



The Billionaire and His Castaway

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Category: Romance

Description: Kenton Monroe has wanted her for far too long. But Madeline Caldwell isn't giving him the time of day.

Madeline is looking to break out of her innocent shell, but Kenton definitely isn't the guy to experiment with. She needs a nice guy, not one who makes her lady business glitter like diamonds.

Kenton has been patient for months, but she won't bend. Getting her alone on a deserted island is the only way. Keeping her stranded and all to himself will make her see reason. Right?

Warning: If you like pina coladas and getting caught in the rain...then maybe this dirty summer read is just for you. If you like making love at midnight, put this book down and wake your partner up!

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Chapter One

Madeline

“Is it always this dead around here?” I ask the bartender, glancing at the empty restaurant as I take another sip of my bubbly strawberry drink. Maybe I should’ve gone to the Italian place instead, but this one is supposed to be the best restaurant at the resort. Looking around at all the empty chairs, it makes me think maybe the website lied.

“Just a slow week,” he says, drawing my eyes back to him. Just like everyone else around here he has an incredible tan, making his bright blue eyes seem even brighter in the dimly lit restaurant.

I guess working on an island would give anyone a tan. I had lain by the pool half the day and just turned red, but luckily it faded fast and I wasn’t burnt. I never tan. I go from pale white to cherry red and then back to pale again.

“I noticed the pool was empty, too,” I tell him. In fact, everything has been kind of dead. I’d only got in this morning, but there doesn’t really seem to be anyone around except for people who work here. Maybe that’s why they’re giving out free trips to anyone who would participate in a free survey--a survey that had taken me twenty minutes to fill out. It had the silliest and most ridiculous questions, but I wasn’t going to look a gift horse in the mouth. The resort might be deserted, but it’s beautiful.

“No one to keep you company?” he teases, leaning over the bar and shooting me a crooked smile.

A little pink hits my cheeks when I realize he's flirting with me.

"Unless you count my book or the poolside server, then no." I smile back.

I'm not used to being flirted with. I'd gone to an all-girls liberal arts college in New York, graduating only three months ago. Afterwards, my brothers forced me back home. The four of them own a private security firm together, and men aren't allowed within ten feet of me. Normally it's not a problem because my brothers look kind of scary unless you know them. All of them have been in some form of service at one time or another. They're probably losing their shit right now after finding out I'm not tucked away at home. I can't help but giggle internally as I think about how I gave them the slip. Finally, a point for the little sister.

"Well I'm off tomorrow so if you--"

"She's busy," I hear an all-too-familiar voice say from behind me, making my heart skip a beat. Turning my head slowly, I see the man who stars in my dreams every night. He's been there for the last three months, since I first met his arrogant, handsome self at a fundraiser. It was a charity event one of my brothers had taken me to. They had an extra ticket since their firm was covering the security.

The event's honorary guest was none other than Kenton Monroe, one of the richest men in New York. No, scratch that, one of the richest men in the world. I'd only known that because of my brothers. I don't pay much attention to people of wealth or the society pages in New York. It isn't my scene, but in all fairness, I don't really have a scene. And now that I've graduated, I feel even more adrift.

It didn't take much to realize how powerful he was. Everyone in the room seemed to notice him. Then his eyes had trained on me with a look of distaste and his jaw had hardened. His eyes narrowed--exactly like the look he's giving me right now. Only this time, his eyes are on the bartender.

“Mr. Monroe. I’m sorry, sir, I didn’t know she was one of yours.”

One of his? How many does the man have? Probably a lot with how many women fell all over him the night of the fundraiser. Those women looked nothing like me. They actually looked like they belonged there and hadn’t pulled a discount dress out of the back of their closet. Worse, they didn’t get the look that I’d gotten.

“I’m not his,” I finally protest, catching my bearings. I’m so far from his. I will never be his, no matter what my body wants, regardless of that fact that my brain keeps pulling him to the surface every time I close my eyes.

“Keep telling yourself that, sweets,” Kenton says smoothly as he finally pulls his dark blue eyes to mine. I freeze as he leans in and kisses my bare shoulder. I move away slightly, pretending I don’t like it, even though my body wants to lean in to the soft touch.

“Stop calling me that,” I grit out as he slides onto the bar stool next to mine, casually throwing one of his arms along the back of my seat. His other arm rests on the bar in front of me. It’s as if he’s trying to cage me in. If anyone walked into this area of the restaurant, I don’t think they’d even be able to see me. His size and his position block me from view.

“I’ll eat whatever she’s having, and I’ll take my normal drink,” he tells the bartender, ignoring what I just said.

I hate that stupid name. It makes me feel young, and that’s not why I came here. I came to have a little adventure and to maybe finally lose my virginity. I don’t want to be sweet. I want to be sexy. Maybe even sinful. Or any other “S” word that makes me feel more like a woman. Not just the Caldwell brothers’ sweet little sister.

“What are you doing here? Did my brothers send you? What did they say?” I fire off

the questions in agitation. They can't make me leave. "I can't believe them. I'm 22 years old, for God's sake. Oh, just wait until I get back. I'm getting my own place. See how much they like that," I huff out.

A slow smile starts to spread across Kenton's face, making him look even more stupidly handsome. A man should not get to look that good, and look good he does. From his short black hair and dark blue eyes, to his large, muscular frame, he looks like Adonis come to life. Isn't he supposed to be, like, sitting behind a desk, not lifting weights or whatever men do to look like that? Oh God, I bet he doesn't even have to try. He's just built like that.

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“I actually own the place,” he says with a little laugh, as if he finds my little tantrum funny.

I roll my eyes at that. Of course he owns the place. I would be surprised, but he’s so rich, it’s easy to believe he owns just about everything he touches. He leans in a little more, and I try to pretend I don’t notice his closeness. I pick up my drink and take a few big gulps. The bubbles burn the back of my throat.

“Of course you do.” I try to look anywhere but at him as I put my glass back down on the bar with a hard click.

“I knew that wouldn’t impress you. Not even in the least.” His words are lazy, and I can tell he’s saying them with a smile, but I keep my eyes on the bartender as he makes his way back over with Kenton’s drink. He sets it down and tells us our food will be out shortly.

“Stop looking at him,” he growls next to my ear, making me jump. I finally pull my eyes to his, and I can’t read his expression.

“Do they know?” I ask, wanting to know if my brothers sent him here to check on me because he’s close to them. I wonder if they want to make sure, once again, that a man isn’t within ten feet of me. But Kenton is. He’s so close I can feel the heat of his body. Smell the sun on his skin.

“I’m sure it’s only a matter of time, but no, I didn’t tell them, if that’s what you’re asking.”

I relax a little at that. I'd left them a note telling them I was going away for a few days and not to worry. But nothing I could've done would make them not worry. I'm their little sister by a good ten years, a whoops my parents had late in life.

Their overprotectiveness was cute when I was younger, but it took on a whole new form when our parents died. I was fifteen and had been left in their care. It would be a lie if I said I didn't sometimes like it. It's sweet, and I know they're only trying to protect me, but it has been starting to wear me down since I left school.

"Is there something you need? Or can I eat in peace?" I cock my head towards him.

I still can't get a feel for him. The first few times I'd met him, he made me feel out of place, like he didn't want me around. Then he'd started trying to talk to me. I just gave him the same icy coldness he'd given me, and I actually think that might have blown up in my face. Now he acts like he wants a piece of me. Boys want what they can't have, and the saying rang loud in my head. It's ringing now, and for some reason, I want to hold on to it, because Kenton is cocky. He looked at me like I didn't belong, but I wouldn't give him the time of day, and now he's interested. This feels like a small piece of revenge, and I'm probably enjoying it a little too much.

"Can't I enjoy the company of a beautiful woman?" He gives me that half smirk again.

"I'm sure there are plenty of beautiful women to keep you company, Mr. Monroe, but I'm not among them." I run my eyes over him. "And you're not my type," I lie, and I feel his body stiffen around me.

I don't even know what my type is, regardless of what my late-night dreams tell me.

The bartender comes back, placing our plates in front of us. "Can I get a to-go box, please?" I ask him. He nods and heads towards the back once again. I'm not up for a

verbal sparring match with a man like Kenton.

“Don’t go.” His tone is different now. It’s soft and sweet and almost sounds like a plea.

I push my stool back and stand, and he makes no move to get up himself. His arm is still on the bar in front of me, but the other’s fallen off the back of my chair.

“I don’t know what’s going on here. One minute you’re kind of a jerk and dismiss me, then the next you’re doing this weird flirt-with-me thing,” I say, shaking my head. At least, I think it’s flirting. My experience with men is almost zero, after all. “Either way, it doesn’t matter. It’s not happening. This,” I motion between us, “would never work. I mean, think about the first night we met. You could barely stand the sight of me.”

“That’s not true. I-”

I hold my hand up, cutting him off.

“Let me just be frank so we can stop this. My brothers work for you, and we keep running into each other. I don’t want it to be weird, and I don’t want them to lose your business, but you and I can’t happen. You’d break my heart.” I grip the edge of the bar, my nails digging into the wood. “When I fall in love, it’s going to be with a sweet man who doesn’t scare the bejesus out of me.”

I stress love instead of sex, because for some reason I don’t want him to know I’m a virgin. I want to lose my virginity to someone who isn’t going to break my heart in the process. Thankfully, the bartender comes back at the end of my little speech and starts packing up my food. Kenton just stares at me while I just watch the bartender box up the food and grab the bag.

“I got it,” Kenton says, grabbing the check from the bar top.

“Thank you.” I give him a tight smile, like a part of me isn’t aching from shutting down what could’ve been. That I hadn’t thought for a minute that maybe, just maybe, I could spend a few sexy nights with this man in paradise. But the aftermath would be too painful. I’m just like he said--sweet. I have no idea how to begin to be sexy.

I’d have to see him again in New York. And what would it be like if, after all that, I’d have to see him with another woman? Heck, I’d been jealous that night at the charity event and we’d said maybe two words to each other.

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“It’s always a pleasure,” he says, standing and moving his own chair out a little so I can easily get by.

“Goodnight, Mr. Monroe.”

Chapter Two

Kenton

I watch Madeline walk away, and I have to grip the bar of the chair to keep from going after her. Glancing back at the bartender, I give him a look, and he takes off, mumbling something about taking inventory in the back.

I drop my head in my hands and try to shake off the feelings, but after months of trying, it’s no use. That’s why she’s here, isn’t it? Because I’ve been unable to control anything when it comes to her. My Madeline.

Caldwell security has worked for my company for a few years. They are the best in the business, and that’s all I employ. The best. When the hospital needed security for the fundraiser, I suggested their team. I’d even made sure they had extra tickets in case one of the men wanted to bring anyone from their staff along. I never thought about them having a sister. A sister who was so fucking gorgeous I couldn’t tear my eyes off of her.

I’d embarrassed myself that night with the way I acted towards her. I was so overcome with emotions, I didn’t know how to behave. Emotions I’d never felt before. One look at their baby sister and I was a goner. The times her eldest brother

Mark had mentioned her, I thought he was referring to a teenager. But one look at Madeline would ensure no man would ever get it wrong. She's short with fair skin and dark brown hair. As I looked in her brown eyes, it seemed she had some innocence there, but her body was anything but. Her curves were sinful and spilling out of the black dress she had on. It may have been a few years old, because her breasts had grown beyond what that dress was prepared to hold. The sight of her was obscene, and I felt anger flash through me all night. Every time a man caught sight of her ample cleavage, I felt my fists tighten. Seeing the sway of her big ass and wide hips did things to my cock, and I was ashamed of the images that flashed through my mind. I got so hard I nearly embarrassed myself in front of hundreds of people.

When I finally worked up the courage to talk to her, she brushed me off. I tried to say hello, but I stumbled over my words and made an ass of myself. One of her brothers had stepped in to see if I needed anything, mistaking my talking to Madeline as being related to work. But nothing about my feelings for Madeline was professional. Oh no, I wanted to do indecent things to her that night and every night since.

