



# *Key West*

*A Moresome Tale*

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and occurrences are a product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, places or occurrences, is purely coincidental.

*This story is for Tiff, my friend, critique partner, and editor-extraordinaire.*

*Thank you for standing beside me every step of my journey.*

## *Chapter One*

“Blowjob or Shaken Orgasm?”

That was a no brainer. I wasn’t doing no blowjob without a freaking orgasm.

“Shaken Orgasm and six blazing-hot wings,” I replied, handing the sun-kissed waitress my menu.

“You want them both at the same time?”

“Sounds good,” I said, taking full advantage of Happy Hour and the forty-five minutes I had till sunset. “Could you please bring the second drink in a plastic cup and ask the cook to put a rush on the wings?”

“I’ll try.” She smiled, tucking the laminated cardboard under her arm, but not making an effort to leave anytime soon. “Just keep in mind that this is the Conch Republic, and we don’t know the word rush too well.”

She wasn’t lying. The wings arrived almost half an hour later, followed by the Shaken Orgasms once I’d finished.

“Story of my life,” I breathed, taking a sip of the creamy concoction.

“Sorry, the bar was slammed.” Miss I-Don’t-Believe-in-Sunscreen leaned on the chair on the opposite side of the table and rested her elbows. “One of the bartenders had to run home and let the cat out. His neighbor called complaining that the poor baby was mewing too loud and disturbing her. How ridiculous is that?”

“Quite.”

“And the funny thing is,” she continued leisurely, no care in the world, oblivious to the new patrons at the tables waiting to order, “the old hag is deaf as a post.”

I managed to swallow before I burst out laughing. “It’s okay,” I said, raising my glass and finishing the first Shaken Orgasm in one long swig. “Do you think the cops will hassle me if I take the second one on the street to watch your famous Key West sunset?”

“Nope. That’s why I had him put it in a souvenir cup. They would never make you toss that.”

“Thanks.” I’d finally gotten an orgasm, and one for the road, without having to work at it. Absolutely worth the thirty dollars I dropped on the table as I swung my bag on my shoulder.

“Mallory Square is the place to be,” she said, tucking the ten into her pocket and looking for the bill to match up the twenty. “If you see a tall guy with a parrot named Ernie, be sure to tell him that Cindy is waiting for him with new hoops tonight.” She brushed her hand over her boobs and winked.

I nodded, wishing I could have shed my inhibitions when I’d left New York and pierced my nipples or got some funky tattoo on my ass, but I couldn’t. I couldn’t do anything permanent, but I was sure going to make the most of this weekend. I hadn’t thrown away the man I loved and three years of my life for nothing. I was going to get what I’d come for.

\* \* \* \*

Nursing my Shaken Orgasm, I gazed at the hypnotic globe falling from the sky to the sea and smiled in triumph. The tourists and the wacky show the locals were putting on were everything I thought they’d be. They hid me from the daily drudgery of the city, they hid me from the curious gazes of colleagues, and most importantly, they hid me from the person I’d thought I’d wanted to be.

Forever, I’d deluded myself into believing that I wanted nothing more than to be a successful career woman, in the big city, who would eventually find fulfillment in a white-picket fence existence in the arms of my prince charming. Then, with my career peaking and my three-year relationship coming to a head, I ran. The moment Prince Charming got down on one knee and whipped that Tiffany box from his jacket pocket, I bolted out of the five-star restaurant and pounded two miles of pavement on five hundred dollar heels to my building.

My timing was always off. You see, when life handed me exactly what I’d asked for, I’d tossed my wine glass across the room and ran.

I ran to escape from the Addison London who worked real hard and played in designated fields. I wanted to play offside.

I ran home to hide.

Actually, I never made it up to our apartment. I hit the basement button in the elevator, scrounged my BMW's key out from the pocket of my Gucci, and drove for two days to a place where nobody, not one fucking person, knew my name.

I had the decency to return Mark's call when I stopped for the night in Virginia. After all, it wasn't his fault that I'd trapped myself into an existence I didn't really want. It wasn't his fault that I'd placed endless limitations on what I'd done for the past three years.

"I'm sorry, Mark," I told my first and only lover. "I'm not ready. I can't commit. There are so many things I need to do and experience in my life."

I rambled about my shortcomings as a woman. I told him that it wasn't his fault, but all me. He listened, rather patiently for him, and when he asked what exactly I wanted to do next, I answered as direct as possible. "I'm going to watch the sun set at Mallory Square."

And then my phone cut off. The battery was dead, I didn't have my charger, and since I'd said my piece and apologized, I wasn't planning on buying a new one.

This was going to be about me, for me, and only me.

## *Chapter Two*

Relief mingled with freedom and danced in the recesses of my psyche as I did nothing more than sit on a pier-side bench and gaze at the setting sun. The sea was ablaze with glowing orange hues as the magnificent orb requested entrance for the night, abandoning its throne in the sky for an opportunity to rejuvenate and return to its responsibilities in the morning.

“Enjoying the show?” A deep masculine voice sounded over my right shoulder.

Shaken Orgasm splattered on my hand as I twitched and moved away, crossing my legs and straightening my back. I barely held on to the slippery cup as I tightened my hold and swallowed my pride. The sound of his voice echoed through me, so much so that I was scared to look up at him. I couldn’t break out from the professional city slicker on sabbatical image to save my life.

The weird thing was that I could have guessed who it was: the man in the guayabera. When I’d walked onto the Square, he’d looked up from his phone and I’d smiled at him. I’d tried to catch his attention and put out ‘interested-in-you’ vibes, but he’d been too preoccupied texting to offer me the straw flower he’d held between his teeth.

A green and yellow rose appeared in front of me. It had to be him.

“I was hoping you’d stick around till I was done.”

Arrogant bastard knew that he didn’t have to rush because he’d read my interest all over my flustered face. But damn, he sounded just like I’d imagined...so freaking dreamy.

Pulling a napkin from my shorts’ pocket, I dried the mess dripping down my wrist while absolutely fighting my inner turmoil of pride and desire. The confusion only grew more once I got an up-close look at him. He was smoking hot. Confident to the point of annoying me, but intriguing enough to keep my attention and allow me to tolerate anything he’d dish out.

I concentrated on the sticky concoction seeping towards my elbow.

If I were honest with myself, I would have accepted the flower he continued to hold before my heaving chest. But I was a coward who had difficulty facing reality. I tried, but I guess



I wasn't there yet. I couldn't just abandon my tenure of infatuation with a 'normal' life to admit that I wanted more. I needed more.

I struggled to come to terms with the fact that I wasn't the kind of woman who could be bound to a man forever and be happy about it. It just wasn't enough. I had needs, physical needs, needs of adventure and excitement, and I'd never met a man secure enough in his masculinity who could meet them.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to startle you." A broad hand settled on my shoulder as he leaned close and spoke over the music. "I saw you studying the map of the city, and I thought I could be of some help."

His voice was more than enticing; it was deep and smooth as velvet. He smelled fresh and intoxicating, or maybe that was my spilt drink, but all I wanted to do was kiss the side of his neck, up to the dimple in his cheek. Closing his powerful and competent hand over my free one, he pushed the stem of the flower between my fingers.

"Giving a beautiful woman a rose at sunset is proven to bring a man good fortune. Please accept my gift."

"Where'd you hear that?" I asked, shielding my eyes to get a better look at him. His gaze locked on mine and I couldn't look away. It was as if it held me captive, or hostage, with all of my will. But, yeah, that was exactly what I wanted to do—look at him.

"Nowhere." He shrugged and ran his thumb over my cheek. "But it got you to speak to me. And that was my plan: to get a beautiful and sexy lady's attention."

He was flirting with me. Openly. Brazenly.

Damn, I couldn't go there. Not yet. But I had to look, had to. After all, that was the whole purpose of my escape from my life with Prince Charming. I was spreading my wings, breaking free of my binds, making a leap of faith, and experiencing the world.

"Well, in that case, thanks for the rose. It's perfect."

I turned, just slightly, and found muscular thighs encased in a finely worn pair of jeans. I didn't dare speak. I had no idea what would happen if I did, but I'd never been so fascinated by a man's crotch.

How was I supposed to know how to react? Should I turn and greet his bulge, or was I expected to look up and meet his gaze?

Problem solved.

