughed. His mouth hung open, and he rubbed along his jawline in an attempt to close it, but it fell back open and sent her in a peal of laughter. She curled up on the bed, holding her stomach. *Shit on a clit! I impressed a king and turned him into a babbling fool!*

Unable to stop laughing, she lay on the bed and let the hilarity of the situation overtake her manners. Dev straightened his shoulders, closed his mouth, and lifted his chin in a royal pose. She'd swear he'd never been laughed at in his entire life.

"I'm sorry." She scooted off the bed and stepped up in front of him. "You are so adorable in your whole holier-than-thou mask." She tapped him on the chest with the back of her hand. "Lighten up, I'm just giving you a hard time."

His nostrils flared. She bit down on her lip. Waiting for him to say something, she folded her arms under her bare breasts. His gaze broke from her face and traveled downward. She gave them a bounce, and he chuckled.

"I knew it! You do have a sense of humor." She let her arms drop, stepped over to him, and wrapped her arms around his waist. "And no, I don't cream my jeans when I walk...very often."

“God, I love the way you talk about sex. It makes me rock hard.” He wound his hand in the back of her hair, tilted her head back, and with his tongue, showed her exactly how he planned to shove his cock up her pussy

Unable to win in the tongue duel, Melina drew her hands down to his waistband. She forced his pants down low on his hips, and he pulled away from her to remove them completely.

She reached for him, but he turned her around and nudged her to bend over. Folding at the waist, she placed the palms of her hands flat on the floor and spread her legs. His hands roamed over her ass, and he moved into position. His rock-solid cock slid between her legs without entering her pussy.

He gave her butt cheek a light slap. “Tell me in those words you use what you want from me.”

“I don't understand.” She thrust her ass back into him, wanting him to take control.

He pressed his cock at the entrance of her cunt and, with his hand, rubbed it up and down her slit. “Say it!”

“Fuck me.” She moved her pelvis in search of him, trying to take him inside her. Not letting up on her pussy, he leaned over her back, reached around her, and rubbed her breast. The added stimulation of his bare skin on her back took her breath away, and she gasped.

“Where do you want me to fuck you?”

“Pussy.” She panted. “Fuck, me, hard.”

He moved his arm down around her waist, picked her up, and dropped her on the bed. “Turn over.”

Melina rolled over onto her back, opened her legs, and parted her folds. He knelt between her legs on the bed, his cock in one hand, the other bracing him over her body. He stroked himself against her, and her nipples beaded into tiny pebbles at the thrill of him taking control. But he held back from giving her the one thing she craved more than anything.

"Please." Her lower back arched off the bed every time he hit her clit. "Do it." She gasped. "Hard." She blew out through her clamped teeth. "Now!"

He moved and knelt beside her chest. His hand never stopped the up-and-down motion on himself. He wagged the tip of his cock over her tit. Watching him grow hot from his own touch, she reached up to rub his nipple between her fingers.

"No." He drew his tongue along his bottom lip, his jaw set low. "Touch yourself."

She left him alone and touched her clit. Knowing exactly the spot that made her rise and get wet, she circled her finger around the nub and soon writhed on the bed, her breasts jiggling back and forth for Dev.

"Yeah, that's it, Melina." He shifted closer to her head and placed his dick near her chin.

She turned her head and grasped the head of his cock in her mouth. The salty taste of his arousal shot pleasure straight into her womb, and she moaned.

His hands covered her breasts, his gaze fixed on her hand working her pussy, and his hips thrust his dick in and out of her mouth. Being at his mercy excited her, and she raised her ass off the bed, moved her middle finger in a tight, fast circle on her clit, sending warmth and fluid from the inside of her cunt.

"Mm, mmm..." she mumbled with her mouth full of cock.

"Yes, that's it." His hands lost the gentle squeezes, and he moved to pinching her nipples between his thumb and finger. "I'm so hard for you, Melina."

He placed his right hand at the base of his cock, squeezed it in a firm grasp. He pulled it out of her mouth. She couldn't stop and kept rubbing her clit. He moved back between her legs, bent his head down, and inhaled.

