

2014

Derik Brand's eyes swept the western horizon—what was visible of it. Black clouds roiled like tumbling boulders for as far as he could see. Derik glanced again at his chart as he struggled to hold his Choy Lee 36 sloop quartering south-by-southeast on a reach for Martinique ... and safe harbor.

He wasn't going to make it.

Tropical Storm Chico churned into a hurricane and surged into the Eastern Caribbean a full day ahead of expectations. Against the surge of the storm he may not be able to beat east enough to even make Dominica, much less Martinique. Derik turned up his marine radio, set on Coast Guard advisories. His teeth clenched as he listened, a pained groan rumbling in his chest.

"This is a weather alert. Hurricane Chico has fed on the warm waters of the Eastern Caribbean, blossoming quickly from a tropical storm to a category two hurricane. It is expected to further strengthen, moving west at twenty knots, and may approach Cat Four strength when it arrives at the Winward Islands tonight. All marine vessels should immediately seek safe harbor and batten down. This is a weather alert. Hurricane Chico ..."

"Tonight, my ass!" Derik snapped off the radio to conserve battery. "The outer bands are here now. If I can't make Dominica, where the hell can I go?"

He snatched off his cap, ran fingers through soaked, shoulder-length blond curls and peeked at his chart, drenched and plastered to the custom panel secured at the side of the helm. He struggled to hold the sloop's head up, but the storm drove them relentlessly west. He scanned southeast and made out tips of peaks on the small island of Dominica, midway between Puerto Rico and Venezuela, but no way, in this wind, he could get there.

His hope now was to reach some sort of uncharted cay before the full brunt of the storm descended on him. This leased thirty-six-foot sloop would surely founder, taking him down with it.

"Shit!" An avid sailor, he'd planned this bucket-list month of solo cruising the Caribbean after getting his Master's Degree at Northwestern. A last fling before committing to a finance job as second assistant controller at Wall & Baker that was plunging down the tubes.

And if he didn't find shelter soon, he might follow it into oblivion.

Derik pocketed his sunglasses, unnecessary in the gathering gloom, and grabbed binoculars that hung around his neck. A spoke of the custom wheel wedged under his arm, he struggled to hold a steady course in the shrieking gale while peering west over the

roiling sea. Plumes of foam and sheets of cold spray drenched him and partially occluded his view as he swept the surface out to the far horizon where lighter sky still prevailed.

Nothing but towering waves and ... wait! Was that ...? He wiped his eyes, blinked, and peered again through the glasses. The pitch and slew of the yacht made focusing dicey.

*Yes!* A bulge of land—a largish hill. No, *two* hills. And there, a second one, maybe a half-mile east of the first.

Two tiny cays! He lowered the glasses, and as he took a bearing, lost control of the helm. The spoked wheel spun hard, the handles thumping his hand and forearm. The boat skidded across an eight-foot wave, healed hard starboard and sliced through a mountain of water, towering above and about to swamp it.

Derik snatched the whirling helm wheel, jamming two fingers, but was able to bring her about to port. She popped out of the canyon of water as it collapsed around him with a thorough but not fatal dousing.

He spit out a mouthful of seawater, steadied the yacht, still healing hard to starboard, and found again through salt-blurred eyes, those fast-approaching hills of possible safety. If he could gain a heading of maybe five degrees easterly and not get tossed overboard, he should make the western one. He snatched up a nearby rope and lashed himself to the helm with a quick-release knot and studied his rigging, straining in the gale: full jib and half main-sail. He had to chance increasing the main sheet or he wouldn't have enough speed to reach the isles before the storm drove him past them.

Derik murmured thanks to the outfitter who'd installed a retrofitted aluminum mast and upgraded the sloop's auto-furl to modern standards, as he cranked up a bit more sail. The yacht healed even more onto its starboard hull as it surged ahead, its railing nearly awash. It plowed through eight-foot waves, battered by powerful winds, seeking safety among two uncharted cays.

Sheets of salty spray crept past Derik's yellow slicker, sending rivulets of cold water down his spine as the Choy Lee wallowed through troughs and across whitecapped peaks. The sturdy sloop staggering toward a growing vista of green hills and, hopefully, a protected cove where they might snuggle in lee waters until angry Chico fled west.

Twenty minutes later, with his retrofitted Perkins diesel at full throttle, he reefed his main sail and jib, sloshed through troughs inundating him with cascades of seawater, and motored into relatively lee waters provided by the little isle's two low hills.

The tiny niche in the shoreline hardly qualified as a cove, but it would have to do. Derik snuggled the sloop as tight to shore as possible and dropped anchor, then hurried astern and threw his second anchor, really a grappling hook. It took three tosses, as he struggled to keep his wiry 6'2" frame from going overboard, before the pronged hook snagged rocks. Derik drew it tight, nosing the sloop into the wind, and wound the line across two cleats.

He threw open the hatch door and staggered below into the cabin to retrieve necessities—a change of clothes, a sack of dried rations, bottles of water, his portable

marine radio, and as an afterthought, his 1911 Colt .45. Just in case something or someone unfriendly was on this tiny patch of land. All went into a waterproof boat bag.

