



DESERT ISLAND

Paradise Cove

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Edited by Karen Collins Editing

Cover Design by Cormar Covers

Desert Island: Paradise Cove

Castaway Couples

Olivia T. Turner



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Desert Island: Paradise Cove

Castaway Couples

What's worse than being stranded on a desert island?

Being stranded on a desert island with a freaking hitman!

I'm a stewardess working on a private jet when in walks the Brambilla Family of mobsters.

They're my new passengers.

But there's someone else on the plane and he's not here for the peanuts.

When I'm serving the wrinkly old Mr. Salvatore Brambilla a double gin and tonic with an orange slice, this maniac assassin pops out and shoots up the place.

The plane goes down and we go down with it.

Now, I'm stranded on a desert island in the middle of the ocean with a psychotic mafia hitman.

Just the two of us...

On a tropical island with no one around for miles.

What's worse than being stranded on a desert island with a freaking hitman?

Falling in love with him.

Paradise awaits on a desert island with a hot obsessed hitman who knows exactly who his next target is—the uptight virgin he's stuck with.

Escapist, age-gap, insta-love at its finest in a SAFE read with no cheating and a super sweet HEA guaranteed. Enjoy!

To Ashley,

I wrote you a story with your two favorite literary things:

Beaches and assassins.

Enjoy.



Chapter One

Molly

“**W**ho the hell are you?” one of the pilots asks as I walk into the private jet.

The other pilot frowns when he sees my uniform. “Where’s Tracy?”

“Tracy is sick,” I say with a nervous smile. “We work for the same agency. They sent me to replace her.”

They give each other a look. I can tell they’re not happy about it, but why? I’m a good stewardess. I’ve been doing this for three years and have never had a single complaint. I’m sure if they got to know me and saw my work ethic in action, they’d like me.

The pilot with the thin ugly mustache gives me a nasty frown and then closes the cockpit door in my face.

My mouth gapes open as I huff out a breath. “Wow.” *So rude. What the hell?*

“Whatever,” I whisper to myself as I shake it off. I’m not going to let these assholes ruin my flight.

I smooth out my navy blue dress, take a deep breath, and get to work.

It's a gorgeous jet. Ultra-luxurious. The cabin is already spotless, so I head into the galley and check the bar. It's all high-end scotches, whiskeys, and old expensive-looking bottles of wine. We're headed to the Cayman Islands today from New York, so it's about a three and a half hour flight.

I've never been on this jet before, so I don't know the owner's tendencies and what they like to eat. I would knock on the cockpit door to ask the pilots, but I'm sure I'd just get a bunch of nasty scowls.

I find some chocolate chip cookies, so I throw them in the warming oven and start to prepare a few sandwiches. Everyone loves warm gooey cookies and sandwiches, right? Can't go wrong with that.

I'm humming *Shake It Off* by Taylor Swift to myself while I work, so I don't hear the first guest entering the plane until he's right behind me.

"Hello," a deep voice suddenly says.

I scream and jump around with my heart *pounding*; my hand is clenched around the knife I'm holding between us. A big glob of mayo falls off and lands on the shiny hardwood floors with a *splat*.

He slowly puts his hands up. "I come in peace."

I quickly dump the knife back into the jar of mayo, grab a paper towel, and scoop the mess off the ground.

"You startled me!" I say, feeling shaky all over.

"I'm sorry," he says in a soft smooth voice. "I didn't mean to."

After I compose myself, I get a good look at this guy. My heart continues to pound away, but it's for a different reason now. He's *gorgeous*.

I have to remember to keep my mouth closed as I stare up at him. He's at least a foot and a half taller than me and wearing a beautifully-tailored light gray suit. No tie, top few buttons open. I swallow hard as my eyes roam down his body and I see his big arms filling up the sleeves. I can tell he's got a six-pack hiding under there and he probably doesn't have an ounce of fat on his entire muscular frame.

His body is perfection, but his face... It's making my heart race.

Early to mid-thirties. Clean-shaven. Mesmerizing green eyes. Wavy brown hair that's perfectly messy.

He's got these luscious lips that look so damn kissable. Grin, smile, frown, pout—I bet those sexy lips look irresistibly tempting no matter what position they're in.

“Is this the Brambilla family jet?” he asks in that deep sexy voice. This time it gives me goosebumps.

“Yes!” I say, recognizing the name. “Are you Mr. Salvatore Brambilla?”

“No,” he says with a warm smile. “I'm his son.”

“Oh! Nice to meet you. Please make yourself comfortable. I'll have some cookies ready shortly if you're interested.”

“Interested in your cookie?” His heated green eyes roam down my body as he says it and I have to consciously make sure my knees don't buckle. “I'd love to taste your cookie.”

Shit. My cheeks are on *fire*. I can feel them blushing a scarlet red.

He gives me a confident grin and then backs out of the galley. “Don’t worry about me. Pretend I’m not even here.”

He disappears into the cabin and I take a deep breath as I steady myself against the counter. You meet all kinds of successful people when you work on private jets. I’ve met stunning models, tech geniuses, eccentric billionaires, rock stars, celebrities, and on and on, but I’ve never met *anyone* who made me react like *that*.

I know I’m going to be dreaming about that man for a *long* time.

The warming oven *dings* and I nearly jump out of my shoes. I’m a little on edge. The new plane, the jerk-head pilots, the gorgeous man in the back—it’s all gotten me a little shaky.

Maybe a cookie will help...

I take them out of the warming oven and scarf one of them down. *Mmmmmmm*. There’s something about warm chocolate chip cookies that can make all your problems just seem so unimportant.

“I fucking told him,” a deep voice with a thick New York accent says, filling up the plane, “that’s your last chance. You pull that shit again and—“

I rush out of the galley, wiping the corners of my mouth to get rid of any chocolate, and smile at the guests as they walk up the stairs.

“—you’ll be on my permanent shit list.”

The first guy in stops and frowns when he sees me smiling at him. “Where’s Tracy?”

I push my shoulders back and force out a smile. “Unfortunately, Tracy was sick. I’m Molly and I’ll be

replacing her.”

He looks me up and down with a deeper frown, huffs out a frustrated breath, and then marches into the back.

The next six guys do the same, all giving me the evil eye as they pass.

They look like they’re straight off the set of *The Sopranos*. Some of them are wearing tracksuits with gold chains and the others are wearing weird suits with big ties and shiny shoes.

Are they... the mob?

I roll my eyes and shake my head. *Not all Italian-Americans are mobsters*, I say to myself. *Don’t be racist*.

But...

They really do look like mobsters. The way they talk in hushed whispers, always leaning into each other’s ears like they’re afraid of being recorded, the big gold chains and expensive watches, and the way they take up space and project a tough intimidating image like high school bullies who never grew out of that horrible phase. All they’re missing are the pin-stripe suits, bowler hats, and Tommy guns.

I close and seal the door as I keep an eye on them. The old man with the gray slicked-back hair and thick glasses seems to be the boss. Whenever he says a word, everyone shuts up and turns to listen. They’re all showing submissive body language whenever they interact with him—bowing their heads when he’s whispering in their ears and keeping their shoulders lowered. It’s subtle, but it’s there.

He must be Mr. Salvatore Brambilla. I want to google him, but I have a lot to do before we take off.

The cockpit door opens and the two asshole pilots walk out with big fake smiles and open arms.

“Mr. Brambilla!” the one with the thin mustache says as he shakes his hand like a serf shaking the hand of a king.

Mr. Brambilla doesn't get up or smile as he lets the man shake his hand.

“Where's Tracy, Dante?”

The pilot's smile withers away. He looks like he's going to be sick.

“She has the flu,” he says as he starts visibly sweating. “Has it real bad.”

“And this one,” Mr. Brambilla says, motioning to me with his big balding head. “Did you check her for a wire?”

A wire?! Yup, these guys are definitely mobsters.

I quickly head into the galley with my cheeks burning and my pulse racing.

“It's okay,” I whisper to myself as I prepare for the takeoff. I rub down the counter with extra force, trying not to freak out. “They're just customers. They're not going to shoot you.”

“Who's shooting who?”

The pilot's voice is right behind me. I spin around, nearly having a heart attack for the second time today.

“I said shooing,” I say, quickly recovering. “Shooing the bugs away.”

He frowns at me and then heads back into the cockpit with his grumpy co-pilot. “Just get the plane ready for takeoff. We're leaving in five.”

I get everything set and then take a deep breath as I head back into the cabin to make sure everyone's seatbelts are fastened.

They're playing poker on one of the tables. *Geez...* There's more money on that table than what my parents made in a decade. *Huge* stacks of cash sit in front of each player.

"We're, um... getting ready for takeoff," I say in a shaky voice. They all ignore me. "Please get to your seats and fasten your seatbelts."

"Hey, doll, get me a scotch will ya?" one of them asks without looking up from his cards. "Neat."

"Espresso. It better be hot."

God, they're like cavemen.

"Drinks will be served *after* the takeoff," I say, trying to project a calm confident voice. It's not working so well. "Please get ready for liftoff."

Again, none of them even pretend to care about what I'm saying.

The plane starts rolling and I head to my seat. I can't force these man-children to behave, but that doesn't mean I'm not going to follow FAA regulations. I snap my belt in as the plane taxis to the runway.

I gaze out the window at all of the ground crew moving around like worker bees, buzzing around the hive in their bright orange gear. A strong desire to ask the pilots to stop the plane so I can get out comes out of nowhere, but I push it down and try to ignore it. I'd get fired for sure and I really like this job. Well, at least I do when I'm serving normal people.

I get to travel to all of these cool places and meet so many interesting people from all sorts of backgrounds. It's been great.

"Prepare for takeoff," the pilot says over the loudspeaker as we line up on the runway.

I glance back into the cabin and no one is paying any attention. They're all focused on their card game. Two people are standing up for fuck's sake.

I shake my head as I turn back to the window. Wait! What happened to Mr. Brambilla's son? The hot one?

He must have gotten off the plane. I haven't seen him since the others arrived. Too bad. He seemed like the only nice one out of the bunch.

I'm still dreaming of those sexy green eyes and big arms as the plane rockets down the runway and lifts into the air.

When we're leveled off and flying at the right altitude, the seatbelt sign comes off.

I get up and get to work, making drinks and preparing snacks for these rude pompous neanderthals.

The thick heavy smell of cigar smoke hits my nose and it makes me so angry that I see red. I grab an empty desert plate and charge into the back. Mr. Brambilla has a big fat cigar between his leathery lips.

"No smoking on the plane," I say as I thrust the plate in front of his face. "Put it out. Now."

His big droopy eyes slowly make their way to my face as everyone else holds their breath. He just stares at me, trying to intimidate me into backing down.

I won't. I'm in charge of safety on the airplane and I take my duties seriously.

"It's an FAA regulation. It's the law."

They all burst out laughing, except for Mr. Brambilla. He's still staring me down, trying to intimidate me into submitting.

"This is *my* plane," he says in a deep scratchy voice. "*I'm* the law in here."

I huff out a breath, spin on my heels, and march right up to the cockpit door. I knock on it hard.

"What?" the co-pilot says as he opens the door.

"They're smoking on the plane!" I say, brimming with indignation. "Tell them to put it out or you'll turn around."

He scoffs. "That's Mr. Brambilla! He can do whatever he wants."

"It's against FAA regulations!"

"Regulations don't apply to Mr. Salvatore Brambilla."

"You didn't tell him he couldn't smoke, did you?" thin ugly mustache asks as he whips his head around. He sees my face dropping and then slams his palm onto the yoke. "Goddamit, just give them whatever they want and keep your damn mouth shut. Stop making trouble."

The door slams in my face.

Stop making trouble?! Me? *I'm* making trouble?!

I clenched my jaw and squeeze my hands into fists. I *hate* these people! No wonder Tracy called in sick!

I storm into the galley, fix their damn drinks, and then walk back into the cabin with the glasses clinking on a tray.

I'll give them their stupid orders, but I'm not smiling. Not anymore!

No one even looks at me as I serve the drinks, trying to fit them on the table between all the cards, chips, and fat stacks of cash. *Is that... blood?* One of the hundred dollar bills in the pile is stained red.

