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EDEN BRADLEY

SPRING EQUINOX

CELESTIAL SEDUCTIONS BOOK 2

Once upon a time, two young lovers vowed to reunite...

Celestial Seductions, Book 2

After a bitter divorce, Isabel Asher returns to Isla de Margarita to find the only man she's ever truly loved. Twelve years ago, on her eighteenth birthday, they made a pact to meet...if they both were free. Now she waits, wondering if Rafael Cruz will be her every fantasy come to life...or just a foolish dream.

Rafael never forgot their summer of love all those years ago. Since then, no other woman has measured up to the memory of Isabel in his arms. Their chemistry is still stunning, the sex is sizzling. The power of their memories is overwhelming. Yet it's too soon to tell if she wants to be with him as much as he wants her.

As her time on the island grows short, their sensual play heats up, and includes a night with Rafael's best friend. But they must decide if their passionate reunion is simply a celebration of the past...or a new beginning for lasting love.

Warning: Hot sex on the beach, hot sex in bed, two gorgeous Latin lovers, a little anal action, a little vibrator action, and a lot of orgasms!

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Spring Equinox
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Spring Equinox

Eden Bradley

Dedication

This one is for my editor, Bethany Morgan, for loving the romance as much as the smutty stuff.

Chapter One

She could hardly believe she was there, that she'd been brave enough—or foolish enough—to come. Isabel Asher's gaze swept across the fine white sand of Playa de la Luna, the beautiful beach that had haunted her dreams for twelve years. This beach, the entire island of Isla de Margarita off the coast of Venezuela and everything that had happened there so many years earlier. In the distance, the waves splashed against the shore in brilliant turquoise and jade, carrying the salty scent of the sea. That Caribbean scent was all around her, rippling the leaves of the date and coconut palms dotting the long crescent of beach, flowing through her long brown hair. Everything in this place carried the scent of the ocean, the brilliant sun, and the sensual and heartbreaking memories Isla de Margarita held for her.

The sun was beginning to lower in the sky, wispy ribbons of cloud crossing the crystal clear blue. It would make for a spectacular sunset. But this particular sunset meant so much more to her than the breathtaking colors that would grace the horizon before the sun dipped into the ocean to rest for the night.

It was March twenty-first, the spring equinox, a time for new beginnings. Was she pinning too much hope on that pagan concept? It was also her thirtieth birthday, but that in itself was not the important part, other than it marked the designated time for her to come back to this beach. To follow a dream she'd held onto for too long, perhaps.

If only she knew whether or not he would come.

Did he still think of her? Had he ever married, had children, moved away? She had no way of knowing. She knew nothing about what his life had been since she'd last seen him, and he'd known nothing of hers. That had been their agreement.

She understood how foolish it was not to contact him first, find out what she could. But she wouldn't break her promise to him. Maybe some part of her had been afraid to know.

Her sister, Samantha, had pointed these things out to her, over and over again, since Isabel had told her she was coming back to this tiny island to find him. To see if he remembered their vow, made when they were both too young to understand what life might hold for them, how much things could change. She was a different person now. More experienced, perhaps more jaded. Her life with her ex-husband hadn't helped. But that was over, and she'd been free to come here. To hope.

Isabel scanned the beach again, catching her long hair as it whipped in the ocean breeze. Would she even recognize him? It had been twelve years. He could have changed...but no, she knew in her heart she would know him anywhere.

Rafael Cruz. The first, and greatest, love of her life.

She remembered the smoky tone of his voice, his lightly accented English. She remembered the deep golden brown of his skin, the silky feel of it against her palms as she'd made those first nearly innocent explorations of his young, lanky body. His lips had been so soft, so sweet and lush, his kisses sometimes gentle, sometimes so hungry she had begged him to take her virginity. But he'd refused to do it until she turned eighteen. It had to do with honor, he'd said, even though he was only a month older. She'd turned eighteen two days before leaving the island, and on that night she had given her innocence to him. Only one night, but it had been something to hang onto over the years. The lovely, sensual memories of her spring vacation with Rafael, and the one experience that had sealed her heart to him forever.

They'd spent the entire month together on this very beach. If she let her gaze travel to the tip of the cove she could see where the craggy rocks came down to meet the sea, and she knew that just on the other side was a small cave, their private hideaway. The things they had done together there, in the heat of the day, in the sultry tropical nights, had fed her fantasies her entire adult life. His golden skin, the long, lean muscles of his body, the way he felt pressed up against her. His scent, like fresh earth and sea. She shivered, remembering, her body yearning for his touch, as it always had.

Her heart yearned for him, as well. Even after all these years.

Was she being as foolish as Samantha said she was? How could she possibly think he would want her now, if he was even still on the island? If he remembered the promise they'd made to each other.

Impossible, she was sure of it. But she'd *had* to come.

The sky was beginning to glow with the first colors of sunset, amber, pink and orange streaking across the darkening blue. The sun would soon fall into the distant horizon, as though into the arms of a lover. Just as she wanted to.

Rafael.

Her stomach tightened as her gaze roved the nearly empty beach. There were a few scattered couples, a family with three small children. Only she stood there alone, in one of the most beautiful and romantic spots on earth, wishing, hoping, for what was probably hopeless. Unobtainable.

Why had she come?

Her sister was right. He wouldn't be there. Too many years had passed. He probably had his own life by now, leaving their adolescent love affair far behind.

This was crazy. What had she been thinking?

Ridiculous to have come here. To have hoped.

She was pathetic.

Sighing, she pushed her hair over her shoulder and turned to make the short walk back to her hotel. She kept her gaze on her bare feet scudding in the fine, warm sand. She didn't want to watch the glory of

the sunset. The idea of it had meant too much for her, and now she was faced with the stark reality of a broken dream. A foolish dream. But still...

"Is it you?"

Startled, she looked up, found an intense hazel gaze fixed on hers. Her pulse pounded through her veins. Could it be...?

He reached out, laid a tentative hand on her arm. Immediately she felt the heat of his touch.

"Rafael?" Even though this was what she'd dreamed of, she couldn't believe he was really there. She was dizzy, her mind a tumble of incomprehensible thoughts.

I wasn't crazy. Or maybe he is too.

It doesn't matter. We're here. Here!

"You remembered," she said, her breath catching in her throat as he slid his hand into hers.

It felt like the most natural thing in the world. The heat of him, his smooth palm against hers, made her go warm and liquid all over. The old chemistry was still there, no doubt about it.

He smiled, that dazzling flash of strong white teeth, the one that had melted her heart the first moment she'd met him. "Of course I remembered. I've never forgotten you. Did you truly think I would?"

His accent was smoother, more American, his voice a little deeper. But she would have known it anywhere.

"God, I can't believe it's you." She blinked, hard. She was trembling.

"And I can hardly believe it's you, even though a part of me was always certain you would come."

She pulled in a deep lungful of the tropical air, trying to get her brain to function, her heart rate to calm. She shook her head. "I've thought of this for such a long time, but now that it's happening, I don't know what to say."

"Come to the hotel with me. We can have a drink, some time to comprehend that this is happening."

She laughed. "That's so grown up, isn't it? Us having a drink together."

"We've grown up these last twelve years. So much has happened to us, I'm certain. We have so much to talk about. I oversee the hotels now. My mother moved back to Miami when we lost my father. I lived there full time for a while, went to school there."

"I'm so sorry about your father." She put a hand on his shoulder, felt the taut curve of muscle there.

"I miss him. But come, let's talk of other things."

He slid an arm around her waist, and it felt odd and completely natural at the same time. She realized he'd grown several inches since she'd last seen him. And he'd broadened, become more solidly muscled than he'd been at eighteen. But he still had that same scent—sea and earth and something sensual, musky that was purely male.

They were quiet on the walk up the beach as if by silent, mutual agreement, turning to smile at each other now and then as the sky grew darker. There was something companionable about it, even with the desire shimmering through her body in tiny waves.

They made their way to the Playa de la Luna Resort at the north end of the beach, one of the hotels owned by Rafael's family. The same hotel Isabel had stayed at with her family twelve years earlier.

The place was as beautiful as ever. Spanish architecture was graced with intricate black ironwork, and the stucco walls were draped in flowering vines. Ground lamps lit the tall palms that shaded the maze of courtyards, dotted here and there with mosaic-tiled fountains and ironwork benches. She felt as though she were walking through a dream, the final glow of the setting sun adding to the surreal quality of the evening. His hand was on her waist, warm, reassuring, and making every nerve in her body light up with need. How long had she craved his touch?

He led her into the bar, and then to a table set before a wide expanse of windows overlooking the beach. The bar was mostly empty. It was the end of the tourist season in the Caribbean, the weather beginning to grow too warm for most people. She was glad for the sense of privacy.

Rafael held a chair for her and she slid in, already missing his hand at the small of her back. She could not quite believe that she was here with him.

"I'll get us something to drink. Do you still drink Coca-Cola?" He grinned at her, his hazel eyes glittering, that mesmerizing blend of gold and silver and a dark mossy green, and she saw a mischievous hint of the teenager he'd been.

"I think I need a real drink. Does your bartender make a *mojito*?"

"The best on Isla de Margarita. I'll be right back."

She watched him as he walked away. He moved with the easy grace of a man entirely comfortable in his own body. He was beautiful, even more than she remembered. His hazel eyes came from his American mother, she knew. But the rest of him was the dark, tall physique of his Venezuelan father—the jet black hair he still wore long enough to nearly brush his shoulders, the golden brown skin, the flashing white teeth. His smile had always brought her to her knees.

Yes, on my knees before him, drinking in his skin, my lips closing around his flesh...

She shook her head, trying to rid her mind of the lustful images that had taunted her all these years. That had become excruciating in the last weeks as she planned this trip. But she had to get a grip on her wandering imagination. They'd only just reconnected, and she knew nothing of his current situation, or even if he would still want her. She felt he did, felt that old chemistry sizzling between them. But she needed more time to assess if that were really true, or if it was simply a product of her own hopes.

She focused on Rafael once more, the man standing a few yards away from her, rather than the one who had inhabited her mind for twelve years. He was talking with the bartender while the man made their

drinks. In the dim light of the bar she could see that his jaw line had widened, his high cheekbones looked even more finely sculpted. It was all even better now that he'd grown from a boy into a man.

He had more muscle than he used to—a lot more. His finely tuned body was clearly outlined beneath the cotton shirt he wore, the well-cut linen slacks. He'd been attractive as a teenager. At thirty he was devastating. But the same boy she'd known, had fallen madly in love with, was still there beneath all the muscle, the cool, leonine grace. The warmth of his smile said it all.

As he came back to the table his gaze rested on hers. She'd forgotten how stunning his eyes were, how that luminescent golden-green contrasted with the tone of his skin. She was melting inside already.

But how could she be sure it was really about him, rather than the years of longing and fantasy coming together now, the shock of seeing him? She had to admit she didn't really know him anymore. He didn't know her either. She had changed. She had to assume he had too. And she felt confused, overwhelmed.

Calm down. Give it some time.

He smiled as he placed their drinks on the table, took his seat once more. "Now," he said, "you must tell me everything."

"Everything?" Where to start? What to include, what to leave out? She sipped her drink, the alcohol warming her chest. "So much has happened. I know we promised each other to meet here on my thirtieth birthday, if we were both free. But we were so young. Neither of us doubted we would want to see each other again. We were so...innocent about life. Yet here we are." She let out a small laugh. "I can't believe I'm sitting here with you."

He reached across the table, took her hand in his, lifted it to his lips. Ah, he was all smooth, Latin charm, just as he'd always been. But more sophisticated. And it was working. When his lips brushed the back of her hand, her whole body turned to molten heat. Her sex went damp, those images of their naked bodies, pressed flesh to flesh, invading her mind once more.

And her heart pounding just as hard, emotion blossoming in the tight knot in her chest.

"Believe this, Isabella. I'm here. I'm real. *This* is real. We are together again. We'll talk, then decide where we go from here. The fact that we both came must mean something. We need some time to figure out what."

No one but Rafael had ever called her that. Isabella. Lovely, hearing her name that way on his lips.

"Rafael, tell me what's happened with you. Did you ever marry?"

"Never." His eyes remained locked on hers, the hazel rimmed in long, dark lashes. He paused, laid her hand gently on the table. "I assume since you're here that you are also alone, unmarried?"

"I'm divorced."

"Ah, I'm sorry."

"I'm not. I'm only sorry I married him. That I didn't stay here..."

“No regrets, Isabella. Life happens the way it’s supposed to. Perhaps we had to grow up, experience life, before we could be together. There’s no telling what will become of this meeting. That is, perhaps, part of the beauty of it.”

She *wanted* that surety. She wanted to know that after coming all the way here their romance would pick up where it had left off, when her parents had taken her back home to the States after their long vacation on Isla de Margarita. She’d dreamed of this for so long.

But his words made sense. They would have to spend a little time together, see if the old connection was as strong as her hopes were. She was still too much in shock at seeing him to know what to do next, to figure out how it was supposed to go.

The one thing she was entirely certain of was that she wanted to be in his arms—and in his bed—as soon as possible.

Chapter Two

Rafael could not believe she was there, on his little beach. At his hotel. Close enough to touch. Finally.

He watched her as she spoke, her lush lips tinged with pink. He remembered the way her lips felt beneath his, his cock stirring at the thought. She'd been all sweetness in those days. She would taste every bit as sweet now, but there would be so much more to her.

He groaned quietly, shifted in his chair. Focused instead on the glint of her silky brown hair, gone gold in the amber lighting of the bar. She'd always worn it long, but now it was to her waist. He wanted to touch it. To wrap his hands in it and pull her down...

He watched the graceful movements of her slender hands. He couldn't prevent himself from thinking of the way those hands had felt on his skin, twelve years earlier. The old memory was as fresh in his mind as though she had touched him only a few moments ago. A ripple of desire ran through him, but he forced it back, forced himself to concentrate on the lovely cadence of her soft voice, on the things she was saying to him.

Stop. Focus on her.

Her.

"Tell me about your marriage, Isabella. Your divorce. Whatever you want to tell me."

Her green eyes were gleaming in the same light that touched her hair. "I want to tell you everything."

"Then do. I want to know."