Taking the decision out my hands, Mr. Well Endowed squatted beside me and brought the most gorgeous green eyes I'd ever seen to my level. Grinning and shooting sparks to every cell in my body, he leaned his other arm across the back of my bench.

Instinctively, I turned the rest of the way and smiled a greeting of sorts. His eyes, rich with suggestion and desire, reflected the flames dancing on the blue waters and radiated warmth that had my insides tingling. His full lips, forming a delectable cupid's bow, were only inches from mine and blazed of temptation. I so wanted to fall into him and kiss him within a breath of his life.

This man was to die for. And die I might, if he kept looking at me with that blatant sexual hunger in his eyes.

"Thank you for accepting it," he said, bending the long stem so the flower fell against the cleavage my new camisole sported.

"You always go around offering women flowers at sunset?" I released the flower and placed my palm on my knee to keep it from shaking.

"No, not always." He continued to play the stem between his fingers, trailing the fragrant straw bud across my chest. "Only when I can't resist the attraction."

He must have taken my shocked silence as an official invitation, for he sat beside me and took my drink from my hand. "Key West may appear small and quaint, but there are many hidden treasures a newcomer can miss if she's on her own."

"It sounds like you're familiar with all the intricacies of this place."

"I've spent many a Spring Breaks diving the reefs off the Keys, and I make it a point to return to the southernmost point of the continental US at least one sunset a year." He shifted his weight and his delicious scent teased my nose. "I know these islands inside and out, and you look a little overwhelmed. So, how about I buy you a new drink and we review all the information you've gathered?"

The intensity of his eyes mesmerized me. I could barely register my surroundings, let alone think. I smiled, but didn't answer. When the dancing monkey back-flipped at my feet, I stared at the little critter, rapt in the rhythm and wonder of the impending night.

"We could stay in public if it makes you more comfortable." He dropped a bill into the monkey's hat, and then waved to a shirtless man with a cooler.

I wasn't sure what would make me *comfortable*, but the sweet pressure building between my legs spoke volumes of the excitement pounding through me. This man certainly qualified as an experience. And if doing him meant throwing caution to the wind and putting a notch in my sexual belt, I was good to go.

The street vendor with the cooler produced two bottles of a popular rum drink and twisted them open. Mr. Well Endowed paid, took my watered-down Orgasm and tossed it in the trash, then handed me the icy bottle.

"Cheers," he said. "To a glorious night."

Circling the bottle's lip with my tongue, I savored the tanginess before swirling the cold drink in my parched mouth.

"Refreshing." I clinked the bottle to his, smiling my appreciation.

He moved closer, his jeans brushing the side of my bare thigh as he stroked my shoulder with long fingers.

"Sweetheart, let's get formalities out of the way and enjoy ourselves." He bent his head and licked the tiny drop of rum drink from the center of my lower lip. "This is one of the most romantic places on earth and I want you. Let me know you're willing, and I'll take care of the rest."

I almost choked on my drink, but I managed to nod. "I'm willing."

"My name is—"

"No. Let me guess. Your name is West," I half asked, half offered, finding my voice. "It's on the sign over your head: Key West. It caught my eye when you sat down and I figure it's your designated seat." I didn't bother to add what else had caught my eye, but I'm sure the color of my burning cheeks betrayed me.

"Cute," he replied, stretching back and tapping the sign. He was tall and his body was long. The sun had left a pink tone on his skin, which would turn to tan real fast. Clearly, he didn't live here and he wasn't the type of man to work outdoors, but he fit in with the lazy and alluring setting. His legs sprawled before him and invaded my space in an expectant manner. He was comfortable here. He was comfortable with me.

"I'm going to enjoy being your tour guide," he said, taking my hand in his. "The air around you is sparked with the tension of your desire. We're going to make it all go up in flames, sweetheart."

*Well go on, I thought. Tell me how—cause I'm too tongue-tied to ask and I want you to keep talking so I could hear your voice.*

“A perfect night of pleasure awaits us.” He nipped along my jaw till he reached the side and suckled the soft skin of my earlobe. His tongue swirled, mimicking what I wanted him to do in other places, and he blew into my ear, hot and sensual. “I’m going to make you tremble with need, make you ache for release, and I’m going to be the answer to your dreams.”

“All of them?” I rasped, as his palm moved up my ribcage and his thumb stroked my straining nipple.

“Each and every one,” he promised, slipping inside my cami and pinching the tender peak gently.

I moaned and crossed my legs, which was a huge mistake. The pulsing need intensified and my shorts rubbed against my clit.

“I like that. But we’re going to get arrested for indecent exposure if we continue like this on the pier.” The humid breeze reminded me that we were in public, and the thrill of someone seeing him feeling me like that made my heart race.

“The sun is down, so most everyone has gone for more drinks.” He outright cupped my breast and raised it out of the supportive cotton. “The artists left behind will find inspiration in your beauty.” Wasting no time, his mouth closed on my nipple and sucked. Hard, then soft. Slow, then fast. West had a way with his tongue to make the world spin.

He covered that breast and exposed the other, the one furthest from him and more available to the view of any passers-by. Running his hand over the heaving flesh, he rolled the nipple between his fingers, tilting his head to claim my mouth. His tongue pushed through my lips, swept inside and demanded my surrender.

My body obliged, and I pushed my chest into his palm as I opened to his exploration.

“You’re so fucking beautiful. You taste amazing. And, you’re so ready.” He deepened the kiss, not allowing me to breathe as he filled my mouth and his hand snaked between my legs. He pushed my knees apart and stole a finger inside my shorts, tugging the lace of my thong to the side.

I couldn’t believe it was me on the bench, with a stranger. Being touched and kissed like that in a public place was dangerous, yet thrilling. My eyes were heavy, and my ears had a muted

quality. The music had stopped, the sound of the waves and a few voices carried in the distance, but for all practical purposes, West's kisses and touch tuned out the rest of the world.

Sliding a finger into my swollen folds, he caressed my opening, spreading my moisture up to my clit. It was just one finger inside my panties, but I angled my legs a little further apart, making room for more.

"Fuck," he groaned. "I can't do this. Not here. Not with you." He pulled away, leaving me stunned and needy. "Let's go before I can't help myself and I rip all your clothes off right here, right now." He grunted something about self-control as he took my hand and pulled me off the bench.

"Where are we going?" I asked, rushing to keep up with him.

"For drinks. In the hot tub to cool off."

I looked over my shoulder at the two bottles sitting on the bench and smiled. I'd made the right choice. My adventure had just begun.

## *Chapter Three*

I couldn't believe that a man like West was interested in me, Addison London, a woman who, until that moment, was so proper and prudish, so sheltered and sexually inexperienced, that only one other man had ever rounded the bases—and that only happened in the safety of the bedroom while under a cloak of darkness and covers. But if the bulge in West's pants were any indication, he was definitely into me, and he would fit the bill for my wild weekend of hedonistic exploration.

I just couldn't believe I'd let some sexy stranger fondle me on a park bench.

It felt scandalous...but oh, so right.

The only thing that bothered me was that he felt *too* right, *too* perfect for me. And to add to it, the man was self-assured enough to take control of the situation, allowing me not to think too much about it.

In his everyday existence, he must have held down a powerful and authoritative job. For a split second, I wondered who he was, what he did for a living. But, no. I didn't want to know his real name, because if I did, I'd be tempted to look him up in the future.

Guilt crept through the night and embraced me.

I had responsibilities and expectations to meet, and I was disregarding them for a weekend of wicked pleasures. Not only was it narcissistic, but it was unfair to West. There was no possibility for a real relationship with him, and I wasn't sure if I could even tell him.

I wanted West for now.

"What's your name?" He stepped onto the street and made a quick right toward some gift shop with tourist knick-knacks bursting from its seams.

My name?

Shit. I hadn't thought that far ahead. But, I wasn't a good liar either. If I gave him my real name, he could find *me* in the future, and this weekend needed to remain in the present. Nothing would follow me into my *real* life. My parents would never hear of it. My boss would never get

wind of it and my wanton ways would never follow me into the boardroom. No one would ever know what I did, where I did it, or with whom.

“Aly?” West offered.

Puzzled, I pulled back a few inches and tilted my head to the side.

“We’re on Tift’s Aly,” he said, tugging my hand so that I could keep up. “Don’t stall our night, sweetheart. You’re hot, wet, and willing.”

“Aly sounds right,” I rasped, amazed with his brazen assumption.

