

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

Just  
for *Fess*

CINDY SPENCER  
PAPE

**Just for Jess**  
*Cindy Spencer Pape*

*Immortal Cravings, Book Three*

Vampire Jessamy Maitland is a classic workaholic, until her friends team up to buy her a weekend with the incredibly sexy vampire Dermott McMahon on his luxurious private island. Dermott is determined to get Jess to kick back and relax, so he's enlisted the help of three lion shifter friends.

Jess finds herself faced with three days of no phone, no computer and four sexy, horny males, all determined to wait on her hand and foot and show her a scorching good time. Naked. Together. In ways she's never imagined. With those odds, what's a vampire to do? There's nothing for it but take them up on their offer and discover that sometimes it's okay to play.

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Just for Jess

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# ***JUST FOR JESS***

**Cindy Spencer Pape**

### *Dedication*

This series has been, at the heart of it, about friendships. Since joining the romance-writing community, I have met some of the most wonderful people I've ever known. So, to my fellow authors, my editors and the staff who make it all possible, thank you so much for all the hugs, laughter and support!

### *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

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## **Chapter One**

The metallic ping of the airplane's seat belt warning broke me from a light doze as the transatlantic jet began its descent into Chicago. I rubbed my eyes and quickly stuffed my netbook and headset into my oversized purse, shoving that under my seat seconds before the flight attendant stopped to glare at me on her pass through the darkened first-class cabin.

The good part about traveling with other vampires was nobody in the compartment tried to open the window shades. The bad part was my investment team was made up of a bunch of workaholic immortals, and we'd continued discussing business through most of the flight. After my conference in London, I was exhausted, not to mention hungry. Even vampires have a hard time sneaking bagged blood onto an international flight, and feeding off the flight attendants was a no-no.

"Good night, Ms. Maitland," one of the attendants called as I left the plane.

"See you soon, Jessamy," added one of my colleagues, far too cheerfully.

I managed a wan reply to their goodbyes and maneuvered groggily through O'Hare. When someone wrapped an arm around my waist at the baggage carousel, I jumped and shrieked.

"Easy there, slick." Danette DuBois, one of my two best friends, stood beside me with a wide grin on her lovely face.

"We didn't mean to startle you, Jess," said Ariana Stephanopoulos, the other member of our close-knit trio. She reached up and gave me a quick, warm hug—she's about six inches shorter than my five nine, and as cuddly as a stuffed animal. With long, dark hair and big blue eyes, she looked more like a college kid home for spring break than a hundred-year-old vampire—especially in jeans, cowboy boots and a pink shirt topped by a denim jacket. "Honey, are you okay? You look exhausted."

Ari is always trying to take care of everyone, but her concern made me smile. "I'm fine, kiddo. How goes the wedding planning?"

"Fabulous." Her small, generously rounded frame practically bounced with enthusiasm.

Her happiness was contagious, and I felt a little of my fatigue melt away. About a year ago, my shy little vampire friend had fallen in love with a big, butch werewolf named Jack. I'll admit, I had my reservations at first—our two species don't always mix very well, but after I'd seen the way he looked at her, my doubts evaporated. Ari was a lucky, lucky vamp.

"Yeah, and wait until you see the bridesmaids' gowns," Dani added with a roll of her pretty green eyes. Dani's Marilyn Monroe curves were displayed to perfect advantage in a snug black sweater dress and stilettos, with her long red curls tumbling to her waist. With me in my rumpled navy suit and no-nonsense blonde bob, the three of us couldn't have looked more disparate.

"Pink?" Pink was Ari's favorite color, but Dani flat-out hated it.

"Nope." Ari's eyes twinkled merrily. "Peacock blue sheaths. Perfect for all three of you." Jack's sister Dara, the third bridesmaid, was a brunette. Ari was probably right about the color suiting everyone.

"I can live with that." Of course I'd have worn gingham and ruffles if she'd really wanted me to, but it would be nice to wear something flattering. "Now all I want to do is go home and sleep for three days." Vampires have more endurance than humans, but even so, I was at the end of my rope.

"We've got the hotel limo here." Dani swiped my bag off the carousel even as Ari claimed my carry-on. "After you snooze for a while, we've got the private room at the spa booked for all day tomorrow."

"So you'll be all relaxed and beautified for your big charity auction tomorrow night." Ari beamed happily.

Dani and her two lovers owned and operated the Chicago Dark Tower—a brand-new goth-themed hotel that catered to a lot of immortals. They’d just opened last month, and I’d been meaning to check out the salon and spa. It would be nice to go to a place that really understood our unique needs.

“Sorry, girls, I’ll have work to catch up on tomorrow.” Did they really expect me not to have a hundred details to see to before the auction?

“We’ve got it covered.” Dani waved one hand dismissively as they marched me out the door to the waiting limo. Darkness had not quite fallen, so we all moved very quickly to the vehicle. Despite our extra-strength sunblock, we could still get a nasty burn if we were outside for more than a minute or two. “Kaz and the hotel staff are on top of every detail of the auction itself, and Ty is personally handling the guests and donors.”

Ty Cole, one of Dani’s men, was a demon with a gift for organization and schmoozing, which was why I’d left the auction in his hands while I was gone. Kaz Elgin, the other member of their loving ménage, was a whiz at hotel and hospitality management. Much as I hated to admit it, everything was probably moving along just fine without me.

As soon as the limo started moving, Ari handed me a bag of blood from a small fridge beside the seat. I sank my fangs into it gratefully. I was a lucky vampire to have two such fabulous friends—even if I didn’t get to spend much time with them now that they were both in committed relationships. I blinked surreptitiously as a tear pricked at my eyelids—I was thrilled for both of them, but I couldn’t help feeling just a little left out. Since I’d given up on relationships back in the 1850s, I’d buried myself in my friends and my business and charity endeavors. Now my friends didn’t need me anymore. Good thing there was always plenty of work to be done.

\* \* \* \* \*



The following day we had a blast. Although my brain kept nagging at me about this or that thing I should be doing, I forced myself to relax and enjoy the manicure, pedicure, massage and facial along with my two best friends. The stylist touched up my highlights—while my golden blonde color is natural, the sun-streaks, for obvious reasons, are not—and applied just the right amount of makeup for the minimalist look I prefer—smoky liner to highlight my gray eyes and a velvety red lipstick to offset the severity of my black, slim-fitting evening gown. Dani had hired her staff very well for the spa, which had been one of her personal projects with the hotel. They even fed us, both with blood and wine cocktails and a selection of appetizers and chocolates. Contrary to popular belief, vampires can and do enjoy human food as well as blood.

With Dani on one side of me in a bronze silk halter dress that would have the men on their knees and Ari looking adorable in violet lace on the other, I made my way up to the ballroom an hour before the bachelor auction was due to begin.

“Wow,” I said involuntarily as we were met at the top of the stairs by Jackson Marceski, Ari’s fiancé. Instead of his usual jeans or biker leathers, the werewolf tavern owner looked darkly elegant in a perfectly fitted tux. Though he smiled at all of us, it was clear he had eyes only for Ari. Lucky girl. She moved away from me to his side, and the sweetness of their love for one another was almost more than I could take.

Dani smirked as her two demons came up, also stunning in dinner jackets. Kaz with his long, dark hair and earrings still managed to look slightly wicked. “Don’t muss the hair, boys. You paid two hundred bucks for this updo.”

“And we’ll have fun taking it down later.” Ty’s chiseled face wore a sexy grin. “But meanwhile, it’s your friend we need. Kaz wants to do a sound check on her microphone.”

“We’re off to mingle out in the lobby.” Jack drew Ari toward the door. “We’ll keep the natives from getting restless.” There was a buffet set up outside for the guests waiting to enter the auction room.

“And Dani and I will go make sure all is smooth in the greenroom.” Ty leaned over and kissed my cheek. “Break a leg, beautiful.”

“Just make sure my bachelors are onstage when they’re supposed to be,” I called over my shoulder as I moved toward the stage.

The next hour went by in a rush, as it always did right before one of these things. I had a professional auctioneer handling the actual bidding, but I’d decided to personally introduce each bachelor, so after I stood for lighting and sound checks, I spent a couple moments going over my notes on the volunteers who had donated their time and money to make this possible. Each of the fifteen eligible bachelors was providing a special occasion for their winning bidder—a trip to Paris, a weekend in Palm Springs, backstage passes and a cast party at a popular Broadway show. With the lineup I’d pulled together, I was confident we’d raise plenty of money to build the new women’s shelter on Chicago’s south side.

Finally the auction began. The room was packed to the doors with Chicago’s richest women, some human, others immortals of every race imaginable. Fae sat beside vampire right next to werewolf and demon. There were a good handful of men in the audience too, some bidding and some just there to support the shelter, or accompany a female friend.

The weekend in Paris with a famous chef earned twelve thousand dollars, and the night was off to an auspicious start. The Broadway star’s backstage tour netted twenty. By the time the final auction of the night came along, the earnings had surpassed even my wildest expectations. The audience buzzed happily, and even the band looked happy with themselves.

The moment *he* stepped onstage, the crowd went silent.

Even I swallowed hard as I took in his tall, lean form clad in a designer tux but with the shirt unbuttoned to his navel. The sculpted planes of his chest were dusted with just a fine covering of dark hair that made me want to run my fingers through it. His face

belonged on a Michelangelo statue, and one shiny black curl draped rakishly, not quite obscuring his smoky brown eyes.

He looked at me, gave me a sexy smile and my pussy clenched.

"Dermott McMahon, of Dublin and New York," I said into the microphone, managing not to stammer or sigh. "Concert pianist and philanthropist." Naturally, I left out the word vampire, as the crowd roared its approval. "Mr. McMahon is providing his lucky date with three days of luxury at his private island retreat in the Florida Keys."

Lucky indeed. From the moment I'd met him, the man had revved hormones I hadn't realized I still possessed. Don't get me wrong, I hadn't been entirely celibate over the last two hundred or so years, but I couldn't ever remember being this turned-on just from looking at a man.

He winked at me as the bidding topped fifteen thousand and I swear my panties were drenched. My nipples probably looked as if I were smuggling diamonds under my dress. Since it was strapless and I'm not very well endowed, I hadn't bothered with a bra. My breasts actually ached as he gazed at me across the stage. He was just that hot.

"Twenty-three thousand." The bid rang out loud and clear before I realized it was Dani's voice. What the hell was she doing? Were two hot males not enough for her?

"Twenty-five." That bidder was a human Chicago matriarch who had to be at least sixty-five years old. *Go, Gracie!*

"Thirty," Dani called.

The white-haired woman shook her head and lowered her paddle.

"Sold, to Ms. DuBois." The auctioneer smacked his gavel down and ended the sale.

"Umm—thank you, ladies and gentleman." I had to kick my brain back into gear. "There's a selection of desserts on the buffet in the lobby. Winning bidders, if you'd please come up to the cashier's table, you can pay for your purchases and exchange

contact information with your bachelors. Thank all of you very much for all your support. The new Cecily's House couldn't happen without you."

I stood there, still feeling the weight of his intense dark gaze as the crowd moved out of the ballroom, except for the winners who hustled up to claim their dates and a few others who clustered around the men, asking for autographs or posing for photos. I'll give the guys this—all fifteen of them put up with the fawning attention, dispensing hugs and autographs with grace. Likewise, I kept up my obligatory smile, accepting checks and air kisses and thanking those who came up to talk to the organizer.

Finally, the women hustled their "dates" out the door and the only one left was Dermott McMahon, who lingered behind the cashier's table with Dani and Ari and their men. I raised my eyebrow at Dani as I approached. "These two don't keep you occupied?"

Ari broke first. She's just too bloody sweet to lie worth a damn. "We bought him for you, Jess."

"What?" I stopped in my tracks. "What have you two done this time?" Even after being friends for nearly fifty years, they still managed to surprise me sometimes. "You won the bid just to donate to Cecily's House?"

"No, not for your charity," Dani clarified, her green eyes dancing with mischief. "For *you*. You need a break, sweetie, and now you have three days in the islands with no phone and no computers."

I felt a migraine starting, even though vampires aren't supposed to get headaches. "Look, girls, I really don't have time..."

"Yes, you do." Dermott had a sexy Irish brogue that made me want to jump his bones. When I'd begun collecting bachelors for the auction, Ty mentioned being acquainted with the pianist and had gotten him to agree to meet with me. From the first time I'd heard his voice, I'd been hooked. "Each of us standing here has agreed to donate an extra ten thousand if you go through with it."