I come from a long line of famous Monroes. The men before me had their hands in every kind of business, making money since the dawn of time. I've done my part to grow our holdings, and as the only surviving heir, I'm what most refer to as filthy rich. But money can only buy so much shit before you start thinking that there's more beyond it. I've never slowed down to think about love before, and what it would be like to settle down. I've worked most of my life, and that's always been the priority. I've never thought about anything other than my career, but all that changed that night. The night I laid eyes on Madeline, I understood what I'd been missing. As if she'd flipped a switch to turn on the light, I suddenly realized I was in darkness. And when she walked away, I was thrown into the shadows once again. That night, I knew that I had to have her. I had to have the light.

Normally I'd contract Caldwell for a project like this, but seeing as how this was their baby sister, I didn't see the four of them giving up any information. And getting

around them would be tricky. It took me two agonizingly long days to find out any sort of intel on Madeline. And even then it was just a scrap. I got her email address from a friend who could do some cyber-stalking for me. That was all I had, so I needed to make it good.

After a few more failed attempts at trying to get her near me again, tripping over my own feet and looking like an ass, I knew I needed to try something different. I needed something that would get her near me without her being able to give me the slip. And I needed to ensure her brothers wouldn't butt in. I'd come up with a two-hundred-word survey for her under the pretense of a free vacation. I was going to get her on the island if it killed me. Away from her family, away from prying eyes. I was going to have her all alone.

I cleared out any guests who had plans to visit, stating a hurricane had made their vacation impossible. I didn't care if it reeked of bullshit. I wanted this that bad. People didn't seem too upset when I refunded double their vacation expenses and then told them they could rebook any time after this week. All I needed was a week. I could make her fall for me in that amount of time. Right?

The staff was unaware of what was going on. They were informed there would be improvements to the island resort and it would be closed to the public. They would receive a paid vacation and only minimal personnel would be asked to come in.

So far it's been a day and I haven't been able to make any progress. Nothing about me seems to affect her in any way. Madeline is unfazed by my status and what I could potentially do for her. Almost every woman I come in contact with is always looking for an angle to get to me. I think they see me as either an opportunity for them to become rich, or as a challenge to be conquered. I'm not often seen with women for a reason. It's been a long time since I felt any sort of inclination to be with a woman, and even longer than that since I've been physical with someone.

But the night I saw Madeline, all of that changed. I no longer want to avoid being photographed with a woman on my arm. I want the world to see she's mine, that I'm not up for grabs anymore, but she keeps sidestepping me. Like tonight. I came down hoping to have dinner with her. I'd been watching her all day. She lay by the pool, and I sat hidden away like a lecher, just watching her. I could hear myself growl every time the waiter approached her, but what was I going to do? Put on a cabana shirt and take her order? I doubt she would have wanted that if her behavior tonight was any indication. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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Time is running out. I've got to make her head over heels for me, like I am for her, by the time she's wheels-up and headed back to New York.

I've got a plan in place, my option B, but it may be going too far. I push away my plate of uneaten food and remember how fast she was to try to get away from me tonight. This is an extreme measure, but one that has to be taken.

I walk away from the bar and look down at my watch. I think she's had enough time to get to her room, so I can go up. I take the elevator to the top floor and stand in the small hallway. There are only two doors on this entire level, and I have zero guilt about putting her next to me. I look longingly at the door to the right. I walk over to it, and for a second I stand there and debate knocking. Maybe I could try again. I could try to keep my shit under control and let her see that I'm not just an asshole.

Pressing my palm to her door, I take a breath and then let it drop away.

"Stick to the plan," I whisper to myself and then turn, going into my room.

When I get inside, I take off my white polo shirt and linen pants. I walk to the bathroom, turn on the shower, and step right in. The beat of the cold water is painful, but it's the only thing that is going to keep me from trying to find release. Again.

I've rubbed myself almost raw with as many times as I've tried to sate my need for Madeline. I never really cared about doing it before, but since the first night I saw her, my fantasies have gone wild. But the sad thing is, my greatest fantasy about her is probably the least erotic thing I've ever jerked off to. I've got this vision of her sitting across from me in a coffee shop while I just hold her hand. The sight of her

smiling at me gets me every time. Her goddamn smile. That's all I want. And it's all it takes to send me over the edge.

Thinking about it now has my cock throbbing under the ice-cold stream, and I grab the soap, giving in to the inevitable. I close my eyes and there she is. She's wearing a sweater that has fabric bunched up around her neck, and she's holding a mug of hot cocoa. I reach out and place my hand on the table, palm up, and she puts hers in mine. She looks down at where our fingers are joined, and then for just a second I think she won't look up at me. But she finally does, and when her beautiful brown eyes find mine, I'm lost in the fantasy.

I stroke myself in long, tight movements, imagining it's what the inside of her little curvy body will feel like. I feel myself swell and throb as I get closer to climax.

And in my mind she's right across from me when her full, pink lips part and she smiles at me. Her whole face lights up, and she looks as if she's in love. She's looking at me like I feel for her, and the moment is too perfect.

I cum in the shower, letting the thick seed roll down my shaft and over my hand. I keep pumping to the image of her smile, and the pleasure that runs through me isn't enough. My hand is unsatisfying, but it's better than nothing. When it comes Madeline, I think the only thing that will ever be enough is when I finally have her under me.

I finish up in the shower and get out, thinking the cold shower was counterproductive. Once I'm out, I dry off and head to the bed. Throwing back the sheets, I climb in naked and lie on my back, looking up at the ceiling.

I go over the plans in my head for tomorrow, and though I should feel a little guilty, I can't seem to find anywhere inside me that does. I would do anything to have Madeline. Tomorrow, I cross a line I won't ever be able to uncross, but I hope that,

for the both of us, it's the right decision.

Chapter Three

Madeline

I stare at myself in the full-length mirror and debate my choice of swimsuit. I brought two with me. The first is a simple one-piece black swimsuit. I've owned it for a few years, but it's comfortable. The second one is a white two-piece that I'd picked up before coming here. A last-minute grab to remind myself why I'm taking this trip.

I'm here to find myself. Try something new and have an adventure. Not be the normal me who just goes through the day-to-day motions doing what I thought I should be doing, because that was what I had been doing. Never wanting to be too much trouble for anyone. I am thankful for my brothers and all they have done for me. I am always trying to make sure I don't do anything to upset them or further interfere in their lives. Heck, I still ask myself if they would've opened a security firm back in New York if it wasn't for my parents passing. Someone had to come home and take care of me. I hated thinking that I might have made them leave something behind to do something that they hadn't wanted to. That's why I picked a college I knew they would feel safe and happy with. I knew it was where Mark, my eldest brother, wanted me to go. It was close to home, and it was an all-girls school, so I went.

But now we we're all old enough. I don't want to be anyone's burden anymore. I also want to step out of the little box I've let myself be put in. It's a pretty box, one I'll always be thankful for, but I want out. I want a life of my own choosing.

I turn a little, eyeing the mirror. The lady at the swimsuit shop promised me that the white wouldn't go all see-through when water hit it, but I'm a little more worried about the strap around my neck giving way and my boobs popping out. I look sexy, I

think to myself. More like a woman than an innocent girl.

Maybe I'll get to lose some of the innocence before this trip is over. Kenton's face pops in my head again, making me groan. I head back to my luggage and dig out things I might need today for the outing I planned at the front desk, putting the items into a small waterproof bag.

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That man just can't seem to stay out of my head. After I'd come back to my room last night and eaten, I'd tossed and turned for a few hours before sleep finally took me, only for him to find me in my dreams. The man is maddening. And yet a thought kept popping into my head.

If Kenton is just trying to get in my pants because I'd rebuffed him and he sees me as a challenge, maybe I could do the same. Maybe I could find a way to emotionally detach myself so I could use him back. He could be my fling. The thought pushes strong on me. Before Kenton, I couldn't even bring one person to mind in whom I'd shown even a slight interest. Even the bartender last night when I thought he was flirting with me, it was flattering, but still that spark wasn't there.

Maybe I'm one of the girls who likes jerks. Just my luck. Grabbing my bag off the bed, I pick up my cell and power it on. The screen lights up, showing twenty voice mail messages and sixty texts. All from my brothers. Might as well do it all at once, so I call the leader of the pack.

Mark picks up before the phone can even ring fully.

"Where are you?" he shouts into the phone in a tone I've never heard him use with me before. I freeze for a second and hear him take a depth breath. "Maddie, I mean, are you okay?" His voice softens just a little, but I can tell it's forced.

"I'm fine. Just like the note said," I reassure him.

"You can't just take off like that."

“Why, Mark? I’m 22 years old.”

He’s silent for a long second, and I can picture him grabbing the bridge of his nose as he usually does when he’s stressed. He’s done it for as long as I can remember, and he does it when any of my brothers are driving him crazy.

“I know,” he finally says on a long breath. “I just worry, Maddie.”

“There is nothing to worry about. I’m fine,” I try to reassure him again, and it’s probably not doing any good.

“I don’t like not knowing where you are.”

“I’d tell you, but I’m calling your bluff. I think you know right where I am,” I reply. Working in the military, my brothers have friends in high places. Sometimes I think they even do freelance jobs for the military. That’s just a guess. I don’t ask, and they don’t share. If only they could stay out of my business like I stay out of theirs.

He’s silent again.

“Don’t send anyone down.” I make my voice firm, something I never do. Maybe this bikini has special powers, or maybe it’s being out on my own for once. Really out on my own. “I need to do this, Mark. I’ll be back in a week.”

“Fine,” he finally says. “Keep in touch, Maddie.”

I expect him to say something about Kenton, but he doesn’t, and neither do I. Or maybe he thinks he can use Kenton to spy on me. He’s probably already talked to him, or maybe he doesn’t know Kenton owns the place. He might think it’s just some resort, but that’s unlikely. What is likely is he already has a blueprint of the place.

“Okay.”

“I know I’m overbearing. We all are,” he corrects. “But we can’t help it. You might not think it Maddie, but you are the heart of this family, and we can’t lose you like we lost...” His words trail off. He doesn’t have to say it. I know he was going to say, “Mom and Dad.”

“I’ll call you tonight.”

“Have fun, and I love you.”

“I love you, too,” I say, smiling, before I end the call feeling a little bit better. A weight I didn’t know was on my shoulders has been lifted.

I’d never thought of myself as the heart of the family, but maybe I do hold us all together. I’m always the one setting everything up for holidays, making us have family dinners once a week, and so on. I did it to show them how much I appreciated them, but maybe I was doing more than I even knew.

I place my phone back on the charger and pick up the paper that gives me the details of my island kayaking adventures. I double-check the time and location I’m supposed to meet at, slip on my water shoes, and grab a T-shirt. I pull on the long shirt over my swimsuit before heading down to the lobby. Making my way out to the pier, I look for a boat called It Takes Two.

It’s easy to spot as only two boats are docked at the pier. A man who looks to be in his early twenties is standing next to it in swim trunks and no shirt. He spots me and gives me a big smile that lights up his whole face.

“Señorita Madeline?”

I nod, and he holds his hand out to help me get onto the boat and follows behind me.

He grabs the little bridge we just used to get on the boat and starts unstrapping us from the dock. I look around the boat and only see one other person, a young woman who looks a lot like the man who helped me onto the boat.

“I’m Selena.” She gives a little wave, but makes no move to come towards me. She’s more focused on reading a tablet in her hand. “We are going to take you to the south islands. The water there should be perfect for kayaking today,” she tells me, looking up from the tablet before placing it down on the small table.

“I’m going to go below and check a few things, then we’ll be on our way.” She turns, walking down into the cabin of the big boat as the man comes to stand next to me.

“Just us?” I ask, looking around the boat again, which is ridiculous because it’s not like it’s huge or anything. I guess I just thought there would be more people going, like a group excursion. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({ });<p>

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“Just your kayaking partner, and he’s below.” He nods to where Selena just disappeared. “I’m José, by the way.” He holds his hand out, and I take it. I look up into his dark brown eyes as his handsome face smiles down at me. I wait, hoping for some kind of attraction, and I sigh. Still nothing. Not even a freaking spark. I’m hopeless.