"Thanks, sweetheart," one of the older guys says as I place his scotch in front of him. His hand slides up the back of my thigh and a cringy shiver rakes up my body like a thousand baby spiders crawling up my skin.

I grab his wrist, yank his hand off, and quickly move away. Someone chuckles as I hurry into the back.

"*Oh!*" I say, gasping in shock when I see Salvatore Brambilla's hot son leaning against the counter. He looks just as incredible as the first time I saw him. "I thought you got off the plane."

He shakes his head as he keeps his eyes on the entrance to the galley.

"Where have you been?" I ask as I put my tray down. "You weren't in the cabin."

"Don't worry about that," he whispers in a smooth voice. "I just needed some space from my father."

I can see why...

"How many are they back there anyway?"

"I don't know," I say, counting in my head. "Seven."

He nods. "Have you done the security announcement?"

"No," I say, feeling my anger returning. "They'd just ignore me." Or, make fun of me the entire time. I can see it

now. *'Hey sweetheart, if we're floating in the ocean, can I grab your buoys?'*

"You should go do it."

He sees my hesitation.

"It's the law. And it's your job."

Shit, he's right. *Ahh! Fuck!*

I walk out and steel my nerves as I grab the inflatable life vest.

"Excuse me," I say in a firm voice. "It's time for the safety announcement. Can you please stop playing for a moment and listen closely?"

They all ignore me.

"*Excuse me,*" I snap, losing all patience. "Put the cards down."

They all turn and glare at me. I swallow hard as I hold my shoulders back and my chin in the air. I won't be intimidated by thugs. I won't.

Although, it is mighty intimidating the way they're all glaring at me like this. This was a bad idea.

"Listen, baby cakes," Mr. Brambilla says as those heartless eyes bore into me. "We're going to play cards. You're going to serve us drinks. Understand? Enough of this nonsense."

Nonsense?! My job is *not* nonsense!

I take a breath, about to lace into him, when his son walks out of the galley and stands beside me.

They all perk up, staring at him in shock.

“Who is that?” Mr. Brambilla asks with his big wide eyes making him look like a walrus.

“That’s your... son,” I say, my mind glitching for a second.

“I don’t have a son,” he answers in a curt tone.

Aww. The poor old man has dementia. He doesn’t even recognize his own son. That’s so sad.

I turn to look at the gorgeous man standing next to me to see if his feelings are hurt.

He’s calmly staring back at them.

Then, as casually as if he’s answering a phone, he reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a gun, and shoots Mr. Salvatore Brambilla in the forehead.

Chapter Two

Molly

My ears are ringing as I stare in shock. Mr. Brambilla is looking at me with wide lifeless eyes. Blood spurts out of the coin-sized hole in his forehead before his body slumps forward and his big head slams into the table, making the poker chips rattle.

Someone lunges on their bag, but the man next to me shoots him in the chest three times. He drops to the ground and doesn't get up.

More gunshots. More slumped over mobsters. More blood splattering. More cards thrown in the air. More screams. More gunshots. More ringing in my ears.

My brain is frozen as I stare at the grizzly scene in shock. What is happening? Why would a son do this to his father?!

“Are you okay?” the killer asks when all of the men are dead. I'm frozen as I stare at them with my mouth hanging open. He grabs my shoulders and shakes me out of it. “Hey! Molly. Are you okay?”

“I... um... I...”

With all this carnage happening and all the very serious things to worry about in this dangerous situation, the thing my brain chooses to focus on is wondering how he knows my name.

Oh. Nametag. Duh.

“Why did you... you killed your... father...?”

It starts to sink in that maybe that wasn't his father after all...

He's about to say something when the bathroom door opens and one of the mobsters charges out with a pistol in his hand.

The killer shoves my shoulder hard and I fly to the ground as the mobster starts firing. The killer shoots back.

Stray bullets tear through the fuselage, making little holes all over the airplane. The intense suction violently whips the air through the cabin, thrashing my hair around and sending the cards and money flying. It's like we're suddenly traveling through a hurricane with the door open.

I scream and cover my ears as more gunshots ring out. I'm in the middle of a freaking gunfight!

The killer is beside me, taking shelter behind a chair. He looks at me for a long moment and then bursts out, firing his gun at the mobster on the other end of the plane.

I hunch down, cover my ears, close my eyes, and pray that I make it off this flight alive.

The shooting stops, but the plane hits some heavy turbulence and we start bouncing around. The air is so loud as it whips through the shot-up plane. I finally open my eyes and a flying hundred dollar bill slaps me in the face.

I peek over the seat I'm hiding behind and swallow hard when I see the killer standing over the dead body of the mobster who came shooting out of the bathroom.

He turns around and looks right at me.

I let out a terrified squeak as I dart my head down, hiding behind the seat.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he says as he walks over with the gun in his hand. He reaches out to help me up.

I gulp as I look at his big strong hand. The wind is whipping around him, making his hair dance and his jacket wave.

I don't know why, but I put my hand in his and let him pull me up. We meet eyes and something passes between us in that moment.

It's over so fast. The plane lurches down and we both stumble into the seats.

"Shit," he hisses under his breath when he looks at the door to the cockpit.

I follow his eyes and gasp when I see the door riddled with bullet holes. *No...*

He rushes over as the plane jerks around like a raft racing down white water rapids. I try to keep my balance as I follow him.

He pushes the door open and curses under his breath when he sees the two dead pilots hunched over the controls. The plane banks to the left and down, making my stomach drop.

The killer lunges forward and grabs the yoke, steadying the plane. "I need your help, Molly," he says as he turns to me. "Hold this."

My hands shake as I look at the controls. There are smoking bullet holes all over the dashboard. The pilot with the thin ugly mustache is lying on his yoke with his vacant blue eyes staring straight ahead. The killer grabs his shirt and yanks him back. Fresh blood pours out of the bullet hole in his neck and leaks all over his crisp uniform. *Ew!*

I can't do this! I can't!

"Molly!" the killer snaps. "Grab the controls or we're going to crash."

How can he be so calm? I feel like I'm in the middle of a panic attack!

"You can do this, Molly. Do you want to die today?"

"No," I squeak out.

"Good. Then grab this control."

I reach over and grab the yoke. It's wet. Oh, God, it's wet.

The killer lets go and grabs the dead co-pilot. He pulls him out of his seat and drags him into the cabin as the wind roars around us like a tornado.

I'm staring at the calm slow-moving clouds, trying not to look as he comes back and grabs thin ugly mustache next. He drags him into the back and then returns and slips into one of the seats.

"Sit," he says as he grabs the controls and steadies the jet. "I need your help."

"You need my help *flying the plane?!?*" I say, feeling my heart drop.

"I've never flown one before," he says as his eyes dart around the dashboard. "Have you?"

“No! Why would I? I’m a stewardess!”

Something beeps and I scream.

“Oh fuck,” he mutters.

“What is it?!” But I see it before he answers. The fuel is almost empty. Maybe one of those stray bullets tore a hole through the tank. We’re lucky it didn’t cause the plane to explode.

“We’re going down,” he says as he struggles with the yoke. I feel it too—the plane is trying to nosedive. His thick tattooed forearms are flexed and straining as he tries to straighten the wings. “Look under the seats.”

“For what?”

Those deep green eyes land on mine. “For parachutes.”

“Parachutes,” I whisper as my stomach sinks. “Parachutes? No! Absolutely not!”

“You’d rather land this shot-up jet in the middle of the ocean?”

Oh god, that doesn’t sound good either...

“Do as I say and we’ll make it out of here,” he says in a firm confident voice. I’m feeling so helpless and terrified that I cling to that confidence and nod my head.

“Okay.”

“Under the seats. Look for packed parachutes.”

I let go of the yoke and start searching under them. “Found them!” I say as I pull them out.

“Good. Now, put one on.”

My heart is racing as I slip the straps over my shoulders like a backpack and then fasten the clip around my stomach. I secure the ones on my thighs as well and he nods in approval. Even though I should hate him, I still get a burst of excitement from that sexy nod.

“Good job. Now, grab the yoke and try to hold the plane steady.”

I grab it and he lets go. The plane immediately nosedives and he stumbles into the dashboard. He grabs my hand and helps me get the plane back under control.

“Hold it as hard as you can,” he says before letting go. This time I hold it with two hands and use all of my strength.

He quickly puts the second parachute on and then grabs the yoke, helping me out.

“We need something to wedge this level,” he says.

“I got it!” I race into the galley, grab the tray I warmed the cookies on, shove a cookie into my pocket, and then hurry back.

“Good job, Molly,” he says as he takes it from me and shoves it between the dashboard and the yoke. It creaks and groans under the strain. “Let’s go. Quickly!”

We race to the door as cards and money whip through the air, roaring as the plane shakes and teeters.

“Open it,” he commands.

I stare at the big door in horror. Opening an airplane door thirty thousand feet in the air is the last thing in the world I want to do. Good thing I can’t.

“It won’t open,” I yell over the roar of the swirling wind. “The cabin is pressurized.”

He points at a couple of bullet holes in the fuselage. I can see bright blue sky shining through them.

“Not anymore, it’s not. You can do it, Molly. Let’s go. Now.”

There’s something about his voice that makes me move. It makes me feel like I can get through anything. I start working on the door and it swings open. The roar is deafening. The fierce heavy wind assaults us—pushing us back one second and then pulling us forward the next.

I grab onto the closest leather seat with both hands as the killer double-checks my straps. There are dead bodies littered all over the plane. The asshole who felt up my leg is lying in the walkway, staring at me with dead eyes.

“It’s time, Molly!” he yells over the violent howling of the wind.

I grip the seat harder and shake my head. I don’t want to do this. I want to go home.

I want to be in my bed, squeezing my stuffed teddy bear that I’ve held on to for too long. I want to close my eyes and teleport to my parent’s house. I want to hug my dog. I want to be anywhere but here doing anything but *this!*

“Molly!” he shouts as the plane starts to dive. “Let’s go!”

“I’m not going!” I shout back. *Because this is not happening... This is all a bad dream.*

Strong muscular arms wrap around my waist. The killer pulls me back with all his might and suddenly, I’m free-falling through the sky.

It’s quiet out here. Peaceful even. There are no dead gangsters staring at me or roaring wind whipping around my

ears.

I'm falling backward and watching the smoking jet getting smaller as it glides to its death. It's going to nosedive into the water and never be seen again.

Salvatore Brambilla sleeps with the fishes.

"I'll see you in the water," that deep voice says in my ear.

"What?" I say as I yank my head around. I forgot he was even there!

He yanks my cord and then pushes off me, flying away through the air like Superman.

I scream as my parachute unravels. My body jerks when the ropes become taught and my chute fully opens.

Nothing left to do but float down toward this endless blue ocean and hope for the best.

"Might as well fatten up for the sharks," I mutter as I pull out the crushed chocolate chip cookie from my pocket and eat it.

The killer opens his parachute in the distance and I feel a sense of relief when I see it open fully.

"Stupid, Tracy," I mutter as I drift back down to the planet while munching on my cookie. "Of all the days to call in sick..."

Chapter Three

Molly

There's an island in the distance. A small one.

I don't see any resorts or roads or tiki bars selling delicious sugary cocktails with colorful umbrellas in them; only a sprawling white sand beach with palm trees and a thick jungle creeping up the mountain in the middle.

The hot assassin is below me and he's steering his parachute toward it.

How is he doing that?

He seems to be pulling on some ropes and it's allowing him to steer.

I look up and spot two handles hanging down. I better get the hang of this quickly because it's going to be a lot easier to float the distance than swim it. Especially with a heavy parachute trying to drag me to the bottom of the ocean.

I grab the handles and start to steer. This guy is a natural, of course. Meanwhile, I'm spinning in circles and going the wrong fucking way!

After a few mishaps, I get the feel for it and start gliding toward the mountain. I'm really hoping for some thread of civilization. A secluded villa, a hidden resort, I'll take anything at this point. I just don't want to be trapped on a desert island with a homicidal maniac.

