

MÉNAGE IN PARADISE

PLEASURE ISLAND SERIES BOOK EIGHT



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

CHAPTER 1



One mistake. One teensy error in judgement had changed everything.

The deed that she was trying fervently to forget never should have happened in the first place. But it had. Choices had consequences, even drunken choices. And since Olivia didn't own a time machine, nothing could change that fact. Once they'd tangled in the sheets together, their friendship evolved—and not for the better.

It didn't matter that it had been without a doubt the hottest night of her life, or that she'd not known how hot his fires burned. Their lovemaking had scorched the very fabric of her soul. Ian was normally so staid and stoic, which made the night all the more memorable and the walls erected between them since all the more daunting.

The man infuriated her. He'd hurt her—or her heart, anyway. That had been the most unexpected thing, considering Olivia didn't do feelings and tended to skedaddle once emotions came into play. In her life, love had been used as a weapon. The scars she bore on her soul attested to how insidious the barbs and arrows of emotions could be.

So Ian didn't want her help. Big surprise there. The difficult man snarled at her for even offering him aid.

Silly. Stupid even of her to try and offer assistance after the past year. Their relationship could be defined as stilted, forced, and foreign, even. Like they were two strangers attempting to divine the other's moods. Wary beasts wondering when the next loaded barb would pierce their heart.

Regret weighed her down as she ascended the stairs—holding on to the rail as the vessel dipped and swayed—into the blinding sunlight. Slipping her sunglasses into place, shielding her gaze, needing to hide the ache in her chest, she ignored the rest of the passengers as she traipsed across the boat deck. Olivia wasn't in the mood to be social. There would be enough of that forced on her over the next two weeks, where every moment she would have to pretend she wasn't hemorrhaging internally from wounds no one saw.

The next two weeks would make or break them.

The rut they were in just couldn't continue. She prayed that they could use this trip and these performances to rediscover common ground again. At least be friends again for the sake of their business partnership. Because in the end, if the situation didn't improve between them over the next two weeks, Olivia knew she'd have to make the executive decision to call it quits on their business.

Ian didn't know that, of course. They didn't discuss anything deeper than their next set list. Or they hadn't since Scotland.

As much as dissolving the partnership would cause her untold pain, Olivia knew she couldn't live indefinitely with the specter of their one mistake. It would drive her bonkers. Hell, it already had. Leeches all the joy out of what should have been exciting and challenging about beginning a new venture.

And perhaps it was her fault.

She'd been the one to run that night, when the weight of their whispered promises had sent her into a panic attack. If she hadn't

run—left him, passed out, spent and sprawled across the bed—without a word, then maybe it would all be different. But Ian hadn't come after her either, nor brought that night up.

Perhaps she had expected more from him because they'd known each other a long time. He didn't fight for her, or question why she'd left that night after they'd bared their souls. She knew she'd acted stupidly, out of fear. But his disinterest and cold shoulder treatment since, had ripped her heart out. She wouldn't be walking around disappointed with a hole in her heart the size of Texas if the night had meant nothing to her.

Her mistake. Olivia didn't want to run anymore, but old habits, old fears, were hard to break. And she'd been running from her emotions of that night ever since. Hard to get over them, and him, when she had to face him every day.

At the stern, gripping the ivory railing, she stared out over the shimmering waves of cerulean blue. The salt water spray infused her senses and she soaked up the vitamin D rays of the sun. Olivia had come a long way in her life.

As hard and difficult as her strict and abusive upbringing had been, she'd made strides to overcome it. Broken free from the chains that had bound her to her family. Come to terms with the fact that she was a submissive and needed more from a man, from a Dom, to be satisfied. She would never be vanilla in the bedroom. Olivia enjoyed the pain of discipline far too much to be considered the norm by society's standards.

Which was why the lifestyle suited her. But she wanted to overcome her fears of intimacy and the deeper emotions that went with them. She yearned for love as much as she feared it.

Yet, Olivia had wanted Ian because he was more mild-mannered and she didn't fear him physically. He'd never raise a hand to her, in anger or otherwise. There were no eggshells for her to walk on. He was more beta in temperament which, while odd for a Dom, had given her a peace of mind other Doms had not—until they'd had

sex, anyway. Because in the bedroom, the man had dominated her and rocked her to her core.