"I was married for four years. He was an attorney. We split up two years ago. It was a little ugly. These things tend to be. He was very...controlling. He didn't like me breaking away from him, even though he spent his entire life at work. His life revolved around his law practice. I was...almost an afterthought. An accessory."

"It breaks my heart to hear you say you were so unhappy."

She shrugged, her breasts moving beneath the thin white cotton of her long sundress. "It happens. I made a poor choice in marrying him, and I paid for it. It made me grow up, though, being forced to stand up for myself, finally. But eventually I realized that having to do that all the time wasn't what a happy relationship was supposed to be. I wanted happy. So I left."

"And? Have you been happy? Have you made a good life for yourself?"

“Much happier, yes. I’ve found that standing on my own two feet is a good thing. Being independent.”

“What have you been doing since then?”

“I’ve been working as a corporate event planner in Chicago. I moved there a few months after my ex and I married, and I started my own business a few years ago.”

“You throw parties.”

He couldn’t help but smile. The young girl he’d known had been so full of life, this seemed the perfect job for her, even if the grown woman before him was much more somber. Too somber. But perhaps he could change that. If only she would stay for a while. But he had no right to think so far ahead.

“Yes, I throw parties. Nothing like the festivals you have here, of course.”

She smiled, that beautiful smile, but it seemed more wistful than happy, suddenly.

“You don’t like Chicago? Your work there?”

“Actually, I hate Chicago. I’ve been planning to leave for a while. I sold my apartment recently, put everything in storage. I’m not sure yet where I’ll settle. Maybe I’ll go back to California. I need to be someplace warm, and my sister Samantha is there. You never met her. She was already away at college when I came here with my parents” She ran her fingers around the rim of her glass. “But she has her own life, her husband, her kids. I don’t know. I can work anywhere. I’ll figure it out. It’s nice to have the freedom to do that.” She paused to sip her *mojito*. “But what about you? What have you been up to? You said you never married. I’m surprised.”

He shrugged. He wasn’t sure he should tell her he’d never married because he’d never found another woman to love. There had been no one like her in his life. No great love. Perhaps because he’d never really looked for it.

“After my father passed, I needed to step in and take over the business, take care of my mother. That’s kept me busy.”

“It’s like you to be that dedicated. But you’ve taken no time to have a life of your own? You deserve that, Rafael.”

“Everything at that time happened so fast. I did what needed to be done. I suppose I still do.”

“What happened? To your father, I mean,” she asked quietly.

“Pancreatic cancer. It was quick. Merciful. I had graduated from college with a degree in business administration only a few months earlier, never knowing how soon I would need to use my education. I’d been living in Miami while I went to school. Of course I came back as soon as I knew he was ill. After he was gone my mother couldn’t stand to be here any longer, where they’d been so happy together. And so, I took over, for the most part. Of course, we still have Manuel managing the place. You remember him, I’m sure. I didn’t mind. I love it here, on Isla de Margarita. I always have.”

“Is your mother all right? I remember Julia...she was always so nice to me.”

“She’s done well. She opened another hotel in Miami, then a small, beautiful inn, like this one, in the Florida Keyes. She’s busy. Happy. And she remarried only last year. He’s a nice man. He treats her well.”

“I’m glad for her. But you...have you led a lonely life all these years? I can’t stand to think of you like that.”

“I’ve had a good life, Isabella. I have wonderful friends. My best friend since college, Carlos, will be visiting me here soon. Perhaps, if you stay a while, you’ll get to meet him. And I’ve been involved in several relationships. None that have ended well, apparently. But I’m fine. Except that I’ve been without you all these years.”

His gaze caught hers. Her eyes were shining, her features soft.

“And now I’m here,” she said, her voice sweet, soft with unspoken questions.

His heart twisted in his chest. “And now you’re here.”

Her smile widened, and she blinked, long lashes framing her brilliant green eyes, like the emeralds that came out of Brazil. There was hope in her eyes, as well as confusion. He understood how she felt. He felt it too. And he also felt the longing he saw reflected in her gleaming gaze, felt the heat between them.

He knew that heat would bring them together. What would follow he couldn’t say. But his entire body hummed with the need to touch her. Her full breasts rose and fell with her breath beneath the innocent white cotton of her dress. He sensed in the way she looked at him, in the sensual way she touched even her wine glass that she no longer was innocent, as she’d been when they’d met.

He had to be alone with her. They’d talked enough.

“Come, Isabella. Walk with me in the garden.”

They stood, and he led her to the large courtyard garden in the center of the hotel. The greenery there grew in the profusion of the tropics, everything lush and full, the salty scent of the ocean punctuated by fragrant flowers. Overhead the almost-full moon hung in the sky like a pale blue lamp, casting its soft light over everything.

They paused at the edge of the garden, by a low wall overlooking the beach. The waves, silvered in moonlight, crashed on the shore, making its rhythmic music. He usually found the sound soothing. He could watch it for hours in the evening, sitting with a glass of wine in his hand, or playing his guitar. But all he could really see tonight, all he could think about, was her.

She was still nearly as slim as she had been as a girl, but her breasts and hips had filled out. Glorious. She was more a woman than ever.

“Isabella.” He reached out, needing to touch her, and brushed his fingertips over her bare shoulder, down her arm, felt her shiver. “Are you cold?”

“No, not cold.”

She caught his gaze, hers full of green fire. The force of it was like a punch in the gut. Lust. Need. All his years of longing were mirrored there in her eyes. He wrapped his fingers around the curve of her

shoulder, pulling her close, until her soft, pliant body was right up against him. She was warm, so warm. Her breath came fast.

Unbelievable.

She was here with him, in his arms, where he had always known she belonged.

Nothing had ever felt more right.

He bent his head, and took her lips with his.

Isabel moaned. His mouth was soft, lush, sweet. Better than she remembered. Better even than the dreams she'd had of him over the years, the fantasy scenarios she'd created in her mind. His body was all solid planes, her breasts crushed against him. Just a soft brush of those lips, but it was driving her crazy with need already. With a small sigh she opened her mouth to him.

His warm, wet tongue dipped in, and her limbs turned to liquid. All she could think was that this was *him*.

Rafael.

His arms went around her, pulling her closer, and she wrapped her hands around the back of his neck. She couldn't get close enough. His skin was hot and smooth. Just the texture of it beneath her fingers was overwhelming, sensual, his long hair brushing the back of her hand like silk.

And God, the man could kiss. How had she forgotten? This divine pleasure in having his mouth pressed to hers, his tongue slipping between her lips?

She was coming apart inside already.

His hands moved into her hair, sliding until he held her face in his palms. His tongue explored her mouth, sinuously curling and tasting. Nothing had ever felt more purely erotic to her than his mouth on hers. Small tremors of need flashed through her system, her nipples peaking hard against the muscular wall of his chest. She was sure he could feel it. She didn't care.

Finally he broke away.

"Isabella." His voice was rough with desire, his dark brows drawn together. "I want you. But I won't take anything you don't want to give. It's been twelve years. I can't presume."

"I'm here, aren't I? I came all this way to see if...if you would be here. If you still wanted me."

"Yes. But you couldn't know if you would still want *me*. It's been so long."

"I want you. I need you. More than I ever have." She couldn't believe he'd had to ask. She was panting so hard she could barely speak.

"You're bolder than when we were young." His wicked smile lit up his eyes, caused lovely creases at the corners.

"I'm no virgin anymore, Rafael. I've had lovers. I've learned to love sex, and I'm not shy about it. I never have been. My first experience with you was too wonderful for me to have ever developed any hang-ups. My one concern has been that if we did meet, if we did reconnect, that I would be too...open-minded

for you. Too sexually aggressive. That you might be unable to accept me other than as that young, inexperienced virgin you knew when we were eighteen.”

“I’m glad to hear this. We are still a good match, Isabella.”

His widening smile encouraged her.

“I see no reason to deny what I want, Rafael. No reason not to have it, as long as you want me.”

“Ah, I want you. I’ve never stopped wanting you.”

He lifted her hand to his lips and laid small, hot kisses over the back of her knuckles, turned her hand over to kiss her fingertips, making her tremble with need, stark and pure.

“Oh, that’s nice, Rafael. You never did that before, when we were younger.”

“There’s so much we never had the chance to do. Too much we didn’t know when we were only eighteen.”

“No. But I’ve learned quite a lot. I’m sure you have too.”

“Shall we find out if there is still something I can teach you?” He paused to kiss the tender flesh at her throat. “Or perhaps there is something you can teach me, *querida*.”

When he dipped his head again to brush his mouth over hers, she shivered. She whispered against his lips, “Take me somewhere, where we can be alone, where we can show each other.”

Silently, he moved away from her. Taking her hand, he led her across the courtyard, through a narrow, tiled walkway, to a private bungalow at one end of the hotel. Her pulse raced, her heart hammered a sensual cadence in her chest, in her sex, as she realized what was about to happen. He would finally be naked with her, touching her, just as he had done in twelve long years of fantasies.

She knew already it would be a hundred times better now, as adults, than that one lovely, sweet experience had been. It would be better than anything she had ever imagined.

He opened the heavy wood door and pulled her into the cool interior of his home. One small lamp cast a golden light over the tiled floors, the heavy beamed ceiling, the potted palms set here and there. Through a wall of windows overlooking the beach she could hear the muted roar of moon-tipped surf. But she wanted to concentrate only on him. She would explore this lovely place later.

He stood with her a moment in the entry hall, watching her, a small smile on his lush mouth. His gaze was dark on hers.

“You’re more beautiful than ever, Isabella.”

His words warmed her, but she didn’t want to talk anymore. As though he could read her thoughts, he moved in and kissed her again, his hands going to her cheeks, then sliding down to caress her shoulders, her arms. His touch was pure heat, lighting up her skin. Electric, as though every nerve was acutely attuned to his touch.

When he pushed his tongue into her mouth, just slipping it between her silken lips, opening her up, she went warm and loose all over. The warmth quickly turned to volcanic heat when his hands moved in to

cover her breasts, the weight of them filling his palms. She groaned into his mouth, pushed her body closer, her hardening nipples pressing into his hands.

God, she needed to be naked with him, needed to feel his touch on her bare flesh.

“Rafael, please...I can hardly stand it.”

“I’ll give you whatever you need, Isabella. I’ll give you everything. But it’s been so long, and I want to get to know your body again.”

That name. *Isabella*. No one else had ever called her that, only him. His voice, and that lovely rolling accent...hearing that name on his lips sent a long, lovely shiver through her: her breasts, her sex. Her heart.

Don’t expect too much. Just be in the moment.

The moment was too lovely to ignore. He moved his hands away from her aching breasts and smoothed them over her waist, her hips, tracing the outline of her body.

“Yes, it’s still you, but more lovely curves.” He sounded almost reverent as he whispered against her mouth. “More a woman.”

His hands slid downward, his fingers moving beneath the hem of her cotton dress and roving up her thighs. The moment his hands touched her naked skin her pussy went wet, drenched in heated desire.

Touch me.

“Your skin is like silk, just as it used to be.” His voice was a husky whisper, turning her on every bit as much as his hands on her body.

Then he was kissing his way down her neck, in the valley between her breasts, over her stomach through the cotton of her dress, until he was on his knees before her, his cheek against her belly. Her hands went into his hair, and it was soft beneath her fingers. She was shivering, the anticipation sharp, lovely.

His hands were on her thighs, gently kneading the skin. Then he raised the hem of her dress higher, revealing the white lace panties she wore. She wanted to keen her need to him, to beg him. But she remained silent, the waiting an exquisite kind of agony.

“There’s so much heat coming off you, *querida*, it drives me crazy. The scent of your desire...*mi Dios*...do you know what you do to me?”

All she could do was groan as he bent his head and kissed her bare stomach, just above the white lace that was so unbearably in the way.

He kept kissing her, his mouth leaving a trail of molten heat across her belly. Her hips moved forward of their own accord, pressing into the velvet warmth of his lips. Her body was on fire, the need a scorching heat that centered in her pussy and spread outward, breathtaking in its intensity.

“Yes,” he said quietly between achingly soft kisses, “I think you need me, as I’ve needed you, for too long.”

His voice, his mouth on her flesh, was driving her crazy. She wanted her clothes off. She wanted that soft mouth on her breasts, on her sex, swollen and burning with need. Why wouldn’t he undress her?

When he looped a finger around the edge of her panties and pulled them in a slow, sensual sweep down over her thighs, her calves, taking his time, her legs began to shake.

On his knees, he pushed her until she felt the wall behind her, warm from the heat of the day, steadying her. Then he pushed her dress up, the fabric bunching around her waist. He was so close to her she could feel his breath on the curls between her thighs, and her pussy clenched in anticipation. She closed her eyes, let her head fall back against the wall and waited.

He didn't move, yet she could sense the change in his breathing as he knelt before her, his face inches from her sex.

"Isabella. Move your legs apart for me. I need to see you. All of you."

God, that voice again. She did as he asked instantly. And she felt, for the first time, the power in his command. That some part of her was giving herself over to him on every level. That she would do—willingly—whatever he asked of her.

"Ah, yes." He brushed his fingertips over her curls, so that she could almost feel his touch, but not quite. Torture. She'd never been so wet in her life. "So beautiful. I want to taste you, *querida*, and I will. But later."

"Rafael, you can't do this to me..."

Oh God, was he really going to make her wait?

"Patience, *mi cariño*. I've waited too long to rush this."

"You're teasing me."

"Perhaps I am." He smiled up at her, that lovely smile that felt so familiar to her.

Yes, they'd waited too long. But maybe it had been necessary, to bring them together again with a little life experience under their belts. But she was too dizzy with need to think about it. Now, all she needed was him.

"Touch me, Rafael, before I lose my mind."

He smiled once more, then pressed one brief, sensual kiss to her aching mound. Pleasure, years of need, fired in her system, like a thousand stars in the Caribbean sky. Her mind blanked, spun. And she was lost.

Chapter Three

Rafael pulled away and stood, moving his way up her body slowly, sinuously, until he towered over her once more. She was on fire, her body burning with need, paralyzed. She felt incredibly naked beneath her dress, hyper-aware of her bare flesh as he let the hem fall around her thighs.

Reaching behind her, he unzipped her dress, moved the narrow straps down over her arms. The dress fell to the floor in a small heap of white cotton. She stood, naked, needing him, while his eyes roved her body. She didn't dare move, didn't dare break the sensual spell in the air.

