

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



Maui Heat

*Ari Thatcher*

Naughty  
Nooners

## **Maui Heat**

*Ari Thatcher*

It's the final night of her summer job on Maui. Her last chance to see him alone. Maggie plans to make it a night she'll never forget—one of amazingly hot sex with her coworker Gabe.

Gabe wishes he'd said something sooner, taken their friendship to the next level. He's more than willing to slip away with Maggie for a private farewell. But he's the one all the other summer workers turn to when the party gets too wild, and this is definitely the wildest party of the summer. Is the island big enough for them to escape their meddling friends and release the passion burning inside them?

*You can catch up with Gabe and Maggie when they meet again fifteen years later, in Maui Rekindled.*

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Maui Heat

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# *MAUI HEAT*

**Ari Thatcher**

## **Chapter One**

Gabe Brashiers stood a head taller than the other dancers, and his skin tone was a shade darker. The bonfire turned the native guys golden, and Gabe a warm yellowed brown. Their pecs and abs stood out in relief, shadows deepening the outlines.

Maggie Pearson watched him use his body to tell a story, but the plot in her mind had nothing to do with the early island mythology of their chant. Her version had them ending up alone, away from the fire.

The men performed a kahiko dance in their Hawaiian print shorts, leafy woven bracelets wrapped around their wrists and ankles. Since this was the last night her coworkers would spend together, she wished the dancers had worn the traditional malo, the loincloths that bared thighs and hips. She'd love to have that memory to take back with her to the mainland when she returned to classes at the university.

Her roommate, Sarah, elbowed her side. "You should go dance with him."

"Like, no way," Maggie said. "You've seen me dance."

Several of the local girls came in on cue, grass skirts rustling as they shimmied and rolled their hips. The drums picked up the pace, the singers keeping time. Maggie glanced away to see Tommy carrying a pair of mai tais. He handed them to Maggie and Sarah before sitting on a log on the edge of the clearing and pulling Sarah on his lap.

Maggie took a big gulp of the cold drink and sat a few feet away on the log. Cigarette smoke mixed with the smell of the bonfire and some guy's cheap cologne. Looking around the crowd, she wondered if she would ever hear from any of these people again. The local ones would continue to work through the off-season, but most of the rest were headed home now that summer break was ending. In the morning they'd say their goodbyes and hop on jets to various colleges across the continent. Classes were due to start next week.

The music shifted to rock, and more of her friends joined the writhing frenzy around the fire. Totally primal. Fire, music, dancing. The alcohol hadn't been pouring long and already the mating dances had begun.

By now she knew who would end up with whom as the evening progressed. The couples had formed in their first few weeks of work. Like Tommy and Sarah, who tongue-tangoed next to her. Tommy's hand cupped Sarah's breast, her bathing suit top providing no protection from his groping.

Maggie dropped her chin, letting her hair fall forward to screen the couples out, and peered into the mass of bodies. Where was Gabe? There he was, still dancing. The Palakiko sisters ground their hips against him.

She let out a sigh and took another sip of her mai tai. She should get up and dance. No one cared how good anyone was. It wasn't as if they were performing for tourists. This was a private party for the employees of the Maui West Resort, crashed only by friends of the locals.

She should talk to Gabe. Tonight was her last chance with him. If she chickened out, she'd regret it the rest of her life. She didn't want to be that woman, the one who spent her later years saying, "If only I'd asked..."

One of the busboys grabbed her wrist and pulled her toward the fire. She waved her hands in the air, wiggled her hips and tried to imitate some of the moves that one of the waitresses was doing next to her. A quick swallow finished her mai tai and she tossed the plastic glass aside.

"Yeah, girl, there ya go," the busboy encouraged.

The waitress beside her stepped closer, thrusting her pelvis at Maggie, then circled and pushed back with her butt. If they hadn't all danced together for the last two months, Maggie might feel uncomfortable with the overtly sexual moves. But tonight she could let go, be the person she wanted to be. Tomorrow she'd be on her way home, back to being the good daughter, the honor student.

