

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

BEAUTIFUL
Storm

KYANN WATERS

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

Beautiful Storm

KyAnn Waters

Adrian Beck lost everything, including his passion for designing beautiful buildings, after 9/11. Self-imposed exile on Long Caye Island gives him the sanctuary he needs to live a simple, uncomplicated life.

Isabelle Cemet, of Cemet Hotels, is ready to rebuild after Katrina. She wants the best to design her new project on the coast in Biloxi, Mississippi. She wants Adrian.

Can an erotic late-night encounter on a secluded beach help a lonely architect rediscover his lost passion?

Ellora's Cave Publishing



www.ellorascave.com

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ISBN 9781419932014

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Edited by Shannon Combs

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication February 2011

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BEAUTIFUL STORM

KyAnn Waters

Chapter One

Adrian Beck sat on the pristine beach, tunneling his toes into the warm, white sand. The full moon, dripping low in the night sky, pulled the tide in and called him to the sea. Here, in the fragrant, tropical breezes of Long Caye, the stress of the city couldn't find him. Self-imposed exile suited him well. Post 9/11 New York couldn't compete with Belize Island. Perhaps nothing ever would. There was the crux of his problems. Once he'd lost his firm—lost everything, including those most important to him—he hadn't felt the same zeal for life. He didn't see the beauty in buildings anymore. He didn't want to.

The prodigy Adrian Beck, a winner of the American Architecture Award, was burned out. He'd closed his firm, what was left of it after the Trade Towers came down. He hadn't wanted to rebuild, not after losing so much.

Closing his eyes, he let the balmy night air surround him. His open shirt billowed in the gentle wind. The crash and roll of the waves lulled him to a place where he embraced solitude.

Last week he'd received a phone call. Isa Clemet, developer of luxury hotel resorts wanted a meeting. No amount of negotiations would get him back, but that didn't seem to stop the tenacious billionaire from insisting on a face-to-face meeting. He chuckled. Post 9/11 merges with post Katrina. Not funny, but he couldn't help seeing the humor. Clemet Hotels wanted to build on the coast in Biloxi, Mississippi. Ms. Clemet wanted the best—she wanted Adrian.

Too bad. Adrian had no intention of giving up his private piece of paradise.

Moonlight shimmered off the cresting waves. Tropical breeze coming off the sea cooled his skin. The salty tang on his lips did make him long for a woman to hold, to

kiss, to spread her smooth legs and slide his restless cock into her hot, welcoming sheath.

Adrian cursed. How long had it been since he'd had someone special in his life? Three maybe four years. Since before he came to Belize Island to escape the real world.

Gulls rustled in the leaves of the tropical foliage. The spongy sand popped and whispered to him – taunted him. Adrian had always compared the ocean to a woman. Sometimes she could be as fierce as a tropical storm, unpredictable and dangerous and other times calm and wet, like sailing on glassy seas on a cloudless day.

Adrian leaned forward and rested his arms on his bent knees. Movement on the water caught his eye. Silver shimmer stretched into the horizon. He squinted. A swimmer. Long limbs broke the surface. And if he wasn't mistaken, a woman swam closer.

A frothy wave caught her and brought her to shore. She stood, a nude goddess born of the sea. He drew a ragged breath as she emerged from the receding tide, water sluicing over her arousing form. Her hips swayed as she walked. Sex in motion. He licked salt from his lips as she approached. Sand clung to her bare feet. Spotting him sitting on the beach, she paused and stared at him. Full, luscious lips tilted into a soft smile. Not a joyous grin, but a sinful smirk that hinted at mischief. Finally, she stood before him.

Damn, his imagination couldn't conjure a more perfect woman. He followed a bead of moisture down her face. Sculpted eyebrows arched over wide, almond-shaped eyes. Her skin, glistening in moonlight, was bronzed by the sun. Full breasts, toned belly, trim thighs and her Brazilian-waxed pussy was smooth and luscious. Raking her fingers through her hair, she combed her long, wet tresses away from her face. Wet lashes lowered, then she looked at him again with her mysterious eyes the color of chocolate. He wanted her gaze on his body, his torso, legs and his cock, wanted it more than the decadent stare into his eyes.

He shifted to stand, but his sea goddess dropped to her knees in the sand beside him. Water trickled along the column of her long neck and over the swell of her high, firm breasts. In the night air, her nipples beaded to hard points. His mouth watered for want of a taste.

"Hello," she said, a bit breathless. She shivered.