Feminine laughter fills my ears, and I turn to see Selena coming back up the stairs with a giant smile on her face. Then my body freezes when I see who she’s laughing with. It’s Kenton. He has an equally bright smile on his face, until his eyes come to mine. Then that hardness he seems to get when he looks at me forms, and it washes that smile away. Selena continues to talk to him in Spanish, so I can’t understand a word. I’m not sure I’d get any of what they’re saying right now even if I knew Spanish. I’m too busy feeling things. Anger, jealousy, and a touch of excitement. I squash that last one fast and go back to anger.

What happened to staying out of each other’s way? It’s clear Kenton has no plans to do that. Being at his hotel might have been a coincidence, but this I can’t chalk up to just running into one another.

“Let her go,” I hear him snap. I look down and realize José’s and my hands are still clasped in our introductory handshake. He drops my hand like I’m on fire, taking a few steps back in the process. I glare at Kenton. I have four brothers, and I sure as heck don’t need a fifth. Or maybe Kenton just doesn’t share well.

Women can fall over him, but it isn’t okay the other way around? Kenton’s not the settling-down type or even the trying-to-settle-down-type. I’d done my shameless Google search and found nothing about other women, leading me to believe he hops

from one bed to another before anyone even knew what happened.

“We’re ready,” Selena says in English, this time placing her hand on Kenton’s bare bicep. Just like José, he doesn’t have a shirt on. But unlike José, I can’t look away from his chest. He’s built like a tank. His abs aren’t defined. He’s just solid and hard. Everywhere. Like he could wrestle a shark if we come across one. And he’d most likely win.

Kenton says something to Selena, this time in Spanish, and she drops her hand from him. She goes over to the boat’s controls and starts talking to José. She’s speaks to him in Spanish, and I can’t understand either of them.

Looking over, I just stare at Kenton. “Can’t you put a shirt on or something?” I blurt out. The words are out of my mouth before I can think, and I wish I could grab them back. He doesn’t need a shirt, but I can’t freaking look away.

“No,” he says lazily, the hardness on his face dropping away, and a smile forms.

How does he do that? Two can play that game.

“I guess you’re right,” I say as I pull off my own shirt, tossing it on one the benches as the boat starts to pull away from the dock.

Kenton glances over to José, who’s next to Selena at the boat’s controls. I’m pretty sure they’re brother and sister when I look at them next to each other.

“Put it back on,” he growls, making his way over to me.

I just ignore him.

“Are we really kayaking partners?”

“Yes,” he says flatly, picking up my discarded shirt and handing it to me. I take it and put it in my bag with a smirk.

“Can’t I go with José?”

Kenton growls again, interrupting me. The sounds he’s making make me think he’s maybe part canine or something.

“You can go with your girlfriend,” I dig at him, nodding over to Selena. Damn it. I did it again. Said something I didn’t want to.

“Jealous?” He raises his dark eyebrows like he can’t believe it.

“You should know what it looks like,” I snap back.

His hand comes to my chin, making me tilt my head up more to look at him. His touch is soft, and I hate how I melt into him. “You have no reason to be jealous, whereas I have every right.”

With that, he drops his hand from my chin, grabs my bag, and pulls my shirt back out. I’m still in a fog from his touch when I realize he’s pulling it down over my head.

Chapter Four

Kenton

I’m paddling around the island away from the boat and trying not to think about Madeline in a bikini. The sight had me nearly popping a tent in front of her, but I channeled my anger at the situation instead of reacting to all of her skin being exposed. Christ. This is going to be harder than I thought. Pun intended.

Madeline is in the front seat of the sea kayak and holding onto her oar. I told her to let me steer through the rougher water until we got into the lagoon of the island.

We rode on the boat for about an hour until we came to the private oasis. It's a small island positioned with the lagoon against the current, so it has calm, crystal-blue waters. It's warmer here, too, so that we can snorkel and then have lunch on the beach.

"We're getting pretty far from the boat," Madeline says, looking back over her shoulder. "I can't even see it anymore."

"I'm sure they're just riding around or coasting until we're finished. They'll be back to pick us up."

She raises her palm to her forehead to block the sun out of her face, and looks around some more.

"Is that what you said to them when we were getting off the boat? I don't speak Spanish."

"Something like that," I mumble. Then I speak up, steering the conversation elsewhere. "I brought my backpack with some snacks, and there's a cooler on the kayak that's been stocked for lunch. We've got plenty of time to explore."

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I paddle us between two large rocks that open into the lagoon area. When the tide is low, it's easy to maneuver around them, but when the tide comes in all the way, it's too high to allow passage. If we're inside the lagoon before the tide rises, we'll be stuck in here.

"Wow," I hear Madeline whisper as it opens up and reveals a pristine beach, worthy of a postcard. "I've never seen something so beautiful."

"Neither have I," I say, watching her.

When I'd told her on the boat that she had no reason to be jealous and I had every right to be, I don't think she understood my meaning.

She can't possibly be jealous because I've belonged to her since the moment I first saw her. There was never a second when I wasn't completely hers, and I'd not so much as had a thought of anyone else since then. I couldn't stand the thought of another woman besides my Madeline.

But I have every right to be jealous. She doesn't belong to me. I've seen the internal struggle she has with herself about giving in or not. At least some part of Madeline wants me, but she fights it. I have to worry about every other man that comes in contact with her while she's doing battle with her body. I want to own every part of her, and I'm prepared to take drastic measures to do so.

After I paddle to shore, I get out and pull her onto dry land. Her eyes travel over my shirtless body, and I hope she likes what she sees. I'm not a trim guy or one that spends hours in the gym. I'd rather spend my time worshiping her body than working

on my shape. I'm thick, but I'm strong, and if the look on her face is any indication, she's okay with that.

I reach out a hand, and after just a second of hesitation, she places her palm in mine. She misses a step on the way off, her foot sinking into the wet sand. Her curvy body falls flush against mine, and I feel every soft inch of her molding to me.

I stare down into her brown eyes, and for a split second the heat sears between us. I start to lean down, wanting to feel my lips on hers, but she blinks her eyes, breaking the spell. She clears her throat and looks away, and it's all I can do not to dig my hands into the span of her hips to keep her from moving away from me.

"Thank you. Um, so what do we do now?"

I'd like to tell her I'd throw her down and fuck her right here on the shoreline, but instead I let her go and grab one of the bags.

"Let's go snorkeling," I say, holding up the mesh bag with the equipment. "So I can cool down."

I mumble the last part, giving her my back and trying like fuck to hide my growing erection. Once I've had a few breaths, I think I'm under control. I turn back around to see Madeline pull her cover-up off and toss it onto the kayak.

"Did you put sunscreen on?" My voice is deeper than I intend it to be, and I swallow, trying to gain some composure. "You'll burn quickly out here."

She bites her lip and shakes her head, and I reach into my backpack and pull out a bottle.

"I can do that," she nearly shouts, thrusting her hand out to me.

“Unless you’re far more flexible than the average person, I think you’ll need a little help,” I say, running my eyes up and down her unholy body. “But if you can, then please, Madeline, enlighten me.”

Even in the bright sunlight, I can see the blush hit her cheeks, so instead of handing her the bottle, I squeeze some of the lotion onto my hands and walk behind her.

“Lift up your hair for me, sweets.”

She lets out a little huff, but reaches behind her and holds her hair up for me. I have to bite my tongue to keep from groaning at the feel of her soft skin under my hands. I run the lotion along her shoulder, massaging it as I go. This should be innocent, but it’s anything but. My hands on her, in any way, feels sexual, and my body responds. Glancing down, I see my cock has made a sizeable tent in my swim trunks, and there is absolutely no way of hiding it. I’m nearly poking her ass, and if she rocks back even a fraction, she’ll know exactly how much I’m enjoying this.

Unable to stop myself, I push my lotion-covered hands around her sides and to the top of her bathing suit. My fingertips just brush the sides of her breasts that are exposed from the triangle top, and I can see a shiver pass through her body.

I lean down and whisper against her ear, “Just making sure you’re protected.”

Then I run my hands down her back and brush my fingers just on the inside of her bathing suit bottoms. Rubbing the lotion along the lower region, I dip inside them with every pass. I could stop there, but I’m a selfish bastard and I don’t. I want as much of her as I can get, and this is too good of an excuse.

Kneeling down behind her, I put more lotion on my hand, and then I start to rub the back of her thighs. She flinches at the touch at first, but then relaxes into the massage.

From what I've heard, most women are so self-conscious about this part of their body. The dimples make them feel like they're somehow unattractive. I'm not sure about other women, but Madeline is exquisite everywhere. All her dips and curves are absolute perfection, and I can't stop touching her.

I take my time, and when I know I can't put it off any longer, I stop. But instead of standing up, I go for broke.

"Turn around."

Slowly, she does as I ask, and she watches me as I'm kneeling before her, putting more lotion in my hands.

"I can do that, Kenton," she says, hardly above a whisper.

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God, I fucking love when she says my name.

“I know, sweet. But I’m already here, so I might as well take care of you.”

I reach forward, rubbing her legs, and she holds them forward for me, allowing me to continue to rub her. She’s so short that I don’t need to stand up to keep going, and thank God, because my cock has taken on a life of its own. People would run in fear if they saw this monster approaching their village.

Moving up the tops of her thighs I look up and lock eyes with her as my fingers slip inside the straps of her hips and spread the lotion. Her shaky hands reach out and land on my shoulder to steady herself, and my hands move up her stomach. When I get to the bottom of her bikini top, I realize it would only take a slight tug to release a breast and have her nipple in my mouth. My teeth and tongue ache to feel the hard bud, and I have to grit my teeth to ease the need.

My big hands span her stomach and move up slowly. I watch as her full lips part, and she releases a breath, and I wonder if she’s wet. The white bathing suit bottom reveals nothing, but I want to pull it to the side and peek to see if her pink folds are as damp as my trunks. The two of us are desperate to entwine.

“I’ve got it from here,” Madeline suddenly says, turning away from me and taking a step away.

I have to blink a few times and take a deep breath to remember where I am. Fucking Christ, that was intense, and I damn well know she felt it.

Then I feel a sinister smile spread across my lips.

“Hey, sweets. Do you think you could do me?”

Chapter Five

Madeline

It's been hours and I can still feel him against my fingertips, no matter how many times I've tried to forget. Even after all the time we spent snorkeling, it's still all I can think about.

I glance over at Kenton, who's pulling stuff out of the bag he brought, and he hands me a bottle of water.

“The tide is changing,” I say, pointing to where we entered the lagoon. “When is the boat coming back? Shouldn't they be here by now?”

I start walking down the beach to get a better look, but it's all the same. There's a ring of rocks around the lagoon keeping the water still and warm. But beyond that is a giant ocean with waves that look to be getting bigger by the minute.

“I don't think the kayak is going to hold up on those waves,” Kenton says from behind me, much closer than I expect.

“What are we going to do? The boat can't come in the lagoon, it's too big. We can't take the kayak out in that.” I feel a little panic start to sneak up my spine, and I turn to look at Kenton. “Oh God, what if they don't come back? The sun is setting. What--”

“Relax, Madeline.” His voice is soothing, and he reaches out, rubbing his big palms up and down my arms. “Just take a deep breath. The tide may have been too rough,

and they headed back. I've got plenty of supplies, and I'm sure they'll come for us soon. Just take a breath. Don't freak out on me."

I swallow the lump in my throat and do what he says. Taking a deep breath, I try to calm my rising fear and just focus on what we can control. The sun will be setting soon, and by the look of the pack Kenton brought, I'm sure we'll be fine until morning. This will all be okay. We've got our sea kayak, supplies, and they'll come for us. They have to, the freaking owner of their hotel is with me. That thought goes a long way to calm me. People will be looking for him. Lots of people. I'm sure it's just the change in tide or the current, and they'll be back soon enough.

"Okay," I say, taking another breath. "Okay." The second time my answer is stronger, and I nod, looking around us.

"Let's have a look around and see if there's anything we can use for a shelter."

I bite my lip as the panic returns. We're going to have to stay the night.

"Hey." Kenton grabs my chin and makes me look up at him. "Just in case, I know you don't like me very much, but I promise to take care of you. Okay? I won't let anything happen to you, Madeline. I swear it on my life."