God, she wished she could try those dirty dance moves with Gabe.

His laugh broke out toward the shore and Maggie rose to her toes to see in between the bobbing heads that separated them. "Gabe!"

"Here, Maggie."

She couldn't see "here" but followed the sound of his voice. People wiggled and writhed against her, drawing her into their private convulsions as she pushed on through. It felt somewhat freeing being lost in the middle of a constantly moving amoeba where no one could see her lack of grace.

Rolling her hips, thrusting and squirming, she got into the groove. She humped the leg of some guy she hadn't seen before, then the crowd broke and Gabe stood shadowed by the fire behind him. Somehow, the darkness made his presence that much larger.

He tugged on her wrist and she flattened against him. One muscular arm wrapped around her, cupping her butt and pressing her closer.

Holy shit, was that his erection rubbing against her belly? Gabe wanted her? She separated her legs, allowing one of his thighs to press between, as far as the skirt of her sundress would allow. Staring at his hairless chest made her salivate. If they were alone she'd lick his skin, sample the taste of the sweat that flickered when he turned toward the dancing firelight.

But they weren't alone. And it wasn't as if they were in the midst of an orgy and no one would notice. What would Gabe do if she kissed him?

She wasn't ready to take the chance. He was her best friend after two months in the sun and sand. As much as she longed to sleep with him, she wanted to keep in touch when they went back home. Maybe something could grow from their friendship over time. "I want to talk to you."

"What?" He bent down toward her mouth.

"Can we talk?"

"Yes, before we turn in we have to talk."

Her stomach critters fluttered awake, and as Gabe leaned down again, the critters wriggled lower. Was he going to kiss her?

"I can't believe summer's over already. It flew by."

She agreed, and as his gaze heated she ran her hands up her sides and through her hair, swaying against him like she'd seen the waitresses do time after time. His eyes flared. Her smile deepened. This could be a fun night. Maybe she'd get her wish.

As he leaned down again she held her breath for a second before deciding she couldn't wait to find out if he was going to kiss her. She clasped her palms to his face and brought her lips to his.

Eyes closed, she inhaled the rugged scent of him, nibbled his bottom lip. Remembering where they were, she stepped back. She watched his eyes. Watched to see if he was mad at her for kissing him.

The heated emotions that crossed his face had nothing to do with anger. He wanted her as badly as she needed him.

Maggie's arm was yanked back and she stumbled away from Gabe. A local guy pulled her into a ballroom hold and seesawed to the drumbeat. She looked back over her shoulder but Gabe had turned to dance with someone else. *Damn*. Maggie's partner edged them out of the crush and spun her under his arm.

The unexpected movement left her head reeling, but it stopped with a jolt when she slammed back into him. Song blended into song and no one left the circle. Dance partner blended into dance partner, but none of them was Gabe.

Maggie broke away from the latest dry-humper pretending to dance with her, and worked her way around the crowd in search of Gabe.

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Gabe let the girl slither up and down his thigh but his body didn't react the way it had when Maggie kissed him. Had he wasted the last few weeks by letting them remain "just friends"? Shit, that girl burned. And tomorrow he had to fly home to Berkeley.



He'd meant to get her phone number or address. Everything they did together was twice the fun of being with the rest of the gang. He would graduate next May and wouldn't be coming back to work on Maui next summer, and he didn't want to take the chance of never seeing Maggie again.

How stupid was he to wait until their last night on the island to talk to her about their relationship? After a dumbshit move like that, he deserved to lose out on her.

Stepping away from the girl on his leg, he pushed free of the dancers. Where was Maggie? He was tall enough to see over most of the heads, but she was so short she easily got lost among them.

"Hey, bro," called someone.

He didn't pause to see who it was. With an absent wave he kept walking. If he found Sarah, he might find Maggie nearby. The friends hung together unless Sarah was off with that boyfriend of hers.

Toward the edge of the firelight he thought he saw Maggie's pale skin. He laughed, remembering the first time he'd teased her about glowing in the dark. After a summer in Hawaii she still had no tan. Her black hair just made the creamy white complexion that much paler. But beautiful. Fragile, with ice blue eyes that sometimes flashed electric heat when they were alone.

