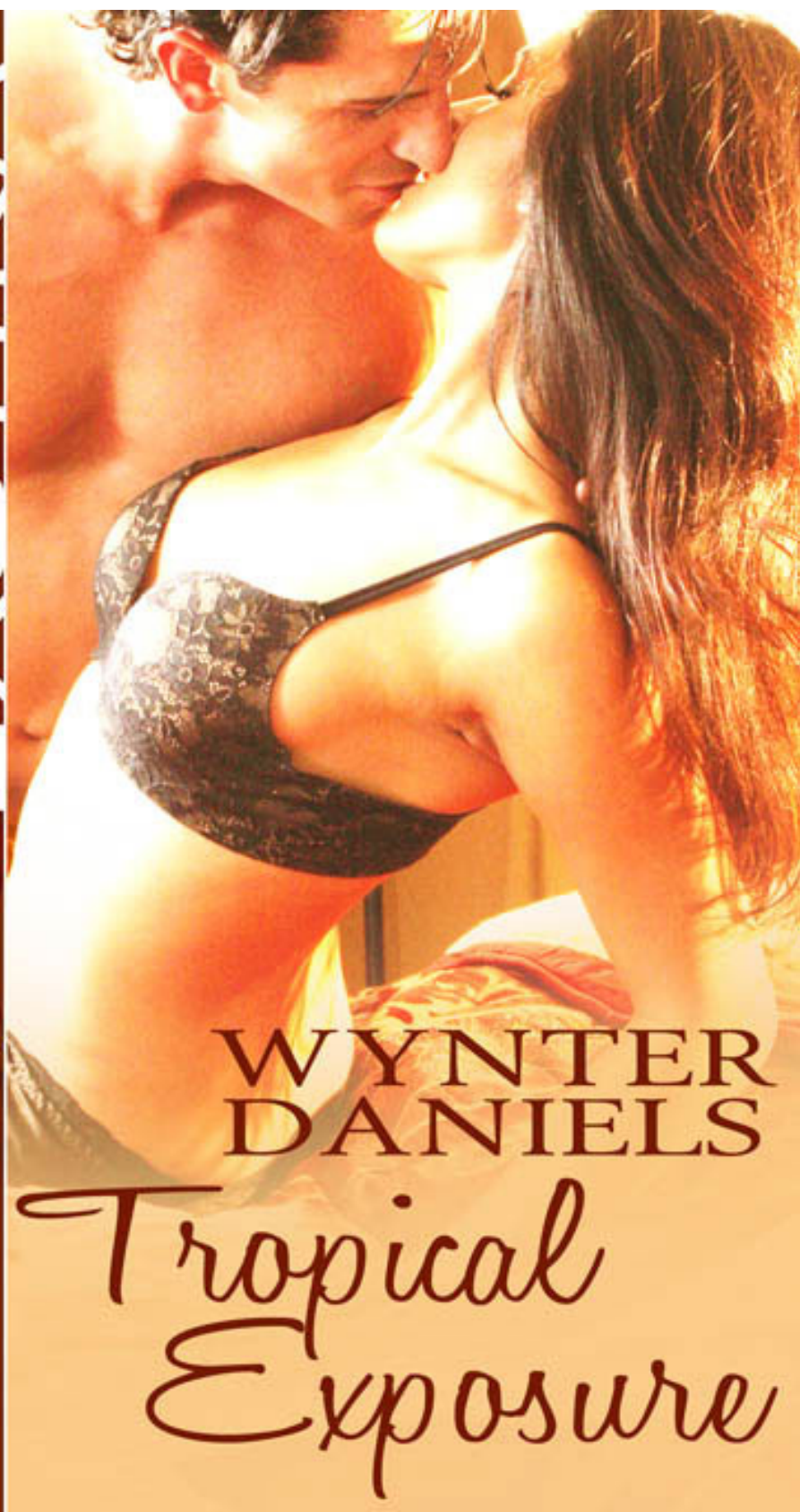


ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA



WYNTER  
DANIELS

*Tropical  
Exposure*

## Tropical Exposure

Wynter Daniels

Megastar Marin Shay disappears from the radar a few weeks a year for a vacation from the pressures of Hollywood. This time, though, instead of the usual bodyguards she gets stuck with—beefy middle-aged men with bad breath and even worse comb-overs—she lucks into some scorching-hot eye candy.

Tony and Josh share the same objective—taking care of Marin in every way possible. And when she proposes they indulge her fantasy of a *ménage à trois*, both men are definitely eager to please.

There's only one problem—one of them is really a tabloid reporter who could ruin everything.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Tropical Exposure

ISBN 9781419927096

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Edited by Shannon Combs

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication April 2010

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# ***TROPICAL EXPOSURE***

**Wynter Daniels**

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## **Chapter One**

Marin Shay stared through her barred bedroom window and watched a man dressed all in black get out of a limousine in the circular drive. Over the estate's high wall she glimpsed a dozen or so tall news van antennae. Backing away from the glass, she let the heavy curtain fall into place.

Those tabloid people with their long-distance lenses never relented. Wasn't it enough that they'd splashed her dirty laundry over the covers of their newspapers and magazines for years? Did they have to know every minute detail of her life?

Didn't matter now. Soon enough she'd be on her way to her yearly escape. No paparazzi, no scripts or directors, no cameras flashing in her face. And no entertainment empire to run.

A gentle knock tore her attention to the task at hand. She slipped on a curly blonde wig resembling her natural hair. "Yes?"

Joseph, her newest bodyguard, poked his head into the room. "They're ready, Miss Shay."

"Thank you." She managed a smile, although she suspected Joseph would eventually sell any information he'd glean from working for her. A former maid had fetched a five-figure bounty for a pair of Marin's panties on eBay just weeks ago. Her last hairdresser had auctioned off clippings of her hair. The obsession with anything and everything she'd ever touched or worn baffled her.

And that was precisely why no one in her employ had all the details of her travel plans. The two weeks of privacy were well worth the four flights, the dozen disguises, the hours she spent making her own arrangements under aliases. She'd even paid two decoys this time, rather than her usual one.

Unable to resist, she teased back the edge of the curtain again and observed a woman who looked amazingly like her slip inside the limo. Minutes later, as the car cleared the gate, most of the news vans hurried after like hungry dogs chasing a scrap of meat.

She couldn't contain her curiosity at the spectacle in the driveway. The other decoy—cloaked in Marin's own black designer cape and oversized sunglasses—hurried into an SUV with dark tinted windows. The driver loaded four Louis Vuitton bags into the back. As the sun set the vehicle pulled away and headed toward the gate. The remaining news vans took the bait and sped after it. Perfect.

She sucked in a relieved breath as all the tension evaporated. After removing the wig, she glanced in the mirror and hardly recognized her own reflection. She'd never colored her own hair before, had no idea how easy it was. Flat ironing had taken less than twenty minutes. Her signature blonde curls were gone, replaced by straight brown hair pulled back in a simple ponytail. Dark contacts and wire-rim glasses hid her blue eyes and her complete lack of makeup made her look like a teenager.

