



*Seduction in the lap of luxury...*

*Award-winning wines have helped Dexter Drake turn his family's luxury resort and spa into the most successful vineyard in Southern California. Yet Dexter has another talent – his prowess with women. He is having too much fun to settle down...until he meets Faye Buckner, a guest at the vineyard's hotel. Her act of kindness makes it impossible for him to get the beautiful doctor out of his mind.*

*Faye believes in making the world a better place, and has dedicated her career to saving lives. She plans to concentrate on her work. But she soon discovers that the breathtaking playboy isn't just gorgeous – he is intelligent and compassionate, too. Should Faye remain focused solely on her career or listen to Dexter's passionate promises...and her own heart?*

**Chapter 1**

Practical, no-nonsense Dr. Faye Buckner lay in uncharted waters—literally and figuratively—feeling wanton, wicked and strangely...free. The water swirled around her body as her lover's tongue traced circles against her heartbeat, causing flutters from her stomach to her heat. *Ah, yes. The beautiful beaches of Haiti. But how did I get here with him?*

“Relax.” Her lover's voice was as soothing as the water and as warm as a summer breeze.

“I can't.”

“Yes, you can. I'll help you.” He laid a trail of kisses down her neck, over her collarbone and on her shoulder, all the while brushing feathery fingers up and down her arm. Goosebumps appeared on the upper part of her body. A furnace of passion exploded within. He captured a nipple with his teeth, pulled it inside his mouth. Not wanting to appear rude or neglectful, he slid his hand to her other nipple, pebbling it between his thumb and forefinger before moving his hand down farther...to her navel, hip and inner thigh.

A foreign feeling of losing control caused her to squeeze her legs together.

Her lover raised up on one elbow as his finger slid up and down the crease caused by her tightly clenched thighs. She closed her eyes.

“Don't be shy,” he said with a chuckle. “Trust me.”

He leaned over and placed a soft, reverent kiss just below her navel.

Her breath came fast, and her heart beat faster.

He eased back up to her breast. Feathery kisses rained down on her dewy, soft skin, a trail of tantalizing sensations across the fleshy plains of her softness, her boyishly lean frame a perfect canvas for his oral artistry. He reached the thighs, which were still pressed against each other. He lowered himself farther, kissing, rubbing and licking the line that served as the gateway to her desire.

“Let go.”

She moaned, shaking her head from side to side. She couldn't. She wouldn't! But why not? She had no answer to that question. Her mind was muddled, logic elusive. *How can this be happening?* But it was. She could feel it, could feel him, everywhere.

“Don't think, baby. Just feel. Give yourself to me.” His tongue stiffened, became more insistent even as he eased his hands underneath her booty, licking a wedge between her armor, causing her thighs to part of their own volition. The act was unexpected, the air against her love button a delicious friction. *How is the wind blowing there?* She dared open one eye and look downward. His bow-shaped lips were parted; it was he who fanned her flame. There, in the most intimate of places. Hot breath touched her feminine furnace as he spread her legs and then kissed her inner thighs. Before she could ponder the deliciousness of the way his skillful tongue felt against her sensitive skin, he moved on to an even more sensitive spot and kissed it. She gasped, taking in a mouthful of air, releasing a lifetime of inhibitions. Without waiting for instruction or permission, her hips began a circular dance, lifting up to meet his tongue. Again, her rational self tried to intervene, tried to argue that such gyrations were inappropriate, lewd, nasty.

He licked her there. Between her lower lips. Once. Again. Deeper still. Reason-fled, replaced by desire. She moaned, stroked his close-cropped hair as he stroked her.

“That's right. Relax and enjoy this.” He ran his lips over her nether ones, over and again, kissing her with a tenderness that brought tears to her eyes and wetness in other places. She tossed and turned and tried to get away. He captured her thighs with his large hands, looked up at her with glazed eyes and a wicked smile. “You're not going anywhere,” he said. “And neither am I.”

In that moment, Faye's heart burst—and her head fell against something hard like steel, cold like glass and...leathery. Leather? At the ocean?

*WTH?*

The cheerful, gray-haired driver glanced back at his passenger waking from an unexpected nap. “Wake up, Sleeping Beauty. We're almost there!”

