

## Chapter One

Savanah had been nursing her Barbados Surprise Cocktail, made with Grenadine, orange juice, coconut rum, and Blue Curaçao, at one of the outdoor bars at the Sandy Lane Resort, when her phone buzzed. She looked at it and saw it was a text coming in from Troy Roberts, the one man she most wanted to avoid right now. Troy was part of the reason she was here on this beautiful balmy island; taking a much needed break before starting a new life in a new city, far enough away from Chicago to forget the disaster that Troy was the center of.

We need to talk.

She placed her phone back down on the honey wood bar, ignoring Troy's plea for a conversation, when a movement to her right caught her eye. Everything about this man was gorgeous from his height, his broad shoulders, to his swagger that she could pick up just from his slow walk and he was looking directly at her like they had planned on meeting in this location and he was running a bit late and was coming to make it up to her. And as she

continued to stare back, she realized she wouldn't have minded being here waiting for him whenever it was convenient for him. The thought made her smile inwardly.

The way he approached her reminded her of a panther's slow stalking strides, daring her to move from her spot near the bar, almost knowing that if she did, he'd still get to her somehow and that thrilled her.

She figured, based on his formal attire, he was part of the wedding that was indicated on the signs in the lobby area not even one hundred feet from where this bar was situated. Harper/Farrington, the signs read. She wondered who he might be to the couple with his nice charcoal grey tux and the soft lavender tie and handkerchief but whoever he was, he wasn't the groom or else he wouldn't be here looking at her like he had plans and those plans involved her; so that was promising.

Some years ago, she would have just dispensed with all the small talk other good girls went through before finally doing the thing they really wanted to do, and that was to be screwed; but this wasn't a few years ago. Nowadays, she took a few rules from the good girl handbook that Sofiya, her sister, shared with her, to avoid some of the drama she was known for with her uninhibited behavior in her past.

But that was the past. The future or present, as it were, was standing right here getting ready to say something smooth. She just knew it.

But he didn't say anything smooth. It was just, "Hey."

Not sure how else to respond, she responded with, "Hey."

And that made him smile. Goodness, she thought. He has dimples too.

They were the kind you didn't know a person had until they decided to share them with the unsuspecting party by smiling and that made them the best kind. It was a surprise. She had always thought those deep grooves in people's cheeks that stayed there even when there was no smile, well it made their faces – interesting, but those indentations almost ruined the effect. But his, they were delightful and seemed to be for only her at that moment.

"So," he started, "Truth is, I was trying really hard to think of something smooth to say on the way over here, but I'm ashamed to say that I couldn't come up with anything. So I thought that I'd just ask if you would like to dance with me."

That made her look around the sandy alcove where the little bar was set up and nope, there was no dance floor, so she looked back at him with amusement.

Stating the obvious, she said, "I don't know if you've noticed, but uh, there's no place to dance and," Savannah paused to make it clear she was listening for something with the tilt of her pretty head, "There really is no music playing."

He got closer before sitting down on the stool next to her, giving her a brief smile.

"There's a wedding reception being held around the corner from here. That's where we'd dance."

The emphasis he placed on we'd dance made her shiver a little.. There was something behind the word that didn't just make her think of music and moving her body to the rhythm of the beat. No, the rhythm she was thinking of was the type they would create to the chorus of her screams and hopefully his groaning.

Excusing her nasty pre-rules Savannah thoughts, she looked down at her sundress; casual, yellow and strapless, with thong sandals that were more appropriate for walking along the sandy beach than for crashing a wedding reception.

"I don't think I'm properly dressed for a reception," she pointed out to the gorgeous stranger who hadn't stopped staring at her as if he had so many plans for her.

"It's my brother's wedding and you'd be with me, so you'd be dressed perfectly."

He had a way of dominating her without her submission and that was intriguing, because she was used to being the one in charge. She was a manager of an advertising company and she usually had no less than thirty people reporting to her, looking for her direction and approval, not the other way around.

She took the last sip of her drink, and then she looked back at him and his patience, which she decided was even more intriguing.

Savanah took a moment to decide which Savanah should take the lead in this situation. Uninhibited freaky pre-rules Savanah wanted to forget dancing, forget the rules and screw him, right here, right now. But, new good girl Savanah thought that maybe it would be better to have the aforementioned small talk and get to know what kind of man he was. She settled for the combination.

“So you don’t mind that we’ll be the center of attention.” It was a statement.

He smiled and then he stood up.

“I’m sure that you’re the center of attention in every room you go in.”

He extended his hand almost as if it was a requirement that she accept and go anywhere he wished.