She tucked her hair into a cloth turban then slipped a wide-brimmed hat over that, making sure no stray brown locks escaped. The staff didn't need to know she masqueraded as a brunette. Satisfied with her transformation, she strode from the room and headed to the mansion's service entrance.

Fifteen hours and four flights later, she climbed out of an ordinary-looking rental car in Roatan, Honduras, with the men she'd hired to be both bodyguards and decoy husband and son. No matter that she and both men were around thirty, or that the bigger one looked at least part African-American. With a little Hollywood magic she'd picked up from her years in the business, they appeared to be a fifty-ish couple with their twenty-ish son.

The place she'd rented appeared exactly as it had in the pictures. Three stories of pastel blue dollhouse directly on the beach with a balcony wrapped around each level. She inhaled a breath scented with saltwater and flowers as she took in the view. More

orchids than she'd ever seen grew in flowerbeds near the entrance. Mountains to the north contrasted with the ocean to the south. Several coconut palms flanked one side of the house, providing a little privacy from any telephoto lenses, although no one could possibly guess she was here. Even the bodyguards didn't know who she was and hopefully had bought her story about being an heiress on vacation in need of privacy. One spoke passable Spanish, which might come in handy if she decided to venture into town, though she probably wouldn't.

Inside the house, she waited for the men to close all the blinds before taking off the salt-and-pepper wig. The heavy, confining cage of her world fell away. She found her old, easy smile, the one she'd worn before fame had transformed her. The need to scrub herself clean of Hollywood's poison suddenly overwhelmed her. "I don't know about you two, but I'm dying for a shower."

"Me too. But I'll wait until you're through in case the water pressure is a problem." Tony, the man who'd played her son, gave her a wink. Most women would kill to have those thick, dark eyelashes. "The right amount of pressure is important." His gaze dropped to her breasts, then rose to her eyes.

Awareness hummed through her, hardening her nipples to painful points. Automatically, she folded her arms over her chest. Lifting her chin higher, she pulled in a breath infused with the scent of his spicy cologne and male sweat. She grinned, wondered if he could take what he dished out. "I just hope it's big enough." She made a show of staring at the bulge in his pants. "I like big ones."

That elicited another wink, this one more playful – and more inviting. "I'm sure you won't be disappointed."

She had to admit, he was pretty hot with that shoulder-length hair and those chiseled features. But she couldn't get the notion out of her head that she'd met him before. If someone had found her out or followed her, her time here would be ruined. Her stomach did a little flip-flop.

*No, it has to be my imagination.*



"I'm ready for a nap." Josh, the Spanish-speaking weight-lifter type, stretched out on the couch. She wondered if he slept with the toothpick that always seemed to be poking out from between his teeth. He stood about six-four and had arms twice as big around as her legs. Although he'd checked his reflection in every mirrored surface they passed in the airports, she got the feeling he was always aware of her and vigilant about her safety. Long as he watched out for her as well, she didn't care how vain he was.

No denying his body was amazing. He had the thick neck of a football player and the muscled legs of a long-distance runner. His size alone made her feel safe under his watch, yet she wondered what it would be like to have that huge hunk of man hovering above her, sporting an enormous woody.

Both men were totally hot and the three of them would be all alone here for nearly two weeks. Anything was possible. This was the third time she'd taken a trip like this, flying under the radar and all. Only last time her ex Rosco had joined her and the time before, her father had. This was her first foray into vacationing all alone.

Well, not *all* alone. Perhaps she'd have her pick of one of the men to keep her occupied. She'd not slept with anyone in months for fear of finding herself the subject of some tabloid exposé. Josh and Tony had no inkling as to her identity, so she could be just as wicked as she wanted.

Before she could even think about that, she needed to wash off the grime from all her travels. Maybe take a nap. As much zigzagging as she'd done today, she wasn't even sure what time zone they were in. She headed upstairs to the master bedroom and stripped off her clothes. Her panties had a wet spot.

*All Tony's fault. Or maybe Josh's.*

What red-blooded woman wouldn't react to being alone with two hot guys, one a serious flirt, the other a would-be Mr. America contestant? Glancing around the room, she chuckled at the cliché tropical theme—nautilus shell-patterned bedspread and curtains, a palm tree-shaped throw rug and a huge beach mural painted on one wall. At least the room was spacious with high ceilings and a canopied king-size bed.

The shower was a large, mostly open square with two heads. Plenty big enough for two...or even three. She tumbled the notion of a threesome around in her head, wondered what it would be like.

She was totally anonymous here and it had been so long since another human being had pleased her. She'd packed her vibrator, but it lacked a certain warmth and never wanted to cuddle with her after.

Why not try something bad, something dangerous? She turned on the faucet and stepped under the stream. Shutting her eyes, she pictured both men naked and hungry. They wanted to touch her, all over, do things she'd never dared. Desire coursed through her, made her pussy tingle with excitement. She rubbed a bar of soap over her breasts, sucked in a breath of steam as she lingered on her nipples.

God, she missed the feel of a man's strong arms around her, the rough scratch of a five o'clock shadow against her skin, the heated stares that made her legs wobble.

Liaisons took so much planning for someone like her, always in the limelight, always under scrutiny. Few men could handle that kind of attention. Famous men dealt with it best, already used to the constant attention. Unfortunately, those she'd dated were way more focused on their image than on making a relationship work.

She'd had a couple of regular guys, men without gigantic Hollywood egos. But they'd been *too* interested in pleasing her, as if they needed instruction. Most were too intimidated to push the envelope, sexually speaking. For once, she didn't want to be in charge. She yearned for a man to take control of her in the bedroom, make her submit to his will, but she'd never had the nerve to say so.

A blast of cold water ripped her out of her thoughts. Had she run out of hot water already? She gave the faucet a quick twist to shut it off. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw something move. Glancing toward the window, she gasped.

There was a man on the deck just outside the window taking a shower. His back was to her, all tanned skin and rippling muscles. When he turned a little, she realized it

was Josh. But she couldn't stop gawking, couldn't tear her gaze from his amazing shoulders or his six-pack.

When he twisted toward her, she got a glimpse of his cock. *Holy cow!* It wasn't even hard, but it was enormous. Mesmerized, she stepped closer to the window for a better view.

Soap bubbles cascaded over his chest, past his stomach and disappeared in the tuft of brown curls above that amazing... *Hey!* It was growing. He was getting hard. What the...

Then she lifted her gaze to his face.

*Oh God.* He grinned, stared at her, obviously enjoying her reaction to his chiseled body. Automatically, she drew her hands up to cover her breasts and she realized her nipples were as rigid as Josh's erection.

She spun around and rushed out of the shower stall, as far from the window as she could get. Thank God there was a towel on the bed. She grabbed it and wrapped it around her, only it was small and barely covered her.

Releasing the breath she'd been holding, she lay back on the bedspread and threw her arm over her eyes, prayed she'd imagined the whole thing. Maybe she could find another bodyguard here in Honduras to replace Josh.