Adrian scrambled to his knees, tore the shirt from his body and wrapped it around her trembling shoulders. At first touch of her ocean-chilled flesh, he was lost to the moment. His heart pounded against his ribs. Desire coiled tight in his gut. Pressure swelled in his shorts. His cock throbbed, stretching, engorged with blood and his balls tingled. The clean scent of ocean blended with the subtle scent that belonged to this witch of the sea. He glanced to the crashing waves. "How was your swim?"

She smiled and leaned into him. "Invigorating." She glanced up and down the deserted stretch of private beach.

He didn't know the woman, had never seen her before, but the way she looked at him made him wonder if she knew him. "Have we met?" Perhaps she was a local or one of the new residents of the island.

"No. My first time to Belize Island. It's beautiful."

"So are you."

She smiled and dipped her head.

"It's late for a swim."

"I'm restless. The moon is full." She glanced into the sky then returned her gaze to his. "I didn't expect to see anyone." She kept her legs tucked beneath her and his shirt covered most of her nudity. "I should've worn a suit."

He grazed a finger over the fabric. "I'm glad you didn't. And I'm the only one who saw you. We're alone." With each beat of his heart, he felt the pull to crush her flush against him and kiss her trembling lips. "This is a private beach."

"Then we're both trespassing." Her whispered words hinted at seduction.

"I don't kiss and tell."

"Good."

He took her word as consent. He cupped her cheek and brushed his lips over hers. A soft whimper slipped from her. With a heated touch, she melted against him. Twining her arms around his neck, she clung to his shoulders. Adrian flicked his tongue against her lips. Her mouth opened and he relished the cool, fresh taste of her. He growled, parting the fabric and touching her. Smooth, bronzed skin fluttered beneath his fingertips. This was crazy. Beautiful women didn't materialize from the sea, like an erotic dream come to life and make love on the beach.

He gripped her tighter, trailing his palm to her hip. She was warm, soft and pliant in his arms. Trekking higher, he widened his hands, feeling each of her ribs. Her breath was shallow and her pulse raced in the same frenzied rhythm as his.

Isabelle trembled. Strong hands warmed her chilled flesh and erotic heat scorched her from the inside out. Perhaps it had been crazy to slip into the soothing Caribbean waters for a midnight swim, but she was wound too tight and had to release some of the pent-up energy stressing her out. So much responsibility rested on her shoulders.

Perhaps the moon had drawn her to this distant shore. Or the enchanting, tropical waters. Or the magic of this man.

The island dream kissed her with passion. She ached to feel the desire of a man who was interested in her—the woman. Oh, and with each wondrous glide of his tongue, she slipped a little more under his spell. She wanted more than kisses. Cream simmered in her pussy, hot and waiting for this man to fill her. She shouldn't be here. But who would know? His lips were tempting, his taste intoxicating. The moon, the ocean, the man all contributing to the madness in her mind.

"You're beautiful." His shirt slipped from her shoulders and fluttered to the sand. His caresses worshipped her flesh, stroking along her arms, over her shoulders and across the soft slopes of her breasts. The night air and his delicate touch tightened her

nipples. She moaned and pressed into his long, tapered fingers. "What is your name?" His gravelly voice sent a delicious frisson of awareness into her womb.

"Belle." She was crazy...reckless. He was bold and sexy. Grasping her hips, he lifted, settling her on his lap. Her inner thighs braced against his outer. His lips lingered over her neck, drinking in her sighs. She melted against him, her slippery, wet skin against the crisp hair dusting his toned chest. His tongue flicked against her pulse point. She rolled her hips and reveled in the thick, hard length nestled against her swollen labia.

"Belle," he whispered as if her name alone brought him pleasure. She arched and he kissed lower. His mouth was heaven and his cock was pure sin. He ground against her, simulating a slow rhythm of sex. Her folds spread and, through his swim trunks, his cock rode her intimately. Her clit rasped against the nylon fabric, eliciting a ravaged moan. She wanted more, wanted him.

This night was theirs. Morning would make them strangers again. She had business and he was an island god. Dark blond hair, mesmerizing amber eyes and a body built for sex. Strong hands, toned muscles and a perfect, rigid cock—a cock she ached to have drilling deep into her pussy.

Wrapping her fingers over his shoulders, she leaned back. His arms supported her as his lips plucked her nipple. Slipping from between his lips, his tongue rasped against the taut tip. Electric pulses shivered across her skin and her clit tingled.

"You taste like the ocean." Opening his mouth wide, he encased her breast in moist, wet heat. She felt like the ocean, wild, exotic and uncontrollable. She was crashing into his shore as he suckled harder and her grip tightened.

"Oh god, I shouldn't be here." She straightened and stared into his eyes smoldering with barely banked passion. "But I don't want to go. I don't want to think."