Where was she?

"Gabe."

He spun around to see her come around the corner of the maintenance shed. "I was looking for you."

"I was looking for you too." Her bright pink tropical print dress stood out in the shadows, fitting closely through her narrow waist. She stayed put, her hands folded below her breasts, as he walked to her.

He thought she shivered. "Are you cold? We can go get you a sweater."

"No, it's nice out."

He rubbed his palms over her bare arms, and she shivered again. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm fine." She drew in a deep breath. In the moonlight she appeared to study him before she spoke. "No, I'm not fine. I want you to kiss me again."

He didn't wait for her to change her mind. Tipping up her chin, he stroked the softness of her cheek, watching her eyes. He pressed his mouth against her full, soft lips. The tiniest needy sound escaped her as her arms wrapped around his neck and she melded against his body. He sought entrance to her mouth and she opened to him.

She tasted like coconut and smelled like vanilla. His hunger grew as he finally got to sample what he'd wanted all summer. Grabbing her ass, he lifted her, held her tighter to him. He kissed a trail across her jaw and let his tongue delve into her ear. She squirmed in his arms and her belly rubbed against his swollen cock.

He wanted her, but not here in the open. Maggie deserved something special, or as close as he could come to it on the spur of the moment. There was no telling how many people might be in his room so he wasn't about to take her there. He lifted his head to look around for somewhere more private, and heard her draw in a breath.

"What's wrong?" Maggie's words were airy, dreamy.

"Nothing." He kissed her again, but briefly. "I was looking for someplace for us to go. Someplace we can be alone."

As if she couldn't wait, her arms tightened around his neck. She captured his lips, thrusting her tongue deep into his mouth. Their tongues tangled, their moans deepened. Gabe pushed her back against the shed, hands on her shoulders, his thumbs rubbing against the strings that held up her dress.

Dragging in a ragged breath, he pulled away just far enough to look down at her. His finger toyed with the neckline of her dress, stroking across the bared flesh. The rise and fall of her chest became more apparent as he slipped below the fabric to follow her curves. Just as he reached his goal, her hardened bud, a voice called out behind him.

"Gabe?"

“Shit.” He withdrew, cupping her breast through the fabric. He was *that* close to seeing her full, luscious breast, suckling her nipple. This had better be important. Lowering his hand to Maggie’s waist, he shifted to block her from the intruder’s view. “Yeah, what do you want?”

## **Chapter Two**

Maggie tried not to whimper as she watched Gabe walk away, his shorts the only part of him visible on the dark, sheltered trail. Why did he have to be the responsible one, the one everyone came to when they needed help? Sure, he was one of the oldest among the summer employees. And he was the senior water sports instructor, so they looked up to him.

But it wasn't fair, taking him away from her because some asshat drank a pitcher or three too many beers and was puking his guts out.

Leaning against the shed, she crossed her arms over her sensitive breasts and willed her nipples under control. Thank God no one could see the moisture pooling in her panties.

Gabe said he'd be back, but she felt like a fool standing there waiting. It seemed so...desperate. But face it, she was. Not desperate for just any guy, only Gabe. And this was her last shot at having him.

"This sucks," she muttered. Music still rocked the beach, laughter and shouts told her the party raged on. She didn't want to go back to the crowd, yet she couldn't just stand there in the dark and wait.

What if she left and he couldn't find her? She slid down the wall and sat in the sand, pulling her skirt tight against her raised knees.

He had tasted so good. Cinnamon. His favorite flavor of gum, but he must have spit it out before they kissed. The spice added to the heat her tongue found inside his mouth. The kiss should have gone on forever, or at least until she couldn't breathe anymore.

Her nipples tightened at the memory of his touch, and how his fingers stroked her skin. She'd wanted to rip her dress off just to feel his hands on her. *Touch me, squeeze me, more, now...*

How embarrassing it would have been if whoever interrupted them had seen her naked, pinned to the wall by Gabe's roaming hands.

