

Chapter One

A flash of gray and a splash of red raced across the silver-gilded water.

Jarring laughter from a passing tourist jolted Brian Rasmussen out of his contemplation of the blue waters that surround Tortola in the British Virgin Islands. He moved to the starboard side of his boat and watched several groups head from the different resorts to the bars that dotted the beaches of Cane Garden Bay. He glanced back over his shoulder at the large expanse of water flowing from the port side of the *Richie*. Uneasiness haunted him.

When he realized he was searching for a fin, he knew he needed to head over to the bar. He'd spent too much time alone lately. Being around people would take his mind off the memories swirling in his head.

The Blue Parrot would be getting full now with locals and tourists. He was looking to pick up a pretty lady for a night of hot sex. He didn't want a soul mate or any bullshit like that. Brian had run from commitment a long time ago. Now he just marked time and took it easy. He jumped over the side onto the marina dock.

The night air brimmed with the scent of the sea. The odor of fish filled his nose as he stepped onto the dock and made his way to the bar. Gulls screeched around his head as they fought over scraps of the day's catch. He moved carefully over the undulating wooden dock. He might live on a boat and spend his days traveling on the water, but he didn't want to swim in it. He'd learned the hard way danger lurked under the tranquil surface. The *Richie* gleamed in the moonlight and he thought about his best friend as he did every hour of each day.

"Hey, Rasmussen, long time no see, friend." Jacko, the bartender and owner of The Blue Parrot, called out to him as he walked in the door.

"Hey, Jacko. Get me my usual, huh?" He waved, heading to the end of the bar.

"Only for you, man. No one else drinks this shit." Jacko set a dripping bottle of Guinness on the bar in front of him.

"It's good stuff. Reminds me of home." He took a long swig of the ale.

"If it reminds you of home, why not just go back?" Jacko left to serve another drink and wandered back to add, "It's gotta be cheaper than having me ship this shit in."

"If I did, you wouldn't have anything to bitch about, my friend." He took another swig and glanced around the bar.

The place wasn't packed yet. As the night got later and the moon got higher, people would be spilling out of the bar onto the beach. He planned on being back at his boat having some fun by then. His gaze landed on a tall curvy blonde who sent out "fuck me" signals like sonar. He started to take a step towards her when he noticed the gold band on her left finger. Shaking his head, he turned and looked the other way. He wasn't going to play that game. A married woman ended up being more trouble than she was worth.

A shout came from the vicinity of the pool table. Brian decided to see what was causing all the commotion. When he got there, he saw the eight ball bank off the right rail and fall neatly into the far corner pocket.

"All right, boys. Pay up."

Jerking his head around, he found the owner of that velvet voice. A dark-haired woman stood at the end of the pool table, holding her hand out while the men paid her. Her even white teeth flashed in a bright smile.

"I think you're hustling," one of the men growled at her.

She shrugged and twirled the pool cue in her hand. "Maybe I am, but you're not going to get a chance to prove it. I'm done playing." She stuffed the money in her pocket and strolled over to the bar.

Brian followed her swaying hips. Settling on the stool next to her, he gestured to Jacko for another Guinness. He turned to smile at her. "Can I buy you a drink?"

She shot him a glance. "Do men learn those lines before they enter a bar for the first time?"

He couldn't figure out what color her eyes were. Maybe it was just the reflection of the stupid disco ball Jacko insisted on hanging in his bar. Colors danced through her irises. Light blue and dark gray swirled by. He thought of the sea.

A smile chased across her face, almost as if she knew what he was thinking. "I'll have a double vodka, straight."

Brian nodded at Jacko and waited until the bartender brought the drink before he asked, "Were you hustling them?"

She threw a glance over her shoulder towards the pool table. "Can you hustle idiots?" She shrugged when she saw him frown. "Is it my fault all they saw when they looked at me were breasts and ass?"

She took a sip from her glass and turned to look at him. He was closer to her and noticed her golden skin. It glowed as if lit from within. He wanted to brush a finger over her cheek to see if her skin was as soft as it looked. He had a feeling she'd break his finger if he tried that.