His hazel eyes glittered with lust, silver and green and gold, as he reached out one finger and dragged it down the center of her body, beginning at the hollow of her throat and moving inexorably lower. She had never felt so gloriously naked, her nipples going hard, harder. His touch made her shiver as he moved lower, but he stopped just below her navel. She moaned.

"You are magnificent, Isabella."

His gaze moved up to meet hers. Bore into her, as though her need was as naked on her face as her body was before him.

She needed him to kiss her, to press his muscular body against hers. She needed to see him, to touch him, to feel the weight of his cock in her hand, in her mouth. She knew now what it meant to want someone so much it hurt.

"Rafael, please touch me. I can't stand it." She could barely catch enough gasping breath to speak. "I need your clothes off. I need your skin on mine."

Without saying a word, and with his hot hazel gaze still locked on hers, he quickly unbuttoned his shirt. It slid off his broad shoulders, revealing a chest dense with muscle, the golden brown skin smooth and hairless. His nipples were dark, dusky. Succulent. She wanted to press her lips there, to take them in her teeth.

Oh God.

The ridges of his washboard abs were defined in the contrast of shadow and light in the room. A narrow line of dark hair ran from his navel into the waistband of his linen slacks. She licked her lips as she took in the ridge of his cock rising beneath the linen. She remembered his beautiful, golden cock, had pictured it a thousand times. Her body surged with need, and she reached out, ran her fingers over his stomach, smiled when he shivered.

He watched her as his slacks came off, revealing nothing underneath but his fine erection, jutting from a nest of dark curls. God, it was beautiful, his cock. Thick and long and covered in light brown skin. More beautiful than ever.

She remembered their nearly innocent groping so many years before, those long months of heated nights when they had denied themselves that one final act. Remembered the feel of his cock in her hands as he'd pushed into her fist, groaning, until he'd come, crying out her name. Then, that last night, when he'd finally taken her virginity. She'd been shocked at the size of him, at how completely he'd filled her. It had left her gasping, desire and pain in equal measures. Now she knew exactly how to take it, and she needed desperately for him to be inside her. But she wanted to touch him, to taste him, almost as badly.

She looked up at his face so masculine, so beautiful. They were completely naked, standing on the cool tiles. She had wanted this for too long not to pause and take it all in, the sight of his lean, muscled body, his hard cock, his gaze on her. The sensation of being only a few inches from the object of her fantasies was overwhelming. She was trembling all over. It started somewhere deep inside, moving through her limbs. She could not believe they were here together, finally. Naked. Waiting.

When she stretched her hand out his cock jumped, as though trying to meet her touch. She wrapped her fingers around the velvet length of him, and he let out a sighing breath. He was thick in her hand, pulsing, a heavy velvet shaft. She ran her fingertips over the head and felt a drop of pre-come there, and her pussy clenched in response.

Then his hands were all over her, roaming her body. Her skin was burning, branded by his touch. He backed her up hard against the wall again until she felt it solid behind her, felt beautifully imprisoned by his strong arms holding her there, the crush of his body against hers. She held his cock in her hand, stroking it slowly. He moaned as he bent his head, pushed her breasts together with his hands and flicked his tongue over first one nipple, then the other. Her nipples peaked hard, the sensation driving straight into her pussy, as though he were using his hot, lancing tongue there.

Oh, yes.

Her legs almost went out from under her when he pulled one nipple into his mouth and began to suck. And again it was as though he were sucking on her hard and needy little clit.

"Rafael, please... Touch me. Fuck me. I need you."

She slid her hand up and down on his thick shaft, and he buried his face between her breasts and moaned.

"Isabella, you must slow down, or I'll come into your hand like a school boy."

"Yes, do it."

He slipped his hand over hers. "Ah, not yet. Not yet. You have to let me go."

She stopped, released him. He stood for a moment, panting. Then, wordlessly, he slid to his knees once more and buried his face in the cleft between her thighs.

She spread for him, and thought she would come the first moment his warm breath touched her. She had to draw in a deep breath when he used his hands to part the folds of her pussy. One moment of nearly painful anticipation before his tongue flicked at her swollen and needy clitoris. Pleasure stabbed through her, sharp as glass. She pressed her hips into his face, into his hot, flickering tongue.

“Rafael, yes...”

He paused for a moment, then slid his tongue along her slit, over her clit, licking his way back down. He spread her wider, pushed his tongue into her hole, and she moaned, arching her hips.

“More, Rafael...”

He slid his tongue back up and began to lick her clit in long, slow sweeps. Pleasure shimmered through her, deep into her pussy, over her skin.

“Oh...that’s good. So good.”

When he pushed his thumbs inside her she thought she would come apart. His thumbs pressing into her, his hot, licking tongue, sensation bearing down on her like the thundering ocean outside. Her climax hit her like a bolt of lightning—that hot, that intense. She shattered around his probing thumbs, into his hot, waiting mouth.

“Rafael!”

He kept working her, lips and hands and tongue, drawing her climax out, her pussy hot and wet and thrumming with pleasure. He didn’t stop until the last rolling waves of sensation slipped away, went quiet.

She was left shaking and weak.

“Rafael,” she whispered, not knowing what she wanted to tell him.

He scooped her up into his strong arms and carried her into the bedroom.

He laid her on the bed carefully, as though she were something precious. And even though she was still quivering with the power of her orgasm, she wanted to feel him inside her, needed him to fill her with his beautiful, hard cock.

She slid her hands over his body while he held himself over her, loving every hard ridge and plane of his muscular form, the feel of his silky dark skin beneath her searching hands. Then he was kissing her again. Yes, that was what she needed, to feel his mouth on hers, to taste her own musky sea-scent on his lips.

When she reached for his cock he pulled away.

“Not yet, *querida*. I want to make you come again.”

She laughed, breathless. “I don’t think I can. Not like that, anyway.”

“We shall see.” There was that wicked gleam in his eyes again. “Here, turn over, onto your belly.”

It never occurred to her to argue with him, she simply did it.

“Now, up on your hands and knees. Yes, that’s it, so you are wide open to me.”

She felt wide open, exposed, but gloriously so.

“Now close your eyes, and focus on my voice, my touch.”

She did as he asked, trembling all over already with the anticipation of what he might do to her. But wanting to do as he asked, for him to do whatever he wanted.

She felt the feather-soft touch of his fingertips first, brushing over the lips of her swollen sex. She was soaked again instantly. He continued the gentle stroking for what felt like an eternity, over her lips, over the tip of her clit. Each motion sent a thrill of desire rushing through her. She needed to come again. It was even better somehow that she couldn't see him, didn't know exactly what to expect.

His tongue took her by surprise. He pushed it right into her, into her tight, waiting hole. Her pussy clenched. He pulled back when she moaned aloud.

Suddenly, his face was right next to her ear, and he was whispering, “Do you ever use toys, Isabella?”

“Toys?” Her breath was a ragged pant in her ears.

“Sex toys, *querida*.”

“Yes.”

“Would you like to?”

“I want you to do whatever you want to me.” She could barely get the words out.

He was gone for a moment. The bed shifted beneath her as he came to sit on it again. She heard him open a drawer in the night table next to the bed, the sound of foil tearing, then a soft buzzing.

“I've made it safe for you. Get ready, Isabella.”

She took in a breath, waited. Her pussy was on fire, needing to be filled. She didn't know what he was going to do.

Something touched her, something hard and unfamiliar, grazing her pussy lips. Without thinking about it she spread her legs wider.

“Ah yes, I love to see you do that, to open yourself for me.”

He moved the tip of the vibrator over her pussy, teasing her. A shiver of sensation reverberated through her. She could feel it in her limbs, in her nipples. When he moved it up a little higher, touching it to her clit, she moaned, surged toward the buzzing instrument, her hips arcing.

A small chuckle from him. “Try to hold still, Isabella. I'll make it good for you.”

She tried. But as he teased her clit with the vibrator, pleasure shimmered through her, building moment by moment, and she couldn't keep still. Despite her squirming he never let the toy lose contact. And he never did more than tease her with it, not letting her come. The pressure built. Her sex was soaking wet, until her juices slid like a slow teardrop down the inside of one thigh.

She felt his fingers at her hole, massaging her pussy lips, teasing at her entrance.

“Rafael...oh...”

“You are so wet, *querida*. So wet, and I can see your pussy, soft and pink. You’re driving me insane. I want to put my mouth on you again. I want to push my tongue inside you. To suck on you until you come into my mouth.”

“Ah God.” Just hearing him say these things sent brilliant flickers of pleasure through her system, hot and electric.

“Yes...” His voice was a low, sensual whisper. “I love to watch you, to see you respond. You are too beautiful like this. I need to fuck you, *querida*. Soon.”

He slid the tip of the vibrator inside her, and she gasped. Just the tip, just enough for the vibration to send tremors of sensation through her pussy, through her entire system. She bit her lip, trying to get a grasp on the intensity of it. She took in a deep breath, moved back against the hard toy, wanting to impale herself on it. The vibration inside of her was even sharper than before.

“I’m going to come, Rafael.”

“Yes, come for me. I want to watch your beautiful pussy while you come.”

He slid the toy in farther, filling her up, then angling it until it hit her g-spot.

“Ah God, Rafael!”

The climax ripped through her like a storm, wild and reckless. Wave after wave of pleasure roared through her, sharp and stinging. Her pussy clenched hard as she called his name, over and over.

She was still shaking when he pulled the toy from her body. She went down immediately onto her stomach, unable to hold herself up any longer.

He bent over her and blazed a trail of kisses down her spine. Her skin was incredibly sensitive, each kiss was like a tiny orgasm, searing through her system.

How was it possible that she still needed more? She craved him, needed to feel his thick cock inside her. Even after two mind-blowing orgasms, she still needed to feel him in her body.

As though reading her mind once more, he gently turned her over onto her back.

“I can’t wait any longer.” He scattered kisses over her breasts, her stomach, murmuring, “Your skin tastes like sugar cane. I could kiss you all night long. But now I need to fuck you, my Isabella.”

“Yes, now, Rafael...”

He pulled a condom from the open drawer of his nightstand and paused, watching her face, his beautiful hazel gaze locked on hers.

“Look what you do to me, *querida*. It hasn’t changed. You make me harder than any man could possibly be.”

He reached down, stroked his rigid shaft with his hand. It was all smooth, golden skin, except for the tip, which was darker, swollen. Lovely. She watched, fascinated, while he closed his eyes, let his head fall back for a moment. She loved to see a man touch himself, to see his large, masculine hand curled around that hard flesh. Her pussy surged with wanting when he tilted his hips, his fingers squeezing his cock. An

image flashed through her mind of him bringing himself to orgasm, spurting into his hand...onto her naked skin...

“Rafael...” She licked her lips. “Are you going to fuck me soon? Because I can’t wait.”

He smiled. There was fire in his eyes, pure, burning desire, as he tore open the condom packet with his strong white teeth and sheathed himself. She opened her legs for him, reached out for him. His smile widened as he lowered his body over hers. She ran her hands over his broad, muscular back. He was solid muscle, lean and strong, his skin smooth beneath her palms. She inhaled, breathed him in, that scent of earth and ocean, mixed with her own juices, the heady scent of sex.

His body was warm on top of hers, and she loved the weight of him. With his face next to hers she could feel the faint edge of stubble against her cheek, his breath as he whispered into her ear, “This is what I’ve needed for twelve years. To be with you like this again. To be inside you.”

“Too long, Rafael.”

His cock nudged her opening and she spread her thighs wider, slid her hands down to grasp his tight buttocks.

“Come on, Rafael. Don’t make me wait any longer.”

“Now, Isabella.”

He reached down with one hand and spread her pussy lips with his fingers to ease his swollen cock between them, and even his fingers on her needy flesh were too good. Her sex pulsed, greedy, wanting. When he entered her, just the tip of his cock, a sharp thrill stabbed through her, pleasure driving deep. She needed more.

“Please Rafael...”

“Yes, you’re so wet. You can take all of me.”

He thrust inside her, filling her completely. The walls of her sex clenched around his cock, held him tight. A small groan escaped his lips. He stopped there, buried inside her, his breath a panting gasp.

“*Mi Dios*, Isabella. You feel too good.”

He paused, his cock pulsing inside her, and brushed kisses over her cheek, her lips.

There was a small surge in her chest that had nothing to do with the sex, and everything to do with her heart. With their bodies pressed together, his cock inside her. With the memory of the two of them together all those years ago.

Don’t think, don’t think.

She wrapped her legs around his hips, sank her hands into his hair, while her heart beat with emotion. How long had they waited to be this close? To be this much a part of one another again? And what would it mean for them now?

He began to move, a primal thrusting rhythm, and all conscious thought was driven from her mind by the unhurried slip and slide of his swollen flesh inside her. Pleasure washed over her body in long, leisurely

waves. With each devastating stroke, her hips rose to meet him, her clit pressed into his pelvis. She had never felt anything this good. This intense. Pressure built like a slow fire, spread out, saturated her body a little at a time.

There was an urgency to it, the torturously slow, even movement of his body, the pleasure cresting inside her.

He slid his hands under her, cradling her buttocks, raising the angle of her hips.

“I’m going to really fuck you now, *querida*. I need to.”

“Yes. I need it too. Do it, Rafael.”

He changed his rhythm, moving faster, deeper, whispering in Spanish into her ear. She didn’t know what he said to her. It didn’t matter. All that mattered was his cock inside her, the lovely pressure building, building. Knowing this was Rafael here with her.

He moved faster, drove harder, his cock pounding into her. It was too good. She was on the verge of coming again, but she wanted to hold on, hold back.

His panting breath was in her ear, his fingers digging into her hips as he held her. Her body was thrumming with pleasure. Each thrust brought her closer to the edge. Pure ecstasy.

Rafael...

He pumped harder, deeper, his body hot, his muscles tense beneath her hands, their bodies slick with sweat. She could sense his climax approaching as he plunged into her. She couldn’t think, didn’t want to. All she knew was pleasure, that intense build of sensation upon sensation.

When the first wave of orgasm hit her she gasped, her nails biting into his flesh. The wave turned into an electric surge and heat slammed into her, overwhelmed her. Her pussy clenched and shuddered, squeezing his hard cock still pounding into her body as her mind went blank.

“Ah, Isabella...”