I looked at Kaz, Ty and Jackson, who all nodded as Dani and Ari beamed. “An extra sixty thousand dollars if I take three days off from work?”

“You need this,” Ari urged. “You haven’t taken a break in months – years maybe.”

“You leave tonight on Dermott’s private plane,” Dani added. “You’ll be on the island well before sunrise. We already packed you a suitcase and everything.”

“No laptop, and you turn your cell phone over to the staff.” Dermott ticked off the rules on his long, limber fingers. “You can call out on the land line if there’s an emergency, but other than that, you do nothing but relax.”

“And what will you be doing?” Out the corner of my eye I saw Kaz hand a soft leather suitcase – mine – over to Dermott.

Dermott gave me a lazy smile. “Whatever it takes to make you happy.”

## **Chapter Two**

Dermott's private plane was like sitting in someone's comfortable living room, except for the discreet seat belts on the cream leather chairs. The main sitting area consisted of four oversized recliners, grouped in a rectangle, with tables that could be folded out between them. Behind, two sofas faced each other, and a plasma screen TV hung on the wall leading to the rear section. Dermott handed me into one of the recliners. With a smile, he lowered his long, lean frame into the one across from me. Less than an hour had passed since the end of the auction. There'd been no hassles, no lines—maybe I should think about chartering a plane next time I had to travel. A steward, a handsome...werewolf?...offered me my choice of beverages or food before he discreetly vanished into the rear of the plane.

"I think you'll find your friends packed you a bag for the flight as well as a suitcase," Dermott said. There was just a hint of a grin curving his wide, mobile lips, and his deep, rich baritone felt like a caress. "There are some novels and such inside. They were very determined to keep you away from anything work-related."

"I can't believe they confiscated my briefcase," I grumbled, trying to focus on anything but the incredibly hot male seated just two feet away. "I feel naked without my laptop." It also felt very strange to be traveling in an evening gown. They'd thoughtfully provided me with a wrap for the trip to the airport, which the steward whisked away when we boarded the plane.

Dermott reached across the space between our chairs and touched my chin with one long finger. "Your friends are really quite concerned that you're overdoing. They didn't decide to do this on a whim. Even I can see the difference in you now and when we last met three weeks ago. How long has it been since you had a full day's sleep?"

I shrugged. "Yes, I've been busy. But honestly, I'm a vampire. It's not like I'm going to drop dead of exhaustion."

"Even we need rest now and again," he said in that silky voice that made me wet. "I knew someone—years ago—who thought he was invincible, until he fell into a coma so deep that he never heard the mob coming to his door." He grimaced, and the skin around his brown eyes crinkled just slightly—he hadn't been too young when he was turned—there had already been the start of some maturity showing in his face, which was oddly appealing. "I know I've done it to myself. Jessamy, I fell into an unwakable sleep for several weeks. When I woke, I was so starved and dehydrated, I was a danger to the people around me. It was only by a stroke of genius that one of them got behind a cow. After I finished shredding the poor animal, I had enough consciousness not to kill a man who'd been my friend for years."

"I—I'm sorry." I didn't know what to say to that. Being a vampire didn't always come with an instruction manual, not unless the vampire who'd turned someone stuck around to help out. My sire had been my husband and friend, but he'd never known his, so most of Douglas' knowledge had been gained the hard way.

He smiled sadly. "It was a long time ago. But I did learn from the experience."

The engines on the jet fired, and we both fastened our seat belts. My fingers twitched to open my laptop, which was back in Chicago. Exhausted as I was, I was still too wired from the auction, and from being with Dermott, to even think about sleep so I decided to get to know my housemate for the next few days.

"So have you always lived in Ireland?"

"Aye, but don't worry, I don't hold a grudge against the English, not anymore." He cast me a wicked grin and dropped the thickened brogue for his normal, cultured accent. "Actually that isn't true. I've spent a few decades in London or New York, but Erin will always be home."

"May I ask how old you are?" It wasn't the most polite question among immortals, but knowing when and where a person came from could often give away a lot about them.

"I was born in Wexford in 1649," he said. "A wee bit early as my mother went into labor during Cromwell's massacre. She died, but an aunt and uncle fled to Connaught with the other survivors and took me with them."

I raised one eyebrow. "I'm surprised to hear you're not still holding a grudge. If it helps, I think my ancestors were royalists who fought against the Roundheads too."

"So tell me more about you? Where are you from?"

"Surrey. 1796." I didn't elaborate.

"And was it Lady Jessamy or the Honourable Miss?" His lazy grin practically dared me to lie and say I was a farmer's daughter or a servant. Somehow, I'd never quite gotten the knack of hiding my strictly proper upbringing.

"The Honourable Miss Jessamine Charlotte Rose Warfield-Hughes." I couldn't help a small chuckle. "A mouthful, isn't it? My sister mispronounced it when she was little, so it became Jessamy among my siblings—besides, it was a better fit with Cecily and Felicity. My father was the third son of an earl. My mother was a shipping heiress, but since her family had been gentry back to the days of the Conqueror, there was no stigma attached to the money."

We paused briefly for the remarkably smooth take-off, after which he unbuckled his seat belt and continued. "So how did a proper Regency debutante end up as an American vampire?"

I curled my legs under me in the recliner and leaned my chin on a hand before I answered. "It's not a pretty story."

"Are they ever?" He raised one black eyebrow. "I know mine isn't. I fought against the English, like most of my countrymen. War was—well, brutal doesn't quite cover it. But it was even worse when one of the British generals brought a pair of vampires with his troops. They found the camp where we slept and killed all but two of us. When it



looked as if we'd be able to successfully turn, they took us with them, kept us starved and used us to kill our own people until the madness passed."

"Jesus. Monsters come in every race, don't they?" I bit my lower lip. It took all my willpower not to reach out and touch him. "How long?"

"Only a week or so. To be fair, as soon as the madness of turning passed, Sean and I took out their entire squad, vampires and all. We put a good dent in the bastard's forces over the next several years."

"I'll bet. Compared to that, my story sounds rather civilized."

"Tell me."

His gaze, combined with his gorgeous voice, was hypnotic. All I could do was nod.

"It was my second Season—I hadn't accepted a proposal during my first—none of the men who were interested appealed to me, but that year I'd fallen in love with a dashing young viscount. I let him lure me into a garden during a ball, expecting kisses and maybe even a proposal. Instead, he raped me and left me on the ground, bleeding to death."

"He wasn't an immortal, was he?" There was steel beneath the velvet in his tone this time.

"No, and he's quite dead—has been for nearly two hundred years. I had a friend, you see. Not a lover, just a friend. He was a quiet sort, an American, and he was desperately in love with me, though I didn't realize that at the time. He wasn't rich enough or handsome enough to capture my attention in a romantic way, but he was a reliable, steady confidante. I also didn't know that he was a vampire. He found me in the garden, dying, and he offered me his blood to save my life." She'd spent years regretting that she'd spurned Douglas' advances up to that point. He had been such a good, good man.

"Did you stay with him?"

"I had little choice." Even now, some things were hard to discuss. "We were seen in the garden, and my reputation was ruined. My family disowned me. I married Douglas and moved with him to his plantation in Georgia."

"So you never saw your family again?"

I shook my head. "My parents declared me dead. My youngest sister Cecily used to send me letters—until she married an abusive husband. After a year, the letters stopped coming. I found out later he'd beaten her to death, along with the baby she was carrying."

Dermott reached out and took my hand. His touch was soft and warm—yes, vampires have body heat, and he radiated a lot. "I'm so sorry, love. That's why your shelters for battered women and children are called Cecily's House."

I nodded. "She was lovely—dainty and petite, with white blonde hair and cornflower blue eyes. She never hurt a soul in her life."

"So your...husband. Where is he now?" His fingers squeezed mine but didn't let go.

I was so entranced by his touch, it took me a moment to realize he'd asked a question and another to unstick my tongue enough to answer. "Not long before the Civil War, there was a voodoo cult that learned about vampires. It didn't matter that our workers weren't slaves—Douglas was one of the first to free the men and women who worked his land—the cult came after us before the other plantation owners because they considered us a threat. They set fire to our house during daylight. Douglas got me into the root cellar, but he stayed behind to hold them off."

"So he was killed."

I nodded. "I hid in the cellar, feeding off rats for a week. When I ran out of rats, I snuck out and found our strongbox amid the ashes of the house. Eventually, I made my way to New York and there I met Dani. A few decades later, we found Ariana, wandering lost and alone. After that it was just the three of us—until last year."

"And now they're both in relationships, leaving you all alone again."

I forced a smile. "I'm happy for them. Really."

"But you're lonely, so you've buried yourself in your work. It doesn't take a genius to sort that out."

He was right, but now it was his turn to talk. "So how did a rebel soldier become a piano virtuoso?"

"Well, even I wasn't always a fighter. Eventually, Sean and I found another vampire who took us under her wing as it were. She'd been around since the Middle Ages and liked having a couple of strapping lads at her beck and call. She raised us in a way, although I was eighty years old when I met her. She taught us about literature, manners and music. I owe Esmé a great deal." There was such genuine affection in his tone I couldn't help a moment of jealousy. We'd only just met. Why did it bother me so to think about him with another woman?

"How old were you when you were turned?" Unlike me, he wasn't stuck at the physical age of nineteen, which sometimes is a pain. It's hard to be taken seriously in business when one looks like a sorority girl—permanently.

"Twenty-eight," he said. "But I felt much older. A lifetime of poverty and war can do that to a man."

"And your Esmé, is she still living?"

He nodded. "Hale and hearty and married to my friend Sean. They still come to concerts if I have one in Derry or close by." Dermott pressed a button on the side of his armrest and the steward, a tawny, strapping young man, entered the cabin. There was a feral quality about him that made me shiver despite his not looking at all out of place in a shirt and tie, with his hair in a neat ponytail that touched his shoulders.

"Some blood and mulled wine please, Elek." Dermott smiled at the other man. I watched the leonine grace with which he moved and changed my guess. This was a feline shifter, I was sure of it. If I hadn't been so tuned in to Dermott at the moment, I'd have been drooling over Elek.

"No problem." He flashed sharp, white teeth at Dermott. "Anything to eat?"

Dermott looked at me and I shook my head, finally remembering to pull my hand back from his.

"I was nibbling at the hotel spa all day. The blood and wine will be more than enough."

When Elek left the cabin, I turned to Dermott and asked the question that had been bothering me since the auction. "You knew my friends intended to do this, didn't you?"

He nodded. "Dani filled me in, asked if I was willing to go along with the idea."

"Why did you?" That, more than anything else, I had to know.

"Do you really have to ask?" That voice made my toes tingle as it deepened. "I want you, Jess. I have since the moment Ty introduced us three months ago."

For a moment I forgot how to breathe.

He went on. "I won't do anything you don't want—I've never forced a woman in my life, and I'm not about to start now. But I gained the distinct impression during our few meetings that you were as interested as I was in getting to know each other better."

Elek returned before I could speak, handing each of us a crystal goblet filled with dark red wine mixed with blood and spices. The bases were just the right size to set in cup holders that popped out of the sides of the armrest. Whoever designed this plane had taken care of every last detail.

When Elek disappeared again, Dermott licked his lips, making my pussy clench. I'd been damp throughout our conversation and his bald-faced announcement that he wanted me had me drenching my little black thong. I couldn't help squeezing my legs together as he looked at me again, his eyes hot with passion. "Well? Was I wrong?"

I dragged in a breath. "You weren't wrong. I want you." I was terrified of admitting it but too proud to lie when my body was blatantly responding. I knew he could see my nipples peaking beneath my thin silk gown, and with his preternatural senses, he could probably smell my arousal.

“Will you let me...pamper you this weekend? Three days of nothing but pleasure and relaxation?”

I’d already agreed to the relaxation part. Why not enjoy the pleasure he offered as well? It had been awhile since I’d been involved with anyone. We were both consenting adults with no commitments—and he was the hottest damn thing on two legs. I’d be a fool to pass up the chance to see what he could do with those long, agile pianist’s hands. Making a conscious choice to break free from my usual self-restraint, I tossed my hair back and nodded. “Yes. For the next three days, I’m all yours.”

