



# HOTEL CALIFORNIA

CAITLYN WILLOWS

## HOTEL CALIFORNIA

...Warmth, love, need—an overwhelming need—filled him. His heart ached from love...his newfound love for Tiffany and that of the entity's for his soul mate. Chuck was now two men, two men in love, two men who had craved their woman yet been unable to fully express it. All the lust he'd felt for Tiffany before was nothing compared to how he felt now.

He glanced around, seeking *her*. She stood before him encased in a soft glow that pulsed with life. Looking down, he saw he glowed, too. They were the fog and the fog was them. By subconscious command, he and Tiffany reached out for each other. Their fingers met first, intertwining. Heat coursed up his arms, spread across his chest, then nestled in his gut like warm apple brandy on a cool night. His lips found hers. They sparked at the first touch, pulling laughter that echoed from all four souls that stood there. Then, with a soft sigh of contentment, they kissed again.

He kissed her as he'd never kissed other woman, taking his time to feel, to learn, to treasure the softness. Gentle nips parted them. He carried them along her jaw, down to the curve of her neck to the tender spot there. Tiffany's hands fanned over his shoulders as he nuzzled her. She rubbed her stomach against his hard-on, urgent for contact. Chuck wedged his thigh high between hers and jerked aside their robes ...

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BY

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HOTEL CALIFORNIA  
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### ***Diversions***

*Where the water diverts  
On a blue moon night,  
Forever you shall be  
Those lovers who unite.*

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Chuck Wagoner stifled a yawn. Traveling to Palm Springs this late at night probably wasn't such a good idea, especially since he'd been up at three that morning finishing up another assignment. But he'd had this arranged for months. If he cancelled his plans now, not only would he have to scramble to fill that article with another, but it might be another six months before he could get back into *Diversions*. If the exclusive resort had its down time, Chuck had yet to discover it. The place was generally booked solid months in advance.

It had taken a fair amount of convincing to get this far. His editor at *Travel Temptations* didn't think the place needed any more publicity, and neither did the owners of *Diversions*. Good word of mouth seemed to do the trick for them. They didn't do one lick of advertising, other than their printed tri-fold brochures. And that was just the angle Chuck wanted to use—how exclusivity, professionalism, and great customer service made the place a must do for lovers. Ironical he was coming here

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alone...well, almost alone.

He glanced at the woman in the passenger seat beside him—Tiffany Bender. She was assigned to photograph *Diversions* and the area around it. Impossibly long legs bared by a short skirt stretched before her as she watched the dark landscape roll by. Chuck could count the times he'd seen those beautiful legs uncovered—once...tonight. The second he'd seen her, Chuck had let his gaze drift up the long expanse—creamy, silky looking. He could almost feel his fingers on her skin.

She always dressed for work, and nine times out of ten her work involved doing whatever it took to get a good shot. Her cameras were constantly draped around her neck, dangling off her shoulder. She'd even snapped shots during the drive. *Travel Temptations* was lucky to have her on staff, although she did freelance on occasion. Tiffany had even worked for *National Geographic* more than a time or two. Chuck had to admit a flash of jealousy during those times. He'd love a shot at that periodical.

Tiffany hadn't said much during the drive, but neither had he. They'd worked together enough times all the preliminary small talk was long gone. They were fairly comfortable in each other's company, which made for a great working relationship. They worked well together and if any undercurrents of sexual tension existed, they'd yet to voice them.

Oh, yeah, he wanted her. A man would be crazy not to. Every time he was around her, Chuck fought a hard-on more times than not. If he'd ever seen an inkling of want in her copper-colored eyes, he might have made a move. But if she craved him as much as he craved her, so far she'd manage to keep that to herself.

He stopped for a traffic light and stretched. Ten-thirty. At least they'd had the foresight to call ahead. Charles, of Butler Services, had indicated to Tiffany that late arrival was no problem. Chuck would be



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the judge of that once he got there. He scuffed his fingers through his hair as he waited for the light to change. The desert air was cool drifting through the moon roof of his car. It helped keep him awake. He spun the window down as he continued, letting the draft rejuvenate him.

