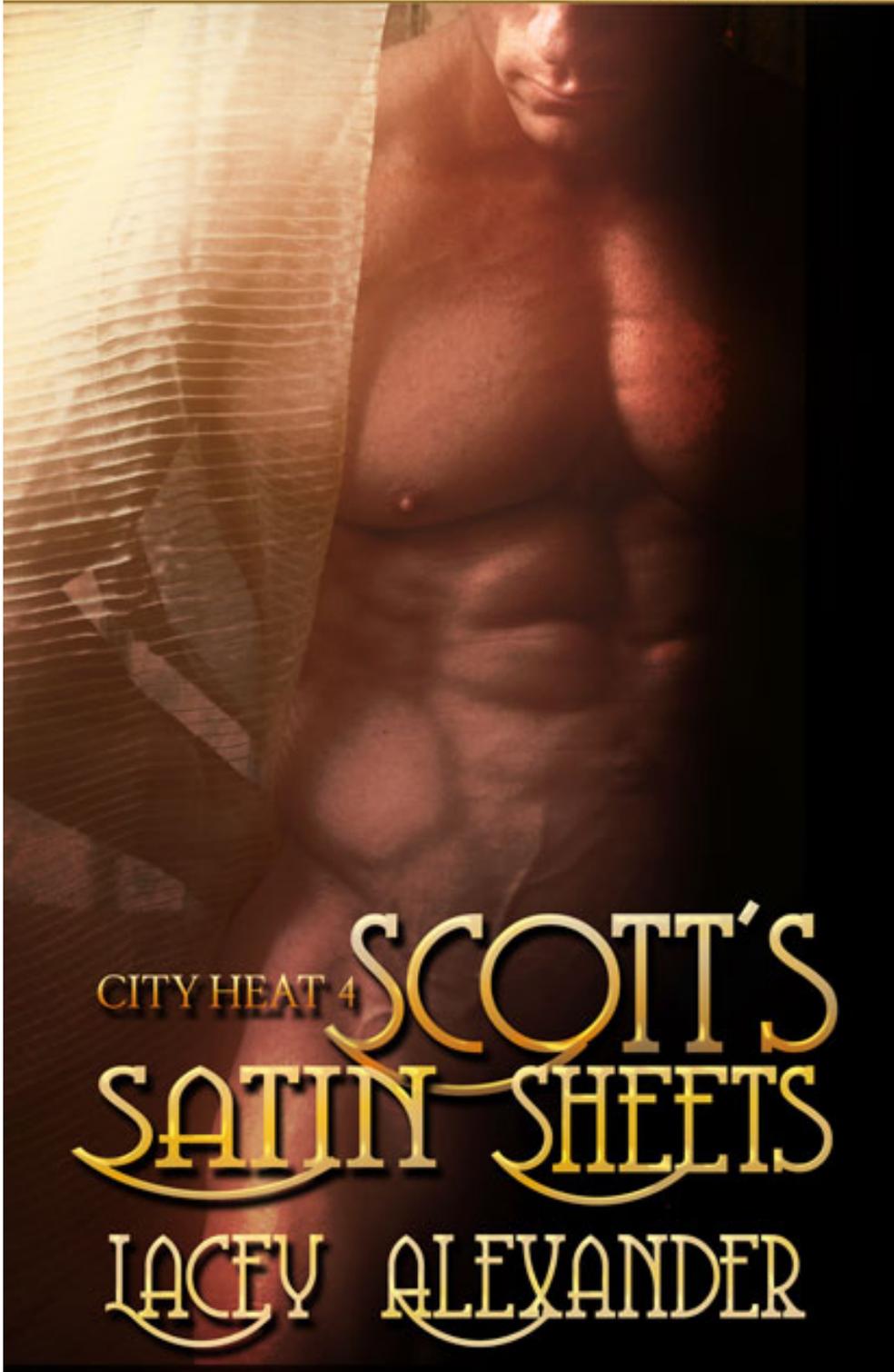


ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



CITY HEAT 4

SCOTT'S SATIN SHEETS

LACEY ALEXANDER

Scott's Satin Sheets

Lacey Alexander

City Heat, Book Four

Payton Albright has it all—she spends her days on a yacht sailing the Caribbean, with every comfort she could desire. Except one—freedom. At twenty-six, Payton is treated like a child by her wealthy father, kept under his thumb. And Payton has needs—needs she's desperate to have met. Desperate enough to let her inner wild child out, desperate enough to seduce a stranger into the satin sheets on her bed.

The moment Scott Fletcher spots the beautiful Miss Albright, he knows she's trouble—very *tempting* trouble. Her father is Scott's boss, and Scott *needs* to keep his job. Yet when Payton propositions Scott, he can't resist. Soon he discovers there's more to Payton than meets the eye—the persuasive wild child turns out to be as sweet as she is sexy, and he's more than happy to be her bedroom tutor.

But what happens if Scott takes one too many chances with Payton? What happens if he's caught rolling around in satin sheets with the boss's daughter?

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Scott's Satin Sheets

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SCOTT'S SATIN SHEETS

Lacey Alexander

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Chapter One

Payton Albright knew she was lucky. She was lucky to come from a wealthy family. She was lucky to be spending the spring season island-hopping on her father's majestic yacht. She was lucky to have every material possession she wanted at her fingertips, and to know she'd always be provided for.

And she *liked* material possessions – she loved her shoes and bags, her jewelry and clothes. She loved her sexy new string bikini, and it made her pussy a little damp to think the dark pink color of her nipples might show through the slinky white Lycra when it got wet. Her cunt swelled at the mere thought of going about so scantily clad, of maybe finding some hot cabana boy type to smooth suntan oil over her already-bronzed-by-the-sun skin.

She'd just stepped out from her morning shower and slipped into a thick white terrycloth robe, but thinking of her body, feeling so hot and naughty all of the sudden, made her want to see her tan lines. So she padded across the floor to the large, mirrored closet doors and opened her robe wide, just like a flasher.

Her pussy wept further at the sight of herself. She liked her body – no, more than that, she *loved* her body. Her C-cup breasts weren't perky and firm but more natural and round, which she thought just as beautiful in their own way. Her cunt glistened, completely smooth and bare – a habit she'd gotten into just a few months ago because it made her feel sexy – and the pink folds within protruded from her slit just slightly now, looking moist from arousal. It was all framed by an hourglass figure she was proud of and planned to work her ass off on the treadmill to maintain for as long as possible. And, of course, tan lines from her bathing suit seemed to highlight her breasts and pussy, everything else darkened by the tropical climate.

The crime here—the thing that didn't, at the moment, make her feel quite as lucky as she knew she was—was the fact that her body was going to waste. At twenty-six, she'd slept with only two guys, both of them long-time boyfriends, both them pretty much chosen by her father Charles Albright the third, complete with the Roman numeral behind his name. She loved her parents, but they'd hovered over her for her entire life, making all her decisions, never allowing her to experience the world on her own—and her father was by far a worse culprit than her mom, who mostly just went along for the ride.

Payton had spent her early years being home-schooled by an expensive tutor, Miss Willows, and then sent to an even more expensive boarding school that had felt like prison. Well, maybe that was an exaggeration, but she'd had virtually no contact with the opposite sex for the duration of high school and had then been shipped off to an equally and insanely strict excuse for a women's college. When she'd objected, her father had explained that he didn't want her to end up a spoiled, jet-setting debutante like so many of his friends' daughters, and she understood his fear—Betsy Hayes had had three abortions at last count and was hooked on Vicodin, and Natalie Vaughn had nearly snorted her father's fortune up her nose last Payton had heard.

But at the same time, Payton had begun to resent her father's lack of faith in her, and she was getting damn tired of having her boyfriends hand-picked and always feeling her father's watchful eye—*everywhere* she went.

For God's sake, she was twenty-six! And still living with her parents—even if it *was* on a yacht. Unfortunately, her father had also never allowed her to work, so she didn't have any money of her own—since the trust fund didn't kick in until her thirtieth birthday—so she really had no choice.

Looking at her body in the mirror now, though, she just didn't think she could stand four more years under her father's thumb. Her past two lovers had bored her, and her body ached to be touched. All she thought of—constantly, these days—was sex. She longed to feel some hot guy's rough hands roaming her flesh, his wet mouth

sucking hard on her nipples, his thick cock filling her. She oozed a little more just imagining it again now.

And she considered lying down on the bed, easing her fingers between her legs, and rubbing her clit until she came—but she did that all the time and it was beginning to bore her almost as much as her two rich ex-boyfriends. She needed more, plain and simple. And she didn't know how she was going to get it—but she was. She *had* to. Everything inside her ached for hot sex—and just a little freedom, to make her own choices, be her own person, do her own thing.

So, cunt throbbing with the same need as usual, she retied her robe and ventured from her room in search of coffee and a croissant. Her parents had likely departed the yacht already—they were the up-and-out-early types and her father had some sort of business meeting this morning anyway—so it would be only her and the staff.

“Good morning, Miss Albright,” said Daniel, who served all their meals and generally kept the place tidy. She loved his English accent and politeness, and despite them having nothing in common, she sometimes thought her father's “butler”—a generally handsome, pale-haired fellow—silently honed in on what she considered her “oppression”.

“Morning, Daniel.” Then she smelled coffee and spied a tray of pastries and croissants on the sideboard in the dining room. “Ah, that's what I'm after,” she told him.

“Weather's lovely today,” he said. “In case you want to take your breakfast out on the deck.”

“I might just do that.” Anything to distract her from the hunger vibrating through her oh so needy pussy. “Where are we docked, anyway?” she asked, since they'd pulled into port late last night and had been to so many islands in the past two months that she'd lost track.

“Key West,” Daniel replied.

* * * * *

Scott Fletcher walked along the narrow pier that stretched between large boats of every shape and style in the marina. Mostly they were vessels that served the Key West tourist trade—sightseeing boats, deep-sea fishing boats, and party boats like the one he worked on most nights, the *Party Barge*. His best friend Chris owned one of the snorkeling catamarans, and Scott served on the crew of that boat too. The *Carrie Me Home*, named after Chris' wife, sat bobbing in the water dead ahead. In fact, Scott had come down to do some maintenance on one of the sails early, before their first voyage of the day.

He hoped to own his own such part of the tourist industry one day, but the bummer of it was—unlike Chris, Scott hadn't started working toward that until just recently, and he had a long way to go. So despite already holding down two jobs, he'd also put word out at the marina just a few days ago that he was looking to pick up extra work on his days off.

When he'd first arrived on this laid-back island of sin, that was why he'd come—for the fun, the sin. He'd been young, in his early twenties, and just looking to party. And party he had. The *Party Barge* provided many a willing girl ready to get naughty and naked with the nearest available guy and he'd taken advantage of it over the years. And for some reason, as he stepped onto the *Carrie Me Home* beneath the morning sun, he couldn't help remembering some of the hotter-than-hell three- and four-ways he'd shared with friends over the years—in particular, he and Chris had once had a very hot and nasty time with Carrie in a hot tub, back when she'd first arrived on the island.

And all that was good down-and-dirty fun, no doubt about it. But as the age of thirty approached—in just a few months, in fact—he'd begun to realize that he didn't want to work on the *Party Barge* forever. And working for his buddy on the catamaran was cool, but seeing Chris' satisfaction with his growing business had made Scott begin to yearn for that kind of independence too.

So he planned to get serious, start working harder and partying less, and get some money in the bank so he could put a down payment on a boat of his own. He thought he might start out with a small fishing boat—he'd worked on a few of those in his day and knew enough about it to run a business and keep customers happy. But eventually he hoped to buy in to something bigger—a dolphin cruise operation or a dinner boat. For now, though, his task was saving money.

He'd just started to roll out the damaged sail—when his eye caught on a new yacht in the harbor. There were plenty such vessels in the marina—Key West was one more playground for the rich, fortunately for him and his way of earning a living—but this one was a doozy. Gleaming white beneath the morning sun, it stretched forever and barely fit in the slip.

And then...he saw *another* vision in white. On the wide lower deck, a gorgeous blonde sat nibbling on some pastry in a bright white robe. The main thing he noticed, though, was that it appeared to be tied only loosely in front so that the plush fabric created a deep V between her breasts and her tan legs stretched outward from it, crossed at the ankles, balanced on another nearby chair. That robe had to be open nearly to her crotch. When the girl turned her gaze on him, as if she'd felt his stare, his cock started to harden in his pants.

He didn't look away. He was used to forward women and accustomed to being equally forward himself. Instead, he smiled, hoping she could see it across the distance that separated them—the catamaran set perpendicular to the yacht, four slips down, and the yacht's lower deck set up higher than he was.

He watched—slightly surprised, entertained—when the beauty set her breakfast aside and smoothly pushed to her feet, turning toward him. Smiling languidly, sexily—which assured him she probably *could* see his expression—she sensually stretched, yawned, parting the robe farther in front as she ran one hand through long, tousled waves of hair.

And then—*then*—she matter-of-factly reached down and untied her robe and, using both hands, held it open wide, showing him one of the most delectable naked female bodies he'd ever had the pleasure to behold.

"Shit," he murmured to himself, his cock stiffening further at the sight.

She flashed a naughty-girl look, lowering her chin slightly and running her tongue across her upper lip. Then she used both hands to sensuously squeeze and massage her sumptuous, round breasts just for a few seconds before tweaking her big, lovely, turgid, pink nipples. After that, his hot flasher babe dipped her middle finger slightly through her smoothly shaven slit, lifted it to her mouth, then sucked it clean.

"Holy shit," he breathed, his heart pumping, his cock stretched long and hard and ready behind his zipper now.

He was just about to take action—drop the edge of the sail still in his hand and head over to that very inviting yacht—when his naughty girl closed her robe just as smoothly and comfortably as she'd opened it, then walked away, back inside the main cabin.

"Mother of God," he said. And he'd just about decided he should go over anyway, in case her walking away was the actual invitation—when he caught sight of what looked like a servant, arriving to clean up after her by picking up her plate and coffee cup. The guy didn't look in his direction, so apparently he'd missed the show. But then another servant appeared—more of a captain-looking type—and Scott had no choice but to decide he should stay where he was.

After all, the girl had chosen to disappear from view, and she knew where he was if she wanted him. And the last thing he needed was to go trotting over there only to find out the chick had an angry husband inside or something.

Still, his dick throbbed even as he started measuring the small hole in the mainsail, ready to cut a patch of Dacron to sew over it. And since he wanted to do a good job on the sail, he decided the simplest thing was just to head down to the small space belowdecks that housed the bathroom and a couple of benches and take care of himself.

As he descended into the cool shade, he deftly unzipped his khaki shorts and took his shaft in hand. Mmm, God, yeah. He'd much prefer to have the *blonde's* hand wrapped around his length, but this would do. Settling on one of the built-in padded benches along one wall, Scott closed his eyes and imagined fucking the gorgeous girl right there on the deck of her yacht for anyone to see. In his mind, he planted both hands on her ass, laid her back on her breakfast table, and rammed deep into her sweet, pink pussy. As he worked his erection, he thought of how juicy wet her cunt would close around his big cock, and he imagined her moans and yowls of pleasure filling the air. He saw himself pounding into her, over and over, beneath the hot morning sun, her ample breasts jiggling with each hard stroke as she played with those pointed nipples some more.

It didn't take long for him to reach the point of no return, and he used his spare hand to reach for the tissues on a built-in shelf above his head, grabbing a handful just in time. "Aw, yeah," he muttered, coming into the tissues he held down to catch it. He imagined coming on *her* instead—watching the hot, white arcs of fluid decorate her torso, her breasts, then using his hands to rub it into her flesh while she sighed her delight.

"Scott? Dude? You here?"

Shit. Chris. What the fuck was *he* doing here? Besides the fact that this was his boat, that is. Still, Scott hadn't expected company. "Uh, yeah, down here—in the bathroom," he fudged, quickly zipping up and glad he'd reached those tissues in time. It wasn't that Chris would begrudge him getting himself off—God knew they'd been in enough sexual situations together given how long they'd both worked the *Party Barge* before Chris had gotten his own gig—but for some reason, Scott just didn't feel like going into it.

He couldn't explain to himself why—normally, he'd be fine with telling Chris the whole thing—but as he made his way abovedeck, he found himself wanting to keep the

whole little encounter with his flasher girl to himself, like a private little secret just between the two of them.

"What's up?" he asked, greeting Chris. His friend looked like his usual beach bum self in tank top and rumpled blond hair. "First cruise isn't until noon today, right? I just started to repair that worn spot in the mainsail."

"Yeah, noon—but there's a guy up on the main dock looking for waiters to work some fancy party tonight. You said you'd do anything, and since tonight's your night off from the *Barge*, I volunteered you. But if you want the job, you'd better get up there fast—I'll sew up the sail."

Scott's eyebrows shot up in surprise. He wasn't dying to wait on people, but it probably paid well. "Thanks, dude," he said, "I'll be back." Then he started toward the main dock through the boats and sails spiring above him in the marina.

Okay, work, an extra job—this was good. Not only for the money, but it would be something to take his mind off the hot yacht babe and those spectacular breasts and that silky-smooth-looking pussy.

Yeah, right—like a fucking job would take his mind off *that*. He still didn't know why, but he had a feeling this chick and their silent, distant liaison was going to stick in his mind for a while.

Well, at least she'd give him something nice and naughty to think about while he pretended to be a waiter tonight.

* * * * *

Payton still couldn't believe she'd done it. She didn't know what had possessed her. But wait—yes, she did. It had been the hungry throb of her cunt. It had been the cool morning air blowing over it, making it even more sensitive. It had been the super-hot guy down below, looking all rugged and masculine, not like anyone her father would ever pick for her, but much more like a man's man, a man who knew how to pleasure a woman—hard.

She'd realized no one was around and she'd simply been driven to...do something wild for once in her life, to follow her instincts, to do what her body told her to do. And for that brief moment in time it had been...so fucking hot and exciting, more than anything she'd ever done.

The only problem now was—her pussy was even hungrier, hotter, wetter.

Soon after she'd flashed the sexy, lean, dark-haired guy, her parents had returned to the yacht and whisked her away for a day on Key West. Her mother had led her into expensive shops and art galleries on Duvall Street while her eyes had been more drawn to bars with signs about tiny bikini contests and even one sex shop. And the three of them had eaten lunch on the veranda of a stately, upscale, plantation-style house-turned-restaurant while she imagined what might have happened if she'd been bold enough to do more than flash her hot hunk from afar, if she'd left the yacht, made her way to *his* boat, then opened her robe *there*.

Now, like it or not, she was getting dressed for a cocktail party on the yacht this evening. Turned out, she'd heard through the mist of her lust at lunch, that her father had just bought a fleet of tourist boats that operated here. Apparently, the deal had been in the works for a while now, as had the soiree, to which he'd invited some prominent local businessmen and other interested parties.

He planned to buy the family a vacation home here, as well, he'd told her over tea this afternoon on the deck. He was like a kid in a candy store, her father. Clearly, suddenly, Key West was his new hobby, the place where he would invest some money and hang out a while—until he got bored and some new hot spot caught his fancy.

So Payton hadn't been particularly excited about the idea—it was par for the course in her world. But now that she thought about it, standing before a mirror, plumping her breasts to maximum advantage in the built-in cups of the slinky black dress that held them, maybe Key West would be more interesting than their other ports of call. It was renowned to be a pretty wild place, after all, and the island, she already knew, had at least *one* hot guy she'd love to party with.

So maybe she'd *use* this vacation home while they had it. Who knew – if she played her cards right, maybe she could even whisk herself away to it without her mother and father tagging along. As she'd proven to herself this morning, given the chance to be alone, she could be driven to extremes.

Part of her thought it would be a good idea to get herself off before she left her room for the party – after a day of her pussy humming with constant arousal, it felt like the biggest part of her, all she could think about.

But she remained dissatisfied with the idea of masturbation – and she didn't particularly want to risk messing up her dress. So coming could wait – hell, it had waited all day already, so what was a few more hours?

After hooking her favorite diamond necklace and checking her updo one last time in the mirror, she opened the door to her cabin and made her way out into one more lavish Albright party.

Upon reaching the main deck, where the bulk of the partygoers had already gathered, the women in colorful cocktail dresses and the men sporting light summer sports coats, she found Daniel placing a glass of wine in her hand and reminding her, "Smile, Miss Albright, so that everyone will think you're happy to be here."

She did smile, at him. "Is my boredom that obvious?" Bored with parties, bored with masturbation – *Lord*, how she needed something fresh in her life.

He simply shrugged. "I've had a long time to observe you. I suppose I read your moods better than most."

True enough, Daniel had been in their employ since her college days. She found herself wondering now, though, for the first time, if he could tell – if he had any inking – that she was horny as hell and had been all day. All *spring* actually.

"What is it, Miss Albright?" he asked then.

Apparently, her odd musing had shown on her face. "Nothing." Then she looked around the room and tried to feel more merry. "Are there any cute guys here?"

Daniel chuckled. “I wouldn’t know about cute guys, Miss Albright, but your father hired some local waitstaff and there *is* a lovely brunette carrying about a tray of crab puffs whose acquaintance *I* hope to make.”