The gush of warm wetness between her thighs made her wonder if it might have been more exciting than humiliating. No way did she want anyone to watch, but the thought of someone seeing her in such a heated state sent frissons coursing through her. Damn, they'd better find some place more private before her body decided that flashing the party would be a good thing.

Maggie sighed and rested her chin on her knees. That assumed Gabe would come back. *Of course he is coming back. He said he would.* Her inner voice began a battle, saying he wanted her and no one else, then arguing he'd end up with the first piece of ass he came across.

"Stop it!" She pushed to her feet, glad no one was around to hear her scold herself.

She needed a drink. Following the trail back toward the hotel, she took the track leading to the outdoor bar. Getting drunk wasn't her goal. She just needed to calm down her insecurities, and give her something to do while she waited.

The bar was fairly busy. She had to squeeze through the tourists to gain the attention of the bartender. Once she had her drink, she slipped the strap of her tiny purse back over her neck, took a long sip of the mai tai and circled around the crowded areas.

"Well, where've you been all night?" Hands grabbed her hips and yanked her off her feet. She landed pinched between the belly of a rotund middle-aged man and a small cocktail table. One arm snaked around her waist and jerked her against him.

Her drink toppled onto the table as she braced herself to pull away. "Let me go!"

"Now, darlin', you just got here." The man planted a sloppy kiss on her shoulder and grunted when she shoved her elbow into him.

"If you don't let go of me, I'll scream." Maggie struggled to stand, but he held her in place. Seated as he was, she couldn't knee or elbow his groin, and her back was to him, ruling out the punch to the nose she'd learned in a self-defense course.

His hand reached between her legs, clawing at her skirt. In desperation, she grabbed his wrist, pulled his meaty hand to her face and bit down. Hard.

The man howled and shoved her off his lap. She landed in a heap on the floor, twisting her foot as she hit.

A grunt escaped her, but she didn't wait to gather her wits. Rolling to her feet, she scooted away from his table as she stood.

"Hey, are you okay?" A younger man helped her gain her balance, but she jerked away from him.

"I'm fine, thank you." She ran a hand over her hair, smoothing it back from her face, and tugged at her dress to be sure it was in place.

"Are you sure? Do you want to sit down?"

"No." Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath. No sense attacking her rescuer. "Really, I'm okay. Thanks for your help."

With a glance to be sure the large molester wasn't following, she skirted the tables and made her way back to the beach path. This night was turning out so shitty, after starting with such promise. Tears threatened to spill. She took another deep breath.

*I will not cry.* Some nameless, groping bastard wasn't going to ruin her last night in Maui. Like hell. She would find Gabe and get herself back on track, the hot, dirty, last-time-I'll-see-you vacation sex track.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gabe scrubbed his hands in the bathroom where they'd carried the drunken guy. He didn't think he'd ever get the smell of puke off his skin, out of his sinuses. Talk about a buzz kill. Maggie had probably gone back to the party, figuring he'd blown her off.

Hell no, he'd be blowing her mind shortly, if nothing else got in his way.

Stepping out into the main room, he spoke to the guy's roommate. "You're gonna stay with him?"

"Yeah, sure."

"This is serious, dude. You gotta make sure he doesn't stop breathing. Shake him every so often and try to wake him up. If he doesn't respond, call the EMTs."

The roommate's eyes rounded, but he nodded. "Okay."

How the poor dude ended up sharing a room with one of the wilder partiers was beyond Gabe. Straight little mousy guy who never partied, stuck with the one who started drinking and smoking herb as soon as he was off the clock. It had probably been an enlightening summer for the mouse.

Gabe sucked in the clean night air after closing the door behind him. The walk back to the shed should have the last of the stink out of his system. He hoped Maggie waited for him, but couldn't blame her if she'd given up.

She was one of the few girls who hadn't hooked up with the next available guy over the summer. He liked that about her. That was part of the reason he'd never hit on her, no matter what he felt for her. She was the kind of girl he looked for at UC Berkeley. A keeper. One worth investing time and emotion on.