Then he was coming, too, his entire body tensing. He shivered, groaned, over and over, slammed into her, driving the last of her climax on.

When it was over, they were both shaking, panting. He kissed the side of her neck, her jaw, her cheek once more, warm, sweet kisses.

“This is how we were always meant to be, Isabella,” he whispered.

“Yes...”

She held him tight while her heart hammered. She felt it too. But she had to question how much was pure chemistry, and how much was truly their destiny.

Being with him again was intense, dazzling. Her heart yearned for him as much as her body did, even now. But only time would tell if they were truly meant to be together, or if this was nothing more than a lovely fantasy come to life.

Chapter Four

Rafael ordered room service, her favorite dishes—freshly made *empanadas*—the small pastries stuffed with seasoned meats that she'd loved as a teenager—*arroz con coco*—rice made with coconut—tender slices of fresh mango and guava, and sweet grilled plantains.

He wouldn't let her get out of bed to eat. Instead, he set the feast around her naked body on the blue, brown and white striped bedspread. Ah, that body...how could he eat when all he wanted to do was touch her, taste her, make her come over and over?

"You must eat, Isabella. Regain your strength. You'll need it later."

She laughed at him, and the sound was like music to him. He'd missed her laughter, had missed her. More than even he had realized. Now that she was here with him, in his bed, he never wanted to let her go. But it was far too soon to know what fate had in store for them, and he had no right to assume she would want anything past this one reunion.

For now she was flushed from sex, her long hair wild. Beautiful. He would do anything to make this woman happy.

When she reached to pick a piece of mango from the plate he tapped her fingers playfully. "Let me do that for you."

He picked up the slice of fruit, held it in front of her mouth. She smiled at him, the lazy, sensual smile of a sated woman, before opening her pink lips to take the mango into her mouth. He went hard again simply watching her eat, the ripe fruit sliding between her lips. He imagined his cock there, that lovely, lush mouth swallowing him. He leaned in and kissed her long, graceful neck, her throat, that tiny dimple at the hollow. She smelled like sex. Like woman.

"I thought you were going to feed me, Rafael," she said.

"Ah, you're impatient."

She grinned. "For everything."

He tore off a piece of the *empanada* and held it to her mouth. She took a bite, dropping crumbs onto the covers, onto the curve of her full breasts.

She laughed. "I'm making a mess."

"Then I'll have to clean up after you."

He bent his head, his tongue darting out to lick the crumbs off her. Her nipples went hard at once, the pink flesh darkening. He couldn't resist taking one into his mouth, sucking on the sweet flesh. She let out a soft moan.

When he sat up she was looking at him, her emerald eyes luminescent in the pale moonlight coming through the slats of the shuttered windows. He leaned in and placed a soft kiss on her lips, pulled back and fed her another piece of mango, just to watch her take the juicy flesh of the fruit into her mouth. He was getting harder by the minute.

But the look in her eyes spoke of something more than the lust they shared. She was watching him so closely, as though she were trying to figure something out. He understood how she felt. But it was too soon to talk about it. Later, after their various appetites were sated, after they'd had a chance to rediscover each other, they would talk.

For now, he had to have her again, right here, amid their picnic. He wanted to fuck her while he fed her more of the mango, while she sucked the fruit into her mouth, between those beautiful lips.

Yes, they would talk, but he couldn't think straight. Not with her naked in his bed. His body burned with need, dimming his mind. Yes, he would feed his hunger for her first. Later they would have time to think about the possibility of a future.

He pushed the food aside, some of it tumbling onto the floor.

"Rafael?"

He wrapped his arm around her and pulled her in close to his body. "No talking now. I need you, Isabella."

"Oh..."

She wrapped her arms around his neck and raised her mouth to be kissed. He loved that about her, her utter willingness. He pressed his lips to hers, and she opened for him, her tongue seeking his. She was so damn sweet. He could barely stand it. His cock was hard as steel.

He shifted, rolled over until he was on his back and she was on top of him. Automatically, she moved her legs down until she straddled his body. Her pussy was slick against the ridge of his cock. She smiled as she reached to pull a condom from the packet on the nightstand, moving back to roll it over his erection. Her fingers on his hardened flesh were almost too much to take.

But she seemed to understand the desperation of his need. In moments she was raised over him again. Reaching down, she spread the lips of her sex and slid onto his cock.

"Ah...perfect, Isabella."

Pleasure was like a punch to the gut. That powerful. Driving that deep. When he looked at her, her eyes were glittering, her breasts flushed, her nipples hard. He reached up to run his fingers over those stiff tips and she moaned, her head falling back, her lips parting.

He remembered the mango then, and found the plate still on the bed. Holding a ripe slice between his fingers, he lifted it to her lips.

“Eat,” he commanded, and she smiled a little before leaning forward to take the fruit between her lips.

There was something about seeing her do this, the juice running from one corner of her mouth, and the instant obedience with which she’d responded, that went through him like a shock. His cock pulsed hard inside her. He knew he wouldn’t last long this way.

Need to really fuck her while I can.

He grasped her hips and pumped up into her.

“Ah, Rafael...”

She braced herself, her hands on his shoulders as he lifted her, thrust up into her, slamming her body onto his. She felt so good, her pussy clenching around him, tight and silky.

“Rafael...” she gasped as he pushed into her. “I need...oh...”

“What is it, *querida*?”

“I need...come here.”

She took his hand and drew two of his fingers into her mouth. The heat and wet sent ripples of pleasure through him as she sucked, her tongue swirling over his fingertips.

“Ah, you’re going to kill me, Isabella.”

She pulled his fingers from her mouth and said, “Rafael, this is what I need.”

Leaning forward a bit, she held onto his hand, covering it with hers and placing it on her hip. Then she slid his hand behind her, until his fingers, wet with her saliva, were at the entrance to her ass.

“Here, Rafael. Right here.”

He smiled, another beat of pleasure drumming in his body, his cock.

“Ah, you have learned since I saw you last.”

He slipped one fingertip into that tight hole and felt the answering clench in her pussy. He had to focus, concentrate on her pleasure, or he was going to come.

She was tight, beautifully so. He slid his finger a little deeper, watched as she bit her lip.

“Are you all right, Isabella?”

“Oh, yes...”

Her lashes fluttered, but she kept her fiery green gaze on his, her eyes clouding with pleasure as he inched into her ass.

He realized she was taking it, her ass opening up for him. He swore he could feel a quivering deep in her pussy.

“Come on, Rafael. I’m okay. I want it.”

He pushed in, drew his finger out and felt the pressure of it on his cock through the thin membrane between her ass and her pussy.

She started to move, raising and lowering herself on his cock. He held on with one hand, and with the other he pressed into her ass, slipped it out, then in again. She was panting, moaning. Her breasts were two gorgeous mounds of satin flesh, the nipples hard and dark and tempting. He leaned up and took one into his mouth, sucking hard.

“Oh, yes...”

She rode him, faster and faster, and her nipple slipped from his mouth. He drove his finger deep into her ass.

“More, Rafael.”

He added another finger, pumped into her, pussy and ass. Pleasure was like a knife, sharp, keen-edged, driving into his belly, his balls. His cock was ready to explode. He bit his lip, waiting for her.

“Oh God, I’m going to come. Rafael.”

He felt the first spasms in her pussy, her ass beginning to clench, and his cock throbbed in answer.

“Just fuck me, Isabella. Fuck me hard.”

She did, her hips slamming into him. His finger in her ass rubbed that thin wall of flesh, adding texture, sensation. That and the clenching of her pussy as she came, her cries, were too much. He came, shattering, blinded, his hips bucking into her. Out of control.

She collapsed on top of him, panting hard. He could barely breathe, his climax leaving him shaking.

His finger slipped from her ass, but she lay on top of him with his softening cock still inside her. She was warm, a lovely weight on his body, her hair a tangle over his chest, his face.

She smelled of sex. Sex and need and woman.

He wanted her again already. Even though his body was spent. In his mind, he wanted her and wanted her, without end.

Would there be an end for them once more?

But he couldn’t think about it. He couldn’t really think at all.

She rolled off him, onto her side, and he pulled her in close. She nuzzled into his neck.

Everything about her felt right, somehow. And he was too exhausted to question it. Not now. Now was time to sleep, to dream of her, and even better, to wake up with her in his arms.

He closed his eyes, and drifted off.

Isabel stood in the bathroom of Rafael’s *casita*, drying her skin with a fluffy white towel. Her limbs were sore, and she felt stretched all over, well used. Well loved.

She took a second towel from her damp hair, shook it out around her shoulders.

Yes, she felt loved. Amazing. She still could not believe she was here, that she’d found him, that he’d come looking for her. That he still wanted her.

Something inside her warned that what looked too good to be true just might be. But she couldn't turn away. Not until she knew if they were meant to be together. Only time, time spent together, would tell.

Rafael had left a few minutes earlier, telling her he had some hotel business to take care of, but he'd be back soon to take her to breakfast. She smiled to herself in the wood-framed mirror over the sink. Breakfast with Rafael. She couldn't think of anything nicer. Except maybe sex with Rafael, but she was sure there would be more later. Meanwhile, she'd had enough to satisfy her long enough to eat.

Rafael had sent for her suitcase to be brought from her hotel down the beach this morning and it sat in a corner of his bedroom. She opened it and found her toiletries and an outfit for the day.

With her arms full, she paused a moment to take a good look at the room where she'd spent the night getting too little sleep.

The décor was a mixture of Latin and Caribbean, very male, but done with an artistic eye. Heavy wooden pieces with simple lines sat against walls painted a pale turquoise. A large area rug covered the tile floor. His bed was nothing more than a king-size mattress on some sort of wooden platform and piled with pillows in the same brown, blue and white as the bedspread. A tall, standing shelf held a small collection of what appeared to be pre-Colombian pottery and locally handcrafted baskets. The two bottom shelves were lined with books in both Spanish and English: literary titles, autobiographies, Latin American history books and contemporary thrillers. Among the books and art pieces were photographs of Rafael and his parents, groups of his friends. A small glimpse into the kind of man Rafael had become, the books, the art, the pictures. And in each photograph she saw the warm, intelligent man she was beginning to get to know all over again.

A glance at her watch sitting on the nightstand told her she'd better get herself put together. If he found her naked they'd just end up back in bed and she'd never get her breakfast. Not that she would be opposed to missing a meal in exchange for the feel of his skin against hers again...

Her stomach growled. She smiled to herself as she quickly combed her hair out before slipping on a pair of thigh-grazing khaki shorts that showed off her long legs, then a white gauze top embroidered with red and yellow flowers, forgoing bra and panties. She slid her feet into a pair of brown leather sandals, added a simple pair of silver hoop earrings and looked at herself in the big mirror over the heavy wood dresser. The shorts were awfully short and she could see the shadow of her nipples through the sheer fabric of her top. Her ex would have had a heart attack if she'd ever dressed like this at home. But Chicago wasn't home anymore. She didn't have a home. She realized she felt more at home here, with Rafael, than she'd felt anywhere in years.

He called out as he came in the door, "Isabella, are you ready?"

He was unbelievably handsome in his faded jeans and a simple white T-shirt that showed off his beautiful golden-brown skin. Her pulse quickened, her sex aching for him once more. She couldn't look at this man without wanting him.

“I’m ready.”

He came to give her a quick kiss on the cheek, a simple yet intimate gesture. “You look beautiful. Come, we’ll go.”

Once outside, he picked up a canvas backpack he’d left at the door, slipped his hand around hers and led her down the beach. It was early, and they had the strip of white sand to themselves. The waves crashed on the shore, bringing the scent of the sea to her. Other than the sound of the ocean, it was quiet, peaceful. She took a long, slow breath of the soft tropical air, held it in her lungs for a moment. She loved this place. She couldn’t think of anywhere else in the world she’d rather be than right here, her hand in Rafael’s.

Her stomach let out another growl.

“This is beautiful, but I thought you were taking me to have breakfast, Rafael.”

“There’s no better place to share a meal than right here on Playa de la Luna. We’ll eat down by the caves.”

The caves. She saw the craggy rocks at the end of the beach that came down to meet the sea. They had spent a lot of time in the caves all those years ago, the tide surging in the entrance, their mouths and their hands everywhere, tasting, exploring. Her mind, her body, flooded with the memories, the sensations. She was acutely aware of his arm around her waist as he led her over the warming sand.

They settled beneath a pair of tall palms, sitting on a woven blanket Rafael had looped through the straps of the backpack. He unpacked their simple meal—bread, fruit, a thermos of fresh-squeezed pineapple juice. They ate facing the ocean, the gentle breeze in their hair. And all the time, the quiet anticipation of Rafael sitting next to her simmered in her system, her body still buzzing from what they had done together in his bed the night before.

Done eating, Rafael leaned back, supporting himself on his elbows. He looked out to sea, his profile stark and masculine, beautiful. He asked quietly, “When do you have to go back to the States?”

Her stomach knotted. “My plane leaves in a week.”

“Can you change your flight?”

“I’m sure I can. I hadn’t thought about it.” But that wasn’t entirely true. “I mean, I didn’t want to plan too far ahead in case...”

“In case I wasn’t here? Of course.”

She turned to look at him. “But you are here.”

She reached out, stroked one finger down his cheek, making him smile. He turned his face, kissed her fingertip. Her body immediately burned with need for him again, her nipples coming up hard against the gauze of her blouse.

“Rafael...”

He licked his lips. “Yes, I know, *querida*.”

He stood and pulled her up with him. Wrapping an arm around her waist, he held her close. She could feel the hard ridge of his cock through the denim of his jeans.

He leaned in and whispered, “Why don’t we go and explore the caves, as we did when we were younger?”

She nodded, too aroused to speak. They kicked their shoes off and waded hand in hand through the knee-high surf to get to the mouth of the cave. Inside, the pitted cavern rose high over their heads. Beneath their feet was a bed of sand. It smelled of the fresh tide, of ancient rock. Of memories.

Rafael immediately pulled her into his arms and kissed her, his tongue sliding into her mouth, tasting of pineapple. God, the man could kiss like no one else. She opened her mouth to him, curled her tongue around his, swept her hands over his big body, loving every ridge and plane of smooth muscle. Her heart was hammering, a powerful beat of desire that ran hot in her veins, in her aching sex. He kissed her harder, and her pulse-beat answered. She pulled at his clothes with urgent hands.