Payton smiled—in all his years on the yacht, she and Daniel had never talked this way before, socially, personally. Then again, prior to the last couple of months, their time together had been more scattered—a day here, a weekend there. She raised her eyebrows at him, then in that very moment her eyes fell on a dark-haired girl with crab puffs across the way. The woman was probably around her own age with a rockin’ body shown to nice advantage in her surprisingly low-cut black waitressing vest. “Oooh, nice ta-tas,” she said to Daniel. “Go for it, before she gets away.”

Daniel gave her a conspiring wink as he and his tray of wine flutes set off after the crab-puff chick—while Payton took a sip of chardonnay and felt a little jealous of Daniel for having someone to chase and maybe getting lucky tonight. Her pussy pulsed that much more as the vague image of Daniel and the crab-puff girl fucking in a corner somewhere combined with her already insane state of arousal.

And then—she saw *him*. Across the deck. Like Daniel, he carried a tray of wineglasses. Was she crazy? Was it *really* him? Because he’d been much farther away this morning, so maybe she was just imagining the resemblance.

Only she knew she wasn’t. She knew the hot waiter across the deck was the same man she’d exposed herself to so very brazenly this morning.

This party—and Key West itself—had just gotten a lot more interesting.

Chapter Two

Holy hell. There she was. Looking like the last girl in the universe who would flash a guy. She was the picture of class and sophistication, from her fancy hairdo all the way down to her sexy high heels. And she was even more beautiful close-up.

His mind became like a digital camera, flipping back and forth between the refined young woman before him and the memory of her parting her robe for him this morning. He instantly liked knowing what her boobs and pussy looked like despite that no one else on this boat probably did.

"That would be Miss Payton Albright," said a guy's voice near his ear, complete with British accent.

Scott turned to find Daniel, the guy running the show for Mr. Albright tonight—he'd briefed the temporary staff in the yacht's kitchen a little while ago.

And now that Scott had met Charles Albright—this morning on the dock—he had to ask. "The wife?"

Daniel's brow knit as he gave a sharp head shake. "You'll note I said 'Miss'. You're looking at Mr. Albright's daughter."

Hot damn—thank God she wasn't married to the old guy.

But on the other hand, it sucked that her name was Albright at all. Because it turned out that Charles Albright was Scott's new boss. And not just for tonight, either. Today had also brought the news that Albright had just purchased the *Party Barge* and a slew of other pleasure boats in the marina, including a schooner Scott sometimes moonlighted on.

So even as hard as it was to picture the stolid Mr. Albright running the *Party Barge*, complete with its Christmas lights, blow-up palm trees and wet t-shirt contests, the fact

remained – Charles Albright was his new employer. Which made the gorgeous blonde flasher the boss's daughter. Talk about forbidden fruit.

It also made her rich as sin. So rich that he had a feeling she wouldn't look twice at him in reality – a blue-collar guy with nothing to call his own but a little ambition? Not her style. She was champagne and caviar all the way. As for her little show this morning, she must have had one too many mimosas with breakfast. Or maybe she'd felt the urge to go slumming, even if only momentarily.

Of course, he'd known the moment he'd been instructed that this was Albright's yacht that his mystery girl would be on it. And maybe he'd hoped – foolishly – that he'd find out she was only...a visitor or something. But he'd probably just been in denial, not *wanting* to find out the sexy flasher was Charles Albright's wife or daughter, some impossibly rich chick he'd never stand a chance with. Never mind that *anyone* invited onto this yacht would surely be out of his financial league.

"Careful, my friend."

Scott again turned to find Daniel at his elbow. "Sorry, dude – I'll get back to work."

But Daniel chuckled. "No, it's not that. Just don't let Mr. Albright see you ogling his daughter that way."

Yep, forbidden fruit, without a doubt. "Hard not to," he admitted. "But don't worry – I know how this works. I'm the hired help. She wouldn't give me the time of day anyway."

To his surprise, Daniel smiled conspiratorially. "You misunderstand me. I said don't let *him* see you looking at her. But if I know Miss Albright, she might indeed give you more than just the time of day."

Scott blinked. He was about to ask Daniel exactly what he meant by that, but the guy was suddenly gone, off into the crowd, greeting guests with wine just like Scott was supposed to be doing.

Give him more, huh? Maybe this wasn't the first time the sexy girl had flashed someone. Maybe she was a serious party girl – with rich and poor alike.

This suddenly felt dangerous as hell, but the twitch of his cock in his pants made him reckless, and he couldn't resist finding out—right now.

Weaving his way across the deck as the sun set behind him, turning the warm air dusky, he walked right up to her. Their gazes met—and he discovered hazel eyes, deep and twinkling with light.

“Wine?” he asked.

Her sly smile acknowledged that they both knew he was offering her more than wine. Still, she took the opportunity to drain her glass, set it on his tray, and take up a fresh one. “Thanks.” One mere word, but it left her moist, pretty lips in a completely silky, sexy way.

A way that encouraged him to barrel heedlessly ahead. “I saw you this morning.”

She played coy, letting her eyebrows rise as if surprised—and as if innocent too. “Oh?”

Knowing what he was about to say made Scott's cheeks heat, his cock harden. He glanced around to make sure no one stood too close, then leaned a little nearer. “You opened your robe for me and showed me the hottest body I've ever seen. I nearly came watching you touch yourself for me.”

The lecherous sparkle of her eyes forced everything in his body to tighten—pleasurably. “I'm glad you liked it,” she said, soft but direct. “I nearly came too. But I didn't. I saved it.”

Aw, *damn*, that was hot. “What are you saving it for?”

She shrugged. “I've grown tired of masturbation.”

Now his cock literally pulsed in his pants. Since he suddenly couldn't help imagining her rubbing her pussy. A *lot*—enough to get tired of it. Naked on a bed. Naked in a shower. Reaching into some hot bikini bottoms while swimming in the ocean. Or while soaking up the sun on this very deck. And he liked the idea of a girl

masturbating as much as the next guy—but in this moment, he was damn glad she wanted something more. “Maybe I could—”

“Payton, come here, darling—I want you to meet someone.”

Shit—it was none other than Charles Albright, taking his daughter by the arm and leading her away. And she was gone, just like that. Half stunned by the encounter and its abrupt ending, Scott simply stood there, watching her lovely ass and legs move away from him in the crowd.

Only then—she turned to look over her shoulder at him, and she ran the tip of her tongue so sensually across her upper lip that he thought he’d explode in his black waiter’s uniform, right then and there. *Aw baby.*

Who are you, Payton Albright? And when are you gonna let me in your panties?

* * * * *

Payton drank more wine. Because she wanted to be intoxicated. Intoxicated enough to lose her inhibitions, to do exactly what she wanted to do with her hot waiter boy. Naturally, he’d looked more rugged, sweaty, this morning in the sun—like a sexy sailor, or pirate, ready to ravish her. But he was still pretty darn sexy waiting on her too. She knew instantly that her father would hate her having anything to do with an employee, of course. And for some reason that made him all the *more* appealing.

She kept her eye on him as he moved. She instantly disliked when she sensed other women flirting with him, even smiling at him. She enjoyed studying his thick hair, his handsome face, the ways his expression changed from moment to moment.

He wasn’t a waiter by trade, that she could tell. He wasn’t comfortable carrying a tray and she sensed it took effort for him to meander among “the beautiful people”. Yet at the same time he looked comfortable in his own body, giving off the feeling, perhaps, that he could do this job capably but he’d rather be sailing. Because this morning on that catamaran, he’d looked like a man who knew boats and the water. His hair had been a bit messier then, windblown, and his muscular arms implied he was used to

hoisting sails. Again, he struck her like a swarthy man of the sea, and she wanted to get in the pirate's pants.

Just then, another waiter passed by with a tray of shrimp hors d'oeuvres, so Payton plucked one up. As she lifted it to her mouth, her pirate waiter looked her way and she found herself curling her tongue sensually around the shrimp, sucking it into her mouth so sexually that the act made her pussy spasm. She kept her eyes on him the whole time, pleased when *his* blazed with lust. And amused when he then bumped into an older gentleman and nearly spilled fifteen glasses of wine on the guy. The old man scowled and she saw her waiter's mouth move to say, *Sorry*, and when he looked back at her, she couldn't help smiling.

He smiled back, just slightly, flirtatiously, as he used his free hand to point at her and mouth the words, *Your fault*.

Without missing a beat, she moved her lips in reply, saying, *Who, me?* while pointing one well-manicured finger to her chest – then letting her fingertip glide ever so sensuously down the curve of her breast to the fabric covering it, after which she eased it delicately along the dress's edge to the valley between the two mounds.

His mouth hung open like a man who was drunk – drunk on her, she hoped.

And then she spun on her heels and walked away, from the party, from the action, from him. She wasn't sure why – maybe it was some sort of instinctive playing hard to get. Or maybe she needed to be a little more intoxicated to really follow through on her desires. She wanted desperately to seduce him. To have him. Hard. Rough. She wanted to be dirty for him, as dirty as she'd felt this morning. But again, without that distance between them, it was more challenging. Wanting it and really doing it were two different things.

She found herself walking back over the narrow starboard deck that edged the large cabin, seeking privacy, quiet. She need to think. To drink the rest of her wine. To gather her courage.

It was just as she reached the stern, having stopped to lean against the railing and look out over the marina and the dark sea beyond, that she heard a noise—a...moan. And it was definitely a sexual moan—someone was fooling around out here.

Payton took a deep breath and turned very quietly—careful not to let her heels click on the polished wood beneath them—and stared into the darkness now permeating this part of the yacht.

She bit her lip, her nipples tightening instantly when she spotted Daniel and the brunette waitress he'd admired tangled together in what she knew to be a small supply closet, the door open. And—oh God, they were doing it, really fucking. Daniel's pants remained up, but clearly parted in front, and he moved in hard, rhythmic jolts against the woman, whose skirt was around her hips now, her bare legs clutched tight to Daniel's thighs. His hands squeezed her ass and she let out a hard, hot breath with every thrust he delivered.

Payton's pussy wept madly as she watched, mesmerized. She'd never thought of Daniel like this before—hard, sexual. She was so accustomed to seeing him in a starched white shirt, crisp and obedient, ready to serve. Now his hands on the waitress's ass looked bigger, more masculine, than she'd ever noticed. His breath came labored—he grunted his pleasure in a way that made Payton's cunt even wetter.

Now that she really looked at him, she realized he was even more handsome than she'd ever noticed. Sex could do that to a man, she'd observed—in life, in movies. It could turn him unreasonably ugly or unbearably hot. Daniel, at the moment, looked unbearably hot, and judging from the sounds coming from his partner, he knew how to use his cock.

What did it look like? How big? How long? Payton's heart beat too fast, every pore of her body singed with lust, as she thought of her servant in a way she'd never imagined. Even as Daniel let go of the woman's ass to reach up and rip open her blouse in a rush, then deftly undo the snap of her bra to bring a pair of voluminous round

breasts into view, Payton found herself focusing again on his face, wrenched in passion. Why had she never noticed there was a bit of Jude Law about him?

“Oh, *oh*,” the waitress began to sob softly, and Payton knew the woman was about to come. Payton’s entire nether region surged in response and anticipation. God, *she* wanted to come too. She’d been waiting all day, after all, and to watch another woman being fucked right now was both thrilling and maddening.

Then, “Yes, now, yes,” the brunette whispered in the dark, and as she undulated in Daniel’s arms, Payton could almost feel the other woman’s orgasm cascading through *her*, as well. *Almost*. And that was the painful part.

Walk away. That’s what she should do. But somehow she couldn’t. Because she was too excited by this. She wanted to watch Daniel fuck some more—she also wanted to watch him climax.

And seeing his partner climax had clearly aroused Daniel as much as it had Payton since he then began to fuck her even harder, harder, his every drive nailing the brunette to the wall, making her breasts jiggle, making her grunt with the impact. Payton had never witnessed anything so raw, so intensely open and human—and between strangers too.

And as Daniel rammed his cock into the girl in still more hard, violent strokes, finally letting out an enormous groan that told Payton he was coming now as well, she knew she could do this. She could seduce her pirate waiter. She could be this raw, this personal, this hot—she could let out every inhibition, finally—even if he *was* a stranger. In fact, she suddenly understood, maybe that made it better. Because it meant there was nothing to lose. Nothing to lose but the chance to finally, *finally* let out the dirty, lusty girl inside her and reach stunning ecstasy with a super-hot guy.

But you have to get out of here – now – before Daniel sees you. And so, with that thought, before Daniel’s soft sounds of pleasure could end and leave the rear of the boat in silence, Payton scampered quietly away on her toes so her heels wouldn’t make any noise.

After a clean getaway and a sigh of relief, however, she stopped along the starboard side of the vessel before reentering the party area on the bow, suddenly aware that her panties were absolutely soaked! Uncomfortably so. God, from watching *Daniel!* It was still so shocking—and had gotten her even hotter than she'd realized. And since Payton was not a girl who suffered discomfort lightly, she looked around, made sure she was alone, then reached up under her dress and impetuously took them off.

Ah, yes, that was better—and the sea breeze made the flesh between her legs tingle anew. Peering around her again to ensure she remained unwatched, she wadded the black lace thong into a ball and flung it overboard.

And then she rushed back to the hustle and bustle of the party, much more anxious to get there than she'd been upon first leaving her cabin tonight. She was ready to see her pirate waiter again. Ready to get what the waitress had gotten. Her body pulsed and ached wildly.

When their eyes met across the deck, she wondered if it was possible for him to see how hard her heart beat, to sense that her cunt oozed hot and sweet for him. She sensually bit her bottom lip, lowered her chin. Her breasts heaved in the fabric cups that held them as she lifted one finger and beckoned him to her.

Still carrying a tray of wine, he made a beeline toward her, one lock of hair falling waywardly over his forehead, his eyes still glassy with lust.

"Tell me your name," she said when he reached her. Her voice came out soft, raspy, without planning. Her throat felt constricted with the measure of her desire.

"Scott," he said.

"You look like a pirate," she offered without weighing it.

"I'll be whatever you want me to be."

The words felt dark and dangerous as they melted through her, made her smile. "I want you to be hard as a fucking rock for me," she whispered, and then she boldly reached out to press the flat of her hand to the front of his pants. And, oh God—yes, he *was* hard. So *big* and so *hard*. Exactly what she needed, what she craved.

She liked that the touch made him suck in his breath even though he made no move to pull away. "Find something you like?" he asked, a bit arrogant but still full of sex appeal.

She kept her eyes on his and simply nodded. This wasn't so difficult, after all. "Very much. I'm so wet for you."

He let out a hot, horny sigh. "Is there someplace we can go?"

She considered the closet. It had certainly worked for Daniel. But then she reconsidered. "Not now—I don't want to rush. Meet me later, after the party, right here, after everyone leaves."

"That could be hours. I'll have to clean up. It'll be late."

"I'm a big girl—I can stay up past my bedtime. And I promise it'll be worth the wait."

Chapter Three

Shit. As Scott pretended to leave the Albright yacht with the rest of the evening's temporary staff—but then stopped in the darkness and waited silently to turn back—he found himself wishing he'd suggested meeting her somewhere else. Since this seemed dangerous as hell. Of course, suggesting they do it somewhere during the party had been *just* as dangerous, but he'd been a victim of his own lust then. And having her squeeze his erection had pretty much depleted his brain power at the moment he'd agreed to meet her on the deck too.

So here he was, risking his job—which he needed if he were ever to get ahead in life—for sex. Well, for sex with the hottest thing he'd ever seen in—or out of—a robe. Sex with a girl like her—shit, it was worth the risk.

As he moved stealthily back up the boarding ramp, his heart thumping too hard, he waited to hear sirens go off, dogs barking, *something*—even though he knew both ideas were completely illogical. But when nothing happened, nothing except him spotting her lithe shape in the dark where she rested in a chair at the same teak table where she'd been this morning, he began to relax.

Still, as he approached her in the white shirt he'd worn beneath the black waiter's vest, now untucked and the neck unbuttoned, he felt unduly nervous. He couldn't explain why—he *loved* wild girls, he was comfortable with them. And this was about more than his boss and his job. Ever since he'd seen her this morning, looking at once so sexual and so pristine...hell, there was just been something about her that made his skin tingle and his pulse increase every time she came to mind.

"I hope you like chardonnay," she said, holding up a bottle of wine.

"It's great," he said shortly, still trying to find his bearings. Sure, he'd been on this boat all night, but it was suddenly different, suddenly *her* private domain. And Charles Albright's.

As she poured two stemmed glasses, he decided to just put his worries on the table. "Your dad is my boss."

"Not anymore," she said smartly. "Party's over."

But he shook his head. "No—I work on some other boats too. And he bought a couple of them today. So he's my boss now." The classic irony of the situation hit Scott anew in that moment as he looked around and mumbled under his breath. "And here I am, sneaking around in the dark with his sexy daughter."

"Lucky for you, Pirate Scott, my parents are in a hotel tonight. We own the Crystal Sands chain, and whenever we're near one, they stay in it."

Even as relief flooded him, he asked, "Why don't *you*?"

She shrugged. "I do sometimes. But tonight I had something better to do."

"What?"

"*You*. Have you ever fucked on satin sheets?" she asked without pause. "It's like a third lover in the bed the way they move against your skin."

The truth was, Scott's trepidation about the liaison had dimmed his arousal a little over the last few minutes, but Payton Albright's direct and naughty nature brought it right back, producing an instant hard-on in his black waiter's pants. "Can't say that I have," he replied. "But like I told you earlier, anything you want, baby—I'm up for it. And I never have anything against three lovers in the bed at once."

His wink, along with his words, got Payton so hot that she wondered if her wetness would run right down her thighs. She was so ready for this guy. *Screw the wine*, she thought as she pushed to her feet and stepped toward him.

She pressed her palms to his chest, feeling the warmth there through his shirt, along with the muscles. He smelled vaguely of expensive food and light perspiration, scents

that were suddenly, oddly, erotic as hell. And as his arms closed around her, she melted into him as easily as if she'd known him for years.

His kiss, tongue, were bold and confident, swallowing, moving all through her the same as if she had taken another intoxicating sip of wine. The parts of her body that had been aroused and swollen all day seemed to pulse now, as if her heart were beating *everywhere*. She'd never been kissed like this before—by a man whose attentions felt so hotly possessive, as if he were going to take charge. Mmm, yes, that's what she wanted—a pirate lover who would turn her into a naughty wench in his embrace.

She kissed him back, sensual, hard, and let her hands explore—his shoulders, his arms, his thick hair. She loved the way the stubble on his chin scraped lightly against her skin, the way his large hands molded to her waist, then her ass. And when his hard cock pressed to the juncture of her thighs through their clothes—oh God, she thought she'd explode into orgasm, right then and there.

She moved against him automatically—there was no controlling it. She heard her breath come hard and fast. She clutched at his shirt collar and as she sensed him balling the skirt of her dress in his hands, she began to work at his buttons. Yes, yes, this was really happening—they were really going to do this!

When his palms squeezed her bare ass, she gasped, and when he began moving his hands around, clearly seeking the fabric that wasn't there, he let out a low groan and said, "No panties?"

Her stomach hollowed with what a bad girl she was. She drew back slightly, met his gaze, bit her lip, shook her head.

"Damn, baby," he whispered. "That's fucking *hot*."

"They...got too wet...earlier," she said between heated breaths as his kisses dropped lower, to her neck. "From...wanting you."

After another hot growl left his throat, his warm breath caressed her ear. "I want to lick that hot, wet little pussy dry."

A burst of sensation shot through her body, almost like a mini-orgasm, making her gasp as the tremor shook her.

"Apparently," he said with a dirty little smile, "you want that too." Then he took her hand and led her to a lounge chair, the same where she usually sunbathed when they were at sea. Her pussy throbbed more madly than she could have imagined with each step, so swollen she could barely stand it.

Scott sat her gently down, then closed his hand around one ankle, lifting it over the extended part of the chair, so that her dress rose, of its own accord this time, high on her thighs. "Show me," he said, standing at the foot of the chair.

Her pussy, he meant. Wild for him, she didn't hesitate, easing the dress upward, higher, higher, until it revealed her smooth-shaven cunt.

"Jesus," he uttered. She knew instantly that he liked it bare, just as she did. And a glance down showed that the aching flesh was parted, her clit and the pink folds below prominently on display.

"Lean back and get comfortable, baby," he said, dropping smoothly to his knees. "I'm gonna eat you up."

Payton lay back in the chair, parting her thighs even wider, biting her lip as a warm Caribbean breeze washed over her. That's when Scott bent over the lounge chair to press the splayed fingers of both hands to her inner thighs. Then he moved in, raking his tongue expertly through her open pink flesh.

She shuddered, moaned. Oh God. After the way she'd suffered all day – *mmm*, yes, she was going to come very, very soon. She didn't even think any longer about the fact that he was a stranger or that she'd been nervous about that earlier – all she could think about now was how incredible he was making her feel.