But summer romances rarely worked into anything more, so he kept it casual, hooked up with one or two of the girls he knew wouldn't get attached. Maybe it made him sleazy in Maggie's eyes, but it was out of respect for her.

He couldn't believe she had thrown herself at him earlier. He should have talked her out of it, but he wanted her too badly. Talk about forbidden fruit. He'd tangoed with the snake all summer long and now Eve herself was offering up her apples.

In a year he would graduate, and a year after that, so would she. Maybe they could get together over winter and spring breaks, see if their friendship was still there. She could spend next summer in Los Angeles with him. He needed to talk to her, before

things got too hot and heavy. Keep his cock in his pants until he knew what she was looking for.

Speaking of looking for, she wasn't at the shed when he got there. "Maggie?"

The beach party continued in full force in the distance. Had she gone back there? He called again. "Maggie."

He jogged the short distance to the beach, slowing as he reached the edge of the firelight. Most of the crowd was still there, although some were now sitting around the edge of the clearing, drinking, talking and making out. Circling the fire, he looked for Maggie.

She wasn't there, or if she was, she was deep in the wriggling pack. No way was he shoving into the mob. Standing to one side, he watched people shifting in and out of the circle until he was certain Maggie wasn't in the crowd.

He hoped she hadn't given up and gone to her room, but where else could she be? Seeing Sarah dancing with her boyfriend, Gabe stepped close enough to yell over the music. "Where's Maggie?"

Sarah shrugged. "I thought she was with you."

Dread washed over him. What if she thought he'd changed his mind, regretted kissing her? Maintaining his composure, he walked out of the firelight, but once he was away from the crowd, he broke into a jog. He didn't want her sitting alone, feeling rejected.

He reached the bend that led to the employee quarters and picked up his pace, running blindly around the corner. And plowed right into someone coming the other way.

He grabbed slender, bare arms to keep the person from falling. As she stood, her hair fell away from her face and he saw who it was.

"Maggie."

Maggie's heart jumped. "Gabe!"



"I'm sorry I took so long." He clung to her arms as if she might leave.

"I got thirsty. I went up to the bar." She smiled at the thought of her drink dripping all over the idiot who mauled her. "I accidentally spilled it."

His hands slid down and clasped hers. "Do you want another? We can go to the bar."

"No thanks." The last thing she wanted was to head there. She felt awkward now, unsure how to recapture the mood. "Can we go somewhere, um, and talk?"

Gabe's smile lit up in the moonlight. "Yeah." Clinging to one of her hands, he led her toward the beach then broke away from the path. He slowed, making a path through the wild grass and ferns. In the distance she heard water rushing over the falls.

Even though the night was warm, she shivered again. She wanted this, wanted to be alone with him, to explore his body and his mind. But her nerve had vanished along with her drink in the bar.

He stopped near a large fern, and turned toward her. Ripples of heat coursed throughout her body at the sound of his voice near her ear. "I'm glad you didn't give up on me."

"I was afraid I wouldn't get to talk to you tomorrow before my flight."

Pulling her closer, he drew her hands around his waist. His skin was damp with sweat, and she wondered if he'd been running to find her. Fingertips stroked across her cheeks. "I should have said something earlier in the summer."

Her stomach quivered. Said something? Good or bad? "About what?"

"About us. About what I think about you." He pushed her hair off her face, running his hand down the length of it. "I love your hair. Sometimes when I'm standing near you in a meeting, I want to lean down and just inhale the flowery scent of you."

Her lips parted as her breathing grew shallower. "You never said."

"I know. I wasn't going to do that to you, make you a vacation fling. You deserve someone who's going to be around next week, next month. After you go back to Mississippi."

"Missouri," she corrected. He was dumping her before they did anything? Her heart sank.

He grinned. "Sorry. I knew it was far from Berkeley. Too far for a weekend visit during the year."

Swallowing a lump of fear, she studied him. If he was going to dump her, he shouldn't have come looking for her. "It's okay. If you don't want to...you know, it's fine. I'll just go back to the party." Turning away, she flung her hair around to screen her face so he wouldn't see her tears.