“Well, Aly, consider me your private guide in this sultry city of the night.” His voice was so freaking confident. But it wasn’t offensive. It was hot and made me want to slam him up against the brick wall and jump him.

“Do you do this often?”

“No, sweetheart.” He laughed, shaking his head so that his tousled hair moved across his forehead in a way that had me reaching to touch it. “But, I’ll do anything needed in order to spend time with you.”

“Oh,” I breathed, stopping to catch my breath at the corner. I sounded so stupid, so ignorant. “That’s my hotel,” I mumbled, indicating the entrance less than ten feet away, but having no idea of what to expect from him. Did I ask him up? Or should he wait for me to change?

With a sure, long finger, he touched the side of my face. “You are so beautiful when you blush. You’re so beautiful—period.”

I was a woman that was comfortable in her skin. At least, that was what I reminded myself. The most amazing man stood beside me and didn’t bother to hide his interest. He was my opportunity.

“West,” I said, swallowing my hesitation. “I’m here for the long weekend alone. I don’t know a soul in Florida, I’ve never been diving, I’ve never had conch , and I’ve never been by myself for more than a few hours. I plan on doing all those things this weekend.”

He didn’t respond, but he closed his hand over mine and rubbed the inside of my wrist with his thumb. The twinkle in his eyes gave me the courage to ask a final question.

“Are *you* willing to spend my weekend alone with me?” Damn, that sounded weird. If it were my weekend alone, why would I invite him to be with me?

“I’d love to,” he replied, raising my hand and placing his parted lips against the moist skin. Softly, ever so slowly, his tongue traveled the rises and valleys of my knuckles. “I’ll spend anything you want with you.”

Tiny critters choose that moment to throw a party in my stomach, but one little sucker ran up to brain and tapped. *Set the rules. Do it fast.*

Rules. Shit. Yeah.

“West?”

“Yes,” he drawled.

“I want this to be West and Aly for the weekend. That’s it. Adventure. Excitement. Fun. And, possibilities of opportunities that may arise without commitment.” I twirled a lock of hair between my fingers and bit my lip. “It can’t be anything more or for any longer.”

Lines creased his forehead and his eyes narrowed. I could practically see his mind working, but I had no idea what he was thinking.

“You want anonymity, adventure, and open possibilities. And you don’t want anything more than now.” He was still holding my hand and looking directly into my eyes as people pushed by us. “You do realize that you’re asking me for every man’s fantasy, right?”

“Every man’s fantasy?” The moment the words were out of my mouth, I regretted them. I had to stop repeating everything he said in the most infantile manner.

“A beautiful woman, for a whole weekend, with no expectations or obligations is a fantasy, sweetheart.” He placed my hand against his pounding chest, caressed the side of my face, and tangled his fingers in my hair. “The weekend begins now, right?”

I sighed in relief. He had no idea what his question had just done for me, but I was so grateful. I may have wanted a wild and reckless weekend, but I needed to prepare. Needed to put on fresh panties and a matching bra. I needed to be sexy. Plus, the night clung to my skin and made me question my sanity.

“Tomorrow?” I asked.

“I’m busy in the morning, but we can meet for lunch or drinks if you’d like. Your wish is my command.”

“Both,” I replied, leaning toward him.

I swept my lips over his mouth, parted them, and tilted my head, planning on a soft, casual kiss. His lips were supposed to be closed so that my tongue could urge them to part, but



they weren't. My tongue slipped between his lips, traced the smooth lines of his perfect teeth, and was lost in his magnificent taste.

Or perhaps he had taken control of the kiss and I was able to let myself go. The casual kiss faded into the recesses of my mind and my body reacted.

"Wait for me...on our bench...at sunset," he said between nibbles.

"What?" I whispered, blinking to bring my eyes into focus.

"I can't keep kissing you tonight if our weekend begins tomorrow." He moved my hand from his chest and lowered it on the full, hard, and hot center of his jeans. "It's too difficult, and I'll die trying to honor your wish."

My heartbeat skipped, and the blood in my veins heated. I squeezed my thighs together, trying to calm the sensation pulsing between my legs.

"What if I changed my mind?"

"Too late," he said, dropping my hand.

## *Chapter Three*

Damn! West instructed me to get a good night's rest, then left me standing on the corner in front of my hotel like some kid.

*"But I don't want to rest,"* I had said in the sultriest voice I could manage, and he'd simply smiled like I'd just asked him to play a game of baseball.

In a desperate attempt to save my pride, I had changed the game plan and announced that I wanted to go out and get to know the clubs on Duval as soon as possible.

*"It's wild out there. Wait till morning."*

Strike two. Not only had he refused to stay, he refused to get the weekend started immediately—but had the gall to tell me what I should do and when."

*"Aly, I have to go. There is something I must do. Something I know you'll appreciate,"* he'd said, grinning wickedly the whole time. *"I'll see you later."*

Whatever. I didn't need a father figure to take care of me and set more limits on me during the weekend that I was breaking free. I needed excitement. I needed spontaneity. After all, it was still early and the streets were buzzing with life. I wasn't going back to my room.

Besides, I couldn't go out in damp panties and wrinkled shorts.

Almost a whole hour later, fully outfitted in a new string bikini and a strappy shirt and short set from the tourist shop where West had abandoned me, I walked by a packed bar with patrons taking a stab at their favorite songs on the karaoke stage.

"Hey, pretty lady! I've got a stool with your name on it," a man's voice sounded.

Instinctively, I glanced over the crowd and searched for the source of the invitation.

"Come on, babe," he added, perching on the footrest of his own stool and waving me over. "The night is young, the booze is good, and the music is—okay." He laughed as a cross-dresser started his rendition of *It's Raining Men*. "What's your pleasure?"

He was speaking to me! Key West was oozing with gorgeous men, and I was the slut from the North East.

I took his outstretched hand and let him pull me thru the group of college-age men, hooting at the entertainment. Tripping over the boys, I slammed against his muscled chest, losing a flip-flop and a strap to my shirt.

“Sorry,” I mumbled, trying to cover my neon pink bikini top.

He jumped down, grasped my hips, and lifted me onto my seat.

“You’re adorable,” he drawled, the amusement in his voice very audible. “Hold on while I retrieve your sandal.”

“To what?” I breathed.

“To this,” he replied, placing his beer in my hand as he bent and scooped up my flaying flip-flop.

He had an awesome ass, tight and athletic. Wearing a muscle t-shirt, he was eye candy to satisfy any appetite. His trimmed waist expanded to a broad back with phenomenal shoulders at the top. His hair, dark and silky, hung at his collarbone and moved in a captivating style.

He returned, cradled my foot against his groin and slipped the sandal between my toes. “Better?” His dark gaze sent heated spears to my core as his tan fingers caressed my leg and sparked upwards.

“Yes, thank you. You’re my hero on Duval.” I lowered my foot and fought with the dangling material of my tank.

“Leave it,” he said, taking my hand. “The view is pretty nice from over here.”

Sure. I bet it was *real nice*.

I was holding onto a tiny bit of decency, attempting to conceal the straining nipple pushing against the neon pink suit.

“How do you do this every night?” I asked, raising my voice above the raucous.

“I don’t,” he said, not bothering to speak loud. Instead, he fitted himself between my legs, leaned against my boobs, and spoke softly against my ear. “I only brave the Conch Republic for special occasions. I drove down from Miami an hour ago and thought I’d grab a beer before I meet up with friends.”

Figured. I was getting nowhere tonight.

Miami might have been scorching with sex appeal, but he wasn’t available. He had plans. Disappointment fizzled in my head, and I stared at the stage, which was now empty like me. I

finally decided to get laid, and I had no one but B.O.B available for the job. After seeing Miami, the other guys didn't stand up to the challenge. They weren't worth it.

"You're so much more than I thought you'd be," he said, blowing my hair back and kissing my throat. "Gorgeous, sexy, delicious, and sweet."

Surprised, I gazed up into daring eyes, which refused to look away or blink.

"Do I know you?"

"Not yet," he said, biting his lower lip, then licking it. "But you will," he added, wrapping his arm about me and pulling me to him. "My name is—"

"No. Stop." I pushed at his chest and placed a finger on his lips to prevent him from speaking. "Your name is Miami, and I'm so pleased to meet you."

Miami laughed as well. It was a peculiar, yet warm, friendly chuckle that made my insides heat up again.