His words shouldn't soothe me, but they do. Somehow knowing he's here and he will keep me safe pushes the panic away again, and the fear recedes. I don't know what I'd do if he wasn't here.

"Stay by my side."

He takes my hand in his large one, and warmth spreads through me. It's the feeling I got when he had his hands all over me before. I shouldn't be getting turned on right now, but my body is thinking otherwise.

I follow behind Kenton, gripping his palm, as he leads me from the edge of the water and away from the lagoon. There's a line of trees just beyond the white sand, and I look into them, trying to see beyond the jungle of leaves. Gripping his hand tighter, I start to think of what could be lurking past that.

"I've got you, sweets."

He looks back over his shoulder, winking at me, and the nickname does the job of annoying me, making me forget about what we're doing.

We walk to the edge, and Kenton leads us in. He pushes big leaves and vines out of my way and holds them up for me as I pass through in places. It's cool in the shade, but without the wind from the beach, it's still a little hot and muggy. I have my hair piled on top of my head, but the strands that have escaped instantly stick to my neck and I feel a sheen of sweat break out all over.

I think we've gone about fifty yards in when I hear water again. Thinking that the island must be tiny and we're reaching the other side, I'm shocked when we step through the jungle and see a waterfall. It's like something out of a movie, and I stand there, holding Kenton's hand in shock.

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Crystal-blue water streams down off a rock ledge, creating a pool of water below. There are large smooth rocks around the edge, and the sun streams down onto them. The sand is white, and I can see to the bottom of the pond. It looks to be about waist deep, and I lick my lips in thirst.

“Think it’s fresh water?” I ask, wondering if we can drink it.

“Probably brackish. A little salt and a little fresh. But I brought plenty of water,” Kenton says, giving my hand a squeeze, so I look up at him. “I used to be a boy scout.”

I roll my eyes and try not to think about how good it feels to hold his hand. And how good his bare chest looks with the tan he got today. His olive skin is a deep brown already just from an afternoon in the sun.

There’s sweat trickling down his chest, and I watch a drop roll down and across his thick waist. Jesus, he could play football with how big he is. My eyes roam back up his body to find him smirking down at me. He’s caught me staring, and I look away so he can’t see my embarrassment.

“You look like you could stand to cool off, too. Let’s take a quick dip.”

He pulls me towards the edge of the water, and we slip off our shoes. I drop his hand and walk in, hating that I’m not holding his hand anymore but needing the small distance. I’m beginning to like him touching me far too much.

I’m surprised by how cool the water is, but it feels amazing after stomping around in

the jungle. When I walk out and get to just above my waist, I feel Kenton coming up behind me. I sink down the rest of way, cooling off my hot body and trying to hide it as well. I don't know why, but I'm suddenly shy, as if coming to this secret part of the island has made this much more intimate.

I watch as he dips off, and then he smiles at me. He looks like he's about to say something, when I cry out.

"Ouch!" I shout, nearly leaping out of the water.

Kenton is beside me in a heartbeat pulling me into his arms. I climb up his body, fear pounding in my chest as I look down at the water and all around us.

"I think you just stepped on a shell," Kenton says, looking at my foot.

He's got me cradled in his arms, and I see just a tiny scrape on the side of my foot. I feel ridiculous looking at the red mark and feel dumb for overreacting. But then I realize that I'm in Kenton's arms again, and I can't bring myself to regret it. I like being here.

"Just a little nervous," I say, looking at him through my lashes.

"You're safe with me."

He doesn't release me. Instead he walks us to where the water is deeper and the waterfall comes down. We near the spray of the water, and the sound is loud but somehow soothing. I keep my arms around Kenton's neck, and he adjusts my body. The water is deeper here, up to his chest, so I probably couldn't touch the bottom. He moves my legs so they're around his waist, and his hands go to my thighs to hold me up. My center is pressed against his stomach, and I can't help but wonder what I would feel if I slipped a little lower.

“Lean back,” Kenton says, and his voice is thick. It’s deeper than it was before, but I don’t question him and do as he says.

The waterfall comes down gently on my hair, and I arch my back to get closer, the cool water feeling so good on my hot body. It’s made even hotter because I’m in his arms. I feel one of his big hands move to my lower back to support me as I slip a little lower on his body.

I feel what can only be his hard cock against my ass, and I freeze. If I didn’t know better I’d say there was a baseball bat floating around this pond, but the way it’s pressed against me and demanding attention, I have no doubt it’s all Kenton.

When I look up, I see Kenton’s eyes are hooded, and he’s got an expression on his face that can only be described as hungry. Before I can say a word, his mouth is on mine.

When our lips meet, it feels as if a fuse has been lit and there is an explosion coming. His tongue sweeps into my mouth, not waiting for an invitation. His hand moves to my ass, and the steel rod of his cock moves between us. He grinds me against him, and before I know what I’m doing I’m working my hips with his hands. My arms go up around his neck, and my lower body works his cock like a stripper pole.

I’ve never in my life acted like this. Something about being alone on an island with a man like Kenton has my base instincts reacting to him. I spread my legs wider to give him what he wants. My hands are moving down and rubbing his chest as his mouth devours mine. His tongue is warm and strong as he takes the kiss. My hormones are skyrocketing, and I feel bold. Bold enough to trail my hand down his stomach and to his swim trunks.

His full lips never break the kiss as my hand reaches inside them, and I find the length of this shaft. My small fingers have a hard time encircling all of him, but when

I manage, I give him a hard squeeze, and then it happens.

“Fuck,” he nearly roars as he breaks the kiss.

It’s then I feel warmth around my palm, and I realize I just made him cum. Holy shit, I’m like a sex goddess. One touch and I made this guy go off. I wonder if it’s always this easy for girls to do this.

Before I know what’s happening, his lips are back on mine and I’m lost to sensation again. I still have my hand on his cock, and it hasn’t gone down at all. Isn’t that supposed to happen after a man cums? Maybe he didn’t and that isn’t what happened.

It’s then his mouth moves to my neck, and all-new sensations start going through my body. He licks me in a place I didn’t know could feel so good, and I shiver.

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“Did you cum?” I ask on a moan as he licks me in the same place again.

“Yes,” he growls, and I feel powerful again. “And I’m about to again.”

I squeeze his length in my hand again, and then I feel my pussy clench. Like she’s longing for him.

He moves his mouth from my neck, and his eyes stare into me as he reaches between us and takes my wrist. For a second I think he’s going to take my hand away, but after an intense moment he starts moving it up and down. He’s using my hand to jerk himself off, and for some reason, that dirty action turns me on.

He lets go of my wrist for a second and reaches up to my bathing suit. He pushes one of the triangles out of the way, then the other, before putting his hand back on my wrist. His eyes penetrate me there, his stare fierce and almost angry. I see his jaw clench, and I wonder if he’s trying to keep himself from putting his mouth on me there. God, what would it feel like to have someone suck on me?

I should be shy about showing him my breasts, but this feels so good, I don’t stop to think about it. I want him to see me, and most of all I want him to want me. Knowing that I turn him on makes me feel like I have control over this situation, and I feel myself becoming bolder.

I use my other hand to untie the string of his trunks, giving us both better access to him. When he’s somewhat free, I tilt the wrist holding his cock and move it to my pussy. I’ve still got my bathing suit bottoms on, but I rub him against me there and feel the thick head against my clit. I close my eyes at the feeling, the hard pressure so

perfect.

After a few moments of rubbing, I need more, and I reach between us again. I've still got one hand on his shaft, and I use the other to pull my bathing suit to the side. I just need skin on skin and I'll cum. I know it. Just the tip against me is all it will take.

"Madeline," Kenton says, his eyes looking down in the water between us.

It's not a warning, but there's an edge to his voice. One that makes me clench again.

"Use me," he finally says and nods.

I rub his naked cock against my clit, and I start to shiver. This whole thing is like a dream, and I don't ever want to wake up. I move him slowly up and down, the wide head perfect against me. It's only a few strokes and I know I'm getting close, so I dip him a bit lower so he's at my entrance. He doesn't push forward, doesn't try to go inside me. Instead he remains still as a rock, allowing me to use his cock to get me off. The power makes me feel drunk, and I move him back to my clit, rubbing it twice before I slide him back down to my opening. It's like I'm teasing a bull with a giant red flag, just waiting to see what will break him.

When I repeat the move, two swipes on my clit and then to my opening, I feel his arms start to tremble. He wants to fuck me, and I want him to, but he's trying to hold back. For now, I need to cum. My own body demands it. I'm just afraid that once this moment is over, the spell will be broken. Maybe it won't be so bad and this will all be totally okay. At least that's what I keep saying in my head as I near my climax.

"Kenton," I moan as I press the hard vein of his cock to my clit and feel it throb.

His whole body tenses up, and I feel his warm seed spill between us as I cum with him. My pussy clenches, wanting to be filled, sad that it's empty. My orgasm rolls

through my body, the heat searing my veins, and when I come down, I'm limp.

It's as if I've expended all my energy in getting us off and now I need a nap. I rest my head on Kenton's chest, just needing to be held for a second.

"Relax, sweets. I've got you," he says, kissing the top of my head.

What in the hell just happened?

Chapter Six

Kenton

I take long, deep breaths, trying to calm myself. I didn't know something so intense even existed or that someone could have a need like I just had. I've known I wanted her from the moment I laid eyes on her. Felt it to my core that she belonged to me, not caring how fucking crazy that sounded. But when she touched me, when I saw her light up with desire for me, my core fucking shattered. She was it, and I only have days to make her see. And I'm praying she doesn't find out about my manipulations to get her here with me. But right now, in this moment, I don't have one regret. I finally have her in my arms, right where she belongs.

I feel her breathing start to even out, and I look down at her closed eyes, wondering if she's asleep. I don't move, not wanting to break this moment. She's finally letting me hold her close without fighting back. I can't pull my eyes away from her, watching her breathing go in and out, with her hair covering us both. Her bathing suit top is still half-off one of her full breasts. My mouth waters with wanting it. I want to put my mouth on every part of her. See what she tastes like everywhere.

Slowly her brown eyes flutter open, a sleepy smile spreading across her face. "I always dream of you," she half-whispers, making warmth spread through me. She's

probably giving me something she doesn't want me to know. She's wary of letting me know the depth of her desire for me, that she feels this pull like I do.

I'll lock myself around that need and use it to pull her deeper into me as fast as I can. Time isn't on our side. I've stolen these few days, maybe even only a few hours, and I have to make every one of them count if I want to bind myself to her.

Her eyes widen, and she hurriedly sits up, trying to pull away from me. I don't let her, pulling her back to me.

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“It’s just me.”

“I...I-” She stutters over the one word before her fair skin blushes all the way down to her tits, which are still hanging out of her bikini top. It draws my eyes there, and her hand comes up to cover herself. I have to swallow a primal growl as she hides herself from me. I don’t want to scare her. Yeah, I want her to know I want her, but if she knew the crazy things I’ve done to get her close, she’d probably fucking run. Because when it comes to her, I’m just a bit insane.

“I can’t believe we did that,” she finally says, getting her bearings.

“I can’t believe I only made you cum once when I came twice. I’ll have to fix that,” I say, smiling down at her, making the blush spread even farther. Her plump, full lips fall open, and I wrap my hand in her hair, pulling her towards me. I take advantage of her open mouth, because I can’t let her back away now. I can’t take the running anymore. It’s eating at me. I want her to run towards me, not away from me. So maybe it’s time to clear the air.

I pull back and smile when she leans in, trying to capture my mouth again. I let her, and this time her tongue pushes into my mouth, taking the kiss for herself. She lets the hunger she has for me finally go free. I open my mouth and relax, wanting to feel her kiss me. Then she moves over me until she straddles me.

Finally pulling away, she stares at me like she’s shocked by her own actions. I like her like this. I bet there isn’t a soul in the whole fucking world that’s seen her like this. A little bit of aggression slips out of her and it’s mine. I’m going to take it all and want more of it. After the months of her running from me, I need it. To see her

want me as much as I need her is intoxicating.