"No, wait." He tugged her arm and she slammed back into that rock-hard body. "I do want to. But...shit, this sounds lame. I want to see you again, somehow. Maybe Thanksgiving. Maybe winter break. You never mentioned a boyfriend back home."

Tremors rolled down her arms and she flattened her palms against his hairless, sculpted pecs. She willed herself to stop shaking. "No boyfriend."

His chest rose, filling her hands, and his voice grew gravelly. "That's good." He cupped the back of her head and pulled her mouth to his, nibbling then sucking her lower lip.

A moan escaped her. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she rose on her toes. His hands slid down to leave burning trails on her back as he explored. Stroked. When his thumbs caressed her ribs, her breasts swelled in anticipation of his touch.

"You taste so sweet." He kissed the corner of her mouth, then nipped her earlobe.

Currents of passion shot straight to her core, making her gasp. Her body was on high alert. Every spot he touched shattered at the sensation. Was this what waiting all summer brought her to? She'd climax before he even entered her, at the rate she was going.

*Focus.* Focus on the salty taste of his skin, how smooth his chest felt beneath her tongue. When she brushed her teeth against his nipple, he growled.

"That's nice," he purred. His voice made her tingle almost as strongly as his touch.

*You've got it bad, girl.*

He kissed her again, and pushed her spaghetti straps off her shoulders. The dress shifted downward with his gentle tugs and she reached back to lower the zipper. Stepping away for a moment, she let the dress drop, sucking in her belly as it brushed past. Even in the darkness, she was self-conscious standing before him in only her tiny silk panties.

"I wish we were in the moonlight. I want to see you." He took her hand and pulled.

She stepped out of the dress, kicking it to one side. His heat burned her skin when she pressed against him and brought him down for a kiss. The passion flowing from his touch increased, his kiss became more demanding.

One hand stroked down her side, smoothing over her panties. She ground her hips against his hard ridge. Needing to touch, she slipped her hand between them and rubbed the length of his cock through his shorts.

Hunger flashed through her. Her nipples hardened. Her panties grew damper. She moaned against his mouth and thrust her tongue deep.

He answered with a groan and cupped her breast, his thumb flicking her taut nipple. Ducking his head, he sucked the bud between his lips, sending currents down to her pussy.

Offering herself to him, she arched her back, wishing somehow he could suck both breasts at the same time. As if he heard her thoughts, he pinched the other nipple and tugged lightly.

"Yes," she gasped. Her hands rested on his waist, maintaining her balance against the weakening of her knees. Her bones were melting.

Gabe licked his way through her cleavage on his way to her other breast. He nipped at the fullness, sucking just hard enough she was sure he left a mark.

Her breasts tightened, and she needed more. "Suck me, please," she begged.

Maggie reached for his head, stroked her palms over his coarse hair. Tension tightened in her belly. She wanted to rush ahead and get to the good part, the feeling of his cock thrusting inside her, but she wanted to savor the sensations he created and make them last all night.

Running her hands down his neck and over his shoulders, she felt the strength in his muscles. She let her hands trail down his sides to the waist of his shorts. With just a fingertip, she circled around his hips and under the band. He thrust against her in response.

Sliding her hand under the fabric, she cupped the curve of his firm ass cheek. Damn, he was sculpted as if from marble. She pulled him hard against her and squeezed.

Gabe answered by tugging down her panties and slipping his hand between her legs. "You're so hot, so wet. For me?"

Desperate for his touch, she leaned into his hand. She could only force a hoarse whisper. "I want you."

"You've got me, babe, you've got me." His finger separated her folds and spread the slick moisture from her clit to her anus.

When he touched her throbbing nub, she jumped. "God!"

His warm chuckle sent shivers over her. "No, I'm a mere mortal." As if to prove it, he drove his finger into her heated depths. His groan matched hers as she rode his hand.

"Ah, that's so good." She tugged at his shorts. "I need to feel you."

Shucking them off in one swift move, he stood proud before her. Her thoughts echoed his earlier wish they were on a private beach in the moonlight. It was so difficult to see his dark skin in the shelter of the rain forest.

