

## *Chapter 1*

He stops as we walk along the starlit beach of Montego Bay and he lifts my hand and gently kisses my wrist, never taking his eyes from mine. I feel his warm breath against my skin and I shudder at the intoxicating mixture his body's warmth and the gentle, warm breeze of the evening. My bright, white, cotton maxi dress flutters against both our legs. He brushes a wisp of hair off my cheek.

"Tat, you know it has always been you. We've known each other a long time, woman, yet my heart still pounds like crazy when I'm thinking of you."

"Yeah, we have known each other a long time, Rodney," I say almost to myself. "You were the cutest boy I'd ever seen and an even better friend during those early college days." But that was another lifetime ago and I've had a marriage, a divorce, and kids since then. He didn't want to commit back then. He broke my heart. I went on with my life, eventually. Several years later I married and started a family. I put all thoughts of him aside and moved on, he gave me no choice. Then when my divorce was final and my friends decided I needed to get away, we came to Montego Bay to celebrate. Rodney just happened to be in the same hotel spending some R&R time alone. We ended up spending a lot of time together, alone. Our time together ended with me breaking his heart, this time, by declining his proposal. That was almost two years ago.

I am meeting up with friends tomorrow to mix things up for the next four days in this Jamaican paradise. The plan is for us to unleash our brand of decadence, on the island, cougar-style, and leave with no regrets. Running into the one man who could change all my plans with a few sensual kisses and a second proposal is not going to fit into those plans. The irony of meeting him in the same place I last saw him, with him saying pretty much the same thing, is a little unnerving.

"Rodney, I...." I stammer for gentle words. This man, in another situation, another time, would have been all I ever wanted or needed. He stole a piece of my heart so long ago and never gave it back. He was the one who promised me paradise, not once, but now twice, and from everything I know about him, he can more than deliver on his promise. I don't want to hurt him, I still care a great deal for him. I also don't want to cut any ties with him. I am at a loss for words. Just thinking about all this is weighing so heavily on me. My chest is heavy and I refuse to let the tears I feel coming spill down my cheeks. Taking a deep breath, I look up at him and am met with a comforting smile and the most incredibly sexy eyes.

Gently, he says, "I know, I know. I had to try though. I can see your thoughts. You never did master a poker face, did you?" He chuckles and kisses that vein on my neck that is about to burst. "How about this....let's spend time together over the next few days? I have a home here, on

the beach. I can cook for you, show you around the island, and just have some fun. What do you say?"

On one hand, I am relieved that he gave me an out without me having to fumble over the words, then on the other hand, I'm intrigued about his new offer. "You always did have a way of both calming me and of ruffling my feathers at the same time." I give him an alluring smile.

"But they're such lovely feathers," he says while nuzzling my neck.

That exchange seems to have let off some of the pressure between us. He kisses my hand and we continue to walk for a while longer with the moon lighting our way. He soon has me laughing and traveling with him down memory lane as we leave a trail of footprints along the shore. It is a great evening, so far.

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Arm in arm Rodney walks me back to my room. The mood is casual and comfortable. We enjoy the conversation as much as the moments of quiet as we recount memories from our past. We reach my door just as we start laughing over one of our crazier memories. Just as I am about to insert the card key in the door with my free hand, Rodney places his hand over mine, stopping me from unlocking the door. I turn to look up at him questioningly. He takes the card key from me and unlocks and opens the door. I look back at him again as gently drops my arm and steps back to allow me to enter. Once inside the door I turn to find him still standing where I had left him. He takes my hand and kisses the back of it then says, "Good night, Tat, same time tomorrow?"

"Yes, Rodney. Same time but call me in the morning just so I can check with my girls, they'll be in by mid-morning."

"I will; and I look forward to spending more time with you."

"Me too, suga. Maybe we can make new memories during the next few days," I say, raising my eyebrows.

"I'd definitely like that! Come here girl, give me a hug to get me through the night."

I walk towards him and wrap my arms around his neck. With his face buried in my hair I hear and feel him inhale my fragrance, wrapping me snugly in his arms.

"You know I've always loved your perfume. This one smells like wildflowers, mmmm, nice."

"I'm glad you like it." With my head laying against his chest I also inhale his scent, he smells amazing. "Is that *Tuscan Leather* by Tom Ford that you're wearing?"

“Yes, a gift to myself! I’d had a great week at work that week and thought I deserved a treat.” He smiled as he remembered.

“Well it suits you.” I say as I close my eyes, and deeply inhale his cologne and male scent before stepping back. “Well, I’ll talk to you in the morning.”