“Rafael,” she gasped, “I need to be naked with you.”

“Yes...”

He moved away long enough to slip his T-shirt over his head, to kick off his jeans. His cock was huge, hard and beautiful. He helped her out of her shorts, sliding them down her legs, pausing to shower fluttering kisses over her bare thighs. Shivers of desire ran up her spine, settled in the vee between her legs.

He made his way up her body, kissing her stomach, the undersides of her breasts, before taking her nipple between his teeth through the fabric of her blouse and tugging on it. The sensation was sharply, almost painfully, arousing.

“Rafael...”

“What is it?”

“I never want you to stop.”

A small, low chuckle from him. “I won’t. As long as you want me, Isabella.”

He pushed the fabric of her blouse up with his hands, and she held his head to her breasts. He used his mouth and his hands, sucking, licking, rolling her nipples between his clever fingers. Her breasts pulsed with sensation, pleasure driving into her belly, lower. Her sex was swollen, aching.

“Rafael, I need you. Come on.”

He pushed her down onto the sand with a growl and lowered his body over hers. She reached between them, held his cock in her hand. God, he was hard. She felt the power throbbing there beneath the silky skin. She couldn’t wait to feel that power inside her.

“Now, Rafael.”

“Yes...going to fuck you now, *querida*.” His voice was a low, heated rumble.

He took a moment to pull a condom from the pocket of his discarded jeans, slipped it down his rigid shaft. Then he parted her thighs with his hands and plunged into her.

She took him in with a groan of pleasure, the walls of her sex grasping him tight. Her arms went around his broad back.

“I need to fuck you, Isabella, hard and fast. I promise to take more time with you later, to make love to you as you deserve, but now I need to do this.”

He pulled out, then thrust inside her, a powerful surge of his hips.

“Yes, do it. I want it hard. I need it.”

He began a primitive rhythm of thrusting, pushing into her over and over, filling her up. Her pussy clenched around him while sensation poured through her, immobilizing her until all she could do was hang on, the shifting sand beneath her back molding to her body. His hands went to her breasts and his fingers tightened around her taut nipples, pinching and tugging, until she thought she’d lose her mind. Pain and pleasure blended, her body melting beneath his. She loved the way he took her over, the force of his cock pounding into her body. And in the background, the scent and the sound of the sea was everywhere, every bit as wild as they were together at this moment.

Pleasure stabbed into her with every exquisite stroke, until she was on the brink of climax. She bit into his shoulder, his sweet, salty flesh an erotic sensation in itself against her tongue, and tried to hold back, to linger on that lovely edge. But he drove into her, making anything impossible but coming. And she did, her heart slamming into her ribcage, his cock slamming into her aching pussy. She cried out, trembled with a pleasure so pure she was lost in sensation, lost in him.

“Rafael! Oh...”

Before her cries faded he tensed, shuddered, called out her name. She felt the pulsing of orgasm in his cock, in his wild heartbeat against her breasts, in the heat of his body. His panting breath in her ear matched her own as he shook, his hips arching hard into her.

A few moments passed in which all they did was breathe together. Finally, he raised his head to kiss her: her chin, her cheeks, her forehead. When he kissed her lips she could taste his salty sweat mixed with the musky scent of sex. So sweet, the way he kissed her, a rain of tiny kisses.

Her heart squeezed in her chest. She closed her eyes, trying not to think, not to feel. But it was hard, with him pressed up against her so tightly, with him still inside her body. How could she fight this surge of wanting, of hope?

How was she to know if there was anything more between them than this lovely, surreal moment? If this was meant to be something stronger, more lasting than the amazing sex, the two of them living out a faded dream? Could she use the yearning in her heart as her guide, trust herself, trust him?

Only time would truly tell. But they didn’t have time. They had only this one week together before she had to return to the States to begin a new life, whatever that might be. One week, possibly another if she extended her trip, but she couldn’t linger here indefinitely with no plans, no direction for her future. Would this time together be enough?

Her body told her to stay with him, whatever the cost, whatever the risk to her heart. Her mind told her she was being rash, foolish. She had no idea who would win this battle. She only knew that she was lost to him again already.

Chapter Five

They moved through the crowds in the Plaza Bolivar in the village of Porlamar, one of the larger towns on Isla de Margarita, a short ride down the coast from Playa de la Luna. Rafael had a hand on the small of her back, guiding her. The gesture was protective, sweet. What was it about his merest touch that made her blood heat and made her feel treasured all at the same time?

She'd felt this way since she'd arrived a week ago. Treasured and catered to, desired and in such a state of constant craving for him they barely made it out of bed each day.

He'd made love to her slowly, and it was lovely and romantic. He'd fucked her hard and fast in the caves, in his bed, in the shower, using his hands, his cock, his mouth. He'd used her ass, too, used his vibrator on her, had her use it on him. Neither could get enough. She loved that they could have it both ways: the romance and the pure, animal sex.

There were days when Rafael had to leave for a few hours at a time to work, and she'd lounge on the beach, reading, watching the ocean. Dreaming of what could be.

They'd talked about everything—their work, their families, their friends.

They hadn't talked again about how long she would stay.

She'd changed her plane ticket after that first night together, extended her stay for a week, but it wasn't going to be enough time for them to decide anything. How could it be?

But she was there with him now, on this beautiful day, in this beautiful place. The early afternoon sun was soft on her skin as Rafael led her past shops selling baskets, jewelry, gorgeously painted pottery, past the beautiful domed church of St. Nicholas. The architecture was old Spain and the colors of the Caribbean, stucco and ironwork and flowers blooming everywhere in reds, corals, yellow, shaded by the towering palm trees. On low benches old men played eternal games of chess, and here and there young men sat beneath a tree or strolled the plaza, playing a *cuatro*, the small guitar so common in Venezuela. The air was like silk, warm and smooth and moist.

Like sex.

God, he was turning her into a nymphomaniac. No man had ever affected her the way Rafael did, on so many levels. He was tireless. Insatiable. So was she.

Rafael slid his hand up her back to her bare shoulders.

"Here, this is the place."

He opened a door and took her into a small jewelry shop. It took a few moments for her eyes to adjust.

It was a tiny space with wooden floors, the walls painted a soft pink. Glass cases held lovely pieces of silver, gold, precious stones. Rafael went right to the counter, where an older woman greeted him.

“*Hola, Señor Cruz.*”

He spoke with her a moment quietly in Spanish. The woman smiled, then disappeared for a moment into a back room.

“Rafael, what are we doing here?”

“You will see in a moment, *querida*.”

The woman reappeared, put something into Rafael’s hand. He nodded his head. “*Perfecto. Gracias.*”

He turned to Isabel with a smile on his face. Taking her hand, he led her to the counter to stand in front of a long mirror. He moved behind her, leaned in and whispered into her ear, “I had this made for you.”

Then he lifted her hair and laid the cool silver of a long, sleek metal chain around her neck. She looked down. A large, square-cut emerald pendant hung between her breasts, the simplicity of the setting showing off the glorious stone.

“Rafael, what have you done? This is too much.”

He fastened the clasp, laid a light kiss on the back of her neck, sending a chill of desire down her spine. “It matches your eyes exactly.”

Behind her, he smiled at her in the mirror. He seemed so pleased, she couldn’t argue with him further. Her heart surged at the look in his eyes—pride, tenderness, adoration.

She raised a hand, brushed her fingers over the beautiful stone.

“When did you have time to do this?”

“When I was supposed to be at work. I ordered it the day after you arrived. I wanted you to have it.”

“Thank you. It’s so beautiful.”

Behind the glass counter the old woman smiled and nodded as though the whole thing had been her idea.

Isabel sniffed, a series of emotions racing through her.

“Ah, Isabella, don’t cry. We’re celebrating.”

“What are we celebrating?”

“Being together once more. This day, the sun and whatever tomorrow will bring.” He stroked a finger over her cheek.

She turned to face him. “And what will tomorrow bring?”

“That’s the beauty of life, *querida*. We never know.”

There it was, despite his lovely gift—his dismissal of the future, and her place in it. She was so confused. Was it simply that he was someone who lived in the moment? Or was he happy enough to spend a week or two with her, then no more? She wasn’t sure what his gift meant, to him, anyway. She knew

what it meant to her. That he had thought of her, that he had done something to make her happy. But he did that every day, in small ways.

“You look so thoughtful, Isabella. Do you like it?”

“I love it. It’s gorgeous. I’ll wear it every day.”

He leaned in closer, said quietly, “I can’t wait to see you in nothing but this emerald. You should always be dressed in emeralds.”

God, just his voice made her shiver with need for him.

They spent the day shopping, ate an early dinner at a small restaurant where Rafael knew the owners, then drove back up the coast in his Jeep to Playa de la Luna. The sun was setting in a burst of fiery color, lighting the sky in shades of gold and pink when he opened the door to his *casita*.

He immediately pulled her into his arms. “I’m hungry, Isabella,” he growled.

“What?” She laughed. “We just ate.”

“I’ve had plenty of food, but I haven’t had you for hours. Come and let me feast on you.”

Her limbs went liquid, heat racing through her system, her bikini panties instantly damp. All she could say was a murmured, “Yes.”

He was lowering his mouth to hers once more when there was a knock at the door.

Rafael lifted his head.

“I should get that. I’m sorry.” He paused, brushed one of her hard nipples with a fingertip. “You have no idea how sorry.”

“Oh yes, I do.”

He grinned at her before turning away.

She took a step back, nodded, tried to catch her breath as Rafael opened the door.

“Carlos.”

His friend clapped him on the back, then pulled away.

“Hey, Rafael. I came a little early. I knew you wouldn’t mind. Ah, I’ve interrupted you. My apologies. But you must introduce us.”

Carlos stepped around Rafael and took Isabel’s hand in his. He looked just as he did in the pictures she’d seen on Rafael’s shelves. He was shorter than Rafael, all hard-packed muscle under golden brown skin. His black hair was a closely shaved stubble, his wide mouth framed by a dark goatee. He had an easy smile and coal-black eyes, a handsome, friendly face. And his big hand, warm on hers, was making her go hot all over.

What is wrong with you?

Was it this man, or the fact that Rafael already had her on edge when Carlos had arrived?

“Carlos Vélaz, this is Isabel Asher,” Rafael said.

“So this is Isabel? *The* Isabel.” Carlos kept her hand in his as he turned to Rafael. “You’re right. She is beautiful.”

“Yes, she is.”

Rafael smiled at her, his gaze on hers for a moment.

“Thank you. Both of you. It’s so good to meet you, Carlos.”

“And you. Rafael’s told me so much about you over the years. I feel as though I already know you.”

“Oh, I...”

Rafael had been talking about her? She didn’t know what to say. She glanced at him, and he smiled at her before turning back to his friend.

“Carlos, are you tired from the trip?” Rafael asked. “Let me get you a room, some dinner.”

“I’ve eaten already, but I could use a drink.”

“Let’s go to the bar, then. I’ll leave you two to talk while I arrange for your room. Is that all right, Isabella?”

“Of course.”

Her body still burning, she followed the two men to the bar, where Rafael ordered before leaving them at a quiet booth in the back.

Carlos looked at her, holding his beer glass. “Rafael told me your story years ago. I have to admit, I can’t believe you’re here, so many years later.”

“Neither can I sometimes. And you...Rafael says you’ve been friends forever.”

He grinned. “Almost.”

“Do you know his family?”

“I know his mother well. I knew his father briefly. They’re good people. But you already know that from the time you spent here.”

“Yes. They were always good to me.”

“I’m sorry I interrupted your time with Rafael. I was supposed to come next month, but my work schedule changed and I thought I’d surprise him. I’ll try to stay out of your way.”

“Oh, no. You’re here to see him.”

“I can see him any time. I’m comfortable here on the island, I can find my way around. How long are you here for?”

“I...I don’t know.”

He nodded, accepting her answer. If only she could feel so blasé about it.

Rafael returned, sliding into the booth next to her, the heat of his body instantly reassuring. “You’ll have the bungalow next to mine, Carlos.”

“Excellent.”

“How long will you be here?”

"I have two weeks, but we'll play it by ear." He glanced at Isabel.

"Oh, no, you don't have to cut your trip short because of me."

Was it wrong of her to wish he would? She wanted—needed—this time with Rafael.

He shrugged, smiled. "You're very gracious, Isabel. But we'll see."

They spent the evening talking, the two men telling stories of their college days, the adventures they'd had traveling together all over the world. They'd been to Brazil together, Costa Rica, all over Europe, and their stories were fascinating and funny, revealing the close relationship between the two friends. Carlos had an easy-going way about him, an open friendliness that made him comfortable to be with. She was distracted by her attraction to him, by the sleek motion of muscle in his forearms, his beautiful, warm smile. And something about the way the two men interacted, their utter ease together, was erotic to her.

She must simply be in a state of enduring arousal from her week with Rafael. Any man would seem attractive to her now, with her body so on edge. Didn't people say that the more sex you had, the more you wanted? She could believe it now. Her appetite for sex had become insatiable.

It was midnight before Rafael glanced at his watch. They'd all had more than a little to drink, the men sipping their beer all night, Isabel the dark red wine from Chile Rafael had introduced her to.

"It's getting late," Rafael said finally.

He looked at Carlos and the two men exchanged a glance that seemed to hold some meaning. She couldn't figure it out. But she was relaxed enough from the wine that it didn't seem to matter. Some private thing between two old friends.

Carlos nodded, smiled. "It is."

"I'm sure you'd like to get some rest," Rafael said.

"I'm not too tired."

Rafael watched Carlos's face closely. He understood exactly what his friend was asking. The two had shared women before, many times. Carlos wanted to know if Isabel would be interested in him joining them in bed.

It had always been thrilling for Rafael, a sort of male bonding for the two of them. But Isabel was different than other women, wasn't she?

He didn't want her to mean so much to him. Not if she decided after this time with him that she wasn't interested in more. She hadn't said so, hadn't even hinted. He'd spent the week wondering if this was nothing more than a fling for her after her divorce. She was obviously a sexual creature, had hinted to him of her sexual adventures. He had no idea if this visit to Isla de Margarita meant anything more than that.

There had been a few moments...but he didn't trust himself to evaluate things objectively. He wanted too much for her to want to stay with him.

Far too much.