Tiffany arched her back. Waves of her cinnamon-colored hair fell between it and the seat. Most of the times she twisted it and secured it on top of her head with a barrette. He loved it down. He also loved the way her nipples punctuated her T-shirt as she stretched.

"I see the exit to *Diversions* is just ahead." She lifted her camera, ready to capture the moment.

"I'll make sure to take my time weaving up the canyon."

"Thanks. Never can tell what we'll see. This time of night, with a full moon, we might even see a bighorn sheep."

"Or two." Her enthusiasm, as always, was contagious. He smiled, but hadn't she always said that of him, too?

He felt the beginnings of a hard-on. What would it hurt? They'd known each other about five years. He'd wanted her just about that long. Neither of them was in a relationship. True, they traveled frequently and it took a lot to keep a relationship together when each of them was constantly on the go.

He blinked into the night, shocked at the direction of his thoughts, and how he ached to hold her, to make love to her, just once. But just once wasn't where his heart was—Chuck wanted a relationship. He didn't know if realizing that gave him peace or scared him shitless.

Chuck cranked up the radio as he made the turn into the canyon. "Hotel California"—the song seemed appropriate right now. Here he was on his own dark, desert highway with the cool wind in his hair. Lights scattered through the valley as he made his way into the palmed canyon. Tiffany's camera whirled off shots. Static hit the airwaves a second later. He glanced in his rearview mirror and saw darkness

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capture one section of town after the other—another one of those infamous Southern California power outages.

“Electricity just went out.”

Tiffany twisted around for a look out the rear window. “Hopefully, they’ll get it fixed fast. At least it’s a relatively cool night. We won’t swelter in our rooms.”

“I hope they put us close together.” The closer the better as far as he was concerned.

“I did request it.”

“Good.”

She settled into her seat and lifted her camera.

He’d never noticed how long and smooth her fingers were before. Her nails were buffed, the tips white against the dark camera.

“We couldn’t have picked a better time to come. This full moon will give me some amazing pictures. If we can, I want to get to the oasis. It’s a blue moon you know.”

No, he didn’t know that. Two full moons in one month. How often did that happen? He was sure the internet had information on that. Not that he really cared.

Chuck passed a quick gaze around. The full moon cast a bright light over the landscape. It really was all kind of pretty. The image of him alone in a private oasis with Tiffany washed heat over his body.

He pulled in a deep breath to steady himself as he wound up the canyon to the resort. Signs along the road indicated a controlled burn was in progress. Chuck wondered if it had gotten away from them and that was the cause for the blackout.

Smoke wafted over him in heavy layers. He had to laugh. It was pretty clear what they were burning off. Only one thing smelled like that—marijuana. Drug enforcement officials had probably come across an illegal field of it nearby. A shame it was so close to *Diversions*. At least it was gone, and that was one little fact Chuck wouldn’t put in his

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article about the place. After all, it surely wasn't the owner's fault. But, boy, this stuff was heavy...and heady. His head already buzzed.

Tiffany fanned her hand in front of her face. "Boy, it's college all over again. Primo stuff from the smell of it. DEA must have found an illegal farm. You'd think they would have just cut it and hauled it away. A burn, even a controlled one, can't be wise."

Chuck shrugged. "Maybe it's in a place they couldn't get to. Maybe runoff from the oasis makes a fire easier to handle. Other than the resort, it's fairly isolated in this canyon."

"I'm sure you're right." She cradled the camera on her lap. "But it's really hitting me...hard."

"Yeah...me, too."

He blinked to focus blurry eyes on the winding road. The foliage grew denser the farther he drove. Everything seemed to shimmer in the moonlight. He was beginning to wonder if he should stop and call ahead for help, when the road opened up. They'd made it.

Staff rushed to his vehicle, ready to see to their every need just like they'd arrived in the middle of the day and not the middle of the night. Shoving his shoulder into the car door, he opened it and unfolded himself from the seat. A bellman opened the door for Tiffany. She unfurled herself from the car.

The structure looked like one of the old Spanish haciendas. A bell tower was set off in the far corner of the parking entrance. He thought he heard the soft peal of a mission bell, but shook off the notion. He was dead tired. No resort would have a mission bell sounding in the middle of the night. The guests would complain.