"Yes." He licked her cunt, sucking up the very taste of her.

“Oh God.” She clutched the silken sheets in her hands at her hips and drove her pelvis up into his face. He ate her with gusto, taking big mouthfuls of pussy each time he dived in for another taste.

“I’m going to come.” She bucked on the bed against his face. “Fuck, me.”

He rose and hovered over her. His face above hers, he smiled. “Kiss me.”

She took the dare and opened her mouth, tasting herself on his tongue, the wetness of her pussy juice around his mouth mingled with her lips. Moaning in his mouth, she showed him how much she enjoyed the treat he shared with her. He broke the kiss. With a hand on each side of his hips, she pulled him toward her cunt.

“Fuck me!” She slammed her hips at him.

He placed his lips on her ear. “God, baby.”

“Now!” She ground out between clenched teeth.

He raised up on his elbows, gazed into her eyes, and plunged into her hard. “Aagh...”

She gasped. “Yes!”

Fast, compact jabs of his cock sliding in her pussy and the hair against her shaven mound careened her off the edge. She bucked against him with a scream that rent the room. He didn't stop but increased the pace, his ass clenched tight beneath her hands.

With one massive plunge, his cock planted inside her to the hilt, and he threw his head back. “Aagh!”

He lowered himself atop her, bracing most of his weight, and sighed. Her arms fell off him and sprawled on the bed. They lay together, their bodies coated with a sheen, chests heaving, and she suspected he struggled to get control of his body, just as she did.

With a groan, he heaved himself off her and flopped down beside her on the bed. She rolled to her side facing him, laid her head on her folded arm, and

smiled over at the content expression on his face. Eyes closed, jaw relaxed, he appeared on the verge of falling asleep.

"You enjoy a girl who's a little nasty." She traced the ridge of his ear. "I think you might be my dream man."

His mouth curved into a smile. "It took you long enough."

"What am I supposed to do with you now?" she whispered.

He opened his eyes and turned his head. "Stay with me forever."

She snorted. "Good one."

He rolled over on his side. "I'm serious, Melina. I fell in love with you that night on the beach."

She shook her head. "It doesn't work that way." She sat up and got off the bed. "We don't even know each other. We come from two very different worlds. I still have a life back home, a job."

"You will see the truth." He hoisted himself off the bed. "I'll remind you every day until you realize that I would do anything for you."

## Chapter Seven

Melina sat beside Dev on one of the oversize pillows on the floor in her area. Her legs draped over his, she wiggled her toes in hopes of attracting his attention. For the last month, he'd stayed down here with her every night, only leaving during the day to take care of his king business. In that time, she learned exactly who Devon Guy was, and everything about him pleased her.

"You didn't mention if you liked this color?" She pointed at her feet. "Manuel is better at polishing my toenails than I am. I don't know what I've done without a manservant my whole life."

Dev moved the papers he worked on aside, lifted one of her feet, and gave the top of her foot a big smooch. "Love the peach color, it matches that jasmine plant by the front door."

"Exactly! I've been racking my brain trying to come up with what the color reminded me of, and that's it." She laid her head back.

"All you have to do is say yes." He lifted a piece of paper back up and held it in front of his face.

"About what?" she asked.

"About living with me permanently. Say yes, and Manuel is yours for the rest of your life." He peeked over the paper.

She laughed. "You never stop. I've still got two months to go. After my time is up, I'll decide. Be patient."

He snorted. Her mouth curled. She loved how adorable he appeared covered in paperwork. The glasses he only perched on his nose for reading gave his exotic good looks a studious angle that turned her on. One of these times,

she was going to have him wear the glasses as she sucked the cum out of his cock. *I'll see if he can look so serious then.*

"Can I ask you something?" She chewed on the inside of her cheek.

He nodded without lifting his head from the paper in front of him. "Sure."

"Where do the female servants sleep?" She sat up straighter. "I thought they stayed in the servants' quarters with the men you employ for the house."