"Okay. My name's Miami and I'm at your service, ma'am." Ignoring my arms, he fitted his hands beneath my butt and scooted me to the edge of the stool. "Can I buy you a drink?"

I nodded, wrapping my legs around his and hooking my ankles for balance. He'd practically lifted me into his arms, crushing me against his chest and engulfing me in his scent. He wasn't the kind of man who waited to be sure he wouldn't be rejected. He moved in and claimed his possession.

"I think I'll need my arms to raise the glass to my lips," I suggested.

"Maybe, but it hasn't arrived yet."

He didn't move, but his hands tightened their hold. "I like you in my arms. I'm taking you with me tonight."

Who was this guy? And why did my insides tingle when I looked into his brown eyes? I was a freaking slut. Really, I was. I'd just made a date for the weekend with West, and now I was flirting and making arrangements with Miami.

Did I have what it took to live the adventures I dreamed about? Or would I always be confined behind that suburban white fence?

"Hey," he said, running the back of his fingers down the side of my face. "Don't think so hard. You came south for some fun. Right?"

“I guess you can put it like that,” I answered, not bothering to explain that I’d run from the city—and a man. Mostly, I’d run from a part of me that had been suffocating me into submission for years.

“Then come on. Let’s party.” He picked up what looked like a Piña Colada and drank. Placing his lips to my mouth, his tongue urged me to open and he drizzled the sweetness into my mouth. “I didn’t think you’d need your hands.”

Damn, he was smooth. Ironically, I didn’t mind his assumptions; I liked them. I wanted them.

He was different from other guys. He was somehow...more real. It was weird, but when I looked into his eyes, I felt like I was home. I wasn’t shy or embarrassed with him. It was familiar and natural to entwine my fingers into his gorgeous head of dark brown, almost black, hair. The shadow on his jaw made him rugged, while retaining the perfect magazine-model image. The olive-tone of his skin had me guessing he was of Mediterranean or Latin decent. Most likely Latin since he was from Miami.

“What are you thinking about, baby cakes?” He tucked me against him, pressing my moist center against his groin, and planting a warm kiss on the side of my face. “Me or some other lucky guy?”

My cheeks burned. His hand lingered on my waist. I took a deep breath and licked my lips. The butterflies in my stomach fluttered to my head, and when he smiled and gave me a second peck on my temple, everything was okay.

“You are so adorable when you second guess yourself.” He placed the third kiss against the side of my head. “It’s time to step it up a notch. We’re blowing out of here and meeting a boat by the pier.”

The tropical heat only added to the fire in my belly, which could have melted snow on the highest mountain. Miami was so sexy...and, he was also so confident...and so easy to be with.

Damn, I really was making some dangerous decisions. I was leaving with a stranger, not really knowing where I was going, and telling no one about it. It was irresponsible and real risky. I knew it, but at the same time, I couldn’t refuse the erotic coaxing. Miami was what I needed. He was what I wanted, at least for tonight.

Forcing my lips to smile, I nodded.

“Good,” he said, stepping back and pointing to a colorful rickshaw. “We’re riding that to the pier. We can order a drink to go, if you’d like.”

“I don’t want to drink anymore if we’re going out on a boat,” I blurted, feeling a little like a kid again. “I think I need all the coordination I could get before I find my sea legs.” Plus, I needed to keep my wits about me. I was going out on a boat, in the middle of the night, with a sexy and dark stranger.

Hell, I was out of my mind. How dangerous was that? *Too stupid to live.*

But when I looked up into his eyes, I was lost—hypnotized.

“I told you not to worry. You’re with me and I would never make you do anything that makes you uncomfortable.” He slowly shook his head. “Trust me. Tonight will be the just what the doctor ordered for my dazzling lady.”

“You’re sure your friends won’t mind?”

“No way.” He pushed through the crowd toward the buggy. “They’ll be thrilled.”

“Okay,” I replied, wondering how I could want and need Miami and still desire my weekend with West. Only a few weeks earlier, I couldn’t imagine ever doing anything to risk my safe and orderly life—or my relationships, my career, my reputation—my morality. Now, I wanted nothing more than to spend the entire weekend acting upon every naughty, decadent and debauched fantasy I’d ever had.

Plus, I wanted to sample both men. Simple as that. The images and voices of two guys, which were physical opposites, but who both set fires inside me, swirled inside my head, making me dizzy. What I couldn’t understand or explain was the different type of flames they ignited.

“Don’t think, or you might change your mind,” Miami said, helping me up into the buggy’s seat and snuggling beside me.

He was right. I wasn’t going to think about it any longer.

As the lanky guy at the front of the rickshaw peddled around the block, the crowds thinned and the music changed. No more steel drums, no electric guitars. Just crickets singing from their branches and trumpeting the expectancy of an exciting adventure.

“I hope I won’t disappoint you.” I rested against Miami, drawing courage from the darkness.

“I don’t think that’s possible.”

“Thanks,” I whispered when he glanced my way, encouraged with the tiny kiss he placed on the tip of my nose.

The buggy meandered toward a row of lights and the salty sea air welcomed us. I stood and attempted to step down from the shaky cart.

Then I saw *him* standing at the top of the ramp.

West raised his arm and waved.

I lost my balance. My feet flew out from under me. And I stared at the night sky before everything went dark.

## *Chapter Four*

“Wake up, sweetheart,” West said, hovering over my face as I struggled to come to. “That’s it. Keep those gorgeous eyes on me.” He spoke to someone beside him, probably Miami, but I wasn’t sure. “Just a bump. Cancel the 911 call.”

“I’m fine,” I replied, taking hold of West’s forearm, and attempting, but failing, to pull myself up. “I feel like a fool,” I whispered, dropping back to the ground. “I wasn’t looking where I was going, and I think I tripped—again. Got the wind knocked out of me.”

“Again?”

“Yeah. The first time Miami stopped my fall with his chest.”

“Miami?”

“Yes. The man I drove up with.”

“That’s right. *Miami* brought you.” West cushioned my head with his hand, but didn’t let me up. “Rather creative.”

I shrugged, unable to tell him that I felt like I’d been caught with my hand in the forbidden cookie jar.

West grinned knowingly, cocking his head and seemingly waiting for a reply an elaboration I wasn’t willing to give.

A torrent of emotions flooded the perfectly sculpted lines of his face. His eyes darkened, pulling me in like a cyclone sucking up everything in its path. Trailing a hand over my body, he checked for injuries, and once he’d determined that nothing was broken, he inhaled loudly and shook his head.

“What am I going to do with you, Aly?” He leaned back on his heels and rested his elbows on his knees. “You want a wild and wanton weekend, uninhibited by any means. Unanimity is your first requirement, and a free pass to walk away in the end is your last.”

Excitement fluttered through me as he acknowledged my goals.

“But—”



“No buts,” I interrupted, propping myself on my elbows.

In truth, I was desperate for the experience. And trust me; I know how petty my desire for sexual exposure was compared to other real problems in the world. People were struggling to survive on a daily basis. Jobs were short, the environment was under constant attack, and all I could think about was the fact that I’d almost said yes to a man that I couldn’t imagine spending my life with just because it was expected of me. It might have been selfish, but I was entitled to some fun. I was entitled to know what I’d been missing: passion.

“And what is it that you feel and want?” West prompted.

“I have this weekend to escape the daily grind, and I plan on taking full advantage of it. More than anything, I want you with me. But, I plan on experiencing everything I can, and it’s up to you to decide if you want to be a part of my break out of sorts.” I took his big hand in both of my own and squeezed it tight. “That is what I want. A fantasy weekend with no strings attached. And honestly, I want you to be a part of it. I need you.”

I held my breath, because as I spoke, I realized that I’d just confessed that I wanted West to be my lover. That, however, did not mean that I wanted him to be the only lover. I wanted Miami, too.

“Shit, that fall did me in.” I must have muttered aloud, for West lifted my head onto his lap and ruffled his fingers through my hair.

“No cuts or bumps, sweetheart.” He smiled and tugged gently on my elbow. “Let’s go. We need to get inside and get you something to drink before we set sail. I want to be sure you can keep it down while we’re on the water.”

“No more Piña Colada?” I bumbled like a fool.

He hesitated, but helped me up and tilted his head in agreement. “No. No more alcohol for you.”

I smiled up at him and was rewarded with a branding kiss. He was so much more than physically attractive, but I hadn’t quite figured out how. Damn, I knew the guy for less than half a day. In truth, I didn’t know him at all. But, it didn’t matter. I was more than a little drawn to him. It was weird, but it felt like he was part of me. A part I couldn’t do without.