He licked her again, and again, each stroke of his tongue like a little earthquake in Payton's sensitive body. She bit her lip, trying not to cry out and alert the full-time staff. They were surely all in bed now, but screams of ecstasy might awaken them.

"Oooh," she purred after his next pleasure-producing lick.

“You taste fucking sweet,” he said, the words echoing up from between her legs, deep and dirty.

“Do it some more,” she prodded. “Lick my nasty little pussy. I want to come in your mouth.”

A guttural groan rose from her pirate waiter’s throat and then he went back down on her, hard this time, no longer licking, but closing his mouth over her clit.

“God,” she whispered, her body jolting. Then, “Yes.”

After which Payton leaned her head back to peer up at the stars, thinking once more – *This is really happening. I’m being pleased by a hot, sexy stranger and I love it!*

And then the stars began to swirl, pleasure skewing her vision as her new lover sucked on her clit, deep, hot – making her bite her lip and want to sob her delight. But she couldn’t sob – it would be too loud – so instead, she said dirty things to him. “That’s so fucking good, baby – suck it. Suck my naughty little clit. Oh – oh God, it feels so huge – suck it, suck it!” And she pumped at his mouth with abandon, lowering her gaze to watch her pelvis thrusting at his face, her dress gathered at her hips. “Oh my pussy,” she breathed. “My pussy’s wild for you.”

That’s when the orgasm broke. It had happened quickly, yet had been coming all day, so it rocked her body violently, forcing her to drive her cunt upward hard, hard, hard as she kept biting her lip to try to hold her hot cries inside. Pleasure pulsed through her whole body – her limbs, her very scalp, all tingled – and despite her best efforts, a string of mewling whimpers escaped through her lips. God. Oh God! She’d never experienced anything like it.

When finally the waves of heat ebbed, she collapsed fully back into the lounge chair with a sigh.

She knew this was the moment when she might realize this sort of forbidden dalliance wasn’t for her, the moment it might feel wrong, empty. When she looked down at his damp face still between her legs, when she saw with sober clarity the

rawness of her position, the inelegance of it all. And yet...all she felt was triumphant. Ecstatic. Wild. Free.

And ready for more.

It seemed important to keep being her dirty new self with Scott the Pirate, not to let anything about her softer self show. So she gazed lustily down on him and said, "Did you like that? Did you like my pink pussy in your mouth?"

If she wasn't mistaken, now *he* shuddered. Just lightly. But enough that she saw. And his eyes sparkled lecherously in the moonlight. "Hell yes, honey," he rasped.

"Want some more?" she asked sensuously, teasingly.

"Fuck yeah."

"Then come with me, my nasty pirate man." With that, she lifted one bare leg over his head, planting her favorite strappy, sparkling Jimmy Choos on the deck to rise to her feet. She only bothered tugging her dress down to her upper thighs since she knew it would just be coming right back up. By then, Scott was standing behind her, looking sexy and ruffled now from this first little tussle as she took his hand and led him to her cabin.

Scott was a little blown away—by *lots* of things. Her beautiful, naughty aggression, how hot it had gotten him to suck and lick her to climax, and now by the grandeur of the stateroom they'd just entered. Polished wood, beveled mirrors, and expensive furniture and fabrics told him he was, undeniably, in the land of the wealthy. That the fabrics were a rich mix of leopard print and pink told him it was, at the moment, the land of the *feminine* wealthy.

And though he wasn't usually a pushy lover, he was feeling damn impatient—his cock threatened to burst from his zipper any moment. So almost as soon as the door shut, he grabbed on to her hips from behind and stepped up close, driven to grind his hard-on against her sumptuous ass. He growled low in her ear, "I need to fuck you."

He loved her sharp intake of breath, aware that she instantly began to rub her bottom against him in response. "Tell me you have a condom," she said over her shoulder.

"Never leave home without 'em," he promised.

"Mmm, good – then let me have it."

"The condom?" he asked.

"Your cock," she corrected.

He laughed softly through his intense lust and let go of her hips only to extract his wallet from the back pocket of his waiter's pants. A moment later he was ripping into a foil packet, then unzipping. "You want to put it on?" he asked.

Still facing away from him, she shook her head. Her fancy hairdo had gotten messier now, sexier. "I want to hurry. I want to be fucked." Then she took a few steps and bent over a teakwood dresser. She met his gaze in the mirror she faced even as she reached down to provocatively ease her dress back up, over her ass, then arched it. "My pussy aches for you."

"Still?" he couldn't help asking. She'd just come, after all. He, on the other hand, could tell her a thing or two about aching at the moment.

"Still," she answered in a pouty voice. "It needs *lots* of attention."

"Fuck," he murmured, jaw going slack even as his dick went still firmer. Her pretty cunt was back on display and still shimmering with enough moisture that he knew his little rich girl wasn't lying.

So he rushed to sheathe himself, so ready for her that he could barely breathe – then he planted his hands back on her hips, bared now, and plunged his hot cock inside her.

She cried out, but then immediately bit her lip to squelch it, and their eyes met again in the mirror. She looked positively obscene and beautiful. And damn, she was tight, her pussy holding on to him like a velvet glove.

"How's that feel, honey?"

She still sounded pouty, in a sexy way. "Big," she promised. "So big in me."

He leaned over her, whispering in her ear. "And you like big?"

She let her eyes fall shut, sighing. "God, yes. Now fuck me, damn it."

Her eyes glittered on him in the mirror and he teased her. "Bossy little rich girl."

"Do it," she commanded without an ounce of humor.

Shit. She wanted to be fucked—he'd fuck her, all right. He'd fuck her pretty little brains out. Holding tighter to her round hips, he thrust deep into her enveloping warmth with a hot groan. She clenched her teeth, still clearly trying to stay quiet, but he could tell it was difficult. He drove into her again, again, getting lost in watching the pleasure on her face, in how hot and hard she had him, in how damn warm and wet she was.

And then he let go completely, delivering powerful stroke after stroke, soon going faster, faster, his body roiling with heat and pleasure as beads of perspiration rolled down his chest, stomach.

He let his eyes shut, teeth gritted, seeing kaleidoscope colors as every sensation contributed to his lust. Her hot little whimpers, the slap of his body against hers with each thrust, the utter warmth of her skin—and her pussy. Hell, even just knowing he was doing the iconic "boss's daughter".

But when he opened his eyes, he found her gaze back on him, in the mirror. Her tanned cheeks were flushed with passion, her eyes drooped with lust, her pink lips parting softly. She looked like a dirty dream, a centerfold, a porn star, what every guy fantasizes about. But there was somehow more in her eyes. Secrets. Things she wasn't saying. Somehow it made him want to pleasure her all the more.

It made him want to...give her more of what she clearly needed so bad.

It made him at once want to play rough and...go softer, slow things down.

But for now, he settled for playing rough. He briskly moved his hands from her hips around to her gorgeous tits, which bounced in her dress with every stroke. He

closed his grasp over them fully, squeezing, and she gasped, arching them deeper into his palms.

Yet he needed more, so he dug his fingers brusquely into the little black half-circles of fabric holding them—and yanked down. Her tits came tumbling out and she groaned. In the mirror he studied them—somewhere between medium and large, and pretty damn beautiful. Her nipples stood fully erect, dark pink, perfect. He closed his hands back over them, catching those hot pink peaks between his fingers, squeezing as he continued pounding into her softest flesh from behind. “Oh God,” she moaned. “Oh God.”

Soon, his rich girl was fully bent at the waist, the upper half of her body lying across the dresser. She pressed perfectly manicured hands flat against the wood surface, occasionally curling her fingers inward as if trying to grab on to something for purchase as he fucked her so hard and deep. At one point she knocked over an expensive-looking perfume bottle, at another point a hairbrush was propelled to the floor. And as his hands curved back around her sweet ass now, he realized that he’d fucked her to the point of depleting her energy, and he decided maybe the time had come for that softer, slower sex he’d thought of a few minutes ago.

When he went still, then pulled out of her—aw, God, it was hard to leave that soft, warm place—she slowly looked over her shoulder, still bent over the dresser. “What’s wrong?”

“I want you naked, in that bed.” He pointed. “You promised me satin sheets.”

Slowly she rose up, turning to him with a soft yet lecherous smile. “So I did.”

“Take your dress off,” he said. He’d seen all the key parts of her body already, but he’d meant what he said—he wanted her naked.

Looking utterly lascivious with her hair half falling down around her shoulders now, little Miss Albright reached up to lower her shoulder straps one by one, then she reached behind her for a zipper. A second later she was shrugging the fancy black frock

to the floor. "Nice," he murmured. A gut reaction. Now he knew she had a perfect little tummy to go with those perfect tits, perfect ass, and perfect legs.

When she bent to remove one sparkly high-heeled shoe, he said, "No. Those can stay on."

She smiled, and he added, "Lie down."

Then he watched as she turned back a plush leopard-print coverlet to reveal pink satin sheets underneath. They looked slick and smooth as she slid down onto them, and now – *now* – she looked like a centerfold. And Scott felt like a lucky, lucky man.

Up to this moment, he'd been thinking a lot – about who she was, how rich, how dangerous, how he was putting himself at risk. But now he stopped thinking altogether about anything but how gorgeous she was and the hot urges of his body.

"Your turn," she said, looking like a delectable confection lying in pink satin icing. "Take off your clothes."

But as he began to shed his vest, then unbutton his white shirt, her eyes focused on the part of him already revealed – his cock still stood at full attention.

"Do you have more of those?" She pointed to his erection.

"Cocks?" he asked, arching one brow in amusement.

She cast a playful smirk. "Condoms."

"Sure," he said.

"Then can you take that one off? I want to see you."

In response, Scott peeled the rubber up and over the head of his shaft, tossing it in a wastebasket by the dresser.

And Payton gasped. "Oh my."

"Like what you see, rich girl?" he asked with a wink.

"*Very* much." She bit her lip, still studying him there.

And he stayed aware of her hazel gaze on him as he discarded his shirt, then kicked off his shoes and socks before pushing his pants and underwear to the floor.

By the time he was naked, he needed more of her so wasted no time falling into bed atop her pretty body. And at the combined sensations—her soft, curving skin and those slick pink sheets touching him—Scott forgot everything but Payton Albright and pleasure.

Lifting his hands to her face, he kissed her—slow at first, but it quickly turned more ravenous. Before he knew it, she was nibbling on his lower lip and closing her fist around his cock. “Damn, honey,” he murmured when she bit him a little.

“Sorry, but you make me hungry.”

As he ran his palms over the curve of her waist, up onto her soft breasts, he said, “I can think of something better for you to eat.”

Kissing him again, she smiled into his eyes. “Me too,” she replied, then began to briskly kiss her way down his body. Knowing what was coming, his erection went somehow even more rigid—and shit, he loved how she didn’t hesitate, how she went right for it.

“Fuck, yes,” he whispered when she flicked her tongue across the tip of his cock, now wet with pre-come.

“Mmm,” she purred, and the sound stretched all through him like a ribbon of heat.

Then she went down on him, plain and simple—she sank her pretty lips over the circumference of his shaft and took at least half his length into her mouth. Then she began to move up and down.

Scott simply watched her, amazed, and now *he* was the one trying to hold in his moans. He wasn’t usually loud during sex, but something about Payton Albright giving him a vigorous blowjob quickly drove him to new heights of arousal. “That’s so good, honey, so fucking good,” he praised her as her moist lips slid over him again, again. “That’s right, suck that big cock.”

She appeared fully into her task, and though she seemed unable to take him especially deep, it didn’t dampen his pleasure any. Because so much of that pleasure was visual—the way she looked, still bejeweled in diamonds, taking his erection into

her mouth, her hair all messy, lipstick all gone. He felt somehow as if he'd unmasked her – turned her into a wealthy, proper socialite gone bad.

Of course, she'd been bad before tonight – she'd been bad this morning, and probably long before. But he still liked the idea of having taken this perfectly coiffed, perfectly dressed, perfectly made-up girl and getting her messy, of finding entirely different kinds of perfection in her. Because her lips on his dick felt pretty damn perfect. And her fist pumping the rest of his length was damn near perfect too. He couldn't resist thrusting lightly, fucking her mouth – and he loved it that she never backed off, never even flinched, simply took what he was compelled to give her.

And then she released him from her hand – just long enough to gather part of the top sheet in her grip and wrap it around his hard cock as she resumed her pumping motions.

“Aw – aw shit,” he groaned. Fuck. He'd never felt anything like that slick satin sheet on his cock. What the hell? How could a fucking *sheet* feel that good? Then again, she'd promised him it would. But he couldn't have anticipated the extra jolt of pleasure a little slick fabric would bring.

Still sucking him for all she was worth, she continued working the satin over the part of his shaft outside her mouth, and Scott thought he'd explode – way too fast. But he also didn't have the strength to tell her to stop. This was...this was like being swallowed in pleasure. Surrounded. Overwhelmed. His fingers threaded into her hair as he watched and enjoyed, soaking it all up. “You suck me good, babe. Keep going,” he prodded her, still thrusting toward her throat, even a little harder now.

She was a dream. A fucking fantasy. He let his eyes fall shut, sinking, sinking somehow deeper into those enveloping sheets. “Fuck,” he murmured. “Fuck, I'm gonna come soon.”

And that's when she stopped – backing off his cock, and letting go of it too.

His eyes jolted open to find her smiling down at him even as she lifted one leg over his body. “If you're about to come, I want you to take me for a ride first.”

Part of him was selfishly frustrated, but he couldn't help grinning up at her in return. "Climb on, rich girl," he told her.

He liked the way she looked hovering above him and slid his hands up her slender outer thighs as his gaze lowered to her smoothly shaven cunt. She balanced moistly upon the tip of his erection, her fist back around it now—and then she slowly sank down.

"Oh! Oh Christ," she sobbed. "So big. So big."

He knew girls tended to feel a cock more when they were on top, so he said, "Too big?"

She bit her lip, peering down at him, and even as she looked positively pained, she said, "No."

"Are you sure?"

"I want it. I'll get used to it." She moved around a little again, clearly trying to adjust.

"Why don't *I* get on top?" he suggested.

But she shook her head. "I want to come again."

He grinned at her, eyes half shut in lust. "Don't worry, honey, I'll make you come."

"That's what all the pirates say," she teased him. "But I want what I want."

"What is it you want, rich girl?"

"*You* fucked *me*. Now *I* want to fuck *you*."

He blinked, his cock still stuffed up into her tight little pussy. "Is there really a difference?"

And her eyes widened in response. "Yes. I'm calling the shots now."

He tilted his head against the satin pillowcase. "I'm not sure you ever *quit* calling the shots. I told you I'd be whatever you wanted me to be tonight and I meant it."

“Well then, right now I want you to let me fuck you.” Fortunately, she seemed to be getting more comfortable on his dick, squirming a bit, and now even beginning to grind a little.

“It’s not too big anymore, is it?”

She shook her head. “I told you I’d get used to it.” She bit her lip. “And now I want to ride it hard, like a cowgirl.”

He grinned. “Go for it, baby. Ride me as hard as you want.”

And that’s exactly what she did.

Chapter Four

Suddenly, she seemed all too able to handle his size, beginning to buck and grind on him, pressing her palms to his chest, a move that pushed her tits beautifully together. “Mmm, let me suck those,” he said, just then beginning to move a little himself, pumping up into her now that she could handle it. He liked not only that he’d felt *that* big to her but also that she’d been determined to take it. Aggressive little thing.

In response to his request, she leaned over him, dangling her breasts near his face until he reached out with his mouth to latch on to one hard nipple. “Mmm,” he moaned at finally getting one of her tits into his mouth, and he didn’t bother being gentle – she rode him with vigor now, so he sucked her hard.

She squealed a little, but rather than let up, he suckled her deeper, still harder.

And she let out a series of hot, rhythmic little moans, and she breathed, “Yes, baby, yes – it’s so good, I’m gonna come on you,” and then the orgasm washed over her. Her head fell back, her sobs grew deeper, and she undulated on him still more violently. He thrust up into her, loving every second of her orgasm, every lush moment of sex with her on those soft satin sheets that really did feel as if they were hugging him at moments.

When finally she began to come back down from the climax, she collapsed against his chest and said, “Oh wow, that was nice.”

“Just nice?” he asked.

“Okay, it was fucking hot,” she said, “but I was trying to be a lady.”

And he couldn’t help laughing.

“What?” she lifted her head to ask, looking a little aghast at his laughter.

“I’d rather have you be exactly what you are than a lady.”

"What am I?"

"The perfect fuck."

She bit her lip, looking both pleased and aroused. "In that case, I'm going to fuck you perfectly – until you come," she said. And then she began to slide up and down his length in slow, smooth strokes, making sure they both felt it all the way up and all the way down.

"Aw, that's good, baby," he assured her, his voice actually going a little shaky. "Keep going."

She did. More slow rises and descents that ensured he felt every slick glide, every hugging inch of her tight pussy.

And then she began to move faster, harder. And he began to drive up into her. Her breasts jiggled and his hands found her waist, forcing her down on him to make sure he went as deep in her cunt as he could. "Fuck me," he bit off roughly. "Fuck me hard."

So she moved on him even rougher, her tits bouncing now, and his dick ramming up into her with every stroke. They both let out small cries at each thrust, unable to contain it.

And then she leaned back away from him, arching her body, thrusting her breasts toward the ceiling, planting her hands on the bed behind her on both sides of his legs for support. After which she fucked him more vigorously than ever before – her body moving wild and rhythmic on his as he pistoned his cock into her wetness again, again, again.

"Fuck...oh fuck yeah," he muttered as a whole new intense level of pleasure began to gather, tightening his dick even more. "Aw, yeah, yeah." He watched her pretty tits still bouncing, witnessed the stark aggression on her lovely face. Then he focused on her smooth pussy, split in the center to take his big dick inside it. So pink. So wet. So open for him now. It swallowed his length with ease while still hugging him warm and tight. Yes. Yes. Yes.

“Fuck—*now!*” he yelled—louder than intended, but who could think clearly at this point? Because he was exploding inside her, the orgasm shooting through his body like a rocket blasting off over and over. God...damn...fuck...yes.

Within seconds, he went limp, rendered nearly immobile during a long moment of recovery as he simply basked in that glorious sense of repletion. He’d fucked the boss’s daughter and it was good.

“Oh no,” she said then, sounding truly horrified.

It was enough to force his eyes open. “What?”

“We forgot to use a second condom.”

Shock rushed through him, ending his relaxation. “Shit.” Then, more softly, he said, “Sorry.”

Climbing off him to lie beside him in bed, she shook her head. “It’s just as much my fault.”

“Still, I’m the guy—I’m supposed to handle that part.”

Next to him, her eyes widened. “I only wish *all* guys felt that way. And trust me, they don’t.”

“Well,” he said, “don’t worry, rich girl—I’m clean.”

“You know this for a fact?”

“Pretty much. I’ll admit to some...condom-less dalliances in my past, but I’m usually pretty good about it. And after those dalliances, I made sure to get tested, and all was well.”

She sighed in relief, still gorgeous and naked next to him. “Good.”

“You?”

“Safe too. I’m on the Pill for medical reasons. And this was my first time...”

“First time what?”

“Without a condom.”

He blinked. Because... "Really? I mean, I know we're all supposed to be careful about that, but...never?"

She shook her head. "Never."

Despite himself, he felt a lecherous grin sneak onto his face. "Hmm—so it's sort of like I...took your virginity. In a way."

However, his rich girl gone bad just rolled her eyes. "Hardly, pirate boy."

He just laughed.

"Not to be rude, but, uh, you should probably go. I mean, just because it's late and we've gotten off lucky so far, but..."

"Say no more. Trust me—I'm the last person who wants to be caught rolling around in your satin sheets right now." And with that, he sat up, reached over the side of the bed, and retrieved his underwear and pants.

Only...damn, despite himself, he kind of didn't like leaving her. For good. Knowing this would be the only time. Even if she *was* his new employer's daughter. "So," he said, "you shipping out tomorrow or anything?"

She shrugged. "No—I happen to know we have dinner plans here tomorrow night. And if Daddy just bought a bunch of boats, I'm sure he'll need to play with them a little while before we hit the next port."

And then an idea hit him. Payton being such a naughty girl and all. "You should come on the *Party Barge* tomorrow night. That's one of the boats he bought—and that I work on. You'd like it. We could have some more fun. Leaves at eight if you're interested."

She tilted her head, then shook it. "Too early. Our dinner isn't until seven, and trust me, the Albrights don't wrap up the evening meal in a mere hour."

He couldn't figure out if she was telling the truth or blowing him off. Maybe the rich girl only got off on one-night stands. And so as he stood up to pull his pants on, he

figured he should just let it go, appreciate it for what it was—yet he heard himself saying, “Afterward then? The cruise gets back at ten sharp.”

“How about I meet you at the Lazy Lizard for a drink at ten thirty?”

He couldn’t hide his surprise. “You know the Lizard?” It was one of his common Duvall Street haunts.

She shrugged. “I noticed it when shopping today.”