"Hm...why do you ask?" He flipped the paper over and wrote something on the back.

"The other evening, the night you attended the children's ceremony, I heard giggling, and it sounded right next to my wall," she asked.

He set the papers down and took off his glasses. "Uh, some of them moved into the east wing after the restoration work was finished. Don't worry yourself about it. I'll talk to them and ask them to keep the noise level down."

She frowned. "It wasn't a big deal. I just wondered who the women were. If it's your workers, they have a right to laugh."

"Well, that's it for me here." He organized the papers lying in his lap. "I'll be back in time for dinner."

She stuck out her lower lip in a pout. "I'll be bored without you. How about I have Manuel run me to the market while you're gone? I want to buy some souvenirs."

He shook his head and frowned. "I'll buy you anything you want. There's no need to leave the house."

She stood up and slipped on her sandals. "That's the whole point, Dev. I came here for a vacation and only got to spend three days playing tourist. No matter what happens at the end of my sentence, I still haven't gotten to do what I came here for. I want to see everything and learn about the people who live on Sanovi."

"Stop calling it a sentence. You know I hate that." He grabbed her arm and pulled her in for a hug.

She stood on tiptoes and gave him a kiss. "I know you do, silly." She raised her eyebrows. "So, I can go?"

"I'll talk to Manuel." He sighed. "Stay with him at all times, understand?"

She nodded her head enthusiastically. "Yes, yes, yes." She gave a shout out and danced around the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Melina linked her arm through Manuel's and dragged him skipping behind her down the sidewalk in front of the tourist shops along the coast. She grabbed an enormous sun hat off a rack outside one store and plopped it on Manuel's head. He struck a pose, and she snapped a picture with her camera.

After she got over her paranoia about being held hostage, she and Manuel had become fast friends. She loved having him along to pal around with and giggle over silly things. In fact, he'd become a good friend who she counted on to make her laugh and to hold her hand when she suffered from cramps.

Manuel placed the hat back on the rack, and Melina grabbed his arm and pulled. "Let's go in that shop. I want to check out those sarongs."

She squeezed between the racks and tables searching for the right pattern. She needed something specific, and if she found it, she'd know right away. Pushing garments out of the way at record speed, she dug deep in the piles. Her tongue stuck out of her mouth as she concentrated. So sure that she'd find the one she sought, she wandered around the racks to a large table piled high with garments of every color and design.

"Are you looking for something specific?" Manuel stayed beside her and eyed the clothes.

She nodded and shoved one of her hands in his face, wiggling her fingers. "See this color? I'm looking for jasmine blossoms with this color. If you help me find one, I'll kiss you until you start to enjoy women."

"Oh, that's a prize." He snorted and bumped her with his hip. "Scoot over. If you must have it, I'll find it for you."



Melina stepped back from the fast-growing pile of disarray Manuel made on the table. She glanced toward the front where a cashier frowned at them. Ducking her head, she set out to help refold things before they got kicked out of the place.

"How about this?" He held up a sarong with jasmines, but the flowers appeared more purple than pink.

She held her nails against it, wrinkled her nose, and shook her head.

At the very bottom of the piles, right in the center of the table, she found exactly the print she wanted. A flowing white sarong with pink blossoms that appeared almost coral in color and in exactly the style she wanted, now lay in her hands. It matched the color of her polish, and she held the dress up in triumph.

"This is it!" She turned around, searching for a dressing room. "I need to try it on."

"Sarongs are one size fits all, my dear." Manuel removed his wallet. "Mr. Guy said to buy you anything, so let's get out of here before the alarm goes off and that witchy woman up front makes us clean up this mess you created."

"I can pay for it myself," she said.

Manuel rolled his eyes. "Girlfriend, give it up and enjoy. Maybe you'd feel better buying a sarong for me too."

"Deal."