He pressed another button on the intercom, and I heard locks click into place on the doors to the cockpit and the rear compartment. Dermott stood and held out his hand, wineglass clasped loosely in the other. “Come here.”

I took his hand, feeling the sparks that flared between us at even such a casual touch. My breasts were swollen, my pussy soaked and aching. I couldn’t remember being this turned-on in—ever, and he’d only touched my fingers. As I followed him back to the sofa, I sipped my wine, savoring the rich, coppery taste of the blood and feeling it fuel my weary body. I had the idea I was going to need all the energy I could get.

Dermott sat on one end of the couch and gently pulled me down beside him so our thighs were pressed together, our linked hands resting on his. I could feel his heat through the fine wool of his evening trousers. It’s a myth that vampires are cold. Touching Dermott was like holding my hand above an open flame. Another myth is that our hearts don’t beat. Mine was pounding like a jackhammer in my chest.

He squeezed my hand before sliding away from me to the other end of the sofa. At first I was disappointed, but his warm smile let me know this was in no way a rejection. He pulled a drawer out from the base of the sofa, removed a pillow and handed it to me.

“Lean back against the arm and put your feet up in my lap. Just relax.” He popped another of those nifty drink holders from the arm of the sofa and set down his wineglass as I rearranged myself, lifting my tired feet into his lap.

“Such pretty shoes.” He carefully undid the buckles on my spike-heeled sandals. Since the toes were open, I hadn’t worn hose. “Even prettier toes. I wouldn’t have guessed you’d go for blood-red polish, but it suits you.”

“Dani treated us to girls’ day at the spa.” I sighed with contentment as he took one foot in his hands and began to gently massage the arch with his thumbs. “Facial, manicure and pedicure, even a massage.”

“Ah, so you’ve had a head start on the pampering. Good—you deserve it.” He kept up the kneading, gradually moving to encompass more and more of my foot.

I leaned against the pillow, sipping my cocktail and wallowing in the simple pleasure of having a handsome man rub my feet. It had been a surprise—I’d been expecting to join the Mile High Club, but this was—nice. I’d have fallen asleep but I was enjoying myself too much to doze off and miss a moment. “Will you play for me?”

“Hmmm?” His talented fingers never stopped moving.

“You must have a piano at your beach house. I wondered if part of my ‘anything I want’ could include a piece of music or two. I love your music.” The wine and massage had loosened my inhibitions if I was admitting that so openly, but I was too content to care. When he switched feet, I gave a happy hum.

“I’d love to play for you.” His voice was deep and his accent lyrical, pulling me more deeply under his spell. “Who knows? I might even be inspired to compose something special to commemorate the moment.”

“Is this weekend going to be special, Dermott?” His touch had gone from soothing to sensual, and I wasn’t sleepy anymore. I drained my goblet and set it in the holder beside my seat.

“I think so.” His smoky brown eyes darkened further as he looked into mine. “I’ve been wanting you since the day we met.”

“And what do you want to do with me?” With the foot he wasn’t massaging, I rubbed his thigh, feeling smooth, hard muscle through his fine wool trousers.

“Everything.”

The raw sex he infused into that one word shivered down my spine, making my pussy clench.

“First I want to peel you out of that elegant dress and see every inch of your silky skin—then I want to touch and taste it.” His fingers slid up to my ankles and caressed my calves.

Odd how I hadn’t thought of my calves as erogenous before.

“After I kiss you all over,” he said, “I’ll want to spend time admiring those nipples poking so insistently at the front of your dress. I’ve been wondering for weeks if they’re rose or peach. I can tell they’re responsive—I haven’t even touched them and they’re like pebbles under that silk.”

I didn’t realize my hands had slipped up to cup my aching breasts through the bodice of my dress until that moment. I’m not large, but he was right—my nipples were sensitive, and I brushed them with my thumbs.

“Ah, *leannan*, that’s a beautiful sight.” His accent thickened and his dark lashes lowered. “Why don’t you unfasten your bodice and do that for me?”

My gaze flickered down to see me toying with my nipples, but I was too aroused to be embarrassed. I licked my lips, reached around to my back and undid the zipper down to my waist. The silk fell, baring my pale breasts to Dermott’s gaze.

“Peach,” he said thickly, his voice grown husky. “I knew it—a true English rose, all peaches and cream. Now play with them again, love.” He lifted one of my feet to his mouth and pressed a kiss on the top of the arch, followed by one to the inside of my ankle bone. He shifted on the seat so his back was against the arm of the sofa, his body turned to face mine.

I took my breasts in my hands and pinched the nipples between forefingers and thumbs, gasping as pleasure streaked straight through me to my already wet core. Feeling just a little wicked, I slid my free foot over to rest it lightly on the bulge of Dermott's cock. Already large and firm, it pulsed under that light touch, and this time it was Dermott who had to catch his breath.

"Yes, Jessamy. That's how much I want you." He leaned down and nibbled his way up my calf to the inside of my knee, easing my legs apart as he went. My dress wasn't long, so I knew he could see my thong now, stretched and soaked between the freshly waxed lips of my cunt. The scent of my arousal only inflamed my senses further.

"Ah, more peaches." He trailed one finger from my knee up the inside of my thigh.

I had to fight not to throw my head back against the pillow and close my eyes, but I wanted to watch. His hooded eyes and the taut line of his chin were as much a proof of his excitement as the thick rod beneath my toes.

"You're so wet for me, darling." His fingertip was mere inches from my pussy, and I wanted so badly for him to move that last little bit. My tissues ached with longing. "Your scent is more intoxicating than the wine and more exquisitely spiced." He licked his full lower lip, and I saw the hint of his fangs emerging, just as I felt mine begin to grow.

"Keep playing with your nipples, love. Don't stop."

My hands had stilled, and I started again, rolling the swollen nubs between my fingers.

Dermott smiled his approval. "I want to drink from you here." He feathered his finger across the string of my thong. "And taste your nectar. Then here." He traced a line along the juncture of my hip and thigh. "And taste your blood. Will you let me?"

"Y-yes." Taking and giving blood was a normal part of sex for vampires, but no one had ever bitten me there before. Just the idea was a huge turn-on. "As long as I get to do the same."



“Anything you like, darling. I trust your mouth with the family jewels.” His chuckle was so low it was a mere rumble in his chest. “After I eat you and drink from you, I want to fuck that pretty cunt until neither of us can see straight. Later, you can do whatever you’d like to me—assuming that meets with your approval.”

“Oh yes.” Once again, I’d have agreed to anything.

“Are you attached to that thong?” He slid his finger under the string and rubbed his knuckle along my slit.

“Rip it.” I’d never said those words before in my life. The thong hadn’t been cheap, and while I liked expensive clothing, I usually treated them carefully and made them last. The “vintage” flapper dress I’d worn last Halloween had been one I’d purchased brand new at Macy’s in 1924.

He used both hands to tear the string, so there was no pressure on my skin. With a second rip, he tore the waist open and tossed the shredded silk over his shoulder. A few more swift movements and his tie was also gone, tucked into the pocket of his jacket, which he shrugged off and pitched across the plane to the other couch.

“I want to feel your skin on mine.” His eyes remained fixed on mine as I watched him remove his cufflinks and the shirt studs at his throat. His face disappeared for a moment as he pulled the shirt over his head and sent it sailing in the same general direction as his coat. “Much better.”

He scooted closer to me until one of my legs was off the couch, braced on the floor and the other was draped over his shoulder against the back of the sofa. My skirt was rucked up, leaving me bare below the waist.

And I was still playing with my nipples, growing wetter and hotter by the minute.

Slowly, Dermott shifted to kneel on the floor, angling me, so he could drape both my legs over his shoulders. He slipped his hands under my ass and lowered his head, sliding his fingers around my cheeks until they met in the crease, adding a different sensation to the experience. I’d never done much of anything in the way of anal play, and the pressure of his index fingers against my sphincter was oddly exciting.

When his warm breath brushed against my pussy, my entire focus narrowed to that puffy, needy flesh. Even more so when he licked the seam between my labia.

“Yes.” I pinched down on my nipples, nearly coming from just that touch.

“You taste divine.” He probed deeper with his tongue this time, running it from the base of my slit up to circle my clit. I was so primed that when he touched it, a mini-orgasm shuddered through me. “Goddess, love, you’re like fireworks, going off at just a touch. What will you do when I come inside you, I wonder?”

“Any...time...you want...to...find out.” I gasped for breath as he continued tormenting me with his lips and tongue, sucking my juices from my quivering pussy and nibbling on my lips and clit.

He nipped down on my clit with his lips sheathing his teeth, but it was enough to make me scream his name.

“Soon, Jess. After you come apart for me now.” He pulled one hand out from under my ass even as the index finger of his other breached my anus just a tiny bit. I let go of my nipples to clutch his head with one hand, the couch cushion with the other. Coordinated movement was more than I could manage at the moment—all I could do was hold on. While I was adjusting to the shock of that, he slipped two lean fingers deep inside my cunt.

In and out. On the third stroke he added a third finger, filling me almost to capacity as he spread them and curled them upward, hitting a spot I had never really believed was real. I started to come. When he sucked on my clit, flashes of light exploded behind eyelids I hadn’t even noticed I’d closed.

I’d heard the word explosion used to describe an orgasm before, but I’d always assumed it was hyperbole. Not with Dermott. My mind seemed to actually shatter as every nerve in my body fired off at once. I think I screamed, but I’m not sure. There was a moment of blackness before I came to with my pussy still clenching rhythmically around the fingers he continued to pump inside me. He moved his mouth, and a moment later I came again as his fangs sank into my groin muscle.

He didn't take much—just bit down. Soothing the mild sting with his tongue, he sucked. Vampire fangs aren't straws—you have to pull them out to get the blood. He slowed the motions of his fingers as my contractions eased. When I finally came down, he licked the wound on my thigh shut and pulled his fingers from my cunt.

"Look at me, Jessamy." When I did, he lifted his fingers to his mouth and carefully licked every drop of my cream from his hand.

I felt bolder than I'd ever been in a sexual context. I gazed at him through heavy-lidded eyes and said, "Fuck me now, Dermott. Please."

"Since you ask so nicely."

He eased my legs down from his shoulders to splay one on either side of his hips, pulled a condom from the pocket of his trousers before kneeling to unzip and shove the dress slacks out of the way. I watched greedily as he covered his cock—long, not too thick, but hard and full, flushed purple with blood. I could smell blood along with my cream and the musk of his arousal, and the combination was making me mindless—almost mindless enough to wish he wasn't putting a latex barrier between us. Vampires can get pregnant though it isn't common. In all my years with Douglas, I'd never conceived, so I doubted I ever would. The rational part of me, still there in the back of my mind, was glad Dermott thought enough of me to be careful.

I expected him to come down over me, to press his weight into mine, but Dermott surprised me again. He pulled me forward, my hips angling up onto his lap while my head came down, off the pillow to lie flat on the couch. He lifted my legs over his shoulders again. Finally, he pressed the head of that luscious erection up against my slit. Leaning over me, he pushed inside, filling me to the mouth of my womb.

It almost hurt. I'd thought I was stretched by his fingers, but his cock filled me even more, the tightness adding friction on my taut inner walls as he began to move.

Once he had a rhythm going, the tension began to coil in my belly again. Soon I was pulsing my hips to meet each of his thrusts. He began to pick up speed and I matched him, shocked when he lifted me, pulling me up astride him. Gracefully, he turned to

lean against the back of the couch, his feet coming down to brace on the carpeted floor. He thrust up into my cunt while I ground down onto his heated length. He kissed me hard, his tongue thrusting into my mouth, claiming me just as much as his cock was doing below. I tasted wetness and blood, along with some of his—he must have nicked his lip with a fang. That happens sometimes. The taste left me wanting—needing—more, so I pulled my mouth from his and dragged in a breath.

Dermott tipped his head to the side, inviting me, even while his cock continued to plunder. I didn't hesitate, but I did take a moment to lick his shoulder before I bit down. His skin tasted of salt—kind of like licking the glass before you take a drink of a margarita. I sank my fangs into his deltoid, pulled them out and sucked deeply.

The sharp, coppery tang of his blood triggered another orgasm, and I came almost as hard as I had before. This time, my muscles gripped his cock, milking it hard.