No. She'd gone to so much trouble finding the two men she had. No way could she take a chance that she'd get some undercover tabloid reporter posing as muscle-bound security. Plus, why not have nice scenery while she was here, rather than some paunchy middle-aged dudes.

Josh certainly was hot. But wouldn't it be weird with Tony if she and Josh started a fling? At least she had her pick of fabulous eye candy.

When someone knocked on her door, she prayed it wasn't Josh. How could she look him in the eye now, after she'd seen his... And he'd seen hers?

"Sarah?" a man asked, using the fake name she'd chosen.

"Yes?" She held her breath.

"I have your suitcases."

So used to having things taken care of without having to think about them, she'd completely forgotten to ask one of the guys to carry up her bags. She stood then secured the towel tightly around her. Before she let him in, she grabbed her glasses from the dresser and slipped them on. "Come in."

Thankfully, Tony entered with her suitcases. "Here you go."

She hurried over, reached for the handle of the smaller bag, but he didn't let it go. Her fingers slid alongside his. All the air sucked out of her lungs. Deafening silence hung between them for a long beat. Finally, she let go.

He let out a nervous cough, set one bag on a folding stand and stood the other next to the closet.

"Thanks." Why hadn't she noticed how green his eyes were? Or that he had the most adorable cleft in his chin?

His gaze slid slowly over her legs.

She shivered, realizing she wanted him to see her naked, just as Josh had. Combing her fingers through her damp hair, she tried to act natural, pretend her whole body wasn't humming with pent-up desire.

How had she ended up with two hot as hell bodyguards? Usually they were beefy middle-aged men with bad breath and an even worse comb-over.

"Can I do...*anything* for you?" His words left no doubt what he'd like to include in his list of services.

*Yes. You can fuck my brains out.*

"I'm fine, thanks. For now." She folded her arms across her chest, closing herself off, chickening out.

"My turn now, right?"

She raised a curious eyebrow. "Huh?"

He pinned her with a smoky stare. "I can use the shower in my room, right? Now that you're done."

She cleared her throat. "Um, yes." How had these men she'd met less than a day ago already learned how to turn her into a hormonal puddle of a woman?

*I am so screwed.*

## Chapter Two

Tony wondered if he'd imagined Marin's interest. Had she really opened the door to him wearing nothing but a tiny scrap of fabric? Her neck and cheeks had colored with a pink flush before his eyes. No, definitely not his imagination. He must be the luckiest son of a bitch in the world.

*Yeah, right.* Marin Shay was one of the most beautiful, sought after actresses on earth. Why would she have anything to do with him? Men had to be falling at her feet, although none of the tabloids had been able to link her to anyone in the last year or so, not since Rosco Whitehall had humiliated her with an uber-public break-up.

She was nothing like Tony had imagined. Not bossy or on an ego trip like so many of the spoiled Hollywood celebrities he'd photographed and written about. All the others had been strictly B-list. But Marin Shay? She sat at the very pinnacle of the A-list. And holy cow, was she the hottest thing he'd ever seen.

What an amazing stroke of luck that his car hadn't started on the first couple tries after all the other paparazzi had followed her decoys away from her estate. He had to admit, her disguise was good—really good. If he didn't know it was Marin, he'd have been fooled.

It had only cost him a thousand bucks to pay off the bodyguard she'd hired in the Dominican Republic so he could take his place. Poor guy had no idea he'd sold his chance to work for Marin Shay.

Low as he was in the pool of staff reporters, a plum assignment like this felt like manna from heaven. If he could get the right photo of her, a juicy bit of information, he could jump straight to the highest rungs of the ladder. Forget about paying his dues. Everyone at the *Weekly Tattletale* knew the reporters who brought in the hottest stories were paid two or three times what the guys at the bottom made.

Wasn't like he was jeopardizing her safety or anything. He'd been taking Krav Maga for more than a year now and thanks to his gun-nut father, he was a crack shot.

So why did guilt keep poking his gut? He brushed it aside when the big dude strode past with a towel wrapped around his waist and that same toothpick sticking out from between his teeth.

"Try the shower on the deck," Josh advised. "Amazing view." Seconds later a door clicked shut down the hall.

He and Josh had decided he'd take days and Josh would take nights. Checking his watch, he realized he hadn't reset it to local time. He started hitting buttons, never completely sure of how to program the damn thing.

Something crashed in another part of the house, then he heard Marin's loud gasp. Racing from his room, he headed toward where the sound came from—her room. Without knocking, he charged inside and found her dangling in midair, grasping the ledge below a high cabinet, still wearing only a towel. A chair lay on its side on the floor underneath her.

"What the..." He ran to her, wrapped his arms around her legs.

When the towel fell away, she yelped. "Close your eyes."

"What?" Not like he could really see anything but the back of her thighs in front of his face.

"Just shut them."

Huffing, he did what she asked. Unable to see her, all he could do was feel her silky skin, drink in her enticing floral scent.

"Are they closed?"

"Yes ma'am." But that didn't stop his brain from filling in the missing pieces—the high, perky tits, the taste of her full, crimson lips, what it would feel like to bury himself to his balls inside her.

"Now put me down."

Loosening his grip, he let her slide down along his body, purposely holding her close. His cock strained against his fly.

"Keep them closed," she insisted as she broke free of his grasp.

He heard the rustle of fabric before she said, "Okay. You can open your eyes now."

When he did, she stood near the bed wearing a short red kimono.

"Thank you for rescuing me." She gave him a demure smile. "And for keeping your eyes shut."

Shrugging as if it had been the easiest feat in the world, he bent to right the chair then picked up the towel and draped it over the back. "What were you doing up there?" He gestured toward the high cabinet.

Her neck and face turned a gorgeous shade of pink. "I was curious. I had to see if there was anything inside."

"And?"

She rolled her eyes and grinned. "Dust bunnies. Somehow I lost my footing and the chair fell over."

"Well that was worth risking your neck, huh?"

Tightening her sash, she widened her smile. "Sometimes you just have to check it out for yourself."

"Sometimes you do." He lowered his eyes to her tits, imagined sliding his cock along the valley between them. A flash of heat seared him from the inside out. He started for the door rather than stand there like a horny teenager with a hard-on. "Let me know if you need me."

"Oh I will." Her voice held a playful edge that ratcheted his lust even higher.

He wiped away beads of sweat from his forehead and returned to his room.

After a long, cool shower Tony was officially on duty. He dressed in a polo shirt and shorts. Before leaving his room, he slipped the thirty-eight he'd bought from the security guard he'd replaced under his belt and went outside to check the perimeter of



the property – and to use his cell out of earshot of the others. He'd already confirmed he was able to get a signal here.

Lester, his boss, picked up on the third ring. "Where are you, Tony?"

Static on the line somehow comforted him. Not quite ready to reveal his hand, he hedged. "Somewhere in the Caribbean. But we're hopping a flight from here. I don't know to where. Like I told you before, she's smart." And unbelievably hotter in person than on screen. He totally understood why every male director who'd worked with her had fallen under her spell. As he rounded a corner of the house, the beach came into view – and so did Marin, settling into a chaise lounge on the bottom deck.