Manuel reached over and grabbed a black sarong with some kind of gray blossom on it, paid for both garments after informing the disapproving shop owner he worked for the king, and together, they hurried out of the shop. A few feet away from the door, she stopped to clutch her stomach and laugh. "I thought for sure she'd march us back to the table by our ears to clean everything up." She wiped the corners of her eyes. "And you! Getting in her face and spouting off how I am Mr. Guy's woman." She slapped his arm. "Really! Who knows what she thinks of me now."

"She's always been evil." Manuel scoffed.

"This island is so rich in heritage, and the people... I love the people." She laughed.

"How about Mr. Guy?" Manuel asked.

She stopped in her tracks. "I can't believe you asked that."

"Your life with him is private, but I *am* curious." He hung his arm around her shoulders. "Do I see little hearts floating above your head, or is it my imagination?"

"I'm going to be honest with you. When I came here, it was all about finding *me*. Trying to find what made me happy. I thought sex on my terms was what I needed to find the love and happiness in my own life. I was wrong." She sucked her bottom lip between her teeth.

Manuel gave her a squeeze. "What is it that makes you happy? What is it you really want?"

"Love. Total acceptance. With Dev, he gives me everything. Whatever I do, he finds thrilling, and whatever I want to do, he gladly lets me. But at the end of the day, it's the way he listens to all the little details of what I've done to keep myself busy, or the way I catch him watching me when he thinks I'm not, that makes me the happiest."

"That's the sweetest thing I've ever heard." He sniffed and received a slap on the chest for his remark. He checked his watch. "We only have another hour, where to now?"

She got a sneaky grin on her face and raised her eyebrows. "One of the things I wanted to do during my stay here is just up the street."

Manuel narrowed his eyes. "Don't say it."

She nodded her head enthusiastically. "Come on, it'll be fun. I've never done it."

"I know I'm going to regret this." He sighed.

The young boy in charge of the corralled burros took her money faster than a starving dog snatched food off the table. Melina couldn't help running her hand down the length of the child's hair. He had the whitest teeth and the biggest smile she'd ever seen on someone so young. He'd be a lady-killer in a few years.

Melina turned back to Manuel while the young charmer picked out two sturdy animals for them to ride. He stared back toward the market street with a frown.

She tapped his arm. "What's wrong?" She squinted to see what caught his attention.

He turned back around and shrugged. "Nothing. Are the asses ready yet?"

She laughed. "Burros, Manuel. Burros."

He checked back over his shoulder in the other direction, then grabbed her elbow to steer her closer to the corral. "Let's have a race. I'll lay one of Mr. Guy's hundred bucks on it. The one with the fastest ass wins."

"Oh, you got a deal. My ass will kick your ass's ass any day of the week. In fact, I think my ass is bigger, stronger, and can fly like the wind." She moved over to pet the burro between the ears.

"We are still talking about the animal, right?" Manuel quirked his eyebrow.

Melina stepped up onto the step stool the boy provided, and climbed atop the stout back. Her legs hung barely a foot off the ground, but she gazed down with mixed emotions. She swallowed. Maybe a fast ride wasn't the smartest thing.

"How do I get it to walk?"

The boy grinned and stepped over and slapped the back end of the burro. The animal shot forward, and with nothing to hang onto but the bristled hair on the back of the burro's neck, she scrambled to get a grip.

"Whoa, girl, er...boy. Whatever you are!" Afraid to turn her head to see Manuel on his own mount, she concentrated on not bouncing off and landing in the street.

"It's a girl." Manuel called over to her.

"Whoa, girl! Whoa..." She bounced faster atop the burro. "Manuel, the ass is speeding up!"

"Mine's slowing down! Go, you stupid ass!"

"Manuel, what do I do? I can't steer this thing!" She chanced a quick glance over her shoulder and found Manuel kicking his heels against the belly of the burro, which had stopped in the middle of the street. "Shit on four-legged creatures, I'm in a world of hurt."

The burro trotted along at a fast clip, and Melina's own ass grew numb from slamming down on the backbone of her mount. Past the point of screaming for help, she clamped her teeth together. She'd already bitten her tongue twice from the jostling, and nothing she did stopped the out-of-control animal.