No one even knows where I am! The rescuers are probably going to think I crashed in the jet along with all those dead mobsters. The plane is going to sink to the bottom of the ocean. They'll never find it. The way it was gliding away, it could be hundreds of miles away by now!

How can I be rescued if everyone thinks I'm dead?

That's when it hits me. *My cell phone!*

Yes! Thank you, Apple!!!

I pull it out of my back pocket and take a breath of relief. They can track this, right? That's such a relief! To think that I almost—

No!!

It slips out of my fingers when the parachute hits a gust of air and I watch helplessly as it summersaults down, down, down, and then lands in the ocean with barely a splash.

“Well, that sucks.”

Now, I'm really wishing I sprang for the waterproof model. The saltwater is going to eat my iPhone alive.

I slump in my harness, hanging in defeat.

This is so bad. This is so *so* bad.

While I'm focused on the pit of despair growing in my stomach, the killer is focused on getting to that island. His

parachute is really far from mine now and he looks like he's going to make it to the beach.

With the way I'm going, I'll be landing a few miles away. I really don't feel like swimming the length of Manhattan island, so I shake out my crushing hopelessness and get to work on steering this damn parachute.

I can't let this guy beat me. I can't let him win.

I want to get to that island and give him a piece of my mind. I'll make sure he doesn't have a moment of peace down there. He's the reason why I'll be sleeping in the sand rather than in a king-sized bed in a fancy five-star Cayman Island resort tonight, and he's going to hear *all* about it.

I grit my teeth and steer the damn thing. My chute catches a gust of wind and I rocket toward the island for about a minute. It dies away, but I'm still making good progress.

Eventually, gravity catches up to me and my time runs out.

The killer lands on the white sand beach and is already folding his parachute when I realize I'm not going to make it.

I'm going to land in the water—with a heavy parachute strapped to my back. Why didn't we grab life preservers before we jumped? Why did I take this stupid job at all?

The killer has his hands on his hips as he watches me desperately trying to make it to the island. I won't. It looks like I'm going to land about a hundred yards out. That's a lot of swimming with a huge parachute weighing me down.

You're going to drown...

The horrifying thought enters my head and my whole body goes cold. I don't want it to be true, but I know that it is. The last thing I'll experience before I'm gone forever is the sun

getting smaller as the darkness takes over, the crushing weight, the burning in my lungs, the horrible feeling of helplessness as my body screams at me to take a breath.

My eyes fill with water as I start to panic. I'm taking deep desperate breaths, knowing that soon I won't be able to.

The killer strips down to his underwear as he runs to the shore and dives into the water. He's swimming front crawl with so much urgency you'd swear a great white shark was chasing him.

Is he coming to... help?

He stops and looks up every few seconds to adjust his trajectory. When he spots me, he continues swimming like Michael Phelps on speed, those big muscular arms cutting through the waves.

Time runs out for poor old Molly Thornton and I land in the cold water with a scream. The parachute falls on top of me and drags me down.

I'm thrashing around, desperately trying to get out from under it when I feel the weight of my dress, the weight of the straps, the weight of my shoes, all trying to kill me by pulling me down to the bottom.

I manage to swim out from under my parachute and kick up to the surface. I take a big glorious gulp of air as the rough waves bob me up and down.

Everything is so heavy. I need to get it off.

I'm trying to swim and unbuckle these tight straps at the same time, but I'm failing at both. My head dips under and I let go in a panic to swim back up.

When my head pops out for the second time, the killer arrives.

“Help me!” I scream. I don’t care if it’s Jeffrey Dahmer in front of me, I’ll take any help I can get.

Those strong hands grab my harness and those skilled fingers get all the buckles undone while I struggle to keep my head above water.

It’s like a tremendous weight is cut away as I slip out of the harness and swim away from the parachute.

“Take your dress off,” he says as he treads water beside me.

“What?!”

That’s what this pervert came out here for?!

“It’s thick nylon. It’s going to drag you down.”

My head dips under and I have no other choice. He sees me struggling and helps me unzip it. I wiggle out as I feel it sink to the bottom.

When I first met this man, I thought about him undressing me, but this was not what I had in mind.

I kick off my shoes as well and then we start swimming.

He’s staying right beside me, making sure I’m okay the entire time. I’m a pretty decent swimmer, but that’s in a pool with a lifeguard when I’m fully rested. After this action-packed adrenaline dump of an afternoon, I’m already wiped. These big waves aren’t helping either. I take a deep breath as I front crawl and get a mouthful of saltwater.

“You’re okay,” he says as I explode into a coughing fit. “You’re doing great, Molly. Just a little bit further.”

I look into his sparkling green eyes and get a little boost of energy.

“I won’t let you drown,” he says in a calm voice as he stays beside me. It almost makes me believe him. “You’re going to survive this.”

Maybe I’ll survive the swim, but what happens after? I’m trapped on a desert island with a mass murderer. What’s going to happen around dinnertime when he gets hungry? Is my freaking severed head going to be on the dinner plate?

I push that out of my mind and focus on taking one stroke at a time. My shoulders are aching. My legs are burning. I’m exhausted and just when I think I can’t go another yard, my toes graze sand.

“You did it!” he says as he looks at me proudly. “Another few strokes and you’ll be able to touch the ground.”

He’s already standing, his head bobbing up and down over each wave.

I swim until my feet plant on the ground and then I take a second before walking the rest of the way.

It’s only when the water level begins to creep below my shoulders do I realize I’m only wearing my bra and panties.

Maybe I can hang out in here until we get rescued?

“What is it?” he asks when I hesitate.

“Can you not look?”

“I’m going to see it all eventually,” he says as he continues walking past me with a shrug.

What did he mean he’s going to see it *all* eventually?

My mind is spinning as I watch him walk to the shore. His big round shoulders come out of the water first. I hate to admit it, but his man is *really* hot. Tattoos start on the crest of his shoulders and continue down his thick strong arms to his wrists. Water pours down his hulking back.

I gulp as I watch him step onto the shore, turn around, and drop down, laying on his back in the sand as he stares up at the sky.

I'm hesitating here, wondering what to do.

Even though he saved me and helped me swim to the shore, this man is a killer. He can't be trusted. He tricked me into getting half-naked and now, he's plotting something else. I don't know what, but I'm not going to fall for it again. It's time to get the upper hand.

I look at his clothes scattered along the beach and a glint of metal catches my eye. His gun! It's sticking out of the holster in his jacket.

I head to the shore as quietly and as nonchalantly as I can, trying not to get his attention.

"Do you mind?" I say sharply when he lifts his head and checks me out. The water is at my knees and he can see everything. The worst part is, I'm wearing a lacy white matching set, so it's like a wet T-shirt contest over here. *Everything* is see-through.

He swallows hard and then turns to look at the jungle.

I grit my teeth and sprint to his jacket. He turns around and watches me curiously as I swoop down and grab the gun.

It's so big and clunky in my hand. It feels so unnatural. I've never held a gun before, let alone fired one, so I'm not

sure what I'm doing. Is there a safety switch or something? Don't they always talk about that in movies?

"What are you doing?" he asks in a calm voice like I'm a kid he just caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

My hand is surprisingly steady as I point the barrel at his gorgeous face.

"Get up."

He sighs. "What's the plan here, Molly? Are you going to keep that gun trained on me for the next few weeks, months, years? How are you going to sleep? Go to the bathroom? Eat?"

"Maybe I'll just shoot you right now."

"Go ahead," he says as he picks up a small stone and throws it into the water. "Then, you can figure out how to survive here all on your own."

My shoulders drop as I look at the island for the first time. It seems *very* wild. Just thick jungle that goes on forever. I have nothing to conquer it with. I'm only in my bra and panties. I could use a strong man to help me out.

"I'm not a bad man," he says as he stares out at the horizon with a tranquil air to him. "Those guys were bad men. I'm sorry you had to see that. I'm sorry I got you involved."

"Got me *involved*?! You almost got me killed!"

He sighs as he turns to me. "I'm sorry I almost got you killed. I would never have been able to live with myself if something bad happened to you. Please know that at least."

He looks so sincere, but I'm not sure if it's a trap. Aren't psychopaths experts at toying with people's emotions?

I keep the gun pointed at him as he casually gets up. He doesn't seem intimidated or scared in the least that I'm pointing a deadly weapon at him.

He wipes the sand off his nice hard ass and takes a deep breath as he turns to me. "Should we go check out the island? See what we're up against?"

"You're not even Salvatore Brambilla's son!"

"No," he says with a sigh. "I'm not."

"You lied to me."

"For the first and last time. I promise you, Molly. I'll never lie to you again."

"Yeah, right. What's your name? Your *real* name."

"Blake Marsh. I'm thirty-three years old. From Vermont. I work as a principal in an elementary school."

I roll my eyes and then point the gun harder at him. "I want the truth!"

"That is the truth," he says as he lifts his hands, showing me his smooth palms. "I'm answering everything you're asking me."

"Fine, then why did you go on a mass killing spree up there? That's not very elementary school principalish."

Those beautiful green eyes drop to the sand between us as he sighs. "The Brambilla Family killed my father."

The gun lowers as a heaviness hits my chest. "What? Really?"

He looks at me with sadness in his eyes and nods. My heart goes out to him. He looks like he's reliving it all over

again and it makes me want to drop the gun, run to him, and give him a warm hug.

Geez, get a grip, Molly! Psychopath, remember?! He could be making anything up!

I squeeze the gun and raise it back on him.

“How do I know you’re telling the truth?” I say with a sharp edge to my voice.

His eyes widen as he looks over my shoulder. “Is that a boat?”

A boat?

I turn around with a gasp, but there’s nothing there.

Before my mind clues in that it’s a simple trick, he leaps forward, grabs the gun from my hand, and holds it out of my reach.

Damn it! Crafty little psychopath...

“I’m telling the truth.”

My mouth drops as he throws the gun, launching it into the ocean. It disappears with a splash.

I turn back to him in shock.

“I’m not going to hurt you, Molly. I’m on your side.”

Maybe I’m starting to believe him a little...

“My name is Blake and I was avenging my father’s death. Okay? Now, can we check out this island and try to find some food? I’m starving.”

I watch in shock as he marches up the beach and disappears into the jungle.

What do I do now? Oh shit...

“Wait up, Blake!” I holler as I grab his jacket, throw it on, and then run up the hot sand after him. “I’m coming!”

Chapter Four

Blake

The forceful thumping of my heart vibrates through my chest as I watch this gorgeous girl running toward me.

My jacket is draped over her stunning figure as those long legs shimmer in the tropical sun. Her feet kick up the perfect white sand as the palm trees sway over her head, dancing in the warm breeze.

I'm already in love with her. I have been since the first moment I saw her on the plane, looking up at me with those big brown eyes. My heart gave out then just like it's giving out now.

Her brown hair looks even darker now that it's wet. It bounces as she runs. I keep picturing myself sinking my hands into her thick wavy locks as I thrust deep inside her. I picture those plump full lips parting as a heavy moan spills out of her mouth. Her pussy tightening around me, the heat, the softness... Fuck, I need this girl...

"We might as well stay together," she says when she arrives. "You're not a survival expert by any chance are you?"

I shake my head as I smile at her. “I survive the kids at my school. Does that count?”

She thinks about it for a moment and then nods. “I guess that’s better than nothing.”

It’s hard to look away from her face. I’m so captivated by her. I feel like an art lover who finally made it to Paris and is staring at the greatest works of art for the first time overcome with awe. She’s stunning. She’s perfect.

The slope of her nose, the way she twists her hair around her finger when she’s nervous, the little grins, but her smile is what captivates me the most. I want to spend the rest of my life teasing smiles out of her.

I almost called off the assassination when I saw her in the plane. I wanted to. I didn’t want to risk anything happening to her, but it took years of waiting to get to Salvatore Brambilla and his crew. I knew it was then or never, so I decided to go through with it, but I was so careful to keep her safe. It was my top priority.

It still is. My girl is still in danger. Not from a mobster or a stray bullet anymore, but from this island; from starvation, dehydration, from never being able to leave. I’ll get this girl off this island if it’s the last thing I do.