"I'm Iman." She held out her hand for him to shake.

"Just Iman?" He liked her firm grip.

"Are you really interested in my last name?" It seemed Iman didn't believe in beating around the bush.

"Brian. Why wouldn't I be interested in your last name?" He felt uncomfortable that she pegged him from the moment she saw him. Guess he wasn't as smooth as he thought.

As she leaned closer to him, he breathed in her scent. Cinnamon. "Come on. Are you telling me you're the one person in this whole stupid place hoping to make a love connection? I don't believe it. Most of the people here aren't interested in love. They're interested in sex and having company for a couple of hours." Her strange gaze studied each person's face in the bar. Her voice lowered and he wondered if she was even talking to him anymore. "They're looking for a connection to take them out of their loneliness for a while. A warm body lying next to them in bed. A voice to cry out in the night as they reach their moment of pleasure. Someone to see them for just a brief instant of time. Isn't that what we're all looking for?" She sighed and turned back to him. "Isn't that what you came in here for?"

Even though he'd often been guilty of picking up a woman at the bar for a couple hours of sex, he thought it was pathetic. Yet the way Iman described it made it sound more a fact of life or a way of nature. Humans were social creatures and being alone for too long caused them to go in search of companionship. He could understand that.

“And if I told you it was, would you be willing to be that someone?” Brian wasn’t sure why he asked.

“Buy me another drink and we’ll discuss it.” Her hand landed on his knee and then slid up his thigh.

He bit his lip to keep from groaning as her hand cupped his cock through his pants and squeezed. His thighs spread, allowing her to stand between them. Brian placed his hands on her hips and drew her even closer to him. Iman wore a small tight tank top that revealed her tanned shoulders. Leaning in, he traced the curve of her shoulder with his tongue. A soft gasp filled his ear and he grinned to himself. Score one for him.

“Hey, you two, none of that here. I ain’t running a brothel.” Jacko set another glass of vodka on the bar and then winked. “Though maybe I should. I’d probably make enough money to retire on then.”

“Only if you had women like Iman here.” Brian nuzzled her neck again.

“Ha. No man could afford her if she charged.” Jacko picked up her hand and kissed the back of it.

Brian glanced up to see her give the bartender a fond smile.

“That’s right, Jacko. I may be easy, but I’m not cheap.” She picked up her glass and saluted them both before she slugged it down. Turning back to Brian, she asked, “So, what are you doing in the islands?”

He thought about her question. The true reason popped into his head, but no way was he telling a one-night stand his real reason for being there. “I own a charter boat. It’s a way to make an honest living.”

“Ah, running away from the real world, huh?” Her strange colored eyes shot him an understanding look.

“Why would you say that? I’ve visited the islands a few times. When it came time for me to retire, I decided to come down here. I got tired of the cold weather in England.” He felt as if he were making excuses.

“Everyone down here is running away from work, a relationship, or life in general. There’s just something about sandy beaches and blue water that screams relaxation and escape.” She trailed her hand over his chest, pausing at his nipple and teasing it a little with her fingertips.

He stood slowly, making sure his body brushed hers all the way up. “How about we leave this joint?”

Iman’s smile was hot, but teasing. “How about we take it a little slower, cowboy? We both know where this is going to lead us, but there’s no need to rush it. Good things come to those who wait. Or haven’t you heard?”

She took his hand and pulled him towards the miniscule dance floor. “Enough getting to know each other. Let’s dance.”

He hated dancing, but if it made Iman happy, he’d do it. He wrapped his arms around her waist, cupping her ass. She quirked her eyebrow at him but didn’t protest. The rhythm of the music drew them closer together until her head rested on his chest. She was petite, but instead of feeling as if he towered over her, he felt more like he sheltered her. He laughed silently at himself. He doubted Iman would appreciate the thought. Something told him this was one lady who could take care of herself.

Her hands played with the curls at the nape of his neck. The spicy scent of her skin surrounded him, encouraging him to lean in and nibble along her chin. She tilted her

head to give him more access. He bit her earlobe with gentle teeth. Her breathing stuttered as her skin warmed with arousal.

