

Pleasure Island

By Kellie Kamryn

“This is a what?”

Chelsea Hunter couldn't believe her ears. An island resort dedicated to entertaining people's sexual pleasures? This wasn't what she'd signed up for when reserving her room at the beautiful Caribbean locale. What the hell would people think if they found out she'd come here?

“I assure you that you're in the right place, Ms. Hunter,” the blonde behind the reception desk told her.

Chelsea struggled to look anywhere but at the receptionist's chest, whose gigantic breasts spilled out of her red string bikini. “There must be a mistake. I reserved a room at Paradise Resort.”

“This is Paradise, baby,” drawled a smooth voice from Chelsea's left.

Chelsea turned, only to struggle again with where to look. There stood one of the most gorgeous men she'd ever laid eyes on. She'd guess him a few inches shy of six feet, but his perfectly sculpted body totally made up for it. He may not have been tall, but the handsome factor was off the charts. Close cropped dark hair, midnight eyes, broad shoulders and chest without an ounce of body hair, tapered waist, and—Whoa. A zap of lust zinged straight to her core, and she dropped her gaze to his muscled thighs. That couldn't be real. Maybe his Speedo made it appear larger. She flicked another quick look. Damn...Wet heat rushed between her thighs.

Bringing her gaze back up to his face, she flushed at the amused sparkle in his eyes. She braced her hands on the reception desk, her wedding ring twinkling a bittersweet reminder as she leaned forward.

“There has to be some mistake,” Chelsea pleaded. “I'm at the wrong place.”