Even inebriated, the difference had unsettled her, not to mention it had stirred her blood and revved her internal engines to explosive degrees.

And maybe that was Olivia's main problem. Perhaps she'd played things a little too safe and needed to take a walk on the wild side. One needed only to look at her friend, Delilah. She'd not only taken a walk on the wild side, she'd ridden the wild side full tilt, and now had a super sexy alpha Dom who adored her and was marrying her next year. Then there was Amaya. She had not one, but two alpha Doms making her deliriously happy, all because she'd taken a risk.

But Olivia had taken a gamble at who she wanted, and lost. And this one hurt. This one was different.

She closed her eyes and let the sun, the salty sea air, and the warm breeze seep underneath the tattered remains of her soul. There was nothing for it, except move on.

Which was what she planned to do. Her Christmas present to herself this year was to stop living her life so cautiously and open herself to the possibility of a fulfilling relationship. As much as it terrified her to make herself vulnerable, she knew she had to do it. Never mind that Ian would be watching her with his calm, cool, dark gaze. Unsettling as it may be, she couldn't allow it to matter if she was to achieve her aim. All that mattered was that she find someone to take her mind off her business partner and perhaps help her overcome some of her reservations about getting close to someone.

Pleasure Island rose in the distance. It was still just a speck on the horizon but as they cruised over the water, she experienced an emotion she'd long since thought had vanished.

Hope.

Elusive, and daunting.

For with hope came expectation, and she didn't want to set

herself up for a fall. Olivia didn't know if she could throw herself headlong into an affair with a virtual stranger. Not with her trust issues.

But she didn't have any other option.

And in her heart of hearts, she yearned for more from life than her staid and boring existence. What Olivia wanted couldn't be measured or forced. She wanted up against the wall, forget her name, can barely walk the next day sex. Then, if she was really lucky, that the Dom who caused that state would want to keep her. Because Ian certainly hadn't.

Maybe, someday, she would believe it would happen too.



ADRIFT AND UNSTEADY, he braced himself against the swells as the ferry moved through the cobalt waves like a hungry sea creature.

Eyes shielded behind a pair of aviator sunglasses, Eric surveyed the rest of the passengers aboard *Goddess of the Sea*. In addition to their boat captain, Deke, a Dom with the bearing of a boxer, there were four couples present on deck whom, after a quick perusal when they first arrived, he had ignored.

He wasn't intentionally being an ass. Not this time.

As the drummer in an internationally known rock band, maintaining anonymity was difficult at best. Out in public, even on the way to an exclusive resort catering to the BDSM lifestyle, Eric tempered his interactions with people. It was safer that way. Then he didn't have to worry about it ending up in the tabloids.

And on Pleasure Island, with the non-disclosure agreement every guest must sign, he could sue the pants off anyone who leaked information to the press.

Besides, out of everyone on board the vessel, it was the lone beauty on deck who captured his attention. The name of the ship, *Goddess of the Sea*, perfectly described the willowy blonde poised at the stern. In skinny jeans that accentuated her endlessly long,

supple legs and a gauzy peasant top that rivaled the sea in color, she had seized his full attention.

He had to admit she was stunning. The way the sunlight illuminated the waves of her golden tresses that stopped mid-back made her look like a beacon, a shimmering gemstone. No man, no Dom worth his salt, would want to deny himself the pleasure of her company.

He'd done enough of that.

Denying himself. That stopped, now.

Eric's intentions on Pleasure Island were simple. Find himself a submissive and fuck himself into a state of orgasmic bliss over the next two weeks. Hopefully one that he could maintain once he left the island.

Easy. Simple.

And, he prayed, the most effective cure for his malaise. Not to mention, it was doctor ordered: the fun, the frivolity to be had on the island, as a way to battle his misery.

And damn it all, he needed to feel happy. It had been too long since anything had stirred his lethargy. Not a stay at an exclusive facility in Switzerland to help his depression, where his bandmates believed he was getting it on with a ski instructor. Not all the accolades, fame or fortune that had come his way through The Harbinners' success.