Maybe this would be a way to distance himself. To draw some emotional line. To regain his perspective. So that when she left, it wouldn't hurt so much. And if she was into it, why shouldn't he be? He'd always found sharing a woman with Carlos to be exciting as hell. A little wild. Erotic. Why not Isabel?

He took her hand, raised it to his lips, and kissed the soft skin of her palm. He felt her shiver beside him as he looked into her eyes. They were glossy in the dim light of the bar. She licked her lips, and he leaned in and brushed them with his.

Oh yes, she was ready. Turned on. He knew that look.

He looked at Carlos, gave a subtle nod of his head. "We'll see you later, Carlos."

Carlos smiled. "Yes, you will."

Rafael stood, leaned over Isabel and drew her hand to his lips, kissed the back of it. He felt once more that small shiver of desire in her body and sensed she would be open to having Carlos join them.

Carlos turned and left the bar.

"Shall we go to my room, Isabella?"

She leaned into him, her breast pressing against his arm. "Yes. Please."

Her gaze was fevered, her lips plush. His cock was hardening simply thinking about having her again.

He helped her up from the booth and together they walked across the patio to his *casita*. The night was warm, the air fragrant with the scent of the ocean and the flowers that grew in profusion everywhere. Heady with the promise of sex.

He opened the door, and they went inside. Immediately he kissed her, his lips coming down on hers, opening them with his tongue. He slipped in, tasting the sweetness of the wine, the sweetness that was Isabel. He was hard as steel. He pulled her close, felt the stiff points of her nipples against his chest through his linen shirt. Her body was going loose all over, and the heat coming off her was incredible. She was panting into his mouth when there was a knock on the door, and he pulled back.

"Isabella, that's Carlos."

Her lips parted, her mouth opening in a small O.

"I asked him to come. To join us."

She paused for a moment, but her cheeks were flushed, her eyes glittering with desire. There was no mistaking it. "I see."

He stroked her cheek gently. "Nothing has to happen unless you want it to. We both understand that, he and I. Do you find him attractive?"

"Yes."

He smiled at her. "And is this something you've done before?"

"No. But it's something I've always wanted to do."

She was really breathless now, her cheeks burning, her eyes glowing with a fine green fire.

“You want this, Isabella? To be with both of us tonight?”
She bit her lip, but there was passion there, not uncertainty.
“Yes. I want it.”

Chapter Six

He opened the door, and Carlos stood in the doorway, a small smile on his face, a bottle of wine in his hand.

“I come bearing gifts.” His dark gaze was on hers, his eyes glittering, nearly black. Beautiful. “Do you accept, Isabel?”

She nodded, hardly believing this was about to happen, another long-held fantasy. And who better to experience this with than Rafael, a man she trusted more than any other.

Her body was on fire simply thinking about it.

Carlos stepped inside, and Rafael moved aside to let him in, keeping his arm around her waist. He nodded to Carlos, smiled, closed the door.

Carlos moved to the sideboard against one wall and opened the wine, poured each of them a glass. And all the while her pulse raced, her sex growing damp. She was too turned on to find this uncomfortable. Too comfortable with these two men, men she trusted.

He handed a glass to Isabel and one to Rafael.

“Shall we toast to the night ahead?” Carlos asked, lifting his glass.

“To a beautiful night ahead,” Rafael said.

“Isabel,” Carlos said to her after they’d sipped, “I know Rafael has talked with you. But I need to hear it from you. Are you okay with this?”

She nodded. “Yes. Absolutely.”

He smiled. “Good. That’s good. Because I think you’re one of the most gorgeous women I’ve ever seen.”

He moved in, slowly, giving her a chance to retreat. Rafael’s arm tightened around her, but not in a possessive way. Her knees went liquid as Carlos moved closer, until he was inches away. She was acutely aware of the bulk of his body, how muscular he was. And his mouth was lush, framed by his dark goatee.

He said very quietly, “I’d like to kiss you, Isabel.”

She nodded her head, lifted her chin. As Rafael held her against his body, Carlos leaned in and kissed her.

His mouth was soft, his lips fuller than Rafael’s. Different. He tasted different. And there was some confusion with Rafael so close by, his scent all around her, mixed with this new scent. Both purely male. Purely sensual to her.

Her body was going warm, the heat racing over her skin like liquid fire. Over her skin, through her limbs, settling into a tight ache in her breasts, her sex.

Rafael's hands on her stomach, sliding up to cup her breasts as Carlos kissed her, his tongue slipping into her mouth. She sighed against his lips. She couldn't help it. His mouth, Rafael's hands...it was different than having one man do both these things to her at once. Just the knowledge that there were two of them, these two beautiful men, was intoxicating.

She pressed her back into Rafael, felt the lean musculature of his body, the hard plane of his chest, the hard ridge of his erect cock. His hands were on her breasts, tweaking her nipples through the fabric of her sundress, making them tighten.

Rafael whispered in her ear, "You are so hot, Isabella. Your skin is burning. Let's see if you're as hot naked."

Carlos pulled his mouth away, smiled at her, stroked a finger over her jaw. He stepped back and pulled his shirt off.

His body was amazing, the muscles of his chest, shoulders and arms toned, huge. His abs were a well-defined six pack, covered in golden skin a few shades deeper than Rafael's. He moved back in as Rafael unzipped the back of her dress, and she pulled in a long breath. She was about to be naked with them. Both of them. She bit her lip, nerves and anticipation merging, making her weak. But her pussy was soaked already, eager, wanting.

Together, they lifted her dress over her head, leaving her in her white lace panties. Carlos let out a small moan.

"Beautiful, Isabel."

"Yes, she is, isn't she?" Rafael said behind her, his breath warm on her hair.

He leaned in and kissed her cheek, turned her body to face his and kissed her mouth. His tongue slid between her lips, thrusting, exploring. She melted in his embrace, desire engulfing her. His hands slid down to her ass, squeezed, kneading the flesh there. And Carlos closed in from behind her, his hands, a little rougher than Rafael's, came around her waist.

Carlos swept her hair aside and laid a soft kiss on the back of her neck, making her shiver. This wasn't quite what she'd expected, this sort of tenderness from both men. But it was lovely, sensual, easing her into it.

Rafael pulled away, whispered to her, "I want this to be good for you, Isabella. We both do. You tell us what you need, or if anything isn't right for you. All right?"

"Yes, all right. But this is about perfect right now."

He smiled, and Carlos laughed quietly, a low, throaty chuckle.

The two men released her long enough to undress. Carlos was behind her, and she was too helpless in her desire, drowning too much in it, to turn to him of her own accord. It was luxurious in some strange way

to tease herself, not to let herself see him just yet. And Rafael, in all his lean, golden beauty was before her. She licked her lips.

Then it was as though there were hands everywhere at once: Rafael's on her ass, her hips, Carlos's coming around her to caress her breasts. She was wet, needy, writhing immediately. When Carlos ran his fingertips over her hard nipples, she moaned.

"Ah, that's good."

He pressed his hard-packed body into hers from behind her, and she felt his erect cock against the small of her back. And in front of her, Rafael was holding her close, his hands on her waist, his cock hard and ready against her belly.

I am going to have them both.

Unbelievable, the sensation of two hard cocks. There was power in it, in the ability to excite these two men, in their response. She felt the thrill of it, and pleasure surged through her system.

"Let's take her to bed," Rafael said, his voice rough with need.

They moved across the room, the tile floor warm on her bare feet. Rafael climbed onto the bed, pulling her with him. He sat against the pillows, his back to the wall, and placed her between his strong thighs, his cock pressed against the curve at the top of her buttocks. Carlos leaned one knee on the foot of the bed. He was smiling again, but it wasn't his smile that fascinated her now. It was his cock, golden-brown and swollen. He wasn't as long as Rafael's, but he was thicker, heavier. Isabel licked her lips, her body going hot all over, her sex clenching in need.

"God..."

"What is it, Isabel?"

"I am so...damn lucky."

She grinned at Carlos, and the two men laughed.

"We're the lucky ones, Isabella," Rafael told her.

Carlos nodded in agreement. "Oh, yes."

He knelt on the bed, reaching for her to pull her lace panties off. He watched her as he slid the scrap of fabric down her legs, kept his dark gaze on hers as he stroked her thigh.

"Such soft skin. But I bet you're even softer here."

His fingers slipped between her thighs, over her wet slit, and she moaned.

"She gets so wet, my Isabella," Rafael said. "And she loves to have her nipples played with."

His hand came up, his fingertips brushing across her nipples. They were swollen, aching.

"And she loves to have them pinched. Tortured a little, don't you, Isabella?"

He took her nipples between his forefingers and thumbs and squeezed.

Pleasure arced through her like an electric current.

"Yes," she gasped.

“Let’s see what else she likes,” Carlos said.

He flashed another grin, his face sexy as hell and boyishly cheerful at the same time, somehow. Then, leaning in on his elbows, he lowered his head between her spread thighs. She tensed in anticipation.

Oh God, he was going to put his mouth on her.

She moaned as Rafael played with her nipples, watching Carlos’s dark head. Then his mouth was on her, his tongue tracing the seam of her pussy lips. Desire was a hot, lancing flame, burning her up. Her hips arched. She needed more.

Carlos’s tongue flicked, pushing in between the swollen folds of her sex. He licked upward, one long, lovely stroke, until he found her clitoris.

“Carlos...”

“Hmm?”

“Come on.” She arched her hips, needing more.

He flicked his tongue at the hard nub of her clit.

“Like this, Isabel?”

“Yes...yes...”

He licked at her again, his tongue hot and wet and driving her wild. And Rafael’s clever fingers on her nipples, pinching, twisting, teasing her. He knew exactly what she liked already. But this, this was almost too much to take. Her breasts, her pussy, were heavy with need, engorged until they were almost painful.

“I need more. Please...”

Rafael pinched her harder, pleasure surging in her nipples, her sex, and Carlos sucked her clit hard into his mouth.

“Oh! Oh...God...”

Pleasure built, spiraled. Carlos continued to suck, and when he thrust his fingers inside her, she gasped, breathless. Pleasure was like a thundering wave as he slid in and out, his wet mouth licking, sucking, hot. And Rafael playing her breasts, the hard ridge of his erect cock pressed against her body, the knowledge that she could have him inside her, have them both. Overwhelming. Amazing. Pleasure multiplied until she couldn’t see straight.

“Come for us, Isabella. Our beauty,” Rafael said.

She did, her body shattering, coming apart. Coming so hard she screamed.

“God, God...oh!”

She was wracked with pleasure, her body shaking. She arched off the bed, but they stayed with her, Carlos working her pussy, Rafael working her nipples.

“I need to fuck you, Isabella,” Rafael whispered.

She was still coming, small shards of pleasure shafting into her body. She was trembling with it.

“Yes. I want you.”

“Do you want us both?”

“Oh, yes...”

“Since Carlos is our guest, he should have you first. And I want to watch you, to watch your pleasure, Isabella.”

A shifting of bodies, and she was lying back, her head in Rafael’s lap. The scent of his arousal was sharp in her nostrils, his, Carlos’s and her own.

She looked at Carlos, at his hard body, his hard cock already sheathed in a condom.

“Spread for me, Isabel,” Carlos said.

But she was already doing it, her legs parting, falling wide. He rose up on his knees and smoothed her thighs with his palms before drawing her legs over his. His mouth was soft and loose with lust.

“Hold her, Rafael. Hold her for me while I fuck her.”

Pleasure rippled through her at this small acknowledgement, that there were three of them together, at the sight of his thick cock drawing nearer. She was shaking with need.

“Carols...don’t be gentle with me. I need it hard. Please.”

He grinned. “Your wish is my command, beautiful Isabel.”

His hands went under her to cup her buttocks, and he raised her hips, poised there for a moment. His gaze was on hers, his eyes glittering, dark as midnight.

Rafael whispered, “Are you ready for him, Isabella? Are you wet for him?”

She felt so safe with Rafael’s arms around her. And she did want Carlos. Wanted them both.

“Yes. I’m wet. I’m ready.”

Carlos slipped a hand over her slit, his fingers pressing into her, then withdrawing. “She’s more than ready.”

He smiled, that serene smile of his, as he spread the lips to her sex. Still kneeling, he slipped the tip of his cock inside her.

“Oh...that’s nice.” Pleasure was like smoke, sifting through her.

“Nice? We can do better than that.” He grinned and shoved his cock into her, filling her up all at once.

“Jesus, Carlos...”

His brows drew together. “Did I hurt you?”

“No, no. It’s just...so good. So big.”

He smiled at her again, slid back, then thrust once more. Pleasure burrowed into her body, into her pussy, driving deep.

“Harder, Carlos. Come on,” she begged, her body suffused with pleasure, yet wanting more.

Then he really began to move, his hips pistoning, his cock driving in and out. She grabbed his hips, held on, loving the solid width of his build, the feel of his skin beneath her palms. Rafael was still torturing her nipples, each pinch sending shards of pleasure knifing into her body. His mouth was on her neck, his

tongue dancing over her skin. And she loved it, loved it all: Carlos's hard, thrusting cock, Rafael's mouth on her, his demanding fingers.

She moved her hips in time with Carlos's thrusts, taking him deep. Pleasure crested, surged through her, demanded that she come again soon. But she held back, wanting to come with Rafael this time. She waited, breath held, as Carlos's big cock drove into her, over and over, fighting the pleasure. And when he came, shuddering, groaning, she smiled in triumph.

He kissed her mouth, her belly, as he rolled off her.

"You're amazing, Isabel," he said as he lay beside her on his back, panting. "Amazing."

"She is," Rafael murmured. "But it's my turn."

He shifted once more, slipping out from beneath her and turning her onto her stomach. He lowered his body over hers, one arm slipping around her waist. He leaned over her until she could feel his breath warm against her ear. "I want to take you from behind. I've been feeling your gorgeous ass against me all night. I want to feel it pressed against me as I fuck your pussy."

"Anything, Rafael."

She meant it. She would do anything for him right now.

His arm tightened around her as he pulled her ass higher, spread her legs wider with his knees. Carlos reached for her, his hand on her cheek, pulling her face down to kiss her. She felt Rafael's latex-covered cock at her entrance and surged into his body.

"Ah, good girl, Isabella," he said quietly, and his words sent a thrill through her.

She was drenched, ready, wanting.