Savanah slid off the stool and she accepted his hand. His palm was warm, his hand big enough to envelope hers, making her feel soft, feminine and cared for. She didn’t know this man, but there was something about him that made her want to find out.

He lead her around the bend and she saw an open reception area that led to a private section of the beach, where people were dancing and where the music that was pumping from the speakers was starting to play Leela James’ Who’s Gonna Love You More, a song she loved.

She barely paid attention to the people all dressed in wedding appropriate wardrobe; their bodies were young and old, limber and stiff, moving to the music. Though for a moment, the secluded beautiful bride and her new groom caught her attention. He held his beautiful wife close as they swayed to the music; not at all to the beat of the song playing. No, they were in their own world with the sun setting behind them.

The waft coming off the water ruffled the bride’s cream white dress and shifted the curls surrounding her face and her handsome groom who bore a strong resemblance to the man standing beside her, moved the hair away from her eyes before leaning down to kiss her. The bride looked so happy and at peace and for one moment, just that one moment, she wished it were her in the bride’s place, with the look of love and complete contentment. This pair’s relationship was probably perfect and full of fun and happiness. The kind that was safe to have, not like the wild things Savanah had done back when she didn’t think the risks were too high for even her, who had once loved taking risks.

“Come,” her date said to her before he pulled her out to the floor that was both partially indoors and out.

They took a spot close to the swaying newly married couple and she noticed the groom smile at her dance partner before returning his attention to the woman who only had eyes for him.

Her envy of the bride was short-lived as she and this man in front of her started to move to the music. Their bodies would brush up against each other, enticing her back into her previous mood where all she could think about was them being wrapped around each other with the sheets tangled on the bed, damp from perspiration and other wetness.

Her hips moved on their own accord and when his large hands held her to him, where she could feel the hard length between their bodies; her breath caught in her throat.

The vibe was hot between them. Both of them knew it; neither needing to say a word.

Finally, skipping the pretense that they didn't know where this was leading, he asked her, "Would you like to come to my room?"

There was only a moment's hesitation on her part. The moment she needed to decide whether he would be the exception to the rule she created about one-night stands. It only took that one moment to decide that he was worth the risk.

He wants what I want.

She responded, "I have an even better idea...let's make it mine." She chose that option to avoid that feeling a woman gets after having to skulk out of some man's room at who knows what hour just to be unseen and to avoid him having to tell her to leave. Been there and done that and didn't like it one bit.

"What should I call you?" he asked her.

Savanah thought about how much fun she should make this rule-breaking then she smiled before saying, "Chaka."

"What?"

"Chaka. You know like the singer, Chaka Khan."

"Chaka? That's your name, Chaka?"

Savanah took a step closer to him enjoying the seductive play. "You asked me what you should call me. You should call me Chaka."

He laughed at that and considered her for a few beats. "Okay, Chaka it is."

Joseph was enjoying her spunk.

He leaned in close to her and murmured, "My name is Joe."

"Hey, Joe.." Savannah smiled. "A little unimaginative, but we'll go with it."

"Maybe I like to save my vivid imagination for other more pleasurable things," he said instead of admitting that Joe was his real name.

It was much more fun to allow her to assume it was all part of the game they were playing. Her game intrigued him, Chaka intrigued him, and she made him want to play whatever game she wanted to play, just so long as the game ended with him knowing how deep she could take him.

"I like the more pleasurable things," she kissed his lips gently, wishing she could draw it out a lot longer. "So, let's go Joe," Savannah said and she walked off toward the concierge desk.

Joseph stood there and looked on, as Savannah made arrangements for a driver to take them to her villa. Every so often, she would look over at him and his intense gaze made her wish that the concierge would hurry up so they could get to her villa. Once the arrangements were made, Savannah rejoined him.

"Our ride will be along soon," she murmured and they walked out the building together where their ride whisked them away.

On the ride to the three room grand hut, Savannah thought about Sofiya and the good girl handbook, and how many of her new rules she was about to shatter, all on an impulse which is why she got herself into trouble so many times before. She looked at Joe and briefly considered telling him that she had changed her mind before they got to her villa. After all, it is a man and woman's prerogative to change their minds. But she didn't want to, Savannah wanted this man, rules be damned.

When they arrived at their destination, Joe helped her out of the golf cart, and then he gave the driver a tip before Savannah eased her hand in his and they walked to the door and went inside.

It's always the moment right before you start that's the hardest. Who will be the aggressor? Who should be the first to kiss the other? What type of sex does he like? These are the questions in Savannah's mind as this stranger named Joe looked around the villa she rented a week ago, before settling his intense gaze back on her.