And he hated that it made him sound like a pansy ass wanker.

Over the next two weeks, on what was becoming the legendary Pleasure Island, he would soothe his battered soul and the depression surrounding him. And the beautiful woman standing all alone was a damned fine place to begin.

Eric sauntered from his perch at the bow. He had not yet perfected his sea legs, but he infused enough of his natural athleticism to overcompensate for the rocking sway of the deck.

Her dusky gold tresses fluttered in the breeze as he approached. Her hair was long enough he could picture himself gripping it in his hands, tugging her head back as he screwed her from behind. It

was something. More feeling, more life, than had been present over the prior year.

There was an air of familiarity about the lovely creature as he closed in on his intended target. He didn't stop his forward progression until he stood perched beside her at the ivory railing. Petite and lovely up close. Her skin sun-kissed gold, with a smattering of freckles gracing her luminous flesh. A generous smile a natural shade of soft mauve hovered on her face, an air of genuine contentment and excitement radiated from her being. That was probably what had attracted him from the get go. Her face was uncovered by artifice. What wasn't hidden behind a pair of large black sunglasses was smooth skin and high, prominent cheekbones, with a bit of an aristocratic nose.

"Quite the view," she said, giving him a quick glance. Her husky alto hit him in the solar plexus, stirring his hunger. What would her voice sound like in passion? Would it deepen with breathy murmurs or was she a screamer, her cries ascending to a high-pitched moan?

As she beguiled him with her winsome beauty, he made a promise to himself. He would know her, what she sounded like with his cock buried hilt deep, before the two weeks were over.

Cranking up the wattage on his smile, adding his sexual predatory hunger into the mix, he made sure his intent was clearly written across his face. "That it is. First time to Pleasure Island?"

"Yes. You?" she asked. Then she glanced at him head on, studying him and innocuously chewing on her plump bottom lip. He wanted to replace her teeth with his, nibble his way along her lips until she opened for him. Then she shoved her sunglasses up onto the top of her head. Amber eyes the color of burnished copper stared up at him with recognition in their warm caramel depths. She said, "It's Eric, right?"

Instantly on alert, he tensed, not that he expected any less than having his getaway interrupted. The fame thing sucked. It was like

walking around with a homing beacon, leaving no anonymity or peace.

Dammit. He wanted to rage at the heavens.

The last thing he needed was a damn fangirl. He instantly banked and tempered his lust under lock and key. Eric didn't do fangirls. They were an 'absolutely fucking not' in his rule book. Down that path lay obsession. He'd experienced that once and didn't fancy a repeat.

He opened his mouth to reply, ready to backtrack across the dock and put a marginal distance between them. But before he could respond, she continued, "From Declan and Zoey's wedding last year, right? Or do I have you mixed up with someone else? It could happen with as many faces as I see in a week, let alone the past year."

At the mention of the wedding at Mullardoch Manor last year with the head of the Dungeon Fantasy Club as the groom, Eric tilted his head to the side, rubbing a hand over his jaw as he studied her. The pads of his fingers scraped over his stubble. He wished like hell he could place her. Was there a familiarity about her? Yes, absolutely. But he couldn't say that he remembered her, exactly. "Declan and Zoey, huh? I was there. Perhaps that's why you seem familiar to me. Were you one of the guests? And I'm sorry but my memory is not the greatest."

"I'm the cellist who played at their ceremony. One of them, anyhow. I'm Olivia." She held out her delicate hand in greeting. Her fingers were long, the nails painted a feminine shade of pink.

Memories from that night assailed him. He'd had a pretty little brunette from the Dungeon Fantasy Club he'd been enamored with that week. For the life of him, as he recalled that weekend, he couldn't remember the chit's name.

However, Eric remembered Olivia now that she'd jogged his memory. She'd looked ethereal as she had played her instrument that night. Like some mythical fairy queen sent down to earth to ensnare men to their doom.

But he hadn't realized she was a submissive, nor available. The Dom in him unfurled. The real question was how soon he could have her writhing beneath him.

A seductive, dark smile spread over his lips as he clasped her hand in his. At the contact, pleasure electrified his system and he noted the way her pulse fluttered at her throat, as if she was as shocked at the unexpected arousal as he. His voice low, he said, "I remember, now that you mention it. You're with the London Symphony Orchestra, yes?"