*Christ, she looks good enough to eat.*

"Gotta go, Les. I'll call when I can."

"Pictures, Tony. Get me some good shots."

He shut his phone, turned it off and headed toward Marin.

In a white low-cut one-piece bathing suit with her hair cascading over her shoulders, she was stunning. She held a hand over her eyes to shield them from the sun as she stared up at him. "You're wearing too many clothes for the beach."

He'd love to see her in less too – for more than a split second this time. "I'm on the clock." He tapped the butt of his weapon. "There aren't a lot of places to keep a gun in a swimsuit."

"You could pretend the bulge in your briefs is because you're just happy to see me." She waggled her eyebrows and patted the end of her chair. "Get off your feet." Her voice was like a siren's call. No way could he resist.

Shrugging like it was no big deal, he took her up on the offer. "You're the boss."

She chewed on her lower lip. Good thing his shirt was long enough to cover his growing hard-on. He trailed his gaze over her and drank in that famous body. Long, lean legs, perfectly rounded hips, slim waist and high, full breasts. The woman could

disguise herself as a troll and she'd still be the sexiest thing he'd ever laid eyes on. Desire coiled tightly inside him.

"So does that mean you'll do whatever I say?" She stretched out her legs and propped them on his lap, dangerously close to his cock. Her toenails were painted hot pink and one had a tiny line of daisies painted across it. He'd never been much of a foot man, but she turned him on so completely, even the idea of sucking on her toes sounded appealing.

He ran a finger along her ankle. "I guess so. You tell me I have to rub your feet, I rub your feet."

"Okay." Letting out an adorable laugh, she wiggled her legs. "Rub my feet."

Pulse hammering, he started with her toes, worked his way to the instep of her left foot. She sighed her approval as he used both hands to twist in opposite directions. Then he massaged the top and the heel. Since when did a woman's feet turn him on?

Had he imagined that she'd moved her other leg closer to his erection? There it was again.

*Nope. Definitely not my imagination.*

Reining in the overwhelming desire to pounce on her, he set her left foot down—on his cock—before taking the right one in hand and repeating the process. He'd never felt such soft, smooth skin.

She rolled her head back, shifted her hips often enough to confirm she was probably getting wet.

God, he wanted to bury himself in her. The noontime sun conspired with her incredibly hot body to make his temperature rise about a hundred degrees into the unbearable zone. Did he dare move his attention to her ankles and beyond?

Before he had a chance to try, she yanked her leg away and scooted off the seat. "Let's get in the water." She took off her hat and tossed it Frisbee style onto the deck then started running toward the shore. Like an excited little girl, she kicked up the surf.

Her exuberance was contagious. She hooted and howled, splashed in the aqua-colored water.

"I'm free," she shouted. "Come on, Tony."

*I'm free.* Her words hit him like bullets. All she yearned for was a couple weeks to act like a normal person, unencumbered by the millions of eyes always upon her.

And all he wanted was to rat her out. The minute he called her location in to Les, it would be front-page news on every tabloid in the world. Then guys like him would descend upon this place like the vultures they were.

Yet she'd made the choice to be a star. No one had forced her, unless you counted her bastard of a father. From what he'd read, Parker Shay had ridden her hard until she'd made it big. Then he'd drained her bank accounts and disappeared. So much for family loyalty.

But still, she made more money than God doing a job she probably loved. Tony loved his job too, hoped to make it big. Didn't that give him the right to pursue a huge story that could be his ticket?

She waved at him again. "I'm growing old here. Come on. Are you scared?"

Yeah, he was scared—terrified that he'd developed a conscience. Why couldn't he look at the assignment objectively? He always had before. He'd met her less than twenty-four hours ago, but her vulnerability—that fissure in her carefully crafted persona—had already gotten to him. Only a real asshole would exploit it. Like every celebrity reporter and photographer he knew.

And what about her security? Josh was probably fast asleep by now. He glanced along the shore then out to sea. They were completely alone. Miles and miles of desolate beach stretched in either direction. Hell, he'd see a boat coming an hour before it could get anywhere near her.

There'd be plenty of time to be a reporter after a swim. He practically ripped off his shirt, set his gun, wallet and phone on the chair and covered them with her hat. Then he stripped down to his boxers and raced into the water, dove under a wave before he

reached her. He watched her legs scissor back and forth as he neared. Wrapping his arms around her thighs, he lifted her up and broke through the surface. He felt like a kid, a kid having the best day of his life.

Laughing, she pretended to struggle. "Let me go!"

"For a price." The only sound he heard was the pounding roar of the surf as he stared up at her. The world fell away and there was only her, gazing down at him with those huge, soulful eyes. And he wanted her more than anything—more than the story, more than his career.

Her smile gradually faded. She set her hands on his shoulders and he lowered her so they were face-to-face. Her lips, so full and compelling, parted. For him. Then her mouth was on his and he tasted her, breathed her in. She wrapped her legs around his waist and deepened the kiss.

God, she felt so good, smelled like heaven. Even the cool water couldn't douse his growing erection. She pressed against him. Her nipples, hard as little stones, poked his skin, rocketed his lust even higher.

He rubbed his hands along her thighs, perfectly muscled and firm, then slid a thumb between, along the wet material of her swimsuit.

She sucked on his tongue, let out small gasps letting him know she craved more. But did she want it here? Where anyone might see them?

The answer came quicker than he'd expected.

She broke away, met his stare with hungry eyes. "Let's go back to the house." Her voice was low and sultry, leaving no question as to her meaning.

He held onto her ass, kissed her as he brought her toward shore. When the water was waist-high, she let go and walked the rest of the way in front of him, affording him the view of the century.

They'd just gotten out of the ocean when Marin glanced at the house and saw Josh leaning over the railing on the second-floor deck. How long had he been there? He wore

a shit-eating grin as if he knew exactly what they'd been up to, what they were heading inside to do.

She flashed on a vision of him, nude in the shower, with water cascading over his big, muscled body and his hard cock. What would it be like to have both men touching her? Her ex-boyfriend had once suggested they make love with another woman, but Marin had backed out at the last minute. But having two men, all to herself, that would be a fantasy come true.

As she stepped up to the deck, Josh disappeared from view, but the creak of the wooden boards overhead followed by the dull thud of a closing door gave her hope her fantasy might become reality.

Tony took her hand and spun her around to face him. "Josh was supposed to be sleeping."

She studied his expression and was relieved to pick up no sign of jealousy or anger. Would he hate her if he knew what her fantasy involved? And what if it got out somehow? Her reputation would surely suffer. The roles she was offered could dwindle.

But why should it even matter? This was her personal life and had no bearing on the job she did, the empire she ran. So many people counted on her for their living. If she made one wrong decision, took one misstep, they could all be out of a job. That sobering responsibility was the biggest reason she needed this respite every year. The last thing she ought to be thinking about now was protecting those around her. This was her *me* time. And she only had two weeks of it. If she didn't go for this now, she might never work up the nerve again.