“All right then—Lazy Lizard, tomorrow night, ten thirty sharp. Don’t keep me waiting, rich girl.”

* * * * *

Payton could barely believe it. It was one thing to want to release her inner wild child and another to...actually do it. The way she’d done it. It had all been so...dirty. Hot. Unfathomably so. As she sat in a fancy open-air restaurant with her parents and another older couple—one of her father’s local business associates and his wife—the following night, she couldn’t stop thinking about Pirate Scott. Thank God for the ceiling fans overhead or she’d be sweating just from the memories.

She could still see the way he’d looked while stripping down for her—his shoulders were broad, his chest more muscular than she might have guessed when he was wearing a shirt. And as for what he had between his legs—oh my. Okay, now she was sweating, ceiling fans or not.

“My dear, you look flushed,” Mr. Winston, her father’s associate, said just then. “Are you all right?”

Payton nodded quickly. “Just...getting adjusted to the climate,” she claimed. Which made no sense given that they’d been sailing around the tropics for months. But she simply took a long sip of ice water and felt thankful when no one called her on it—even her parents. Although her dad *did* give her a funny look.

When Scott had first put his cock inside her, at the dresser, she’d been stunned by how big he felt. But even more stunned a little later when she finally saw it. He was

way bigger than either of her two previous partners, and even though it had hurt at first when she'd been straddling him, putting all her weight on that huge appendage, once she'd...stretched a little, it had felt like *heaven*. Well, if heaven were very naughty, that is.

"Better now?" her mother asked.

Again she nodded, then resumed eating the pineapple chicken she'd ordered.

She still couldn't believe she'd forgotten about that second condom, either. It was unthinkable. Chase and Reggie, her old boyfriends, had both begged to fuck her without one, but she'd never let them. And now she'd just fucked a *stranger* without one? How had that happened? Too much passion, she guessed. Too much urgency. And...well, maybe that was another reason it had felt so good on top of him once she'd gotten accustomed to his size.

Then she shuddered. *His size*. He was magnificent to say the least. How did he even keep that contained in his pants?

"Darling, are you sure you're all right?" This time it was her dad. Damn it, he'd seen her tremble.

"I guess...I felt a breeze or something. One minute I'm hot, the next I'm cold. Weird," she concluded.

She'd loved that Scott had felt responsible for protection—it was a far cry from Chase and Reggie, who had tried to get by without a condom with her more than once. And the truth was...she wasn't sure why she hadn't let them. As she'd mentioned to Scott, she took birth control pills—it kept her periods regular—and both of her previous relationships had been long-term things, where she'd had no real fears of disease.

But somehow...well, maybe she hadn't been dying for sex with them the same way she'd been dying for it last night. Maybe she'd actually liked the idea of keeping some tiny barrier between her and them.

And then it hit her anew. Wow! Scott was the only guy she'd had sex with who her father hadn't picked for her, who'd been totally her choice. When she thought about it

that way, maybe it was no wonder she'd managed to be so aggressive and wild with him.

Even if the memories made her begin to blush.

"Seriously, Payton, are you feeling all right?" her father said, looking concerned. "Your face is turning red again."

Oh boy – this was getting tricky. "I'm honestly fine," she claimed. "In fact, I would say I feel *unusually* good tonight." *Because soon I'm going to meet my lover.*

Wow, she actually had a lover.

And she hoped like hell that he wanted to love her some more.

* * * * *

After saying goodnight to her parents at the Crystal Sands, Payton made her way back to the yacht where she traded in her sleeveless but fairly conservative blouse for a low-cut halter top in an island floral print. She kept on the summery white wrap skirt and cork wedge heels she already wore – then made her way back to Duvall Street.

The Lazy Lizard was everything she'd hoped – a casual, laid-back island bar that seemed filled with locals and tourists alike. A Jimmy Buffett song played over loud speakers, a thatched roof covered the square bar in the center of the room, and peanut shells dusted the floor. Colorful umbrella drinks seemed to be the norm, dotting the bar and lots of tables.

Weaving through the crowd, it didn't take long to feel admiring male eyes on her – which she liked, but it also intimidated her just a little. The truth was, she'd never been to a bar like this before. Upscale nightclubs in New York and Vegas, sure – usually with her father-approved friends. But she'd never had occasion to step into a low-key neighborhood drinking establishment.

She took a seat at the bar and checked her watch. Ten twenty-five.

"Buy you a drink?"

She looked up to find an attractive, professional-looking guy in a polo shirt and khaki pants—probably here on vacation with his friends. His grin was more polite than smarmy, although she had no doubt he was hoping for vacation sex if he got the chance. She returned a light smile. “Thanks, but I’m meeting someone.”

The guy snapped his fingers in disappointment. “My loss.”

When he departed, she took up a laminated drink menu from behind a napkin holder and perused the tropical offerings. Two bartenders worked the bar but both were busy and hadn’t yet looked her way.

“Hi there.”

She looked up, hoping for Scott, but instead found a burly but handsome linebacker type with mussed hair. Her best guess—spring break. “Hi.”

“You’re too pretty to be alone. What are you drinking?”

“I’m not really alone—he’s due anytime now.”

“Hell,” the guy said, sounding more perturbed than the first had. She got the idea he was already well on his way to being drunk, and maybe she hadn’t been the first girl to rebuff his advances tonight. “You tell him I said he’s one lucky son of a bitch.”

“I’ll do that,” she promised. “Have a nice evening.” Then she refocused on her drink menu, completely uninterested in either of the two men who’d just approached her.

But then she suddenly stopped, blinked, wondering why. After all, they were both fairly hot—and just yesterday they would have fit the bill of what she was looking for to slake her naughty needs.

But now that she’d been with Scott, well—she wanted to see him again. *Only* him at the moment, it turned out. Totally casual sex had been fun and wild and sexy, but she liked even better the idea of being with someone she’d *already* been with, someone whose sexual skills she already knew she liked very well.

“Hey there, rich girl, you didn’t stand me up.”

She sat up straighter and gave him a smile, forgetting every thought in her head at his arrival. Sliding onto the stool next to her, he looked just as good as she remembered. Tonight he wore a distressed blue T-shirt advertising the *Party Barge* and khaki cargo shorts.

“You thought I would?” she asked.

He shrugged, grinned. “You never know.” Then he pointed toward one of the drinks on the menu still in her hand. “I recommend the Sunset Blast.”

So when finally a female bartender—a blonde named Shay, who Scott seemed to know—came to take their order, they both asked for a Sunset Blast, a concoction made with two types of rum, some grenadine, some schnapps, and a couple of fruit juices.

She couldn’t help asking, “Seriously, why did you think I wouldn’t come?”

Another shrug from her new lover. “Thought maybe you’d had all the fun with me you intended to have. Rich girls get bored easily.”

“And you’re an authority on this?”

He tilted his head. “You meet a lot of different types of girls here.”

“Well, maybe I’m not like all the other rich girls.”

He met her gaze. “You’re a hell of a lot more fun than most of them, I can tell you that.”

“I’m glad you think so,” she said, but there it was again—a telltale warmth climbed her cheeks. Somehow, here, on *his* turf, it wasn’t as easy to be the wild child she’d been last night. Maybe it *had* been easier when it had been only a one-night thing—something she’d not thought of until just now.

“Whoa,” he said, “are you blushing?”

Oh hell. “Shocking but true.” She rolled her eyes at herself. “Could be there’s more to me than you saw last night, pirate boy.”

He cast a grin, clearly intrigued. “Tell me more, rich girl.”

Just then, their drinks arrived, so she shored herself by taking a big sip—both delicious and instantly intoxicating, which she needed at the moment. “Okay, here it is. I’m twenty-six years old and I’ve never done...anything real.”

Next to her, he lowered his chin. “Define real.”

She shook her head, trying to think of how to explain. “I’ve been under my father’s thumb my whole life, going to private schools, letting him pick my friends—and boyfriends—and...I’ve never even been to a bar like this. With peanut shells on the floor. Which I love, by the way. It’s so...casual.”

His smile was sincere but teasing. “And here I thought you liked your satin sheets so much.”

“Well,” she said, “you have to admit they *are* luxurious. And yes, I like nice things—a lot. But that doesn’t mean I don’t want to experience normal life.”

He raised his eyebrows. “So last night was normal for you?”

Another vision flashed in her mind—his head between her legs on the deck while she talked dirty to him. “No,” she said. “Last night was wild for me. Last night was...” Could she admit this? *Should* she? “The first time I had sex with a guy my father hadn’t chosen for me to date.”

“Shit,” he murmured. “Seriously?”

She pursed her lips and felt another blush coming on. “Does that make me less fun?”

“Uh, no. Nothing could make you less fun. Last night was...amazing.”

This time, she went warm in her panties. “For me too. But I can’t help being...a little embarrassed now. I’d spent days, weeks...kind of, um, feeling desperate.”

“Desperate?”

“For sex. So by the time I got some, I kind of...didn’t hold back. At all. I...completely let loose.”

A slow smile stole over his handsome, unshaven face. "You definitely did. And I'm hard again right now just remembering."

She bit her lower lip, her pussy beginning to tingle. "So...you liked it all? The letting loose?"

Beneath the bar, he slid his hand onto her thigh and said, "No, I didn't like it. I loved it, honey. Did you not hear me say it was amazing a minute ago?"

She shook her head, feeling uncertain, adrift, caught between her softer self and the woman she'd become last night. "I'm just not used to...showing anyone...how dirty I can be."

"Then I'm honored." He sipped on his drink, then cast her a sideways glance. "I had a feeling I was getting a taste of a good girl gone bad. But, uh, how did I get so lucky?"

She blinked, trying to think through it. "Well, I suppose I just couldn't take it anymore. I know most people would see me on that yacht and think I had a dream life. But you're right—rich girls do get bored. At least when they don't really *do* anything but island hop with their parents. I guess I've just reached a point in my life where...I need more."

"You need sex," he expounded for her.

"Definitely," she agreed, her voice dropping a little as the hum in her cunt increased. "Other things too. But right now, I'm mainly focusing on the sex. Because...even from the moment I saw you on that other boat yesterday morning, I just...wanted you. And I had to show you. I couldn't help it—I just did it."

Their eyes were locked now and she felt a familiar lust coursing through her veins. Last night's wild orgasms had helped assuage it, but it was returning full force now that she was with him again. He leaned close to say, "That was about the sexiest fucking thing I've ever seen. I had to go belowdecks and jack myself off."

She gasped slightly at the image it put in her head, at the knowledge she'd made him do that. "Really?"

"Hell yeah, really."

All around them, the bar hummed with life—music, talk, and laughter blending together to create a static noise that almost made her feel as if they were alone, even in the midst of a crowd. But they *weren't* alone. Not yet anyway. She felt compelled to break the sexual tension—just a little. "So now you know *my* story. Tell me about you."

He grinned slightly, through his lust, and backed away—though he kept his hand firmly on her thigh. "Long story short," he said, "I came here to party, and for a while, I did just as much as it took to get by. But then my roommate Chris got married, and ever since then...well, I guess you and I have something in common, rich girl, because ever since then I've found myself wanting something more too."

"Not sex, though," she said, since clearly he'd had plenty of that. Now that she thought about it, it was probably scary how much sex he'd had.

He tilted his head as if she'd just said something crazy. "Honey, I *always* want sex. I just...don't have to work very hard to get it in a place like this. What I have to work hard to get is...something of my own. I want to buy a deep-sea fishing boat, get my own little piece of the tourist trade." Suddenly, he looked a bit sheepish—an expression she couldn't have imagined on his face until now. "It would be nothing like what your father has, but at least it would be mine. And maybe I could make it grow. So...that's where I'm at. I'm working my ass off to save money for a down payment so I can start my own business."

"Wow, that's cool," she told him.

"It is?" He appeared genuinely surprised.

"Yeah," she assured him. "To have an actual *ambition*, something you want to *do* with your life..." She stopped, sighed. The drink was getting to her. "That's what I want. Besides hot sex," she added teasingly.

He grinned. "Well, the hot sex I can supply. Gladly." He squeezed her leg and the sensation shot up her inner thigh. "The rest I'm still working on."

“I admire you for knowing what you want and working toward it,” she added. And that’s when it hit her. The way he was working toward it was by laboring on the boats her father now owned. “God, you really *are* putting your ass on the line to be fooling around with me, aren’t you?”

“Something like that,” he said with yet another shrug. “Boating is what I know. I work on Chris’ catamaran too—but if I lost my jobs on your father’s boats, it wouldn’t be easy to replace them. From what I heard today, sounds like he’s bought up everything in the marina other than individually owned tour boats like Chris’.”

Payton sucked in her breath. What if he lost his job due to her? She’d feel like shit. And yet...she didn’t think she could resist more sex with him, especially since she was already wet for him right now. “So,” she said slowly, “should I be flattered or are you just a danger-seeking guy?”

He lowered his gaze slightly, then lifted it back to hers. “You should be *very* flattered.”

* * * * *

An hour and two Sunset Blasts apiece later, Scott suggested they leave the bar, which had grown louder and more crowded. Of course, he had sex on his mind. How could he not? Especially now. She’d been tempting enough last night—but now, with this new side of her he’d seen, and everything she’d confided in him, she was somehow even more appealing.

Because yeah, it was exciting to fuck the boss’s dirty daughter. But it was even *more* exciting—in a much deeper way—to fuck a girl who so much *needed* to be fucked, needed to let her nasty side out. Dorky as it may have sounded, he hadn’t been lying when he’d told her he was honored she would pick him to do it with. And to know he was the first guy she’d been with just because she *wanted* to—damn, he’d been fighting a monster hard-on ever since.

The rich girl had a sweet side – much sweeter than he could have possibly imagined last night – and he kind of liked it.

When they got outside, Duvall Street was hopping – it was Saturday night in Key West. Tourists and islanders alike – of all ages – were hitting the bars and strolling the thoroughfare, and traffic was thick with everything from souped-up Mustangs to motor scooters. The warm breeze that hit his face as he took her hand to head north reminded him of why he'd picked this particular party destination to move to – it was as close as a person could get to the Caribbean in the United States and he had a passion for tropical climes.

They were both a little drunk, he knew – but maybe the good girl gone bad didn't handle her liquor as well as him, so he made sure to keep hold of her hand as they strolled. She looked filled with wonder as she spied the nightlife – peeking into each bar they passed, as well as one strip club. He almost offered to take her inside but stopped – he wanted to help her release her inhibitions as much as possible, but corrupting her in public would be a bad idea given that word could easily get back to Daddy Dearest.

So instead he led her up Duvall until taking a right turn down the much quieter, palm-lined street where he lived in half of a small two-family home. "Here we are," he said.

"Here where?" she asked, bumping up against him when they stopped – he felt the jiggle of her sumptuous breasts on his arm and wanted them, bad. She wore a slinky little halter top with deep cleavage tonight and he'd been aching for another taste of her sweet nipples.

"My place," he said, pointing upward toward the little sundeck outside the front second-story window of the classic white clapboard Key West house. "Let's go inside where I can get you undressed."

With that, he drew close to her, leaning in to kiss her neck, and he knew he wasn't the only one ready for some action—so it caught him off guard when she drew back. “No, let's go to the yacht.”

Scott let out a quiet breath—and was completely honest with her. “The yacht makes me a little nervous, honey. Your dad could walk in and I need my job, remember?”

“I told you—he and Mom are in a hotel while we're here. In fact, it's amazing that they even let me stay without them on the boat, so I want to take advantage of having the place to myself.”

But Scott wasn't convinced. “You might have the place to yourself, but I know you're not exactly alone out there. Somebody on the staff could see me and tell.”

“That a guy they don't know was on the boat with me. That would get *me* in trouble, not you. And besides—I might be wild at heart, but I'm more comfortable in my own surroundings, so...afraid it's the boat or nothing, pirate boy. I like you a lot,” she said, peering up at him, leaning into him, “but you could still be an axe murderer.”

He let out a laugh. “Any guy who would rather murder you than fuck you is crazy.”

“Axe murderers usually are,” she said.

“Good point,” he conceded.

“Scott, I'll do anything you want—but it has to be on the yacht.” She was rubbing those gorgeous tits against his chest now, making his scalp—and lots of other parts of him—tingle and pulse with need. Then she added, “Besides, you looked good in satin—I want to lay you back down on those sheets and do every nasty thing to you I can think of.”

Shit. His cock throbbed so violently now that it almost hurt. What the hell could he do?

“All right, rich girl, you win. But you better hope we don't get caught.”

* * * * *

Payton led Scott by the hand through the dark, crossing the yacht's lower deck toward her cabin. It was late—after one—so she was sure the staff would all be fast asleep. Which is why it surprised her so much when she suddenly bumped into a man's body. She gasped, and Scott immediately pulled her back toward him.

Then she realized who it was. "Daniel."

"Sorry, Miss Albright. I didn't mean to startle you—I expected to be the only one about at this hour."

Then his gaze fell on Scott in the darkness behind her and she knew he'd be worried. "Scott, this is Daniel. Daniel, Scott."

"We've met," Scott said.

Then she turned to Scott more fully. "Don't worry—Daniel's cool. He won't tell anyone I had...company tonight."

Daniel quickly backed her up. "Oh, certainly not," he assured them both, then looked at her companion. "Miss Albright's secrets are safe with me." After which he gave her a wink, reminding her that he had secrets too—and the memory of seeing him with the brunette in the closet last night made her skin tingle hotly, especially given that she was already excited.

"It is late," she ventured, curious. "Any chance you're returning from seeing your waitress friend?"

Daniel flashed a debonair yet amused smile. "Turns out, my dear Miss Albright, that the lovely little girl has a very large boyfriend."

Another small gasp left her. "He didn't find out, did he?"

Oh hell—she'd just spilled the beans. That she'd seen him fucking the waitress. Only...he didn't look as surprised as she thought he should, simply asking, "About what?"

Payton swallowed, then tried to cover her tracks. "About...you know. That you...were interested in her."

Daniel tilted his head and raised his eyebrows, looking amused – and she knew she was caught.

“You knew I was there, didn’t you?”

“Afraid so,” he admitted – but their gazes met and held. *Oh my*. A strange, fresh heat stretched like a ribbon through her body along with the weird new awareness between them – he knew she’d *wanted* to watch. She’d seen him in the most intimate of acts. And apparently he’d...well, he’d liked it well enough not to put a stop to it.

Suddenly, Scott chimed in. “Uh, what am I missing?”

A fair enough question, and despite her embarrassment, honesty seemed the easiest course. “I, um, came upon Daniel and one of the waitresses at the party last night when they were, um...”

“Fucking,” Daniel supplied easily, surprising her. His frankness – and the pure sexual vibes that permeated the word – made her heart beat harder.

“Well, I’m sorry about the boyfriend,” she told him.

Daniel merely shrugged. “So am I, but I still had a very pleasant liaison, so all’s well.”

Payton met Daniel’s gaze again and this time something in the connection of their eyes made her chest sizzle. Until just over twenty-four hours ago, she’d never thought of Daniel in a sexual way, but now that she did, she realized he was...well, hot. With a lean, attractive body. And though she’d never actually thought about his age, it suddenly hit her that he couldn’t be much older than her. Thirty, maybe. Thirty-two at most.

“Well then,” Daniel finally said, “good night, and have a very pleasant evening, Miss Albright.” And with another wink that left her all the more confused about her current feelings, he crossed the deck and headed toward the staff’s quarters.

Payton actually felt a little dizzy after the encounter. Or maybe it was those Sunset Blasts still knocking her for a loop. She fell softly against Scott and said, "I think I need to sit down."

"Uh-oh," he said, then drew her to the nearest lounge chair, which happened to be the one where he'd so skillfully eaten her pussy last night. "Too much rum?"

She shook her head, beginning to come back to herself, feel more normal. "I thought so at first, but I'm better now. Maybe I'm just...a little freaked out."

Scott sat down beside her on the foot of the lounge. "About?"

Sex. Everything about it. But how could she tell him that? How much sense did it make after last night? And she still wanted madly to be with him, wanted to be just as wild as last night, yet... "How many girls have you fucked?" she asked him bluntly.

He gave his head a frank tilt. "I don't know. This is Key West."

She got his point. It was a lot. So she decided to try more honesty – mainly because she couldn't come up with any other explanation for her behavior. "I guess the more I've talked to you tonight, the more I've admitted to you, that now I feel...positively virginal, like a lightweight."

"Just because I've fucked a lot of girls and you haven't fucked all that many guys? Trust me, honey, if anything, that's a turn-on. I love the idea of helping you...you know, explore your wild side."

She bit her lip. "Really? Because...I guess I was starting to worry that after everything I told you earlier I must seem a lot more boring than I did last night."

Scott widened his eyes, his jaw dropping in disbelief. "You – boring? Not possible, baby."

She leaned her head back, peered up at the stars, and quit thinking so much about what she wanted to say and let out more honesty – her wildest wishes. "I wish I could do things as crazy and exciting and wild as you've done."

“You got a pretty damn good start on it last night, rich girl,” he said, and when she drew her gaze back down, he flashed a small, sexy smile that resumed the tingling in her panties.