“Yes, I’ll call you. Have a good night Tatiana.” He kisses my cheek and I head into my room, softly closing the door.

I catch my reflection in the mirror next to the door; my windblown hair is not giving me that “cute” look I thought I was working! I wonder how long I’ve been looking like this. Shaking my head over that moment of vanity, I bring up my playlist and select smooth jazz. I drop my cell onto my charging pad and crank up the volume.

During my shower I reflect on the day spent with Rodney and my original plans for this vacation. Seeing him again was completely unexpected but still very nice. If it’s even possible, he’s better looking now than ever. Age is looking real good on that man. I’ve got to stop thinking about him! I’ll never get to sleep if I don’t!

I pour myself a glass of white wine, light my wild jasmine scented candle for a slight change from my usual honeysuckle scent and spend extra time slathering myself with my scented body butter. I get lost in the mingling scents and the day’s effects of the alcohol and the soothing music. My skin is smooth and warm. I take a deep swallow of the lightly colored, sweet wine; tonight’s choice is a smooth, sweet Moscato. I let the fruity liquid slide down my throat. My mood enhancing efforts are working well to get me relaxed but I still cannot fall asleep.

## Chapter 2

It's been twenty minutes since he dropped me off. I've tossed and turned but I'm wide awake; probably because I'm thinking about *him* and I realize that I cannot wait until tomorrow to see him! I dial Rodney's cell and he instantly picks up. "Miss me already?"

"I do. Where are you?"

"In my car. I took a call after I dropped you off and just finished up. I'm still in the hotel parking lot. Why? What's up?"

"Would you consider coming back to my room—and staying for a while?" I try hard to not sound too desperate. But it's his arms I want holding me tonight.

"I don't need to consider it. I'm on my way."

Great! I run to the mirror to check myself. For being freshly bathed and not wearing a stitch of makeup I don't look half bad. It doesn't matter anyway because I can hear his knock at the door. He's already here? I carefully ask, "Who is it?"

"I think you know who it is," came the deep voice from the other side.

I open the door and he's standing in the middle of the door frame, filling most of the space with his hulking presence. I step back. "Thank you for coming. Please, come in."

As cool as he usually comes across, I can see his eyes bulge out and he swallows hard. "Damn, woman!" He closes and locks the door while I stand and wait for him to finish his thought. He is seriously and boldly checking me out. I'm wearing a satin crop top with no bra under and my nipples are like rocks, pushing their way to attention, the matching pair of satin sleep shorts are skimpy and barely worth the trouble, but, I have company, I smile at my crazy thoughts. Both pieces are soft and flimsy in a very soft butter-yellow. I forgot I wasn't dressed for company. I wonder for a second if I should go put a robe on when he walks right up to me, cups one side of my face gently in his massive hand and softly says, "You are so beautiful. Time and motherhood have done some beautiful things to you."

I cast my eyes downward and am about to change the subject but he stops me. "I'm being real. You barely look a day older than when we graduated college and even after three children your body is full, firm and I'm betting very soft too." He smiles mischievously at his last statement.

"Why don't you tell me, Rodney?" I step directly in front of him and reach up to wrap my arms around his neck. I melt my full, firm curves against him and pull him towards me; placing a

very suggestive kiss on his neck. I feel his hands gently grip my hips. He pulls me even closer, squeezing my ass and groaning at the same time.

“Yes. Very, very soft, indeed,” he says in a deep, gravelly voice.

“I’m glad you approve. I’ve got someplace we need to go. Come with me.”

“Where is that, beautiful?” he chuckles, surprised that I caught him off guard for a minute.

I pull him by his hand into my bedroom and gently push him to a seated position on the bed. “You promised me a trip to paradise. Let’s go right now.” I sit on his lap facing him. He slides one warm hand up my back and around my ribs. His thumb brushes against the bottom of my breast. I shiver slightly. He pulls my cami over my head and drops it on the floor in a dramatic flourish. I undo the buttons of his shirt while placing kisses across his face, neck, and shoulders. I run my fingers across his nipples and across his stomach. I push his button down collared shirt off his shoulders and lay my huge bare breasts against his warm, bare chest. One of his hands holds my hip while the other slides up the inside of my thigh, into my shorts and two fingers slip inside my slippery well. What a nice surprise! I gasp because I expect him to go slowly but he goes straight for the prize. It sends a chill down my spine. He surprises me again by flipping us both over so now he is in the dominant position leaning over me. He kisses the bottom of one perfectly pedicured foot then lavishes kisses on each toe of the same foot before turning his attention to my ankle, then calf. He places my foot on his chest and continues kissing my knee and all along my inside thigh. Then he starts the whole thing over with the other foot. With both my feet flat against his chest, he slides my shorts over my hips, across my legs, and pulls each foot out.