He had to get off the yacht, which may still founder as the wind shifted. He hoped he'd find some sort of shelter ashore.

Back on deck, he stumbled to his knees as he fought to lower the ten-foot, stern-mounted dinghy with its 9.9 hp Mercury outboard and a full six-gallon tank of fuel. He slithered aboard the bucking skiff, teetered, and lost his balance, pitching over the side. His knees caught the gunnel with a painful smack, his gut slamming down on the railing and his face catching a full wave, but he was saved from a complete dousing.

His boat bag wasn't so lucky. It splashed overboard and began floating away. Derik struggled back inside the little boat, swiped stinging saltwater from his eyes, swore, and gave a yank on the starter cord. The stubborn little engine required CHOKe and six pulls on the starter before it chugged to life.

Two precious minutes slid by as he tried to release the davits, confounded by the bucking sloop and heaving waves. Freed finally and fighting smaller chop, he sped after his floating bag, catching up to it at the mouth of the tiny cove.

He snatched up a boat hook, stored under the gunnel, but heavier wave action at that more exposed area was a serious impediment. Twice he nearly went overboard while trying to grapple the black bag's strap. Luckily, its waterproof construction kept it afloat, and he finally managed to snag a strap, but a hard wave broke it free, and he flopped backward, skinning his back and bruising his butt.

Derik swore as he scrambled back to his knees and peered over the side. The sack bobbed along, now within arm's reach. He leaned out and snatched it, took a full wave in the face, and sputtered, spitting water as he hauled it aboard.

He collapsed on the heaving floorboards, gasping for breath and tried to quell his roiled gut and quiet his pounding heart. Not even his toughest game as quarterback, while an undergrad at U. of Miami, had fired such exhaustion.

Those were just games. This was life or death.

That thought got him back on the dinghy's rear seat, and at full throttle, was drenched by chilly spray as the skiff pitched and slewed across growing waves, back into the relative shelter of the cove. Derik beached the little boat and hauled it across the rocky shore, his face stung now by wind-driven sand. He headed for two sturdy palms, dancing in the wind.

With the outboard and gas tank removed, he upended the boat, covered them, and lashed the bow and then stern between the two trees. If he couldn't find better shelter, he may have to hunker under the skiff and hope for the best.

He slung the boat bag over his shoulder and groaned at aches in his back and right hip. He'd taken a worse beating than ever inflicted by a blitzing linebacker. Derik shielded his eyes from stinging rain, pelting him by the driven wind, and slogged toward the nearest hillside, seeking shelter. A large rock outcropping would be nice.

A cave would be even better, but not likely.

Any real cover was scanty. No large boulders to wedge behind and very little growth along the base of what was more a cliff than a hillside. Derik stumbled along the nearly vertical base searching for something ... anything to provide some measure of protection. The full strength of a possible Category Four storm would be upon him very soon, and if he didn't find ...

*Hey.* A large clump of shrubbery clung to a slight slope of the cliff's surface, about four-feet up. If it grew there, there should be some sort of indentation for it to root into. He hoped so, because he was running out of steam. Derik secured the strap of his bag with sturdy twine he'd brought, hooked the other end to his belt, and tested one of the limbs to see if it would hold his weight.

It seemed secure. He was half-way up, reaching for more when the greenery pulled loose. He plummeted down, slamming hard on his back, his right leg awkwardly twisted.

"Shit." He rolled over, flexed the leg and grimaced. Sprained but survivable. Sand brushed from his hair, he limped back to the cliff's base and glared at the green promise of possible safety. Derik groaned, reached up to gather two branches this time, and using his last reserves, hauled himself up.

He grasped other limbs as he worked to the end of the patch and wriggled behind the growth. Surprised, he found a larger opening than expected. His bag, still suspended from his belt, was retrieved, and he pushed into the niche.

More surprises ... he kept going.

*Wow! A cave.* Black and dank, he sneezed at the musty odor, and his eyes watered. He struggled slowly to his feet and tested for a roof as his eyes began to adjust to the gloom. A sigh hissed between teeth as he flexed his aching back, then he shoved his arms full stretch above his head, meeting no ceiling.

He sank to the ground, found soft earth not rocks, and sighed again.

*Safe, at least for now. So tired ...* He dragged over his boat bag, stretched out, used it as a pillow, and despite being chilled and wet, slept.

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Derik lurched awake, startled by loud booms of thunder, confused by the blanketing darkness and musty smell. He shivered.

"Where the hell ...?" Then he remembered.

The hurricane, and a cave to hide in. He sat up, stymied, unable to make out anything around him. He scrambled for his boat bag, found two light-sticks, and snapped one, finally able to scan his nearby surroundings. He lumbered to his feet and winced at a dart of pain across his right knee.

"Sprained the sucker during that fall," he mumbled. He swept the area within the limited range of the light-stick's green glow, and looking up, was unable to see the roof of

the cave. It was huge. He shined the green light across the floor and noticed scattered piles of twigs, small branches, and larger pieces of what looked like driftwood. Plenty for a fire.