She smiled nervously, maybe a little coyly, before backing away and turning towards the bedroom. She opened the patio doors, letting the Barbados wind move through the room, and disturb the sheer white curtains. She sensed his close presence before she felt

him touch her back and unzip dress; his touch making her flesh pebble. One small tug and the dress pooled at her feet.

“Step out,” he ordered and she complied before turning to look at him to see what he’d do next. He didn’t waste any time and leaned into her, grabbing her waist. She felt herself moving, being pulled in by the sheer magnetism between them, and she had no idea where they were going until she felt the coolness of the hard wall at her back.

She kissed him with as much passion as she had, and it was a lot. She had denied herself this type of spontaneity for a while. Not allowing herself the pleasure of a man’s touch against her skin, she liked the way he cupped the weight of her swollen breasts in his palm. She liked the way the other hand worked its way up the inside of her thighs and parted her legs wider for him to remove her thong. It was something about how he slowly slid it down the hot skin of her hips and then practically ripped it off of her that made her have a little more insight into what was getting ready to take place.

For her part, she was running her hands over his hard chest and arms, and slowly sliding his jacket off of him and unbuttoning his shirt, with a little help from him. Rather than ruin the calla lily from the wedding, he leaned down and unpinned it from his lapel and placed it on the nightstand for her. She was touched by the sentiment even though her body yearned for more of what he was beginning to give her.

This gesture was by far one of the sweetest gestures she’s experienced with a man she didn’t know and had no plan on knowing beyond this night. She didn’t even know if Joe was his real name. She just knew that his fingers and the pleasure he produced was like magic. In fact, she was ready to call him Mr. Magic, since he somehow moved her away from the wall and now had her spread out like an offering without her realizing.

Her once red painted lips were swollen; her neck was damp with the kisses he laved her with. His lips worked around the golden ball studs in her ear and her toes curled just from the sweet suckles. She envisioned him doing this to her much lower on her body where she throbbed and wetness pooled between her thighs and likely onto the sheets.

As he worked his mouth down her trembling body, she clenched the sheets with one hand to avoid holding his head to her while she placed the finger of her other hand in her mouth to keep from screaming out as his tongue opened up her swollen lips and brought her clit in his mouth.

The texture of his tongue on her sensitive bud made her squeal and made a move to get away. He held her legs to her chest and proceeded to dominate her with his flicks, twirls, suckles and penetration on his long tongue. She had never had a man get it just right that it felt like his finger and not his tongue was in her, but escaping was impossible since his fingers pinched her skin as they roughly held her immobile to his passionate assault.. Those blessed stars appeared right as she shattered, crying out as his fingers worked her mercilessly to completion.

Her skin tingled and felt so hot that she wanted to just lie there and catch her breath even as her mind wanted to have more of what he offered, so she reached for him and practically slammed him down to the bed to take over.

She tasted his skin and reveled in how his groans reached deeply within her, making her more ready to take him and as her mouth traveled down his deep brown skin, she knew she had a lot to take. When she reached his long thick shaft, she teased him with the flick of her tongue, appreciated the sweet salty drop of pre-cum sitting pearly at the tip. Then she took in more of him, relaxing her jaw as she went. Making sure she was providing the right amount of lubricant from her salivating mouth and suction he could appreciate. But eventually, she gave up all decorum and took him deep within her throat, arching in such a way that he and her tonsils become friends and had him reaching for her head to hold him to her as she bobbed up and down.

The taste of him was addicting. So addicting that she didn't stop even when the signs that he was about to explode were imminent. She took him and took him until he was spent and let his cum coat her mouth and throat as she swallowed. That only left him in the state she had just been in. Comatose and looking for a way out of the grip they seemed to have each other in.

Savanah purred her satisfaction and rose up to kneel on the bed, watching him and he watched her back. He ran his hands up and down her thighs, sending that tingling sensation back into her, making her core tighten with each brush. And then she noticed his arousal; marveling that he was that turned on by her and even capable of being ready again. It made her feel wanted, powerful, sexy.

She took the silk covered steel of him in her palm and stroked him to complete attention before leaning over him to straddle his waist and grabbing the condom from on the nightstand and sheathing him with it.

The feel of him penetrating her tight wetness was more than great, it was amazing and she wasted no time finding her fast and hard rhythm riding him. He encouraged her with his hands holding her hips. With his lips attaching themselves to the peaks of each swinging breast. His muscled thighs provided her with leverage as she leaned back so that he could get it at an angle that made her eyes cross. His short grunts spurred her on; making her swing around so that he could watch her work from the back..