“Thanks,” she said softly, still yearning for him – yet feeling oddly torn. “I suppose I just have this longing to be...more like other people. But we’ve always moved around so much that I always feel like I’m on the outside looking in. And so I’ve found you here and we’re having fun together, but in a few days or a week, we’ll be off again, and...I’ll want more. More sex. More naughtiness. And sure, I suppose I could walk into any island bar and say, ‘Anyone want to fuck?’ or ‘Any two guys want to have a three-way with me?’ but I like to think that sex should at least be...more organic than that. You know? I mean, if I’m gonna fuck one or more people’s brains out, I want them to be people who really excite me, who really make me crazy – and that’s not always so easy to find.”

Although it was dark, she thought she saw true understanding in his eyes. “I see your point. Especially...being a girl.” He grinned. “I know girls are a little pickier about who they have sex with, and that’s cool – I get it. And I feel all the more honored you chose *me*.” With that, he lifted a hand to her cheek and leaned in to kiss her. As his tongue twined around hers, she melted into it, into him, pressing into his body.

As he laid her back across the length of the chair, easing down beside her, he kissed her again, deeply, then ran his fingertip down the edge of her halter top, across the ridge of one breast. “So,” he whispered, “being with two guys, that’s your secret rich-girl’s fantasy?”

Oh God, she’d said that, hadn’t she? Proof that part of her behavior was alcohol induced. Being a little drunk last night had probably helped release her inhibitions. Being *more* than a little drunk tonight had her waffling between lust and too much honesty. But it was out there now, and if she wasn’t mistaken, Scott seemed aroused by the notion – certainly, his cock felt hard enough against her thigh. So she smiled up at him, and with more lusty truth said, “The idea definitely holds appeal.”

"Tell me more," he urged, his voice deeper now. He slid his index finger inside her halter top, running it flatly down her breast until it crossed over her nipple, making her flinch in pleasure.

Still more honesty. "Sometimes when I see two hot guys hanging out together, I begin to imagine what it would be like...you know, to be between them, both of them touching me, and kissing me."

He looked enraptured by her words, exciting her even more. "It's a shame Chris is married now, or I'd introduce you two. You'd like him—he'd be a perfect guy to help me fulfill your fantasy."

"Have you done it before?" she asked, biting her lips. "Had three-ways?"

He gave a short nod. "Three-ways, four-ways, *more-ways*—you name it."

She sucked in her breath. "Okay, I'm back to feeling virginal again."

But Scott simply shook his head. "Don't. That's silly. Last night you were about as far from virginal as a girl could be—and I mean that in a *good* way."

"I...kind of wish your friend wasn't married too," she admitted. "Since it's hard to imagine meeting another guy I'd feel comfortable suggesting this to—given that I usually have a week or two, tops, in any given port."

"Well, I'd love being the guy in your life who helped you experience that," he said, then leaned down, pushing the fabric of her top aside and lowering a scintillating kiss to her sensitive nipple. A soft moan left her as she arched her chest instinctively upward. God, she'd been foolish to keep blathering on about her up-to-now unfulfilling sex life when she could have been getting down to business with him.

And yet—as he sucked the peak of her breast deeply into his mouth, causing a hot sigh to escape her—she decided maybe her blathering had been meant to be. Because she felt all the more close to him now. After all, she'd just told him her darkest secret, her dirtiest desire. And even if he *was* the sex king of Key West, she sensed him really understanding her, and it made the connection between them—brief though it would be—count for more in her heart.

Just then, she heard the slightest of movements to her left and looked up to see that Daniel had returned.

Oh! Oh God.

She moved to cover her bared breast as Scott looked up, and she spotted the slightly startled – also more-than-slightly aroused – expression on Daniel’s handsome face.

“I’m sorry – forgive me,” he said, sounding a bit breathless. “I only...wanted to see if you needed anything before I went to bed.”

Payton felt as if she suddenly hovered on a strange precipice. She should just say no and good night. Maybe she should even act offended – after all, he’d clearly just stood there staring while Scott sucked her nipple. And yet...she’d done the same and worse by watching Daniel with the waitress. And she was still turned-on by the visions it had left in her head. So instead she said, a bit breathless herself, “Did you hear what we were just talking about?”

Daniel hesitated, looking uncertain.

She caught her breath, and suddenly felt more in control of the situation, more...decisive. “It’s okay,” she told him. “I watched you have sex last night, so it’s okay.”

She waited as Daniel let out a sigh. “Then...yes. I didn’t mean to, but I heard.” Then he blinked, his jaw going a bit slack, his eyes glazed with excitement...and perhaps temptation. “And...if there’s any way I can be of service to you, Miss Albright, I’d truly be happy to.”

Payton’s heartbeat kicked up and her pussy surged with fresh moisture.

In one way, she felt as if she’d stepped into some surreal alternate universe. Because things like this didn’t happen to her. In fact, nothing that had happened the last two days seemed real at all. It felt like a fantasy.

And yet...even though she knew it *wasn’t* a fantasy – and *was* startlingly real – she also felt...suddenly, shockingly *sure*.

Of what she wanted.

Right now.

With Scott.

And with Daniel.

Biting her lip, she looked back and forth between the two men, both of them brimming with sensuality, then she sat up and said, "Daniel, please start calling me Payton. I think we know each other well enough for that...and that we're about to know each other even better."

Chapter Five

Payton could scarcely believe what she'd put in motion. And yet, there she was, leading Scott and Daniel into her spacious cabin. *You can stop this right now if you want to – and it's probably your last chance.* Yet as she flipped on the light, and as it brought the situation clearly into focus—she didn't *want* to stop. She twisted the dimmer switch slightly—turning the air more dusky than bright—but that was her only concession to any lingering doubts.

She caught sight of the three of them in her dresser mirror, Daniel standing on one side of her, Scott on the other. It was awkward for a moment—a “what now?” vibe hung in the air. But then she met Daniel's gaze, and he must have sensed that she suddenly felt a little lost on what to do, for that's when he lifted his hand and gently grazed his knuckles across her cheek. Then, cupping her jaw, he slowly ran his thumb across her lips.

The simple touch—along with all it implied—made her shiver, and she said to him, “Is...this too weird? Because we'll see each other every day after this.”

With eyes half shut in passion, he said, “I'll view it as a lovely secret. And if it ever bothers you, then tell me, and I'll look for another job.”

She shook her head lightly. “I would never ask you to do that.”

“But you could,” he assured her. “For tonight, though—promise me, no worries.”

Payton looked back and forth between Daniel and Scott, her pussy aching after what felt like hours of anticipation, her breasts feeling oh so needy, and said, “All right. No worries.”

And then she let it all go—just like she had with Scott last night. She let it all go and did what her body urged her to do; she let out that aggressive, dirty girl inside her, once and for all.

Pressing her hands to Daniel's chest through the white shirt he wore, she kissed him gently on the lips—just once, to get started, get it out of the way. And as his hands closed on her upper arms, she felt Scott's palms settle on her hips. *Oh – oh my.* Two men touching her at once. That alone set off fireworks inside her, and she said what she was thinking. "My panties are drenched."

Those simple words changed things; quick as that, her two men were driven to be more aggressive too. As Scott's hands rose to caress her breasts from behind, Daniel kissed her—more deeply now, his mouth commanding and sensual on hers. And Payton was suddenly lost in a whole new way—lost to all the sensation surrounding her.

Scott's hard cock pressed into the valley of her ass as he kneaded her tits and lowered hot kisses and tiny nibbles to one shoulder. And that's when Daniel stepped closer in front, letting her feel *his* erection too—stiff against her slit. He kissed her still more, and she kept one hand pressed at his chest while she reached around with the other to massage Scott's ass.

She sighed and moaned, thinking—*Oh God, I could come just from this, just from these two beautifully hard phalluses rubbing against me.* And she found herself moving almost involuntarily, grinding against them, the pleasure nearly consuming coming from both front and back.

It was when Daniel's kisses descended over her jaw down onto her neck that Scott boldly pulled at the swaths of fabric covering her breasts, tugging them both outward until they were bared. She sucked in her breath, loving the sensation of being undressed a little, revealed, for the pleasure of both men. As Daniel's kisses edged briskly downward onto one hotly beaded nipple, her head dropped back and she gasped in delight—the sensation rushing all through her, straight to her cunt. Then Scott's arms closed fully around her waist as he began to thrust at her ass. Mmm, God, yes, yes.

She turned her head to look at him amid her pleasure, and when their eyes met hungrily, she needed to kiss him. The hand on his ass she now lifted over her shoulder

to touch his stubbled face, pull his mouth down to hers. And they traded ravenous tongue kisses as Daniel explored her breasts with his hands and mouth.

On instinct, she turned in their arms, facing Scott now. And Daniel reached up to undo the tie behind her neck, letting her top fall. As he worked at the bottom tie at her waist as well, she pushed Scott's t-shirt up over his chest until he ripped it off over his head.

She couldn't resist kissing his broad, muscular chest for a hot, eager moment, working at his belt at the same time. Then she turned back to Daniel, wanting his clothes off now too. She began to undo the buttons of his white butler's shirt—he usually wore a vest as well, but that was already gone. He helped the process along by undoing his pants.

By the time all three of them were naked from the waist up and the guys' zippers down, Payton could hear her own labored breath and feel her chest heaving. So much maleness, all around her—her skin seemed to pulse with its very presence. Oh God, she loved this, absolutely *craved* this. And it was *happening*—her ultimate fantasy was coming true. Having Daniel, their long-time family employee, as part of it was highly unexpected—but then, *all* of it was unexpected.

She reached up, touching Scott's chest with one hand, Daniel's with the other. She looked back and forth between them, just savoring the moment, readying herself for more. As Scott reached to cup one of her breasts in his palm, running his thumb across the stiff pink peak, Daniel slid his hand across her smooth stomach. Her cunt felt swollen, like the biggest part of her—and yet...she was driven to do something that wouldn't relieve that particular need at all and would surely only increase it. She was driven to let herself experience the reality of having two guys at once, pleasuring two men at once, in the most up-close and personal way she could imagine.

So she moved both her hands downward, over their stomachs—and into their open pants. Her left hand found Scott's big cock just a brief second before her right hand closed over Daniel's. He was not as big as Scott—she could tell that by feel alone—yet

he was perfectly hard, perfectly hot, and adequately thick in her fist. Both men gasped at her touch and, unpredictably, the responses made her feel more powerful than she ever had in her life.

Her breath came more labored and her breasts heaved still more as she grew used to what she held in her grasp, beginning to knead them as if they were cylinders of dough. She loved hearing the masculine moans and sighs mix in the air.

And with that, she proceeded to stoop between them, still wearing her skirt and wedge heels, and still holding on to both solid shafts. Then she leaned to take Scott's in her mouth.

"Fuck yes," he muttered as she went down on him, still feeling that strange, glorious power. She had one man's cock between her lips and another's in her hand and the mere knowledge felt more incredible than she could have anticipated. "Aw, baby, suck it," Scott said as Daniel sighed in rhythm with her kneading of his dick.

She loved the way Scott's rock-hard column filled the recesses of her mouth and loved knowing they both watched her slide up and down on it. Finally, she released the wet shaft and turned to Daniel's. She bit her lip, inspecting it visually for the first time. Yes, as she'd expected, he was smaller without being at all small—similar to her previous lovers. But he was indeed thick—as thick, she suspected, as Scott—and his cock possessed a slight, graceful curve to it, arcing up toward his stomach.

To acquaint herself with it this first time, she licked the length of it—felt the hard veins against her tongue, listened to him moan. Then she flicked the tip of her tongue over the slightly softer head, currently a deep pink shade. And then she took him into her mouth, the same as she had Scott.

"Unh—oh Christ," he murmured, his British accent once again reminding her that this was Daniel, her father's butler, who she'd known for years. But this time, rather than awkwardness or embarrassment, she felt more of that power. She felt wild, brazen, the naughty girl in her coming out full force.

She sucked Daniel with vigor as she continued working Scott's huge erection in her fist, and it provided a unique thrill to know he was watching her with another man. Maybe it didn't matter since they barely knew each other, but it still felt hot. She felt...as wild as all the other girls he'd been with before, like maybe she was no longer on the outside peeking in.

She moved back and forth between the two mouth-filling cocks, wantonly ravenous for them both, pleasing herself by knowing she could please two men at the same time. She felt like the personification of raw sexuality and in that moment, she wanted to be nothing more—she was truly fulfilled by the power this delivered.

By the time her lips felt tired, stretched, her pussy was extremely ready for some attention, so she released both phalluses from her grip and rose to her heels to peer back and forth between them, saying in her sultriest voice, "Do dirty things to me."

Both Scott and Daniel began to kiss her, touch her. So much that she could barely think about or recognize who was doing what. One of them would kiss her mouth while the other nibbled on a breast. At the same time, their hands roamed her—rubbing, caressing, massaging her breasts, tummy, back, ass. So much pleasure vibrated through her body that it was a wonder to her she could stand.

As Scott rained kisses across her shoulder, she glanced down to see Daniel's tongue circling her sensitive nipple. The sounds of all three of them panting, moaning, sighing reverberated through the room. Scott fondled her other breast as her cunt pulsed like mad beneath her skirt.

"Suck my other tit," she whispered to him. "Please." She just wanted to see that—two men at her breasts at once.

And when Scott obeyed her demand, the sight, and the sensation it delivered, nearly buried her. Her knees went weak and she couldn't hold in her moans. She watched—Scott's dark hair contrasting with Daniel's lighter locks; she felt the hot, hard pull from both their mouths. "Oh God, that's good—so good," she told them.

And then Scott smoothly slid his palm up her inner thigh, under her skirt, until his fingertips pressed into her engorged pussy through her sheer white thong. "Oh! Mmm, yes, good." She parted her legs automatically, in desperate need, and soon his touch slid inside the fabric, his fingers sinking into her swollen wet folds.

Oh Lord, she could barely stand now, moving against Scott's hand, her body commanding it. She reached out and again found those two deliciously hard cocks and stroked them in her fists. "So big," she heard herself murmur. "So hard." Her hands had never felt so very filled with an almost overwhelming masculine strength.

Finally, Scott released her nipple from his mouth and peered up at her. "I need to fuck you, baby," he told her, then gently closed his teeth around the hardened pink peak for good measure.

The very sight made her moan. And say, "Then fuck me."

She pulled at the tie at her waist to loosen the skirt, and releasing another tie on the inside made it fall away.

"My dear Payton," Daniel said, perusing her in only the white thong and heels, "your body is even more divine than I imagined." Which made her bite her lower lip and cast him a sexy little grin—it was more than a little nice to know he'd wondered.

It was Scott, who'd now dropped his shorts and underwear, then moved behind her to sit naked on the edge of her leopard-print-covered bed, who reached up to peel down her thong. She stood patiently until it dropped to her ankles and then extracted one foot in order to move freely.

Not that she had much choice on exactly how to move since Scott's hands were back at her hips, molding to them now, pulling her back to sit on his cock.

"Oh!" she exclaimed when her pussy was lowered to the head of his erection—nothing had ever felt more welcome to her needy cunt. She found herself balancing there, though, preparing herself for what was to come.

She glanced over her shoulder at Scott. "Are you ready for this big cock, honey?" he asked, voice deep, dirty.

It *made* her ready. So she bit her lip, met his hungry gaze with her own, and said, "Help me. Push me down."

"I'm gonna go real slow here," he said, voice still teeming with raw lust, "so you can adjust to it on the way down, and because I want to feel your tight little pussy take every inch."

She sucked in her breath, excited beyond words.

But then she looked back to Daniel, who still stood nearby. She didn't want to leave him out—the whole point here was to have two men. And she felt so utterly dirty now that she didn't even consider her words—just said what she wanted. "Kneel down between my legs and watch my pussy swallow this cock." She'd kept her legs parted, over top of Scott's, just for that purpose, to put herself on display.

Daniel, looking nearly entranced, did as she said. And then Scott pushed her oh so slowly down, impaling her. A moan erupted from deep inside her at the impact—oh God, he was so large, and it was challenging to take him, just like last night. But not *as* challenging. And the difficulty combined with an undeniably thick pleasure that made all the blood drain from her face—and head straight to her clit. Or at least that's how it felt.

She let out long, heady sighs as she began to slide slowly up and down Scott's pole-like cock with his help.

"You're so fucking wet, honey," he murmured hotly, but she already knew because her movements on him were slick and smooth. And she relished the fact that Daniel's gaze was locked there, where she took Scott into her, clearly enraptured by every slow, deep descent.

"Lick me, Daniel," she said without thinking. Again, it was what she wanted in that moment and it didn't even occur to her not to demand it. "Lick my naughty little pussy."

"My pleasure," he said, sounding weak, then leaned in to rake his tongue through her drenched pink folds.

"Oh!" she cried out at the intense pleasure it brought when added to the fullness of Scott's erection inside her. "Oh – oh yes!"

She began to move faster then, undulating automatically against Daniel's mouth even as she began short downward thrusts on Scott's enormous, filling shaft. Behind her, Scott growled, tightened his grip on her hips and helped her move that way, harder, faster. Daniel pressed his palms to her inner thighs, caressing as he ate her vigorously now, licking, mouthing her, making her crazy with the consuming heat it all delivered.

She braced her hands on her knees for balance, panting hard, soaking up every dirty pleasure. She wondered at one point if Daniel minded being so close to Scott's cock, the idea exciting her – and apparently he didn't. He licked her hard, soon focusing his attention on her distended clit, and she and Scott moaned and bounced together as she moved closer to climax.

Her breasts jiggled and Scott filled her, again, again, and she felt out of her head with pleasure. Between her thighs, Daniel's handsome face glistened with her juices. Then his mouth closed over her pulsing clit, starting to suck, and that was it. "Fuck," she whispered. "I'm coming, I'm coming." And the hot, throbbing echoes of pleasure vibrated outward from her cunt so violently that she had to lean back into Scott's body to handle them lest she collapse. His arms came around her waist and she heard herself sobbing as Scott murmured, "That's so good, honey – come hard, ride it out." And she did, soaking up every last pleasure-giving pulse.

When it ended, she slumped back against Scott completely – spent, slowly coming back to herself.

And *oh my* – it hit her all over again – she was with two men. Two lovers. At one naughty, wondrous time.

And the very thought brought back her energy, making her hungry for more.

She turned to Scott, giving him a hard kiss – then she said to Daniel, who still knelt before her, "Daniel, will *you* fuck me now?"

A slow but lecherous smile unfurled on the butler's face. "Nothing on this earth would bring me more pleasure." It hit her then that he was one more man who was fucking the boss's daughter – which injected yet another shot of forbidden delight into her veins.

"Do you have a condom?" she asked.

Rather than inquire why Scott hadn't had to use one – she'd hardly seen the point given last night's mistake – Daniel said, "Of course," then reached for his wallet in the back of the pants he still half wore. Letting them drop, he opened it and smoothly sheathed himself, something he appeared well practiced at, and Payton suddenly wondered if he'd been finding girls to fuck at every port and she'd just never known.

Rising up off Scott's cock, she glanced over her shoulder to him and said, "Scoot back on the bed."

Then she climbed onto the bed in the very spot he'd just vacated, on her hands and knees. She arched her back, lifting her ass and wondering how obscene she looked to Daniel. And she peered over her shoulder to her second new lover in two days and gently said the magic words. "Fuck me."

She turned her gaze back ahead to see Scott – he leaned against the wall the bed was pressed against, legs parted, cock still moist and hard, rising like a stone pillar onto his stomach. She'd never seen a man look hotter – he was a *Playgirl* centerfold come to life in her bedroom.

As their gazes connected, Daniel's fingers curled into her ass and she flinched slightly, waiting. Scott's eyes never left hers as she felt Daniel using his thumbs to part her flesh, as he slid his warm, hard shaft inside. "Ohhh," she sighed.

It didn't fill her to the extremes Scott's had, but given her inexperience, the sensation remained intense. And the position seemed to increase it – just like when she was on top. She moaned as he pushed all the way in, and he softly cursed his pleasure behind her. "You, my dear," Daniel groaned, "are an utterly naughty little minx."

She leaned her head back, arching in pleasure, amused at his words. “Naughty indeed,” she purred.

And then he began to move in her, to fuck her in earnest. She rocked with him, meeting the thrusts, and her breath came in rapid beats. And when she met Scott’s eyes again, they rose from her swaying breasts to her face, and she loved sharing something so dirty and wild with him—and now she wanted to share it in an even deeper way. She longed to go down on him while Daniel drove into her from behind.

Freeing one supporting hand from where it sank into the plush leopard print, she reached for it. “Let me have that big, beautiful cock,” she rasped between little cries of pleasure.

A lusty smile reshaped his features as he resituated, then used his hand to hold the phallus toward her, feeding it into her waiting mouth. She instantly tasted herself, her feminine sweetness, from when he’d been inside her—and then she opened as wide as she could, taking more of him in, wanting all she could handle.