"Welcome to *Diversions*, Mr. Wagoner...Miss Bender. I'm Charles. I spoke with Miss Bender on the phone."

Chuck blinked and was vaguely aware of responding. A tall, slender man stood before him. His one suitcase was in the hands of another bellman. A second bellman juggled Tiffany's camera bags and her

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small overnighter. A valet drove his car off. Charles's eyes were dark. They looked black. A sweep of his arm propelled Chuck forward. Moonlight beamed down in a pale wash of light.

*Who needs electricity? This is beautiful!*

"Welcome, Miss Bender." Charles stepped toward Tiffany.

She turned a bright smile his way. "Thank you, Charles. It's a pleasure to be back. We apologize for the lateness."

"No need, ma'am. We are always ready to receive."

Chuck frowned. Tiffany had been here before? He thought back. Well, she had been the one to suggest a story on the place. Once the magazine approved it, she'd made all the arrangements. If she already knew about it, why didn't she do the story? She wrote articles from time to time. She could have also taken photos on a previous trip if she'd wanted the story done. Something didn't make sense.

Tiffany's gaze shifted over to Chuck. A smile played at the corners of her mouth. *Did she plan this?* he wondered. *Was that a big hint of interest in her eyes?* Suddenly he wasn't so tired any more. Lust stabbed a hot arrow through him, lifting his dick to full staff. He returned her smile and took a step closer.

"I apologize for the power," Charles continued. "We should have our generator up and running shortly. I know you are weary and anxious for—"

The rest of his sentence was cut off by the arrival of a dark-colored Mercedes sedan. As with Chuck's arrival, staff swarmed the vehicle. The back door swung open.

Two men crawled from the back seat; two more from the front. The instant their feet hit the pavers, they spotted Tiffany. Arms wide as their smiles, they swooped toward her. Tiffany was in their embrace a second later. Laughing, hugging, they took their turns swinging her around. Chuck couldn't help but feel a little envious. These four were doing one of the things he'd wanted—holding her joyously close.

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The men could have been clones they looked so much alike—dark eyes, shiny dark hair that just hit their collars, all around six feet, all in their mid to late twenties.

“Chuck, I’d like you to meet Mesquite.” She lifted her palm in introduction. Tiffany’s eyes glowed, her smile was wide. “Noel, Pablo, Casper, and Nick...the Tristan brothers.”

The men nodded toward him as one. He’d heard of them. Who hadn’t? They were one of the up and coming rock groups. That they managed to get here undetected was a miracle in itself.

“Chuck and I are here to do an article on *Diversions*,” she told them.

Noel nudged her shoulder. “Who do you think you’re fooling? This is us you’re talking to. You’re here for the same reason we are—The Joining.”

Pablo tucked his muscle-cut arms over his chest. “The only question remains is...are you here to participate or observe?”

Tiffany lifted the camera around her neck. “To capture it all on film.”

The men tossed back laughs.

“Good luck with that,” Noel said, then waved his arm to his brothers. “Come on, guys. The sooner we check in, the sooner we can get to work.” He smiled down at Tiffany. “We’re going to try to capture it, too—in song.”

She pressed her palm to his chest. “No one could do better than you guys.”

He gave her a wink. “That’s what we’re hoping.” They turned in unison toward the building. The *Diversions* staff quickly took them in.

“Any of those a boyfriend?” Chuck asked.

“Just friends.” Her smile widened. “I spent a few weeks on the road with them when they first started out. We’ve been friends ever since.”

“Sleep with any of them?” The question was out before he could

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stop it. Chuck cursed himself, especially when she arched an eyebrow his way.

“Jealous?”

Yeah, he was. Just the thought that one of them had the guts to try for what he wanted pissed him off royally. But for the life of him, Chuck couldn’t speak. He just stared back at her, letting her draw her own conclusions.

Drawing a deep sigh that lifted her breasts, Tiffany faced Charles. “That was quite a trip up the road. Is that what I think it was burning?”

He motioned to the bellmen to go on with the luggage. “Sadly, yes. DEA found a couple of acres of the stuff growing back in the canyon.”

She laughed lightly. The sound filtered to Chuck like wind chimes on the night breeze, warming his blood even more.