“I’m not sure this is such a good idea,” she finally says, biting her lip.

“Why?” I growl bringing my hand up to fix her top. I can’t talk with her tits out, trying to entice me into taking her.

“You don’t even really like me,” she says, “The first time you saw me I thought you hated me. Then I ignored you, and that seemed to bother you more. I mean, I’ve seen it with my brothers when a woman gives them the cold shoulder. It’s all a game to see if they can get her. Then once they do, it’s done. That would break my heart. I’m not like that.”

“It’s not a game,” I tell her, my words hard. I dig my fingers into her hips in a possessive hold to show her that she’s not going anywhere. Ever.

She lets out a deep sigh. “Even if I try to tell myself I can be like that.” She leans back a little, but I don’t loosen my hold. “I thought I could come out here and try to find myself, maybe have a little fun.” She ducks her head. “Maybe have a one-night stand.”

Oh, I’ll give her one night, but it won’t be the last. It’s going to be every fucking night until I leave this earth, but if she wants to pretend it’s just one, I’ll let her. Come morning, she isn’t going anywhere out of my arm’s reach.

Maybe after I get her under me a few hundred times to cool these barbaric thoughts I’m having of her, I can give her more than an arm's length. Maybe two arms’ length.

“You’d have a one-night stand, but it can’t be with me?” I ask her, making her look up. “I’ve wanted you from the minute I laid eyes on you. I didn’t know what to do with all the emotions that hit me when I first saw you. First, I was fucking pissed

because I thought you were there on a date. Then I was utterly fucking relieved when I found out it was just your brother.”

She studies me like she is trying to read if what I’m saying is true. So I give her more, needing her to understand. Maybe that’s all this is. A bunch of fucked-up misunderstandings. “I don’t date, and to be honest, I had no idea how to go about getting your attention. Apparently I’m fucking terrible at the whole thing, because you think I didn’t want you, then you thought it was a game. No, sweets, what you saw was me having no clue what I’m doing for the first time in my life, and again, for once in my life, failing.”

Her eyes go wide.

“I don’t believe that at all. You know, because I’m just ‘one of yours.’” She makes air quotes with her fingers, and I don’t know what she means.

“Sweets, I have no idea what you’re talking about. You are the only one. The only one I have or want.”

She rolls her eyes, and I can feel her slipping away from me, putting up that wall again, and I can’t let that happen. Won’t let that happen. Not when I’ve finally gotten this far. Can taste her lips on my mouth. I pull her into me.

“The bartender. He said, ‘I didn’t know she was one of yours.’” I see her eyes light up with jealousy. I fucking love it and hate it all at once. Love it because I know she cares, but hate it because I never want her to feel jealousy when it comes to us. There’s no reason to. She owns me.

“He meant my cousins. I have a lot of them. All girls, and I tell the staff to stay away from them. We had an incident once when someone broke little Libby’s heart and she cried about it for weeks. I wasn’t doing that shit ever again. So now there’s a don’t-

fucking-touch-my-cousins rule.”

She shakes her head slightly in disbelief.

“But I saw you that night at the event. Women were all over you,” she accuses, like she’s just remembering and has one up on me. I shake my head.

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“You’re right. I’m rich, and women often try to throw themselves at me. Maybe if I had a someone at my side, I wouldn’t have that problem. Maybe I should get married. Get a ring on my finger so they all know I’m not up for grabs. I think I know the perfect woman for the job.”

Her mouth falls open, and I again steal the moment to kiss her.

Chapter Seven

Madeline

I can’t stop myself from putting my arms around his neck and deepening the kiss. So many emotions and thoughts run through me, and I have no idea what to do with any of them. But what he said was nothing like I thought it would be. Even if he’s just teasing about the last part. No way could he really mean he wants to get married. We barely know each other.

When I finally pull away from him, I see that hooded look on his face again. I don’t know what it is, but when I see that raw desire for me on his face, it does something to me. Makes me feel like a woman for the first time in my life. Not just some little girl whos brothers have tried to shelter from the world. Maybe I am finding what I came out here to find. A little more of me. A part of me that I didn’t even know had been there all along is opening up. Or maybe it was waiting for Kenton. That is both exciting and scary all at once.

“There’s no one else, Madeline.”

He says my name, and it feels foreign. Oddly, it makes me miss the nickname he'd given me that normally makes me mad.

"There hasn't been anyone since I laid eyes on you, sweets, and there wasn't anyone for a long time before you. Hell, no one mattered before you. Not even close."

My heart does a little flutter at that. I lick my lips and watch his eyes go there.

"Okay," is all I can find myself saying, feeling shy again.

"Okay?" He eyes me, his hands loosening the firm hold he has on my hips and sliding up my back.

"Okay, I'll stop fighting this," I say, making him smile. He leans in and places a kiss on my neck and starts to trail more up to my ear. He grabs my earlobe between his teeth, making me moan and wiggle on him.

"You can fight all you want, sweets, but one way or another, I'll have you." Then he's picking me up in an easy hold, carrying me back to where he left his bag. I remember that we're on an island, maybe even stranded.

He places me on my feet in the sand, picks up my shoes, and slides them into his backpack. Then he puts his shoes on and picks me up again, making me squeal.

"I can walk."

He just smiles at me, tightening his hold. He seems to do that a lot. Like I might up and disappear on him or something. I like it. I like that he has these possessive feelings for me.

"You hurt your foot, and I like holding you."

I wrap my hand around his neck, laying my head on his shoulder.

“Okay,” I say once again.

“You’re awfully agreeable all of a sudden,” he teases as he starts walking back towards where we came from.

“Maybe it’s the orgasms,” I say, teasing him back and making him chuckle.

“I’ll have to keep that in mind.”

“Where are we going?” I ask, feeling my eyes start to drift closed. The sun is going down, and I have a feeling we are going to be here for the night. I should be more scared, but for some reason, with Kenton holding me, I just feel content.

“I thought I saw something over here.”

I lift my head and look to where he points and I see it.

“Is that...?”

“Looks like a little hut to me.” He picks up the pace, and we get close enough to see it. There, nestled between two trees, is a little hut, no bigger than maybe ten foot by ten foot, and made out of wood. It even has a little window next to the door and a hammock on the porch.

“Whoever owns the island probably had it built.”

“Maybe there is a phone or something,” I say, looking up at him. Strangely, I don’t want there to be one. Not tonight anyway. I just want to lie down for a little while with him. I like the idea of being trapped with him a little bit longer. Enjoying it just

being us. No brothers nagging at what I'm doing. No one making me question Kenton's motives with little remarks.

He just shrugs like he doesn't like the idea either.

"If there is, we should wait until tomorrow," I tell him.

"I like that idea." He smiles and kisses my forehead before pushing the door open with his foot. The hut is bare. Just a small bed and a table, but the bed doesn't look bad at all. It might be small, but it looks almost new.

Kenton places me on the bed, putting his bag on the table as he starts to pull stuff out of it--everything from water, to food, and even a little electric lantern that he flips on, putting it in the center of the table.

"You really were a boy scout, weren't you?" I tease, making him look over at me. Something flashes across his face. I go to stand to go to him, but he moves back towards the bed, dropping down in front of me and picking up my foot to look at the little cut.

"It's nothing. It doesn't even hurt," I reassure him, but he kisses it anyway, and for some reason that makes my heart flutter.

It's crazy how much my feelings for him have changed in just a few hours. How is he nothing like I thought he would be? Or at least like I told myself he was. I was sure he was some billionaire playboy who was also a giant cold dick, but nothing about Kenton has been cold since I landed in paradise with him. Okay, maybe I didn't land. He crashed into my little vacation. But maybe this was all fate pulling us together. The thought makes me smile. He leans up, placing a soft kiss on my lips.

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“You need to eat.” He gives me another kiss. “Stay in bed and off your foot,” he says before going back to the table. He starts opening up packages. I just roll my eyes, even though I think it’s adorable that he’s so worried about a little scratch on my foot.

He hands me a granola bar and I take a bite and then another. It’s gone in a matter of seconds. He does the same, then offers me an apple, which I polish off next, along with a bottle of water. The food makes me feel tired. Between the sun and all the swimming today, and let’s not forget the incredible orgasm, I’m shocked I can even keep my eyes open at this point.

Kenton sits down next to me on the bed. “Lie down with me for a little.”

I nod as he lies back, pulling me with him. I wrap my arms around him and throw my leg over his waist, burying my face in his neck. Then my eyes feel heavy.

“Do you really want to get married?” I ask him sleepily.

“I didn’t think I did until a few months ago,” he admits easily, like it’s no big deal that he keeps implying that we are going to get married. I just kiss his neck because I don’t really have a response to that.

I want to believe everything he’s saying, but I did grow up with four brothers, and I know all the games men play. They will do anything to get in a girl’s pants, but for someone reason, I just don’t care.

Maybe I will get my heart broken into a thousand pieces, or maybe I’ll fall madly in love and really marry Kenton. Either way, I’m taking the chance. I told myself I

wanted to find a little more of me, and in the few hours with Kenton I've already found a lot. And I want to see how much more I can find. Broken heart or not.

Chapter Eight

Kenton

I wake from one of best nights of sleep I've had in years. A small stream of sunlight comes into the hut. It's early, maybe 5 a.m. The sun is just rising and casts a sliver of orange through the small window.

Immediately I'm aware of every inch of Madeline on top of me. Somehow, during the night she rolled over onto me, her body spread out over mine. Her head is on my chest, but her legs have fallen on either side of my hips. Her small white bathing suit is the only thing keeping her from being completely naked.

The thought has my morning wood aching with need. I don't move. Instead I just lie there and enjoy the feeling of her pressed against me. Every inch of her is touching me, and it feels like I'm in heaven.

I've waited so long to be this close to her. To be able to hold her in my arms and have her feel what I feel. I've wanted her from the minute I saw her, and nothing has changed since then. She's fought me and pushed me away, but it finally feels like she might be mine. That we've cleared that air. Made her see how much I want to be with her.

I wasn't joking when I said I was ready for marriage, and I meant with her. I never thought it would happen before I met Madeline, and I know now that it's because I hadn't met the right woman. When I met Madeline, that was it for me. I knew that if she wouldn't have me, I'd just be alone the rest of my life. But I hope that I can convince her. That somehow I can make her mine, and we can have it all. The house

with the white-picket fence, babies, grandbabies: a life.

Her heartbeat is steady, and I feel my own match her rhythm. I fell for her hard and fast on day one, and I haven't stopped and thought about what to do once I finally had her in my arms. I wanted that sweetness I knew she has but could never get her to direct it towards me. It drove me crazy.

Oh, I'd planned a lot of dirty things I wanted to do, but now that she's here with me, I just want this moment to last. I savor it and every part of her. I want to spend eternity coming up with ways to keep her and make her fall in love with me. Is that so wrong?

I feel Madeline stirring, and I smile as she lifts her head to look down on me. Her hair is a knotted mess, but she looks so adorable as she blushes.

"Guess I used you as a pillow last night," she says, biting her lip.

"That you did. But I didn't mind one bit."

I place my hand on the back of her neck and pull her lips down to mine. It was meant to be soft, kind of like saying good morning to her. But when our lips connect, all of that goes out the window.

Madeline deepens it, slipping her tongue into my mouth. Her hands go to my bare chest, and I feel her nails dig in slightly, and my hands go to her hips. After just a second with her leading us, I have enough and flip us over.

I pin her arms above her head and move between her legs, the need I have for her overtaking everything. I've waited too long to have her, and all of that seems to be bleeding out now.

My mouth goes back to her, and I growl into her mouth as I eat her moans. She's

wiggling under me, but my weight on her is solid, and she's unable to get free. I don't think she's trying to, but if she wanted to, she'd have a tough time.

I break the kiss, needing to look into her eyes. They're so beautiful, and I want them looking at me. I'm nearly out of breath, and my heart is pounding out of my chest, but I gently brush my thumb across her cheek and take a chance.

"Let me make love to you, Madeline. I'll take care of you, no matter what." I lick my lips and give her one more soft kiss before pulling back and looking down at her again. "I'm all yours, sweets. Let me have all of you."