Reaching out, she took the base of his cock in her hand and stroked the length of it. His rod danced and twitched as she sank to her knees and ran her tongue over the tip. He tasted salty, his precum slick on his skin.

Gabe gasped. He shoved his hips toward her mouth.

"Now you see how I felt," she teased. Unable to wait any longer, she wrapped her lips around his cock and drew him in.

"Oh, yeah." He cupped the back of her head, his fingers gently massaging.

Maggie took him as deep as she could, then slowly moved back, running her tongue over the throbbing vein. Wrapping a hand at the base, she stroked his cock, following her mouth.

She tightened her lips around him and increased her pace, swallowing the drops of precum she drew out of his cock.

Voices in the distance broke through her attention and she stilled, waiting to hear where they headed.

Gabe grabbed her arm. "Come here," he whispered as the voices sounded closer. He sank to the ground and stretched out on his side, pulling her with him to lie in the cool grass. Putting a finger to her lips, he rolled over her, hiding her from prying eyes.

She heard footsteps on the path, and the voices continued to talk.

"Where could Gabe have gone off to?"

"I dunno man. He helped with Jimmy, and then he disappeared. Maybe he went to bed."

"Nah, not Gabe. Not on his last night here."

The voices continued down the path toward the beach and she felt Gabe relax above her.

"Now, where were we?" He ran his finger along her jaw, then lifted her chin and caught her lips. All gentle persuasion was gone, replaced by heated passion. His tongue thrust in and found hers, dancing with it.

He rolled to his side, leaning on one elbow as his other hand explored her curves. Squeezing her breast. Sliding over her ribs and stroking the fleshy pooch of her belly. Tangling in her curls.

Her legs opened to him, her hips rolled, reaching. It seemed he'd never get there, then his finger dipped into her juices. She bit back a gasp.

"Yeah, that's my girl," he whispered. "Spread your legs wider, let me see."

She didn't know how he could see anything, but she didn't care. The thought of him watching her, spreading her lips and toying with her clit, was all she needed. Moisture spilled from her pussy. Her clit throbbed.

One finger drove inside and he pressed the pad of his thumb on her clit. She arched against him, fucking herself on his hand. "You feel so hot, babe, so wet. Just waiting for me to taste."

Shifting in the grass, Gabe scooted between her legs, placing her knees over his shoulders and lifting her ass off the ground. With his thumbs, he spread her and ran his tongue through the moisture. "So sweet."

Unable to keep quiet, she let a whimper escape as she tried not to make a sound. His tongue laved her labia. With the tip, he flicked her clit, chuckling when she jumped. Sucked the swollen bud and continued to flick it. Then he dragged his lower teeth across it.

Maggie shattered. She swallowed a cry, arching up to his mouth, thrusting her hips in search of the tongue she needed inside. "Please, fuck me."

Ripples of pleasure rolled through her pussy when his moan vibrated against her. He shifted, reaching for his shorts, and she heard the sound of foil tearing as he took out a condom. After a pause, he stretched above her and probed between her legs with his cock. Finding her opening, he thrust deep.

She cried out before she could catch herself, then held her breath as she stretched to fit him. He filled her completely, perfectly. Just the sensation of having him inside her would have left her satisfied, but she knew there was so much more ahead.

Spreading her legs wider, she let him push deeper, and savored the feeling as he slowly drew back.

"So tight. You're milking me already." He thrust again, withdrew, and reached to find her clit with his thumb. "I want you there with me. Come with me, baby."

Short, panting breaths followed each pulsing drive. The knot of pleasure tightened in her pussy, sheathing his cock.

"Let it go. Let me feel it."

He pinched her clit and increased his pace, sending her over the edge. The pleasure in his voice increased her climax, his growls as potent as his touch.

He groaned and froze deep inside her. The air around them seemed strangely quiet, although it had only been filled with their breathing and whispered words.

Maggie's heart pounded in her ears. She reached for Gabe. Pulling at his arms, she encouraged him to lie on her. He shifted, taking his weight on one hip beside her and stretching his length to fit hers.