A few hundred feet ahead, a car pulled out onto the dirt road and came to a stop. Her neck straightened, and she chanced letting go of the mane with one hand to wave the car out of her path.

"Move! This ass doesn't know how to stop!" She returned to clutching at the burro's stubby mane. She bent over to urge the animal to turn, but the dumb animal ran with no concern of what lay ahead of them.

"Oh my God, you stupid ass, I wasn't supposed to die today." She squeezed her eyes shut, her only regret leaving Dev before she gave him her final answer on staying with him forever. Now he'd never know she'd fallen in love with him.

The burro picked up speed. Melina bent over the animal's neck and laid her head alongside her hands on the mane. She squished her eyelids shut, unable to face her tragic death. "Shit on a burro. Shit on dying. Shit on shit!"

The ass careened to the side, locked its legs, and sent Melina tumbling off into the dirt. She lay there fighting to catch the breath that got knocked out of her, and sent up a thank-you to the gods of stupid asses that the worst ride of her life was finally over.

She struggled up into a sitting position, brushed the dust off her arms, and lifted her head to search for the dumb ass. Three men stood in front of her with guns pointing at the ground where she sat.

She scrambled to her feet and raised her hands. What did she do, break a law for speeding on a burro?

"If you would be so kind as to get in the back of the car, Ms. Cruisse." The striking older man motioned with his head toward the new sedan behind him.

"How do you know my name?" She kept her hands raised but didn't move.

The man slid his pistol into the back of his pants and smiled. "I know everything about you, my dear. Now, please, get in the car before my men lose their tempers."

She took in the other men, their weapons still aimed at her feet, each one of them serious and focused. She stuck up her chin. She'd already gotten into one man's car on this island, and she doubted these men fell in love with her from watching her falling on her ass in the middle of the street.

The *click* of a pistol got her feet moving toward the car. She ducked her head, got into the back, and scooted across the seat to hug the other door. She should never have talked Manuel into going on those stupid burros.

"The king of Sanovi is going to be upset that you scared me. I'll also tell him that because of you and your goons, I fell off the burro." She raised her chin. "I am his woman, you know." If it worked on the shopkeeper, maybe it would work on this man.

"I'm sure you are." The headman smiled.

Her eyes filled up with tears, and her vision blurred.

The man laughed, reached over, and patted her leg. She turned on the seat and gave her back to the man. She gazed out the window. The road turned into a rutted lane, and the vegetation grew thicker the farther they rode away from the safety of the town.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dev's black limousine rolled up beside the shack in front of the corral that housed a dozen wild burros. He didn't wait for the vehicle to stop but opened the door and jumped out. Anger and worry over the situation he'd heard about over the phone drove him forward.

"What the fuck's going on? Where is she?" He grabbed Manuel by the front of his shirt and slammed him against the side of the wooden structure.

"We rode the rental burros, Mr. Guy. Her mount took off, and mine wouldn't go. I lost sight of her, and tried... Before our ride, I thought I felt someone following us. I thought riding away on the burros was a better idea than trying to make it back through town."

He let go of his manservant and ran his hands through his hair. "Go on!"

"I tried to catch up, but by the time I found her burro, I couldn't find a sign of her or any clue to where she disappeared. An old lady picking berries down the road said she witnessed a woman getting into a dark car with four other men." Manuel hung his head. "She said Melina didn't appear to want to go with them. That's when I found a phone and called you. I'm sor—"

Dev held up his hand and dug a cell phone out of his pocket. "This is Devon. I want all shipping ports locked down. No one docks or sets sail until you hear back from me." He paused. "Yes, immediately."

He turned to Manuel. "Get in the car. We're going across the island."

## Chapter Eight

Melina lost track of how long she was stuck in the car with her kidnappers. She no longer sneaked glances at the man's watch, but instead kept her gaze outside, where darkness already took possession of the island. From what she figured out during the trip, her kidnapper had driven across the island and now approached the opposite shoreline.