"Then just feel." He reached between her legs and brushed the smooth seam of her sex.

Isabelle's pulse raced and her breath caught. "Who are you?"

"Do you really want to know?"

She paused. He'd recognized her need for anonymity. While she might ache for more in her real life, tonight in this fantasy, all she wanted was the physical release. "Just tell me something about you."

"I live here on the island. Call me Ri." He slid the blunt tip of his finger along her drenched pussy.

"Are you married, Ri?" Straddled over his lap, she noted the details of his face. High arched brows, straight nose and thick lashes framed his amber eyes. Beneath the mustache and goatee, he had full lips and the hint of dimples creased his cheeks. His jaw was square and masculine. More than attractive, he was stunning. She lived on stress and responsibility. Not tonight. On this private beach, all she wanted was to be his lover.

"Never been married. Never plan to be." His thumb grazed the edge of her clit. Cream turned her pussy to silk. One, then two fingers sawed in and out of her channel. "I live alone and I like it that way. You?"

"Ohh." She closed her eyes, falling more under the spell of the moon and man. Warm winds carried the island scents. Flora and fauna mingled with the spice of man and ocean. "I don't have time for marriage." She didn't have time for anything but business.

"So stay with me tonight," he said as his finger swirled around her opening.

"Here...on the beach?" Her hips rocked into his hand.

"I love the beach, but not for what I want to do to you." He plunged into her passage hard and she gasped. "I want to fuck you, Belle. With my fingers," he flicked his finger, gathering her cream, "with my mouth," he flexed his buttocks and his shaft dug into her pelvis, "and with my cock." She shivered with the glide of his finger into her cunt. "No condom out here, but my bungalow is thirty yards behind us, still on the sand." He inserted another finger, stretching her. "Come to my bed."

She kissed him. Wildly, passionately. Her thighs locked to his legs and her hips bucked against his hand.

Her exotic islander grasped her buttocks and aligned her flush against his cock. "Wrap your legs around me." He shifted, easily standing, holding her tight to his chest. Nude in his arms, she twined her legs around his back and locked her ankles. The sinful kissing continued as he carried her into the darkness. Her breasts smashed between them and her nipples prodded into his chest. Tongue glided along tongue. He tasted her, softly sucking her bottom lip and she nibbled his top. She moaned and curled her fingers into the silken wisps of hair draping past his shoulders.

Warm wind whispered through the fronds. Waves crashed against the shore. The moment was perfect.

Even with the glow of the moon and stars, the night was dark around them. Ri's simple, yet spacious bungalow didn't offer modern conveniences. She had to admit, she couldn't remember the last time she'd stayed in a single-room dwelling with a thatch roof.

When he'd asked to take her to his bed, he hadn't actually meant a bed with mattresses, fluffy pillows and silk sheets. That was what she had in her yacht anchored just off shore around the rock outcropping of the cove.

Ri squatted and set her on the pallet that was his bed. The thin mattress was wide enough for two people and several inches thick.

"Wait here." The pale light seeped through the open windows. Thin cotton curtains billowed in the breeze. He smiled and she melted from the heat in his gaze.

Ri crossed the room, struck a single match and lit a jar candle. The flame flickered and sparked then brightened to a golden glow. The white wax was half empty and soot blackened the glass. But the burning radiance illuminated his sculpted body, sun-lightened hair and eyes glinting with erotic promise. She hadn't realized how beautiful he was while they'd sat on the beach. The darkness had camouflaged the hard lines of

his torso. His swim trunks rode low on his lean hips. He tucked his thumbs into the sides and slid them down his strong thighs and calves carved from rock.

She swallowed, her gaze locking on his groin. Tanned and primitive and male. Darker curls surrounded his erection. With length to fill and girth to stretch, his cock was as tempting as the rest of him.

As he stalked closer, she rose to her knees.

She lifted her gaze to his. With a gentle touch, his fingertips grazed the side of her face. He didn't speak. She glanced to his thick shaft. The large crown hovered near her mouth. The salty scent of the sea clung to his skin. Swiping her tongue along her bottom lip, she moistened it and leaned into him.

Ri cupped her cheek and guided her toward his cock. "Please," he whispered. "Take me into your mouth." Pearly fluid beaded at the slit. Isabelle lapped the nectar with the tip of her tongue and hummed. He tasted as exotic as he looked.

Opening wide, she closed her lips around the corona. His cock head filled her mouth and pillowed against her tongue. She sucked and he inched more of his length between her lips.

"Ah fuck." Whether in America or Belize, the simple word said so much. Passion, need, desperation.