After that, Payton couldn’t think—she could only feel. She’d thought being fucked by Scott while Daniel licked her pussy was amazing, but this—having two cocks inside her at once—was *glorious*. *Consuming*. It stole her senses, leaving behind only the overwhelming and pleasurable sensation of being utterly filled in every way.

She sucked him wildly, taking him in as deeply as she could, sliding her mouth briskly up and down his length, moaning around the hardness that stretched to her throat. All the while, Daniel pummeled her pussy, ramming into her delightfully hard. She hadn’t known pleasure this complete existed.

When her mouth tired—God knew she’d given it a workout tonight—she released Scott, regretfully. But she made up for it by lowering her soft breasts down over his shaft, and as she moved with Daniel’s thrusts, she automatically fucked Scott with her tits too.

Both guys' deep groans filled her ears, joining her own. Scott closed his hands around her breasts and pressed them firmly against his wet dick and she felt thoroughly possessed at both ends.

The three of them moved that way together in a hard, feral rhythm—and Payton felt like a tool for pleasure. She'd fantasized about being with two men because it felt dark and forbidden, because she'd figured two guys could give her twice the sensual delights, and all that was proving thrillingly true—but the part of the reality she hadn't counted on was how good it felt to *give* such extreme pleasure, as well, how good it felt to let them take of her.

It made her feel even more reckless inside, want to give even more hot, nasty enjoyment to her lovers. So she thrust against Daniel's thick shaft even more fiercely and she took Scott's cock back between her lips, letting him fuck her mouth. And he did—moving, pumping toward her throat, making her feel like a queen of all things sexual.

Behind her, Daniel gripped her ass harder, murmuring, "Dear God—your cunt is so tight that I can't last much longer," as Scott ran his fingers through her hair and she peered up into his eyes with his erection between her lips.

"So hot," he growled through clenched teeth. "You're so nasty hot taking two cocks this way, baby."

"Christ, I can't hold back," Daniel said then. "I'm exploding. I'm exploding in your sweet pussy!" And then he rammed even harder into her, making her cry out around Scott's big shaft, even forcing her to release it as Daniel took what sounded—from his moans—like the deepest sort of pleasure in emptying himself inside her.

When he went still and pulled out, she at first felt...empty and a little abandoned. But she didn't let that last for long. Still in the same position, she gazed up into Scott's eyes and begged him. "Make me come again—please!"

And without a second's hesitation, Scott was reaching for her with both arms, pulling her upright, toward him, then grabbing her ass until she was straddling him on

the leopard print. Hurriedly, he used his hand to direct his cock toward her wet passageway, then she sank down on him, no longer afraid of his size.

Of course, again, he felt colossal this way and it stole her breath.

But then—oh God, yes—she simply felt...filled with pleasure.

She moved on him, grinding and rocking her body, desperate for stimulation to her clit. "Oh God," she moaned as soon as it met with his body just above where they were interlocked. The deepest of naughty delights roared through her in waves of heat, as strong as any electrical current. "Oh God, oh God! Good, so good." She'd lost the ability to form complete sentences, it seemed.

Daniel lay next to them on the bed now, watching, then reaching to gently caress her thigh, hip, breast—all as she rode Scott with absolute abandon, lifting her arms over her head, her body undulating like a wave rolling across the ocean.

Even the soft sway of her breasts added to her joy and she wanted more. "Will you both suck my tits again?" she asked.

In response, Scott growled and Daniel smiled, rising to do her bidding.

And oh, what a lovely sight to see Scott latching his mouth on to one turgid nipple as Daniel leaned in to lick and lap at the other until finally drawing it deep between his lips.

And oh, what a lovely sensation too. Near perfection. Every sensitive region of her body was being attended to at one glorious time, pushing her to ride Scott's cock still harder, harder, her clit getting tighter, so close, almost there, yes, yes—and then...perfect bliss. The orgasm shot outward from her cunt, pulsing through her entire body, enrapturing her from head to toe. She couldn't hold in her cries—the climax was too strong, too buffeting.

And just when it was done, just when they both released her well-suckled breasts from their perfect, masculine mouths, Scott growled, "Me too, baby," and pressed her hips downward with such tremendous force that she almost couldn't take it—but

knowing he was erupting in her, spewing his come deep in her pussy restored the pleasure, as well.

The two of them collapsed together in a heap of flesh, soon lying down, their heads pointed toward the pillows. Payton closed her eyes, but then opened them again, not wanting to miss a moment of this, even in the midst of her recovery. She took in Scott's muscular chest, the leopard-print covering beneath him, the pale pink paint on the wall, which...maybe she was growing out of. It suddenly struck her as something too childish for the woman she became in his arms.

She'd nearly forgotten Daniel's presence until he rose from the bed and began to get dressed. She even felt a little guilty – she hadn't meant to edge him out of the affections in any way, and God knew he'd helped bring her supreme and ultimate pleasure tonight.

"Daniel," she said, still sprawled across the bed, naked but for her shoes and jewelry, "thank you. That was...incredible."

His soft, replete smile reassured her – he wasn't feeling left out; he was satisfied with what they'd shared. "For me, as well." He gave his head a soft shake, chuckling silently. "And the last thing I expected upon returning to the yacht this evening."

As the reality hit her anew – oh Lord, she'd fucked Daniel, her father's butler – he seemed to sense her feelings. Thus he stepped over to the bed, pants on, buttoning his shirt, and reached down to take her hand in his, bestowing a gallant kiss atop it. "As I said before, Patyon, after I leave this room, nothing will have changed between us. I will be the soul of discretion, remembering this as one scintillating but secret liaison that will never be repeated." He squeezed her hand gently, then added, "Unless you ever require my services again, in which case you need only ask and I will be ever so pleased to supply them."

Oddly, another of those telling blushes warmed her face – possibly because it *was* Daniel, and they *would* have a naughty secret now. An *unbelievable* secret. But she trusted him implicitly.

"And, Payton," he said as he picked up his shoes and walked to the door, "perhaps it would be wiser for me to resume calling you Miss Albright, at least in the company of others, lest they wonder why the change."

It made sense, so she simply nodded.

"Goodnight, Miss Albright," he said with a wink—and then he was gone, closing the door to her room gently behind him.

The truth was, astounding as it had been, now she was happy to be alone with Scott. She met his gaze next to her and shared a silent communion with him—even without words, she felt an intense new connection with him. He'd just seen her at...at her worst. Or maybe at her best. Maybe when it came to really uninhibited sex, they were one in the same.

"Let's get under the covers," he said, sounding tired but adding with a tiny wink, "I want to wrap up in those satin sheets with you again."

She kicked off her shoes at last, and once they were between the sheets, she snuggled against him and said, "So, does climbing into bed with me like this mean you're staying the night? Because I would love to wake up with you in the morning." Then she raised her head and smiled down at him, a fresh idea striking. "Oooh, we could have morning sex. I haven't done that yet and it sounds like a nice way to start the day."

Scott smiled sweetly up at her. "I'll stay a little while, but not the whole night, honey. Daniel might be trustworthy, but I don't need to have anyone else who works for your dad seeing me sneak out in the morning."

She gave a pouty frown. "No morning sex then?"

He gave her a chiding look. "We could have had all the morning sex you could handle at my place."

She smirked. "Point taken." Then cuddled back up to him. "And besides, I might still be recovering from *this* sex." The very thought made her sigh. "My God. That was...truly amazing."

“All you’d hoped?” he asked with raised eyebrows.

She didn’t hesitate to nod vigorously. “Thank you. For being so generous. A lot of guys wouldn’t do that.”

He simply shrugged. “I love watching you be wild, honey. And I don’t mind sharing if it gets you hot.”

She let out a small moan, just remembering. “Mmm, it got me hot all right. I can’t believe I did it, but it definitely got me hot.”

He grinned, even let out a slight laugh. “A shame you won’t be around long, rich girl. I could show you lots of *other* ways to have fun too.”

“Well, I’m not gone *yet*.” She lowered her chin coquettishly. “What did you have in mind?”

From Scott, another shrug, this one teasing, aloof. “If you’re available tomorrow night, maybe you’ll find out.”

Chapter Six

Scott watched the next afternoon as gorgeous Payton Albright left the catamaran in the sexiest little white bikini he'd ever seen. He'd just kissed her goodbye, watched her smile up at him, and said, "See you tonight," every fiber of his body yearning for more than just a kiss.

Last night before leaving the yacht, he'd talked her into coming out on a snorkeling cruise today on Chris' boat. They were booked full, but there was always room for one more and the truth was, he'd wanted to see her again. For more than just sex. He liked spending time with her. And he got the idea that for a girl who had the world at her fingertips, she truly hadn't lived much.

True to his suspicions, she'd never even gone snorkeling before—not in all her island travels.

He'd also liked introducing her to Chris and Carrie. He'd had to work the cruise, of course—helping customers with gear, getting everyone in the water, providing drinks and snacks for the ride back. But he'd managed to catch up with her in the water, snorkel with her for a few minutes—he'd taken her hand and led her to a chunk of coral where he knew a bunch of little clownfish hung out. He'd gotten to point out a big, funky-looking triggerfish and some butterfly fish too. And the rest of the time, Carrie had hung out with her—they'd seemed to hit it off.

"Okay, so who's the chick?" Chris asked now that everyone was gone but the two of them and Carrie.

"Payton?" He tried to play it off light. "Just a girl I met. Her dad's the guy who bought the *Party Barge* and all those other boats. Owns the Crystal Sands too."

"Shit," Chris said. "She had an air of rich girl about her, but...damn. That sounds *really* rich."

Yet Scott shook his head. "She's rich, but she's nice."

"She *is* nice," Carrie chimed in. Then said, "I'm going to go clean up downstairs." Carrie always came on their Sunday cruises – the only day she closed her bookstore on Duvall – and she usually did tidy up belowdecks after the Sunday trip, but Scott sensed her purposely making herself scarce. Which meant she and Chris thought the fact that he'd brought a girl on the cruise *meant* something.

"Don't leave on my account, Care," he told her.

She just shook her head and smiled before disappearing into the small lower compartment.

"So," Chris said, "Scott's got a girlfriend."

Scott simply rolled his eyes. He hadn't had a real "girlfriend" since coming to Key West years ago – something both Chris and Carrie frequently gave him a hard time about. "Don't get too excited, dude. It's just a hot little fling, that's all."

"How hot?" Chris asked with raised eyebrows.

Scott couldn't hold in a big, well-satisfied grin. "Pretty fucking hot," he replied, keeping his voice low. Not that he was sure why he bothered given that, back before they'd gotten married, Chris and Carrie had indulged in a few wild days and nights with multiple partners themselves. "When she lets herself go, she has the capacity to be a very naughty girl. Last night we had a three-way – she wanted to experiment with two guys at once."

Chris leaned his head back. "Brings back memories." When Carrie had been curious about that, Scott was the guy it had happened with, in that hot tub he'd been reminiscing about just a couple of days ago.

"Thing is – she's been pretty sheltered."

Chris cut in. "That bikini didn't look sheltered."

Scott grinned. No, it hadn't. In fact, it suited the *real* her perfectly and he was surprised Daddy Dearest had allowed it. "She puts on a good show about that," Scott

explained, "but she hasn't had much experience, and sometimes seems to need a little help getting rid of her inhibitions."

"Well, if she wanted to fuck two guys, I'm guessing it worked."

Again, Scott chuckled. "Very well. And if she needs help, I'm more than happy to give it to her." He thought for a minute as he gathered up a length of thick rope, looping it repeatedly around his hand and forearm. "I even kind of liked it, in fact. Bolstering her courage. She just makes me want to ensure that she gets to experience all the different kinds of sex she craves."

Chris glanced to the opening in the catamaran's deck through which Carrie had gone. "That's exactly how it was when I met Carrie. It felt really special that she chose *me* to be so open with—especially since I knew she'd never been that open with anyone before."

"Exactly!" Scott said. He remembered Chris explaining all that to him before, but only now did he really get it.

"Aha," Chris said, teasing, "so she *is* special."

Scott, however, just lowered his chin and cast his buddy a pointed look. "I like her, sure. But, uh, I've known her for about forty-eight hours and she'll be leaving the island soon anyway."

"If you recall," Chris pointed out, "Carrie was here on vacation. It doesn't take long when it's right, buddy."

Even so, Scott shook his head. "No, dude. Afraid you've got it all wrong. Payton might be a special girl, but this is still just a fling." Then he laughed, even if it was a little bit forced. "I wouldn't know how to have anything else." And that was the truth.

Yet now it was Chris shaking his head. "I'm telling you, that's what I thought too."

At which Scott let out an annoyed sigh. "Dude, knock it off. I'm having a good time with her and...giving her some hot memories to take with her. That's all."

* * * * *

Early that evening, Payton sat on the yacht's deck drinking iced tea with her father as they awaited dinner. Payton's mom was shopping with the wife of her dad's business associate, who they'd dined with last night—and wow, that seemed so long ago.

"How do you like Key West?" he asked her.

And, dear Lord, just that mere question made her pussy flutter with secrets. "Uh, better than I might have expected," she said. The complete truth.

"Is your face turning red again?" he asked, leaning forward, looking concerned.

Sheesh—suddenly she was a blushing machine. The result of casual sex, clearly. Okay, so it was casual, *intensely wild, forbidden, very nasty* sex. If a blush was the price she had to pay, so be it. "It's...the sun," she insisted. Then changed the subject. "I went snorkeling today."

Her father drew back slightly, looking shocked. "Snorkeling?"

For a man who'd just bought a fleet of boats in an area where snorkeling was a major tourist attraction, he acted as if he'd never even heard of it. "Yeah, you know—looking at pretty fish under the water."

"I know what it is, Payton—I just never thought about...doing it."

She gave a smug, knowing shrug. "Maybe you should. It was fun." Besides the adventure of seeing fish in the coral reef with Scott, she'd enjoyed meeting his friends too. He was right, Chris *would have* been a great guy for a three-way—but once she'd met Carrie, she'd liked her too much to even think about him that way anymore.

Across the table from her, her father blinked uncertainly. "Well...good. I'm glad you enjoyed it," he said, sounding contrite. "But what made you decide to go snorkeling?"

Payton drew in a deep breath and made a split decision. "I met a guy who invited me."

"A guy? What guy?"

Another deep breath. In. Out. Be a grown-up with him—for once. “Just a guy. A normal guy.” *Who's doing really naughty things to me with his huge penis.* But she left that part out, even if the thought made her pussy surge again. “Dad, I’m twenty-six years old. I can meet a guy and go snorkeling with him if I want.”

And to her surprise, her father looked truly...penitent. “I...I guess you’re right. Sometimes I forget how old you are—I tend to think of you as always being my little girl.”

“Don’t I know it,” she replied.

Which made him blink again. And she knew she was blowing his mind by suddenly being so honest and aggressive, but honesty and aggression—even if very different kinds—had served her pretty well the last couple of days, so maybe she was inspired to make *other* changes in her life now.

“Am I that bad?” he asked, looking as if he sincerely wanted to know.

So she would have to tell him. “Kind of.” She winced slightly as she said it—she loved her dad and didn’t like upsetting him. It was all a matter of balance. “I know you’ve always been concerned that I’ll turn out like your friends’ daughters, but...I’m twenty-six and I’ve only really dated two guys, both of whom you pretty much shoved at me. And...well...I think it’s time I started having a little more freedom in my life, don’t you?”

Her father took a drink of iced tea and ran his hand back through his graying hair. “Maybe you’re right. I just worry about you.”

She wanted to tell him not to worry, that she wouldn’t do anything to let him down—but the truth was, if he knew what she’d been up to the last two nights, he’d be...well, it was unthinkable how crushed *both* her parents would be. And yet...maybe if they hadn’t been so controlling, she wouldn’t be driven to such wild lengths right now. She felt like a caged animal who’d just broken free—*of course* she was going to go a little wild.

So finally she said something she felt was really true. "I can take care of myself, Dad." And she could. She had no regrets about her hot romps the last couple of nights. A little embarrassed when she thought about it in the light of day, maybe—it was *so* new and she'd been *so* bad—but ultimately, she felt more energized and alive than ever before.

"Well then," he finally said, "I'll...see what I can do about being...less protective of you. But don't expect it to happen overnight—it's...a big change for me."

She nodded, pleased at this first step. "Don't worry—I'll let you know when you're slipping up. You just have to promise to trust me. You have to promise not to freak out if I say I met a guy and want to go out with him, all right?"

Her father looked troubled—but acceptant. Eyes narrowed, he grudgingly said, "All right."

"There's...something else we should discuss too," she said. She actually hadn't planned this at all, any of it, but now seemed like a good time to barrel ahead.

"What's that?"

"I'm bored," she said.

And his eyes went wide in disbelief. "I've given you everything a girl could ever want and you're *bored*?"

Oh Lord, she sounded like exactly what she was—a spoiled rich girl. This part hadn't come out right. "What I mean is, I'd like to do more with my time. I think I'm pretty smart and I'd like to put that to use in some way."

Unfortunately, though, her father still looked stunned. "I...don't know what to say, Payton." He seemed at a loss. "Your mother never wanted to do anything other than, well, bask in the sun and go shopping, bless her heart—and that's fine with me. I just always assumed you'd feel the same way."

She thought that was pretty shortsighted, the view of a typical old-school man, but rather than chide him for it, she kept on the path of honesty. "I guess I did, until

recently. I just feel...unfulfilled." Of course, she was suddenly feeling much more fulfilled in a *sexual* sense, due to Scott, but not in other ways.

It appeared her father was still trying to wrap his head around this new concept, but suddenly, his eyes looked brighter. "Well, I guess maybe this...could be exciting," he said hopefully. "As I said, I never thought you wanted to be involved in my business, but now that I know you do...well, there are so many directions we could go in from here. Maybe you'd like to start shadowing me and seeing what I do on a daily basis. Or maybe there's a particular field you're interested in—the hotel business, small business acquisition, some other aspect of the tourist trade?"

Uh-oh. Hell. She'd given him the wrong idea. Or he'd jumped to conclusions. Whatever the case, this would require still more frankness. "Actually, Dad, it's not the family business I'm interested in—in fact, I'm not sure yet *what* I want to do. I just know I want to do *something*." Hearing Scott talk about his ambitions last night had made her realize, for the first time ever, that maybe she could do something completely independent of her dad, have something of her own—and that sounded very appealing. Despite being the girl who had everything, she possessed so very little that felt as if it were really hers and hers alone, not something someone had selected for her.

"Well, what else *could* you want to be involved in?" he snapped, clearly offended.

Crap. Just keep going. You're a grown-up, remember. "As I just said, I don't know yet—I'm thinking about it. But when I figure it out, I'll let you know, and I hope I'll have your support."

Across from her, her father simply let out a sigh. He looked dumbstruck and a little defeated—but acceptant. "Certainly I'll always support your choices, Payton. So long as they're reasonable ones," he added, pointing his finger at her.

She could only laugh. This was going to be a long road with her dad, obviously. But at least it was a start. "Don't worry, Dad. All I want is to do what *you* did. Make something of myself—doing something I enjoy."

As she'd suspected, that he couldn't argue with. He'd built his empire from nothing, with humble middle-class beginnings, and he'd always appreciated and admired hard work and ambition.

"Your dinner."

Payton looked up with a start to find Daniel lowering plates before her and her father. She met his gaze, remembering exactly how it had felt to have him pounding into her hungry pussy last night, and when her father wasn't looking, he flashed a secret wink. Causing still more pulsing in her panties.

"Will there be anything else?" he asked.

"No, Daniel—thanks," her father replied. And as Daniel departed and Payton focused on her food, cutting into fried grouper with some kind of tropical fruit sauce ladled over it, her dad said, "You're turning red again, Payton."

* * * * *

That night, Payton sat atop her leopard-print bedspread in a tight, black, breast-plumping bustier, a tiny matching thong, and black, high-heeled stripper shoes—all of which she'd bought on a walk into town today after her snorkeling excursion. For the first time in her life, she'd ventured into a sex shop, feeling at once naughty, daring, and triumphant. Her talk with her dad at dinner had only added to the feeling of victory.

Scott had had another job to work this evening—a sunset cruise on a small schooner—so they'd made a date for him to meet her at her room at ten. Which a glance to the clock on her bedside table revealed was...now. Growing impatient, she took a sip of the wine she'd poured herself, then stroked one finger languorously up through her pussy, over the thong. She sucked in her breath at the sensation it delivered. *Where are you, pirate boy? I need you bad.*

Of course, he'd again asked her to come to his place—but she'd refused. She didn't really think he was an axe murderer or a danger to her in any way, so maybe her inflexibility had become something wholly selfish now—maybe she liked how

forbidden it felt to sneak a guy into her room. She knew it was self-indulgent, but given how little freedom she'd had up to now, she thought she *deserved* a little self-indulgence.

Just then, a small knock came on her door. Setting the wine aside, she stretched out across the bed to show her body to best advantage, then said, "Come in."

Scott wore a simple white button-down and jeans—but looked utterly delicious. Clearly, he'd gone home to clean up after the cruise, leaving his hair damp and rumpled, but his face remained unshaven, which suited her fine. She liked running her fingers across the hard stubble on his jaw.