"I was. I'm touring with a colleague of mine. He was at the wedding that night as well: Ian Kane. We have our very own traveling act now," she explained with a warm smile, but there were shadows behind it. He wondered what could have put that look there and realized he wanted to replace it with pure, unadulterated passion.

"And how's that going?" He understood the life of a wandering musician far too well. The rootlessness, the feeling of not belonging to a place, the endless room service and take out, and living out of a suitcase.

And wasn't that a part of his depression? That there had never been a place that was home for him? He knew how lucky he was, coming from what he had with his background, to have experienced the success he had in life. Most people would trade places with him in a New York minute.

Eric was grateful for his achievements. But the thing about fame and success that no one ever told you about were the sacrifices you'd be forced to make to attain it. The pieces of your soul that end up being used as bargaining chips, and that you lost part of yourself in the process.

"It has its moments. But I already traveled and performed guest appearances with other symphonies before this venture, so really, it's not different, just more. Which I'm sure you know all too well," Olivia murmured, her arched golden brows raised and a congenial grin plastered over her lush lips. Except, it didn't reach her eyes.

With complete acuity, Eric saw through the act for what it was, the way she covered up her feelings and pretended that she enjoyed every aspect of the road.

The unmistakable urge to soothe her, comfort her, and put a real smile on her face spread through him. Unusual for him, to be certain. Curious about her, he enquired, "That I do. What brings you to the island? Vacationing alone? Looking for some downtime with a Dom?"

She snorted. And if he hadn't been studying her intently, he would have missed it, the blurry lines of exhaustion in her amber gaze. "Hardly. No rest for the wicked. The owner, Jared, hired my partner and me for the Christmas holidays. We'll be playing in the lobby each day, Christmas carols and the like."

"So, it's a work trip then?" Eric would entice her into a scene or two. It didn't matter that she was here to work. There were twenty-four hours in a day. And she was the most thrilling event to have crossed his path.

"Well, I'm hoping to utilize the club. Jared has us on a pretty tight schedule with performances each day. But he has promised we'll have free time to explore the island and all that is available, including the club," she admitted, subconsciously licking her lower lip. He had to bite back the groan in his chest. She was a delectable morsel. The way she observed him with such frank regard, desire and hunger suffusing her golden amber depths, made his gut churn in anticipation.

The mutual attraction was potent and more than a little intoxicating as he shifted closer.

"With your partner?" Yeah, he was conducting a fishing expedition. But he had no intention of making a fool of himself if she was unavailable. No matter how alluring a prospect she might be, or that during their short conversation, he'd already imagined what she looked like naked, bound, and restrained, with her mouth open as she came.

She angled her head with a gregarious grin, squinting her tawny gaze and said, "No. All by my lonesome."

"Is that right?" Entranced by her exuberance and playfulness, pleasure at her availability slithered through him to pool in his midsection.

"Yep. What about you? Are you vacationing on the island? How long are you staying? I talked to Delilah last week, she mentioned you guys weren't touring again until after her and Bastian's wedding."

"I'm here for the next two weeks, but you're correct in that it's a total relaxation trip. And our next tour will likely be a full year off, what with Jax and Lachlin engaged to Amaya and planning their wedding, and now Collum being engaged as well." And wasn't that also why he was here? He was tired of being alone and watching his bandmates, his brothers, with envy. Eric needed a little happy in his life. Even if it was just indulging himself in the club offerings or, better yet, in this beautiful submissive's arms.

Her musical voice did something to him on a fundamental level, tugging a response from him in kind. She replied, "I understand the sentiment, my good man. What with Delilah, Amaya, and then Solomon and Lizzie tying the knot here two weeks ago, out of our little sextet at the wedding, I'm one of the last ones standing."

"Yeah, I guess you do," he said begrudgingly, looking at her with new eyes.

"You want to know a secret?" she asked, leaning in so that he caught a whiff of her scent. Daffodils and sunshine. He did. Absolutely. The naughtier, the better.