"Good. We've arrived early." The man patted her leg again. This time he lingered longer and ran his hand up and down her thigh.

Bile rose in her throat, and she shrank away from his touch. "Please, just let me go. I swear I won't tell anyone, not even Devon. I'll tell him...I...I got lost in town."

"Come now, I'll settle you in with the other women. I'm sure they'll fill you in on what to expect on your trip." He chuckled and grabbed her arm.

He dragged her out of the car. She tried to hold on to the door frame with her free hand, but he jerked her away and held her tight against his overstuffed belly. She whimpered.

"Better behave, or I might want to sample the merchandise." He ran his hand down her cheek, his fingers pinching her jaw. "After all, I'd enjoy having a bit of...my stepson's *woman*."

She struggled against the hands that groped at her. His laughter drove fear down deep in her soul. *This* was Devon's stepfather? The thought made her palms break out in a cold sweat. Dev despised him, but until this moment, she didn't know why. Now she did.

He forced her inside a warehouse-type building, pulling her along through an open area resembling an airplane hangar to another door in the back. He slid a key into the lock, opened the door, and shoved her inside.

She landed on her stomach and clambered to get on her knees to stop the door from closing. An echo of a *click* from the lock reverberated in the darkened room, and she leaned against the cold metal barrier.

The tears she'd held back in the car spilled over onto her cheeks. She wrapped her arms around her stomach and rocked back and forth. Something touched her shoulder, and she screamed.

"Sh...it's okay. There are others here with you," a feminine voice whispered next to her.

She hiccupped. "How many are there?"

"Twelve, no, thirteen, counting you. My name is Cheri."

"Melina." She squinted into the darkness, and slowly her vision allowed her to see the shapes of people huddled on the other side of the small room. "What's going on here? What will they do with us?"

"Come, Melina. It is cold in here at night. You'll be warmer over with the others." Cheri laid her arm around Melina's shoulders and helped her over to sit with the other women.

"This doesn't make any sense. What are they doing with us?" She reached out and touched the other woman's hand to draw comfort from her. At least she was no longer alone.

"There are those on this island who prey on young women. The king has advised all the families on this side of the island to keep all their females close to the house and not to let them go off alone. We fear that the previous missing women have been sold into sex slavery in another country."

Cheri hugged another woman next to her who sobbed. "My mother insisted I stay with my brother, but I got tired of him talking with a group of his friends, and I wandered off ahead of him." She sniffed. "I want to go home."



Cheri pulled the woman's head to her breast and soothed her. "All of our stories are similar. We all regret not paying more attention to the king's warnings, and now, I fear we will pay for that disobedience. We do not know who is behind this."

"I do," she whispered.

"Who? Who'd do this to another human being?" Cheri reached over and squeezed her hand in such a desperate way, it brought tears to her eyes.

"It's the king's stepfather." She wiped her face on her arm. "I...I live—" She leaned her head back. She didn't want to get into her personal relationship with their king. "The man told me he was the king's stepfather."

Collective gasps moved through the room. Melina let go of Cheri's hand and rubbed at her face. They couldn't just sit here and wait for someone to ship them off to some unknown destination, away from their families, their loved ones.

She stood up. "Girls, we must plan something. There are enough of us to fight back. Surely we outnumber the men. There were only four of them when they took me."

"Only two men grabbed me!" A voice that showed hope piped up from the corner of the room.

"But they have guns..."

"And we have brains. Now let's get down to work." Melina planted her hands on her hips. "Those fuckers won't know what happened to them."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dev hid two blocks away from the warehouse that he knew contained the next shipment of girls and women. "We've only got a half hour before Thomas realizes that he's drawn attention to himself. Once he verifies the loading with the captain of the ship, he'll find out that I've closed the ports. He'll run like a son of a bitch."

Twenty of his men spread out surrounding the location they kept watch on, and waited for any sign of Thomas Montague. In the best scenario, his stepfather would arrive to get the girls. In the worst, he was already in there with them, and knew how Melina was connected to Devon.