In one smooth motion he was inside her. She gasped.

"God, Rafael..."

Then he was fucking her, one hard, pummeling thrust after another, as though he needed to fuck her harder than Carlos had. She didn't mind. She wanted it, wanted him, deep inside her body. It was all too good—Rafael's cock sliding in and out of her, pleasure thrumming in her pussy, reverberating through her. Carlos was holding her face in his hands, kissing her hard, his mouth wet and hot. When Rafael's hand came around to pinch her clit, she came once more in a blinding flash. Lights blazed behind her closed eyes, pleasure a roar in her body—her sex, her breasts, her mind, until she couldn't see, couldn't think.

Rafael kept pumping into her, driving her climax on.

"Have to fuck you, Isabella. Fuck you hard. Yes..."

He thrust hard, harder, nearly bruising her, and Carlos pulled away. It was just her and Rafael, their bodies fused by desire, a searing pleasure, and something deeper neither wanted to admit to.

"I'm coming, Isabella...my Isabella. Ah..."

Yes, yours.

He tensed for one lovely moment, and she sensed his orgasm, suspended between them. Then she tightened the walls of her pussy, squeezing his cock. And he came, gasping, her name tumbling from his mouth in a low, guttural murmur.

“Isabella, Isabella, Isabella...”

Tears gathered behind her eyes. She didn’t understand why.

His.

How could she even think that? At this moment, with another man in bed with them?

She didn’t regret it. But somehow, with Carlos there with them, she felt more than ever that she belonged with Rafael. Belonged *to* him. Absolutely inarguable now.

Rafael moved off her and laid down, pulled her into his arms, kissed her face, over and over.

They were both panting, still, covered in sweat.

She felt the bed dip, and Carlos was there, dressed, one knee on the edge of the mattress. She hadn’t even been aware of him getting up.

“I’ll leave you two,” he said quietly. “Thank you, Isabel, for a most amazing night.”

“Carlos...”

“No, it’s fine. I’m fine. Wonderful. You’re wonderful. But you’re his, aren’t you? I could see it the moment I saw the two of you together. Tonight was a gift.”

“For me, too, Carlos,” she told him.

He smiled, leaned in and kissed her cheek.

“Sleep well, my friends.”

“You, too, Carlos,” Rafael said. She could hear the sleep already in his voice.

As Carlos closed the door behind him, she snuggled into Rafael’s sleepy embrace.

He stroked her hair, whispered to her, “Do you need to talk, Isabella? About what just happened with Carlos?”

“No, I’m fine. More than fine. I just want to rest now. I just want to be here with you.”

“Ah, good. This is exactly where I want you to be.”

He pulled her closer, kissed the top of her head, raised her chin with his fingertips to kiss her mouth.

She thought she’d lie awake, thinking over the events of the evening, but she was too warm and comfortable where she was. Rafael’s arms were strong around her. Comforting. She felt cradled. Soothed. Safe. And as she drifted off to sleep, she realized she’d never felt truly safe with anyone else. And may never again.

It was only him. Rafael.

She knew now exactly what she wanted.

Chapter Seven

Rafael woke to the familiar, muted white roar of the ocean outside his windows, the orange glow of the sun just beginning to rise filtering through the slats of the wooden shutters at the windows. And the scent of Isabel all over him.

Isabella.

His Isabella.

There was no question for him now. Something had happened the night before. He didn't understand why it had taken for Carlos to be there with them for him to realize how necessary this woman was to him.

He wasn't jealous of Carlos. It was only her body he'd had. And they'd created a wonderful, sensual experience together. He felt the connection between Isabel and himself was deeper than ever. Unless he was being a fool, blinded by his own feelings for her, feelings he could no longer deny or fight. He'd always felt that he was a confident, self-assured person. In control. But Isabella...this woman had brought him to his knees. He recognized what he felt for her, and he wanted her to know.

It didn't matter that he'd been reminding himself all week that they had to get to know each other once more. That they had to start fresh, as adults together for the first time. That he should be certain it was *her* he was falling for all over again, the woman she was now, and not some image he'd carried of her all these years. But each day together had shown him that the root of who she had been at eighteen was still very much a part of her. She still had a sweetness about her, an elegance. It had all blossomed. She'd become more lush, more sophisticated. More desirable than ever. And it seemed to him they had, amazingly, grown in the same direction on so many levels.

If only she felt the same way.

There wasn't much time left to convince her. Not nearly enough time.

She was warm, her body soft against his side, her head on his chest. Even in the dim golden light he could see her long hair fanned out over the sheets, like a mermaid's. Beautiful.

He pulled her in closer, murmured, "Isabella."

"Hmm?" Her voice was dusky with sleep.

"I need you, my Isabella."

"What? Oh..."

He cupped her breast, his fingers playing over her hardening nipple. She let out a quiet moan. His cock went rock-hard simply hearing the desire in her tone, feeling her body responding. She was squirming as he pulled her lithe frame over his, her thighs parting.

Her pussy was soaking wet as it rubbed against the ridge of his erection. She kissed his neck, her mouth opening, and she began to suck. Pleasure rippled through him, as sinuous and slippery as her bare, wet sex sliding up and down on his rigid shaft.

“Ah, you’re going to kill me, Isabella.”

A small laugh from her, then she lowered her head and took one of his nipples into her mouth.

He couldn’t believe how good it felt, her hot, sucking mouth. It was even better when she used her teeth, biting him just hard enough.

“I’m going to explode, *querida*. Just...ah, let me get a condom...”

“Explode, Rafael. I want you to,” she whispered.

“You first, Isabella. Come here.”

He pulled her hips, guiding her until her lovely pussy was over his face. He breathed her in, that scent of female desire. Like nectar to him. And her pussy was pink and wet, like some exotic fruit. He knew it would be just as sweet.

He let his tongue dart out, taking just a small taste, teasing them both. And heard her sigh.

“Good, Isabella?”

“Oh, yes...”

He swept his tongue over her slit, then pulled back.

“Ah, Rafael...come on.”

She tried to wriggle but he held her more firmly, and pulling her closer, he plunged his tongue inside her.

“Oh...”

He went to work then, licking her slit, her clit, then sucking it into his mouth. Her juices were sweet, her moans sweeter. Her hips arched, riding his tongue, and his cock pulsed with the beat of her desire.

“Ah, God, Rafael...”

She ground down into him, and he sucked harder. Her thighs tensed, and she cried out as she came, her hands going into his hair, gripping. Still she squirmed, and he didn’t let her go, sucking, licking, until he knew she was done.

He let his hands stroke over her thighs, then, waited for her panting breath to slow.

“I need more, Rafael.”

“Yes...” He reached for one of the condom packets on the nightstand.

She moved down his body, her soaking pussy brushing against his cock for one agonizing moment. Then she arched away for a moment so he could roll the condom on, his own fingers almost too much to bear on his sensitive cock.

She lowered her hips over his. "Now I'm going to fuck you, Rafael," she said, a wicked gleam in her wide, green eyes. Her mouth was pink, lush.

"Ah, yes...do it, Isabella. Fuck me."

He reached for her breasts, filling his hands with that silken flesh, thumbing her hard nipples. She sighed and lowered her sex over the tip of his cock. She paused there, torturing him with pleasure, with anticipation. That wet, hot opening hovering over him. Then she grasped his shoulders, her fingers biting into his flesh, and slammed her hips down, impaling herself.

"Isabella!"

It was so damn good. Her silken skin under his hands, his cock buried deep inside her body. When she began to move, her hips pumping, he thought he really might die of pleasure.

She was moving faster, her hips grinding into him, and he reached between her lovely thighs and pinched her clit, hard. She groaned, and he felt her sex squeeze around his cock.

"Rafael... I'm going to come again."

"Yes, come, my Isabella. My beautiful girl. Come onto me."

He rolled her clit between his thumb and forefinger, met her pumping hips with an upward thrust. Pleasure gripped his body as her slick pussy gripped his cock. She was coming, clenching him, over and over. Her cries were as erotic to him as her tight, wet pussy, sending him over that edge. His body went hard all over, his cock pulsing. His climax bore down on him, overpowering, intense. Come pumped hot through his cock as he pumped into her body, his hips arcing.

And through the misty fog of orgasm, his heart beat, a thrumming hammer in his chest. It beat with exertion. With heat.

With love.

He loved her. Still. Again. It didn't matter.

He swept her hair from her face and pulled her down so he could kiss her. He kissed her hard, his tongue sliding between her plush, lovely lips, seeking the heat of her mouth. Seeking her heart.

Isabel opened to him, loving the taste of him on her tongue. Loving his cock still hard inside her. Loving that she could bring him pleasure.

Her head was spinning, her body humming with tiny, shivering threads of pleasure. She couldn't think. She didn't want to. She was feeling too much. And she swore she could feel just as much emotion in his kiss.

Rafael.

Was it real? Could she trust it? But she trusted him. She loved him, and she knew her love was true and real. She was utterly helpless against it. What else could she do but love him? This man she had loved most of her life, whether it was the memory of what they'd had at eighteen, or who he was now.

He pulled back.

"Isabella."

He held her face in his hands. They were warm. Strong. In the pale light of the rising sun, she could see his eyes, his beautiful eyes, silver and gold and green. What she saw there made her heart stutter. Stop. She held her breath.

"Isabella, tell me you'll stay."

"Rafael, what are you saying?"

"That I need you with me. That I can't watch you leave again."

"You want me...here? On the island with you?"

"Yes. No. I want you anywhere. Everywhere."

"What? Rafael. I'm not... I'm not sure I understand what you're saying."

"Isabella..."

He paused, his eyes dark, gleaming. His face was so beautiful, the sun touching his cheek with golden light. She bit her lip, waiting, her heart beating one breath at a time.

"Isabella," he began again. "My Isabella. How could I ever have doubted that I still love you?"

"Rafael." She thought her heart would burst, but she tried to hold it back. Tears burned her eyes.

"How can we know so soon? I want to believe it. That you love me. That I love you..."

"Do you love me, Isabella?" he stroked her cheek with his thumb.

"Yes. I love you." She reached out, brushed her fingertips over his lips, his jaw, needing to feel him. "I've known it almost since I got here. But it wasn't until right now that I've understood how...real this is."

"That's all we need to know. The rest we can work out. Come and be with me, *mi cariño*."

"Rafael, I...do you mean you want me to live here with you? On the island?"

He laughed then, his smile dazzling her as it always had. "Haven't I mentioned that I live mostly in Miami? I come here a few times a year for a maybe month at a time. If you wouldn't mind traveling, you could come with me. You can find work there. Or you can work for my family's hotels. Or not work at all. It would be up to you. Just say you want to be with me. The rest are nothing more than details."

"I want to be with you. I do. Anywhere."

She smiled at him, and he pulled her down, kissed her hard and long. Kissed her breathless. Finally, he let her go long enough to roll her over, covering her body with his. His weight was sweet on her, his skin smooth and warm, fragrant with the scents of ocean and skin and sex. And *him*.

Rafael.

Her Rafael. Finally.

“I still can’t believe this,” she told him. “That we found each other after all this time.”

“We had time to grow the years we were apart. This was the way it was meant to be. I believe that. You came back to me on your birthday, the twenty-first of March, just as we promised each other. The spring equinox, a time for new beginnings. And now we have ours.”

“I’ve never been superstitious. I’ve never thought too much about destiny. But maybe you’re right...”

She was breathless with it all—her love for him, his love for her. The idea of the two of them together.

“I believe that things happen for a reason. But it’s not important, is it? We’re together. That’s all that matters.”

He bent to kiss her again, his lips soft on hers. His tongue slipped into her mouth, and she felt that powerful surge of desire. He was growing hard once more against her thigh. He nuzzled into her neck, making her warm all over, desire filling her up again. Desire and emotion.

“This is how we must celebrate each of your birthdays, Isabella. Our new beginning. We must come back here every year, make love in this bed. And in between we’ll love each other. Be together.”

As long as they were together. That was all that mattered.

“I love you, my Isabella.”

“I love you. I always have.”

He kissed her once more, tenderly this time, holding her face between his hands, as though she were something infinitely precious. Her heart flooded with love, pure and true, and she was filled with a sense of possibility. Of a future, with Rafael. She didn’t know exactly what it would hold, but as long as they held onto each other this time, anything could happen. And, whatever adventures life would bring them, she was ready. Finally. Truly. Ready for a new beginning. With him.

About the Author

The author of a number of novels, novellas and short stories, Eden Bradley writes dark, edgy erotic fiction. Her work has been called “elegant, intelligent and sensual”. One erotic novel was recently profiled in *Cosmopolitan*.

Eden appears regularly on Playboy Radio’s Night Calls and conducts workshops on writing sex. When she’s not writing, you can find her wandering museums, shopping for shoes and reading everything she can get her hands on. A California native, Eden currently lives in Los Angeles. You can visit her website: www.edenbradley.com

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Summer Solstice

Love with a beautiful stranger isn't so strange—if you believe in destiny.

Winter Solstice

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Clinical psychologist Destiny Walker considers herself far too logical for any of that “soul mate” nonsense. Even if her beloved, dearly departed Nana insisted she was going to meet hers someday. When a sudden downpour sends her ducking into a psychic reader’s storefront—and the woman confirms everything her grandmother said—doubt begins to sneak into the corners of her mind.

A chance meeting—more like a collision—with Superman look-alike Reece Kellan sets off a sexual chemistry reaction the likes of which she’s never felt. She isn’t prone to falling into bed with strangers, but he does things to her body that leave her breathless...and unsure where her pleasure ends and his begins.

And that’s the part that scares the hell out of her...

Enjoy the following excerpt for Winter Solstice:

He leaned in, closer, until his mouth closed over hers. His lips were warm, so warm and sweet. And when he parted them and drove his tongue into her mouth, pleasure drove in with it, lancing deep into her body. A long shudder went through her, and her legs went weak. But he held her tight, crushed against him. She could feel every taut muscle in his body, his heart hammering in his chest, pounding against her breasts, making her nipples harden.

He deepened the kiss, and she closed her eyes. Again that flood of images in her mind: the bed, the softly diffused golden light, and somehow she knew his bedroom would look just like that.

But his hands roaming her body distracted her. He was kissing her hard, their mouths fused together, tongues twining. Primal. Animalistic. He gave her no time to think about it as he pushed her up hard against the door.