“Let’s go explore,” I say as I look around the jungle. I hope there’s food. I couldn’t bear to watch this youthful beauty waste away in front of me. It would kill me.

We walk through the lush jungle paradise and the worry of having no food disappears pretty quickly. Fat ripe fruit the size of footballs hang from trees every few yards. There’s so much diversity of flora and fauna. The trees tower up as we walk in deeper, providing a canopy over our heads that filters the sun.

The air is heavy with the sweet fragrance of blooming flowers and wet earth.

Exotic birds sing to us as we arrive at a knee-deep crystal-clear river. Frogs chirp from the rocks and jump into the water, darting away whenever we get too close.

There are no human footprints here. It's all nature. Lizards bask on rocks and schools of vibrant fish swim by.

"Look! A turtle!" Molly says with an excited squeal as she points to the little guy swimming away from us.

We continue past giant ferns and vines that wrap around trees, stretching toward the sky. I'm worried that Molly has no shoes, but the ground on this island is pretty ideal for bare feet. It's soft and spongy underfoot with only a few fallen leaves and twigs creating a natural mulch.

We arrive at a freshwater lagoon and my food worries disappear completely when I see all the fish swimming in it. The water is so clear that you can see everything inside. Big fat juicy fish swim right up to where we're standing on the rock and look up at us curiously.

This girl won't go hungry. I'll be able to keep her well-fed.

"Hi, guys!" Molly says as she leans down and smiles at them. "We're your new neighbors."

I smile as I watch her reach out and put her fingers in the water.

One of the braver fish swims up to it and nibbles it before darting away. She yanks her hand back with a giggle and I fall a little deeper in love.

"We don't even need a fishing rod," I say as I watch them circling back. "We can pretty much grab them out of the

water.”

“Awww,” she says with a pouty face. “I don’t want to eat my new friends.”

We’re definitely eating those fish. I’m not about to argue with her now, but if I have to choose between killing some fish or watching her starve, there’s no question as to what I’m going to do.

“Then let’s go see what else this island has for us.” I offer my hand to help her up.

She pretends not to notice and stands up on her own.

I guess these strong feelings are one-sided. I can’t blame her for that... She did just watch me kill a plane full of people less than an hour ago.

We continue through the jungle and as I’m inspecting some vines that we can use as rope, Molly lets out an excited squeal.

“What is it?” I ask, whipping my head around.

“Mangoes!” she screams. “I *love* mangoes!”

She runs over and picks a ripe one off the ground. Her brown eyes get comically large as she rips it open with her fingers.

I’m starving and thirsty from the heat, the adrenaline-packed hour, and all the swimming, but I hold back, just watching her as she bites into it with a moan.

She’s so sexy. Mango juice runs over her luscious lips and drips down her chin as she closes her eyes, moaning in ecstasy. It’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.

I have to tear my eyes away or I'll get rock-hard in front of her. I'm only wearing my boxer briefs and there will be no hiding my erection if it decides to make a sudden appearance.

"This is sooooo good," she says as she dives back into it. "You want one?"

She picks one up off the ground and my eyes dart over to her. My jacket rises up her back, showing off her ass for a split second. That white lacy underwear... fucking hell. It's see-through and not hiding much. I wish I left my fucking jacket on the plane. *Damn it. What was I thinking?*

Her hands are all sticky from the juice as she offers me a big bright yellow mango. I'd rather lick them up instead, but I take the mango and thank her.

"These are good," I say as I rip it apart and chew on the juicy chunks.

"*Right?*" she says, nodding with a big smile as she bites into it again.

With her hands on the fruit, my jacket falls open. I swallow hard as I glance at her beautiful body. Just a sliver is visible, but it's enough to make my body ache with lust. The middle of her white lacy bra, the tempting curve of her cleavage, her soft stomach with her sexy belly button, and her panties... fucking hell, her panties...

My chest flutters as I look at her lacy panties with her strip of dark pubic hair peeking through... The way they hug her soft little mound... Her supple thighs...

Fuck, I just want to bury my head down there and devour her like she's devouring that mango. I'd cover my ravenous mouth with her juices and lick her until every creature on this damn island is tired of her lustful screams.

She takes a deep breath and tosses the mango pit on the ground. Her shoulders drop and she goes very still.

“What’s wrong?” I ask as I step toward her.

She holds her arms, which closes my jacket and takes that beautiful sliver of heaven away from me. “We’re stuck here, aren’t we? Like, we’re *really* stuck here.”

I look around and sigh. I hate myself for putting her in this position. I hate that I ripped her out of her life and trapped her on a desert island, but if I’m being honest with myself, I’m glad that she’s here. I’m glad that I have her all to myself. I’m thankful for this opportunity to make this incredible girl mine.

“What are we supposed to do?” she says, starting to freak out. “Where are we going to sleep? What are we supposed to eat and drink? I mean, I like mangoes, but I don’t want to eat just that for the rest of my life! I’ll never see my parents again or be able to watch TV. Season four of Stranger Things hasn’t come out yet! How am I going to find out what happens?”

Her chin quivers and I go to her. I wrap my arms around her and she crumples into my chest. Her body shakes as she cries.

“I’ll take care of you,” I whisper, vowing it to her with every shred of my being. “I’ll get you off of this island, but until I can figure out how to do that, I’ll take care of you.”

She sucks in a breath and then pushes away. Her eyes harden as she stares up at me with a fierce determined gaze. “I think I’ve had enough of you taking care of me.”

My heart twists in my chest. I wince in agony as she pulls the jacket tight around her and marches away.

I take a deep breath and follow her, giving her some distance, but staying close enough to keep her safe. I don’t

know what else is on this island and I'm not about to let her out of my sight until I find out. She can be mad at me all she wants, but her safety still comes first.

We emerge from the jungle at the base of the small mountain. It would be considered a mountain in North Dakota and a hill in Colorado. There are some shrubs and large rocks on it, but no trees. I bet it offers a spectacular view from the top. I picture Molly standing up there with the sun on her cheeks and the wind in her hair and my lips curl up into a smile.

She turns back and looks at me for the first time since she stormed away. She huffs out a breath and shakes her head. "Why are you following me?"

"I think we should stick together."

"You're a murderer. And a liar."

"Maybe, but I want to keep you safe. We need each other to survive."

She rolls her eyes and then starts up the mountain. I follow her up.

"That's a good spot to make a camp," I say, pointing out a natural flat part of the mountain. It's sheltered from the sun by the mountain and away from the trees. It's also cool with a nice breeze and the view is not bad at all. We could make a fire pit over there and figure out some bedding to set up over here. It's ideal.

"We're camping together now?"

"Do you want to sleep out here alone?"

She gulps as she looks at me with wide eyes. "No..."

"Then we're camping together."

“Fine,” she says in an annoyed tone. “You set up the camp and I’ll check out the top of this mountain.”

I want to follow her—I want to follow her for the rest of her life—but I stay rooted to the spot and watch her hiking up the mountain. The bottom of my jacket rests on the back of her thighs, but every few seconds, a gust of wind lifts it up, giving me a quick delicious view of her ass.

My cock grows long and hard, desperate for some kind of release.

I moan as I watch her walk around the mountain. A heavy sense of loss hits me in my gut when she disappears around it.

She’s *mine*.

I’m already fully obsessed with this girl and I’m determined to make her realize she belongs to me.

The need to have her is overwhelming. It’s stifling.

I need to hear her lustful moans in my ear. I need to feel her fingernails raking up my back. I need to feel the soft warm heat of her tight little pussy squeezing my cock. I need to feel her back arching as I cum deep in her cunt.

I need to claim her. I need to *breed* her.

I need *all* of her.

And I’m not sure how long I can wait.

Chapter Five

Molly

My stomach growls as I watch Blake cook the fish over the fire. It smells so good. He started a fire with sticks, set up some bedding with big pieces of moss he pulled up by the river, found some avocados, and caught a fish. Meanwhile, I hiked to the top of the mountain, screamed my guts out in frustration, had a nice long self-pity sob session, and then came back down.

So, all-in-all about even.

I sit on the flat rock and watch him as he tends to the fire, carefully adding more dry sticks to it. He's really handsome when he concentrates like that.

Maybe he's not so bad... I want to believe that he's a good man.

But the violent images of him pulling the trigger and ending Mr. Brambilla's life are stuck in my head. I try to picture him in the hallways of his school instead, high-fiving boys and winking at girls. I bet all of the teachers are in love with him. They probably all blush shyly whenever he walks by. All the moms probably gather around and whisper

excitedly about him while they're waiting to pick up their kids. They probably put on make-up, fix their hair, and wear their push-up bras and a nice outfit in the hopes of getting a glimpse of sexy Principal Marsh. I know I would.

"Are you really an elementary school principal?" I ask as he turns the fish.

He looks at me and nods.

"No joke?"

"No joke."

I exhale long and hard, trying to picture it. It's hard to imagine after seeing him with that smoking gun in his hand. After seeing him dragging away those dead pilots.

"I'm sorry about your father," I say in a soft voice.

His eyes begin to shine as he stares at the fish. "Thank you," he whispers.

"The Brambilla Family killed him?"

He swallows hard as he breaks a stick and prods the flames with it before tossing it in.

"When I was twelve years old," he says after a long pause. "He wasn't in the mob if that's what you're thinking. He was a regular old blue-collar truck driver. He was a proud man. Stubborn as a mule, but he had a good sense of humor and made my mom laugh every day. I can still remember the way he made her cackle. Her eyes would fill with tears and she'd grip the counter, saying she's going to pee herself." He smiles at the nice memory. "And there Dad would be, sitting at the table with a big satisfied smile on his face that he made his girl laugh."

Those big shoulders rise and fall as he takes deep breaths, trying not to get choked up.

“He was doing a run through New York State,” he continues, his face hardening a little. “Through the Brambilla Family’s territory. Salvatore was younger in those days. This was before he was the Godfather. Back then he was just a capo gaining a fierce reputation for running the most fearful crew around. They stopped my father and tried to take his truck. My father was proud and refused, so they beat him to death on the side of the road. Salvatore took a tire iron to his head and cracked his skull open. They took his truck and left him bleeding to death in a ditch. He was dead when they found him the next morning.”

“Oh, Blake...” I whisper, my eyes filling with tears.

“My mother never laughed after that. She was a shell of who she was before.”

I put my hand on his shoulder and he smiles gratefully at me.

“There was a witness who caught their license plate,” he goes on. “The police arrested Salvatore Brambilla and dragged him into court. The crew got to the witness though, and without him, they had nothing to prosecute Salvatore with. I was twelve years old and watched as the man who killed my father walked free.”

“I’m sorry,” I whisper as my heart tightens.

“It’s over now,” he says, shaking the sadness off him. “I got him. Justice has been served.”

“Justice has been served,” I say, nodding in agreement.

This man isn’t a killer. He’s just a man who righted a wrong. Someone who made the world a bit safer for people

like me. He's a hero.

I take a deep breath as I look at him with new eyes, watching as he tests the fish to make sure it's done.

My breath quickens as I realize once again that I'm trapped on an island with this man. It doesn't fill me with dread anymore. It fills me with excitement. With desire.

I'm back to being where I was in the plane when I saw him for the first time—all tingly and shy and wanting to flirt. It's even stronger now.

He's a powerful capable man full of kindness, but also able to tap into his dark side when he needs to protect or avenge the people he loves.

"I think the fish is ready," he says as he pulls it off the stick. "Are you hungry?"

I lick my lips as my eyes roam over his broad shoulders, powerful chest, and strong arms.

"I'm starving."



"Blake..." I whisper as I stare up at the stars. They're incredible out here—a never-ending sea of diamonds shining in the darkness. The log in the fire beside us pops and sparks shoot up, trying to join the stars in their eternal brightness before fading away.

His head turns. We're lying on opposite sides of the fire on the thick mats of moss he found. They're comfier than you'd think.

“Yeah?” His soft voice is comforting. I’m glad he’s here. I don’t know how I would be reacting if I was stuck on this island alone.

“Do you think we’ll ever get home?”