Dev was positive that his stepfather would enjoy hurting someone he loved. He'd already done it once, and he didn't trust him not to do it again.

Minutes ticked by, and Dev's muscles jumped with pent-up energy. He glanced over at Manuel. The hard set of his gaze on the building showed how deeply Melina's kidnapping affected him. Melina thought highly of the young man. On the car ride across the island, he'd cried over the disaster that could've been avoided if not for a couple of animals. After this was over, and Melina was safe, Devon would see about compensating the man. He'd done the best he could under the circumstances.

"I see movement." Top security officer Alex moved closer to him.

Devon raised his hand. "We give him ten minutes. Any longer, and we bust in. He gets no more time than that with my woman."

At ten minutes, Dev and his men moved in and took possession of the outside of the warehouse. The door opened. He held up his hand, and the order to halt spread through the team.

Woman after woman walked out in single file, their wrists tied every few feet along the long rope. *Bastard!*

The last woman came out. Melina.

Dev stepped forward, but Manuel caught his arm. "Wait, Mr. Guy. Montague hasn't come out." Manuel nodded toward the door.

The women waited outside for several minutes. Dev suspected his stepfather was waiting to make sure no one showed up to rescue them. The hundred feet to the front of the building seemed to stretch out too far; he wanted to get closer, but he didn't want to alert Montague to their presence. One slipup and Melina's life was at stake.

In the dark, a movement at the door caught his attention. Four men, exiting the warehouse. Devon charged with his men toward the group.

"Shit on a rope!" Melina yelled.

As the last man cleared the doorway, the women spread out, pulling the rope taut between them, and ran to form a circle around their kidnappers. Each woman, screaming to raise the dead, wound her way around the four men and made a human lasso that bound them together and pinned their gun hands below their waists.

Dev came to a sudden stop. He held his hand up to stop his men and stared at the actions of the women. With their hands tied up tight, they used their feet to kick out at the men in the middle and used their mouths to bite their arms, chest, faces. Not one of them gave away to the pain that must be horrendous in their wrists and arms.

"Disarm them!" Dev shouted to his men. He ran toward the mass of screaming women, trying desperately to see in the dark. "Melina!"

The women tried to kick out at their new assailants before they realized Dev and his men were the good guys.

Dev hurried over to the circle and found Melina wrapped up tight against his stepfather. He drew back his arm and sent an uppercut into the man's chin. One hit knocked him out cold, but he remained on his feet, unable to fall with all the women surrounding him.

Devon placed his hands on each side of Melina's face. "Are you okay?"

She nodded.

His thumb strummed the tears from her cheeks, and he bent down and showed her exactly how glad he was to get her back. "Hang on. My men will have you all unwound and untied in a moment.

"I can't believe you found me. How did you know? I thought I'd never see you again." A half laugh, half sob burst out. "I've got to tell you something. I

thought about it the whole time I was in the car with that horrible man. I believed I wasn't going to get the chance to tell you... The answer is yes."

He cocked his head. A smile replaced the concern written on his face. "Yes?"

She nodded. "I'll stay with you forever!" She attempted to smile back, but her face crumpled into tears.

Starting with Melina, one after another of the women, in chain reaction, set to crying. Dev stepped back and let his men cut the women free from their bindings. She'd told him what he'd wanted to hear since the moment he'd brought her to his home. His chest tightened with emotion, he had a sudden urge to throw his head back and laugh with relief. She never failed to surprise the hell out of him.

He looked over at his stepfather, who toppled to the ground as the women supporting him backed away. The bastard would pay, that much was for certain. He'd make a clear example of the man who'd terrorized the people of his island. After he found the other women who had already been sold.

"Hurry up," he shouted to his men. "I want to get my woman home."

## Chapter Nine

“What do you think of my tits?” Melina cupped her hands under her breasts and held them out from underneath the frigid waterfall.

Dev tread water below the falls and peered up at her as she stood on the ledge with the freezing water running over her body. He wiggled his eyebrows and almost made her forget this silly game she played.