"Is it dirty?" he kidded, wiggling his eyebrows. Please, if there was a god, it would be. Olivia was alluring in her beauty. She made it so that his seductive smile and posturing weren't false. Eric had learned in his years with the band that if you showed the world congenial sarcastic wit, typically, no one looked past it. Or could see that inside the outer shell lay the bleakness, the darkness, hidden and ready to swallow its bearer whole.

She chortled, a deep-throated laugh he felt in his midsection. “It depends on how you look at it.”

“And what is the secret?” He responded to her nearness as the island came into view, leaning closer so he could feel the heat emanating off her form. Near enough that he could nearly count her inky black eyelashes, and notice the gold flecks shimmering in her amber eyes.

Her gaze had dropped to his lips and then moved back up. She murmured, “It’s nice being free and unattached. Don’t you think? It means, if someone catches our fancy, say...”

“On a ferry ride?”

“Yeah, then you can actually do something about it.”

Now she had his total interest. When was the last time he’d met a woman who didn’t want the hearts and music to go along with all the trappings of the physical interaction? His heart was a broken mess and no good to anyone—himself included. To have a woman who could potentially just want the physical was a massive turn-on and a relief. It meant he could shed any pretense.

Eric was a mess. He had no room in the wasteland of his emotions to fit anyone in. Not if he wanted a chance in hell of mining through the desolate space and ridding himself of his depression.

It wouldn’t all go away. He understood that. But perhaps, for the next two weeks, Olivia could help him ignore it.

“Like, say, for instance, meet someone for drink in the club to get to know them better, to discuss one’s hard limits, and the possibility of a scene together.” He dangled the carrot before Olivia, wondering if she would bite. If not, he would change his approach, because he was not leaving the island—or the boat, for that matter until—she agreed to be with him. He couldn’t allow it. Not when this woman had aroused every single one of his senses and he was more aware, more alive, more everything within her presence. It was as if he’d stuck his finger in an electric socket.

The saucy grin that spread over her luscious pale pink lips told

him she was on board with his train of thought. "Precisely. Especially when that person planned to be at the club by, say, nine o'clock with the hope that they would be waiting to buy that person a drink."

"I like the way you think. Seems like we've arrived. I'll let you get settled and then see you tonight," Eric said, wondering if space was the right approach here. But he wanted to build the anticipation, for both of them. It would make a scene between them that much more intense.

Regret entered her gaze as she glanced out at paradise. "That we have. I should go retrieve Ian from below decks and see if he can stand yet. The man can't handle sea travel without getting sick, and has been laid up in the cabin."

"But not you though?" No, not Olivia, she was sturdy on her feet. Unafraid of the movement and seemed to be exhilarated by the ferry ride.

"No. I've been going out on boats my whole life. My dad and brothers went out on too many fishing expeditions growing up for me not to be familiar with them. As the youngest, I always wanted to tag along, and my brothers indulged me."

The other passengers were already heading down to the dock but they both were reluctant, it seemed, to leave the other. Eric took it upon himself to head off. Otherwise he'd have her strapped to the mainmast in no time. And while that seemed like a pleasurable way to spend the afternoon, he wanted to see her in club gear and discuss her hard limits first.

"Go take care of your friend. It was good seeing you again, Olivia," he said, giving her a meaningful look over the top of his sunglasses, enjoying the way her skin flushed beneath his direct stare.

"Same to you, Eric." The pulse at her throat fluttered, he noticed the beaded peaks beneath her top saluting him, and bit back a groan. Later, he would enjoy learning her taste and biting the pert buds until she screamed in ecstasy.

Olivia swiveled away from the railing and strode toward the stair entrance below decks with surefooted grace, her ass swishing. He nearly sawed his damn tongue off. When she reached the stairs, a passenger emerged at the top. Eric recognized the guy. Tall, an inch or so shorter than he, and his build was leaner, with the bearing of a runner. This must be Ian, looking pale and an interesting shade of green. The bloke shot him a frosty glare before turning his possessive gaze toward Olivia. Hmm. It seemed Eric wasn't the only Dom interested in the little cellist.

She had said she wasn't attached, so it was game on in Eric's book.