After we ate, we walked around the mountain and saw the rest of the island from above. There were no parked boats waiting to be used and no emergency phone booths tucked away on the beach. There were no signs of civilization anywhere. It finally sank in that we’re going to be here for a *long* time.

We may be the only two people on the planet who even know this island exists.

“I promise you that we will.”

I wish I could believe him. But how are we going to get rescued if no one knows we’re here? If they think we died in the plane crash? If no one knows about this island?

Am I ever going to see my parents again? Or my friends? Or my dog?

I’m never going to have a career or a family or travel to another country. All the books to read, the art to admire, the movies to watch, the experiences to have... They’ve all slipped through my fingers.

This island is it for me from now on.

I turn and look at Blake. He’s lying there watching me—the glow of the fire washing over his skin, the shadows dancing, the look in his tender green eyes telling me everything is going to be okay.

All I have is this island and Blake.

And yet... it somehow feels like it might be enough.

“I don’t want to die here,” I whisper as my chin quivers. He goes blurry as my eyes fill with tears. “I hope you’re right. I hope we can leave this island one day together.”

He gets up as the tears leak out and drip down my cheeks.

“We will,” he says in that deep rumbling voice as he lies beside me and tucks his big comforting arm around me.

I close my eyes and inhale the earthy scent of his skin. *You’ll be okay. As long as this man is with you, you’ll be okay.*

This exhausting day catches up to me and my eyes drift closed. I fall asleep with Blake holding me close...

...and I dream about him all night.

Chapter Six

Blake

We're exploring the island when Molly suddenly grabs my arm with a gasp. "Blake! What's that?"

I look where she's pointing and my heart rate picks up. *That's not from the jungle...*

People have been here.

It's a metal clipboard wedged into the mud. I hurry over and dig it out with my pulse racing.

Molly is beside me watching over my arm. Her soft breath tickles my forearm and makes the hairs rise.

It's hard to focus on anything else with her so close, but I shake out the unhelpful desires swirling through me and try.

"It's some kind of research notes," I say as I rifle through the pages. The top few are soaked with mud and completely illegible, but a few papers near the bottom of the pile have a few dry spots. "Something with monkeys?"

"There are monkeys on this island?" Molly grabs my arm with both hands and starts scanning the treetops in a panic.

I smile as I watch her gorgeous brown eyes flitting from one tree to the next. “You don’t like monkeys?”

“I do,” she says as she nervously bites her bottom lip. “When they’re in cartoons and in children’s books. In my general vicinity, not so much.”

“This is good news,” I say as she whips her head around, looking behind her. “Researchers have been to this island before. Maybe they’ll come back.”

“I hope they get here before the monkeys eat us.”

I laugh as I toss the clipboard back onto the mud and take her arm. “I’ll save you from them. No monkeys are going to harm *my* girl.”

She smiles gratefully at me, puts her hand on mine, and we continue exploring the island.

There’s plenty of food. The rocky shore offers a whole bunch of options—fish, crabs, little lobster-type creatures, seaweed that I’m not sure is edible, mussels, and maybe even birds. We’ve seen big tropical fruit growing in the jungle and I’m sure there are some vegetables growing in the ground. I’ll have to pull up every single type of plant I can find to see if there’s anything edible growing underneath it.

There’s a freshwater creek that flows down from the mountain. There’s fish in there too and I even saw some frogs hanging out on the rocks.

If this island has enough food to sustain monkeys, then it should have enough for us too.

We walk around the coast of the island and come across a spectacular hidden cove. It’s private and sheltered by large rocks, so the warm turquoise water is nice and calm.

“Wow,” Molly whispers as we stand on the rocks, staring at it in awe. “It’s gorgeous.”

Gorgeous is an understatement. It just might be the most stunning place on the planet. A perfect little white sand beach is tucked on the other side, surrounded by a high rocky cliff. The water is crystal clear; a shade of turquoise only available in the best spots nature has to offer.

A large palm tree sits atop one of the high rocks and it casts a perfect shadow across the water like an artist designed it to be the perfect paradise.

And it’s all ours...

“I have no words,” Molly says as we stare at our own private oasis.

For the first time, I’m thankful this island is deserted. If humanity knew about this place, it would be teeming with tourists. That little beach would be crowded with beach chairs and sunburned tourists drinking slushy drinks and stuffing cigarette butts into the pristine white sand. They would soil its natural beauty. It’s nice to keep some things pure and untouched.

“We got to go swimming,” Molly says with a big smile on her face.

I grin as I watch her hurry down the path between the rocks, knowing that suit jacket is about to come off. I’m going to get another glimpse of her sweet supple body in only her bra and panties, maybe even in less.

She gets to the edge of the water and dips her toes in. “It’s so warm,” she says with a big radiant smile as she looks at me over her shoulder.

Just the slightest smile from her—the most subtle curl of her lips—can pull out the strongest reaction from me. My heart beats harder, faster, my pulse races. I can feel a hyper-awareness in every inch of my body.

This is what it feels like to be in love.

This is what all of those songs and movies were crowing on about—this magical feeling permeating every cell in my body.

I can't help but think as I watch this girl walking along the rocks and looking around in wonder that this is what my life has been leading to. What all of my experiences have been cumulating to—being here with this angelic goddess in our own natural paradise.

We're all alone out here. Living in nature the way humans were meant to live.

No distractions. No constant bombardments stealing our attention and traumatizing our souls with one horrible news article after another. It's silent out here. Magical. It's just the calming sound of the breeze in the palm trees, the gentle lap of the water onto the shore, the lovely songs of the tropical birds, and her...

My goddess. How can I ever get bored out here with her on the island?

We're Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. We're in paradise.

And as she begins to slowly peel off my suit jacket, about to reveal her beautiful body underneath, I know in my soul there's no place I'd rather be.

"No peeking," she says as she turns back with blushing cheeks. She stopped lowering the jacket, so only her shoulders

are visible.

“You’ve been looking at me in my underwear this whole time.”

Those sexy brown eyes slide down my body. “It’s your choice to get half-naked. You have your clothes here. You made me take my dress off in the ocean, remember?”

I chuckle as I shake my head. “So much to unpack there. First of all, I can’t wear a suit on a tropical island. It’s hot as fuck out here.”

“*I’m* wearing the suit!”

“I’ve noticed,” I say, wishing for the millionth time that I left that damn jacket on the plane. “And the reason why I *suggested* you take your dress off was because it was drowning you. Did you forget about that part?”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” she says with a grin as she dips her toe in again.

She turns back to the water, finding the sliver of paradise too irresistible to pass up, *even* if it means showing me her sweet little ass.

With one move of her arms, she lets my jacket slip off her body and drop to the rocky ground.

I swallow hard as my ravenous eyes take in the stunning view. She’s so perfect. I can’t even breathe...

Her wavy brown hair is tucked over her left shoulder showing me the enticing curve of her back. I can picture it curved like that as I grip her hips and thrust into her tight little heat from behind.

I fight back a moan as my eyes roam over her bra strap and continue down to her ass. *Fuck*, that ass... It’s so tempting... I

just want to go down there, drop to my knees behind her, and worship her soft wet pussy with my mouth, devouring it until she cums all over me in a fit of screams and moans.

A taste of her warm sticky nectar is the only thing I'm craving. Fuck everything else in the world—freshly baked bread, chocolate chip cookies straight out of the oven, ice cream, beer—I don't need any of them if I can have a taste of her sweetness every day. I don't need anything else. I won't have any other cravings if I have that sweet cunt to satisfy my hungry tongue.

She suddenly dives in and I moan as she disappears under the turquoise water, taking that sexy ass away from me.

Her dark hair flows out behind her as she swims underwater and my feet start moving on their own, taking me to her.

She pops out with her hair slicked back and turns to me with a stunning smile that makes my core clench. "The water is *perfect*. You have to come in!"

"Are we allowed skinny dipping?"

She swallows as she watches me, those brown eyes getting a little wider. "I think we make our own rules on this island."

I dip my fingers into the waistband of my boxer briefs and slide them down half an inch. "And what's the rule on skinny dipping?"

Those lustful eyes drop down to my underwear and then quickly flit back up to my eyes. Is she blushing?

"I think you should swim in the way you're most comfortable."

"Yeah?"

She nods.

Alright then... I pull my boxer briefs down and let them drop to my feet. She does a sexy little gasp as her eyes dart to my semi-hard cock hanging low between my thighs.

She quickly looks away, then quickly looks back, and then away again.

I grin, knowing what she's thinking: *That's a big cock.*

Not knowing what to do or where to look or what to say, she dives under the water and swims away.

"You can't get away from me that easily," I whisper before diving in.

The crisp warm water is pure bliss. I close my eyes and glide through it, feeling like I'm truly weightless. There are no worries out here. I don't care if we ever get rescued. We'll build our own life on this island. Our own little world—just the two of us together.

Molly is floating on her back in the middle of the cove, staring up at the palm trees. The big fronds are waving gently at her and she looks so at peace that it makes my soul happy.

I swim up beside her and tread water as I stare at the tranquil look on her face. Her hair is floating around her like a dark wavy halo.

Her breasts are sticking out of the water and her white lacy bra is practically see-through, but it's still covering too much. I can see the pink outline of her nipples, but there's still so much more to see—the way they firm up, the exact shade of pink, the way her body will shiver when my tongue slides across them.

I swallow a moan as I look back at her face. God, those lips... I *need* them.

There's still so much I don't know about her. I want to know everything.

"What was your life like back home?"

She sinks under the water and then pops back up, treading water beside me. "I graduated from high school at the top of my class—"

"Of course, you did."

"—and then I decided to take some time to work and save up money for college. One year turned into two and then to three."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three. And you? I've been dying to know..."

"I'm thirty-three. Is that too old for you?"

She smiles and shrugs those sexy little shoulders. "It's just a number. It doesn't matter. Especially out here."

"Out here we make our own rules."

"Exactly."

Our eyes meet and something fills the air. I can feel it crackling around us like electricity.

She spots something over my shoulder and her eyes and mouth widen before she bursts out laughing.

"What is it?" I ask as I whip my head around.

"I think we found those monkeys."

"Or, they found us. Hey! Leave those alone!"

Four monkeys are searching through our clothes.

“Hey!” I holler when one grabs my boxer briefs and runs away with them. The three others follow. “Put that back! *Hey!!*”

Molly is laughing her ass off beside me. Her nose is crinkling up, her shoulders are shaking, and she’s making the most adorable noises. If I wasn’t in love with her before, I am now. I think it might be worth it to lose my underwear if I get to watch her laugh like this.

“What are you laughing at?” I ask, laughing too as I playfully rear on her.

“You’re going to have to be naked from now on,” she says as a new burst of laughter explodes out.

“I think we should give them your underwear too, it’s only fair.”

She screams playfully as I swim to her. “No way! You wanted to go skinny dipping. This is what you get!”

I swim toward her and she screams and then swims away, laughing as she front crawls away from me.

I follow her into a small cave carved out of the rocky cliff.

“*Wow,*” she whispers as she looks around in wonder. The Caribbean sun is reflecting off the turquoise water onto the rocky ceiling like shining diamonds. There are flat rocks to sit on in and out of the water. I don’t think a world-famous architect could have designed a more magical spot.

She pulls herself onto a rock as I swim in and sits with only her feet in the water. She’s not trying to hide her body anymore.

Desire and lust grow inside me like an insatiable beast. My cock hardens like a rock as I gaze at that dark strip through her

wet panties. It's a tempting trail leading to her wet delicious treasure.

The crystal clear turquoise water hides nothing. She sees how hard I am and sucks in a breath.

It takes all of my self-control to hold myself back from her. The intense urge to go up to this sweet girl, grab a fistful of that dark hair, and taste her mouth is overwhelming. It's taking all of my restraint to stop myself from shredding her underwear to pieces and coating every inch of her body with my tongue.

"Let's make this a skinny dipping zone," I say, barely recognizing my deep scratchy voice. What is this girl doing to me? "No underwear allowed."

She's thinking about it. I can tell she wants to.

"Take that wet bra off and show me your beautiful breasts," I command in a deep firm voice.