She grabbed her towel from the chair and wiped off as much water as she could then handed it to Tony. "Josh slept on the flights. Maybe he's not tired. Maybe *he* wants to get laid too."

Tony raised an eyebrow as he dried his legs then dropped the towel back onto the chaise lounge. "I got here first." He pulled her against his chest and moved her hand to his hard-on. "And I'm ready now."

Hopes of a threesome today dissipated like steam into the air. But there was always tomorrow. Through the soaked fabric of his shorts she traced the contours of his rigid cock. "Who put you in charge?"

He shut his eyes and released a soft moan. "You have a problem with that?"

"Not at all." Hot need spiraled through her.

"Inside," he murmured. "Now."

Exhilarated by his commanding tone and his heady scent, she threaded her fingers through his and let him lead her into the house. "My room?" she asked.

He grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanked her head closer and kissed her like a pirate plundering a long-sought treasure. Her chest heaved as his tongue sparred with hers. His grip on her hair tightened, then released. Heat surged between her legs.

He cupped her breasts, tugged painfully on her sensitive nipples. A tidal wave of lust nearly knocked her over.

"My room." A wicked grin played on his lips as he dropped his hands to his side. "Now!"

Did he sense her need to have someone else take the reins? She climbed the stairs, heart kabooming like a bass drum. Glancing side to side at the landing, she felt quick sparks of regret shoot through her when she didn't see Josh around. But she had a feeling Tony wouldn't disappoint.

He marched past her and led the way to the second door on the right, pushed it open. Desire heightened her awareness as she slid by him, closer than necessary, rubbing her ass along his crotch.

"Take off your swimsuit." He shut the door then shucked off his wet shorts. His erection sprang free. "And get on the bed."

Her breath caught in her throat as she peeled away her suit, slowly, savoring the way his chest rose and fell, how his eyes caressed her body. His mouth opened and his gaze narrowed as it followed her every move.

A tiny drop of seed formed on the head of his cock and she wanted to lick it off, use her tongue to spread it around. She rolled her bathing suit down her legs, kicked it away, then backed onto the bed.

Tony crouched beside his suitcase, dug inside and removed a foil packet. "On your knees." He came closer, set the condom on the table by the bed then circled around her like a lion stalking its prey.

She flinched at the first hard slap on her bare ass. By the tenth, she was smiling and her pussy was slick with moisture.

"Turn around." His voice was soft, but commanding, totally in control and she loved it.

She did as he said and sat back on her thighs, facing him. He moved close, leading with his erection, and stopped inches from her mouth. His cock was perfect, gently curved with a head that looked almost heart shaped. She knew what he craved, she loved giving head nearly as much as guys seemed to enjoy receiving it, but he'd have to *make* her do it. The game was too enticing.

"You want to touch it, don't you?" He set his hands on his waist and stared down at her.

She lifted an eyebrow and gave him a demure shrug.

Grabbing a fistful of her hair, he jerked her head back. "Open your mouth."

Licking her lips, she cupped her hand over his balls, wrapped her other fist around the shaft and grinned when she felt him pulse with raw need. Another bead of semen oozed from the slit. She used her thumb to spread it around, then licked it off her finger as she stared up into his eyes.

He took her wrists, pulled her hands off him. "I told you to open your mouth." Grinning wickedly, he nudged his cock against her closed lips. He smelled like saltwater and pure man.

Feigning innocence, she took in the head, lapped him like a lollipop as he groaned his appreciation. She flicked her tongue along his length, sucked him all the way inside and raked her teeth lightly over his taut skin. He hissed out a breath through clenched teeth as she slid him in and out. When he withdrew, she looked up at him, puzzled.

"Lie on your back," he instructed. Apparently she didn't comply fast enough because he slapped her hard on her ass.

The sting just made her wetter. Baiting him, she backed away. "No." She chewed on her lower lip, anticipating another whack.

Instead, he grabbed her arms and in a swift move, set her facedown over his lap. "Now you get a *real* spanking."

What if Josh heard? But as quickly as she'd thought about the question, she knew the answer. Deep down, she hoped he did hear.

She'd never even dreamt she'd like this so much. The idea had always sounded so deviant, but here, with her reality all but a distant memory, it felt righter than right.

Tony smoothed a hand over her back, slow and gentle, then he suddenly slapped her ass, good and hard. She felt her pussy grow even slicker with the thick cream of her arousal. She spread her legs a little, enough so he'd notice.

His deep, throaty laugh resonated through the room. "You're not in charge here, Miss Sarah."

She smiled against the bedclothes as a wave of anticipation gripped her.

Light as a feather, his fingers grazed the back of her thighs, slid between them. A shudder rolled over her skin. His gentle strokes after the harsh spanking somehow heightened her arousal even more.



He spread her wider, glided a finger along her wet folds, teased her rigid nub with a whisper-light touch. Her pussy vibrated with pent-up need. She wanted his fingers inside her, or his tongue. Better still, his cock.

"Tell me what you want, Sarah." His voice was deep, commanding and it sent ribbons of pleasure spooling through her body, curling around her senses.

A sudden hard slap resonated in the quiet room. She lifted her ass higher, begging for more.

"Say it." He eased a finger inside her, then another, like a delicious appetizer to whet her palette. Stroking and rubbing, he gradually increased his pace.

She rocked, tormented by delight and so close to the edge she could taste the sensations. "I want you inside me."

When Tony stroked his thumb over her clit, every cell in her body hummed with electricity until her orgasm burst with the intensity of a tornado, shooting pleasure all through her. She writhed and quivered with carnal bliss. Like the aftershocks of an earthquake, it kept rolling. When her climax finally ebbed she sighed with satisfaction.

Tony withdrew his fingers, turned her over and raked his heated gaze over her body. A shiver of awareness rolled over her skin. Her nipples puckered and hardened to painful points under his stare.

A wicked grin lifted one corner of his mouth. Then he claimed one breast with his hand and strummed her nipple. He lowered his mouth to the other and stroked the areola with the tip of his tongue.

She let out a desperate whimper, begging him to suckle her. Using his teeth, he tugged on her sensitive peak. She arched against the pleasure, but now she wanted him to move his attention lower. Lifting her hips, she writhed to dissipate the heat building at her entrance.

Thankfully, he got the message. He spared her a devilish wink then slipped his hands between her thighs and spread her legs wide. He shifted lower then and dragged

his tongue along the outer edge of her lips, igniting new shockwaves of ecstasy. Nipping lightly at her skin, he growled like a predatory wolf about to devour her.

She needed to feel him deep inside her. "Fuck me, Tony, now. Please."

Before she knew what was happening, he flipped her over again and spanked her ass, harder than before. "I'll fuck you when I'm good and ready."

His breath heated her neck yet raised goose bumps all over her body. "Now get over here and suck my cock."