"Jessamy!" His fingers clamped down on me, hard enough to have left bruises on a human, but I didn't care. He slammed up into my core with one powerful thrust and held himself there while he came. I sucked one last sip of his rich, potent blood while my tremors eased and Dermott shivered with pleasure. Finally, I licked the punctures shut and lay my head on his shoulder, utterly boneless and limp. Dermott slumped back against the cushions and stroked my back and hair, his shaft still mostly hard inside me.

"It's going to be one hell of a weekend, love."

Too sated to speak, I simply hummed a response against his skin.

"Landing in ten minutes." The pilot's crisp, professional voice over the intercom broke into the cocoon of post-coital contentment.

Dermott sighed. "Suppose we should get dressed, shouldn't we?" A warm thread of laughter hovered just under the surface of his tone. "Unless you don't care about shocking the staff."

I stretched and reluctantly slid up and off his lap, standing on wobbly knees to pull my dress down over my slick pussy.

“Lavatory’s through here.” Dermott stood, kicking his trousers from around his ankles as he did. Sure enough, one door in the back wall led to the biggest bathroom I’d ever seen on a plane. He flushed the condom while I wetted a washcloth and cleaned up a bit. The thoughtful man even fetched my purse so I could comb my hair without me having to ask.

“They’re still all going to know what we just did,” I grumbled as we both put our clothing back together. “Your steward’s a shifter, isn’t he? The scent alone will give us away.”

“Oh, I’m sure Elek already knew what we were up to in there,” Dermott answered with a laugh. “Probably had him so hard he was jacking off in the back. We could probably have invited him in to join us.”

My jaw dropped as I stared at him. “What?”

Dermott shrugged. “Elek and his two brothers are part of your package for the weekend, love. Four of us, just for you. One at a time, all together, whatever you like. It’s lady’s choice, lovely Jess.”

## **Chapter Three**

Salt breezes stirred the pre-dawn air as we disembarked. I hadn't untied the knot in my tongue yet—I wasn't at all sure how I felt about Dermott's offer, but Elek's sly, sexy grin made my stomach clench, and Dermott introduced me to two more gorgeous tawny gods—Elek's brother Theron, who was the pilot, along with the co-pilot and the third triplet Christos. Apparently all three Leonides brothers had once worked for Dermott but were now simply his friends. All had agreed to help out this weekend, Dermott explained, in whatever capacity I preferred.

Christos took my hand and kissed it, the frank sexuality in his tone making my knees nearly buckle. "We hope you'll prefer to have us serve you...intimately."

Nervously, I clung to Dermott's hand and looked up into his face. He smiled down at me. "No judgment, love. This weekend is all about you—what you want. If that's me, I'm pleased, but I can't say it would upset me to watch you be pleased by one of my friends, or better yet, two of us at once."

"Do you...are you..." Was this how it was for Dani with her two demons? Wanting both while they wanted each other? I had to admit, her enjoyment of that combination had never sounded all that appealing to me, regardless of how well it obviously worked for them.

"No, not like that." I think it was Theron who growled. He was a little taller but slightly leaner than the other two, and the only one with his dark gold hair cut short. "Eew, we're brothers—the three of us anyway. None of us swing toward touching each other—we just don't mind sharing."

"Think about it, cutie." That was Christos, the shortest of the three by maybe an inch, but the most muscular. His hair was the longest—down to his waist, tied with a leather thong at his nape, and his expression was the softest of the bunch.

Elek, the middle in height, breadth of shoulder and length of hair, winked. "Yeah—think about it. Eight hands, four mouths, four hard cocks—all for you to play with."

Think about it? I doubted I'd be able to think about anything else. First though—a huge yawn split my jaws, and I brought my hand up hurriedly to cover the gaffe in my manners.

"You're exhausted." That was Dermott's voice in my ear. "You don't need to make any decisions now, except whether you'd rather sleep alone or with me."

"With you." The words came out before I realized I'd said them. I just knew, somehow, that I'd rest better knowing Dermott was beside me.

I was too tired to take in much of the sprawling beach house as Dermott led me inside. I had an impression of soothing pastels, smooth tile flooring and thick, fluffy rugs.

"Do you need to feed before you sleep?" Dermott massaged the back of my neck with his hand while he led me up a flight of stairs to a bedroom.

"No—what I had on the plane was plenty." Dermott was a very old vampire—I'd taken more from him than he had from me, and his blood was very powerful—honestly, except for fatigue, I felt better than I had in days.

"Shower or bath?" He took me into a large, window-filled bedroom dominated by a king-sized or maybe larger bed, draped with mosquito netting. We kept moving, into a huge bathroom with a glass-block shower stall and a whirlpool tub big enough for a swim meet. It was thoughtful of him to realize I'd want a wash before sleeping.

"Shower. I'd fall asleep and drown in a bath right now." Not that I *could* drown, but Dermott knew what I meant.

"Understood." He sat me down on a stool by a lighted vanity and tapped on a panel beside the shower stall. "I've left off the ceiling jets, so your hair won't get wet." With no trace of self-consciousness, he began to shed his shoes, socks and shirt.

Unabashedly, I watched. Even through my fatigue, arousal started to simmer again, especially when he dropped his trousers and boxers, revealing that he was hard—not painfully so, like before, where his cock had pointed up at one o’clock. This was a three o’clock erection, pointing straight out and bobbing as he walked back to me.

“Come on, love, let’s get you out of that dress, delightful as it is.”

I stood and turned my back to him, letting him undo the short zipper that ran from my waist to the barely-there curve of my hip. Stepping out of the wrinkled garment, I moved toward the shower.

The hot water blasting me from all four walls felt amazing. The jets came up as high as my shoulders, so like he’d said, my hair would get damp from splash and steam but not really wet—I hated sleeping with wet hair. As I stood there like a zombie, Dermott squirted a handful of my favorite lavender body wash and used his fingers to soap me, starting with my shoulders, which he kneaded as he washed.

“You always keep French lavender toiletries in your shower?” I was awake enough to tease him.

He tickled my ribs as he soaped them. “Your friends were thorough in making sure I knew what you liked. Everything in here was purchased just for you.”

My eyes actually watered at their thoughtfulness—and his. Dermott continued washing me until I was clean, his hands gentle and caressing, even if he didn’t spend too much time on my breasts or pussy. Although his erection kept nudging my hip, he was obviously holding back. Once I was clean, he stepped away from me, picked up a bar of woody-scented soap and swiftly washed himself. Heavens, he was beautiful. My eyes followed every movement of his hands as they skimmed over his toned physique. Finally, he rinsed and shut off the spray. Waiting right outside was a towel warmer with enormous fluffy bath sheets. He wrapped one around each of us before picking up a smaller towel and fluffed the dampness out of my hair.



"There's a fresh toothbrush, makeup remover and your brand of face cream in that drawer." He pointed. "Your suitcase should be in the bedroom by now. Do you want something to sleep in?"

"No." It's a little at odds with my uptight persona, but I rarely slept in a nightgown. I'd always loved the feel of good-quality sheets against my skin, and I was pretty sure his would be top of the line.

"I'll go check on things with the brothers and meet you in the bedroom in a few minutes." He kissed my cheek and left. Again I sensed he was being thoughtful. I'd started to squirm, and there was no way I could ever manage to use the facilities in front of a man—whether I'd had sex with him or not. There's another thing people don't think about with vampires. We eat and drink. That means we have all the other normal bodily functions as well.

Once my face and teeth were clean and everything else had been dealt with, I hung up the towels and went back into the bedroom. Someone had left a lamp burning softly and turned down the bed, exposing pristine white sheets. Heaven. The sheer curtains on the wide expanse of windows stirred in the breeze, letting me know the windows were open. Lovely now but potentially deadly for Dermott and me if they were still open in an hour or so when the sun came up. Just for a moment, I couldn't resist the lure of the sea air, and I walked over to the window and peeked out, hoping there was no one outside to see me standing naked in the window.

The ocean was maybe two hundred yards away, down a fairly steep slope, putting the house well out of the range of high tides and storm surges. Stone steps led down from a flagstone patio to a sandy beach where waves gently broke and washed onto the sand. *Beautiful*. I couldn't wait to explore tomorrow night.

"Beautiful." Dermott unknowingly echoed my thought as he moved up behind me. His bare feet had made so little noise on the thick rug that I hadn't heard him come into the room.

My skin warmed—I knew he was talking about me and his open admiration made me smile. “Isn’t this room a risky place to sleep for a vampire?”

“Every piece of glass in this house has full ultraviolet protection built into it. The windows are on a timer—they’ll close a half-hour before sunrise. As a backup, the blackout shutters are on a UV sensor. I’m also a very light sleeper. The first touch of sunlight and I wake up before I take any serious damage. But we can close things manually if it will help you sleep more comfortably.” He wrapped his arms around my waist and leaned his cheek on the top of my head. Since I’m tall—especially for a woman from my era—I didn’t find too many older immortals who were taller than me.

“No, the breeze is lovely.” I leaned back against him and sighed with contentment. “Thank you, Dermott, for everything. I can’t believe you went to all this trouble, just for me.”

“Ah, Jess. This is only the beginning of what I’d do for you.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I woke alone in the big, incredibly comfortable bed. The blackout shutters covered the windows, but Dermott had left the bathroom light on, so I had enough illumination to see by. Vampires can see in near-dark, but we have to have some light for our eyes to work with. Before I’d fallen asleep in his arms, he’d told me that the bottom cabinet of the bedside table was actually a fridge, stocked with bagged blood. I pulled one out, pierced the bag with a fang and quickly drained it. A glance at the clock told me it was five p.m. I’d slept for eleven hours. No wonder I felt so refreshed. According to a note in the bathroom, Dermott had unpacked my bag while I slept, so after another shower, this time washing my hair, I stepped into the walk-in closet.

These weren’t my clothes. Oh, they were my size, and I could tell they were all brand new, but my girlfriends had pulled a fast one. Instead of the conservative clothing I usually wear, one section of Dermott’s closet held skimpy, slinky things I’d have never purchased in a hundred years. Clearly Dani’s work.

I reached out and touched a simple sundress. Ah, Dani did have good taste in fabrics. The sky-blue cotton was spattered with fuchsia orchids. The weave was so fine it was almost like silk. The bodice had a built-in bra, so all that would be required underneath was a pair of panties. I couldn't wait to see what my friends had provided in that department. Fortunately, Dermott had left a sticky note on one of the built-in drawers that simply had my name on it. I opened it to find enough sexy underwear to outfit a very upscale bordello.

With a rueful grin, I settled on a stretchy cotton thong in a matching blue. I didn't bother with makeup or jewelry—this was supposed to be a restful getaway after all—just padded downstairs barefoot to see what Dermott and his feline friends were up to.

The open great room was beautiful. The polished hardwood floors were pale, and the furniture was comfortable and casual in shades of cream and turquoise with accents of coral and lime. Sunlight streamed in through the yards and yards of UV-filtering glass. Part of me longed to go out into the warm, semi-tropical sunshine, but I wasn't suicidal. At least in the modern era I could enjoy sunlight through filters, which hadn't been possible even thirty years ago.

The great room was empty, but I heard voices coming from an adjoining space, so I turned the corner and spotted an archway leading to a spacious, gleaming kitchen. Two of the brothers were in here, Christos sitting at a breakfast bar eating while the other—Elek, based on the shoulder-length hair caught in a ponytail at his nape, was cooking something that smelled divine.

Christos stood as I approached the breakfast bar. He must have the hearing of, well...a cat. I smiled at the errant thought and in response to the warm, welcoming grin on his face. "Good evening, sunshine. You look even prettier now that you're rested."

How could a girl not be flattered when he spoke in such a fervent tone and his amber eyes radiated sincerity? I decided not to let myself be flustered by their offer from the night before and just enjoy their company. I took his outstretched hand and let him help me up onto the stool beside his. "What's for breakfast? It smells wonderful."

“Elek’s a professional chef.” Christos fetched me a plate a fork from a cabinet nearby. “Would you like orange juice? It’s fresh—Theron picked it up in Key Largo this morning.”

“That would be great.”

He went to the fridge and pulled out an icy pitcher of juice. It was nice to be waited on for a change, so I sat back and accepted the crystal goblet he handed me.

“What’s on the stove is gumbo, but it won’t be ready for a few hours.” Elek finished adding chopped vegetables to the pot and turned to beam at me. “I made pineapple-pecan waffles for the others. Want some? There’s batter left in the fridge.”