Isabelle wound her fingers around the base of his shaft and pumped his cock, mouth meeting fist in the middle. She curled her tongue around the sensitive glans. His flesh was hot and smooth, like velvet over steel.

A low groan rumbled from Ri. He grasped her head, a hand above each of her ears and slowly fucked her mouth. Sliding in, bumping the back of her throat and rearing back.

She released the suction she had on his cock. "Spread your legs," she said.

A wicked grin curled his lips as he did as he was told. Pleasure coiled in her tummy and heat pooled in her pussy. The passion was raw and intense. She stared up and he

stared down, their eyes engaged. She put her finger into her mouth, slowly sliding it in and out, mimicking the way she'd licked and sucked his shaft. "You have a beautiful cock," she said teasing him with her words and mouth.

"It looks better in your mouth." He painted her lips with the fluids leaking from the slit. She swiped her tongue over the slippery cream. Then she closed her mouth over the head again as she cupped and fondled his balls. Sliding her wet finger farther beneath the sac, between his firm glutes, she pressed against his anus.

He hissed, thrust into her mouth then backed into her finger. She circled the pucker, slowly working her fingertip into his hole. The tight rim of muscle clamped hard against her finger, yet she continued the tortuous press deeper. Finally, she had her finger buried in his ass. She slowly screwed in and out, taking the same rhythm as her mouth on his cock.

"Fuck." Tightening his fist in her hair, his thrusts grew frenzied. "Take it. Suck me."

The words skittered over her sizzling flesh. She relaxed her throat, taking him unbelievably deeper. Salty secretions bloomed on her tongue. Her right finger continued to penetrate his secret passage and her left hand vigorously pumped his shaft.

The wet sounds from her mouth blended with the harsh grunts erupting from Ri with every thrust of his hips. His pleasure increased hers. He was so hard in her mouth. Hard and hot. Tension rolled from his flexed muscles. He was close to coming. His cock pulsed against her tongue. The rim of his ass and the smooth, inner tissues clenched tight to her finger. She searched for the sweet spot to make him break apart.

"I'm going to come." His balls tightened and his cock jerked within her mouth. She took him deep, sucking hard and rammed her finger into his ass as far as she could. She wanted this, wanted him. His back arched like a bow strung too tight. Releasing her head, he fisted his hands at his sides. His hips bucked. She stayed with him, pumping, sucking, leaving him wet. Her fingers tightened, fucking him with fist and mouth. With

a shout, he erupted. Hot spurts of cum bathed her mouth and throat in an erotic blend of flavors. She swallowed, relishing in the pulse and throb of his release.

Isabelle licked the crown, slipped her finger from his anus and smiled.

"I can't feel my legs." Harsh gasps for breath slowed until he released a shuddering exhale.

She chuckled, then the laugh died in her throat. He cupped her breast. His strong hand lifted and molded her flesh in his palm.

Ri dropped to the pallet beside her. "We're a long way from done." He bent and took her nipple into his hot, wet mouth.

"Hmm." Sounded good to her. She rode the sharp edge of arousal. Cream drenched her folds, trickling down her thigh.

Those strong, calloused hands drifted over her shoulders and trailed down her arms. Heat centered in her breasts as his teeth gently plucked her nipple. Melting and shivering from his wet kisses and stirring touches. He palmed her rib cage and scooted her to the center of the pallet.

"Lie back." He smiled and slipped a pillow under her hips. Candlelight glimmered off his naked form. Shoulders bunched as he braced his weight on his arms and shifted to the bottom of the pallet. "God, you're beautiful."

She smiled and a soft laugh slipped from her lips. "You make me feel beautiful." And recklessly wanton. He placed a hand on each of her bent knees, and opened her legs. She felt exposed and vulnerable as he stared at her pussy.

Sliding his hands under her buttocks, Ri gently blew against her mound. His breath cooled her heated flesh. Letting her legs fall open wider, she offered herself to him.

Ri groaned, lowered his mouth and sank into her wet heat. His tongue sliced through her folds and tunneled into her core. A fluttering response trembled in her clit. He nibbled, sucked and licked. Her hips thrust against his face, wanting his ravishing tongue in each crevice.

"Feels so good." With her left hand, she pinched and rolled her nipple. A delicious ache pierced the tip. The bud tightened, sending pressure streaking into her clit. She moaned, writhing on the pallet. Small swirls of her hips rolled her smooth cunt into his mouth. His tongue lashed her folds, drinking her fluids and burrowing into her channel. "Oh, oh, oh." She burned. Heat built in her core. Sweat beaded on her upper lip. Lifting her head, she focused her lust-clouded vision on Ri. His eyes were closed and his mouth relaxed. He savored her, worshipped her pussy with his tongue, lips and teeth. Her gaze drifted lower. Lean muscle and raw man. His cock was once again stiff, erect against his groin.