She'd grown accustomed to the temperature of the water near the falls, and she enjoyed the high sensitivity it gave her body, making her nipples harder than she ever imagined possible, and her skin, covered in goose bumps, more sensitive to touch.

“I think you should come down now.” Dev raised his arm out of the water and pointed down at his cock. “You've made me wait long enough.”

She lifted her face up to allow the water to brush her hair back out of her face. “I'm so glad your mom moved back to this side of the island. I can't believe that scumbag threatened her with your death if she ever left him.”

“Yes, wonderful.” He groaned. “We've talked that subject to death, Melina. Stop stalling. You gave me your word.”

She kept her face averted and grinned. “Are you sure you didn't have a harem of women in the house when I first moved in?”

“Are you not going to drop that? I've explained it already. I saved them from one of the ships that Montague used to send them away to their buyers. If I had let that be known, he'd have realized I'd caught on to his sick business. I couldn't let their families know they were safe until I caught Montague at his

game.” He ducked under the water and came up shaking his head. “Damnit! You’re trying to piss me off now. Get off the fucking ledge and come here.”

“All you needed to do is ask me nicely.” She turned to him and smiled.

She dived into the water, glided past Dev, and continued to the shallow side of the pool. She gazed over her shoulder to make sure he watched, then stepped up the stairs and climbed out of the pool. Heated by the warmer pool water, she experienced the growing excitement over her next move.

Dev swam over, walked out of the water, and grabbed her arm.

Spinning around, she jumped and locked her arms around his neck. “I’m slippery, Dev, don’t let me fall.” She giggled. This Dev, the one who came out to play in this paradise he’d created, was such a fun person to tease.

His hands moved to cup her ass, and his lips found her mouth. She thrust her tongue inside and purred. The head of his cock pulsed against her bottom. He removed one of his hands, and her body slipped farther down, right onto his dick, which he steadied in his hand.

Once she was fully impaled upon him, his hand returned to her butt. She’d found that standing up and fucking in this position turned Dev into a screwing machine. His unmatched arm strength bounced her up and down atop his large prick in long strokes. His size filling her, she swore he pounded clear up into the bottom of her throat.

“Fuck me, King Guy.” She nibbled on his ear. “Fill me with that big cock you have.”

“Yes.” He increased the speed. “Say it.”

“You...” She gasped. “Fucking”—she bit his earlobe—“stud!”

His back arched, but his legs didn’t stop their upward thrust and his hands kept her moving up and down. “You want my cum?” He squeezed her ass. “I’ll”—he grunted—“fill your”—he thrust harder—“cunt.”

“Yes. Give. Me. It. All.” Her breath came in gusts to match the pounding he gave her. “Fuck me!”

She tightened her hold on his neck, pressed her nipples against his chest, and clenched her pussy around his cock. He leaned his head back and yelled out in triumph, his cum warming up her insides.

He didn't end his movements but laid her down upon the moss-covered rocks and continued to slide slowly in and out. His hand slid between their bellies, and he fingered her clit. She arched up against him. She'd waited for this exact moment for too long, and the time came for her to put him out of his misery.

“Dev”—she licked her lips and kissed around his mouth—“my”—her pussy soaked from his cum, and her juices wove a magic spell deep inside her—“answer is”—a groan erupted, and she screamed—“yes!”

Dev lay down beside her, his hand drawing circles on her belly, and a deep chuckle came from his chest. She turned her head toward him, and her sated smile met his own.

“Yes, I'll marry you, King Guy.” She rolled over into his arms. “Shit on the rocks, you sure gave me one wild, sex-filled vacation.”

“And it's only starting, my naughty queen.”

THE END

## Abby Wood

Abby Wood lives in Oregon with her husband and kids. An outdoor enthusiast, she enjoys gardening, tennis, and long motorcycle rides. A big animal lover, she enjoys the multitude of animals that come and go in her life. She likes nothing more than to delight readers with a book that will take them out of real life and put them in between the pages of a whole different world...if only for a little while.