She also liked the look in his eyes as they feasted on her. "Jesus, honey—hot."

She smiled, then flirtatiously ran her tongue across her upper lip.

Then his gaze dropped to her feet. "How did you know kinky shoes get me hard?"

"Lucky guess," she said. "You didn't let me take my shoes off the other night, so I assumed a shoe fetish. And I figured the kinkier they were the more you'd probably like them."

"Damn straight," he said, then grinned. "You've got me figured out, babe."

As he closed the door behind him and approached the side of the bed, she noticed he carried a small shopping bag. "What's in the bag?"

His smile grew even more lascivious. "I bought you some presents."

"And it isn't even my birthday," she said teasingly. "What did you get me?"

In reply, Scott turned the bag upside down and dumped a variety of sex toys on the bed in a pile. And Payton sucked in her breath. She wasn't sure what she'd been expecting, but not that. And what an array. All were similar in terms of being cylindrical—yet they came in different shapes, sizes and colors. Among them she spied a simple shiny gold vibrator, a hot pink cock-shaped toy of rubber, and a clear column that appeared to be made of...clear glass? She'd seen such things at the sex store today,

but hadn't gravitated toward them—yet now, as was her wont lately, warmth filled her cheeks as she studied them.

"I'm guessing you've never played with toys before," Scott said with an understanding smile.

"Not since I outgrew dolls," she admitted.

"Well then—it's about time you discovered toys for big girls."

His words added to the anxious pulse of her pussy, but she was a little confused. "Um, at the risk of sounding stupid, what do I need *those* for if I have *you*? I mean, essentially, they're...fake penises, right? And I like yours just fine. *More* than fine. I've been thinking about it all day, in fact."

He sat down on the bed, facing her. "Did you know I was hard on the boat today?"

Payton shook her head and smiled. "I missed a perfectly good hard-on? Damn."

He cast another wolfish grin. "It was that bikini, honey. Fucking hot. It was all I could do not to rip it off your pretty body. And I was afraid my dick was showing through my trunks and that all the moms and kids would start freaking out."

She giggled softly. "Frankly, I don't know how you hide that thing when it's hard. It's *so* big," she said, practically purring. "And speaking of that—you didn't answer my question. Why do I need *those* cocks when I have yours?"

Scott curled a hand tenderly around her ankle, below her bent knee, and began a gentle caress. "Maybe they're for when you don't have me. After you leave. Maybe I don't ever want you to be left without pleasure again." Then he bent forward, lowering a kiss to the front of her calf, which trickled all the way to her panties. "And maybe it'll give me some dirty dreams to imagine you using them on yourself, thinking about me."

Payton bit her lip. She never could have imagined such a thing, but somehow Scott had just turned a collection of vibrators and dildos into the sweetest, most thoughtful of gifts. She had no idea if she'd enjoy them or really use them, but the thought behind them touched her. "Thank you," she whispered, reaching out to grab his free hand.

Then she glanced back down at the pile of toys, back to feeling a little sheepish about her lack of experience with them. "Although...why do I need so many?"

Her lover smiled playfully. "Because variety's the spice of life." Then he looked down at them too. "Which one would you like to start with right now?"

Payton blinked several times, then raised her eyebrows. "Now? Um, I'm still here, remember. And so are you." With that, she released his hand and leaned forward to press her hand to his crotch, where behind the denim she found the hardest, most arousing pillar of flesh she could imagine. "I want *this*."

"And you'll have it, rich girl. But as you learned last night, girls sometimes like to play with more than one cock."

She blinked again, yet began to see his point. And to feel it too. "Oh."

"Now pick one."

Wow – Payton had no idea how to make such a selection. But somehow, it seemed safest to choose one that was shaped exactly like a penis – since she at least knew how a cock felt inside her. And there were a few of those in the pile – different colors, sizes – so she pointed directly at the pink one she'd noticed before, simply because it seemed a nice medium size and the color caught her eye.

"All right," Scott said, taking it in hand and shoving the rest aside.

"Should I take my panties off?"

His expression, somewhere between giving and hungry, turned her on even more. "You just let me worry about that. All you need to do is lie back and relax, let me make you feel good."

Well, she couldn't argue with a suggestion like that. So she did what he said – lay back to rest her head on the plumped pillows covered in pink satin, above the furry leopard cover.

Scott leaned over her then, lifting one palm to the side of her neck as he began to kiss her. Mmm, she loved his kisses – they ran all through her. She immediately reached

for the buttons on his shirt, needing him out of it. And at the same time he grazed the rubbery toy cock down between her upthrust breasts—which made her sigh in both shock and pleasure.

“You liked my cock between your tits last night, didn’t you?” he accused in a lusty whisper at her ear.

“Mmm, yes.” It had been one more surprising element of sex that had made her feel dirty and hot.

In response, he jiggled the pink vibrator between the two mounds of flesh, making them tingle all the more. God, this was kind of kinky—a lot more than her fuck-me shoes. But she kind of liked it too. She’d thought she’d already pushed the boundaries of getting kinky with Scott, but she was just beginning to realize there was probably a whole *world* of kink out there that she didn’t even know about.

After easing his shirt off his shoulders, Payton reached between them to undo his jeans. Mmm, God, yes—a huge bulge still rose behind her touch. As she worked, Scott lowered the black lace cup that had just barely covered her nipple. He bent to sensually lick the needy peak, making her moan—then he ran the cock-shaped toy over it, back and forth, teasing it and making her a little crazy.

Next, still rubbing her bared tit with the vibrator, he lowered a kiss to the ridge of her other breast, then used his teeth to peel *that* lacy cup away. She hissed in her breath—he was so damn hot, to watch, to feel. He began to suck on her nipple, drawing it deep—God, yes—as he continued the vibrator play. And then—oh, he twisted the end, turning it on!

She hadn’t even thought about that—that vibrators, logically, vibrated. A low buzzing noise filled the air and though the movement didn’t make that much of a difference on her breast, it increased the stimulation a little, and she could only imagine the impact it might have elsewhere. As he continued to kiss and caress her with mouth, hand, and toy, she pushed at his jeans and boxer briefs, wanting them down. And when

finally his majestic cock came into view, she couldn't resist seizing it in a tightly wrapped fist.

"Aw, baby," he groaned at the touch.

"I told you I wanted it," she said in playful challenge.

"But don't you want it *all*? Everything I can give you?"

"Yes," she whispered without hesitation.

Soon, Scott eased the vibrator down over the boned lace that spanned her stomach, moving it playfully around—until he eased it south, over her belly and between her legs. She gasped at the instant pleasure, not having expected it to feel that good. It made her caress his hard shaft more passionately.

And then he drew the vibrator away and turned it off—and she flinched in shock.

"Relax, rich girl," he told her, easing his way farther down her body. And as he shed his shirt, then worked to push his jeans the rest of the way off, he again put his mouth to creative use, bending down, hooking his teeth over the top edge of her thong, then dragging it slowly downward.

She loved meeting his gaze over her freshly revealed pussy, the inner pink flesh swelling from her slit. As usual, she was soaked for him and her protruding clit glistened.

When he let the lace go from his teeth, he smoothly lifted her legs, balancing both ankles in one hand, and used the other to slide her thong to her knees, ankles, and off. After which he lifted one of her legs over his head, ducking beneath it, to put him in between. As her thighs parted, she knew her cunt was opening of its own accord for him, and oh, it was hungry for more attention.

Instead, though, he focused on one foot, which he still held in his hand after lowering the other to the bed. Which was when she realized—he really *did* have a shoe fetish. Balancing the sexy shoe in both hands, he lowered a tiny kiss to the top of her foot, then another, higher up. Then he kissed his way up the side of her calf, lingering at

her knee. She felt every touch of his lips in her aching cunt and her soft sighs of longing and pleasure filled the air.

It was then that he lowered her leg to the bed and reached for the pink vibrator again. Leaving it still and quiet, he held it to the soft flesh between her legs and she sucked in her breath. Then he eased it smoothly inside her.

"Ohhhh," she moaned without quite meaning to. The slick entry had felt surprisingly good.

"See, rich girl," he teased her. "Fake isn't so bad." And then he began to slide the toy in and out, in and out, soon going deeper, deeper, pushing it in all the way.

"Not the way *you* operate it, no," she admitted as her body responded, beginning to writhe against the thrusts.

"You want to know the *really* nice thing about having both me and a toy at once?" he asked.

With her breath coming in thready gasps, she nodded.

"I can do *this*." Then he bent down and lowered a kiss to her clit while he continued fucking her with toy.

"Oh—oh God!" That *was* nice. And she hadn't even thought about it. But as she'd learned just last night, getting licked and fucked at once provided an intense and very thorough form of pleasure.

Her breath grew still more labored as the skills of his tongue combined with the hot, deep drives of the vibrator. And then he turned it on.

"Mmm...God," she heard herself rasp, rising to meet his ministrations as the pleasure grew and grew. And yet, somehow, she found herself still wanting more. "Can I suck your cock, baby?"

A low, dark chuckle tickled her pussy before he lifted his head. "Absolutely, honey." So she turned on her side as he angled his body around, allowing her to reach his erection.

The moment she took him into her mouth, it was like last night—she ceased thinking and functioned only as a pleasure-seeking being. Nothing mattered but her pussy and his cock. She swallowed as deeply as she could, sucking him wildly, yearning to swallow more and more of him, taking him into her in every conceivable way. Below, he fucked her deep with the humming fake phallus and licked hard at her distended clit.

Also like last night, at moments, she released his cock from her lips and nestled his length between her breasts. He moaned and fucked her that way, sucking at her hot little nub now. But she couldn't stand having him away from her mouth for long—keeping his hard shaft in the valley of her tits, she bent to lick at the head, then run her tongue around it. As he thrust, she let the tip enter her mouth for gentle sucking.

Both their moans filled the air and she thanked God that apparently the walls of the yacht were thicker than she'd thought. Or maybe Daniel was somehow covering for her. Either way, she couldn't hold in the noises of pleasure—her body had taken over and controlled her every action and reaction now.

Finally, she took him back in her mouth deep, loving the smooth slide of his thick erection in and out, in and out. And below—oh God, oh fuck—it felt as if he were somehow sucking and licking her clit at the same time. She fucked his face, hard—she couldn't help it. He fucked her mouth too.

And then—oh! Oh God! The climax went screaming through her body like a violent storm at sea, jolting her, making her thrash about as she sobbed her powerful release around his cock.

Scott never stopped his short but firm plunges between her lips the whole time, and now they went deeper, deeper, and she loved it and sucked him as hard as she could, until he rasped, "Fuck, fuck, I can't stop, baby," and then his come shot into her throat, shocking her—but she swallowed, swallowed, as another warm burst came, and then a third. And her pussy flooded anew just from knowing he'd exploded that way, and she wanted more then, sucking him hungrily dry, one fist around the base of his shaft,

tasting the strange salty sweetness of his semen and feeling, as always with Scott, like a dirty, dirty girl.

When finally it was over, she was still sucking at the head of his penis, and he was gazing down at her—looking a little freaked out, she realized. “Was that okay, baby? Because I didn’t exactly mean for that to happen—it just did.”

Finally freeing him from her lips, she licked them. She was overwhelmed by the strange force of having him ejaculate in her mouth—but in a good way. “Oh yes,” she promised him. “I want more.”

Slowly panting his exhaustion, Scott gave her a grin. “That’s another good thing about toys,” he said. “They don’t have to recover afterward—they stay hard for as long as you want to play with them.”

And with that, he tossed the pink vibrator aside and picked up something new from the scattered collection beside them. Was it...*oh my*, it was the glass-looking one. She sucked in her breath at the sight of it in his hand. It was far bigger than the other one.

Scott moved back down on the bed, directly between her spread thighs again. “This one,” he said, “will feel different. You’ll want to be more careful using it on yourself.”

Payton said nothing in reply, only rose up on her elbows to watch, slack-jawed, as he pressed the tip of it at her opening. “It’s...harder,” she responded then, a little frightened of it.

Meeting her gaze briefly, he nodded. “The glass won’t yield against your flesh—at all. Make a wrong move and it could hurt.”

She swallowed nervously. “What if *you* make a wrong move?”

“I won’t,” he said. Full confidence. Then he began to insert it.

Oh Lord, it was a *lot* harder, fuller—she could tell that right away. She had to shut her eyes as he pressed it inward. It was perhaps the one thing she’d ever had inside her that made her feel even fuller than Scott’s cock did.

"Is it okay so far?" he asked.

She opened her eyes. "I think." Her voice trembled.

"Does it hurt at all?"

She shook her head. It didn't hurt, but it filled every crevice.

And when he slowly began to move it in her, she let out a gasp. "Ohhhh...ohhh...ohhh." Without quite planning it, her hands fell across her breasts, molding to them, squeezing. He fucked her slowly and she let her head drop back, eyes shut, as she simply absorbed the strange, nearly overwhelming sensations.

Until—unexpectedly—the glass toy left her and she looked up, surprised. "What's wrong?"

He grinned. "Nothing. I'm just hard again already from watching you. And I assumed you'd want *me* now instead of that. Was I mistaken?"

She bit her lip, shook her head.

Then he pretty much tackled her on the bed, playfully pinning her down with his body, trapping her wrists within in hands. He kissed her hard and she kissed him back, twining her legs around him, and the next thing she knew he was sliding that magnificent shaft of his inside her. "Oh!" she cried, because it was the first time tonight, and toys might be nice, but nothing truly felt as good in every way as his big, perfect cock.

"Feel good?" he whispered.

"I love it. I can't get enough of it."

He kissed her ravenously in reply, then began to move, driving into her. They stared into each other's eyes as Scott fucked her, and she met every hot, deep plunge. They moved that way together for a long while, at one point shoving back the covers to get underneath. As she'd promised Scott in the beginning, satin sheets, during sex, made it all the better, caressing their skin with every move they made.

It was when they were jostling about enough to make some of the vibrators still on the bed roll into them that Payton looked down to see...a surprisingly small one. It was silver and very thin. And even though they'd pretty much abandoned the toys now, they'd been whispering and talking while they fucked, so she picked it up and said, "What's this for? Compared to the others, it doesn't seem like much fun."

Still moving in her in slow, deep strokes, Scott laughed softly. "It's not for your pussy."

She blinked, confused. "Then what's it for?"

He went still in her and gave his head a challenging tilt. "Have you ever been fucked in the ass, rich girl?"

Chapter Seven

Payton nearly lost her breath. "Um, no."

He raised his eyebrows. "Want to be?"

She didn't. Or did she? Oh God, she could barely keep up with her own desires anymore. "I don't know."

"Trust me, you'll like it."

"Are you sure?"

He nodded, looking just as confident as he had all night tonight. And so far, he'd given her plenty of pleasure, hadn't he? "This is just the right size to drive you crazy," he said of the mini-vibrator still in her hand.

She drew in her breath once again and decided to do what he'd said—trust him. "Okay."

"That's my naughty girl," he said approvingly.

But she still felt lost. "How do we...you know, use it?"

He grinned down at her. "Well, same as the others, honey—you pretty much just slide it in. Just a different opening for this one."

She pursed her lips, feeling a little dumb. "I see."

But then he kissed her, so she felt better. And he said, "I want to give you the utmost pleasure with this as possible, so..." He hesitated, clearly thinking through a plan. "Let's do this." With that, he pulled out of her cunt, then rolled to his back on the sheets. "I want you to get on top of me, but facing away from me."

Okay, *this* was different—it was a position she'd never even considered before.

Still, careful not to hurt her beloved sheets with the heels of her sexy shoes, she straddled him backward, then slowly eased her cunt down onto his stiff cock. As always, he felt huge when she was on top, and she let out a hot sigh as he filled her.

“Do you have any Vaseline or lotion handy?” he asked.

She could barely think straight with him so deep in her cunt. “Um, lotion in the bedside table,” she said. Then got back to business, whispering, “Can I move? Can I fuck you?” At this experimental moment, she wanted to fuck his brains out.

“Fuck away, baby,” he said easily. And so she did, and *mmm*, since she was getting more and more used to his size, sliding up and down that big pole was a superb pleasure.

She moaned her delight, sometimes bouncing on him vertically, other times going all the way down and grinding, just to play with different motions.

And the truth was, she’d nearly forgotten all about his ass toy by the time she felt something—there. His fingers, she thought. Though they were wet—with lotion, she supposed. The touch felt shockingly good—something she hadn’t wholly believed in until that moment. Although she’d heard of it, she’d just never seriously thought about using that particular opening for sexual pleasure.

Within a short moment, though, she began to believe more and more. As he rubbed her there, she felt it more intensely—it made her skin prickle, her scalp tingle. And then—oh God—he pressed the tip of his finger inside, and she let out a soft yowl. How could it feel that good? She couldn’t understand it. But as he began to thrust just the tip of his finger in and out, it was all she could do to stay upright on him—the permeating pleasure was nearly too much to take. And she felt it *everywhere*, from her head to her toes—it practically made her dizzy. At some point, she realized she was whimpering crazily.

And then he extracted his finger and replaced it with something harder, thicker—the silver toy. Her breath came audibly, heavy as he began to ease it into her ass. “Oh God,” she heard herself murmur, high-pitched, and again a little crazed-sounding.

She'd never felt anything like this – and added to his enormous cock in the passageway just below, oh Lord, the sensation was stunning.

“Fuck, oh fuck,” she muttered as it went deeper, deeper still.

“Like it, honey?”

She could barely answer, nodding instead as she managed a strangled-sounding, “Uh-huh.”

“Good girl,” he whispered hotly.

When he began to move it—just in small strokes that matched her rhythm on his cock—she began to sweat, her body heating from the inside out. All the blood drained from her face and she was forced to lean forward, to grab on to his knees for balance. “Oh God, oh God, oh God,” she heard herself whimper. “Fuck me, fuck me. Oh my God.”

The strange new pleasure was so oddly pervasive, almost suffocating to her, that she knew the only reason she hadn't come was because there was no stimulation to her clit in this position. Still, she couldn't focus on that thought long—it took all her effort just to survive being fucked in her pussy and ass at the same time. There was no pain, but an overwhelming fullness that gave the illusion of stretching through her whole body. She felt pulled tight like a rubber band and at the same time as if she were stuffed full, about to overflow. Still moving against Scott's cock and his incredible little toy, she began to tremble, her body weakening more each second. Her whimpers and moans filled the air as Scott cooed to her. “You're so hot, baby. So hot and beautiful. I love the way you fuck me, and the way you trust me. I love the way your ass looks with this naughty toy slipping in and out of it. You make me fucking crazy.”

And just when Payton began to wonder how much more of this stupefying pleasure her body could handle, she heard the buzz of a vibrator being turned on. But not the one in her ass, she realized—because nothing changed there. And then she felt something and looked down to see the shiny gold vibrator she'd noticed before—Scott held it in his free hand and was reaching around her with it, easing it between her legs.

Right where she needed it. Oh God. She cried out as the humming cylinder connected directly with her swollen clit. "Yes! God, yes!" she bit off. She moved against it automatically, faster, faster – and it was mere seconds before the orgasm held her in its grip.

Again, she was forced to lean forward, to hold tight to Scott's legs as the strange, hot climax tore through her, jolting her pussy oddly, making her flinch and jerk without control. But the pleasure was deep, the release profound. She moaned and whimpered, eyes shut, her body feeling like something over which she had no control.

Scott was on the edge. He'd never taken such deep satisfaction in pleasuring a woman before, and Payton's response to having her ass fucked was driving him out of his mind. He fought to let her orgasm run its course, wanting her to soak up every bit of it, but finally, he had to let himself go. "I gotta come, babe!" he said, then felt himself erupt in the warm glove of her cunt, his pelvis pumping up into her practically of its own volition. "Fuck yes," he muttered through clenched teeth as the intense release shook him to his very core.

Then, at last, they both went still. He gingerly extracted the silver vibrator from her anus and dropped the gold one in front. Then he helped her ease off his cock and down next to him in the bed.

They stared at each other for a long moment, until finally she said, "That was...insane."

He managed a small smile in the midst of his recovery from coming. "I told you it would make you crazy."

She shook her pretty head against the pillow. "I just...didn't know what crazy felt like until now. I mean...wow."

He couldn't help feeling a little arrogant, pleased with himself for taking her someplace so hot and new to her. "I'm glad you liked it."

"I loved it," she said, her eyes so sweet, so honest, that he couldn't stop looking into them. "I love everything you do to me."

He kissed her then, just a tiny kiss – but their faces stayed close as they drifted into sleep.

* * * * *

When Scott woke, she was stirring next to him. “Can you help me?” she said. She was trying to get out of her sexy black lingerie, so he found some hooks in back and undid them until it came free – then watched as she reached down under the covers and took off her shoes.

“Damn, those are hot,” he told her again as she tossed them to the floor next to the bed.

She cuddled against him and said, “I love turning you on.”

“You do a very good job of it – every second,” he assured her.

“Can I tell you something?”

“Sure. What is it?”