"You like to watch?" His eyes locked on hers.

"I do." She liked his blond hair between her thighs. His wet and velvety tongue felt incredible on her clit. She licked salty moisture from her upper lip.

"Now I'm going to watch you come." Ri slammed two fingers into her cunt and pressed his thumb to her anal opening. She was so wet, so needy and he seemed to know exactly what to do to make her come undone.

"Oh god." Dropping her head to the pillow, her back arched and her heels dug into the pallet. "Yes!" Convulsions jerked her body. Thighs trembled and cream soaked her folds. She reached between her legs. Opening her fingers into a vee, she spread her pussy lips. Her clit throbbed. Ri closed his mouth over the hard bundle of nerves and sucked.

A keening cry of pleasure rent the air. Spasm racked her body. Another wave of contractions milked his finger as he continued his oral assault on her pussy. Quivers rolled over her as his thumb penetrated her anus.

Isabelle gasped, her heart pounding. In the stillness of the room, with only the tropical breeze and their desirous breaths, Ri tore open a condom wrapper.

Lifting her heavy lids, she glanced at Ri then propped up on her elbows. "Need help?"

Tension knotted his shoulders and muscles in his forearms flexed. A lopsided smile curled his mouth. "I suppose you can tell I'm a bit out of practice."

"So it isn't often that naked women walk ashore and proposition you on the beach."

He rolled the latex over his shaft. "Is that why you came ashore? Saw a lonely man on the beach and took pity on him?" There was only gentle teasing and mirth in his words. However, pity was the last thing she felt.

"I hadn't expected there to be anyone on the beach."

"Perhaps the moonlight drew you to me." He stretched out next to her. "Destiny."

"I don't know why I'm here." She touched his whiskered cheek and combed her short, manicured nails through his goatee. "I only know there isn't anywhere else I want to be." She curled her fingers around the nape of his neck and brought his mouth to hers. "Just here with you." His lips crashed onto hers. The roar of desire drowned the roar of the surf.

Ri's lips parted hers. He moaned as he slicked his tongue past her teeth. He plundered, ravished, stole the breath from her lungs and the thoughts from her head with his wild, wet kisses. His lips were full and soft and his whiskers only added to the intoxication of his mouth.

Lying on their sides, face to face, he glided his hands over her shoulder and down her spine. His fingertips danced over the dip in her lower back then his widespread fingers splayed across her ass. He groaned as he rocked his cock into her tummy, releasing a riot of fluttering butterflies.

How could sex with a stranger feel so right? His kiss, his touch, the passion so consuming.

In a fluid motion, Ri grasped her hips and rolled to his back. His chest was solid beneath her crushed breasts. He was warm and smelled of the sea. She burrowed her nose into his neck and tasted salt from his sun-bronzed skin. A part of her wanted to leave a mark, a reminder of their time together. Where neck met shoulder, she gently bit, then sucked his flesh between her lips.

Ri groaned and ran his hands over her back, tracing the edge of her spine with gentle fingertips. "Ride me." He braced her hips as she settled over his groin, her thighs snug against his.

She sat up and tossed her long hair over her shoulder. Bracing her palms flat against his chiseled chest, she arched her back. Oh god, his cock was hot and hard against her sensitive tissues. She rubbed her slick folds over his shaft. He flexed his buttocks, nestling his solid rod in the soft pads of her pussy lips. She wriggled, slathering his length with her hot juices.

"Take me in," he said on a ragged groan.

Rising onto her knees, she grasped his stalk at the root and positioned it at her entrance. With controlled movement, she slowly sank onto his shaft. The thick, rounded knob stretched her opening. A little more. Her vaginal walls tightened. With a deep breath, she relaxed and he glided home. She sighed, taking the full length of his cock into her slippery passage. He gloriously filled her until she felt as if she could burst from the erotic sensations firing through her system.

Ri clenched his teeth, the strong line of his jaw tightening. His eyes closed and his nostrils flared.

She loved this. The ocean, the warm breeze, the scent of sex and the virile man between her legs.

Her heart skittered and jumped into an intense thrumming. She couldn't love this—the feel of his heart beating beneath her hands, his cock stretching her channel, the lustful gleam in his eyes. If she thought about how good it would feel to run from the world and hide away with this islander, she'd never leave his bed. His simple pallet, pillows and thin, cotton coverings. This tide of desire could only carry them away for tonight. She rocked her hips, rolling her pelvis and grinding against Ri with waves of passion.