His expression was feral as she crawled toward him, eying his rigid erection. It was deep red and seemed to pulse and buck. She clamped her mouth tight, completely enthralled in the game.

He pushed against her closed lips, forced it inside. She initially feigned resistance but enjoyed every stroke as she lapped and licked, sucked and tasted.

Tony sighed his approval, plunged his fingers through her hair and grasped her head, turning it just so, setting the pace and rhythm. She cupped his balls, gave them a gentle squeeze and was rewarded with a deep moan.

Flicking her tongue along the shaft, she savored his salty taste. When he loosened his grasp on her hair, she moved her attention south and sucked his scrotum into her mouth as she closed her hand around his cock and stroked him up and down. He rewarded her with a low moan, music to her ears.

Tony reached over to the bedside table and grabbed the condom packet. He wouldn't be able to hold on much longer. Marin apparently had way more skills than just acting and singing. And she seemed to be enjoying herself immensely, particularly when he manhandled her.

Watching her lick his balls was the most erotic sight he'd ever seen. When he tore open the foil packet she lifted her gaze to his.

"Now I'm ready to fuck you."

She scooted to the far corner of the bed, covered her tits with her hands, playing her submissive game again. He was so far beyond turned-on, she could play it any way she wanted. Eying her, he slid the condom on, tossed away the wrapper.

As he crawled toward her, she backed against the bedpost, clutched at it. "What are you going to do?" she asked in a small voice.

"I'm going to fuck you harder than you've ever been fucked."

Even though she cowered and shook her head, she couldn't completely mask the smoldering fire in her eyes.

"You want me to steal it, don't you?" He captured her wrists with one hand, turned her toward the post with the other. "Don't you?"

"No!" But she lifted onto her knees, ready to for him to fill her up. He eased into her slick entrance from behind, then thrust deeper, tearing a gasp from her throat.

She tightened around his cock, pushed against him. They found their rhythm and moved as one.

*Holy God, she's so tight.*

As he rode her, he reached around, found her pussy and started rubbing.

"Oh my God." She let out a whimper then convulsed as she came. Her intimate muscles contracted around his cock and he nearly lost control. His pleasure coiled tighter.

He quickened his thrusts, harder, deeper, faster until he couldn't hold back anymore and he exploded in a rhapsody of delight. Marin milked him dry, squeezing him with talented muscles.

Finally he collapsed over her, spent and satisfied.

## Chapter Three

Tony's eyes fluttered, then opened. He must have dozed off. The room was bathed in velvet shadows. Rolling over, he felt an emptiness settle in his gut when he found the bed empty.

"You're finally awake."

He followed the sound of Marin's voice to the bathroom doorway. She leaned against the frame, a hand on her hip, completely nude and beautiful. Her hair was damp and she'd put those glasses back on. Somewhere deep inside he resented that she was hiding behind a disguise. The emotion made no sense since he also concealed his true identity. Pushing the thought from his mind, he patted the bed. "Come here. Why'd you get up?"

"I needed a shower." She started toward him, swinging her hips, moving with the grace of a dancer.

"I need *you* – now." He threw back the covers to show her how much. Sitting up, he swung his feet over the side of the bed.

She stepped between his thighs, set her hands on his shoulders. "You're a stern taskmaster. I like that." Climbing onto his lap, she kissed him.

"I noticed." He inhaled her clean scent, glided his hands along the silky skin on her back and hips. They both froze when a knock at the door came. He felt her stiffen.

"Yeah?" He settled a hand on her ass.

"Everything okay in there?" Josh asked.

Marin glanced toward the door, biting her bottom lip. He could practically see the wheels turning in her head. She wanted Josh to join them but was afraid to voice it.

He smoothed her hair away from her face. "You want me to invite him in, don't you?"

Shock registered in her eyes a moment before giving way to excitement. She nodded slowly. "I think I do."

He thought about watching Josh touch her, watching her touch Josh and his hard-on grew more rigid. Yeah. Maybe he wanted it too.

He grinned at her, shook his head. "Come on in, Josh."

The expression on Josh's face told her he wasn't terribly surprised by the sight of her and Tony, buck-naked on the bed.

Josh's gaze slowly slid along her body, lifting her excitement another dozen notches. Then he fixed her with a sexy-as-sin stare. He pulled the toothpick out of his mouth and tossed it into the trashcan. "Are you inviting me to join you?"

"Sarah and I were just getting started," Tony said, trailing a finger along her hip. "There are some condoms in my bag. Front pocket." He pointed to his open suitcase and Josh hurried to it, fished out several foil packets.

The glint in Josh's dark eyes heated Marin to the core. Her fantasy was actually going to come true. Anticipation hummed through her.

Josh lifted his T-shirt over his head and she sucked in a breath at his amazing chest, even though she'd caught a glimpse of it earlier. A heavy pulse settled in her pussy.

For some reason she didn't find it odd when he posed like a bodybuilder in a competition. That body probably took years and years at the gym to build it into the work of art it was now. He dropped his shorts and his huge cock was already springing to life. She studied its slight curve and rounded head, a little different from Tony's but just as enticing.

The fascination must have showed on her face because when he crossed the floor to the bed, he threaded his fingers through her hair and lowered his mouth to her ear. "You like what you see, princess?"

His hot breath landed on her neck, sent a shiver of excitement rolling across her skin. "I do." His scent was different from Tony's, soapy and clean.

She climbed off Tony's lap and scooted onto the bed. Josh crawled toward her like a great hulking bear.

Anticipation engulfed her as she shut her eyes and tried to calm her pounding heart. Tony moved behind her and guided her back so she lay flat. Josh swept a long, slow gaze along her body, ratcheting up her temperature. His caramel skin glistened, even in the fading light.

He bent his head to her belly and kissed her skin. Delicious desire spread like wildfire. Taking one breast in a big hand, he suckled the other. Her pussy throbbed with renewed need.

She rolled her head back, reminded herself this wasn't a dream as Josh trailed his tongue between her breasts, down her belly then pushed her legs apart. She could hardly breathe as he spread her wide and licked her folds.

Tony turned her face to his, kissed her mouth. Fiery bliss coursed through her veins as Josh sucked her clit into his mouth and flicked it with his tongue, causing the most delicious sensations. He curled his fingers into her hips and held her still.

Having them both pleasure her was like nothing she'd ever experienced. She wondered how much her body could handle without incinerating. Josh rubbed her cleft, moving flesh over bone as if he'd glimpsed her most private moments. She fisted her hands into the bedclothes as little shockwaves built to a fevered pitch. When Josh slid a finger deep inside her, her breath hitched and a powerful orgasm bloomed. She shook with ecstasy that went on and on.

When her orgasm ebbed, the men switched places. Not knowing what they were doing only heightened her lust.

Josh used his giant hands to knead her breasts and tug on her nipples. He thrust his plus-size hard-on against her cheek. She opened her mouth and took in as much as she

could, flicking her tongue around it. He let out a deep moan that somehow fit with his huge size. She wondered if she could handle all of him.