She perched on her elbows next to him, peering into his eyes. “I had a talk with my dad today. I told him he had to loosen up on me, that he had to let me see who I want, date whoever I choose. And I think he got the message.”

Damn, that made him happy. The more he'd gotten to know her, the more it had bothered him to think of her father controlling her in such basic ways. “That's very good news, honey. I'm proud of you.”

She blinked prettily. “Well, you kind of inspired me. I also told him I want to build some kind of career. I realize that sounds silly – that I don't know what I want it to be a career *in* – but you have to understand that I just haven't been brought up to, well, think independently or be ambitious. But you've inspired me that way too. And I'm sort of thinking – I don't know – I might enjoy doing something with fashion. Because it's something I know about, and something I enjoy. And I have no idea what it might turn out to be, but...thank you. For just...making me start thinking in a new way.”

He lifted a hand, brushed it back over her hair. "I think you're pretty amazing," he told her, and he meant it, wholeheartedly. He'd never met someone who'd been so sheltered. And he didn't envy her for having to find her way out into the light. But he thought she was doing a pretty damn good job of taking steps in that direction.

"You know, I was thinking," she said, absently running her fingers across his chest, "if you wanted, I could ask my dad if he'd be interested in investing in your boating business. Kind of like a silent partner. That way, you wouldn't have to wait to buy your boat."

Scott was truly touched by the offer. "That's very sweet, honey, but...I'll have to decline. I just...need to do it on my own or it won't feel right. Know what I mean?"

She smiled concedingly. "Yeah, I had a feeling you'd say that. But I at least wanted to give you the option."

"That reminds me, I forgot to tell you—I met your dad today after my last cruise. My old boss was showing him the *Party Barge* when I was leaving the marina, and he called me over to introduce me as one of the crew."

She smiled but looked sheepish. "What'd you think of him?"

He shrugged, gave a small grin. "I thought Daddy Dearest actually seemed like an all-right guy. A little stuffy maybe, a little bit in his own world—but otherwise okay."

To his surprise, she laughed. "That's a good description. At heart, he's a good man who tries to do right. But he thinks *his* way is the *only* way most of the time, so he has a tendency to need control over everything and everyone around him."

"Like you," he said.

"But not anymore. It won't be easy, but I'm determined to break him of his bad habits—at least the ones that concern *me*."

"Well, good for you. I like seeing you stand up for yourself."

It surprised him when she bit her lip, looking a little sad. But a moment later, when she next spoke, he understood. "Over dinner tonight," she said, "my dad mentioned we're leaving Key West soon. Tuesday, to be exact."

This was Sunday night. Shit.

Scott let out a lengthy breath, trying like hell not to let his response show. Since he felt as if he'd been punched in the gut. He hadn't seen that coming. He knew he liked her—a lot—but still. And the fact that she looked pretty bummed out herself didn't help matters.

Trying to stay cool, he simply stroked her upper arm with caressing fingertips and said, "I'm gonna miss you, rich girl."

She tried to smile, but was clearly having a hard time. "I'm going to miss you too."

He decided it was a good time to tease her, to lighten the mood. "You're gonna miss my big cock."

She let out a laugh. "That too, definitely." Yet just as quickly, she got serious again. "But I'll miss *all* of you. You've...been amazing in every way."

Scott drew in his breath. He did *not* want to get emotional here—he didn't *do* emotional. So he steeled himself and tried not to feel it so much as he said, "You too, honey. I'm...really sorry you...won't be in my life." He didn't do emotional, but every word he'd just said was true. "I need to kiss you," he added, then lifted his hand to her cheek and drew her mouth down to his.

Damn, she felt good in his arms—he didn't want to let her go. But he tried to focus on the present, as he usually did with women—tried to just enjoy what he had in this moment. A soft, naked body. An eager, willing lover. A truly sweet girl who could turn delightfully dirty in a heartbeat. Before he knew it, his cock was perking back to life again—and she must have sensed it since her hand drifted under the sheets, soon closing around it and making him moan.

"Maybe you could, uh, do that thing you did the other night," he playfully suggested.

“You’ll have to be more specific, pirate boy,” she teased.

“That thing with the sheet. Wrapping it around my dick. It felt fucking awesome.”

She looked pleased to have provided him with some new sensation as well, then said, “It would be my pleasure.”

After which she took up a handful of the pink satin and captured his erection inside it, beginning to stroke.

And shit—God, that was hot. He couldn’t contain a guttural moan. “That’s nice, baby.”

“Mmm, good,” she told him.

“Who knew I could get excited about satin sheets?” he murmured amidst the continuing pleasure. He grew stiffer and stiffer in her satin-lined fist.

“See—even a rich girl is good for something,” she said on a laugh.

After which he pulled her down for another hot tongue kiss. “You’re good for *lots* of things, baby.”

Just then, the door to her room burst open and Charles Albright stormed in. “*What the hell is this?*”

Oh fuck. His worst nightmare. Probably hers too. But Scott had no fucking idea what to do, what to say. *It’s not like it looks? I can explain?* None of those worked here. So he and Payton both just stared for a moment—although she did drop his cock and yank the pink sheet up over them both. Still, Scott couldn’t help being aware of how damn bad this looked—lingerie, kinky shoes, and a wide variety of sex toys littered the room.

“Dad, don’t get excited,” she finally said. “I’m an adult, remember—just like we discussed today.”

“Well, at least now I know what that was all about! You’re not the girl I thought, are you, Payton? Not the girl I raised. Is this how you take care of yourself? Hopping in to bed with the first guy you see? Acting like a goddamn slut?”

She gasped, and Scott reacted. "Wait just a minute here!" But he didn't feel too powerful beneath a pink satin sheet.

That was the first time Albright's eyes really focused on him, and he appeared even angrier. "I know *you*! I met you just today! And now you have the nerve to come on my yacht and screw my daughter! Who the hell do you think you are?"

Okay, Scott no longer cared about the damn sheet, or his nakedness—he stood up, ready to meet Charles Albright head-on. "I'm a guy who apparently thinks a whole lot more of your daughter than you do, you archaic son of a bitch."

"Well, you're also a guy without a job, because you're fired! I was told you were a decent young man and that you work on several of my new boats—but not anymore. I'll see to that with a phone call first thing in the morning. It'll be a cold day in hell before you find another job on this island—I'll see to that too. Now get the hell off my yacht before I throw you overboard!" Then Albright looked to Payton, who still cowered beneath the sheet. "And *you*. Do something to make yourself decent! I don't even know who you *are* right now, but you're not my Payton. You shame me."

Scott felt as if he'd had the wind knocked out of him. He hated the way Payton's father talked to her, but at the same time, it was settling in his brain that the worst had happened—he'd lost his job. On the *Party Barge*, and the schooner, and the other boats he sometimes pulled shifts on. He'd still have his income from Chris' snorkeling operation, but that would cover the rent and not much more. It was a serious blow and he was stuck trying to wrap his brain around it.

"Did you hear me, you miscreant? Get off my yacht—now! Or I'll do better than throw you overboard—I'll call the damn police and have you put in jail."

He wanted to fight, to argue. For his job. For Payton's honor. But he knew fighting a guy as powerful as this one would only be a losing battle and he *would* end up behind bars—or worse, damn it.

He grabbed up his pants, his shoes, then found his shirt. And, damn it all, he couldn't help remembering that he'd told her he wasn't comfortable coming here—

more than once. But she'd fucking insisted. And now they were both paying for it – the hard way.

“Didn’t I tell you this would happen?” he snapped at her, anger getting the best of him. Then he berated himself, muttering beneath his breath. “Never should’ve gotten involved with a selfish little rich girl who I have nothing in common with. Never.”

Then he stormed past Charles Albright and left the room, and the yacht, without looking back.

Chapter Eight

Payton lay on the deck in a bikini, soaking up the sun and trying to pretend life was normal. But nothing could have been further from the truth.

For starters, her father had seen her not only in bed with a guy last night, but surrounded by a veritable treasure trove of kinky sex toys too. Ugh. Not a situation in which any girl ever wanted to find herself.

And she'd pretty much told him off after Scott had left. When he'd asked her if she had any explanation for what he'd just walked in on, she'd screamed at him, "Yes, as a matter-of-fact, I do! You've treated me like a child for my entire life! You haven't encouraged or allowed me to live normally! So whatever you've seen here tonight that bothers you, you have no one to blame but yourself!"

But her father wasn't the foremost subject on her mind. Every time she thought about Scott, her stomach pinched and her heart hurt. Because of her, he'd lost his job. Maybe not his only job—but likely his chance to proceed with starting his own business anytime soon.

And it really *was* her fault. She'd made him come to the yacht despite his wishes, after all. She'd never dreamed her father could really walk in on them. Only after Scott's departure had she learned that her father had been working on some contracts with a local attorney late last night when he'd learned she'd been seen "hanging all over a guy" on Duvall Street the previous night and had gotten suspicious and decided to come check on her.

And Scott hated her now. He hadn't exactly said that, but he didn't have to—his tone had said it for him when he'd called her a selfish rich girl. It made her ill to think of things between them ending this way. Or ending at all, actually. She'd known all along that it would be brief, that she'd leave Key West soon—but now that she'd shared so

much intimacy with him, it was hard to face. Somewhere along the way, having sex with a stranger had...stopped feeling like having sex with a stranger.

She let out a long sigh as a sense of despair settled over her. The bright sun and sparkling water didn't match her mood.

Because if all that wasn't enough, she was forced to realize that nothing in her life had really changed here. Inside her maybe—but her circumstances remained the same, or worse. Despite yelling at her father, they would still ship out tomorrow and her life would continue to be a wealthy girl's prison—she'd travel from port to port still under the now even *more* watchful eye of her father. After last night, she couldn't imagine ever again getting the opportunity to see a guy of her own choosing, nor did she think her father would follow through now on supporting her in starting any sort of profession. She'd still be nothing but the sheltered daughter of Charles Albright. And sure, she could do something drastic and leave her parents, but was that realistic? She had nothing of her own—no money, no job skills.

Another sigh left her as a startling thought came to mind. Maybe all those sex toys *would* come in handy. Maybe they'd be all she'd ever have. The notion made her want to throw up. Because she didn't want only sex toys. She wanted a man. She wanted Scott.

They'd shared only three wild nights, but true caring had grown there, maybe because he'd allowed her to be so wild and yet had remained so respectful and sweet. But he wanted nothing to do with her now. The one real, true thing that had ever happened to her was over, that quick.

And then...then she grew downright angry. She'd done nothing wrong here—unless she counted following her desires as wrong, and she didn't. It was natural, and maybe she'd gone a little overboard, but again, that was her father's fault, for never giving her any choices or freedom.

And then Payton gasped. Because something shocking had just hit her. She couldn't live like this anymore. She simply couldn't. Realistic or not. She *needed* to do something

drastic, something to...make the changes in her life that Scott had inspired. She wasn't even sure what she planned to do, only that she'd just this very minute reached a crucial breaking point.

She sat briskly up on the chair, determined to...do *something*. That's when she spotted Daniel bringing her a glass of iced tea. His eyes looked grim enough that she knew he'd heard what happened last night. "Are you all right, Miss Alb—Payton?" he asked, stopping mid-word to use her given name.

"No," she said, shaking her head.

"I'm so sorry. I had no idea your father had come back onboard or I would have done my best to keep him away from your cabin."

"Thanks, Daniel, but it's not your fault." Then she pushed to her feet. "I need to find him, though. It's important. Do you know where he is?"

Daniel gave a short nod. "He just called to say he'd be having lunch in his suite at the hotel today."

She sucked in her breath. It was now or never—confrontation time. "I'm going to get dressed and go talk to him. If I don't come back, send out a search party."

* * * * *

Scott clenched his fists and felt his chest tightening. He still wanted to kill somebody. But it wasn't Payton anymore—it was Charles Albright. Gritting his teeth, he picked up the phone and dialed the number for the yacht, which he'd been given when he'd taken the waiter's job there.

"Albright yacht," someone answered. Someone with a British accent.

"Daniel, is that you?"

"Yes, and this is?"

"Scott," he said simply. "Is Payton there? I need to speak with her."

"I'm afraid she's not," Daniel said, his tone grave.

Scott sighed, feeling shitty for blaming any of this on her. He was a big boy—he'd made his own decisions. "Is she all right?"

"No, in fact. She's understandably upset—I've never seen her quite so...tense and agitated."

"Do you know where I can find her? It's important."

"I'm afraid she's...meeting with her father right now."

"Damn it," he muttered. "On the boat? Because I know coming there would be a pretty bad idea right now, but if that's what I need to do to see her, I will."

"No, she's not on the yacht. She's in town."

Scott let out another long sigh. Shit. "Well," he said, "can you do me a favor, Daniel? Can you ask her to come to my place to see me before she leaves? I'll be here all night and all day tomorrow." *Since I have a couple days off from the snorkeling cruise and I lost my other gigs.* "I have to see her one last time."

"I'll tell her, Scott. I'll do my best to see that she gets there."

"Thanks, man."

* * * * *

Payton felt liberated. And terrified.

But there was no going back now.

She'd just had the most gratifying talk of her life with her parents. And when her father had balked, her mother had stunned her by standing up for her and taking her side. And when all was said and done...well, her entire existence would be different now. For better or worse. But deep inside, despite the newness of it all and her fears, Payton knew it *had* to be better.

And now her feet had led her up Duvall Street—quaint and fairly quiet in the middle of a Tuesday afternoon—and to the right...until she found herself standing in front of Scott's house.

He might not even be here, of course. And if he was, he probably didn't want to see her. And she couldn't blame him. But she had so much to tell him—she had to at least try. And maybe her good news—for him—would make him less angry at her, at least enough to let her tell him every life-altering thing that had just happened.

Taking a deep breath, she climbed the stairs to his second-floor entry and knocked on the door.

When she heard the knob jiggle from the other side and knew he was home, her heart rose to her throat. Just to be seeing him again. *Oh God, please let him forgive me.*

The door opened and he stood before her in a t-shirt and jeans, face unshaven, hair slightly ruffled—and oh, he was the hottest guy she'd ever seen in her life and it was all she could do not to throw herself on him.

Instead, though, she managed to say past the lump in her throat, "I'm sorry if you don't want me here, but I had to see you. So please don't say anything and just let me tell you the things I need to tell you."

He looked a little dumbfounded, which she supposed was understandable—and she took the opportunity to continue, even though she had to swallow first, trying to get rid of that stupid lump. "I just came from talking with my father. And—I guess the most important thing, for you, is that you have your job—or maybe I should say *jobs*—back."

His eyes flew wide and he actually flinched. "Seriously?"

She nodded. "Believe it or not, I've made him see—with the help of my mom—the error of his ways. And..."

"Yeah?" he prodded.

"Well, this part won't be as important to you, but I want to tell you anyway—I've actually managed to work things out with him. He truly realizes now that he's been too controlling of me."

"Why do you think that's not important to me?"

She blinked, her chest contracting. “Because...I cost you your job, at least temporarily. And I was selfish and we barely know each other and it would be silly of me to expect you to give a damn,” she hurriedly spilled out.

When she gathered the courage to meet his eyes again, they’d narrowed. “You *were* a little selfish,” he said, making her gut pinch. “But I *do* give a damn. And I appreciate you getting my job back for me – more than I can say.”

She swallowed nervously. “It was the least I could do. You...you may not realize this, but you...had a profound effect on me. Sexually and otherwise. I’ll...never be able to thank you enough.”

He let out a little sigh and said, “I’m really bummed that you’re leaving. I had this feeling we could have something good together, rich girl.”

Oh. Wow. Really? Had he really just said that? Because it changed...everything. “I’m not leaving,” she whispered.

“What?” His eyes went even wider than before.

And then she blurted everything out in a rush. “I’m staying in Key West, because I need my own life, for the first time – and where else better for a girl to sow her wild oats, right? I’m going to open a fashion boutique – called Payton’s Place. Get it? Like the movie? And Dad is giving me seed money – but only enough to start, and I plan to pay him back because you’ve really inspired me to do things on my own as much as possible. And the truth is, my trust fund will become available in a few years, so maybe I don’t have a lot at stake, but I still want to try to do this on my own, as much as I can.”

Scott couldn’t have been more stunned. “I’m impressed, honey. Seriously. This is huge.” It was hard to believe, especially after last night, that her father would loosen his grip on her enough to let her stay *here*, of all places – but maybe, somehow, she’d really made him understand how difficult he’d made her life up to now. And for her to have the guts to go out on her own like this – well, sure, she had a lot more resources than most people, but also a lot less practical life experience, too, so he thought she was being very brave. And then it occurred to him to wonder, “Where are you staying?”

"At the Crystal Sands," she replied, then rolled her eyes, clearly embarrassed. "I know – not very independent and wild, right? But a girl's gotta have a roof over her head. And it was a compromise. He wouldn't agree to this until I had a decent place to stay, so it seemed like an easy answer. And I'll get my own place when I can."

"I could use a roommate," he told her softly, "And a lover." He didn't even need to think about it. Chris had been right – sometimes it didn't take long to know when you'd found the person you wanted to be with. "Despite the short time we've known each other, Payton, I...I care for you. And I'd really love the chance to explore that some more."

Payton bit her lip, amazed. She'd been ready to do this thing on her own – to carve out a life for herself totally *by herself* – but... "To tell you the truth, you're a big part of why I wanted to stay. I didn't think you'd want anything more to do with me, but at the same time, I just...didn't want to leave and know I'd never see you again. And...even if I have wild oats to sow, I'd love to sow them with *you*."

The naughty grin that unfurled on Scott's face made her pussy surge. "Don't worry, baby – I'll help you sow all the wild oats you want."

She bit her lower lip, feeling a lascivious little smile overtake her. Her breasts ached and her cunt tingled and – oh God, she got to have *more* of him. *Lots* more!

"I called the yacht earlier to ask you to come over, and that's why."

She shook her head, surprised. "What's why?"

"Well, I wanted to apologize for the things I said last night and...if I had to say goodbye to you, I wanted to do it in a special way. A way that happens to include a little more wild-oat-sowing for my naughty rich girl."

"Tell me more," she said, and in response, he took her hand and led her inside, through a small but fairly tidy living room and into a large, sunny bedroom. The first thing she noticed was the shiny cream-colored sheets on the bed. "Oh my God – you got satin sheets!"

Somehow he managed to look slightly sheepish and totally sexy all at once. “Well, honey, you introduced *me* to some new things too—and despite what I said last night, we have plenty in common, like my new appreciation for sex on satin.”

The very thought made Payton’s pussy flutter anew.

“I got those in case you wanted to play the rich girl when we said goodbye,” he told her, yet then abruptly disappeared into what looked like a small bathroom, although he continued speaking. “But in case you wanted something a little rougher instead, I also got *this*.”

“Got what?” she asked. Because he was still in the bathroom.

“Wait, give me a minute,” he said. “I’m working on it.”

And just when she wondered what the heck was going on, Scott stepped back into the bedroom looking utterly dangerous—in full pirate garb! He wore a tricorn hat and a patch over one eye, and a pair of dark pants tucked into very pirate-like boots. His muscular chest was gloriously bare.

“Oh my,” she said, her whole body going weak. She’d never call him pirate boy again—since he was definitely a pirate *man*.

“So, my dirty little wench,” he said, “which one do you want right now?”

Payton tilted her head, thinking—then glancing back and forth between the bed and Scott. Finally, she said, “Both—I want to be the rich girl being ravished by the lusty pirate on my satin sheets.”

Scott’s dark eyes sparkled on her lecherously. “I like the way you think, honey.”

“Ravish me, my hot pirate.”

With that, Scott closed the space between them, then pushed her to her back on the bed. Her spine tingled as her skin moved against the soft satin at the same time he lowered his oh so hard body onto hers. His stiff erection pressed between her thighs, making her moan, and she murmured, “Oh God, don’t make me wait. Just take me. Fuck me.”

Scott growled in response and within seconds, he'd pushed up her skirt, yanked aside her panties, and plunged his majestic cock inside her. She cried out at the hot impact she'd thought she'd never feel again, and then they kissed like mad as he moved inside her.

Soon enough, though, he had her on her hands and knees, fucking her more roughly. And then came his hand, snaking around her hip and between her legs, rubbing her clit until—oh God—he took her to heaven. She came hard, wild as ever with him, and he exploded in her a moment later. After which she lay resting in his strong embrace, contemplating this unexpected new life that had just dropped so wonderfully into her lap.

She was going to experience life as an adult, without her parents, in a tropical paradise. She was going to start her own business. And she was going to be with the hot, sexy guy she was falling in love with. She'd just discovered she could have the best of all worlds—and still find herself at the same time—in Scott the Pirate's arms.

About the Author

Lacey Alexander's books have been called deliciously decadent, unbelievably erotic, exceptionally arousing, blazingly sexual and downright sinful. In each book, Lacey strives to take her readers on the ultimate erotic adventure and hopes her stories will encourage women to embrace their sexual fantasies.

Lacey resides in the Midwest with her husband, and when not penning romantic erotica, she enjoys history and traveling, often incorporating favorite travel destinations into her work.

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

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