Her hands reach behind her back and she unclasps her bra. My body stills in the water, unable to move as she peels off her bra with a seductive look on her face.

Her perky breasts tumble free with a bounce and I'm finally looking at her perfect pink nipples with nothing between us.

"That's my girl," I whisper as she drapes her wet bra over a rock.

She looks so shy and vulnerable as I swim up to her and slide my palms up the outside of her thighs.

I hover my lips over hers. She's holding her breath. I can sense her heart pounding. Her lips part.

“I’ve been wanting to kiss you since the first moment I saw you,” I whisper on her luscious lips. “It’s been torture having to hold myself back.”

“I know what you mean,” she whispers as she finally exhales. “I’ve been wanting you to kiss me too.”

I reach up and cup her face, holding her cheeks as I gaze into her sparkling brown eyes. “This is fate,” I whisper as I lean in close, so close... “You and me on this island, it’s fate.”

She moans as I kiss her soft lips slowly and gently. I’m desperate for her. The beast inside is raging, but I take my time, tasting this beautiful innocent mouth as she opens for me.

I slide my tongue against hers as I explore her mouth, moaning at the delicious taste. My cock is aching hard. I’ve never been this turned on.

She slides her hands along my arms as she kisses me back. I let go of her cheeks and glide my hands down her neck, over her shoulders, and onto her bare breasts.

I swallow her sexy little whimper as I squeeze her tits and play with her hard nipples. “You’ve been driving me wild scampering around this island in your bra and panties,” I say as I kiss my way down to her chest. “All I could think about was shredding them to pieces and doing this.”

She drops her head back and moans as I take a nipple into my mouth and suck on it. I take my time on one and then switch to the other, teasing and licking and sucking as I grip them in my big hands.

“You still have your panties on,” I growl as my hands slide down to her hips. I shake my head as I *tsk* at her. “That’s not allowed in here.”

I grip the waistband and she lifts her ass as I tug them down. My breath is lodged somewhere in my throat as I watch them come off. I pull them off her feet and let them glide away in the water as she sits there with her legs closed.

It's the most erotic scene I've ever witnessed—this angelic beauty sitting naked in this magical cave, about to open her legs and show me a glimpse of true paradise.

“That’s my girl,” I whisper as I slide my palms onto her knees and open her legs. She doesn’t fight me. She doesn’t resist. She just watches me with those beautiful lustful eyes as I spread her legs wide open, revealing her pretty little pussy.

The sight staggers me. It makes me stumble back. I’m staring in awe at this girl with her legs spread, her ripe little cunt open and ready. It’s begging for me. Begging to be claimed. Begging to be taken.

A possessive growl rumbles out of my throat as I stare at her glistening pink lips and tiny entrance that’s barely peeking out. This pussy is *mine*. This girl is *mine*. I’m glad I have her trapped here all alone. I don’t want to share her with *anyone*.

It would kill me to see her talking to other men. To share even a little bit of her with them. She’s all mine and it’s the way I want it to stay.

She lets out a deep heavy moan as I grip her legs and dive in.

Chapter Seven

Blake

Molly moans in surrender as I devour her hot little pussy. My fingertips are digging into her hips a little too hard as I pull her against my mouth, plunging my tongue into her delicious heat. I know I should ease up on my grip, but I can't seem to stop myself. I can't let go.

“Yes,” she moans in a sexy little voice. “Oh yes, Blake.”

Her fingers slide through my wet hair as she pulls my head toward her, keeping my hungry mouth right where she wants it.

I slide my tongue around her clit and her body bucks. Her fingers clench tight, grabbing a fistful of my hair as she cries out.

“You like when I eat your pussy?” I growl between licks.

“Oh fuck, *yes*,” she moans with her legs shaking beside my head. I wrap my lips around her clit and suck on it in a rhythmic motion. Her hips move to the rhythm of my mouth. “I fucking *love* it...”

Warm pussy juice leaks onto my stubbly chin. I release her clit and slide my tongue down her folds until I reach her

soaking-wet pussy hole. My cock aches as I tease it, slowly slipping my tongue inside and tasting her lust.

I lean back to get another look at her. She's so fucking sexy, sitting there with her legs spread open, a flush on her cheeks, her brown eyes overflowing with want and desire. There's not a stitch of clothing on her stunning body and that's exactly how I want her to stay.

Who needs books, TV, or movies with this beauty to admire all day? I'll never get bored of looking at her, of touching her, of tasting her. This angel is a source of *endless* entertainment.

"What are you doing?" she moans in frustration as her head drops back and her eyes fall closed.

She grabs a fistful of my hair and yanks my head between her legs. I grin as I start to lick her pussy again.

I slip a finger into her slick entrance and marvel at how tight she is. My body freezes when it hits me... *She's a virgin.*

That's the only thing that would explain why her pussy is clamped so tightly around my index finger. She's untouched...

My love for this girl deepens. I look up at her as I find her clit with my thumb. A heavy moan rolls out of her throat as I start rubbing her clit in tiny circles while tracing her entrance with my fingertip.

I posture up until my mouth is hovering over hers. Her lips are parted. She's taking short quick breaths.

"Is this your first time?" I whisper.

Her warm tasty breath washes over my mouth as she looks at me with uncertain eyes.

“Tell me the truth, now. Am I the first man to touch you like this?”

She hesitates as I rub her pussy, drawing the pleasure out.

“Answer me.”

“Yes. You’re the first.”

“Am I the first to taste you?”

She nods with those sexy brown eyes locked on mine.

“To see you?”

“You’re the first for everything, Blake. I’ve never even kissed a man before today.”

Fuck...

My need to claim this girl ramps up to a dangerous level. I’m her first... For everything...

I’ll have to make sure I fuck her so good that I’ll be her last too. I don’t want her to ever experience another man’s hands, mouth, or cock, but mine. I’ll be her first and her only.

I lunge down and devour her juicy little virgin cunt with a new intensity. She cries out as I grab her thighs and push them apart. My tongue slides *everywhere*. I coat her wet slit with my tongue until the sensations are overwhelming her.

Her hips are grinding to the rhythm of my tongue, the pressure inside her building, building...

I can tell she’s close to cumming all over a man’s mouth for the first time. It spurs me on. It makes me desperate to draw an intense orgasm out of her.

I clamp my lips around her clit and suck on it while I finger her virgin hole. She screams as I curl my finger up

against her inner wall, being careful not to break her cherry, and stroke it.

I think I found my girl's sweet spot. She throws her head back, squeezes my face with her thighs, and cums *hard*.

My tongue never stops moving as she cums all over me. I keep licking as her legs tremble on my shoulders. She's so tasty. This cunt is pure bliss.

I'm ready and willing to stay down here until I pull another orgasm out of her, but she has other plans. This sweet girl opens her eyes and reaches for my cock.

"Oh shit..." I moan when I feel her hand wrapping around my solid shaft. She uses the wetness of the water to jerk me off, sliding her clenched hand up and down while she gazes at me with an erotic look in her eyes.

Her tits bounce and jiggle with every movement. Her legs are still wide open, her beautiful puffy pussy on full display.

"Cum on my tits," she moans as she pulls me up by my cock. I rise to a standing position as she strokes me with both hands.

I thought I'd have to corrupt this girl over weeks or months before I got her talking dirty, but she's already there. One orgasm and she's turned into a dirty little sex kitten. I *like* it.

"Squeeze those beautiful tits together, baby," I say as I grab my dick from her.

She pushes her breasts together and I slide my cock between them as she watches with an open mouth. I grab some water and trickle it on the head of my cock to keep everything nice and slick.

My dick glides between her tits over and over as I drive my hips up. It feels so good. Her greedy little tongue darts out and licks my head every time it pops out of her cleavage.

“You want me to cum on you?” I growl.

She looks up at me with pure arousal in her brown eyes and nods. “Yes. I want it so bad.”

“Alright,” I say in a deep throaty voice as I pull my dick away. “Keep pressing those tits together.”

She mashes them together with her hands, arches her back, and opens her mouth.

Fucking hell...

My hand is clenched so tight around my hard dick as I jerk off harder than I’ve ever jerked off before. The fucking view... those tits... that little tongue... those wet teeth... I want to cum over every inch of her.

“Do it,” she moans, urging me on as she watches. “Cum on me, Blake. Cum on your girl.”

Hearing her say that she’s my girl pushes me over the edge. I grunt like a savage beast as I give myself one last hard stroke and then release all over her.

Hot streams of cum shoot out of my hard cock onto her open mouth, coating her lips and tongue. More streams coat her neck, her chest, her tits...

It’s on her hands, on her wrists, dripping onto her stomach. It’s everywhere. I’ve never had such a big load. It’s been building all fucking day.

I stand here in stunned silence, unable to breathe with the gorgeous view of my girl coated in me. The sun is shining off the turquoise water and reflecting little shining dots onto her.

She looks otherworldly. Like a goddess. Like she's too perfect to come from Earth.

She licks her lips, pulling my cum into her mouth with her tongue and my cock stays rock hard as I watch her swallow it with a moan.

My legs are so weak. I can't move. I'm stunned to the spot as I watch this perfect angel scooping up more of my seed off her chin, off her chest, off her tits, and drinking it down.

I have to have her.

I want it all. I want to claim her. I want to *breed* her.

I need it. *Now*. I can't wait another minute.

She gasps as I drop to my knees and yank her legs apart.

"*Oh*," she whimpers as I grab my big dick and slide my head up her creamy slit.

"I'm going to fuck you now," I growl as I grab her hips and hold her in place. The tip of my cock is pressed to her entrance. One thrust of my hips and her virginity will be mine. "I'm going to fuck you hard."

She grabs onto the back of my neck with one hand and braces herself on the large rock with the other. "I'm ready for it," she says breathlessly. "Make me yours, Blake."

I grit my teeth and thrust in hard, plunging my thick cock into her tight little cunt. I have plans to go nice and slow, but those plans evaporate as soon as I feel how soft and wet and warm she is. The silky walls of her pussy clamp down on me, squeezing me so hard my body shivers. She's so damn tight. I can't stop. I can't hold back.

My cock tears through her cherry and slides all the way home. She cries out as my throbbing dick fills every inch of

her virgin cunt.

She's not a virgin anymore... I close my eyes and savor the moment as her tight little pussy clenches around my shaft.

The sexy little whimpers oozing out of her bring me back into the moment. I open my eyes and watch her face all scrunched up as she tries to get used to my tremendous size.

"You're doing amazing, baby," I whisper as I reach down and start rubbing her clit to help loosen her up. "You feel so good."

"You feel good too," she moans. "Big but good."

I grin as I press my forehead to hers. "I thought the bigger the better."

"Not *this* big."

We both smile and the light moment seems to help loosen her up. She's ready for more...

I rock my hips as I hold her in my arms. Her virgin kitty doesn't want to let me go. It's squeezing my cock as I inch in and out of her, a little more each time.

"*Oh!*" she cries out when I pull further back, sliding half of my shaft out before thrusting back in. Warm pussy juice splashes onto my pelvis and thighs.

I look down at my cock as I pull back out and moan when I see what's coating it—white sticky cream with a trace of pink.

Her virginity is mine. This pussy is mine. Her whole sweet body is mine.

I'm never letting her go.

The restraint I've been hanging onto slips out of my grasp. My thrusts become harder, faster. I start to slam my hard cock into her hot pussy and her deep cries and sharp moans only spur me on.

The water splashes angrily around us as I drive my hips forward and back, pounding her little cunt with a desperate need to breed this girl.

It's all I can think about. It's all I want.

I need to coat this girl's ripe little womb with my seed. I need my child growing inside her. I need her bound to me in every way.

I don't know how I lived this long without her. How did my life have any meaning? How did I get up in the morning without her beautiful face to look forward to?

I can't go back to that. I can't return to a life without her.

I won't let her go. I can't.

She's crying out with every hard thrust I give her. It's too hard. It's too fast. I know all this, but I can't seem to stop myself. I can't hold back.

I slam my big hard cock into her tight little heat over and over until she digs her nails into my stomach and cums all over me.

