

Excerpt from Beyond The Beach 4

Caren unpacked tiredly, forgot to lock the door, and poured herself a mai tai from the small, well stocked bar in her suite. Then she cast aside her hat, shoes and dress and headed for the shower. She adjusted the spray so she could have a nice, long, invigorating shower that would drown everything out. She had pinned her hair high atop her head so she wouldn't have to deal with shampooing it just yet. She lathered up and let the soothing, scented soap and water work its miracle on her travel-wearied body. Suddenly, there was another set of hands washing her. His hands roved over her body, arousing it to a fever's pitch instantly. She knew she should protest—after all, what gave him the right? But, she had missed him so, longed for his touch as he hungered for hers.

"This is what we call make up sex," he said pulling her against his body as he continued massaging her neck, her back, her shoulders, kissing the tension away, draining away her resistance. She melted into him. Protesting would not stop him, and she did not want him to stop. Her body had already made that perfectly clear to them both.

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He enjoyed the feel of her wet, naked body against his own wet body...