“Ready for the most amazing ride of your life?” A grinning Miami stood on the top step, minus his sandals, and with his dark hair messed from our ride.

“So, you want experience and you want it now?” West cupped my cheek and turned my face back to his heated gaze, starting a fire deep within me. “I’m assuming you want Miami to be part of your *break out*.”

I worried that West would walk away, and that was the last thing I wanted, but I nodded.

“On one condition,” he said, closing the distance between our faces. “And so far, you’re doing good. Too good. You must be one hundred percent honest with what you desire. You must tell me what you want, where you want it, and how.”

West was freaking unbelievable. I could really fall for him, over and over.

I rose on my toes, desperately wanting to be closer to him, desperately wanting more than his approval. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I brushed my lips against his and sighed as the warmth of his breath caressed my cheeks.

“I want you to kiss me, long, deep, hard, and hot,” I breathed between nips on his upper and lower lips. “Right here. Right now.”

Sealing his mouth over my lips, he swept his tongue over mine, mimicking what I’d knew we’d be doing well into our weekend. In, out. Side to side. Long, leisurely sweeps, then quick little nips. He teased me with his taste till my shorts were damp and my knees went weak. As his mouth moved over the heated pulsing on the side of my throat, I moaned and leaned into him.

“Nice start.” Gazing into his eyes, I scratched my bottom lip and breathed out with contentment. “You’re a nice guide.”

“I take my lady’s needs very seriously, sweetheart.”

“Then I’m glad you’re my guide.” My heart fluttered, full of anticipation and gratitude. I was the luckiest woman on earth. The man of my dreams stood beside me and was confident enough in himself to allow me to explore my desires.

“Hey, baby,” Miami called louder than before. “Hurry up. I’ve turned on the air below and you can relax inside if you’d like.”

“Remember the one condition.” West paused and raised my chin with his finger to meet his gaze again. “One hundred percent honesty.”

“I want more,” I whispered, inching closer to him.

“I know, sweetheart. You’d make a horrible poker player.” He kissed the top of my head and swatted my rear. “Let your weekend begin.”

## *Chapter Five*

“Hello, beautiful. You’ve decided to join the party.” Miami took my hand and raised it to his mouth, leisurely parting his lips and tracing a path on the inside of my wrist with slow, erotic licks, sending tingles throughout every cell in my body.

Inhaling the salty sea air, I savored the heady buzz building within me and refused to stop feeling. My fingers closed around Miami’s hand and I stroked the side of his palm, amazed with the competence and strength it portrayed.

“I don’t mind staying on deck and enjoying the stars.” The large boat could easily accompany twenty-five to thirty guests, but it was empty other than for us.

“That’ll do. But, I want you to see the cabin and get your bearings as we set sail.”

I followed Miami below deck, marveling at the sculpted wood and attention to every detail. The boat had everything a person could want. I could easily live in accommodations as luxurious as these.

The room was decorated in rich hues of blue and brown, accented with bronzy-gold fixtures and plush furnishings. Gravitating toward the low mahogany table, surrounded by large aqua and gold trimmed pillows, I couldn’t help but notice a shirtless barista/captain placing four tall glasses and a platter of fruit on the table filled with other treats.

Then, to my surprise, he drew me into his arms, his skin as smooth and enticing as the finest Belgium chocolate, and placed a kiss on the side of my neck.

“Princess, I’ve been bursting at the seams and counting the minutes for your arrival,” the sexiest captain on this side of the Atlantic said. The man was chocolate personified. His essence deep and seductive, his voice as rich as the darkest coffee. But despite his mysterious looks, he smelled of creamy coconut, making me want to savor him like fine Caribbean rum.

“Thank you for the welcome,” I breathed, staring at the latest man to join us, and marveling at the sculpted muscles of his broad shoulders and naked caramel-colored back. “It’s very cozy in here.”

Actually, it was blazing hot in the cabin, and I was so grateful to the captain for offering a chilled drink at my lips and urging me to sip.

Cold, refreshing water quenched my thirst and revived my dazed senses.

The captain strolled around me, letting his gaze follow the lines of my body and examining my reaction to his presence. The man radiated pure sex and rapture. And, he didn't bother to hide the fact that he was in this for the physical pleasure. No strings, no warm and fuzzy contrite statements.

He came up behind me, his obvious arousal pressing against my ass. "We can use your suit as a beacon if we're lost at sea."

His hands touched my shoulders and played with the flapping material where the strap had gone missing.

Beneath his lingering fingers, my skin simmered, sending fire to every part of my body. My clit pulsed and moisture drenched my shorts. Heat rose to my cheeks and it became difficult to breathe.

At first, I was embarrassed by my body's reaction, but when West came close and brushed his lips over the side of my temple, it was as if he was giving me permission to revel in the sensations exploding inside of me. There was no logical reason why I would need his permission; however, having his consent released me from the rules and restrictions I'd lived my life by. Weird, but very welcomed.

"We have the night to make all of *Aly*'s dreams come true," he said in a very authoritative manner to the other two men. "When the sun rises, she'll choose what she wants to do with the rest of her weekend." That statement and the warning look in his eyes was something I hadn't expected, so the shiver traveling down my spine was very apropos. "Are you up to the challenge?"

"I'm up," our captain replied without hesitation, stepping to my side and sliding his long shaft against my hip. "Any moment with this treat of sweet cream is a challenge that I willingly accept." His fingers trailed down my collarbone, inside my tattered shirt, and played with the string of my top. "Just say when, and I'm ready to please." Stroking the sides of my breast with the thumb of his other hand, he beckoned my aching nipples to seek out his fingers.

But I didn't have the courage. The captain's blatant invitation walked a fine line between excitement and fear; I was terrified that I'd fail. Terrified that I wouldn't be good enough at

pleasing them. Terrified that not only wouldn't I know what to do for the men, but terrified that my body wouldn't know what to do for me.

"Princess, don't think so hard. All good things in time." His thumb brushed my nipple and excitement zinged to the swollen flesh between my legs.

"When?" I breathed, closing my eyes and resting against the captain's chest as he played with my breasts.

"Now," Miami groaned and I heard him come closer to me. Firm, sure hands cupped my face. I opened my eyes to find my trusty drinking buddy only inches from me. "Don't worry one bit. I'll take care of everything. That is, if you want me to, baby?"

Barely able to draw air into my lungs, I nodded, meeting Miami's dazzling gaze and not daring to close my eyes again as his mouth descended upon my lips.

"Relax," Miami said, his voice so certain, his touch so encouraging. "I won't let you down. Promise."

I believed him, and as he sealed his mouth over mine, I arched toward him, pressing against his warmth and losing myself in his embrace. His tongue swept across my lips; slowly, patiently coaxing them to part and accept his promises of ecstasy.

Warmth and pleasure shot through me as he entered my mouth, sweetly and gently enticing my cooperation. I wasn't sure when the captain moved away, but all I knew was that it was Miami who held me, his arms encircling my body and stoking the flames of desire. Nothing but the two of us existed as he devoured my senses, and turned a gentle kiss into an erotic dance of passion.

"Miami?" My voice trembled.

"Yes, darling?"

"I really like your kisses," I breathed against his mouth, tangling my fingers in the dark hair at his nape and sinking against him.

"Good," he replied, claiming my mouth and continuing his leisurely seduction.

I knew it was silly and amateur, but the butterflies in my belly tickled my center and created a buoyant confidence within my core. My hands moved down his muscular back and played with the fringe of the material at his waist, before finding the assurance to sneak their way beneath his shirt and up to his shoulders. I hinged my hands over his sculpted skin, digging my fingers into it as his mouth traced the lines of my jaw and trailed kissed down the side of my

throat. He stopped and circled the sensitive spot where my pulse relayed my eagerness to proceed with moist and sensual encouragement.

“This is your night and everything is for your pleasure, but I selfishly request a little indulgence for myself.” Miami cupped my ass, settling his erection between my legs and allowing for no space between our bodies. “My dream,” he whispered against my ear, “is to feast on every inch of your enticing body. But first, we need to lose your clothes, babe.”

The captain returned, slipping his hands beneath my shirt and guiding it over my body, his hands making complete contact and sizzling their way up. As I lifted my arms to comply, my wrists were trapped by strong fingers and I turned to find West towering over me.