“Thank you.” Watching him work in a tight t-shirt and denim cutoffs was no hardship. I sipped my juice and half-turned to Christos. “So if Elek’s a chef and Theron’s a pilot, what do you do?”

“Actually, piloting is Theron’s hobby, not his career. He’s our resident brainiac—he runs the business side of our operations. We own a fitness spa and restaurant in New York. Elek runs the kitchen and I run the gym. I’m a personal trainer.”

“But you used to work for Dermott?” I couldn’t see him employing a trainer.

Christos’ smile was warm and open, his tawny eyes twinkled. “Sort of. Our mom died when we were still cubs. We were living kind of rough on the streets of Athens for a while until I tried to pick Dermott’s pocket. He took us in, and we’ve all done various jobs for him until we figured out what we wanted to do long-term.”

“How long have you been friends?” It was a personal question, but hey, they’d offered to have kinky group sex with me. I figured personal was fair game.

“About eighty years.” Christos didn’t seem bothered by my nosiness at all. “It took thirty or so for him to get that we were all grown up, so if you’re asking, we’ve only played together for the last fifty or thereabouts.”

“And do you do that...often?” I was scandalized, but I had to admit, my pussy was clenching at the thought of having all four gorgeous hunks of masculinity at my beck and call.

He shrugged. “Now and again. More often just the three of us, but Dermott has joined us a handful of times. It’s fun and nobody ever gets hurt. We always make sure going in that nobody is looking for anything permanent.”

I nodded. “So none of you—you and your brothers—ever plan on a permanent relationship?”

“Maybe someday.” Elek slid a pair of crisp waffles onto my plate with a practiced hand. The fragrance of pineapple and nutmeg was amazing. “When it happens, if it happens, things might change. Meanwhile, our philosophy is to enjoy each day while it lasts.” In a few more swift movements he’d handed me a bowl of fruit compote and another of fresh whipped cream.

“That’s not a bad philosophy.” I believed that on some level, even though my personal life lately had been pretty much the opposite. I ladled some of the fruit—mango and papaya and pineapple in thick syrup—on top of the waffles and added a dollop of cream. The first bite was so delicious it was almost sexual. Perfectly melded flavors burst on my tongue. When was the last time I’d sat still long enough to really enjoy a meal? It bore thinking about. Later. For the moment, I closed my eyes and just concentrated on the food.

Christos chuckled beside me. “Elek’s food has been known to have that effect on women. It gives him an unfair advantage. You’ll have to let me give you a massage later, to make up some ground.”

“I just had a hot stone massage at the spa yesterday.” I’d been so wired up about the auction, however, that I hadn’t really relaxed, even then.

Christos winked. “I’ll bet mine’s better.”

The thought of having his hands—broad, tanned and strong—kneading my muscles was awfully appealing. Part of me balked at the idea of being “unfaithful” to

Dermott, but having sex once didn't imply a monogamous relationship. Besides, he'd been the one to suggest I get involved with the brothers in the first place. I took another bite of waffle rather than open my mouth and say something I'd regret later.

"Which leaves Theron what, doing her taxes?" Elek was apparently the smart-ass of the group.

"Actually, I was thinking of taking her sailing in a little while." Theron strode into the room from an outside door, in a pair of damp swim trunks, beads of water glistening on his bronze skin.

I almost choked on my waffle. Damn, just when I thought the eye candy couldn't get any better, the third member of the trifecta walked in. It was impossible to say who was the most attractive of the three—kind and muscular Christos, elegant and smart Theron, who was also seriously ripped, if not as bulky as his brothers, or Elek, graceful and artistic.

"Sailing?" After swallowing and taking a sip of juice, I was able to speak. "In what?" I'd sailed across the Atlantic on a clipper ship, but that had been nearly two hundred years ago. Any other experience I had with boats involved private yachts, with big, powerful engines and uniformed stewards.

"It's a little two-man catamaran. If we tip over, the worst that will happen is we get wet, and the water's warm." He took the stool on the other side of me from Christos and accepted the huge stack of waffles Elek handed him.

"So you're triplets." I tried to remember what I knew about lion shifters—the name Leonides was kind of a giveaway. Multiple births were pretty common, I thought. "Who's the oldest?"

"Me."

Somehow I wasn't surprised that it was Theron, the businesslike, responsible one.

"I'm the baby." Christos elbowed me playfully. "By a whole half-hour over Elek. I was born at twelve fifteen a.m., so it was enough to give me my own birthday while those two have to share."

"Our mother always denied that." Theron rolled his eyes. "She claimed the birth certificate was a mistake, and it was actually eleven fifty-one. What little we did for birthdays was always together."

"Ah, but in her heart, she loved me best." Christos couldn't quite keep a straight face, and Elek whacked his shoulder with a wooden spoon.

I couldn't help laughing along with him. Their antics brought back memories of what it had been like to have siblings, yet they didn't make me sad. I had Dani and Ari now, and while I'd always miss Felicity and Cecily, my life really had moved on.

"Where's Dermott tonight?" It didn't seem right to totally forget about the man who'd made me scream just this morning and held me as I slept. "You didn't drown him, did you?"

Elek snickered. "Thought about it a time or two, but not since we were teenagers, sneaking out at night. He's in the office, making some calls—we convinced him to give us a chance to get to know you a little on our own."

"So what do you want to do tonight?" Christos lifted one hand to the nape of my neck and rubbed it gently. "Swim? Sail? Walk on the beach? Play board games?"

I chuckled, bending my head so he could work—it felt marvelous. "Is it so obvious that I have no idea what to do with free time?"

"Pretty much." Theron laced his fingers through mine. "I get the same way if I'm not careful, but these two clowns kick me in the ass and make me take a break now and again."

"I guess I'll put myself in your expert hands." Moisture slicked the top of my thighs just thinking about what they'd come up with. I'd finally given up on fighting my attraction for them all. "But I do think we should include Dermott. It's his island after all."

"Of course." Elek leaned over and kissed my forehead. "We like our fourth musketeer. Wouldn't want to leave him out." He turned back to the stove, put a lid on the gumbo pan and lowered the flame to a simmer.

"Why don't we start with a tour of the island?" Theron swallowed his last bite of waffle. After he'd chewed and swallowed, he took his plate over to the sink. "I'll go get dressed. One of you can round up Dermott and we can meet out on the terrace in ten. Sound good?"

His two brothers nodded.

"You'll want shoes, sweet thing—sandals at least." Elek came around the island while Christos took my empty plate over to the sink. When had I finished the second waffle? Wow. I hadn't eaten so much in one sitting in years. Good thing we were going for a walk. Another thing vampires can do that people don't realize is gain weight.

"I'll walk upstairs with you." Christos offered me a hand. "Elek can go get Dermott."

"Okay." I stood and let him keep hold of my hand while we walked up to Dermott's room. I found a pair of sport sandals that met with Christos' approval and put them on, sitting down on Dermott's bed to do so before following Christos to the door.

"One more thing, cutie." He paused as soon as we were out in the hallway.

"What?" I looked up into his intense, tawny eyes.

"This." He cupped my chin in one hand and kissed me. It was gentle, but my shock had me opening my mouth, and he took the opportunity to sweep his tongue inside, tasting me as if I were dessert.

My nipples hardened and I kissed him back, pressing my body up against him for just a moment. I could feel the length and thickness of his erection pressed against my stomach through the thin cotton of my dress and his knit running shorts.

It was over in a few heartbeats. Christos pulled back and licked his lips. "You taste better than Elek's Key lime pie." He touched the tip of my nose with his finger. "Guess we'd better go."



I nodded, too confused to speak. This weekend was already way outside the realm of my experience. I hadn't exactly been celibate in my two hundred years, but I'd always been fairly...circumspect, I guess. At least compared to this.

Christos caught my hand and pulled me toward the stairs.

Halfway down, I saw Dermott, casually dressed in khaki shorts and a lime green polo shirt. The heat in his eyes had my feet pausing on the steps. Christos just grinned and tugged me gently to get me moving again.

"Good evening." At the bottom of the step, Dermott took my other arm. "You're looking lovely, my dear. Did you sleep well?"

I'm sure I blushed. "You know I did. Everything was perfect." Except for the part where I'd woken up alone. I still wasn't sure I was happy about that.

Dermott's lips brushed against my ear. "I hated to leave you, but you needed rest badly and you seemed to be sleeping so peacefully. Don't expect the same restraint tomorrow." He ended with a soft nibble on the shell of my ear, just as we met the other two brothers at the terrace door. Elek and Theron held open the double French doors so I could pass through without either of my escorts letting go. They fell into step behind us as Dermott and Christos led me across the flagstones to a series of steps leading down the slight incline to the beach.

"Piano Key is small, but because the house is so elevated it's above the storm surge line from hurricanes. We do have retractable steel shutters on all the windows and skylights, so we've never had a problem. When I'm not here, a couple from a nearby island boat over a few times a week to keep an eye on the place."

"Did you name it Piano Key?" My feet sank into the soft white sand at the base of the steps.

"Actually no. I think that was one of the reasons I bought it—I couldn't resist the name. From the air, the island is shaped something like a grand piano. This beach is the concave side of the curve, where the water is calmest."

"The straight edge—the keys of the piano—is pretty rocky." Elek gestured off to the right. "That's why we said you needed shoes." He picked up a flat stone off the beach and skipped it into the calm water. Moonlight sparkled off the splashes as it hopped six times before disappearing under the surface.

Naturally, this set up a friendly competition among the brothers. Even Christos left my side to join in. Dermott and I stood there laughing at their antics, and he pulled me closer to his side.

"Are they always like this?"

His chuckle held warmth and affection. "Pretty much. They can all be perfectly professional about their work, but when they're together and showing off for a pretty girl? They revert to being a bunch of half-grown cubs."

"And you? Don't you ever have the urge to goof off alongside them?"

"Actually," he swung me into his arms and looked down into my eyes. "I usually just take advantage of the situation." His lips covered mine in a deep kiss that seemed to go on forever.

He pulled me up against him until I could feel his heartbeat pounding beneath my palm. My fangs extended as his tongue swept inside, and I tasted a drop of blood. Dermott didn't seem to care. One hand slid down my back to cup one ass cheek, bringing my stomach right up against his blatant erection while his other hand grazed the side of my breast, which was already swollen and aching. A fang nicked my lower lip, meaning the flavor of my blood mingled with his, before the tiny wound healed almost instantly.

I rubbed my body against his, making him groan as his cock thickened even further.

Someone moved up behind me and began kissing the side of my throat. A warm body pressed against my back, another hard ridge pushing against the cleft of my butt. My senses whirled for a minute at the idea of being the filling in a sandwich, but in just a moment, I was too lost in the sensations to care.

A third body came up and laid a hand on my bare shoulder. "Sex on the beach is never as glamorous as it sounds." Theron leaned down and kissed the skin just above his hand. "Somebody always gets sand somewhere unpleasant."

Christos, standing on my other side, nodded.

"Mmm." Dermott pulled away with one last butterfly kiss on my puffy lips. "True." He gazed into my eyes. "Shall we finish the tour or go back up to the house?"

"How long will the tour take?" I wouldn't mind a few minutes to get my scattered wits back together.

He shrugged. "Half an hour maybe."

I reached up and stroked his cheek. "Then let's do that—first."

"Okay." Dermott stepped back, but he kept one of my hands clasped tightly in his. "Ready to go, boys?"

Elek nipped my throat playfully and stepped back, finally allowing me to see that it was him kissing me from behind. "Okay."

## **Chapter Four**

The island wasn't large, but it was lovely by moonlight. Graceful palm trees arched in the breeze and wildflowers covered the slope up to the house. Careful hands helped me across the rocky stretches although I'd have been fine unassisted. I was so used to fending for myself in every situation that it felt odd to be pampered, but I had to admit I was enjoying it. Soon we were back on the sandy beach in front of the steps.

"Anyone up for a swim? The water's warm." Elek kicked off his sandals and stepped into the water up to his ankles.

"I didn't bring a suit down." I tried not to stare as Christos pulled off his T-shirt and joined his brother in the waves.

"Do you need one?" Dermott's voice was soft against my ear. "We're all friends here."

I could almost hear Dani's voice in my head, prodding me to "live a little".

With a simple tug, I pulled my sundress off over my head and shimmied out of my thong before turning to Dermott with a taunting smile on my lips. "You coming in?"

A slow grin spread across his lips as he pushed down his shorts and pulled off his polo shirt. "Hell yes."