Ri reached up, holding her breasts in his long, strong fingers. His thumbs stroked her nipples. She whimpered and rocked faster. The friction seared her internally, her creamy walls gloving his cock.

A gust of warm, tropical wind blew through the bungalow. The flame of the candle danced and extinguished, leaving only the moon bathing the room in muted glow.

"Ah," Isabelle cried out. Blinding light sparked behind her closed eyes in a white-hot release. Her pussy gripped onto Ri's shaft, squeezing him in rhythmic contractions. She collapsed to his sweat-dampened chest. Her limbs liquefied.

Fluids slicked her passage. Breath caught in her throat and tears welled behind her eyes. Her body shivered. She couldn't move, shocked from the power of her orgasm.

"Hold on, beautiful." Ri rolled her to her back and braced his hips between her thighs. He speared into her cunt in hard, fast strokes.

"Oh fuck."

He chuckled, shafting into her again and again. Grasping her thigh, he leveraged her leg higher and shifted his angle of penetration. Isabelle thrust her hips, meeting his strokes and tumbled in the churning sea of pleasure. Another orgasm crashed over her. She couldn't control the surge of sensations. She clutched fistfuls of cotton sheet and cried out with each searing thrust of Ri's cock.

Wet bodies slapped together, the tempo punishing in intensity.

With a final hard stroke, Ri gritted his teeth and crammed her full of his cock. With a shout, he came. Each hot spurt pulsed in her cunt. "Ah fuck." He gasped and drew in deep inhales. His fingers dug into her thighs.

With a satiated sigh, she melted into the pallet. Ri released her legs, slipped from her body and sat back on his haunches.

Their gazes locked and a smile curved his lips. "Wow doesn't seem like the right thing to say, but I swear I don't have a thought in my head except how incredible that was."

She felt the same way. Her mind, body and soul were complete. The bungalow, the man and the beautiful way he moved within her, god the way he moved.

Ri slipped the condom from his cock, tied off the end and dropped it into the small wicker basket against the wall at the end of the pallet. Climbing back up beside her, he nestled in behind her, spooning his front to her back. Her ass cradled his softening cock. Warm ocean breeze blew through the window and dried their sweat-slicked skin. The night was quiet. The crashing waves, whispering fronds and the soft cadence of their breathing.

"This is beautiful," she said with sleepy softness.

He pulled her tighter to his chest. "Yes, but infinitely more beautiful tonight with you." He kissed her temple. "Let's rest for a little while." He rocked into her buttocks.

"And then?" She closed her eyes, absorbing his warmth.

"And then I'm going to fuck you again." He draped an arm over her, resting his hand on her breast and absently stroking her nipple. "I want to keep you here." His words were whispered, a wish to the universe. "And fuck you like this forever."

Chapter Two

Adrian stretched. Gulls squawked and the morning sun blazed through the open window. The fragrance of Belle and the arousing scent of great sex still clung to the sheets. Yet, he didn't need to look around to know she was gone. Emotion churned in his gut. Why should he care? This was his sanctuary. He didn't need the outside world encroaching on his piece of paradise. She had come ashore like a storm. Belle, a beautiful storm. And now that she'd gone back out to sea, he wasn't sure he'd ever be the same.

Did that mean he was ready for more than the solitude of Long Caye and his infrequent excursions over to San Pedro? "I don't know," he said as he rubbed a hand over his bare torso. After grabbing his swim trunks off the floor, he pulled them on then walked to the open door and looked out over the sparkling Caribbean waters. Fluffy white clouds scattered across the endless blue sky. Yachts and sailboats drifted on calm seas. Paradise. Only today a heavy weight settled on his chest.

He missed her. He didn't know where she was from or even her last name. None of that mattered. He'd never see her again. She'd slipped out during the night.

Glancing over his shoulder, he could almost imagine her lying on his pallet. Long limbs, toned tummy and perfect breasts with pouty nipples. He hadn't had nearly enough of her. But then, she was a woman a man would never have enough of. Words from her lips as seductive as the breathy, little pants that she'd made while he buried his face in her pussy. She'd trembled as she came. He wanted her trembling beneath him again. If it was even possible, what would he give to find her? His solitude? His privacy on Long Caye? He'd never know.

With a deep sigh, he turned and strode to the small, wooden chest supported on blunt four-by-four stilts. He didn't have much in the bungalow. Didn't need much. Back

in New York, his lawyer, personal financial advisor and friend took care of his business. He growled suddenly, remembering his meeting this morning.