“If at any time you aren’t getting what you want, or you don’t feel comfortable, say ‘escape’ and we’ll stop.” West paused and waited for me to agree. Once I’d nodded, he reached behind my back and pulled at the strings to my top. My breasts sprang free and West caught the bikini in mid-air with his other hand. With a low guttural groan, he tied my arms above my head with the pink straps.

My heavy breasts bounced with their newfound liberty as he yanked to secure his knot, and I realized that with his words and actions, I felt relieved of the restrictions of my past. I was in his hands, their hands, and there was nowhere I’d rather be than there.

I remained still, bound and exposed, but with my skin on fire.

Moisture pooled and my clit throbbed with need as Miami dropped to his knees, running his palms down my hips, the sides of my thighs and over my calves. He lowered my shorts and bathing suit bottoms in the process. Returning up the same path, he changed direction and detoured to the insides of my thighs, nudging me open and allowing him access.

“You’re steaming hot,” he breathed, nearing the apex of my legs. “And you’re dripping wet,” he added, outlining the center of my swollen folds with his finger.

I tried to lower my arms and steady myself on his shoulders as he explored, but West pulled on the material of the ties and shook his head.

“This is your first and only warning,” West reprimanded. “Your wrists are bound because you are not allowed to touch till we say so.”

“If you attempt to go against our wishes, you will be punished,” the captain said.

“And it will be my pleasure to take care of this lovely ass of yours,” Miami added, smacking my butt before soothing the imposed sting with a leisurely caress between the sensitive flesh. “As a matter of fact, I will take care of this wonderful ass and you’ll thank me for it.”

*Wow. That was my sweet and comfortable Miami?*

A swift, second sting arrived on my ass as Miami demanded a response. “What was that, babe?”

“Uhm,” I breathed, licking my lips and wondering what he was asking.

“Did I hear you say you’ll thank me for it?”

I swallowed the excitement bubbling in my throat from his authoritative tone. Damn, I liked it. My nipples showed their appreciation, and my wet pussy wasn’t protesting.

“Yes,” I replied.

Miami shook his head. *Smack.*

“Yes what?”

What the hell was he talking about? What did he want me to say?

“Yes, sir?” he suggested.

My pussy creamed and I squeezed my thighs together, wondering if they could smell my excitement. “Yes, sir,” I replied with effort. “I will thank you for taking care of my ass.”

My clit throbbed from the attention it wasn’t receiving while Miami massaged my ass and played with the entrance to my tight virgin hole. I’d never been penetrated there, and as much as the thought frightened me, it excited me.

West, seemingly aware of my need, approached from the right and sprawled his large palm over my naked tummy. He kissed up the side of my neck, paying extra attention to the erotic point behind my ear, and then suckled the soft skin of my earlobe into his mouth.

I tilted my abdomen toward his hand, and his fingers glided down through my barely-there curls. He reached my swollen folds and slid a thick finger between them, spreading my moisture on the sensitive skin. The sensations of pure bliss intensified as the base of his palm ground against my clit and his finger filled me.

“Ohhh,” I sighed, dropping my head onto his shoulder and widening my stance, encouraging his heavenly manipulations. “I thought you had forgotten my pussy.”

“Not likely, sweetheart. Your scent is driving me insane and you cannot imagine the control it is taking me not to fuck you immediately. However, this is your weekend, your fantasy,

so we need to prepare your tight cunny for our cocks. When we take you, when I take you, you'll have no doubt as to my attentiveness to your pretty pink pussy," West assured, inserting a second finger and massaging my passage in the most rewarding way.

Electricity from my pulsing clit shot to every part of my body, robbing my legs of their ability to hold my weight. West pressed against me, finger fucking me deep and hard enough to keep me upright.

Much bigger than me, West easily held me up while he plunged in and out of my channel. His palm continued rubbing my mound, and as my muscles stretched and constricted around his fingers, he smoothed my moisture between my folds and over my clit in persuasive sweeps towards my quickly approaching climax.

Miami stole my breath with a kiss before I shut my eyes and lost all self-control in the harmony they created. Warm hands found my breasts and Miami's silky hair swept across my chest as he lowered his head and took my nipples into his mouth. My breasts were large enough for him to cup together so he could suckle both peaks simultaneously. His tongue swept from one beaded nipple to the next, and with a tiny nibble on the right one, I came undone. Sparks flying behind my eyelids, my orgasm hit like a train at high speed, and I was suspended in an electric storm of pleasure between two men.

West pumped in and out of me quicker.

Miami sucked me harder.

I remained upright, my hands bound above my head, quivering with the need for a second release, naked and exposed with three men around me.



## *Chapter Six*

Three men? I opened my eyes.

The captain strode through the erotic haze, free of his jeans, naked and glorious, with his hand encircling the base of his handsome shaft, but not nearly reaching his gleaming head. He stroked himself as he walked, grinning and biting his lower lip as I moaned in expectation.

West hooked his finger in my pussy, reaching a special spot inside and sending more sparks of excitement shooting from my abdomen while taking all my weight as Miami released my nipples and stood. He fondled my breasts before moving away to drop his pants.

“How are you doing so far?” Captain Sex asked, grasping my hips and nodding his head so that West could remove his hand.

“Nice,” I said, catching my breath.

“Just nice?” His smirk didn’t give me enough warning. His fingers dug into my hips, strong and fierce, but pain free. He lifted me off my feet. I looped my arms around his neck, attempting to steady myself, but he didn’t give me a chance to adjust. He lowered me onto his cock and filled me instantly, rapture spearing through me like a bolt.

I couldn’t help it. I arched my back and lowered my forehead to his shoulder, grinding my swollen clit against his hardness like a mad woman. The pressure built again and I moaned my appreciation as my second orgasm spiraled me into darkness. His arms held my trembling body, his breath feathered the crook of my neck, and he patiently nipped at my shoulder, waiting for me to come back to the light and for my body to settle.

“Still nice?” Captain Sex asked as the ringing in my ears abated.

Struggling with my sated and lazy body, I raised my head and looked into his caramel-colored eyes. “Yeah, very nice,” I whispered.

He laughed and pushed his unrelieved cock deeper. With one hand under my ass, supporting my weight, he slid the other between us and against my soaked pussy. His thumb against my burning center, he softly circled my clit till my breath grew ragged again.

“It’s about to get better,” he informed me, his cock moving in and out as he strolled across the cabin to the bed. The man had talent beyond belief—or maybe it was his size that allowed him to keep fucking me while he walked. Either way, I wasn’t complaining.

Standing beside the bed, West tugged off his t-shirt and unbuttoned his pants. Lowering his zipper, he slipped his hand inside the white cotton of his boxers and freed his cock. Pre-cum sparkled on the slit of his glorious head, and I licked my lips, imagining his salty taste shooting in my mouth.

The captain turned, still holding me and sat on the edge of the bed. My knees touched the mattress and gave me leverage to move up and down his shaft at will. His magical thumb continued its assault on my clit, and the wanton eagerness to taste West built to an uncontrollable need.

“Please,” I begged, offering him my hands. “Release me.”

“There will be consequences to pay,” he reminded.

“I’ll pay, I swear, I’ll pay.”

The captain chuckled and reclined back. West undid the knot and I instantly reached for his balls, gathering them in my palms. I squeezed his sack and bent to take him into my mouth. Closing my lips around his head, I ran my tongue over his slit and tasted his delicious pre-cum. I had to have more, had to have him shoot in my mouth.

Swirling my tongue around the ridge of his head, I worked my way down his shaft, then sucked on his tight balls. My fingers followed my tongue, coaxing groans of pleasure and encouraging his release.

The captain pulled out, and I protested his absence by grinding myself against his cock.

“Patience,” he grunted, thrusting between my folds, his cock hot and heavy.

“Lean forward and lift your ass,” Miami demanded, smacking the tender flesh damp with my own juices. “Now,” he said, repeating the blow then spreading my moisture over the sting. Miami inserted two fingers inside my channel, pumping me while the captain’s cock stroked my clit and West’s shaft pushed down my throat.

I was going to explode, but these men had stamina beyond my imagination. The smell of sex filled the room. The grunts, groans and moans overpowered the onboard stereo.

The captain suckled my bouncing breasts, pulling on my nipples and biting just hard enough for my pussy to cream on Miami’s fingers.