She looks away and then looks back at me, and I can see indecision on her face. "I'm a virgin, Kenton."

She acts like it was difficult to admit, but I just grin from ear to ear. I didn't know how experienced she was, and I didn't really care. But I'm beyond excited to be her first. And her last. I'll make it perfect for her.

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“I’m clean. I haven’t been with anyone in years, and I’ve been tested several times since then,” I say, rubbing my nose against hers. “Are you on anything?”

“I take the pill, but I’m terrible at remembering. I started taking them in high school because my periods were so bad, and I just kept it up. But I haven’t had much of a need for them, so I’m not super reliable at keeping on schedule. I don’t have it with me now, obviously. Not like I planned on getting stuck out here.” She lets out a little nervous laugh. “But I’ve only missed a day, so it should be okay.” She hesitates and then looks up at me. “We can wait if you want to be sure.”

“No!” I shout, and then realize how loud my answer was. “Sorry.” I give her a quick kiss and then shake my head. “No, we don’t have to wait.”

We’re both smiling like idiots, and I don’t know why, but I love it. If you can’t smile when you’re about to have sex for the first time, when can you?

I take her mouth again, this time giving her a deep kiss like before. My hands slide down the curve of her sides, and slip into the waist of her bikini bottom. Without breaking the kiss, I push it down, and she kicks it off of her. Then my hands move up to the back of her bathing suit top and untie it.

Leaning back a little, I pull the top from her, and she’s completely naked under me. I blink a few times to make sure she’s real, and then I feel her hand come up to my cheek.

“Madeline, you are the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen in my life.”

She smiles up at me, and then her hand moves down my chest and over my stomach to the string of my trunks. She unties them and then pushes them down my waist. I kick them off, and my hard cock nestles against her pussy, feeling her heat and wanting entry.

I kiss her until both of us are breathless, and then I move my mouth to her neck. I lick a path to between her breasts and then move over, taking a nipple into my mouth.

“Kenton. Please,” she moans, and I know what she wants. I want the same thing, I’m just trying to go slow.

Pressing the tip of my cock to her entrance, I move it back and forth, slicking it up with her passion. She’s soaked and ready, but I think I might just be as nervous as she is.

I keep my mouth on her nipple as I thrust in, and I bite down slightly as I pop her cherry. She cries out, and I hold still, giving her a moment to adjust. Licking one nipple then the other, slowly bringing her pleasure forward again.

“You okay?” I ask, kissing her neck and nibbling on her ear.

I can feel her start to relax, and after a second she nods.

“Yes. I think you can move.”

I smile and take her lips, sweeping my tongue through her mouth. Slowly, I start to move an inch at a time. Once I’m almost out of her, with just the tip remaining, I push back inside at the same slow pace. I lazily thrust in and out of her until she’s completely relaxed and raising her hips up to meet me.

“More,” she moans, and I grit my teeth to try to keep from taking her harder. She’s

not ready for that yet. Just slow and steady.

“More,” Madeline moans again, and I shake my head.

“Don’t rush this, baby. I want to remember every detail of the first time I make love to you, and I don’t want it to be over yet.”

Suddenly, she has little tears in her eyes, and she nods, smiling at me. I use my thumb to wipe away the stray drops and lean down, giving her soft kisses.

She’s so tight and warm, and I want to cum inside her, but I also want to savor this. So we slowly build together to our peaks.

When her legs start to tremble, I reach between us and pet her clit gently. I stroke her a few times, and then I feel her pussy clench around me, giving me what I want most. Her pleasure. She bows her back, and her fingers dig into my shoulders as she shouts my name into the little hut.

I bury my face in her neck and grunt out her name as I hold myself inside her and release. It’s the single greatest orgasm of my life, and I try not to black out from how intense it is. Wave after wave of pleasure hits me, and somewhere in the distance I hear Madeline having another orgasm.

I cling to her, and her body wraps around mine. The two of us recognize that what just took place was powerful. Resting my forehead against hers, I try to catch my breath.

“Is it always that good?” Madeline asks, smiling up at me.

“With you, sweets, everything is always better.” I kiss her lips gently and then look into her eyes. “I’ve never felt anything like that before. But I knew you’d be different.

I knew when I saw you that you were the one.”

Chapter Nine

Madeline

“What the fuck!”

I spring up at the sound of my brother Mark’s voice, but I’m grabbed and pulled back down onto the cot. I can see the little hut is now filled with sunlight. We must have fallen back asleep after we made love.

“Get the fuck out,” Kenton growls, covering my body with his own. It’s then I realize I’m completely naked.

I hear a string of curses, cringing when I know for a fact my other brother Seth is here as well. Jesus. My first time having sex and they show up. I shouldn’t even be shocked that they freaking popped up on us, with how protective they are. I want to be mad, but all I can feel is embarrassment that my own brothers just caught me naked in bed with a man. Heat hits my cheeks, and I bury my face in Kenton’s chest.

“Now!” he snaps again. I hear the door slam back shut, surprised it doesn’t fall off at the impact. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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“Fuck,” I hear Kenton mumble.

“You got one minute,” Mark yells from outside the hut.

“Pretty sure I give the orders,” Kenton barks back, pulling me from the bed and grabbing my swimsuit.

“Not when it comes to our baby sister, you fucker,” Seth says.

I quickly pull on my swimsuit, and Kenton ties the back for me. Then he grabs a shirt from his bag and slides it over my head. The thing drops all the way to my knees, reminding me just how big he is compared to me.

“Thirty seconds,” Mark yells again, making Kenton let out a string of his own curses while pulling on his swim trunks.

But before we exit, he cups my face and leans his forehead against mine. I can see panic in his eyes.

“It’s fine. They aren’t going to do anything. They’ll have to get through me first. I want this. I’m a grown woman, I can date whoever I choose.”

“God, you’re so sweet,” he says before pressing his lips to mine for a soft kiss. “I wanted you so much that I would have done anything to have you. Anything.”

“Well, you got me.” I reassure him, placing a quick kiss on his lips. I smile at him and almost forget that two of my brothers are outside, waiting to lose their shit on us.

“Promise?” he says as the door to the hut flies open again, making me jump.

“What fuck are you doing here with my little sister?” Mark yells, stepping into the cabin. I can feel the anger rolling off of him.

Kenton protectively stands in front of me, but I push him out of the way.

“Don’t talk to him like that,” I bite back in a tone I’ve never used with Mark before. His eyebrows rise. I point my finger right up at him. “I’m a grown woman and I can date or...” I throw my hands up in the air, not wanting to say “have sex.” “...Whatever I want,” I finally finish.

Mark's eyes lock on mine, then shoot over my head to Kenton, who places a possessive hold on my hips. I can feel the heat of his entire body behind me.

He looks to me and then says, “I want to talk to you alone.” His voice is calmer than it was before. I feel Kenton’s hands on my hips lock even tighter, making it clear he doesn’t want to let me go.

“You can say whatever it is in front of Kenton.”

Mark takes a deep breath, and I can tell he is trying to control his anger. “I’m asking my sister to talk to me alone for a minute,” he pushes, his eyes going soft, and I can feel my shoulders drop.

“Okay, fine.” I go to take a step towards him, but Kenton spins me around, one hand going to my hair to tilt my head back as his mouth lands on mine in a deep, hard kiss that leaves me breathless.

“You probably shouldn’t kiss me in front of them when they’re still so angry,” I tease, but he doesn’t smile at my joke.

“Now,” Mark demands, making me roll my eyes as I reluctantly pull away from Kenton.

“I’ll help Kenton here pack up,” Seth says with a smirk. I just narrow my eyes on him in a hard stare, and he drops his smirk. I’m not worried about Kenton. He’s just as big as Mark, who’s the biggest of all my brothers.

I don’t make it a few feet out of the hut and Mark has me by the wrist and is pulling me along. I have to half run to keep up. I try to jerk from his hold, but he keeps moving.

“We can talk here,” I say and jerk again but get nowhere.

“Not so sure we can,” he says and keeps moving, pushing through some trees until we are back on a beach where I see two boats.

“How’d you find us out here anyway? We got stranded.”

“Got stranded, you say? Can one get stranded on an island they own?” Mark says over his shoulder at me with a really? look on his face.

“What do you mean?” I shake my head, not understanding him.

“He owns the fucking island, Maddie.”

“No.” This time I really do stop when we get to the edge of the water. “He would have told me that. He...” I trail off. That doesn’t even make any sense. “Maybe he doesn’t know he owns it or something. It could be...” I run out of steam, having no idea where I’m going with this.

“Just like you didn’t win a trip,” he adds, and I snap my head up.

“Madeline!” I hear Kenton yell my name, probably having realized Mark didn’t take me just outside the hut to talk.

“Get in the boat, Maddie.” Mark pulls me. I look back over my shoulder, torn. I have no freaking clue what is going on.

“He’s rich. I have no idea how much power he has down here, but it’s clear as fucking day he wants you and is willing to do anything to get that. Get on the goddamn boat so I can get you out of here. I need to get you back on some land that he doesn’t own. In a country where he doesn’t have a lot of pull.”

I nod, and Mark picks me up by the hips, places me into the boat, and jumps in after me. I watch the shore and see Kenton come running from the tree line, yelling my name. I turn my head and give him my back. I can’t look. The boat takes off across the water, leaving him and our island behind. Leaving so much more than that.

I sit and try to take in everything Mark said. I look over at him and his eyebrows are just furrowed together in an unreadable expression. It isn’t long until we’re back on the dock I’d left just the day before. The boat that had left us at the island is sitting there.

I see José look over at us, his eyes going wide when he sees me. His reaction solidifies my feeling that it was a set up. Everything. Then all the lies come crashing in, making me question everything he’s said to me in the past 24 hours. All of it.

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Mark helps me off the boat, and we make our way into the hotel. “I don’t have my key,” I tell him, glancing over at the front desk.

“We don’t need one.” Mark hits the elevator button, and when the doors slide open, I get on with him. “I want you to pack quickly and get dressed. Don’t forget your passport.”

“You really think he won’t let me leave?” I look over at him.

“I’ve never seen him not get something he’s wanted in all the years I’ve worked for him.”

“You make him sound...” I can’t even find the words because they don’t seem right. That doesn’t sound like the man I’d spent the night with. The man who took my virginity. Made love to me like I was the most precious thing to him in the world.

“Cold? Manipulative? He’s one of the richest men in the world. How do you think he got that way?”

As the elevator doors slide open, I point to my door, and Mark pulls out his wallet and inserts a black key in the door, unlocking it.

“Even put you next to his private suite.” He shakes his head as he enters the room. I glance over at the only other door in the hallway, before following him into my room, where he grabs my suitcase and starts throwing things in.

I just stand there feeling completely numb.

“I don’t understand,” I mumble more to myself, but Mark stops packing and looks up at me.

“You didn’t check in last night, so I got worried. I reached out to Kenton, knowing you were staying at one of his hotels. I thought maybe it was just a coincidence.” He walks over to the nightstand, grabbing more of my stuff and tossing it on the bed next to my bag. “He couldn’t be reached, and the hotel couldn’t find you. So I started thinking. He asked about you a lot. Not sure how I didn’t catch it, but almost every time I saw him he’d ask.” He shakes his head like he can’t believe he didn’t see it before.

“So I made Neil dig,” he says, and I know what that means. Neil can find anything, and I do mean anything. “And he found a fucking lot.”

“What?” I step towards him, wanting to know what my other brother found.

“He checks all your social media religiously, saves the freaking pictures. Hell, I even think he’s taken a few of his own. Then when I guess that wasn’t enough, he went further. Set it up to get you down here, and I’m guessing that didn’t work either.”

No it didn’t. Every time I talked to him, I shot him down because of who I thought he was, and I was wrong. Oh-so-wrong, but now I’m confused about what “wrong” is. First, I thought I was wrong what he was some billionaire playboy and now I have no idea.

“So he sets up this little island plan. He was escalating quickly, and I didn’t know what else he would do, the lengths he’d go to to have you, so we thought we’d just take you back ourselves before he did something crazy.”