She could feel the planes of his chest, and God, his erection pressing into her thigh, big, warm, pulsing. She’d never wanted anything so desperately in her life.

He tore his mouth from hers, bent over her neck and left a trail of kisses, burning her flesh.

“Reece, I have to...let me...” She was panting as she fumbled to undo the buttons of his shirt.

“Here, darlin’.” In moments he slipped his shirt from his shoulders and she took in the smooth expanse of his wide, muscled chest.

Yes, Superman indeed.

His skin was a light gold, as though he’d recently been in the sun. His nipples were brown and hard, with a bit of dark hair sprinkled between and around them.

When she ran her fingers over the tips, he groaned.

He pulled her sweater off in an instant and then very quickly her bra. He stood back for a moment, watching her, exploring her bare flesh with his eyes. Her nipples went harder beneath his searching gaze.

“Ah, beautiful,” he murmured, his accent thicker, his tone reverent. “You look like... I don’t know. But I know your body, as though I’ve touched you before. Maybe I have, if only in my dreams. Ah, but this is no dream.”

“Touch me, Reece.”

Then he was on her, his big hands cupping her breasts. She arched, pushing into him, into the pleasure of his touch, his smooth, dry palms. When he thumbed her nipples she gasped, the sensation shooting straight to her sex, making her ache.

It was even better when he snaked one hand down and cupped her mound through her jeans. Almost too much. She was trembling with need.

She could not get the misty image of the bed out of her mind. His bed. Their naked bodies pressed together. Reece fucking her...

“Please, Reece.”

“All right, that’s enough of these damn clothes.” His voice was a ragged growl.

He unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans, then yanked them off, her lace panties coming with them.

Yes, to be naked in front of him. Open to his touch, thighs spread for him.

His pants were gone just as quickly. His erect cock sprouted from a nest of dark curls, the silky head already glistening with pre-come. Her mouth watered.

Then he was on her again, sliding to his knees on the floor, kissing her stomach. Holding on to her hips in a tight grasp, he pressed her back against the door again. And then he put his mouth on her.

There was nothing gentle or exploratory about his mouth. He dove right into her, licking her swollen pussy lips, lowering his hands to spread them wide, opening her up to his hot, invading tongue as he plunged into her. She trembled all over, her body shivering with pleasure. Waves of it, hot and hard, driving into her along with his wet tongue. She could come at any moment.

Then he swept his tongue upward, licked across her clit, and a shock lanced through her, pure ecstasy. He sucked the swollen nub of her clitoris into his mouth and sensation drove through her body. He worked her with his mouth: lips, teeth and tongue. Licking and sucking, harder and harder. And she came, a stabbing pleasure so sharp she shook with the force of it.

She was moaning, shivering, coming harder than she ever had in her life. And just when the tremors began to subside, he pushed his fingers into her, curving them until he caught her G-spot with his fingertips, and suddenly she was coming again. Coming all over his fingers and his hot, sucking, beautiful mouth.

Before the last ripples of orgasm had left her body, he rose to his feet and pressed against her once more.

She ran her hands over his shoulders, across his wide back, down to fill her hand with the rigid length of his cock. Oh yes, he was big, his cock a solid shaft of velvet in her palm. She could feel the blood pulsing beneath his flesh. The desire.

“Lord, you feel good, Destiny. As good as you taste.” He groaned when she tightened her grip. “Condom, damn it.”

He swept her into his arms, carried her through the house as though she were no larger than a doll. And even that embrace felt familiar to her.

This is where I belong.

But she was overwhelmed by the sexual connection. Yes that was it. Wasn't it? She couldn't think, desire still raging through her body.

He kicked open a door, and she wasn't surprised to find herself being laid on a big bed in a half-darkened room. A room lit by the golden glow of an amber-tinted glass lamp on the nightstand.

Leaning over her, he kissed her lips, her cheek, trailed down her neck and drew one stiff nipple into his mouth. She arched off the bed, wanting more of him, pushing into his mouth. He swirled his tongue over the rigid peak and pleasure was electric, shocking, making her need to come again. When he began to suck she thought she would, from nothing more than his hot, wet mouth on her breast.

Reaching down to grasp his cock in her hand, she stroked the long, hard shaft. Her own sensations intensified.

He moaned, sucked harder before letting her nipple go to rasp out, “If you keep doing that, my darlin’, I’ll come right now in your hot little hand. Not that I wouldn’t love to. But I need to be inside you. And I want you to come again first.”

He slid his hand between her thighs. Two fingers pressed into her while he used his thumb to stroke her clit. He went back to work with his mouth again, licking her nipples, first one, then the other.

It was almost too much—his mouth on her, his clever fingers working her clit, pushing deep inside her. She wrapped her hand once more around his thick, pulsing cock, like satin-sheathed steel in her palm. Writhing beneath him, she knew she was going to come again any moment. She wanted him to come with her. Wanted to feel the power of his cock in her hand, the power of making him come.

Yes...

He always wanted what he couldn't have...

Forbidden

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Playing With Fire, Book 1

Forbidden desires, secret needs...that's not what girls are made of. At least, that's what Michaela's past boyfriends told her when she revealed her darkest, dirtiest fantasies. She knows she's better off without the exes, but she's lonely—and horny. It doesn't help that her roommate, Austin, is the most gorgeous man she's ever laid eyes on. Too bad he's bisexual...or so he says.

There's a reason Austin hasn't been with a woman in a long time. The only one he wants is Michaela. He's fought his attraction for months, waiting for a sign, desperate to show her she's everything he wants in a lover. One illicit kiss leads to an explosive night of sex that leaves her wanting more—yet afraid. But Austin is a patient man, more than willing to tear down her boundaries piece by piece. Exposing her to pleasures she's never known.

Trust leads her to whisper her most deeply held fantasy. One that rouses a new emotion Austin didn't expect: jealousy. Possessiveness. He's the only man he wants in her life. And he'll do whatever it takes to prove it...

Enjoy the following excerpt for Forbidden:

Shaking her head, she started up the stairs, her legs growing more tired with every step. The last two weeks had been exhausting, overwhelming. So many things to learn. So many things to do. A nice dinner would be a joy. Especially since she'd been living on fast food lately. She wondered where Austin was taking her.

Opening the door, she sucked in a shocked breath, drinking in what was laid out before her.

The house seemed staged for seduction. Warm golden light glowed from the dim lamps. The shades were drawn, helping cast shadows throughout, and lit candles flickered on the coffee table, along the kitchen counter, atop the small dining room table.

Michaela shut the door behind her, leaning against it to take the scene in. Soft music played in the background, mellow and sensual. The apartment was actually clean—no thanks to her since she'd worked so much, the couch plumped and inviting, rich velvet pillows scattered across it.

"You're late."

She looked up, caught the broad shadowy figure standing in the kitchen doorway. Austin emerged from the shadows, breathtaking in a simple black button-up shirt, the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and faded jeans. She couldn't move, could barely think as he approached her, his lips tilted upward, eyes crinkling at the corners just before his mouth broke out into that full smile she loved so much.

"I'm sorry," she said as he stopped just before her. "Work has been hectic and I tried to get out of there on time, but Tania needed to go over something with me..."

He silenced her with the press of his index finger over her lips. She quieted, her lips parting when he traced them, his touch sending shooting sparks of electricity spiraling throughout her body.

"You need to relax. You work too much." His velvety voice smoothed over her, made her limbs weak, her heart race. He was being kind, thoughtful and she'd been such a bitch.

She didn't deserve this. She didn't deserve *him*.

Clearing her throat, she forced the words out. "Did you make dinner?"

He laughed, the sound rich and inviting, and her panties grew damp. All because of his laugh. Lord, she had it bad. "I burn water. I ordered in. Your favorite."

"Chan's?" Their go-to for Chinese takeout. They both loved that place.

Nodding, he took her hand and led her to the table. It was set with her only placemats and her favorite dishes, cloth napkins that matched the placemats folded atop the plates. A cluster of cream candles burned in the center of the table, their wicks sputtering and flickering, and she turned to look at him, the surprise she felt surely written all over face.

"You did this all for me?" Her voice squeaked, and she felt her cheeks heat. Embarrassment flooded her that he would think of her like this and yet she had treated him shabbily.

"Yes." He pushed the hair away from her shoulder, his fingers lingering on her bare skin. "We haven't spent much time together. I wanted to make tonight special."

"Thank you." She went to him, stood on tiptoe and brushed a lingering kiss to his lips. "I'm starved."

His eyes sparkled with interest. "I'll bring dinner out."

He waited on her, bringing out plate after plate of steaming food, all of their favorites and she figured he must've spent a fortune. The food was excellent, she spent the first ten minutes just consuming food, no time to talk. She couldn't remember the last time they had ordered from Chan's.

Austin acted like the perfect gentleman, asking her about work, and she poured her heart out, giving him all the details of the last two weeks. She couldn't believe she'd kept all of this from him, had avoided him for so long. She'd done it out of fear, afraid that things would be forever changed between them and though they were, they still had this easy comfortableness together.

Yet she was aware of him as a man. A rather sexy man. The way his fingers wrapped around his glass, long and tapered, smoothing up and down. Reminding her of how they had touched her, glided over her skin, sunk deep inside her.

So not smart to go there. She squirmed in her chair, her panties growing damper by the minute, and he caught her staring, his gaze snagging hers, a knowing look on his face.

"I've missed you, Michaela." His voice was soft, husky. "But it sounds like things are crazy at work."

“They are.” She paused and looked down, drawing her fork across her plate, playing with the leftover rice. “I’ve been avoiding you, though. It’s not all been work.”

“I know.”

Michaela watched him, the way he slouched in his chair, his forearms resting on the edge of the table. He looked delectable. He always did, no matter what. “You didn’t have to do all of this for me.”

“I wanted to.” He sat up straighter, his expression going serious. “We need to talk.”

Oh, God, here we go. She should tell him how she really felt. It would be easiest now, with the table as some sort of barrier between them. She could spit it out and be done with it.

She only hoped he was receptive.

She's a rock star, he's not. That doesn't stop them from making beautiful music...

Love Song

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The lights, the crowds, the shows—the success that comes with topping the rock charts seems bright and glittering. For Ami, lead singer of the mega-hot band Haunted, it's anything but. She's tired of being “on” every waking second. There's never any time to breathe, and the pressure is driving her toward becoming a dangerous cliché—the drunken musician.

Desperate to regain control of her life, she runs, looking for space. For peace. For herself. What she finds is Edward.

Having a famous rock star staying in his home, Edward is enchanted and stunned. How could a woman like her be drawn to his simple, down-to-earth lifestyle? There's only one thing he can offer her: a willingness to help with no strings attached.

Slowly, in Edward's arms, Ami gets back in touch with the woman she remembers. The one who loves music. Laughter. The touch of a lover's hands on her body.

But the real world won't let her hide forever. The consequences could cost her her hard-won peace...and her muse.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Love Song:

The next morning Ami woke up and stumbled down the hallway, her hair a matted mess and the baggy shirt hanging loose over her small frame. She yawned and scratched under her breasts as she walked into the kitchen. On the small table was a note.

Have a few errands to run. Be back soon,
Edward

Ami rubbed her eyes. She couldn't remember the last time she slept that good. She decided to peek around a little. Not to be nosey but just look around a bit to get the lay of the house.

There were photos on the wall of a couple with a few kids. She assumed it was Edward's parents and the family. Beside them was a photo of Edward with a pretty woman at a park or something. Smiling, Ami saw that they looked happy.

She didn't see any kid's toys or anything like that so she figured there weren't any around. She found the little kitchenette area and a coffeemaker. “Thank God.”

She made a small pot of coffee and grabbed a small laptop computer she saw resting on an end table. *Hopefully, they have the Internet.*

Ami sat with her legs pulled against her chest sipping a cup of coffee. The sun shone through the kitchen window across the table. Warmth crept through the room, and Ami sighed with pleasure.

As she opened the computer and did a little surfing she saw a small flashing icon at the bottom. It was a pop-up.

Clicking it, she found herself at a porn site.

“Aha, somebody has been naughty.”

Edward must have still been logged on because it read, “Welcome back Eddie Z”.

She browsed around a little and laughed at the photos and streaming porn.

“What do men see in all this... Holy shit! That guy is deformed.” She sat up a little to get a better look. “That can’t be... I guess it is.”

“Knock, knock. Anyone home?” Ami looked up and saw an elderly woman at the door. She was the woman she had seen in the photos.

“Come on in.”

Startled the woman looked around. “Um, Edward isn’t back yet?”

“He said he was running some errands. I’m Ami, his, um, friend.” Ami figured she was probably quite an odd sight, wearing not much clothing and sitting in a man’s kitchen.

“Hello, I’m Ellen, Edward’s mom. He mentioned he had a guest this morning. He had to run into town to get some groceries for me. I come over every now and then to give Edward some breakfast. He can’t cook an egg without messing it up. Just like his father.”

“Yeah, I got his note.”

“You are his, ummm, how do I put this?”

“I’m just a friend. He let me stay here last night. I apologize. He offered me a place to crash for a couple days. I can leave if you want.”

“Well if my little Eddie said you can stay it’s fine with me. It’ll be nice to have someone around to chat to instead of just Eddie and his dad.”

Ami nodded. “Thank you.”

“You hungry?”

Ami shrugged. “I’m okay. I usually just have an energy bar and some cappuccino in the morning.”

“Don’t be silly. You’ll wither away without a decent breakfast. I brought over some muffins I’d made for his father. Help yourself.” Ellen put a small basket on the table and the fresh smell of the muffins filled the room.

“Oh wow. Okay, thank you.” She took a warm muffin and broke it in half. Taking a bite she smiled ear to ear. Ami was used to people waiting on her but this was a genuine act of kindness. It felt great to have someone be nice with no ulterior motive, no other reason than to be kind.

Ellen stood and walked to the sink. “Well I’ll let you get ready. I’ll be next door if you... Jesus Christ, look at the size of that man’s penis!”

Ellen stepped back. “I haven’t seen anything that big since we took the horses out to stud.”

Ami laughed. “I was just surfing and this silly porn site popped up. I saw this and wanted to, um, do a little research.”

“Well, ahem, have fun with your research. I need to go cock some—I mean *cook* some stew.”
Laughing, Ellen walked out the back door.



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