Stirring the pot and staking his interested claim at the top of the gangway, he turned and said, "I'll see you at nine, Olivia."

His golden goddess bit her lower lip, enticing him. He would taste that plump lower lip of hers to his heart's content. Along with every other morsel of her flesh. Her amber gaze flashed with unhindered longing and then she nodded in the affirmative, her seductive gaze warm with promise.

As he descended the plank, he had to adjust himself, but felt the first true grin he'd sported in months hovering over his lips. Pleasure Island just became infinitely more interesting.



WHAT THE HELL had he just witnessed?

Ian's stomach roiled as Olivia took his arm and helped him off the bloody ship. There was no way he could ride that hell beast back to Nassau when they were finished with their performance engagement.

No effin' way. It would bloody kill him. Or at least, he'd wish he was dead. Not only was the Dramamine he'd taken ineffective, but Ian believed it had added to his seasickness. Hell wasn't cold or hot, but the seesaw rolling of the ocean and any ship that thought it could sail over its incessant waves.

Damn.

“What was that all about?” Ian asked, enjoying the feel of Olivia’s elegant hand as it gripped his arm. Concern creased her brow while she steered him off the boat. If he weren’t feeling so ill from the crossing, he’d erase her expression and replace it with something explicitly more carnal. Olivia had fussed over him below decks until he’d sent her away. He was a freaking Dom and rendered inert by the sea, completely bumbling his intentions to seduce Olivia back into his bed.

“That was Eric, from The Harbingers. We met him at Declan and Zoey’s wedding in Scotland. Remember?” she murmured and shot him an innocuous glance.

“In all honesty, not really. There were quite a few people there that weekend.” And when Ian thought of that wedding, recalled the events, there was only one image that came to mind: Olivia, naked and writhing beneath him in the wee hours after the wedding. They’d both had more to drink that night than had been wise.

They’d ended up having drunken hot sex in his room. Mind-blowing, ‘he could barely remember his name and wanted to have it again and again’ sex. Olivia had been conspicuously absent from his bed the following morning, leaving his room sometime while he’d slept off their amazing sex and booze.

It was a night Ian had been hard pressed to forget.

In nearly a year since what he considered an event horizon, neither of them had discussed it, nor had the good sense to do it again. More’s the pity.

“Well, it’s nothing. Just getting reacquainted, that’s all. Let’s get you to the hotel and get you a lie down. You’re no good to me in the shape you’re in.”

He stiffened beside her on the dock and shot her a furious glance. “I’m not a bloody invalid, O.”

“Oh, cool your jets, will you? I can’t have you moody with your panties in a twist when we’re about to start a new gig,” Olivia said with a roll of her eyes.

Was that what she thought of him? That he was some lily-livered, watered down imitation of a Dom? Ian didn't necessarily brandish his status about, he was more sedate than that and he knew it. But that didn't mean there wasn't a beast inside him who craved a woman's submission and didn't thrill at having one unravel beneath him, like she'd done once.

Ian grimaced at his predicament.

Rock, meet effin' hard place. The challenge to gain her submission would be that much more rewarding. The moment he didn't feel like he was going to upchuck on his shoes—or hers, for that matter—he would prove it. Ian was a Dominant, make no mistake, and she would know it too. Incensed, he gritted his teeth. “Careful how you speak to me while we're here, as I'm a Dom, your disrespect is cause for discipline. And you've got a rather sharp tongue today. I've a mind to spank you now just for thinking you could speak to me this way.”

She rolled her eyes, not contrite in the slightest, and gave him a mollifying glare. “Whatever. If you don't want my help, fine. But whatever has your knickers in a bunch, get over it and yourself. Otherwise this little partnership of ours is never going to work. I won't have a broody partner I want to bash in the head all the time.”

Ian sucked in a breath. She couldn't leave him. He'd never even thought she would consider it. Contrite, defusing his Dom, he mollified her. “Look, I'm sorry, all right? Let's just get settled and try not to kill one another.”

Her eyes softened. It was that look, the one she wore now, that had done him in. He was a freaking goner where she was concerned, but she didn't commit to anyone. Ian knew her parents' disastrous marriage and her dad's firm, albeit critical influence and the abuse she'd suffered at his hands guided her in that, but she wouldn't allow herself to get past it.