He and Ted were going to have a little discussion. He didn't appreciate the strong-arm negotiations. At least he was meeting Ms. Clemet in San Pedro. His stomach rumbled. Shit. He opened the chest. He'd have to dress for breakfast. He grabbed a pale yellow button-down shirt and a pair of long cargo shorts. He might have to wear a shirt and shoes, but he still wasn't wearing briefs. He dropped the trunks and stepped into the cargo shorts. After shrugging on the shirt, he stepped into flip-flops and went to the community bathhouse to use the restroom, wash up and brush his teeth. Once he was ready, he put on his sunglasses and left the bungalow.

The sun was warm on his face. Could he give this up? For a chance with a woman like Belle, he wouldn't have to. This wasn't paradise. Sinking his cock in her sweet heat made this paltry in comparison.

The tide splashed his feet. He waded in to his calves. Water taxis took tourists from island to island. But his bungalow was private property and he had his own small motorboat to take him into San Pedro.

He climbed into the boat, flipped the ignition and slowly backed away from the shore. Once he was safely out to sea, he jetted across the glassy surface. Wind whipped through his tousled hair. Ocean spray stung his cheeks. He tasted salt on his lips and again, bitterness welled in his throat. Somehow, in a single night, she'd inveigled her way into his head. She'd gotten under his skin...and he liked her there. It felt good to feel again.

Once in San Pedro, the boat bumped along the water's wake. He waved to a local running the small dock.

"Hi'ya, Ri," the man called and returned the wave.

Adrian steered the boat close and killed the engine.

"Ah good day?"

"Yeah, looks like it but I won't be in town long," Adrian said. "Just grabbing a bite to eat." And disappointing a hotel mogul who had come a long way to be told no.

He strode down the dock and scratched his whiskered face. Perhaps he should've shaved. Fuck, it was enough he'd dressed up.

Familiar sites and sounds of San Pedro seeped into his psyche. Fresh fruit, fresh fish and colorful Caribbean culture were for sale in open markets. Adrian had agreed to meet Ms. Isa Clemet at a quaint restaurant specializing in Mexican and Caribbean food. They had a small gathering room in the back. A perfectly logical place to tell her he wasn't interested and get his favorite fish tacos.

Mia, the owner, waved when he entered. He pushed his sunglasses up on his head. His eyes took a moment to adjust to the darkened interior.

"Ah, Ri, in back." She pointed to the back room. He waved and headed toward the rear of the restaurant.

Adrian entered the room. His pulse spiked and his cock thickened with awareness. Sweat dampened his palms. He stilled, afraid to breathe, afraid to blink, fearing she wasn't real.

Across the room was the beautiful Belle. She hadn't noticed him. He took a moment to drink her in. Last night, he'd known she was gorgeous and exotic. This morning she wore sexy like a cover model. Instead of long, wet strands clinging to her nude body, her hair was off her neck in a simple twist knot. Feeling his stare, she turned.

Recognition was instant. Her pulse fluttered in her neck and she sucked in a quick, shallow breath. A rosy blush colored her cheeks. Her gaze quickly darted away and just as quickly returned.

"Adrian." Ted stepped forward. He didn't extend his hand, but grabbed Adrian's shoulders and squeezed. "You look good, my friend." He turned, stood beside Adrian and faced Belle. "And let me introduce you to Ms. Isa Clemet."

"If I'm not mistaken, we've met." He approached her. "Belle," he whispered, taking her hand and bringing her knuckles to his lips and kissing her.

"Isabelle Clemet." She tugged her fingers from his.

"Adrian Beck."

"Should we sit down and order." Ted spoke to her entourage. Adrian focused only on the woman in front of him. Nothing else mattered.

"How are you?"

She glanced to the left, to her associates and to Ted.

"Don't worry." He lowered his voice. "No one cares what we're saying." He inhaled her fragrance and his mind dizzied. "I woke with your scent on my pillow and you were gone."

"Shh. Someone might hear."

"Ted is a smart man. He'll keep your talking heads busy."

She glanced to the table where her advisors and lawyers were going over the menu with Ted. An island woman poured coffee. "We should be included in the conversation. This is business. Last night was —"

"Magic," he interrupted. "When I agreed to a breakfast meeting, I hadn't realized we could have done our negotiations at my place."

"Last night had nothing to do with negotiations. Please don't think that. I had no idea who you were."

"Ah, Belle, that isn't what I meant at all."

"Good, because I didn't know."

"I didn't either, but fuck," he glanced around then whispered, "when I woke and you were gone, I reasoned that I'd do just about anything to know who you were." He took her hand in his again, lacing their fingers.

She stared at their joined hands then shifted her gaze to the lawyers. She pulled her fingers free. "I couldn't stay...but I wanted to."

"Last night —"

"I'm sorry," she whispered, released a shuddering breath. "We have to forget about last night."