“Tatiana, you are so beautiful.” He palms one full, heavy breast and rolls his thumb across the nipple. The look of amazement on his face makes me feel so good.

“I taste good, too, but don’t take my word for it.” Damn, did I really just say that? Yes, I did just say that. I’m a grown ass woman and I want this man and it looks like he wants me too. So, shut up! Just as I win that argument with myself I feel his hot, moist mouth close around my nipple. Then his tongue flicks across. I feel like a chocolate bar melting in the sun; once the process starts, it usually cannot be stopped. Rodney moves from one breast to the other, licking and sucking, pulling and biting. So far this trip to paradise is taking a great scenic route that we are both enjoying.

I reach for his belt and give it a pull. Uh-uh, he has other plans. Again, he flips the operation and has, somehow, maneuvered himself beneath me with my knees on either side of his head, his face between my legs and my ass on his chest. He is in full-feast mode and is holding my thighs down so escape is not possible; not that I would ever run from this! This man is incredibly hot and has my back arching and sweet juices running out of my body onto his face, neck and shoulders.

He is lapping it up and enjoying the things he is making my body do. I am enjoying this but I need something too.

I turn 180° and let him get back to work while I pull his pants and boxer briefs off and set to work to satisfy my own oral need. A gripful of semi-flaccid male meat is my starting point and I intend on changing that quite a bit. While he's busy giving me a great tongue lashing, I begin by gently blowing a puff of air on the lovely chocolate mushroom cap in my grip. Then I slowly drag my tongue around the entire head and gently blow again. I sense his reaction. He has stopped his feasting. I turn and lay between his legs, facing him so he can watch. I flip my hair over to one side to clear his line of sight and again I blow and circle his fat head then blow one more time. I take the plunge and go tonsils deep, working my tongue up and down every pronounced vein. And again I sink and suck my way back to the tip. I can feel him thickening and hardening and he is overfilling my mouth to the point that I need to grip the base to eliminate some length from my throat. Wow! He feels so good in my power right now.

I feel him reach for me. I climb my way up his body, taking my time. Planting kisses, licks, sucks, and nibbles all the way. When I get to his mouth he wraps his arms around me and looks at me for a moment. "Woman, listen to me. This is not a one-time deal. What we have is special. This has the potential of being huge. You were the one, Tatiana. You were the one who I let get away. I was in love with you back in college but it scared the hell out of me. I don't know why I'm telling you this, except that, except that you mean a lot to me. I don't want go down this road if you don't have similar feelings because I will be the one who ends up hurt." He looks at me, waiting for a reply.

I search his eyes, something I've always done when I want to know his heart. "*I was the one who got away? You were in love with me? But why did you never tell me, Rodney?*" He looks down then turns away and sits up.

"Tat, I had nothing to offer you as that young boy. Hell I didn't even know anything about life. Now that I'm a man I know now how little I actually knew back then. I won't lie to you or keep anything away from you. That's why you should know that my work has the potential of being a problem. I'm on an assignment right now and my schedule is 24/7 availability to the job until it's done. I can be called away from you at any time. But you should know that I want you in my life. I want to see this thing as far as it will go because I meant it when I said you mean a lot to me." He slowly lifts me from him and lays me on my side then he slides off the bed to kneel on the floor facing me. "Tat, it's important to me that you understand me; I do nothing lightly. When I want something I go hard for it. I want you. But, you will bring my advances to a halt simply by saying that you aren't interested." He sits back on his heels, finally ending his confession and waits.

"Rodney, *you* were my one who got away. You are the one who plagues my dreams. I was distraught when we broke up with no explanation. I loved you with the heart of an innocent at the

time. Now we have an opportunity to see how far we were meant to go. I will not pass on that opportunity! I have always had feelings for you. I don't know what your work entails but I do know that I trust you." I scoot to the end of the bed and flip over to sit on my bottom. "Suga," I pull him up off his heels to his knees, "I fully encourage you to pursue me. But let me warn you, you have some pretty big shoes to fill." I smile, knowing he expects more information, but he won't be getting it from me.

He stands and pulls me up to him. Kissing both of my hands he quietly says, "Then, let the pursuit begin."