He wanted to be the one to help her. When they'd made arrangements to perform on Pleasure Island, Ian had planned to use these two weeks to entice her back into his bed. This time he

wouldn't be shitfaced; he would test her boundaries and push her to the limit, all while convincing her that his bed was where she belonged, permanently. He wanted her in handcuffs. His handcuffs. Bent over with her taut ass on display.

Ian had a myriad number of fantasies on his list that the mere thought of made him hard.

She cast a warm, somewhat patronizing glance at him, and said, "There are days, Ian, when if I didn't care about you so much, I'd end up strangling you."

"What keeps you from doing it?" Because he wanted her hands on him, like they'd been in Scotland. Her nails digging half-moons into his back as she clasped him while her pussy enveloped his cock like electrified silk.

"Your parents, mostly. I like your mum too much," she said rather cheekily. And that was precisely why, when he tried to be all stern with her, a few honest words from her lips made him want to cuddle her instead of disciplining her sweet ass.

A buxom brunette met them on the dock then, a pretty smile on her face as she said, "Hello, I'm Yvette. Welcome to Pleasure Island. Jared wanted to meet you two himself but was called into a meeting. If you'll both follow me, I will get you to the hotel and show you to your rooms."

"That would be lovely. I'm Olivia, and this is my sidekick, Ian."

He winced at that comment. Her fucking sidekick? Was she kidding with that one? Yes, they were partners, equals in their business venture, but it wasn't any wonder she didn't view his authority as a Dom. Not if that was how she perceived him.

They trailed behind Yvette. Ian had to admit she was lovely, with her generous curves and midnight hair, but the woman didn't hold a candle to Olivia. Olivia had grace and poise in her lean form. Petitely boned and half a head shorter than his six-foot frame, she was all woman. He could still recall the way her small bust fit in his hands, the rouge nipples pebbled into taut buds that had begged for his lips.

Yvette led them to one of the many golf carts parked near the end of the dock. They appeared to be the main method of transportation on the island. Convenient, efficient and economical. At least with the cart, Ian wouldn't get any motion sickness. Otherwise he'd end up barfing all over Olivia and spoiling any chance he had of seeing her naked again.

And if he accomplished nothing else on this trip, he would have her in his bed once more.

Yvette drove them up to the hotel, pointing out various landmarks and pathways on the island. Towering palm trees and leafy green vegetation lined the path. The lone mountain had a ring of fluffy white clouds competing for brilliance with the bright sapphire sky. Ian liked the look of the place as the glistening hotel came into view. It certainly wouldn't be a hardship to spend two weeks here away from the blustery, aching chill of London this time of year.

Olivia asked, "So did you get to see Solomon and Elizabeth's wedding?"

"Yes. I was in the lobby when he proposed, as well. He did it in front of everyone, you know." Yvette cast a smile in Olivia's direction.

"I wish I could say that I'm surprised, but those two had been circling each other for years. Lizzie did tell me a little bit. But I heard she wore a blue teddy to her wedding! I haven't seen any pictures yet, what with the two of them honeymooning in Tahiti."

"You heard right. They looked lovely, truly. There wasn't a dry eye on the docks after that one," Yvette all but simpered. Ian was happy for the pair. Olivia was correct about Solomon and Lizzie, and the time it had taken them to finally admit their feelings for one another. It gave Ian a smattering of hope that all was not lost between him and Olivia.

Yvette parked the cart beneath the hotel. The ivory structure was impressive with its dome shape. It made Ian think it was what colonized Mars would look like someday. Huge, white half-spheres

where people lived and played, only here you could walk outside without a full body suit and oxygen tank. He and Olivia trailed their guide while Yvette took them up in the elevator, passing up the lobby floor and going directly up to the sixth.

The doors slid open with a silent movement. As they emerged, Yvette said, "Now, your rooms are stationed on opposite ends of the hallway. I hope that's okay. We've been booked solid and seem to be more so with holiday travelers. If that's not amenable, I can discuss it with Jared, and we can see what else we have that might open up."

"I'm sure it will be fine. Ian and I don't need to be close," Olivia said. Ian knew she didn't mean it as a slight. Yet her words neatly fileted his heart and raised his hackles.