“I have to say I think I got more than a little buzz from it.” She glanced Chuck’s way. “How about you?”

His smile widened. He longed to tuck her under his arm and drag her away. “Oh, I’m definitely buzzed. I’d swear I saw the statue move.” He pointed to the statue nearby—a couple caught in the act of making love. He hadn’t noticed it before and almost wished he hadn’t seen it now. The image added to Chuck’s growing dilemma.

Tiffany gave a soft laugh and looped her arm through his. “Who knows? Maybe you did. After all...it is a blue moon night. Magic things happen here then. How does that go again, Charles?”

A look passed between her and the butler. He cleared his throat.

“Where the water diverts

On a blue moon night,

Forever you shall be

Those lovers who unite.”

Tiffany sighed. Chuck felt the hairs on his arms raise. Was she trying to tell him what he thought...what he hoped? He stared down at her. Her eyes still glowed. Hell, it looked like her whole body glowed.

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Her lips were parted. Waiting for his? His dick pulsed against his fly. He leaned forward, seeking a taste of her lips.

“It’s almost midnight. I’m sure you’d like to get settled.” Charles swept his arm before him. “Jill will show you the way.”

Chuck silently cursed the interruption and looked ahead. A young woman dressed in the *Diversions* attire—fawn-colored khakis with a matching vest and light shirt—stood under the archway leading into the resort. She held a single candle before her. It cast eerie shadows in the hollows of her face. It must have freaked Tiffany out a little as well; she shuffled closer to him.

“This way.” Jill turned, expecting them to follow.

Tiffany laced her fingers through Chuck’s. His heart hammered against his ribs, but at that point he couldn’t tell if it was because he was extra horny or more than a little scared. A flagstone path led them through a garden courtyard. Tiki torches lighted the way. Tables laden with food and drink were everywhere, next to buckets of ice and chilled champagne. Statues were here, too. Chuck glanced up at them. They looked right back, smiling. He tightened his hold on Tiffany’s hand. Her eyes were wide.

A woman’s giggle filtered up through the shrubbery, followed by a man’s low, rumbled tones. They danced naked under an arbor covered with ivy. Moonlight speared the lattice, highlighting the sweat that glistened on their skin. Spying Chuck and Tiffany, they stopped and stared back.

“Welcome to the Hotel California.” The man snickered as his lady elbowed him in the ribs.

“Don’t mind him,” she said. “We’ve both had way too much to drink. You’ll love it here. Such a lovely place...especially for lovers.” She pulled his head down to hers and covered his mouth with a kiss. “We hope to be hosts tonight.”

“Huh?” Puzzlement tugged Chuck’s eyebrows together.

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"It's the blue moon," Tiffany whispered. "The Joining is tonight."

"What?" More puzzlement yanked him to a standstill.

"I'll explain once we're alone." Tiffany's whisper against his ear sent goose bumps racing down his body. She tugged at his hand, spurring him back to movement, but each step aggravated his rock-hard erection.

"Your rooms are right over there." Jill pointed in front of her. "You're side by side. I hope you don't mind."

Her smile as she unlocked their respective doors suggested subterfuge, as if placing them nearby had been planned. At that point, Chuck wouldn't put anything to chance. After all, Tiffany had requested their rooms be close.

"Your bags are already inside. If there's anything else...."

He couldn't help it. He had to say it. "Pink champagne on ice?"

Tiffany gave a soft laugh.

Jill merely smiled. "In the courtyard waiting and in your rooms as well." After a slight nod, she walked away.

"This is starting to feel spooky." He peered cautiously inside her room. "If there's a mirror on the ceiling, I don't know what I'll do."

Just then, the lights clicked on. Chuck breathed a sigh of relief—her room looked like a Grecian bath.

"I think you're safe."

She hugged his arm. "Let's check yours."

He was mesmerized by the color of her eyes. They matched her hair perfectly and...shone with a light all their own. In a daze, he let her lead him to his room. They stepped across the threshold into an ocean of blues. The mirrored ceiling reflected it back. The furnishings were pillow-like and low. Tables and chairs were a blond wood like the sand itself. Chuck caught sight of a massive four-poster bed in the room beyond. Steps led up to it—that was the only way anyone would have any hope of getting into the thing.