"Then you're willing to end negotiations now?"

Her lips pursed. "I don't see how we can come to terms if we're thinking about each other naked between the sheets."

He brushed a thumb across her cheek. Last night she'd been an exotic nymph. This morning she was no less appealing. "I haven't wanted a morning after in a long time. But this morning, when I woke, I reached for you."

"I'm sorry I left without saying goodbye."

"You can make it up to me."

"How?"

He stepped closer. "Come with me."

"So we are entering into negotiations?" An impish smirk titled her lips.

He shrugged. "Let's just say I'm not opposed to a merger of sorts between us."

She snorted. "Is that what we're calling our potential agreement?" She smiled, relaxing into the conversation and playing with the double meaning of his words. "So how do you suppose I make up my lack of...consideration last night?"

"We have breakfast in bed...my bed."

She cocked an eyebrow. "Technically, you don't have a bed. You have a pallet."

"I don't have a kitchen either but I won't go hungry." He leaned in. "A taste wasn't enough, Belle. I need you."

Her breath caught.

"I think you need me too. Are you willing to negotiate for what you want?"

"I think so." Her eyes sparked with erotic promise. "But not here."

He glanced over his shoulder. "Ted can work out the details."

She swallowed. "Where?"

He released the breath he hadn't realized he'd held. He dropped his forehead to hers. "Come back to my bungalow."

"Now?"

"Yes." He chuckled. "You said you wanted me."

"To design my building," she countered.

"Then come with me so we can talk about it." He smiled. "I'll give you my oral arguments."

She laughed. "You're terrible." She tucked a stray hair behind her ear and glanced up at him from beneath lowered lashes. "I want to... It's not that I would change last night, but that wasn't me. That was a woman who wanted to forget responsibility, forget her career, forget about what is expected of her and for just a night, be a desirable woman." She took a steadying breath. "The way you looked at me." Her eyes slid closed and when she looked at him again, for a moment, his heart stopped. She was the woman from the sea. Passion swirled in her hungry, brown eyes. That look is what he'd been missing in his life.

"Let's walk." He gently clasped her elbow in her fingers. He whistled to Ted. "We'll be back shortly. Start working out the details. I'm sure Ms. Clemet and I will come to terms."

"Ri—" She started speaking but he didn't give her a chance to finish.

"You have a cell if they need us."

A moment passed. "Okay," she said to Adrian and nodded to her attorneys.

Ted clapped his hands together, assuming there were dollar signs in his future, and turned to Isabelle's lawyers. Adrian couldn't care less about the money. Pressure weighted his chest. Blood surged through his system. He felt every beat of his heart and felt the stirring of arousal. He drew in a breath. He felt alive. Since coming to Long Caye, every morning was the same. Days ran together in quiet solitude.

"Tell me you feel it," he said as he escorted her out of the restaurant. He trailed his fingers along her arm until he held her trembling hand.

"I can't feel anything." She shook her head. "I can't make decisions based on great sex."

Adrian weaved them through the morning tourists and San Pedro locals toward the docks. "I've had great sex before." He pointed to his boat. "Last night wasn't just great sex."

Isabelle halted. "What do you think will happen if I go with you? What do you want, Adrian? I had sex with an islander last night. Had I known who you were...had I known..." She met his stare, then a soft smile curled her lips. "I still would have fucked you."

Adrian chuckled. He closed the space between them. "I think you might be exactly what I need." He brushed his lips against hers. "When I woke this morning, I wanted you to be there, beside me on my pallet. I haven't cared about...anything...for a long time." Holding her face in his palms, he traced her lower lip with his thumb. Emotion welled in his chest and his pulse ratcheted into an unfamiliar pace. "I cared that you were gone. Come with me, to my bungalow, to my bed—"

"Your pallet."

He smiled and released a shaky exhale. "I think we could do our best negotiations naked." He kissed her again and her lips parted. With a sigh, she opened and he slid his tongue against hers. Her soft moan was an aural caress. He pulled her flush, claiming her from lips to groin and crushing her breasts to his chest. His cock nestled the juncture of her legs. He rocked into the heat of her pussy. Breaking the kiss, he whispered, "Say yes."

"Aren't you worried I'll take the advantage while you're in the throes of passion?"

"I'm hoping you will. Regardless, I'll design your casino." He tugged the knot in her hair loose. "I've found my inspiration in a beautiful storm."

About the Author

KyAnn Waters lives in Utah with her husband, two children and two dogs. She spends her days writing and her evenings with her family. She enjoys sporting events on the television, thrillers on the big screen and hot scenes on the pages of her books.

KyAnn 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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