They didn't, huh? Fuck that. Clearly he had to drop his normally sedate exterior and show her the dominant beast within. It was time she understood what he was and whom he wanted. Ian would prove to Olivia where she belonged by the end of their stay on Pleasure Island: bound and spread eagle before him, screaming his name as she came.

Ian sucked in a calming breath. He couldn't very well toss Olivia over his shoulder and ravish her on the spot. While the idea had merit, he knew her well enough to know it would cause issues. Needing to change the subject matter, douse the flames of his arousal, and restrain himself from screwing up his well-laid plans, he shifted gears and asked Yvette, "This place has done pretty well since it opened."

There was a hint of a question in his voice. Word on the grapevine was that Pleasure Island was the newest hotspot, with guests booking and re-booking their stays at an astonishing rate. Jared had had the foresight to see a need within their community and fill it, providing those in the lifestyle with a vacation destination where they didn't have to hide who they were.

"It has, and getting busier by the week. Not that I mind it at all. It's a great place to live and work," Yvette assured him.

"I bet." Ian noticed the diamond sparkling on her ring finger as they neared one of the oak doors. "Who is the lucky Dom, might I ask?"

The petite beauty beamed. "It's Doms, plural. Deke, captain of *Goddess of the Sea*, who brought you both over from Nassau, and Shep, who commands *The Surrender*."

"Wait, you're marrying two Doms?" Olivia stopped her as they approached one of the doors.

"Yeah, I am," Yvette said, obviously pleased as punch, with a happiness that seemed bone-deep.

"How? I didn't even know that was possible," Olivia said with curious interest lacing her voice.

Did she want to experience two men? Was that a secret fantasy of hers? Considering the way she'd come unhinged and apart at the seams when he'd slid a thumb in her tight rosette while he'd been balls deep, Ian figured it was a possibility. But damn it all, he didn't want to share her with anyone. He would likely kill the bloke for touching her.

"Well, it will be a civil ceremony. We've decided for legal purposes that I will be taking Shep's last name, but then I'll also be bound to Deke through civil ceremony as well. It's confusing, but Theo Brown helps Dungeon members with all the legalities."

"You must let me buy you a drink so you can tell me what that's like, with two Doms," Olivia said, her interest apparent.

"Absolutely. Although, on Sunday mornings, all the subs have a brunch get together in the spa. I can send you all the details if you'd like," Yvette offered.

Olivia practically tap-danced on the spot in her exuberant excitement. "I totally would, thank you."

"And here is your room, Olivia. Your luggage and instrument were already delivered for you," Yvette said, opening the oaken door for her to reveal a sumptuous room infused with luxury and built for an enterprising Dom. The furniture was large and mascu-

line in appearance, with clean lines, but bespoke an understated wealth.

“This is wonderful. I love how huge this place is.” Olivia trailed throughout the room, her fingers caressing the leather couch as she explored her surroundings. Ian couldn’t help but wonder if she would ever look at him with hunger again.

“Great. Jared said he will come fetch you in two hours, if you want to relax or—”

“Sweet baby Jesus, that tub looks awesome. I know what I will be doing until then,” Olivia commented, excitement vibrating in her willowy form as she stared into the bathroom.

Ian wished he were on the receiving end of that enthusiasm. Wished she would shift that excitement toward him.

Yvette smiled. “Yes, they are quite wonderful. If you are settled, I will see Ian to his room and we’ll leave you be so you can get acquainted with the tub.”

“Thanks for everything, Yvette. Ian, see you in a few hours,” Olivia murmured, already dismissing him.

“Sure,” Ian said, caught in a juxtaposition of his own making. He’d like nothing more than to watch her willowy form in a steaming hot bath, bubbles clinging to her nipples and those lithe, supple legs that had felt so incredible wrapped around his waist as he pounded himself inside her.

He shook his head. It was clear that, if he wanted Olivia, he had to prove that he was the Dom for her. He followed Yvette out of Olivia’s room and down the hall toward his.

Tonight, he had to bring his A-game. Otherwise his hope for enticing her back into his arms would dwindle into dust.