He slid a thigh between her legs, urging her body even closer to his. When Iman's tongue licked the spot at the base of his neck where his pulse pounded, lust engulfed him. He wanted her and if he hadn't managed to keep some sort of control, he would have stripped her naked, and fucked her over one of the bar's tables.

"Brian," Iman breathed, rubbing her pussy over his thigh. She grabbed one of his hands off her ass and brought it up to her breast.

He cradled it and squeezed firmly. She moaned, pushing the hard nipple into the palm of his hand. His cock swelled and the front of his pants became too tight.

"Enough dancing. Let's go." He took her hand and dragged Iman from the dance floor. He didn't think about how she would react to his caveman routine.

Chapter Two

Iman held back her laughter. What was it about sex that turned men into single-minded robots? “Hey, cowboy, slow down. I told you before, there’s no need to rush. We’ve got all night.” She tugged on his hand.

“I’m sorry.” Brian glanced at her and slowed his pace slightly.

“You live on your boat?” She already knew the answer.

She’d arrived in the British Virgin Islands early that morning, scouted out the marina, met up with Jacko, and discussed her mission. The file she’d received on Brian Rasmussen was pretty detailed, but she’d wanted to hear about him from someone she trusted.

“Yes. Why not? No point in having a house when I can just stay on the boat.” He shrugged.

“Smart. Sounds romantic. Being rocked to sleep by the waves.”

“Except during a storm.” He led the way to a boat docked in the slip farthest from the shore. His hands grasped her waist and lifted her on board.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, bringing their lips together. Talking time was over. Her legs encircled his waist, causing Brian to cradle her ass. She wasn’t worried about going to bed with a stranger. The training she received to go on these missions made it easy for her to protect herself, but there was something about Brian. As horribly predictable as that sounded, he felt safe. He felt as if she knew him. Which wasn’t possible even though she’d read his file.

He moaned as she rocked her hips against his groin. She nibbled on his bottom lip and sucked it in. Brian leaned back on the rail, bracing them as one of his hands slid up her shirt and made its way to cup her breast. She drew a sharp breath as his rough palm teased her nipple.

“Hold on,” she instructed, letting go of him with her arms and tugging her tank top off.

He didn’t touch her, but set her down and pulled her to the stairs leading down into the boat. She didn’t protest as he threw open a door, tugging her into his cabin. The door shut behind her and she was pressed up against it. His lips took hers in a fierce kiss while his hands made their way up her ribs to fondle her breasts.

“Oh,” she gasped into his mouth as his fingers pinched and rolled her nipples.

Weaving her fingers into his short brown hair, she directed his mouth down towards her chest. His neck tensed for a moment and she got the feeling he didn’t like being made to do anything, but with a sigh, he relaxed and settled his mouth over her nipple. *Goddess*, she thought as his warm tongue bathed her flesh while his teeth held it in place. She arched her back, begging silently for him to continue. She trailed her hands over his shoulders and down to his waist. She tugged the hem of his shirt out of his shorts and pushed it up. He didn’t seem inclined to move away from her long enough to get his shirt off. She was tempted to rip it from his body, but didn’t want to freak him out quite so early in the mission.

“Come on. I want your shirt off.” She reached up and tugged on the curls at the back of his head.

He jerked up, his mouth coming off her breast with a pop. "Shit. I didn't know you were into the rough stuff."

"Shut up and get naked." Growling, she tore his shirt over his head and started working on the buttons at Brian's waistband.

"Now who's being impatient?" he teased.

She unzipped his shorts and freed his cock. Pressing her back against the door, she knelt down in front of him and blew a puff of air over the flared head.

"Uh," he stuttered, his hips rocking towards her.

Iman licked her way up the underside of the cock in front of her. She sucked just the tip into her mouth. Drops of pre-cum coated her tongue. She pressed her teeth lightly on his cock and he jumped.

"You better be careful with those," he warned.

She swallowed him down and chuckled. She loved giving blowjobs. A good blowjob could make a man lose control.