The smacks of her ass against his skin made her move faster, work harder, and she felt the familiar build-up of something so cataclysmic that she nearly passed out when it grabbed a hold of her. She would have fallen over if he hadn't been holding her, but what she thought was tenderness on his part was him preparing to take her from her now kneeling position at the foot of the bed. She could only hold on for it. His deep and hard thrust coming so fast, she choked out his name..

Joe!

The smack of his balls, the rough hold of his hands, and the pressure of him pummeling her spot was too much and again she was brought over, fading to black with him shuddering inside of her. And then they collapsed.

Her eyes opened and worked to focus on her surroundings, realizing that she was still on vacation and not in her own bed. There was a beam of soft light coming through the sheers and curtains that signaled it was time for her to get up and get her day started but her body, surrounded by soft cotton and cushy pillows, said to snuggle down a little longer and then she went to stretch and realized not everything was soft around her. The hard warmth behind her told her that she wasn't alone and reminded her of what she had been doing for hours before passing out only to wake up to a delicious ache in her limbs from them being stretched from here to Timbuktu. She smiled before slowly turning over to look at her welcomed guest.

His eyes were still closed and his breathing deep and even; his body relaxed despite the fact that his muscled form was still primed and ready for whatever. Because he was still sleeping that gave her time to look at him in a way she had felt uncomfortable doing last night when his intense stare made her feel uncharacteristically shy and silly. While resting, his features seemed much more boyish. He didn't look older than maybe twenty-five, which would have made her a cougar being thirty-two years old, herself.

But his body was not one of a youngin; it was all grown up with wide shoulders, long arms with toned guns, muscled pecs and trim waist. His brown skin was smooth and unblemished and she knew from holding and touching his skin while he pumped in and out of her, that it was so smooth, she wanted to ask what products he used to make it feel that way.

But despite the youthful look of him, she knew from her mind blowing and altering experience, this man had a world of knowledge behind him. Like how to please a woman, even a woman he didn't know. She knew he had been watching her as he teased her. Finding all of the spots that made her toes curl and her back arch. She allowed him to see each trigger because well...it would only be for her benefit or torture depending on how you look at it. He would only intensify his actions making her beg for him to finish her off.

Yeah at some point she said, "Fuck it, Joe. Make me cum."

His deep taunting chuckle pissed her off but he had mercy and finished her off before kissing her, smothering her screams.

As she trembled with her eyes tightly shut, she couldn't look him in the eyes yet, not after having just begged for some dick, but he asked her, "How was that?"

His question made her give up all pretentious shyness and look up at him. His expression belied his teasing tone. He really wanted to know that he pleased her, which made her lean up to kiss him.

“That was what orgasms should be made of,” she responded and she plopped back down, shutting her eyes again to the double onslaught of her body still clenching around him as he was still deep inside of her and still rock hard. And from how intense his expression was, from hearing he had done her the way she wanted and goodness, how she needed it. The next thought that came was that breaking the rules this time was so damn worth it, she didn’t know how else to put it, but she could never tell Sofiya about this.

Never.

Now in the light of day, she waited for the incriminating thoughts and feelings to come. The ones that said she was a ho, too loose, and whatever the harsh consequences were, she would be deserving of them because she was the one that didn’t set boundaries. She was the one that did whatever she felt like. Free like a bird, she had once described herself and she never thought there was anything wrong with that until...

Suddenly his eyes opened, settling on her face and she was once again struck with how intense they were. Dark brown, fringed thick long lashes that were embarrassingly fuller than her own. His eyes crinkled and again she was gifted with the twin surprise of his dimples before they went away as he leaned in to kiss her.. He didn’t try to tongue her down and for that she was grateful because morning breath was likely the result of alcohol and from sucking his dick not just once but twice and without any shame swallowing his cum after he proved that he was STD free. By the way he gripped her head to him, making her fight not to gag, as his body shook, he was grateful that she was so generous and not at all “like the nibblers”, his quote, not hers. Well for those reasons, she was sure her breath needed some mint toothpaste so she returned his kiss but not with the ardor she would have wanted.

Why couldn’t she be one of those women that hurried to wake up and freshen up so the guy only saw her pretty and smelling like violets and sunshine? No, here she was with a full bladder that said, he better not even think of sliding inside of her now. Oh, but how she wanted it.

“Are you ready for some more?” he asked.

“Absolutely,” she murmured without hesitation. Her poor bladder would just have to wait.