Theron chuckled. "Didn't we just decide the beach was a bad place for sex?"

"Who says we're going to have sex?" Christos splashed his oldest sibling with a handful of water. "This is just a swim. Come on, worrywart."

I stepped into the water with Dermott right behind me, his hand on my waist. The sea was warm and lapped gently at my skin as I moved out deeper. I hadn't swum in the ocean in years—mostly just because I'd been too busy to bother. I walked out until I was up to my neck, closed my eyes and soaked in the sensual joy of being immersed.

Dermott wrapped an arm around my waist. "Lean back against me and let yourself float. Just relax and let the waves carry all your worries away."

Worries? What worries? For the first time in decades, if not centuries, I couldn't think of a thing to be stressed about. Yes, back in the real world, I still had deadlines to meet, proposals to write up and things to do, but I had a good, solid staff who could handle things just fine without me for a little while. How come I had never stopped and thought about that before?

I lay there against Dermott's chest, my feet pointed out toward deeper water, looking up at the star-filled sky. In the two hundred years and more of my life, they were the one thing that had remained constant. Orion was still the hunter, and the Great Bear still pointed to the North Star. So much else had changed, but the stars were still there, shining their light.

We lazed there for I don't know how long while the brothers swam and goofed around and body surfed. Dermott's chest began to vibrate, and the sound rose until I realized he was humming an old Irish love song—or lullaby—I wasn't sure which. The tune was familiar, but I couldn't recall the words. Again, when had I last stopped to listen to music? I'd gone to concerts as a fundraiser and attended with potential donors, I had music playing as a soothing background in my office, but how long since I'd actually done nothing but *listen*? It was a sobering thought.

On the other hand, the longer I lay there in his arms, the more I stopped thinking about anything but Dermott. I could hear his heart beating, smell the rich, hot blood pumping beneath his skin. I wasn't hungry, except for another taste of him. While his arm around my waist still supported me in the water, his other had crept upward to cup my breast, reminding me—as if I needed it—that we were swimming naked.

"Are you turned-on, Jess?" Dermott pinched my nipple, making me moan. "I know I am."

"Very much so." The slickness between my thighs had nothing to do with the sea. My breasts and pussy ached for his touch.

"I'd turn you around and slide into you right here and now," he murmured, nuzzling my ear as he spoke. "But I don't have any protection with me."

"The odds—" I started to remind him that the risk was miniscule, but he'd moved out deeper, shifted my weight in his arms so that I was lying flat on my back on the surface of the water. Both of his hands supported me, leaving nothing to ease the need of my distended nipples or clit.

It was Theron who stepped over to me first. He moved up between my feet and gazed at me, his eyes glowing amber in the moonlight. "May I?"

I turned my head, trying to look to Dermott for approval, but the position didn't allow for it. He nipped the side of my neck I'd turned up to the waterline. The slight sting morphed into pleasure as he licked the spot. "If you're comfortable with it, love. I'd adore the sight of him eating your sweet cunt."

Just the words made me quiver with need. With a tentative smile I nodded at Theron, who grinned as he drew my ankles over his shoulders and stepped forward. Because of the difference in the depths, my body stayed fairly level, even as he kissed his way up my inner thighs until his breath was hot on my mound.

His two brothers came up on either side of me. Christos laid his palm over one of my small breasts while Elek leaned down and licked the nipple of my other.

The onslaught of sensations made me shriek, and instantly they all stopped. Elek laid a palm against my belly. "Should we stop?"

It took me two tries before I could speak. My mouth had gone completely dry. "No. It's...nice."

Nice didn't begin to cover it. Theron licked my pussy in one long swipe, letting me know that cat shifters did indeed have raspier tongues than other species. The feel of that rough surface gently gliding along my sensitive tissues was indescribable.

"Mmm. You taste fantastic. Even with an extra helping of salt."

For a second I had no idea what he meant, I was that lost in the sensations of having four sexy, immortal males paying homage to my body.

"A little seawater just adds spice," Elek said, leaning back down to suck one of my nipples between his lips. He angled his head to the side, making room for Christos to treat my other breast to the same fervent attention.

Theron licked my slit as if it were the best thing on earth and he was starving. Between that and his brothers sucking and rolling my nipples between their lips, I was climbing toward an explosive climax in seconds. I wanted this to last—it was the most purely sexual experience I'd ever had—but I knew it wouldn't. Theron moved his lips to my clit while sliding two fingers into my clasp channel.

"Yes!" Was that me, screaming my pleasure to the stars? I could barely believe it.

"That's it, *leannan*. Come for us." While Elek and Christos sucked at my breasts, and Theron fucked me with his fingers, Dermot lifted my wrist, bit down and sucked lightly.

*That* cascaded me over into orgasm. My pussy clamped down on Theron's fingers while my spine arched, driving my breasts deeper into Elek's and Christos' mouths. Dermott didn't take much blood but continued to graze my skin with his teeth, and kept a tight grip on my waist beneath the waves.

When the climax finally eased, Theron licked my mound and thighs until I was sure every drop of my juices was gone. When he lifted his head, the others did as well, and with gentle hands the four of them eased me to an upright position and moved me into a shallower spot where I could stand. Dermott and Elek each wrapped a supportive arm around my waist when my knees wobbled.

"I think we should take this up to the house for round two," Christos said. He walked ahead of us, with Theron right behind me, one hand occasionally grazing my ass.

"That's up to Jess," Dermott replied. "Are you ready for more, love?"

Was I? I watched Christos' fine, sculpted ass as he stepped from the water. "Yes."

“Good.” The frank sexuality in Dermott’s tone made me shiver. “Pool, bed or living room floor?”

It was Christos who answered before I could. “Pool’s closest.”

He bent to gather up our discarded clothing, and my fangs lengthened. I was definitely going to sink my fangs into those rock-hard glutes at some point before the evening was over. “Closest works for me.”

None of us bothered to dress or even put our shoes on for the walk up to the house. Theron helped Christos with the pile of clothing while Elek and Dermott escorted me up the wide stone steps to the house. Instead of walking right in, we moved off to the side where I realized there was a glass-covered addition to the building, which housed a good-sized indoor pool. Elek opened one of the French doors and stepped aside as Dermott led me inside.

“Oooh, very nice.” The area was a tropical paradise, paved with the same flagstones as outside and lush with flowering plants, which scented the air with their fragrance. A hot tub sat on a higher level with a waterfall spilling into the pool. Several wooden loungers surrounded both pool and spa with thick, well-padded cushions. Some of them were the size of a double bed. Oh, this would do nicely!

“The bathroom is right over there,” Dermott told me, pointing to a door concealed behind the artful interior landscaping. “We might want to shower off the salt water for a start.”

“Well, if the shower is as big as the one upstairs, we can all clean up at once.”

“It is.” Christos had come up and caught hold of the hand not twined around Dermott’s waist. “Our boy Dermott here likes his luxuries.”

Dermott’s return grin was easy and affectionate. “I do. But at least I’m willing to share.”

I couldn’t miss the sexual connotation of that “share” comment, and I wasn’t sure how I felt about it. Did it mean I was unimportant to him? It made sense since we’d only met a few times before yesterday. Still, it was a nagging irritation. I certainly



wasn't in love with Dermott McMahon, so why did I care? Shaking it off, I let the males lead me into another spacious bathroom. Glass block walls sectioned off the various areas, including another giant shower stall. It was lovely, but mainly I was busy absorbing the sight of four naked males in the brighter indoor light. *Beautiful*. Each different but each stunning in his own right. All had rampant erections, and I almost felt guilty for having come when none of them did. Almost. I licked my lips, knowing they'd have their turns—soon. *Jess, you are one very lucky lady*. Somewhere along the way I had lost all self-consciousness about my lack of clothing.

I'll admit to being sort of surprised when all we did in the shower was wash. Well—there was a little petting going on when each of them took turns helping me get clean, and I *did* enjoy washing each of their backs, learning the different shapes and textures of each of the males. Their scents too were unique, with Dermott standing out considerably from the rest. But by the time we were finished, I knew I'd be able to tell the triplets apart with my eyes shut.

When we stepped out of the shower, Dermott wrapped me in a huge, fluffy towel and rubbed me down while the others dried themselves. Almost immediately, Christos and Elek disappeared. The towels went into a hamper, and Dermott pulled a wide-toothed comb from a drawer and gently combed the tangles from my wet hair before tending to his own. Theron raided a cabinet and hauled out a couple of boxes. A bottle of some sort of oil had been left in a sink full of hot water to warm, and he grabbed that, along with a stack of fresh towels.

When we emerged into the pool room, I saw what Elek and Christos had been up to. Fat white candles glowed all along one side of the pool, and a white sheet had been draped across one of the double lounge chairs. A bottle of champagne rested in an ice bucket with five flutes on the tray beside it. A bowl of strawberries and a plate of something chocolate shared a second tray nearby.

I let the males lead me over to the lounge and took a seat in the middle of it, stretching my long legs out in front of me and leaning against the thick cushions. Elek

poured champagne and handed me a glass before passing one to each of the others. Dermott and Christos perched on either side of me, Theron took a seat beside my left knee, and Elek stood behind Christos' shoulder.

Dermott raised his glass. "To Jess."

"To Jess," each of the brothers echoed.

I lifted mine and grinned. "To all of you," I said. "And to a weekend I hope we'll all remember."

"Amen to that." Dermott tapped the rim of his glass against mine, the crystal chiming musically. Each of the others clinked glasses as well, until every combination had been met. We all drank deeply.

It was Christos, the most playful of the bunch, who tipped the last teaspoon or so of his champagne into my navel and leaned over to lick it up. My giggle was more amusement than ticklishness, though that may have played a part too.

When I opened my mouth to laugh, Dermott popped a strawberry into it, which for some reason made me giggle more. I didn't even care that juice ran down my chin. Especially not when Dermott leaned over and licked it away.

Once I'd swallowed the strawberry, Elek's hand was there with a tiny chocolate sphere. "Homemade truffles," he said. "Taste."

"Oh. My. God." It was maybe the single most decadent thing I'd ever tasted – well, except for Dermott's blood. I was a woman but still a vampire after all.

Dermott dipped a strawberry in champagne. He split it in half with his fingers and handed one half off to Christos. Each of them rubbed the wine-soaked berry all over one of my nipples.

At first, I nearly jumped out of my seat, but Theron's hands on my shoulders, softly caressing me from behind, stilled my surprised movement. When Dermott and Christos each leaned down to lick the juice and champagne off my nipples, the double stimulation made me moan. I arched up into their mouths, barely noticing as they slid

me forward on the lounge until Theron could slip between me and the back of the chair, his long legs splayed out on either side of me and his rigid erection pressed into the small of my back.

Not to be left out, Elek knelt between my legs, spreading me wide open. For a while he just sat still, gazing hungrily at my drenched pussy while Dermott and Christos sucked my breasts, and Theron began to kiss my ears and the side of my throat. Elek lifted both my knees up over his elbows and leaned down, licking a slow line along my slit.

“God, you taste like honey,” he purred, diving in for a deeper taste.

“Mmm-hmm,” agreed Christos, without letting go of my nipple. He sucked it deep and used his raspy tongue to flatten it against the roof of his mouth. On the other side, Dermott had settled into a steady rhythm, alternating deep suction with flicks of his tongue across the very tip. Theron drew on the base of my neck in a way that would have left one hell of a hickey on a human.

Altogether it was – astounding. I grabbed hold of Dermott’s arm and, I think, one of Theron’s thighs and threw my head back to open my throat to Theron. He lifted a wrist next to my chin.

“Bite me,” he murmured into my ear.

I grabbed his hand with mine, bringing it up to my mouth, so close to orgasm I was practically mindless with need. I bit into Theron’s wrist. The warm, rich flavor of his blood burst on my taste buds. I’d never tasted a feline shifter before and his blood was peppery and hot.

“You are so fucking beautiful,” Elek muttered. His breath fanned softly against my sensitized clit. “Come for us, angel.”

When he sucked my clit into his mouth, I couldn’t do anything but come.

And come. And come.

I had to stop sucking Theron's wrist so I could scream. I'm not usually a screamer, but the sensory overload was more than my synapses could handle. By the time the long, rolling climax was over, tears were streaming down my cheeks. Theron cupped my face in his hand and kissed them away while the others gentled their caresses, bringing me down.