He wouldn’t have had to do anything else. I was his. Well, I was an hour ago. Now I don’t know anything.

“Has he done this before?” Was this some game? Was some of it real? Or was nothing at all?

“Yes,” my brother snaps, making my stomach drop. I feel like I want to throw up, tears burning my nose. “I’ve seen him do it a hundred times when I worked with him in business deals and so on. He’ll do whatever it takes to get what he wants. He’s cold and will stop at nothing. Though I didn’t think he’d go to the level of lying. He might be a fucking shark, but he still always played by the rules.”

“I meant, has he done this with women before.”

Mark turns to look at me, zipping my bag up. “Women?” he asks, like he doesn’t get my question. I don’t know why I need to know this, but I do. I really don’t give a shit about what he does at work. This coldness he’s talking about doesn’t sound like the Kenton I’ve come to know.

“Yes. With women.”

He throws my bag over his shoulder and gives me an odd look for a second. I can feel the tension pulsing through my body as I wait for him to tell me. “I need this, please.”

“Yes.” The one word makes a tear slip free. It takes everything in me to not release the sob that is sitting in my throat. “Can we talk about this in the car on the way to the airport, Maddie? I wasn’t lying when I said I don’t know what he’s doing. I’ve never seen him go this far, and I don’t know what he’ll do next, but what I do know is that he has some kind of obsession with you.”

I just nod, not knowing what else to do. I slip on the shoes and shorts Mark left out for me while packing and grab my purse. I feel nothing. I’m just numb. But a tiny part of me, hidden deep, wonders that if he’s done this to get me, what would he do to keep me?

Chapter Ten

Kenton

A man can go only so long before he breaks, and that's exactly what's happened. It's been two months. Two fucking months since I've touched her or even seen her, unless you count the pictures I have. That's it. I thought I wanted her before, but now after having touched and tasted her, I can barely breathe without her. Hell, I can't seem to do anything at all.

I just don't fucking care what I have to do to get to her. Even if it means ripping down her own front door.

I walk towards her front door, a door I know all too well. I'd sat my ass on her porch for a few days before Mark threatened a restraining order and still she hadn't come out. But I'm not even sure she knew I was out here.

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Fuck Mark. I'm more than willing to spend a few nights in jail if I can talk to her for just a minute. Try to make her see reason. I never should have let him take her from the hut. I had no idea he was going to take her off the island so quickly, that they would find us so fast. My plans crashed all around me. I was supposed to have two more days with her, but I was stupid. I'd learned my lesson. Mark wasn't to be trusted when it came to his little sister. None of her brothers could be.

Just like I would do anything to have her, they seemed to do anything and everything to keep her from me. I growl at the thought of anyone thinking they can.

Having been driven to the edge of madness, I raise my foot to kick the front door. But before I make contact, it flies open. Mark fills the doorway. I give him a hard look, and he holds his hands up before stepping aside and motioning for me to come in, taking me by surprise.

"How's your hand?" he asks, shutting the door behind me.

"How's Seth's face?" I shoot back. My hand hasn't been fine. I'd fractured a knuckle on his brother's jaw after I watched Mark take off with my Madeline. Seth made some remarks that just didn't sit well with me, that I was using Madeline and other things. I push back the thoughts, not wanting to punch another one of her brothers. She's clearly already pissed enough as it is.

Mark cocks a half smile and starts walking down a hallway. I glance around to see if I can spot Madeline anywhere, wondering whether I should just go in search of her. He stops and turns to look at me.

“We need to talk first,” he says with a grim expression on his face, making a shiver of fear snake up my spine.

“Is she--”

“Come on.” He motions for me to follow him down the hallway until we turn and enter what I’m guessing is his office. He doesn’t go to sit behind his desk but walks over to a little bar, makes himself a drink, and shoots it back.

He holds the glass up in an offer, and I shake my head. I don’t want liquor on my breath when I go to talk to Madeline, which will be happening. I’m in the same house as her. I don’t know what is keeping me rooted to the spot and not ripping through the house looking for her.

Oh yeah, the grim fucking look on Mark’s face and the fact that he’d let me in without so much as a fight.

“She hasn’t left the house since we got back,” he finally says.

“I know.” If I didn’t have someone watching the house, then I was watching it. Just waiting for her to step out. People had come and gone, all of whom I’d had checked out, but they all linked back to Mark.

He sets the glass down on the bar and runs his hands through his hair.

“She hasn’t been herself. I think I fucked up.” He leans back against the wall. “I lied to her.”

That has my stomach clenching and taking a step forward. I know Madeline has a reason to be mad at me. Hell, I fucking manipulated things to get her to me, but I’d hoped that she’d see why. That once she got to know me, she’d see I wasn’t who she

thought I was. That we fit together. I needed her. The thought of her not needing me makes every part of me ache.

At first I thought I'd give her a few weeks, but she never left her home, and it seemed like it was worse than I thought.

"When we got back to the hotel she was different. Hell, in the cabin she snapped at me. That's not Maddie. She's sweet and soft. That just wasn't her. Then, like I was saying, when we got back to the hotel she didn't seem too interested in leaving. I could see the inner battle she was fighting, so..."

"So..." I push, needed to know what he'd said to her.

"I told her that you're cold and how you tend to work." He pauses, but I say nothing. What is there to say to that? I'm great at my job, and sometimes I have to be a bastard to get things done. Yeah, I was cold sometimes, but not with my Madeline. She melted any cold that I had. Has from the moment I'd laid eyes on her. Set it all on fire.

"Then she asked me about you and other women. If you'd ever done what you'd done with her to them."

All the breath in my lungs freezes. I knew this was one of the reasons she held back from me in the beginning, believing some fake playboy image that wasn't me.

"I said yes," he finishes.

Before I know what I'm doing I punch Mark right in the jaw, that all-too-familiar sting shooting through my hand. He doesn't fight me, just takes the punch. The wall behind him keeps him from falling, but I turn away from him as I try to get myself under control.

“I think she’s in love with you, and I broke her heart.” I can hear the remorse in his voice.

“Then why didn’t you speak up earlier?” I growl.

“Thought she’d get over it but...” I turn to look back at him as he wipes blood from his lip. “She isn’t.”

“So you’re not going to fight me on this?” I eye him. I don’t get why he’s finally giving in.

“I didn’t want her with you because I thought you were cold and could never love her like she deserves to be loved. She’s soft, not like the rest of us.” He walks over to the sofa and sits down. “She’s the heart of this family. Even more so with Mom gone. And I didn’t want to see that broken, but it is. I think I only made things worse.”

I can see why he thinks I might be cold with her, but he has no fucking idea. There was nothing like that with Madeline, but it’s not him I have to convince of that. She’d seen it herself already, until he’d made it all a lie for her.

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“Where is she?”

“Don’t hurt her.”

“I will do everything in my power to never hurt that woman.”

“Upstairs, second door on the left.” I’m halfway out the door before he can finish. I bolt up the stairs, taking them two at a time, and fling open her door.

She lets out a squeal and shouts. “Could you knock?” She turns, trying to cover her very naked body but freezes when she sees me. Her eyes go big. Her lush lips part.

I step into the room, shutting the door behind me and flipping the lock. The sound echoes in the room. She grabs a towel from the bed and tries to cover up her perfection. But it’s too late. I’ve already seen it. Even the small little bump on her belly that makes a whole new set of feelings rush through me.

“How did you get in here?” She takes a step back, and it makes my heart feel like it’s being ripped from my chest.

“Mark let me in.”

Her eyes go even wider at that.

“He told you?” Her hands go to her belly. “I was going to tell you. I just needed more time. I...” Tears fill her eyes, and I can’t stop myself from going to her. I pick her up and place her in my lap as I sit on the side of her bed. She doesn’t fight me. Just sinks

right into me like she belongs there. Because she does.

I let her sweet smell wrap around me. Fuck, I've missed that. The blanket I'd taken from her hotel room has long lost the smell of her.

My hand goes to her stomach protectively. "No, he didn't tell me." I kiss her neck, and she leans into it.

"I've missed you," she mumbles, and I watch her mouth close tightly, like she can't believe she said it aloud for me to hear.

"I've more than missed you," I tell her, making her look up at me, her eyes still filled with tears.

"I kept hoping you'd come for me, and when you didn't, I thought maybe I was just some weekend fling for you." I see defeat in her, and I hate that she thinks I didn't come. I lived on the porch until I was made to move.

"I did." I kiss her neck again before pulling back to look in her eyes again. "I tried anyway. Then today I kind of snapped and your brother just let me in."

She glances at the door like she thinks he might come bursting in the room at any moment.

"He's not coming, baby. He knows he fucked up. He lied."

Her mouth falls open a little bit.

"There has never been anyone but you. When I told you that on the island, I wasn't lying. I never once in my life chased after a woman, and I will never chase after one unless it's you. You, I'd chase forever, even if it meant I'd never get you. I'd still

make the chase just to try.”

Chapter Eleven

Madeline

A tear slips free and then another. “I should have known.” Why hadn’t I questioned my brother?

I guess because I didn’t think he’d lie to me, but I was wrong. I’m sure he thinks he had his reasons, but it’s still beyond messed up. I’d been on that island with him. I knew how he felt. I could see it in his face, but I questioned myself. I’d never been on the receiving end of a man’s affections before.

I’ve been miserable. I’d never wanted to leave that island, not even after everything they’d told me he’d done to get me there. I’d wanted to stay. I liked the idea that he’d fought so hard to get me close to him. But it shattered me when Mark made it seem like it was something he’d done before.

“Don’t cry. No one can rip us apart again unless we let them. And I won’t let that happen. I will always come for you. Always.”

“I love you,” I tell him. I never stopped over the past few months, even when I wanted to hate him, I still loved him.

“I love you, too, my sweet Madeline.”

He turns us so I’m lying on the bed, and he moves over me, pushing the towel out of the way. His big hand rests on my little baby bump, and his eyes are just a touch teary.

“On the island? How?”

“I guess I wasn’t so good with remembering my pills, or maybe I was and they just failed. I don’t know. But it seems like we made a baby. On the first try.” I can’t help but shrug my shoulder and let out a little laugh as Kenton smiles at me.

I can’t believe I’m showing already. Most of the stuff I’ve read online said I wouldn’t for a while. But it looks like our little one is ready for the world to know. I was so overwhelmed when I got back and missed my period. Then I missed it again four weeks later. It was then I had to tell Mark I needed a pregnancy test. I was scared to tell him, but he did so without question. He lied to me, and now looking back, maybe this was his way of trying to help. I was so upset about being separated from Kenton, I couldn’t leave the house. I had no desire for anything. Then I found out I was having his baby. A spark inside me grew because I knew deep in my heart that if I told him, he’d want to be a part of the baby’s life. And that meant a part of my life. I could never reconcile what he’d shown me when we were together with what Mark told me. Now I know it was because it was all a lie. I met the real Kenton when we were stranded, and I believed everything he said. I should have gone with my gut instead of letting someone else tell me how to feel. I could punch Mark in the face for what he did, but Kenton is here now, and all’s right with my world.

“I came here every night and sat on your front steps. Mark threatened to get a restraining order, and I backed off a little.” He looks up to me and gives me a sad smile. “I just stayed on the other side of the street. But every night I came here and hoped you’d leave. I only needed one second to explain and make you see that what happened was because I care so much for you. From the moment we met, I’ve been gone for you, Madeline. I’ve felt like I couldn’t breathe these past two months. And now here I am, with you in my arms.”

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He leans down and places a soft kiss on my lips. I melt into him, missing his touch. His hand rubs my baby bump, and he pulls back.

“And now we have this. Our love made this little miracle, and we’re going to be bound together for the rest of our lives. Tied to one another in every way possible.” He reaches in his pocket and takes out a small box.

My hands go to my mouth, and I look up at him in shock.

“Madeline, I bought this for you after the night of the fundraiser when I first saw you. I had it with me on the island, and I’d hoped you’d leave there wearing it.” He takes a deep breath and continues. “Things changed and didn’t go according to plan, but I came here today to kick in the front door and drag you out if I had to. Then that plan changed, and here I am, holding you and finding out I’m going to be a dad. This ring has been with me through all of this, and it’s time I put it on your finger where it’s meant to be.”