“Thank you, mate,” Miami said, moving out and back toward my ass. His finger smoothed my cream against my soft nether hole, massaging it and preparing it for invasion.

I sucked harder on West’s cock, taking him deeper, tasting each drop he released for the finale.

A sting of pleasure rippled through me as a mouth closed on my neck and sucked. I knew I’d have a hickey from hell, but the sensation was so freaking amazing, I didn’t want the sucking to stop. The lips moved a little further, and a new, familiar scent mingled with my men’s sex. I liked it. No, I loved it.

Miami slid his cock along my pussy, pushing his finger in my ass, telling me to relax. “Raise your ass high and push out against me. The captain will reach your pussy when I’m buried inside.”

The thought thrilled me. I raised my hips, lapped at West’s cock, and shivered from the stretch as Miami slowly pushed through the ring of tight muscle.

Breathing deeply through my nose, I sucked harder on West’s length, concentrating on his taste and Miami’s soothing encouragements rather than the growing discomfort of Miami inching his way in my tight ass. Then West’s hands cupped my breasts, pinching the nipples and giving them to the captain for alternating suckles.

The conflicting sensations of pain and pleasure nearly sent me over the edge. I moaned and whimpered and keened around the cock in my mouth as Miami seated himself to the hilt, then slowly lowered us onto the captain’s waiting erection.

I was so full, overflowing with cocks, that I wasn’t sure my body could handle it any longer. Then the men moved in unison, going slowly at first, then building a steady rhythm that became more erratic as the pleasure mounted. The sounds of smacking skin, moans and grunts filled the air as the captain pumped my pussy, Miami pummeled my ass, and West thrust deep in and out of my mouth.

Suddenly, phantom lips closed on my throat and sucked again, and I shivered with the impending climax. I barely held on, not wanting to come again until my men had, but the erotic sensation of sucking, licking and nibbling on my neck was going to be my undoing.

“Come for me. Now.”

*Mark!* It was my Prince Charming’s voice, and my body erupted on his command. Waves of ecstasy consumed me—never-ending. I nearly crumbled as multiple orgasms rolled over my

body and molten pleasure consumed my very being. So caught up in the sheer rapture, I barely acknowledge West surging forth and shooting his warmth into the back of my throat, or the captain bellowing his release as he thrust hard and filled my pussy to near overflowing, or Miami coating my ass with his hot seed.

I fell back into Mark's arms, his palm over my pounding heart and his tongue soothing the burning on my neck.

*What is he doing here?*

\* \* \* \*

"That was good, Addison," Mark said, running his hand down my moist chest and burying it against my pussy. "You did amazing."

"She's a fantastic fuck," the captain said. "She milked me for every drop."

"Her mouth is heaven," West reported. "She sucked me in and held me down like no other."

"Buddy, if I'd known she was a virgin, I would've have stolen that ass of hers from you a long time ago." Miami came over and brushed his lips over my mouth. "You are so freaking adorable, babe."

"You...you...know..." I tried pushing Mark's hand away, but he sank his middle finger into my pussy and rubbed his thumb over my clit.

"Addison, meet Mateo, my best man." A second finger joined the first as he spoke.

Once again, Miami kissed my mouth, dropping his hand to my breast and rolling my nipple. "Babe, next time, I'm going for that sweet pussy of yours. Your scent has me famished for a taste."

"Addison, meet Philip, one of my best friends and groomsmen."

West tilted his head and grinned. "All I can say is that I regret not finding you first and keeping you for myself, Addi. You're so fucking beautiful."

"And last, but not least, our host for the evening and my freshman roommate and current groomsman, Jason." Mark's pinky entered my ass, rippling pleasure through my core as he moved his hand.

"A pleasure, milady."

I leaned against Mark, unable to speak; not only from the revelations of the evening, but from the finger fuck he was determined to deliver.

Mark, the man I loved, the man I was too terrified to commit to because I was unwilling to confide in him, knew what I'd wanted. He'd arranged for my needs to be met, and he was happy for me.

"Now, honey, come for me so the boys can see your pleasure."

Mark pumped harder, varying his fingers, and finding the familiar tempo I adored. His other hand splayed on my breast, pinching and pulling so that the excitement pulsed through me like his fingers did. His whole body moved, rocking me off my axis. Once again, the pressure built. I squeezed my legs and pushed against his hand.

"More," I breathed.

Miami lowered his head and suckled one nipple. West the other. They each stroked their cocks, pulling and squeezing as moans escaped my lips.

Mark placed me on all fours, and like acrobats, they all shifted with me. Miami and West below me, still sucking and playing with my breasts. And Mark, on his knees behind me, slipping his cock against my wetness, paying homage to the hunger he'd ignited in my pussy.

The captain stood at the foot of the bed, his cock at attention. He motioned for me to take him in my mouth and taste the mixture of my cream and his seed.

"Those marks on your neck are mine," Mark growled, covering my body with his, and moving the hair off my neck, he smoothed his tongue over the spots. "Nobody marks you but me."

I exhaled long and sweet, loving the feel of Mark's possessiveness of me.

Then in one swift thrust, Mark buried himself inside me, filling my channel and taking me like a man obsessed. He pumped his cock so hard and fast, his balls slamming my clit while his fingers worked my ass, and my orgasm hit seconds later. Stars exploded, heat burst, and another series of climaxes had me overwhelmed from the pleasure that was too much for my body to take. I lay helplessly as Mark continued to draw more orgasms from my body.

I collapsed on the mattress, unable to see to the men's needs. However, it seemed the other guys didn't miss my lack of attention. The men's hands roamed over my sensitized skin while they stroked their erections, fueling the pleasure pain that had left me limp.

Amazed with the night's events, I marveled at their handsome beauty and my good fortune to have them all. I floated in the erotic bliss and was about to fall into the darkness when Mark moved off of me and positioned his hands beneath me.

“Suck Jason, honey. He’s waiting so patiently for you.” Mark pulled me back to all fours and pushed my head down on the captain’s cock.

I was tired, exhausted, pleasure drunk, but the fact that the men still wanted me made my heart race. I wanted them, and I’d get as much of them as I could, while I could.

The captain’s pre-cum quickly reenergized me, and when Miami had me straddle him as I sucked the captain, I found the energy to lean forward and let West take me from behind as Mark jacked off, watching my breasts smack his best man in the face as I fucked my fiancés’ best friends.

## *Chapter Seven*

I woke in the morning, aching in places I hadn't known existed. Mark's arm held me in still, his palm on my tummy, his fingers making tiny circles around my belly button.

"Morning, my love," he said, looking at me with concern. "How are you feeling?"

"Good morning," I replied, stretching my arms and kicking my feet from under the covers. Mark was the most handsome man to wake up to. Sleeping in his birthday suit, his taut body was always a treat to look at. Smiling bright, he started the day with pleasure. His dark eyes gleamed, and his hair was never an issue since he'd practically had it all cut off.

"Are you alright?" He touched the bruised skin on my neck and sighed. "I'm sorry if I hurt you."

"You did no such thing. I loved the way you made me feel, I loved the way you cared to do it." I knew it was nuts, but I was proud to have been branded by my man. The rest was still a bit hazy, and I rubbed my forehead trying to piece it all together.

"You arranged the rendezvous with your friends?" I asked.

"Of course."

"Why?" I turned into his embrace and placed my hand over his heart.

"Because I love you. Because you wanted to experience new and different things." His fingers laced through my hair, and he gently played with the long strands.

"Thank you."

"My pleasure," he replied, tracing my face and lovingly cupping my chin as he brushed his mouth over mine. I refused to let him go and ran my tongue over his lips, urging him to allow me entrance. He obliged and deepened the kiss, hugging me close and making my heart flutter with the emotion in his actions.

Then he tucked me beside him, and a pensive silence filled the room. We lay on the bed, legs intertwined, and I waited for him to speak. It seemed like time stopped, because my heart

hurt at the thought that he no longer wanted me, that he may be regretting the endless erotic night.

“There is one thing, though.” He tilted my face and looked into my eyes. “I cannot imagine sharing your heart with anyone else. I want all of your love only for me. That is something I cannot do without.”

A tear slid down my cheek and he wiped it with his thumb.

“Only you know if that is the case, my love. Only you know if you can give me your heart forever.”

My heart, he wanted my heart! He’d had that from the first time we’d kissed. With Mark, it was so much more than physical. It was a surreal compilation of everything physical, emotional, and spiritual that entailed my whole being.