They weren't even close to being done. No, the wicked gleam in each pair of eyes let me know the party was just beginning.

I don't know how they decided who got to do what—if they'd planned ahead or had a usual pattern. Theron held my hand and sucked on my fingers one by one while both Christos and Elek stepped back to don condoms. Theron carefully lowered the back of the lounge, supporting me with his arm before laying me down on what was now approximately a queen-sized bed.

Dermott picked up the oil. "Roll over, angel."

With Theron's encouraging smile urging me on, I did, content to trust them to see to my pleasure as well as theirs. A long bolster pillow appeared from somewhere—Theron?—and I propped it under my arms, leaning up on my elbows so my face and breasts weren't being smushed into the cushion of the chaise.

Dermott stroked the warmed oil over my shoulders and down my back. It wasn't really a massage, more a slick caress. He spent a little more time kneading my butt, making sure the muscle there was nice and loose as his slick fingers moved ever closer to my anus. Just before he breached my sphincter, he added a little more oil, making his finger so slippery his invasion was utterly painless.

"That is such a sight," Theron said. He stood at the head of the chase, his engorged cock bobbing above my head, flushed purple with blood. "His finger sliding in and out of your rosebud while he strokes himself with his other hand."

I turned my head enough to catch a glimpse over my shoulder. Dermott pierced my ass with a second finger and fisted his cock. He thrust his fingers in and out, spreading them to stretch me as he went, and pumping himself with the same rhythm.

The cats seemed to constantly crave touch. None of them did anything overtly sexual while Dermott fucked my ass with his fingers, but they all touched me continuously, one petting a shoulder, another stroking my hair, one sucking the tips of my fingers. They also kept up a constant murmur of explicit praise.

"God, angel, you're so fucking hot."

"Isn't that the prettiest pink asshole you've ever seen?"

"Come on, Dermott. I want to see her skin spattered with your cum."

"I can't wait to sink my dick into her pussy. Bet she's tight."

"Hell yes." That was Theron, who'd had his fingers up my pussy just moments before. "And sweeter than candy."

Dermott groaned. "Jess, I want you to suck Theron's cock. Can you do that for me?"

This time it was me who moaned—with hunger. "Hell yes." I crooked a finger at Theron. "C'm'ere."

He sat on the chaise and scooted forward with his long legs splayed on either side of me. This brought his groin right in front of my face. I inhaled deeply, taking in the spicy scent of him, and wrapped both my hands around his erection.

Each of the brothers was thicker than Dermott if not as long. Their cocks were as distinct as their personalities. Theron's had a marked upward curve. Christos' was the thickest of the three, heavily lined with rosy veins, while Elek's sported a unique, heart-shaped head. Unlike Dermott, the brothers were also all circumcised. It was a reminder that they were younger, not that I cared. As long as everyone was over twenty-one, I was fine. Right now, what I wanted was to find out how Theron tasted. I used my hands to bring his tip right to my mouth and flicked my tongue out and lapped up a droplet of pre-cum. *Incredible*. Just like their kisses, and just like his blood, Theron's fluid tasted of desert breezes, tangy salt and exotic spices. As if in response to my urge for more, another drop beaded instantly and I slurped that one up as well.

Dermott continued to stretch my ass, fucking it deeply and rapidly with his fingers while I trailed kisses up and down the length of Theron's curved cock, following the roadmap of the thick veins. I cupped his balls in my hand, fondling the taut spheres and crinkly skin, with a sparse covering of short, spiky hairs—a contrast to the nest of tawny curls that circled the root of his shaft. The scent of his natural musk pervaded my nostrils while my taste buds craved more of his fluids.

I licked my way back up toward his crown, my hips bucking to meet the thrusts of Dermott's fingers—he'd added a third. I could hear the sound of Dermott's other hand on his cock, and the rhythm was starting to take hold of me. When I reached Theron's tip, I licked up one last bead of pre-cum. Wrapping both hands around his swollen shaft, I slurped the plump mushroom-shaped head deep into the back of my throat and sucked. I pumped his rod with my hands, echoing Dermott's pace.

Elek and Christos weren't idle. The entire time, I could feel their hands running up and down my back, sides and legs, and hear them murmuring sexy, encouraging comments, letting me know in no uncertain terms that they thought I was hot. Theron muttered his agreement. He tangled his hands in my hair as his hips flexed, pushing himself deeper into my throat. I swallowed repeatedly, letting my muscles caress him as they rippled.

"Jessamy." Dermott shoved his fingers deep into my anus and held them still a second before I felt the hot spatter of his semen coating my back from neck to thighs.

"Damn, that's hot, her pretty skin all covered in cum." I was so turned-on, I couldn't tell which of the brothers said that. It wasn't Theron. He just moaned and spurted down my throat, filling my mouth with a stream of thick, spicy-flavored liquid. I drank down every drop, my arousal spiking even further with every taste. Meanwhile, multiple hands massaged Dermott's cum into my skin, ensuring that I was covered in his scent—his mark. A mini orgasm rippled through me as I licked Theron clean. I got the message. Dermott had clearly labeled me as his. He was sharing me with the others, but only for my benefit. For at least for this weekend he wanted me stamped with his

ownership. The idea had cream gushing from my pussy. Normally, I was defiantly independent, but just for this interlude, these few days away from reality, I was delighted to belong to him.

I was shaking as they helped me sit back up. Dermott and Theron took up positions beside me, each sucking one of my achingly tender breasts. Christos lay in front of me, his legs stretched out so I knelt between them. His fat, sheathed cock pointed directly up into the air, pulsing with blood and heat. Guiding me gently, Theron and Dermott shifted me up to straddle Christos' hips and slowly lowered me so my dripping pussy slipped down to glove that rigid erection. He filled me tightly, stretching me despite my being soaking wet, and I threw my head back, my hand coming down to rub my throbbing clit. I honestly hadn't ever been this aroused in my life.

"Lean forward, sweetheart." Theron guided my torso down over Christos, pushing my quivering ass up in the air. Dermott toyed with one of my taut nipples as I felt Elek kneel behind me. He gripped my hip with one hand while he used the other to guide that heart-shaped tip to press against my rosette. I quit flicking my clit to grab both of Christos' shoulders with my hands and clenched hard as Elek began to slowly push his cock inside my ass. Dermott slid a forearm up to my mouth.

"Drink."

The taste of blood would overwhelm any slight pain I felt at the double invasion, and I was so quickly growing addicted to the flavor and power of Dermott's blood. I nipped a vein in his wrist and sucked, just as Elek thrust his cock all the way in.

I'd never been so full. For a moment I couldn't catch my breath or even lap the drop of blood welling from Dermott's vein.

Both brothers started to move.

Oh. My. God.

It must have been Theron who managed to reach between me and Christos to rub my nipples, but I couldn't tell because I had my eyes squeezed shut. There might have even been tears leaking from between my lids. Every nerve in my body seemed to be

firing off at once as the two of them fucked me, one sliding out as the other thrust powerfully in. Dermott nudged my lips with his wrist and I instinctively licked.

That was enough.

I came harder than I ever had in my life.

My cunt clamped down on Christos' cock, squeezing him hard and holding him deep in my channel. Behind me, Elek slammed deep into my ass as my sphincter spasmed down on him. Both of them roared their releases.

Finally, when the tremors started to ease, I slumped on Christos' chest. Elek kissed the nape of my neck as he eased his cock out of my ass. Dermott and Theron lifted me off Christos. It was Dermott who lifted me up into his arms and carried me over to the hot tub. I cuddled into his neck happily as he stepped down into the bubbling water. Theron wasn't far behind us while Christos and Elek ducked into the bathroom and got rid of their condoms before joining us. The tub was just big enough for four long-legged males, so we were all close. I was curled up on Dermott's lap while the brothers took turns reaching out to stroke my hair or caress my foot or shoulder, whichever was closest. Every one of them had a happy grin on his face.

"Mmm, this feels good." I was smiling ear to ear myself. There was a part of me still in shock over having just had sex with four males, but the lions were so warm and engaging that they made any qualms I'd had disappear. It was all just caring, friendly fun. They were certainly living up to their promises of dedicating themselves to my pleasure for the weekend.

"It does at that." Dermott kissed my ear as he murmured into it. His renewed erection prodded my hip. "Have we worn you out completely?"

"For the moment." Without extending my fangs, I nipped the side of his throat lightly. "I'm sure I'll get a second wind soon enough." For a long while, I just let myself relax, enjoying their attention and being entertained by the banter between them.

Finally, Elek rose to his feet. "Well, I should go see about lunch. Half an hour from now good for everyone?"



There was a round of nods and grunts of agreement.

“Shall we eat on the patio?” Dermott asked, tipping his head away from mine so I could see his face. “Or would you prefer to stay inside?”

“The patio sounds lovely.” I think I’d have agreed to just about anything as I lounged in a sensual daze.

One by one the other two brothers left the tub until Dermott and I were alone.

“We should get dressed,” he said finally. “Elek’s creations are too good to waste.”

I nodded and slipped off his lap. Hand in hand, we walked into the changing room, showered off and dressed without saying a word. Just before we reached the French doors connecting the pool area to the terrace, he stopped and pulled me close for a long, deep kiss.

“I don’t want you to get the wrong idea here, Jess.” He brushed a strand of damp hair back behind my ear. “I don’t mind having fun with the boys—but that’s all it is—fun. When it comes to you and me, on the other hand—I have deeper intentions in mind, if you’re amenable. Once this weekend is over, how about we give it a go? Just the two of us?”

*Whoa!* I blinked up at him, not certain I’d heard correctly. Had Dermott just said he wanted a relationship with me?

I opened my mouth to speak, but it was a moment before anything came out. When it finally did, I just said, “Wow.”

“Sorry if I’ve taken you by surprise. Don’t let it worry you, darling, or ruin this weekend. It was just a suggestion.”

I was even more shocked to see the unflappable Dermott McMahon looking vulnerable. I reached up to touch his lips and managed a tentative smile.

“I need to think about that, Dermott. What’s going on this weekend—it isn’t the real me, and I think you know that. I’m not really good at the whole relationship thing.” I

was a total type-A workaholic. Most men really didn't like taking third place after my business and charity ventures.

"No worries, love." He bussed the tip of my nose. "One day at a time. That good for you?"

"Very good," I agreed, going up on my toes to kiss his lips. "One day at a time it is. Now didn't you promise me lunch?"

He laughed and gave my ass a playful swat as he opened the patio door.

## Chapter Five

After a luscious midnight lunch of gumbo and conch fritters and topped by homemade Key lime pie, I leaned back in my chair on the patio and gazed up at the stars. Once again the Leonides brothers had vanished after cleaning up the dishes, leaving Dermott and me to our own devices.

"I can't keep eating like this," I said with a laugh. "I won't be able to fit into any of my clothes when I get home."

"I think we can make sure you get enough exercise to counteract the calories." Dermott stood and held out his hand to help me to my feet. "Any thoughts on what else you'd like to do tonight? Another swim? Sailing around the island? A movie perhaps?"

How long had it been since I'd taken time to watch a movie? Maybe six months ago with Dani and Ari, back when they'd both been single? Yes. And it had been Ari's turn to pick, so it had been some sort of gushy romance. "What kind of movies do you have?"

"Full-scale screening room with satellite. We can order up any movie currently available. What would you like?"

"If I said a tear-jerking chick flick, you'd go along with it, wouldn't you?" I couldn't resist teasing him a little.

"Certainly. This weekend is for you, remember. You call all the shots."

"Oh good. I want to see something with as many car chases, gunfights and massive explosions as possible." Don't ask me why, but I loved bloody, violent movies—as long as the good guys always won. Since neither of my friends shared that taste, I didn't get to see them often. "And popcorn. There has to be popcorn." Even if right now I didn't know where I'd put it.

"And nachos."

I laughed. "Some good Irish boy you are."

"Aye. But nachos are universal. Besides, if the boys are invited, you'll find they go through a lot of food. Are they?"

I didn't have to think twice. "Absolutely. It wouldn't be as much fun without them."

"Well, let's go. You can pick out a film while I round up the boys and the popcorn."

The screening room he led me to was as posh as the rest of the house, though this room didn't boast any windows. Instead of theater-style chairs, there were three large leather loveseats with built-in recliners. One faced the screen directly while the others flanked it at thirty-degree angles. Dermott pointed toward the central loveseat and handed me a remote. "Film guide is on channel 101," he told me as he turned. "I'll be back shortly."