He opens the box and pulls out an enormous emerald-cut diamond solitaire. I don’t know much about rings, but I know this sucker would make Kim Kardashian jealous.

“Oh, Kenton,” I mumble around my hands, unable to move.

He gives me a shy smile like he knows the ring is a breath away from being obnoxiously big. “I just wanted to make sure everyone knew you were taken.” He pulls my hand from my mouth and slides it on. “There. Perfect.”

I stare at it, seeing it sparkle in the light, and I’m stunned silent for a moment.

“Wait. Did we just get engaged? You didn’t ask me to marry you.” I cock an eyebrow at him in question.

“Men only ask when they aren’t sure of the answer they’ll receive. There’s no alternative to you being with me, Madeline. So there’s no point in asking.”

He leans down, kissing my mouth to keep me from saying anything else. And his lips and tongue are so thorough that he dissolves whatever feeble protest I would have tried to make. He moves down to my neck, nibbling on me as he goes, and kisses down between my breasts.

“I never got the chance to taste all of you on the island, but I’m taking care of that right this second,” Kenton says, moving lower down my body.

He places a soft kiss on my baby bump before shouldering between my thighs. I tense them a little, shy at the thought of him seeing me there.

“Relax, sweets.”

I look down between my legs and see him give me a wicked smile after using my nickname, a name I’ve missed so much these past eight weeks. Then he looks down, staring at my pussy and licking his lips.

Before I can stop him, his mouth is on me, and I have to grab a nearby pillow to put over my mouth. The feel of his warm, wet tongue on my pussy is so incredibly good that I nearly pass out when he sucks on me.

“Fuck,” I mumble into the pillow, and I hear Kenton laugh.

“That’s it, sweets. Muffle those screams. Wouldn’t want your brothers to hear what I’m about to do to you.”

His hands come up and dig into my thighs. I'm sure I'll have bruises, but I'm so far gone with pleasure that I can't be bothered to care. I want him gripping me, holding me down. It's a reminder that he's here, that I'm not without Kenton anymore.

I bite into the pillow as I feel my legs start to tremble. Dear God, the orgasm he's building me to is going to rip me in half. His tongue moves back and forth from my opening to my clit. Back and forth, back and forth. The easy rhythm is driving me insane, and I'm going to climax any second.

Kenton brings his fingers up and thrusts two inside me, quickly filling my small channel and forcing a grunt from me.

"I want it," he growls and goes back to sucking on me.

Between his mouth and the steady rubbing of his fingers on an oh-so-perfect spot inside me, I'm clawing to peak. I grip the pillow tighter and bear down on his face, screaming my orgasm into the cotton.

I nearly come off the bed from the intensity of it, but Kenton holds me tighter and doesn't let me move an inch away from him. My shouts are borderline hysterical, and I've never felt anything so intense in my entire life.

Ripping the pillow away from my mouth, I gasp for air, thinking I'm going to pass out.

Kenton nuzzles my sensitive sex, rubbing his nose and mouth against my wetness, coating his face. I should be embarrassed, but all I feel is drained. It's like someone just sucked the life out of me.

I start to laugh as I think how Kenton's mouth did exactly just that. Sucked me dry.

“Are you happy, sweets?” he asks, kissing up my body.

My eyes are half-closed, and the smile on my face would rival the Joker’s. All I can do is nod; completely depleted of any energy.

I feel his cock pushing against my entrance, and I wonder at what point he got naked. I don’t remember him removing his clothes, but I’m pretty sure a bulldozer could drive through this room and I wouldn’t sit up to watch.

He pushes into me, and in one long thrust, his hard shaft is rooted in me. Suddenly, before I can grip onto him, he pulls out completely and moves back between my legs.

“Kenton,” I start, but his mouth goes back to my pussy, cutting off my question.

He sucks on me for a few more moments, getting me close to edge faster than I thought possible. Just when I’m ready for my second climax, he moves back up my body and thrusts inside me again.

“Oh God,” I moan, feeling his full size inside me.

“I can’t stop wanting to taste you.”

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His mouth lands on mine, and his tongue pushes inside. My taste passes between us and I moan, clenching around his cock. It's dirty and yet somehow so intimate that I cling to him, loving the taste of us together. I want to taste his cock right now, but I want to keep us connected like this.

He breaks the kiss only to move down enough to take a nipple in his mouth. His thrusts are hard, and it feels like this has been years in the making, not two months. But I knew after the first time we made love that one time would never be enough. Once with Kenton was merely a tease, and now I get a lifetime to make up for that.

I feel his teeth graze my sensitive skin, and my nails grip his ass, begging him to go deeper. Our first time on the island was slow and sweet. This time it's ravenous. I want to breathe him in and taste his passion for me. I open my mouth on his shoulder and bite down a little, feeling my climax approaching like a freight train. I don't know if I can take another one like before, but my body isn't about to stop it.

When it hits me, I shout against his skin, trying to muffle my orgasm. The pleasure rolls through my body, and I feel his cock grow thicker and start to pulse. He's cumming inside me, and for some reason, that makes my climax even hotter. Knowing that my body is giving him what he needs and he's giving me the same makes it feel perfect.

Being with Kenton feels like I'm finally complete. Being in his arms and under him is what I've been dreaming of since the moment we met. I kiss his shoulder where I bit him and he rubs all over my body. It's like he can't keep his hands off me, and I'm more than okay with that.

“God, I missed you,” he says, looking down at me. His eyes are so soft yet intense. It’s all-consuming having him look at me that way. Like I’m the most beautiful woman in the world.

“We’ve got a lot to talk about.” I cup his face with my hand and can’t help but look at the rock he’s put on my finger. “And we’ve got a lot to plan. A wedding, a baby. It’s all so much.”

“Whatever you want, sweets. It’s yours.”

“I think I want more of you between my legs,” I say, biting my lip. I never knew that could be so amazing, and I think I may be addicted after just one time. If it’s like that every time Kenton goes down on me, I may not ever let him up.

“You don’t have to ask me twice.”

He starts to move, but I grab his shoulders and laugh. “Let’s get out of this house first. I want you to take me home so I’m not worried about someone hearing us.”

“Home,” Kenton says, rubbing his nose against mine. “I like the sound of that.”

Epilogue

Kenton

Three years later...

My eyes are closed, and the sun is beating down on me, but the cool breeze and the sound of waves has a permanent smile on my face. That and the fact that Madeline is draped over my body in the hammock.

We decided to come back to the island for our anniversary, and it's been a week of nothing but the two of us. We came here for our honeymoon right before our daughter was born. We spent a few days out here and enjoyed the quiet, making up for the first visit being cut short. This time we wanted to be lazy and not have to worry about anything but making love.

Our little girl, Ophelia, is staying with Madeline's brothers while we're away, and we have no worries that she's keep them in line. She's the one who runs our house. Well, she runs me anyway. It's kind of cute to see the two beautiful females in my life argue.

Madeline and I had been talking about having another baby, wanting to take it slow, but not wanting them too far apart. So we decided our first trip here was good luck, so certainly a second trip couldn't hurt.

I reach into the cooler beside me without opening my eyes or having to move anything other than my arm. I grab a beer and twist off the top, pressing the cool glass to Madeline's back. She squeaks and then playfully slaps my chest. I take a drink, and then offer it to her, letting her take a sip.

We're both still naked from when we made love earlier. Neither of us bothered to put clothes back on. I plan on taking her at least once more on this before taking her back into the hut and starting all over again.

"The hammock was a good call," she says, handing me the beer back and lying back down on my chest.

"Definitely an added bonus."

I had some of the workers from the hotel come out and add a few things since I knew we'd be out here for a week. This was one of my better ideas.

“I think we should get one of these for back home,” she says, her hand moving to my cock.

I’m still hard from the last time I took her, but her hand on me never fails to get a reaction.

“I think if we had one of these back home, we might have the cops called on us.”

Madeline leans up, straddling me, and sinks down onto my thickness. She’s slow to lower herself, neither of us in a rush to a climax. We’re just making love when we feel like it, lazily moving together. I hold her hips and move inside her as the breeze blows the swing a little. It’s paradise.

“We might give Mrs. Conner a heart attack. You know how she likes to look at your ass.”

I raise my eyebrow and give her a smirk. “I only want one woman looking at my body. And she’s currently riding my cock.”

She leans down and places her lips on mine, smiling as she kisses me.

“Good answer,” she says, sitting back up.

I reach up and cup her breasts, squeezing them and plucking at her nipples. “You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.”

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She blushes a little and touches my cheek. “Thank you for bringing me back here, Kenton. This island is something special.”

Epilogue

Kenton

About nine months later...

“That island is cursed!”

Madeline is screaming at me, and I’m just sitting beside the hospital bed, nodding my head and trying not to wince at the pain in my hand.

“Triplets! That island gave me triplets!”

The nurses are walking around the room trying to keep her comfortable and give her everything she needs, but Madeline wanted to do a natural birth, so drugs are out of the question.

We knew early on that this pregnancy was different than our first one. When we went for our first ultrasound, we both nearly collapsed in shock at what the doctor told us. Natural triplets. It’s almost impossible, but we’d done it. We were about to go from one child to four. Madeline blamed a week at the island, saying that’s how we only had one last time. She said that we stayed too long and babies just kept being made.

I had to admit I felt a little pride at knocking her up three times on the island, but hey,

I'm a dude. Madeline went from ecstatic to hysterical at the drop of a hat. I think we were both overwhelmed, but as the pregnancy progressed we were happy that she and all three babies were healthy.

She had a scheduled C-section, but her water broke in the middle of the night last night. We came straight to the hospital. We'd discussed this with the doctor, and Madeline said if her body went into labor, she wanted to give it the opportunity to give birth naturally.

So here I am, white-knuckling the hospital bed with one hand while the other is being used as Madeline's stress ball.

"Just breathe, sweets."

"Don't you 'sweets' me right now, Monroe," she says. "This is all your fault. You did this to me."

"Baby, if I remember, most of the time you were doing it to me on the island."

The nurse beside us snorts, and Madeline gives me the death stare.

"You're right," I say, hoping that will fix whatever I just did wrong.

"Okay. Looks like it's time," the doctor says.

Suddenly Madeline looks at me with a panic on her face, and I lean in, pressing my forehead to hers. "I've got you, Madeline."

"Call me by my name," she says, sounding scared.

"I've got you, sweets. I've always got you."

Epilogue

Madeline

Five years later...

I'm sitting back on the lounge chair in the backyard watching our kids run around. Mark and his wife, Lori, just got here and came out back to sit down beside me. Their two boys run out to play with their cousin in the tree house and we laugh as our four girls tell them they have to say the password.

Our girls give us a run for our money, but I wouldn't have it any other way. Kenton is so patient with all of them and even braids their hair. I don't know how he puts up with all the drama, but I suspect he likes it. He says I'm the reason they are so beautiful, and I love hearing that. Even though I think all of the girls look like him, he says they look like me.

"I still don't know how you manage with four girls," Lori says, sitting in the lounge next to me.

"I wouldn't know what to do with a boy, to be honest," I confess. "Kenton is enough to handle."

"Talking about how wonderful I am?" he says, bringing me a glass of lemonade.

He leans down and kisses my neck, and I get that warm feeling low in my belly. His lips always make my toes curl, even after all these years.

"So we all set for next week?" Mark asks, looking at us.

"Yes, the girls are really excited. Are you sure you can handle all four of them for a week?"

Mark waves his hand like I've got to be kidding him.

"Please. Two boys is the same as four girls. We got this."

"I can't believe you're going back to the island," Lori says, laughing. "I thought you swore it was cursed."

I give Kenton a wink. "I asked my doctor if he was a boy scout."

"Why?" Lori asks confused.

"Because I wanted to make sure the knots he put in my tubes were extra tight when I got them tied after the triplets. We're done with the baby-making business."

We all laugh and spend the afternoon grilling out and having a relaxing day.

But a few months later, when we're back home from the island, two little blue lines appear on the test, and Kenton is cockier than ever.

THE END