“Mark, my heart is yours. I love you, and only you.”

It was his turn to exhale. Relief poured off his body and covered me.

“I love you, Addison London. I love you so fucking much.”

“So, will you marry me, Mark? Will you make me your wife?”

He kissed me, hard and long. It wasn’t soft, it didn’t linger. He kissed, possessed and claimed my heart.

“Do you want groomsmen?” Mark asked.

“Absolutely,” I replied, straddling his body and making love to the other half of my heart.



## *About the Author*

Demi Alex is a hopeless romantic who sits at her neighborhood café and fabricates stories of magical interludes between her fellow java worshipers. Writing since elementary school, she's been published since junior high, but her stories have taken on a much spicier and more mature tone in the past years.

Needing to taste the flavors life has to offer, Demi attended college in New York. Long before graduating, she developed a passion for 'people watching'. Lunchtimes on St. Patrick's steps and afternoons in the Village led to mornings and nights at the computer, typing away like mad to put on paper the stories that played in her head about the colorful people she'd seen and placed into hypothetical relationship in the depths of her mind.

Traveling as often as work would allow her, Demi has since added to the topographies in her writing and does personal research of all her settings in order to make her stories speak to her readers. Her characters can be found in any town or city, but their attitude is what sets them apart. They let loose and experience what is thrown at them!

"What would life be, if we didn't take a few risks along the way and place our hearts on the line? Boring! So come on—let loose."

Demi invites all readers to send her scenarios on a 'what if' they had made a different choice and decision at a certain time. "If you write to me about that specific choice, and I can give you an alternate ending, I'll name the character in the story according to your wish."

If you dare, take a chance and email her: [readdemialex@yahoo.com](mailto:readdemialex@yahoo.com). You can also find her on Facebook and MySpace.

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***Belonging to Them* by Brynn Paulin**

On the run from her past, Rayna Halliday is devastated when her old car breaks down in the middle of nowhere. She soon finds that her ex has managed to block her credit cards, her accounts and even her cell phones in an attempt to exert his control over her. Giving in to him is something she refuses to do.

When the owners of O'Keefe's Gas and Repair come to her rescue, they make her an offer that tantalizes the forbidden desires within her—she can find a way to pay for the car repairs, or she can belong to them for two weeks and they'll see to her repairs for free. At the sexual mercy of four gorgeous men for two weeks... Why not? She can have fun and get things straightened out, all at once. But there are two problems heading her way: an ex on a rampage and her heart that's in for more than just fun.

***FU* by Mia Watts**

When a screw-up by the Fullerton University Housing Office leaves Parker Galloway shackled up with four sexy men, Parker thinks four just might be her lucky number...as long as she can get Kei Yamamoto to join in the fun.

But will taking advantage of FU's mistake end up getting all five roomies kicked off campus, or will it be the closest thing to heaven Parker has ever experienced?

***Just Right* by Bronwyn Green**

When Department of Natural Resources officer, Gwendolyn Locke, hits a black bear on the way home from work one night, her entire view of reality changes. She discovers that shape-shifters exist, and she's just become Goldilocks to three gorgeous, very aroused men who also happen to be werebears. Being snowbound has never been so hot.

***Oriana and the Three Werebears* by Tia Fanning**

Oriana Ricci has taken over the family business—flying cargo and rich tourists around Alaska's barely inhabited Kodiak Archipelago. When her plane malfunctions and she's forced to make an

emergency landing, she finds herself stranded in the middle of a National Wildlife Refuge. With no civilization for miles and no hope of rescue, she thinks all is lost...

Until she stumbles upon the entrance to an underground bunker.

Jack, Jordan, and Jonathan McMathan own and operate a secret intelligence firm contracted by the US Government. Hidden away in an old Cold War spy station located the middle of the Kodiak National Wildlife Refuge, the brothers are not only able to do their top secret jobs safely without fear of discovery, but are better to protect their other, more personal secret: They have the ability to shift into Kodiak bears.

Like a fairy tale gone bad, the brothers return home to find their lunch tasted—or eaten, their computer chairs adjusted—or broken, and a beautiful blonde sleeping in one of their beds. This situation poses a big problem for the brothers...

Their location is now compromised. But more importantly, what are they to do with the lady?

### ***The Elves and I* by Catrina Calloway**

Marni Sands is spoiled, pampered, and has never done a day's work in her life. Arrested for speeding through a small town traffic circle, Marni's defiant attitude makes the judge think long and hard about her punishment. He assigns her 'community service' in Christmas Town, where she's to (*horror of all horrors!*) work with the elves that live there and help them create toys for some very needy children.

Meet Kip, Noel and Eldan, the three hot and hunky elves assigned to keep Marni in line. She needs a firm hand—on a very luscious part of her beautiful anatomy. It is hard to discipline such a gorgeous human, particularly when she divulges a painful secret—the mystery that has kept her miserable for most of her life.

If tough-love won't work, the elves have only one solution: to turn Marni into a caring elf, capable of holiday cheer, they must make love to her as often as possible. Only then will they be able to convince her that good can triumph over evil and love really does conquer all.

### ***Chance Encounters* by Mia Jae**

Seven short erotic stories to whet your appetite, packaged in one collection. Whether the couples meet on a glance, make a split second decision or take a chance to be together, the encounters change their lives, for a minute, or for a lifetime.

You'll find a plumber who gets into more than a little hot water, a housewife tangled up in a cyber relationship, a cowboy trio attempting to brand a bartender for their very own, and a woman experimenting with a same-sex relationship. Then, there is naughty Rose, who dances

naked in front of her bedroom window, a chance sexual encounter in a taxi that turns the tables, and a woman who finds herself doing exactly what she thinks she shouldn't...and liking it.

## ***Additional Demi Alex Titles from Resplendence Publishing***

### ***Cuff Me Lacy***

Three months is way too long to wait for some simple, low-down, straight forward sex. It's not like Officer Chrissie Hansen is asking for prince charming to offer her the love of a lifetime. All she wants is a good orgasm that she doesn't have to work for alone.

At least with "The Bull" she knows what to expect. But when Patrick MacKlick returns to her life and tempts her with new options, she discovers that lace can imprison a heart better than handcuffs can.

### ***Unwrap Me, I'm Yours***

Hope Verdeti lies to her mother about having a phenomenal fiancé who surprises her on a trip to Vegas. Now, her family expects him to come home with her for the holidays. She needs a man that fits the bill—and fast!

After seven interviews with hired applicants in three days, she finds her solution in the neighborhood coffee shop. Sexy and irresistible Jon Edwards volunteers for the task, having an agenda of his own.

With their holiday agreement set, Jon turns up the heat and gives Hope the present of her life...himself.

### ***Ribbons Not Included***

Just when I thought I had it all together, just when I thought my life was perfect, Christian comes out and accuses me of only wanting him as a stud horse!

Not true. I love him. I do.

It's Christmas, and I'm searching for the perfect present to convince him that he's my number one priority. I'm trying everything to spice up our love life—from sexy lingerie, to new positions, to different locations. But then he pushes me too far. I'm not sure I can do it.

Giving it all I have, I shiver with the thrill of being exposed. Really exposed. What if someone sees me naked at the very moment I can only see shooting stars? Will they think I'm a total slut? Or will they get turned on and join in?

My mind says no, but my body can't refuse.

### ***A Night in the Life of Cinderella***

We all know how important finding the right shoes can be to a woman's soul. We all know how Prince Charming fit the glass slipper on Cinderella's foot and they lived happily ever after. But have you wondered what happened once they were alone? And more importantly, is the fairytale ending available for today's lovers?

In line for a four dollar pick-me-up at a New York City café, Cindy, an aspiring shoe designer, meets her Latte Romeo and the drudgery of daily responsibilities evaporate from her world for an hour. When their time together comes to an abrupt end, she flees, not knowing his true name, and without giving him a way to contact her.

But if they are meant to be, he will find her. Won't he?

### ***Knight in Shining Armour***

An uncharacteristic storm catapults Effie Genes to the night medieval Rhodes fell into the Ottoman hands. Pulled onto Lord Kevin's stallion, the modern-day Effie experiences the war and degrading occupation of her birthplace, as passion and danger dictate the fate of lovers born five hundred years apart.

Lord Kevin risks his life to keep Effie out of a Sultanzada's bed and claim her as his own. But once he has her in his arms, will he need to release her in order to save her?

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