Tony slipped on one of the condoms Josh had tossed onto the bed. Grasping both her ankles with one hand, Tony held her legs over to one side. Then he slipped inside her slowly, went deeper and deeper as he massaged her lips around his cock.

The sensation of having one man's cock in her mouth and another man's inside her pussy sent Marin over the edge. Her moans sounded deliciously desperate, even to her own ears. Her pleasure crested with a pounding intensity. She convulsed with waves of bliss, again and again. One of the guys said something she didn't catch. Then Tony withdrew and Josh pulled his cock out of her mouth.

"Wh-what's going on?" She suddenly felt empty, abandoned. She wanted them back, craved their touch.

Josh lifted her like a rag doll and sat her on his lap with her back to him. He slid several fingers inside her pussy, still slick and wet with her juices.

"You ready for the biggest cock you ever had, princess?" Then he replaced his fingers with his sheathed cock, pushing into her just deep enough that it hurt only for an instant. Then pain gave way to pleasure as he tunneled into her, going deeper with each stroke.

She leaned her head back against Josh's chest and let the luxurious sensations rush through her. Tony kneeled in front of her, stroking his erection, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

Tony cupped her breast, tugged at her nipple. Every cell in her body was on fire. She thought she knew every flavor of sexual pleasure, but her body had never throbbed with such intense ecstasy before.

Josh bent her forward and thrust into her from behind. She had to shift to the side to avoid his full length. When she lifted her head to search for Tony, he slid his cock into her mouth. Josh reached for her breasts, massaged and kneaded them, strummed her nipples.

"You love it, don't you, princess?" Josh's voice, a seductive rumble, only intensified her delight.

"Mmm-hmm." She couldn't remember ever giving up as much control. The total surrender turned her on beyond anything she could have imagined. She clenched around Josh's cock. A tsunami of building pleasure washed over her.

She bit back a gasp as another powerful orgasm tore through her. She'd never come so many times, probably never would again. Josh leaned over and kissed the back of her neck as pure bliss coursed through her in rolling waves.

Tony pulled out of her mouth. Then he hijacked her gaze, held it firmly. And she knew he'd enjoyed her orgasm as much as he would his own. She'd never experienced such amazing satisfaction, as if she'd died and gone to heaven.

Josh's thrusts grew quicker, more urgent. He grunted, then after one final, hard spasm, collapsed over her, panting. "Holy...mother...of God." He withdrew, rolled over onto his back, chest still heaving.

"Now *I* get to fuck her," Tony said. He climbed off the bed, circled to the other side and grabbed her hand, pulling her toward him. Knowing how much this turned her on made sharing her with Josh ten times more exciting.

He lay on his back and guided her onto his cock. Lifting her up and down on his erection, guiding her movements, he had to hold back or he'd come too soon. She was so wet and tight and perfect.

Josh crawled over and watched them for several seconds before positioning himself behind her and thumbing her nipples. She gasped, squeezed her eyes shut as if she were concentrating on something really hard.

"Show me how you get yourself off," Tony challenged her.

She opened her eyes wide and a pink flush crawled up her neck and face, but she did what he asked, moving her hands to her pussy. Slowly at first she rubbed and he felt it against his cock.



*Oh God, it feels so good.*

Her inner muscles tightened, contracted in rhythm with his strokes. He couldn't hold back anymore. His balls constricted and he clenched his jaw in anticipation. He exploded inside her, gasping for air as stars swam before his eyes. She danced and gyrated on top of him, coaxing every drop of seed from him.

Minutes later, they all sprawled across the big bed, panting and sweating, lying there in complete and total oblivion.

The encroaching night swallowed up the last vestiges of daylight. Josh was the first to get up. He grabbed his discarded clothes from the floor. "I'm taking a shower."

Marin sat up. "Want to join me in mine? It's got two heads."

Tony couldn't hold back his amusement. "Yeah, Sarah's got two heads – again."

They all laughed.

"Want to come?" she asked Tony.

He shook his head. "You two have fun. I'm going to check on the grounds. Make sure everything's copasetic."

She shrugged, then took Josh's hand and the two of them left the room. Tony wondered if their games would continue the entire two weeks. He could only hope.

\* \* \* \* \*

Marin stood under the shower and breathed in a steamy concoction of soap and sweat. Her entire body still tingled with delicious sensations. Why hadn't she discovered such hedonistic pleasures sooner?

*Because I can't chance it in my real world.*

Josh finished washing his hair then approached her with a handful of shampoo. "May I?"

She could blame the hot surge in her core on the heated water, but that wasn't really the reason. Having a naked giant with a horse-size erection offer to wash her hair would set any woman on fire. "Mmm-hmm." She turned her back to him and let him

massage her scalp. Suds cascaded down her chest, followed by his strong hands. He cupped her breasts then moved lower to her hips.

She parted her legs, allowing him to slip a finger inside her and strum her clit with his thumb. He spun her around then got to his knees and looked up at her, smiling. Lifting her left leg, he set her foot on the ledge, giving him more room to play.

Marin held onto the wall, afraid he'd knock her off balance, although she somehow knew he'd never let her fall. She drew a ragged breath as he separated her folds with his tongue, suckling and lapping until she throbbed with unbearable pleasure. He sucked her clit into his mouth, rolled it around with his tongue.

Every nerve ending was still on fire from the last time, but she wondered if she had any orgasms left. This level of delight was totally new to her but she planned to keep pushing the envelope as long as the men were game.

She held her breath as her climax approached, closer and closer. Steadying herself against the wall, she braced for her pleasure.

She clamped tightly around his probing finger as she detonated in a white-hot flash. Her pussy pulsed with blissful waves, again and again. Every nerve in her body resonated with satisfaction.

As her breathing steadied, she stood on both legs and glanced at Josh's erect shaft. No way could she handle that thing right now.

Reading her mind, he laughed. "Don't worry. We have plenty of time. I don't know about you, but I've worked up an appetite. For food, that is." He kissed her lips, then handed her a towel.

Minutes later they headed downstairs to the kitchen and found Tony pouring a glass of lemonade. "I've never seen such a well-stocked fridge. You've thought of everything, Sarah."

She nodded, pleased that all the preparations had worked out, particularly her choice of bodyguards. "We should have everything we need. A local service will come by twice a week to clean and supply us with fresh fruits and vegetables."

"You may have to order extra stuff," Josh said. "I have a big appetite."

She couldn't contain her giggle. "You certainly do. In fact, you have a big everything." Glancing from one man to the other, she added, "But I'm an accommodating woman. I'll try to keep you boys satisfied." This was going to be the best damn two weeks of her life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Four days later after their fifth mind-blowing threesome, Tony woke alone in Marin's room. He heard hushed voices nearby so he climbed out of bed, pulled on his shorts and followed the sounds. He found her in the hallway wearing a New York Yankees baseball cap and one of his dress shirts, completely open. She had nothing on underneath but a tiny scrap of fabric parading as panties. God, she so was sexy.

"Hold it right there," Josh told her from the staircase, a few yards away. Then he snapped a picture.