It was the first time I'd been alone in hours, aside from a moment or two in the bathroom. Oddly, I didn't feel lonely—I could still sense Dermott's warmth as if it were wrapped around me as I turned on the gigantic television screen and began scrolling through the movie selections. It didn't take me long to choose a popular action picture and get it set up to play as soon as the others arrived.

They trickled in one at a time. Theron brought several bottles of soda in an ice bucket and handed me one before sprawling on the loveseat to my left. Christos brought two huge bowls of buttered popcorn. He set one down on each of the end tables between the loveseats, pulled several floor pillows from a corner and plopped onto the floor at my feet. Dermott followed him with two plates of nachos and took the seat beside me while Elek, bearing boxes of old-time theater candy, brought up the rear and claimed the remaining loveseat. I pushed the button to start the movie, and the brothers cheered at my selection.

"Oh man, I missed this one in New York." Christos snagged a soda and a handful of popcorn, leaning back against my shins. "I vote we keep her—she has great taste."

“Ha. If she had great taste, she wouldn’t be letting you anywhere near her.” Elek threw a popcorn kernel at his brother. “Now shut up, the movie’s starting.”

Throughout the film, we all laughed, cheered and booed. The males mostly kept their hands to themselves, but by the end I was sprawled in Dermott’s lap while Christos played with my toes. As soon as the movie was over, Elek pounced, dragging both me and Dermott with him to the floor – on top of Christos.

“Cat pile,” Theron growled happily as he joined us in the heap on the floor, tickling my ribs. Someone hit the remote and music filled the room with just a display of colored light on the screen, lending enough illumination so we could see one another.

Someone wiggled my dress off over my shoulders and head. I think it was me who peeled off Elek’s denim shorts – though somehow my hand was down the front of Dermott’s fly before I even noticed what I was doing. He was hard and ready, just like always, and my pussy was already soaked with need, just from spending the last two hours in his lap.

Gentle hands gripped my knees, spreading my legs as one of the brothers knelt between them.

“My turn to taste.” Christos was the only one who hadn’t gone down on me yet, so it was no great shock to look down and see him lower his face to my creaming cunt. My head was pillowed on one of the floor cushions, and Dermott leaned over me, kissing me deeply at the same time as Christos licked me from clit to anus in one long, rough slurp.

“I want to suck you,” I told Dermott bluntly when our tongues quit tangling. “While Christos eats me out, I want to suck your cock.” I don’t know when I’d grown so blunt or bold, but I liked it – the frankly sexual words were making me squirm.

I felt his body shudder as he moaned. “Anything you want, love.” He came up on his knees beside me, holding his thick shaft out above my face. I raised my head an inch or so to lick the bead of pre-cum from his tip. The salty tang sent a pre-orgasmic ripple running through my nervous system, raising gooseflesh on my arms and breasts.

One of the others added another pillow beneath my head so I didn't have to strain my neck to reach Dermott's cock. I cradled his taut ball sac with one hand while I stroked up and down his length with my other and eagerly licked circles around his plump crest.

"That's it, love. Suck me, Jess." Dermott fisted his hands in my hair and pushed himself between my open lips. I sucked hard, taking him deep to the back of my throat. My hand on his shaft kept up a steady rhythm as he thrust, fucking my mouth. I alternated suction with twirling my tongue around his tiny, weeping slit, loving every drop of his flavor.

Christos hadn't let up on his attentions to my pussy. He suckled my clit while sliding two thick fingers into my cleft, curling them up to find my sweet spot. Elek nibbled on my left nipple and Theron lavished kisses on my belly and teased my navel with his tongue. Once again it was complete sensory overload, and I had to force myself to focus on Dermott. I was determined not to come until he did. Daring action was called for—I knew I wouldn't last much longer, so I took my hand off his balls and slid it back, pressing one finger hard against his anus. As I sucked him hard, I popped that finger inside the snug ring of muscle, pressing deeper to rub against his prostate.

With a harsh cry, Dermott came in my mouth, rivulets of hot semen pouring down my throat. I let myself go again, and with two more flicks of Christos' tongue on my clit, I convulsed, swallowing Dermott's cum even as I bucked into Christos' mouth, my pussy spasming around his hand. To my amazement, I felt the hot spurt of him coming all over the inside of my legs, from mid-thigh down to my knees, and that was maybe the biggest turn-on yet—he'd come just from fucking me with his fingers and mouth. Both Elek and Theron came as well, covering my breasts and belly with thick, sticky fluid.

We lay there in a hot, sticky heap for a long time, with my head on Dermott's chest and each of the others pillowed on my belly, breast or thighs.

After a while, it was Dermott who laughed. “Now *that*, boyos, is the way to watch a movie.”

\* \* \* \* \*

After yet another shower, I was stunned to realize it was only four in the morning—still a good two hours until dawn. Unsurprisingly, the cats wanted to eat again, but I’d already eaten more in one night than in the whole of the previous year, so Dermott and I skipped dinner. To my delight, he took me into his music room where I curled up in an oversized arm chair while he played—everything from Mozart to Elton John and several folk tunes that hadn’t been new when I was a debutante. When he played an ancient love ballad, I couldn’t help wishing it was just for me. Tears had formed in my eyes, but before the moment could get too serious, the brothers ambled in, this time with a stack of board games in hand. We played Clue and Monopoly for another hour, by which time I was yawning. I didn’t complain when Dermott carried me up the stairs, or when we all slept in a giant tangled heap in Dermott’s bed.

As soon as we woke the following evening, they made love to me again, this time with Dermott filling my cunt and Theron in my ass while I used my hands on Elek and Christos. Afterward, we showered and ate another of Elek’s amazing breakfasts. I was spirited off on a small motor launch to Key West, where the men delighted in showing me the local nightlife. The party went on until well after the bars closed. It was only an hour before dawn when we got home.

Home. When had I started calling it that in my mind? I walked up the grand staircase with one hand in Dermott’s and one in Elek’s and wondered why it was I already felt more comfortable here than I did in my Chicago townhouse. I gazed up at the tall, Irish vampire beside me, and knew that it was him. What I felt wasn’t a forever kind of love—not yet anyway, but it was a deep understanding and kinship, the kind I’d only ever had before with my husband or with my two best friends. And even with Douglas, that friendship had never been laced with the kind of mind-blowing passion I felt with Dermott.

I cared about the Leonides brothers too, I realized as Theron held open the door to Dermott's bedroom. But it wasn't the same. This was just friends with benefits—and that's all it ever would be. If I ran into them a year from now, there'd be none of the awkwardness of former lovers. All our play this weekend had been just that—a lark. Still, I knew I'd always be fond of the three playful lions. With Dermott I wasn't sure. It might be safer to end things after tomorrow. If I let him stay a part of my life for too long, he just might end up breaking my heart.

There was plenty of kissing and petting going on in the bed that morning, but I fell asleep before any actual sex could happen. I woke in the early evening, before dusk, to a kiss from Christos.

"You look magnificent in the sunlight." I'd swear Elek purred as he traced a line down the center of my belly with one fingertip.

My eyes flew open before I remembered that all the glass in Dermott's house was UV coated. Just like in my home, I was totally safe to lie on the bed in a pool of sunshine. At home, however, I wasn't usually surrounded by four naked—and horny—males, all watching me hungrily.

"We have some business over in Miami," Theron said, leaning down to drop a kiss on my forehead. "We wanted to say goodbye before we left."

"We'll be back by sunset tomorrow to take you home," Christos added.

"Thank you," Elek told me just before he kissed my lips, "for sharing yourself with us for these few days."

Each one of them took a turn giving me a long, naked, full-bodied kiss goodbye while Dermott leaned up on one elbow and watched. He waved goodbye as the brothers each left the bedroom.

"If you want, they'll probably rush through their business and be back in a few hours," Dermott said. It was his turn to lean down and kiss me good evening. "I suspect they just decided we needed some time alone."



A lump formed in my throat. He was giving me the choice—to spend time with just him or to go back to being pampered by all four. It didn't take any thought for me to shake my head. "I don't mind a quiet night with just the two of us, not if you don't."

His smile was slow and heated. "I can't think of anything I'd like more."

I was already wet when he kissed me and rolled me onto my back. My legs automatically widened to cradle his erection against my core. He rubbed his tip against my labia, slipping between the slick tissue while his tongue plundered my mouth. Already mindless with need, I lifted my hips to take him inside. He was as impatient as I was. With no further preliminaries, he thrust deep and began to move. His hands slid between us to find my breasts, but his lips continued to ravage mine as he pistoned into me, hard and fast.

His pubic bone rubbed against my aching clit with every thrust, so it wasn't long before I was quaking with the onset of my climax. I tore my mouth away from Dermott's and sank my fangs into his shoulder, filling my mouth with the taste of his blood. He did the same, and the feeling of his fangs impaling my flesh at the same time as his cock sent me spinning off into an orgasm so intense I saw sparks in front of my eyes. Dermott groaned, wrenching his mouth from my skin and his cock out of my pussy. Half a second later, I felt his body tense. A hot spray of cum covered my belly and breasts. Aftershocks rippled through me as he held himself rigid above me and continued to come. One long blast eased into shorter, occasional bursts. Finally, he collapsed beside me and pulled me into his arms, making both of us a sticky mess.

Neither of us cared. I could tell that by the way he kissed me.

"That was close," he said as we lay there trying to catch our breath. "Jesus, I haven't forgotten protection in damn near two hundred years."

It had been a unique sensation, having him inside me, bare. I smiled and kissed the corner of his mouth while with one hand I absently rubbed the wet cum into my skin. "I still don't think we have anything to worry about, but thank you for worrying anyway."

"I don't think I'd mind having a family with you some day, Jess, but I'm not sure we're ready for that step just yet." When he was tired and sated, his Irish accent was thicker, and sexy as hell.

"You know, I've never actually met a vampire who got pregnant. I think it's just a myth." Not that I'd gotten close enough to many other vampires to talk about their origins or family life. I had dozens of business "friends", yet I'd always held myself aloof from everyone except Dani and Ari.

"It isn't," Dermott assured me. "You remember I mentioned my friends Sean and Esmé?"

"The ones you used to—be with?" I tried to remind myself that there was no reason to be jealous of a relationship he'd ended over a century ago.

"The same. About ten years after I parted ways with them, Esmé gave birth to a daughter. Another fifty or so years after that they had a son."

"Really? Ari will be thrilled. I know she and Jack are hoping to have a family someday." As for me, I simply found the idea unsettling—at least for now. "I guess we really should be careful."

"Aye." He laced his fingers through mine and lay on his back, staring up at the ceiling. "You're a busy woman, Jessamy Maitland. D'ye think ye can find room in your life for a man, if not for a family?"

"I don't know." Part of me wanted desperately to lie to him, to tell him anything that would keep him close. "I'm not a low-maintenance kind of girl."

"No. You're not an easy one, but I'd wager you're worth the effort." It was maybe the nicest thing anyone had ever said to me. "Then again, neither am I. I travel a lot and I like my own way. Still, I'd be willing to give it a go, if you'll have me."

My heart was pounding so hard I thought it might burst from my chest. "I'd like that, Dermott. No promises but that I swear I'll do my best."

"That's enough of a promise for me." He rolled and hugged me tight. "Just the two of us, mind you. No lions—at least not for a while. I want to sort this out by ourselves."

I smiled widely. "Sounds perfect. When's the next time you'll be in Chicago?" I was already plotting out trips to London and New York.

"Hmm." He winked. "I'm thinking I might need to spend more time there. Know a good apartment for sale?"

"Even better. I know one you can stay at whenever you're in town—although I think I'll need a bigger bed."

"And you can stay with me in New York from time to time, right?"

"Right."

He sighed and snuggled down into the pillows. "Ah, Jess, this is going to be a grand adventure."

I nestled against him, my eyes closing again in contentment. "The best of my life."

Even if someday we parted, I knew that Dermott McMahon would hold a piece of my heart forever. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

## About the Author

Cindy Spencer Pape has been, among other things, a banker, a teacher and an elected politician, though she swears she got better. Her degrees are in zoology and she currently works in environmental education, when she can fit it in around writing. She lives in southern Michigan with her husband, two teenage sons, a dog, a lizard and various other small creatures, all of which are easier to clean up after than the three male humans.

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

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