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A silver ice bucket sat beside it. The cork was popped and two crystal champagne flutes sat next to it.

Tiffany dusted her hands down her arms and wandered further inside. The room was cool, but not cold. Yet her nipples poked through the silky, green, sleeveless blouse she wore.

"I've never stayed in this room before." Her short skirt rippled against her thighs as she walked, like a finger beckoning him closer. His throat had gone dry. Thought was impossible. His head buzzed. His dick throbbed.

"I didn't think I'd like the mirror." She glanced up. "But all I can think about is..." Her copper-colored eyes caught his. Slow steps brought her to him once more. She pressed her hand against his chest. Could she feel his heart pounding beneath her touch?

"Let's take a walk outside," she whispered.

He jerked his thumb toward the door. "With the tipsy couple?" he asked with a laugh.

Her pink tongue traced her lower lip. "Why should they have all the fun?"

Chuck snaked his arm around her waist, tugging her close. "Damn it, Tiffany, I want you."

"I was hoping you'd finally say that."

Her nipples stabbed his chest even through their clothing. She tugged his shirt up. His stomach quivered as she danced her fingers over it. Chuck wanted to crush his mouth onto hers, but he was paralyzed. His body felt like one giant cock—hard, hot, and throbbing. She worked her thumbs under the waistband of his trousers, scorching him.

"Drop your pants, Chuck," she whispered. "I want to see what I've been craving all this time."

Hands shaking, he did as she ordered. He'd barely gotten the zipper down when she grabbed pants and boxers and pushed them down his

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legs, kneeling as she did so. His dick fell free before her lips. He'd never seen it so hard. The tip was swollen to a deep purple, the skin stretched taut and shiny. One pearly bead glistened at the slit. He hurt he was so hard, even his balls ached.

"And the shirt, Chuck," she said in a voice that already made love to him. "Take it off."

He nodded like an imbecile and stripped it over his head.

"Impressive," she purred. "Very, very impressive."

She massaged his thighs just beyond his groin, touching but not touching where he needed. Every so often her thumbs tickled his balls. Chuck quivered from the effort to stand there. He felt like her slave. Right now that was all he wanted to be—hers to do with as she wanted.

"Please," he begged.

"Please...what?" She twirled her tongue around the tip of his dick.

His knees buckled with his groan. She drew back and blew air over the dampness. Everything tightened—his penis, his testicles, his muscles.

Tiffany rocked back to her heels then stood. "Stroke it...slow...while I undress."

He grabbed his cock and tried to squeeze it into submission. It was no use. Just the feel of a warm receptacle around it made him crave release—even if it was by his own hand. He dared a long stroke. Tiffany smiled and doffed her shirt. Chuck's jaw dropped. She wore no bra, as he'd suspected. Her breasts were the perfect size—not too big, not too small—and firm, the nipples puckered brown circles that demanded attention. She rubbed her hands over them, then pulled at the nipples. He watched them lengthen and harden even more.

Her skirt was next, dropping to a puddle around her feet with her panties. Chuck stroked harder, faster. One hand continued to play with her breasts while the other drifted into her coppery curls guarding her portal to heaven. She gasped out as her fingers slipped to her clit. The

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musky scent of her sex drifted to him. She moaned softly as she worked herself up. Chuck closed his eyes. He couldn't jerk his hand fast enough. With each stroke, he imagined himself deep in her heat, fucking her harder and harder until she begged to come.

"I said slowly." A sharp whack to his buttocks punctuated her sentence. A surge rushed to his cock. Chuck struggled against the urge to finish himself.

"Let go," she ordered, smacking him again.

His belt...it felt like she was using his own belt on him. Intriguing. He'd never felt more vulnerable...or more turned on. Two could play this game.

Peeling his eyes open, he pivoted his head her way and opened his palm. "Give that to me."

She placed the leather in his hand and leaned over the sofa, ass up. It was perfect, like the rest of her—soft, creamy white. He danced the belt in gentle circles on her backside, over and over again until she writhed beneath the caress. Her back arched with her moans.

"Just do it," she begged. "The anticipation..."

He bent close to her ear. "Why? This torture is much sweeter. Open your legs...wide...and lift that ass high." He pushed her into the cushions, giving her no choice but to obey.