*Hey!* That was his camera, or more accurately, it was the *Weekly Tattletale's*. His heart pounded furiously and his mouth was suddenly dry as a sauna. Did neither of them wonder why he had a camera with him? "What are you doing?"

Marin gave him a welcoming smile. "Just playing around. I hope you don't mind. I sort of pilfered some of your things."

Shards of pain stabbed at his temples. How could he fault her for going into his room when they'd been living like gypsies since they'd arrived here, sleeping in each other's rooms, sharing toothpaste and showers and anything else they wanted. His gut tightened as he watched Josh snap more photos of her, pictures that would sell for hundreds of thousands of dollars in the media arena. And she trusted them so much she was just letting him.

Stomach roiling, he marched over to Josh and snatched the camera out of his hands.

"Hey!" Josh complained.

Tony raked his fingers through his hair. "It's my...mom's, okay? And it's really expensive. She'll murder me if anything happens to it."

Josh held up his hands in surrender. "Sorry. No harm meant."

He shrugged off the apology. "No problem." He couldn't look at Marin, not now. "I'm going for a walk." Slinging the camera around his neck, he marched past Josh, took the steps two at a time.

Outside, the sun hung low in the sky. He pulled his cell from his pocket and turned it on as he walked away from the house. When he played his first message, he cringed at the sound of his boss's voice.

"It's Les, Tony. Where the hell are you? I hope to God you found Marin and got a story or better yet, some photos. Call me."

Swallowing hard, he hit the autodial key. Les answered on the first ring. "Tony, I'm on pins and needles here. Give me some good news."

He glanced toward the house and his chest tightened. "Sorry, Les. I tracked her to Cancun, but she got away from me. I've been trying for days to find her, but the trail's gone cold."

"Son of a bitch. You told me you had this one in the bag."

"I know, I know. I'm sorry. But listen. Since I'm already here, I'm going to take my vacation now. I'll pay for the flights myself."

Les started to balk, but Tony refused to listen. "What's that? Huh? Listen, you're breaking up. Signal sucks here." He hung up and turned off the phone, stashed it back in his pocket.

He glanced down at the camera hanging around his neck. Gritting his teeth, he switched it on. One by one, he deleted all the photos. "I must be a total idiot." He'd just thrown away a fortune and a chance to jump to the top of the food chain. But he couldn't do it to Marin. He'd never be able to hurt her like that.

"Screw it." He headed back to the house. Stepping through the door, he heard voices coming from the kitchen. Swallowing back his apprehension, he entered the room.

"Hey." Marin sat at the small table eating Italian ice as Josh fixed himself one of those God-awful protein shakes he'd brought with him.

"Hi." He heaved a breath. "Sorry about my outburst a few minutes ago, guys."

"No sweat, buddy." Josh downed the shake in seconds. Setting the now empty glass on the counter, he slapped his chest. "I'm off for a shower." Heavy footsteps charged up the stairs.

Tony reached across the table and took Marin's hand in his. "I have to tell you something."

Her pretty face clouded and her eyes grew bigger. "Something wrong?"

He dropped his gaze to the table. "Something you ought to know about me."

"Okay."

His gut swirled with apprehension, but he forced himself to continue. "I'm not really a bodyguard. I'm a reporter. For the *Weekly Tattletale*."

She immediately pulled her hand back and folded her arms over her chest. Tears welled in her eyes.

Tony's throat clenched with dread and regret. Hurting her cut straight through him. "Before you throw me out of here, I want you to know that I told my editor I never found you. But if you ask me to leave, I will. As if we never met. As if I never had the best time of my life with you."

She pushed away from the table and stood, paced the small room. "How do I know you won't sell me out?"

"All I can do is promise. I know my word probably doesn't mean much to you right now, but it's all I have. I don't ever want to cause you pain again, baby. It's tearing me in half to watch you suffer."

She stopped pacing and met his stare. "I need some time to think."

He prayed she'd forgive him. "I'll abide by whatever you decide."

## **One Year Later**

Dressed all in white as a private duty nurse, Marin watched the driver open the trunk of the taxicab and lift out a wheelchair for her elderly charge. The large aide who'd traveled with them went around to the other side and helped the old man stand then settle into the wheelchair.

"Thank you," the old man said with a shaky voice.

She opened her purse, peeled off fifty Belize dollars and handed them to the taxi driver. "Thank you so much."

"Only a couple of cabs in Placencia." He handed her a slip of paper with a handwritten number. "Call me when you want me to come and pick you up."

"We'll do that. Thank you." She watched him get back into his car and waited until he'd driven away.

Beaming at both men, she ripped off the gray wig and flung it toward the beach. Then she opened her purse and reached inside for the leather cat-o-nine tails. "Who's first?"

Tony threw the blanket off his legs and stood. "You are." He shot a conspiratorial wink at Josh.

She kicked off her shoes, dropped her bag and started running toward the house. Both men followed. Stripping as she went, she searched the house for the extra-large shower the website had promised. She'd already started the water running before Tony came into the room, naked, just like her. Josh joined them moments later.

Just looking at her two companions, imagining the fun that lay ahead for the next couple weeks, her pussy grew slick with need.

Josh stepped under the water first, pulled her back against his massive chest and reached around her to cup her breasts, rasp calloused fingers over her erect peaks. Tony stood in front of her, his beautiful cock already heavy with need. She pushed her fingers into her folds, separated her lips, already ready to receive Tony's full length. Desire flared inside her, higher and higher. Her whole body shook with yearning.

A deep growl rumbled in his throat as Tony rolled a condom over his cock. With a randy smile, he came closer, murmured something to Josh. The giant lifted her off the floor and Tony impaled her with his granite cock, filling her deepest recesses with a mighty thrust.

"I've missed you two all year." She let her head lean back, resting against Josh's muscle-bound chest. A satisfied scream broke from her lips as Josh kneaded her breasts, pushed his huge cock against her back. There was always more to come with these two. The pleasure never ended. For hours they played, teased and touched. When they finally stopped, it was to quench their thirst and feed their hunger, not because they'd run out of steam.

Marin lay back on the bed beside Tony, knowing they'd spend every day soaking up hedonistic pleasures. She glanced around for her other man. "Where's Josh?"

"He went to open a bottle of champagne," he told her as he sat up in the king size bed.

"Good." She wrapped her arms around his waist, glad she'd managed to forgive him for his deception.

He closed her in a strong embrace, kissed her sweetly and she drank in his familiar taste and smell.

Josh came in carrying a tray with three glasses of champagne and set it on the nightstand. He handed them each a flute, raised his for a toast. "To the best damn two weeks of the year."



## About the Author

Wynter Daniels is the multi-published naughty alter ego of contemporary romance author Dara Edmondson. She lives in Florida with her husband of more than twenty years and their two nearly grown children. They are all the slaves of two very demanding cats.

Wynter enjoyed careers in marketing and the salon industry before her wicked prose begged to be set free. She hopes you enjoy her steamy stories.

Wynter welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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