Her nails rake my abs as her pussy tightens unbelievably tight. I grit my teeth and wince as I feel her *squeezing* my shaft. It's pulsing around me. It's pushing me over the edge...

I thrust in three more times and then root myself in her juicy cunt as the strongest orgasm I've ever had takes over.

I let go with a roar as the heat consumes me and my cum surges out of my balls and into her ripe little pussy.

“That’s it,” I whisper. *Right to her womb...*

She’s limp on the rocks, melting onto them after her second orgasm took every last ounce of her strength.

I feel the last bit of cum leaving me and entering her, and I know that she’s mine for good now.

After a few more slow lazy thrusts, I pull out of her and sit on my heels.

My heart is pounding as I watch her moaning on the rocks. Her eyes are closed and she’s trying to catch her breath.

I fall back with my arms out and drop into the crystal-clear water. It washes over me as I sink to the bottom, smiling at my new reality.

We’re on this island together with no way to leave. We have no jobs to go to. No concerns about money, laundry, bills, family, broken dishwashers, or cars that won’t start.

It’s just us out here.

And we can do whatever we want.

All day, every day, we can do this. I can fuck this girl on every inch of this island in every way possible.

I grin as I float back up to the surface.

And that’s exactly what I plan on doing.

Chapter Eight

Molly

I'm sitting on the beach with a permanent smile on my face as I watch Blake walk over in his pants and jacket. I'm wearing his white button-up shirt, so it's all bare chest and chiseled abs underneath. He looks good enough to start a new trend, *if* we were back in civilization.

"So fancy," I say with a smile.

He chuckles as he throws the pile of sticks he's carrying beside the bonfire. "I wanted to dress up for my girl, considering this is like our first date."

Oops! I guess you're supposed to put out after a few dates, not before the first one. Oh well, it's not like he has anyone around to brag about besides the monkeys.

Speaking of monkeys, we found Blake's boxer briefs hanging in a tree on the way home. I was a little sad when he put them back on. I kind of liked the naked caveman side of him.

"Where would you take me on a first date?" I ask, leaning into the fantasy.

He wipes his big strong hands together and then sits beside me. I feel a tingle of electricity with him so close. I always do. It's like our bodies are meant to be together and they get charged with energy whenever they're near each other.

"I'd take you somewhere nice for dinner," he says as he grabs a fistful of sand and lets it slip through his fingers. I shiver as I remember the incredible way those hands felt on my body. The hard way they were gripping my breasts, the desperate way he spread my legs before devouring me with his ravenous mouth, and the firmness of his fingertips on my hips as he slid into me. This afternoon was amazing and I'm hoping our first date will end in a similar fashion.

"Where?" I ask as I wrap my arms around his and look into his eyes, batting my eyelashes.

"Somewhere romantic," he says as he grins at me. "Somewhere quiet with a nice view. A place where we can feel like it's just us."

I smile as I rest my cheek on his bicep and gaze out at the ocean. The sun is starting to set and the sky is putting on a colorful show. The ocean is sparkling a golden color as pink and purple hues splash across the vast sky.

I can feel my heart beating for this man as I watch a flock of birds flying in the distance. I'm falling hard for him. I think I'm already in love.

"We'd have a nice candlelight dinner," he continues in a soft smooth voice. "You'd try to pay half of the check and I wouldn't let you."

I smile. "That sounds about right."

"And then I'd take you for a nice walk around the old part of town and we'd get ice cream."

“What flavor would you get?” I’m picturing it now and I want to know every detail. I can already imagine what he’s wearing—dark jeans, a white button-up shirt, and a brown sports coat. He’d be freshly shaven with his hair styled to the side. I moan at the sexy image.

“Probably maple crunch,” he says. “And you?”

I think about it for a second. “Can I try different flavors?”

He laughs. “Sure.”

“Then I’d try the cookies and cream, pistachio, and the butter pecan.”

“And what would you get?”

“Plain vanilla.”

He laughs and I squeeze his arm tighter, loving the way his shoulders are shaking.

“What?” I say as I look up at him with a flirty look. “I’m a simple kind of girl.”

He gazes down at me with those devastating green eyes and my heart squeezes into a tight little ball. “There is *nothing* simple about you.”

“What makes you say that?” I ask, trying to tease a compliment or two out of him.

“Simple is uninteresting. It’s average. And you, my dear, are anything but uninteresting and average.”

I rest my blushing cheek back on his bicep as I stare at the ocean once again. The birds are gone, but there’s a new splash of orange streaking the sky to admire. There always seems to be something to catch your attention on this island.

I look at the gentle waves and my mind drifts back to landing in the water. The fear and the panic. It was so overwhelming. And then Blake was there beside me, guiding me through it, helping me to shore, saving me. I would have died without him.

Actually, I would be in the Cayman Islands eating in a restaurant right now without him, but I'm kind of glad to be here all the same.

I picture the plane at the bottom of the ocean filled with water. I can see the dead bodies floating around as little hermit crabs move in and fight over the new territory.

“Are you...?”

“What is it?” he whispers.

I take a deep breath as I steady my nerves. “Do you have anyone else to kill? Is that... over?”

His body stiffens. He grabs another handful of sand and lets it leak through his fingers as he stares at the spectacular sky.

I don't know if I can be with someone who's consumed with vengeance like that. I don't know if I can handle all that worrying about him. I'd be sick with fear that he'd go and get himself killed or thrown in jail. It would be too much to handle. I'd be worried sick every second I'm not with him. I'd still do it to be with him, but it would be a lot.

“Salvatore Brambilla was the last name on my list,” he says as a calm peacefulness washes over his face.

“And how long was that list?”

He doesn't want to answer.

“Blake?” He looks at me. “How long was the list?”

“Eighteen men.”

My jaw drops. My stomach churns. *Eighteen* men? He’s killed *eighteen* men?!

“Every single member of the crew who killed my father,” he says with long slow breaths. “Plus, the men above them who profited from his murder.”

Wow... My arm loosens around his as I turn back to the water.

“I would do it again in an instant,” he says with a firm resolve in his tone. “There’s nothing I wouldn’t do to protect my family.”

“But that wasn’t protection,” I say. “That was vengeance.”

“And I would do anything to avenge them too. If anyone takes away someone I love, I’ll kill them without hesitation.”

I picture him as a twelve-year-old boy with tears in his eyes and a broken heart as he finds out that his dad is never coming home. I guess I would be capable of doing the same. I know that I could kill anyone who tried to take this man away from me.

“All I did was take some evil out of the world,” he says. “I have no regrets for making the world a safer place for you.”

I wrap my arms around his bicep and look up at him.

“I understand if you feel the need to turn me in when we get home,” he says with his eyes on the gentle waves. “I won’t hold it against you. I won’t be mad. I could never be mad at you, Molly.”

I reach up, grab his cheek, and turn his head until his mesmerizing green eyes are on mine. “I’ll keep it a secret if you kiss me.”

He leans down and presses his soft lips to mine. I moan as he shifts his body and pulls me onto his lap, kissing me the entire time.

I slide my hands into his jacket, feeling his soft warm skin pulled tight over taut muscle. His cock gets hard against my thigh and I moan into his mouth.

Here I go again—putting out again before we’ve even had our first date. He’s going to start questioning if I was really a virgin if I keep slutting it up like this.

But it would be physically impossible to turn this man down. He’s got some kind of sexual hold on me. My body *craves* him constantly.

“*Oh,*” I gasp when I feel those big hands sliding under the long shirt I’m wearing. He grabs my panties and tugs them down. My twisted legs make it awkward, so I stand up, straddling him, and pull them down.

My shirt tumbles over my pussy, hiding it as he stares at the spot with his lustful eyes. I’m already so wet. I’m desperate for this man.

If I’m being honest, it’s a hell of a turn-on that he took out a whole crew of mafia assholes to avenge his family. I know he would do the same for me. He would go on a killing rampage to protect me.

“*Oh, Blake,*” I moan as he slides his sandy hands up the back of my thighs. He continues under my shirt and grips my bare ass.

“Pull that shirt up,” he commands in a deep throaty voice. I love it when he barks orders during sex like this. It makes me want to follow every single one to please him.

I grab the shirt and slowly pull it up, revealing my wet pussy. His hands tighten on my ass and he pulls me to his face.

My head drops back and I let out a deep passionate moan when I feel his tongue on me once again. He licks my pussy and sucks on my throbbing clit until I'm grabbing his hair in fistfuls and cumming all over his mouth.

He's *soooo* good at this. How is he so good at this?

I'm drowning in heated bliss as he takes care of me. I surrender all control and let him take over as he brings me onto his lap and spreads my legs. I'm straddling him and moaning uncontrollably as he slides his thick hard cock deep into my cumming pussy.

"You're home now, baby," he whispers as I rock my hips, grinding my engorged clit on the root of his cock. He's so big. I feel so *full*. "This is where you belong."

I lick my lips and grab onto his shoulders as he rocks his hips, inching in and out of me.

"This is where I want to stay..." I moan as I drop my head back and look up at the palm trees through half-closed eyes. "On this island with your cock lodged deep in my pussy."

Those strong hands grab my ass and he starts moving my body in a sensual rhythm, jerking himself off with my wet cunt.

I cling to him as he drives his hips up every time my body comes down. My clit slams into him over and over and it's not long before I'm cumming all over his beautiful cock.

This time, I can't hold back the screams. I cry out so loud that every monkey on the island is going to hear me. They're going to start gossiping about me if I'm not careful.

Blake grunts as he thrusts in deep. He holds himself inside me and releases a hot load of cum into my pussy. I moan in ecstasy when I feel his warmth filling me up.

I'm not on birth control, but I don't care. I want his seed to take root inside me. I want him in every way.

The fire crackles as the sun sets in the distance. It's a gorgeous spot and I can't think of another place I'd rather be.

After dinner, Blake takes me in his arms and dances with me while he hums softly into my ear.

It's just the two of us out here in paradise, but this romantic amazing man is all I need.

I don't care if we ever get rescued.

With perfect nights like this, why would I ever want to leave?

Chapter Nine

Blake

“I caught one!” Molly hollers after throwing her spear into the water. She has a huge smile on her face until she pulls the spear out and sees the wiggling fish on the end of it. “Awwww. Now I feel bad.”

I take it from her as her shoulders slump. “It’s okay, Molly. We have to eat.”

“I know,” she says as the fish stops wiggling. “I just don’t like seeing it up close. I’d rather order it off a menu and be oblivious to the suffering.”

We take the fish, our spears that I carved out of branches with a sharp rock, and head back to our camp to cook it up for breakfast. On the way back, we stop by the mango trees and grab a few juicy ones.

I’ve kinda lost track of time out here, but I think it’s been about a month and a half since we arrived. We’ve gotten the hang of things and settled into a nice routine. First, we get breakfast by the creek and cook it up. After that, we usually go for a hike around the island or up the mountain. That always ends with us swimming in our paradise cove and making love

on the rocks. I feel this sweet girl's pussy wrapped around me every day without fail.

After an easy afternoon, we collect food for dinner and cook it on the beach until the stars come out and we're falling asleep in each other's arms. Sometimes we make love on the sand and sometimes we just spend hours talking about everything and anything. I know this woman better than I've known anyone else in my entire life and I can say with even more certainty that she's the one for me.

"Do you think his fish family is missing him?" Molly asks as I turn the fish over the flames, getting the skin nice and crispy how she likes it.

I chuckle with my back to her. I don't want to laugh at her, but sometimes she's just so damn cute.

"No," I say. "He was the asshole of the pond. Everybody hated him and they're all thrilled that he's dead."

She laughs as she realizes how silly she's being. "I know you're mocking me, but I'm going to pretend that you're right."

Molly slices up the mangos with a sharp rock as I take off the fish and cut it up. We use these big thin flat rocks we found in the creek for plates, hollowed-out coconut shells for our water, and a table with chairs that I made out of fallen logs. It's not perfect, but it does the job and makes us feel a little civilized and not like we're barbarian cavemen living in the wild.

"It's good," she says as she bites into the fish and chews it. "Extra crispy, thanks."