Chuck glanced at her swollen clit. It was as hard as his dick and slick with her juices. He tapped his belt against it.

She reared up on a groan.

"Down." He pushed her gently back into place. This time she opened her legs wider. Another soft tap against her clit yanked her up again. She shuddered with pleasure and tried to roll over. That earned her a harder smack against her ass. Another groan escaped her.

"That's one of the two I owe you," he said.

She settled back into position.

"Good girl. Now stay there."

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He knelt between her legs. The lips of her cunt contracted. Her clit looked like a ripe berry ready to pluck. He spread her further apart and dipped his tongue into her honey. Eyes closed, he traced her folds, memorizing them. Soft cries reached his ears as he tunneled into her cunt. Then he captured the prize and suckled it hard.

Tiffany reared up under the force of her orgasm. Chuck held on until she collapsed in the aftermath, then kissed her sweetness and stood. She was draped over the back of the sofa, panting for breath, sprawled open for the taking. Chuck grabbed her hips with one hand while the other guided his cock. She gasped when the head pierced her, then sighed with each inch that penetrated her slick passage. He paused when he reached the hilt to give her time to adjust and himself time to hold on. She wiggled her ass against him, destroying his intent.

With a low growl, he thrust hard, then hard again. He found her clit once more, bringing her back to his level. It hardened and swelled with each demanding pivot he pounded into her. Her walls tightened around him. Chuck felt the tickle, then the pleasure-pain of climax. Clenching his teeth, he let it come. In the white hot fire that engulfed him, he heard her come again.

Panting for breath, he collapsed on top of her.

Tiffany pushed her elbows under her, turned her face to his, and kissed him. "I've wanted you from the second I laid eyes on you."

Another kiss smothered his groan as he twined his tongue with hers. "Me, too," he said when they sealed the smooch and unlinked bodies.

She pulled back. "Then why the hell didn't you say or do something?"

The question caught him offguard. "Because I'm an idiot?" he replied. "Why didn't you?"

She laughed. "You were always Mr. Professional. You impressed the hell out of me, but I'd never felt more intimidated."

Chuck pulled her against him. He couldn't believe he was getting

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hard for her again. “And yet you took the chance tonight.”

“Yeah.” She nodded. “A big chance for a good reason. It’s the blue moon, the night of The Joining. If the legend is true, I wanted to experience it...with you.”

Chuck set her away from him. “Okay...enough mystery...explain.”

Tiffany’s laugh followed her to a closet near the bathroom. She pulled out two terracotta colored robes with the *Diversions* insignia on the pocket—an oasis with two streams coming out from each side.

“Hurry.” She shoved the robe into his hands. “It’s almost time. We...I don’t want to miss this.”

“An explanation?” He stuffed his arm into one sleeve and followed her nonetheless.

“There’s a Native American legend about the oasis...” She snagged one of her cameras as they headed for the door. “It blesses the union of two souls who unite there under a blue moon with love everlasting and an eternity together.”

Chuck jerked to a stop. “You’re asking the legend to bless us?”

She grabbed his arm and shoved him through the door. “It’s not about us. It’s about them...the statues. Many believe they represent those couples who have united before and passed on. That this was how the legend allowed them to live on in eternity.”

They were outside now. The moon was nearly overhead. Others milled about the courtyard sipping champagne and eating hors d’oeuvres. Members of Mesquite sat off the one side softly strumming guitars.

Chuck glanced up at the statue nearest him—the man reclined boasting a full erection as he reached for the woman who hovered above him. Locked in a statue for all eternity? “Sounds more like a prison than a blessing.”

“We are all just prisoners of our own device.”

He grimaced at yet another reference to the song.

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Tiffany laughed. "Sorry. I just had to." She fiddled with the settings on her camera. "Anyway, there are those who believe that, on the blue moon, the souls of the statues are released for a night of passion. Those whose bodies they choose as their host are considered blessed by the legend and swear the sex they have that evening exceeds earthly realms."

"Uh...yeah...right...sounds like an excuse to get freaky."

She shrugged a shoulder. "It might agree, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes last year."