He kissed her again, this time a gentle caress. "That was so good, babe."

She sighed. "Yeah."

"Did I hurt you?"

"No." She urged him to rest his head on her breast as she lay there letting the throbbing pulse points throughout her body calm down. Their lovemaking had taken her far beyond any place she could have imagined. No matter what happened after they went their separate ways, she would always have this night.

Gabe's thumb brushed casually across her nipple, the sensation as comforting as it was arousing. "We never finished our talk."

Her breath caught. He'd sounded as if maybe he was dumping her earlier, yet they'd ended up naked and sated. What would he say now? "No, I guess we didn't."

Lifting himself on one elbow, he looked down at her, but she couldn't read his expression. Almost on its own accord, her hand reached out and traced the muscles of his chest. She wished she had hours, and light, to explore every inch of him, memorize all the contours.

"I want to see you again after we get home, babe."

Her stomach fluttered. "How? I mean, when?"

"I don't know yet. Whenever it is, it won't be soon enough. But we can talk about it later, plan something."

Her heart pounded in her ears. He wanted more. "Yeah, I want to. Talk to you, I mean." God, she sounded like a dork. Like she'd never had a date.

"Cool." Leaning down, he captured her lips and prevented any further discussion.



## **Chapter Three**

Maggie set her suitcases with the others beside the airport shuttle van. Surprisingly sad, she wasn't ready for summer to end. Other summer jobs she'd had were just that, and the thought of going back to school had been exciting. But other summers, she hadn't known Gabe.

Shielding her eyes from the sun, she looked back at the employee cabins in search of Gabe. He'd walked her to her room only hours earlier, and waited while she'd scribbled down her contact information. She'd barely slept, her body singing from their lovemaking.

Even now, although certain spots were a bit tender, she felt so relaxed, so sated. She knew she'd sleep on the airplane, and would probably waken even more sore, but she'd cherish the aches like a postcard from paradise.

Sarah tapped her foot as she stood next to Maggie. "They should be letting us board, we need to get to the airport."

"We'll get there."

Her friend lowered her sunglasses. "You're still grinning. People will know what you did last night."

As heat crept up her neck, Maggie shrugged. "Like I care what people think. If they saw Gabe, they'd be jealous."

Sarah's laugh rang out. "Listen to you! One night and you're in love."

"Nuh-uh, I'm not in love. In lust maybe, but love takes a while."

Tommy trotted up behind them and grabbed Sarah, pulling her into a dramatic kiss. When he let her stand again, she was the one with pink cheeks. Tommy gave her one last peck on the lips. "I'll miss you. I'll call when I get home."

"Miss you, too." Sarah wrapped her arms around him and laid her head on his shoulder.

Maggie jumped when a pair of arms snaked around her waist. Gabe's voice purred in her ear. "You didn't think I'd let you get away without another kiss, did you?"

She turned and fitted herself against him. "I hoped not."

His mouth was hot and possessive, pressing hard against her lips. He pulled her still closer, until she couldn't draw a breath.

She pushed at his shoulders, leaning back. "I gotta breathe," she gasped.

"I just can't get enough of you. I want to be inside you again, I want to see you this time, see how your body reacts to mine."

Quickly she put her fingers against his lips and glanced around the parking lot. "Oh my God, Gabe, people will hear you."

"Hell, I'll let 'em watch if it means I can take you here."

She laughed, and as the shuttle driver opened the door, she stood on her toes and kissed him again. "Call me."

"I will. It'll be too late when I get home, but I'll call this week. And we'll figure out when we can get together again."

As she stepped away, he turned her once more. "You're mine, now, Maggie. All mine."

Maggie climbed into the van and watched out the window, her eyes never leaving Gabe until he was out of sight.

## About the Author

Ari Thatcher is a native Los Angelean who is avidly approaching her cougar years. When she's not hunting her next prey, she can be found writing down her fantasies. She hopes her readers gain as much...satisfaction...from them as she does.

Ari 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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