"Fuck!" His shout rang in the air.

She relaxed and let the blunt head of his cock hit the back of her throat. As she pulled off him, she increased the suction. She wrapped her hand around the base of Brian's shaft and pumped, stroking in the opposite direction each time she went down on him. He threaded his fingers through her hair and gave a slight tug. She tilted her head to look up at him.

He thrust his hips, moving his cock in and out of her mouth. She nodded and braced both her hands on his hips. His first few thrusts were shallow as if he wasn't sure she would be willing to let him fuck her mouth. Finally, she pulled his hips closer to her and hummed.

"Iman," he groaned and started moving faster.

Her eyes drifted shut and she got lost in the feel of his hard cock moving over her tongue. She drank the pre-cum as if it were the sweetest vintage of wine. His movements became rough, as he got closer to his climax.

"I'm gonna come." The words were forced out between his teeth.

She didn't care. Prying one of her hands off his hips, she cradled his balls and squeezed gently. He thrust in, hitting the back of her throat again with the head of his cock. She swallowed around it and milked his cum as he climaxed. She didn't stop sucking until he stopped moving.

Brian braced his hands on the door behind her. She looked up at him and winked while she licked his cock clean.

"Wow. That was great." His dazed brown eyes stared at her.

"I aim to please." She stood with ease, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"I might be able to get us to the bed in a second." He encircled her waist and pulled her close to him.

"I'm happy right here for now." She rubbed her breasts against his chest.

"Give me a few minutes and I'll make you even happier." He nibbled along her jaw. Her thigh bumped his cock and she winked. "Looks like it won't take that long."

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Brian couldn't believe it. Either he'd gone too long without sex or Iman turned him on more than any woman had before. His dick was already half-erect, expressing an interest in the female body rubbing against him. He pushed away from the wall, swung

her up into his arms, and made his way to the bed. Her laughter danced around the room as he dropped her on the blankets. He followed her down, reaching for the zipper on her jeans. With few wasted moves, he got them off her and spread her thighs with his shoulders.

Her breath caught in her throat when his tongue tasted her juices for the first time. Dual moans filled the air. He reached under her to lift her hips and give him a better angle. He teased her hard clit with the tip of his tongue. Sucking on it, he gave the nub a gentle bite.

“Oh,” she breathed and pushed her pussy tighter to his face.

He fucked her with his tongue, thrusting as deeply as he could while his thumb pressed against her clit. Iman started to move her body in sync with him.

Her breathing sped up and he knew she was getting close. He pulled away, reaching for the drawer in the nightstand.

“Wait,” she protested, her hands grabbing his shoulder.

“I’ll grab condoms. Don’t worry. I’ll definitely be back.” He winked at her and felt around in the drawer while watching her. “Ah, here it is.” He held up a strip of rubbers.

Her eyebrow shot up. “Expecting to have a lot of fun tonight?”

“Afraid you can’t keep up?” He ripped one packet off and tossed the rest at her.

“Funny, cowboy. Get your ass back over here.” She threw the other packets on the floor and crooked her finger at him.

Brian smiled, rolling on the condom and sliding back in between her thighs. She wrapped her lean legs around his waist as he pushed inside her. Sighs filled the air as their bodies merged. Her inner muscles tightened around him and he couldn’t believe how good it felt. It wouldn’t take long for his climax to hit.

Leaning down, he kissed Iman as he began to thrust hard. Her heels dug into his ass, urging him to move faster. He braced his hands on the mattress beside her head and pumped his hips. His smooth movements turned jerky and his balls tightened. His climax rushed through his body. His back arched and he groaned as he filled the condom.

“Brian,” Iman cried out as she came.

He managed to roll to the side so he didn’t squash her when he collapsed. She snuggled close to him after he took care of the condom. He ran his fingers through her dark curls and let his eyes drift shut. He’d never been the type of guy who rushed his date out of his bed after sex. He didn’t mind if they spent the night. He’d find out tomorrow how long Iman was going to be on the island.

Her soft breathing chased him into sleep.