Great, the woman of his dreams, the one he was sure was going to be the love of his life, was a little whacked. A great lay, but nuts.

As if reading his mind, she glanced his way. "I love you, too, but I'm not crazy. Well...maybe I am, but I swear I'd had nothing to drink that night. I was here to relax. Right here beside this statue." She pointed to the flagstones beneath their feet. "I was admiring the...uhm...workmanship of this particular man, when the clock hit midnight. I'd swear on every holy work that exists in every religion in the world that I saw a presence leave these two. They swirled around me, searching.

"For a second, I felt like I was two people, but only for a second. Then they drifted off to a couple nearby. The next thing I know, they are all over each other. He tossed her over his shoulder and carried to their room. I felt like I was glued in place. All around me wisps of something drifted from the statues. If I'd only had my camera..."

"So, tonight is about trying to capture what you believe, and not about us?"

He focused on her sweet smile as she wiggled her fingers into the opening of his robe. They were hot against his stomach.

"We were just the extra treat I'd been hoping for. I'd hoped the magic of *Diversions* would bring us together. Once we arrived, I had to take that step. I pushed for you and me to do this article because I

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wanted someone who wouldn't scoff too badly. Someone who's mind would be somewhat open. I meant it—I couldn't do this tonight without you. That we are now a couple..."

Chuck breached the barrier of her robe and pulled her close. This time he didn't hesitate. He nestled his lips over hers and slipped his tongue beyond. With each loop, their hold tightened. Maybe it was magic that helped them. If so, he thanked it a million times over.

A gasp pulled them apart. "It's starting," someone said.

He pulled Tiffany back, helping her find the angle she needed to catch whatever it was she thought she'd seen before. He focused on the statue, wanting to believe, yet afraid to do so. The surface seemed to shimmer and become two. It happened so fast he would have missed it if he'd blinked. A fog in the rough shape of two humans lifted from the statue then hovered there. Tiffany's camera flashed in rapid succession. Chuck's eyes widened as the wisps of vapors turned in their direction. The camera was like a strobe light gone mad as she fired off one picture after the other. The forms circled them once, then parted—one toward Tiffany, the other straight for him. Chuck stared at the form, watching it become more defined. A pair of brown eyes materialized. He sucked in a breath. Before he could utter a sound, the fog closed around him.

Warmth, love, need—an overwhelming need—filled him. His heart ached from love...his newfound love for Tiffany and that of the entity's for his soul mate. Chuck was now two men, two men in love, two men who had craved their woman yet been unable to fully express it. All the lust he'd felt for Tiffany before was nothing compared to how he felt now.

He glanced around, seeking *her*. She stood before him encased in a soft glow that pulsed with life. Looking down, he saw he glowed, too. They were the fog and the fog was them. By subconscious command, he and Tiffany reached out for each other. Their fingers met first,

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intertwining. Heat coursed up his arms, spread across his chest, then nestled in his gut like warm apple brandy on a cool night. His lips found hers. They sparked at the first touch, pulling laughter that echoed from all four souls that stood there. Then, with a soft sigh of contentment, they kissed again.

He kissed her as he'd never kissed other woman, taking his time to feel, to learn, to treasure the softness. Gentle nips parted them. He carried them along her jaw, down to the curve of her neck to the tender spot there. Tiffany's hands fanned over his shoulders as he nuzzled her. She rubbed her stomach against his hard-on, urgent for contact. Chuck wedged his thigh high between hers and jerked aside their robes.

One arm anchored her in place while she rasped her pussy against him. The other found her breast. He teased her nipple to a hard bead, tweaking and pulling until she seemed mindless to anything but sensation. She was wet on his thigh and getting wetter. He squeezed her butt cheek, bringing her closer to him. Her legs tightened around his and rode him all the more. He grunted a response and when she arched back, he raked his teeth over her nipple. Her nails dug into his shoulders in a desperate attempt to keep her balance. Caught between his teeth, he flicked the little bead rapidly. Tiffany choked out a gasp and stiffened. He could feel the orgasm ripple through her like an earthquake. When the last tremor died, she sagged against him.