I smile as I take a bite. My high-end designer clothes didn't last long on this island. They tore apart and practically

disintegrated off our bodies, so now, we're always naked. I like it better this way. I can see my girl's hot sexy body whenever I desire.

"There's the mother with the baby again," Molly says with a smile as she looks up at the trees. I glance at her chest and then follow her eyes up to the tree. An adorable little baby is clinging to its mother's stomach. Both of them are watching us.

The monkeys are always in the trees watching us whenever we eat and they're always hanging around the camp, trying to get our scraps. As soon as we leave, they'll be climbing down and going through our stuff. It's annoying, but there's not much we can do about it. Anyways, they were here first.

I can tell by the longing in Molly's eyes as she looks at the mama and baby that she's yearning for a child of her own. I am too. I want to start a family with this woman. I want to see her as a mom. I want to stuff her womb with babies until this island is full of little clones of us scampering around.

"They're acting strange today," she says as she looks around at the trees. She's right. The monkeys seem to be on edge. They keep bouncing around and screeching at each other.

I don't think much more of it until we're heading to the cove to spend another incredible afternoon exploring each other's bodies.

"Blake!" Molly gasps as she grabs my arm. "Look!"

My stomach drops when I see a motorboat parked on the shore and footprints in the sand.

"Over there!" she says, pointing at the ocean. There's a medium-sized boat anchored in the bay. I can hardly believe

my eyes.

“There’s someone on there!” Molly says as the person flips a page of a book. “I think he’s drinking coffee! Blake, they have coffee! And they must have food!”

This is the moment I both hoped for and dreaded since falling in love with this woman. What’s going to happen if we leave this place? Will we still be as close? Will she still love me when I’m not her only option?

She grabs my hand and looks up at me. The happiness fades away and she suddenly looks sad.

“I guess... this is over?”

“What’s over?”

Her eyes drop to the sand. “Our little paradise...”

I squeeze her hands until she looks up at me. “Wherever we’re together, it’s paradise.”

“But... it will be different at home.”

“Different, yes. But it will still be amazing, Molly. We can buy a house and fill it with children. We can get a puppy, get married, and have a long life full of happiness and adventures together.”

Her chin quivers as it sinks in. We’re leaving... We’re actually leaving.

“I’m going to miss that cove,” she says as she looks longingly down the path.

“I’ll miss it too.”

I vow to one day buy her a vacation villa on the beach with our own personal cove nearby.

“But think how fun it will be to have sex on an actual bed,” I say as I pull her against me. She moans as she runs her hands up my chest. “With soft sheets. Pillows. No more hard rocks digging into our asses, elbows, and knees.”

She laughs. “That does sound nice.”

Voices ring out in the distance and my back straightens. They’re coming this way. It’s so strange to hear another voice other than Molly’s. I don’t like it. It feels like some unwanted visitor is trespassing in our home.

Two researchers are talking about monkeys as they walk down the path. We see them before they notice us. It’s two women, but I still pull Molly’s naked body behind mine to cover her. Male or female, I don’t want anyone’s eyes on my girl. Her sexy little pink parts are for my enjoyment only.

“Oh!” one of them says, jerking to a stop when she sees me.

The other one gasps as she spots me too. “What the... fuck?”

They both look stunned as they stare at me in shock. In their defense, it must be pretty shocking to think this island is deserted and then to suddenly come across a six-foot-six muscular naked man standing in their path.

“Behold!” Molly hollers in a masculine voice as she hides behind my back. “I am Blake! King of the monkeys!”

The women looks so confused as Molly giggles behind me. I shake my head and chuckle as she pops her head out from behind my arm.

“Hello!” she says with a wave. “Don’t be afraid. He’s naked because we lost our clothes, not because he’s a pervert. Well, he’s a pervert, but in a good way.”

The women's eyes roam down my body and their cheeks turn bright pink when they spot my naked cock.

Molly rips a big leaf off a tropical plant and covers my lower half with it.

"Are you two... stuck here?" the woman with glasses asks.

"Our plane crashed a few weeks ago," Molly says. "His fault."

"It was not!" I say as she shrugs her shoulders. "Okay, it was a little bit my fault."

"A few weeks?!" the woman clutching the clipboard to her chest says in horror. "Are you guys okay?"

They hurry over and Molly grabs another leaf to cover herself. She holds it against her body and steps out from behind me.

"Imagine being stuck on a desert island with this gorgeous specimen of a man. How do you think I'm doing?"

Their cheeks start blushing again as they look me over from my big shoulders down to my bare feet.

"I imagine pretty well," the one with glasses whispers to herself.

"We'll take you home," the one with the clipboard says. "We need to take some samples first, but then we're headed to George Town on Grand Cayman."

"Sally, we'll skip the samples!" glasses says. "We need to get them off this island. They probably need to see a doctor."

"We're fine," Molly says. "Take your time and we'll go back with you when you're ready."

They look unsure.

“It’s all good,” I say. “We’ve stayed healthy.”

They look me over again. “Yeah, I can see that,” Sally mumbles. “*Very* healthy.”

“I’ll go get some clothes for you two,” glasses says as she hurries to the boat. “Sally, you get started on the samples and we’ll all leave in about an hour. Is that okay?”

“An hour is great.”

Sally rushes off into the jungle to get the samples as the woman with glasses starts the motorboat and races back to the small ship parked in the bay.

“An hour left...” Molly says as she bites her bottom lip and gives me a flirty look. “What should we do?”

“One more dip in paradise cove?” I ask with a raised eyebrow.

We’re going to do a lot more than swimming. It’s going to be the last time, so we have to make it count.

“You read my mind.”

She grabs my hand and we hurry down the path, about to enjoy our little slice of paradise for the last time.

Epilogue

Molly

Three months later...

“Hi, Mrs. Marsh,” one of the kids says with a big smile as I walk into the elementary school.

“Hey, Oscar,” I say as I put my hand out for a low five. As soon as he tries to hit it, I yank it away. “Too slow.”

He laughs as I continue down the hall. “I’ll get you next time!” he calls out.

“Yeah, right,” I say before sticking my tongue out at him. He’s such a cutie. A bit of a troublemaker, but the cute ones usually are.

I knock on the wooden doorframe of the reception as I poke my head in.

“Hi, Molly!” the receptionist says. “He’s in his office.”

“Thanks, Carol,” I say as I walk in and head to the door that has a sign with *Principal Marsh* written on it.

I lift my fist to knock and my big diamond engagement ring catches my eye. It still takes my breath away every time I see it. The night we moved into our house, Blake proposed in

the empty living room. We were eating sushi on the floor in front of the fireplace and he pulled out this spectacular ring and asked me to marry him. It was incredibly romantic. I said yes immediately.

I smile as I knock on the door and his big gruff voice rings out. “Come in.”

God, he looks so sexy behind that desk. He’s wearing a light blue collared shirt with a dark blue and light gray striped tie. The shirt falls perfectly on those big shoulders and hugs his hard biceps in a way that makes me want to tear it off and send those buttons bouncing on the floor.

His hair is styled to the side and he’s got a sexy grin on his lips when he sees me walking into his office.

It’s been a dream ever since we came home. My parents are in love with Blake and my friends are all jealous of me, constantly asking how I got so lucky. I’m getting close with his mom and his friends, although they’re a bit older. They’re really nice and are very accepting of me. One of them told me it was because they’d never seen Blake look so happy. I’m so thrilled I’m having that effect on him.

We told the authorities that the plane was about to crash so we parachuted out, and that seemed to be enough. They never found the wreckage, so the evidence is somewhere at the bottom of the ocean, never to be found again. I’m just happy that part of Blake’s life is over. We can start a new chapter with nothing but happiness in store for us.

“Hey, baby,” he says as I slip inside and close the door. “How was class?”

He’s talking about the two college classes I had today—Introduction to Environmental Science and Wildlife

Management. After meeting the researchers and hanging out with them on their ship while they brought us back to civilization, I realized what I want to study. I'd like to become a conservation scientist, just like them.

"I got in trouble," I say in a pouty voice as I strut over to him. I put my palms on his desk and bend my back so my ass is sticking out. "Is the big bad principal going to punish me?"

He makes a growly noise as his eyes roam over my arched back and onto my ass. I'm wearing the jeans he loves, so I'm really tempting the beast here.

"Not here," he says as he glances at the closed door. "I can't..."

"Maybe you should take me home and punish me..." I sit in the chair facing his desk and nibble my bottom lip as I look at him under my eyelashes.

"That sounds like the best idea I heard all day."

He gets up, grabs my hand, and pulls me to the door.

"I have to leave early, Carol," he says as he pulls me out of the office. "Emergency."

The bell is about to ring anyway, so I don't feel too bad about making him play hooky.

We get in our cars and race home as the desire builds to a frenzy. By the time we burst into our gorgeous new house, we're both ready to blow.

We lunge on each other in the foyer and tear each other's clothes off as we try to make it up the stairs. We only get halfway up before he thrusts his beautiful rock-hard cock deep inside my aching pussy.

“*Oh shit,*” I cry out as he fucks me hard on the stairs, making me cum almost immediately. My body shakes and convulses as I release all over his hard thrusting dick. It feels sooo good.

I don't need an island paradise or a secluded cove to enjoy this man. All I need is that hard dick and I'm good.

He cums deep inside me and I realize that it's been a long time since I've had my period. Too long.

With all of the excitement of starting college, the engagement, Blake's new school year, and getting settled into our new house, I completely forgot.

I guess we're going to have one more incredible thing to look forward to.

With Blake by my side, I know it's going to be amazing...

Epilogue

Blake

Twenty-five years later...

I can't believe we're returning to this island after all these years. I get choked up when I spot it in the distance like a carapace of a giant turtle floating on the blue ocean.

The wonderful weeks spent on that island was when I fell in love for the first and last time. It's been so meaningful to my life. I can split my life in two and the split happened on that island; the lonely time in my life before Molly and the incredible time since.

"It's as beautiful as I remembered," Molly says as she wraps her arms around my stomach and hugs me.

The warm ocean wind washes over us as we sail toward it. I bought a sailboat and have been learning how to sail for the past five years just for this moment. All so I could step foot on that hunk of rock with my girl once again. So we could return to the place where we fell in love and regain a little of the fire, a little of the magic, a little of our youth which has gone so fast.

It's been a wonderful twenty-five years together. We started a family as soon as we got home and had four amazing kids. They're probably at home right now having a raging keg party and fucking up our house, but we'll deal with that when we return. I can't complain. I've done a lot worse.

I rub my girl's back as I think back on the time we met. She watched as I killed several men in cold blood and still found room in her heart to love me. She was still able to see the good in me. I've never forgotten that. I never will.

A bird cuts across the sky as our sails flap in the wind. We're so close. I can almost feel the warm water of the lagoon on my skin. Why did we ever leave?

"Sometimes I wonder if we made a mistake leaving," I say as I gaze out at the mountain.

"So do I," she says with a wistful voice. "But then I think of our kids and how amazing our life has been. A desert island is no place to raise a family."

"Yeah, they would have driven us crazy."

She laughs—a laugh that's so familiar, but yet still gets my heart pumping every time I hear it. "Can you imagine? As toddlers running around?"

"Or teenagers. Imagine being stuck on an island with Cynthia while she was going through that phase?"

"Oh my god." Molly laughs and shakes her head. "I think we were better off leaving. It was the perfect time. Early enough to keep the magic, but not long enough to ruin it."

"The magic could never be gone with you, my love," I say as I hold her tighter. "Twenty-five years and it's still here."

She smiles as she looks up at me with those sun-kissed cheeks and her wavy hair flowing in the breeze. I've never been more in love.

"You're sweet," she says as she steps on her toes and kisses me.

The island gets closer. We bring down the sails and I throw down the anchor in the bay.

She shivers as she looks at me with big excited eyes.

"Are you ready to get your world rocked on Paradise Cove?"

She grins as she nods. "I've been waiting twenty-five years for you to ask me that."

"Then let's not waste another second."

We lower our motorboat onto the water, jump in, and race to the shore, excited to experience our paradise cove once more...

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