Chuck hoisted her in his arms. Long strides carried them back inside. He kicked the door closed with his foot and kept walking. He didn't question who had turned the bed down in their absence or why. Nothing mattered but getting there. He placed her on the edge. Her legs grabbed him around the waist when he tried to lose the robe. He let her play, enticing him with a good view of her wet pussy. Shrugging off the robe, he watched her strip her shoulders free of hers. Then, grabbing her buttocks in his hands, he lifted her cunt to his cock.

Long strokes in her folds built her tension back up. Chuck didn't



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know how he managed to hold on when all he wanted to do was be inside. Another orgasm shuddered through her. He eased her more comfortably onto the bed, then crawled into her. Tiny thrusts teased her opening. She dug her heels into his ass, urging him to take her, to ride her hard. He caught her legs, drew them over his shoulders, and plunged deep into her.

Tiffany cried out, arching into him. Braced on elbows, he stroked her slowly and steadily, rasping her clit with his pubic bone. He pulled another orgasm from her. As it faded, he rocked back to his heels, taking her with him. Still joined, her hips were braced on his thighs, her body open to do with as he pleased. He swiped his thumb over her sensitive maiden. She twitched in helpless passion beneath him. He pounded his cock into her willing heat. Contractions rippled along the length. Body slapped against body. He felt the rush...the joy...the love of a thousand years.

Clutching each other, they came together.

\* \* \*

Chuck woke to the smell of fresh coffee and hot raspberry scones. Tiffany was curled on the sofa, rubbing her thumb over the lip of her cup.

“Good morning, sunshine,” she said.

He hoisted himself to his elbows. “Morning. I see you’ve cooked breakfast.”

“Fastest dialing fingers in the world.”

“Pour me a cup while I take care of...things.” He swung his legs to the floor. His morning erection bobbed before him.

Tiffany wiggled her eyebrows. “Don’t take care of too many things.”

“I’ll leave that to you.”

She had a hot cup of coffee waiting for him by the time Chuck returned. With morning breath banished, he slipped a kiss over her lips.

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“What’s on our agenda for today, boss?”

She snorted. “Finding you a different photographer. One who isn’t stupid.”

“Huh?”

A shrug lifted one shoulder. “For the first time ever, I was stupid.”

“No film in the camera?” He drew her feet onto his lap as he took a sip of coffee.

“Might as well have been.” She sighed. “I was definitely too caught up in the moment. I grabbed the wrong camera. The lens cap was on. I’ve never done that in my entire career.”

“Oh, well, it’s not like it was a wasted trip.”

That got her giggling. “I’ll say.”

“Besides, something that personal needs to stay a legend. No one would believe it unless they experienced it, and we can’t have people overrunning the place. Far as I’m concerned, we’re making a reservation for every blue moon.”

She danced her toes over his thigh. “Now there’s a plan. Want to spend the day exploring the oasis? I swear I’ll make sure your photographer is up to par.”

Chuck tossed back a laugh. “She’s more than up to par. We’ll still get a nice feature out of our stay. But I think we can save the magazine some money and give up one of the rooms.”

“I thought the same thing. There should be a receipt for my room on the breakfast tray.” She reached over and pulled a buff-colored paper from beneath the napkins. “Yep, here it is.” She frowned. “Now that’s spooky.” She flipped the book his way to read the motto written there.

*You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave.*

Chuck smiled. “Well, you did say lovers who unite under the blue moon are blessed with love everlasting and an eternity together. I could spend it here with you.”

“Awww.” Her face brightened. “That’s the most romantic thing I’ve

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ever heard.”

He shrugged. “I need to make up for lost time.”

She nudged him with her foot. “Hey, you still owe me one.”

Chuck set his cup aside and stretched over her body. “Yeah, I do. And I have all of eternity to give it to you.”

“The anticipation is more than I—”

A kiss silenced her.

## CAITLYN WILLOWS

Caitlyn Willows is the pseudonym for award-winning author Catherine Snodgrass, who wanted to flex her writing muscles in the erotica genre. Readers will find the same quality from “Caitlyn” that they have come to expect from “Catherine,” but the stories will be more over-the-top and more steamy. Sometimes the novels are written singularly, and sometimes they are a collaborative effort with award-winning author Paris Dixon. Always they will be action-filled...in more ways than one.

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\* \* \*

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