He dragged piles of wood and kindling close to the cave's entrance, hoping any smoke would be drawn outside. Wind howled, and rain pelted the island with almost solid sheets of water. Hurricane Chico had settled in and was making itself known. He shivered again, still wet and chilled. He needed that fire. The tangled brush at the cave's mouth shimmered and shook but repelled most of the storm's fury.

Derik set about building a flame, and eight minutes later a nice blaze crackled, lighting up more of the cave. Thunder cracked and he spied lightning flashes through the screen of leaves. As he'd hoped, smoke was drawn out as the wind whistled by. He sat and warmed his hands, then turned, hoping to dry his back and chase away the chills.

Soon he rose and limped to the center of the cavern, seeking more driftwood. By the flickering firelight he spotted two piles, bleached white branches, near the side wall, but as he got nearer, he jerked back.

"Holy crap!" Not bleached driftwood. Bones! Skeletons, actually. He retrieved his light-stick from near the fire and returned, kneeling for a better look.

The two skeletons appeared mostly intact, laying feet to feet, as if they'd been facing each other when they died. What little clothing that remained was rotted leather boots, belts, and a few tatters of cloth. Maybe some sort of tri-corner hat for the one on the left. And—wow—an old black powder pistol near the guy on the right who also appeared to have a sword ... looked like a cutlass from old pirate movies ... jammed into his ribs.

"Jesus. Were these pirates fighting over treasure?" He rose and stroked his chin. *Coulda been over two hundred years ago, hiding in this cave all this time.*

*Treasure?* He wondered as he moved around the bodies. *Totally undisturbed all these years.* He's probably the first to discover them, since these tiny cays would never attract tourists ... or even explorers. The cave was invisible until he climbed behind that scruffy outgrowth.

Derik stumbled, barely avoiding a fall and grimaced at a bolt of pain lancing his knee. He sucked in a couple of breaths to quiet his heart and glanced down. Something near the bodies glinted in the green light. He leaned over and brushed away the dirt.

A spade. Rusted iron blade but the oak handle was still solid.

*A spade?* Something to bury treasure with? Something to fight and die over? He knelt, the ancient tool in hand, and examined the nearby dirt floor. He tested the surface with the point of the shovel. Firm, but diggable. Had they buried their loot here and then, filled with greed, died over who owned it?

Derik moved around the two, jabbing at the ground. If that were it, it should be close ... He paused, then dug again at the spot he'd just tried. Appeared softer, but after all these years that seemed unlikely. He struggled to his feet, and ignoring a pained knee, began to dig. If it were there, it shouldn't be too deep. He searched methodically, working away from the two skeletons. A few minutes later he struck something hard. Furious shoveling,

dirt flying everywhere, produced nothing more exciting than a three-foot long, flat boulder. He moved on.

A half-hour later, he sunk to his seat, sweating and exhausted, with no chest of gold discovered. Was this wishful thinking? No, there had to be something there. Those two hadn't fought to their deaths for nothing. He struggled wobbly to his feet and studied the many holes he'd dug. No results other than the small boulder ... He cocked his head, then limped back to his first dig and studied the partially uncovered rock. It was the only one he'd run across, which now seemed strange.

"Had they ...?" He began digging and found the edges of the three-foot wide rock. He cleared away the earth surrounding it, worked the blade of the shovel under one edge, and pried. The stone, a slab really, rose, then slithered off the iron blade and dropped down, making a resounding thump.

*A resounding thump?* Not the sound of hitting dirt. More vigorous digging beside the rock revealed something else hard under it. A treasure chest, obscured by the rock?

The slab was too heavy for him to lift, especially with a damaged knee, but Derik cleared away a large area to one side, and levering with the still sturdy spade, spilled the rock into the hole. A quick brushing away of the surface where it had sat produced the top of a copper-banded, oaken chest.

Derik gasped, hands fisted on his hips. A feral scream burst from his lungs.

"Pirate-fucking-treasure." He sank to the ground, rolling back and forth with breathless laughter, suddenly quelled. He sat up and caught his breath. What country do these little cays belong to? Whichever, they surely have laws about ownership of treasure discovered under their purview. And what, exactly, had he found, and of what value?

He scurried back to the chest and began digging away at the sides to free it up. No need to hurry. The storm still raged outside and would be at least another day before things calmed down. The painful knee forgotten, he worked methodically and soon had the three-foot-wide chest fully exposed.

He grabbed a brass handle but could barely lift one end. Pausing to ponder for a moment, he retrieved the cutlass from the duel of death and used it as a slide. He was twenty-four and still ripped from a rigorous workout routine he'd continued after his four years as quarterback for national championship runner-up, Miami Hurricanes. Using everything he had, he managed to work the chest out of its tomb and onto the cave's floor.

Panting, he regarded the large, padlocked hasp. At least two-hundred-years-old, it should be easy to break. He was wrong. Several resounding smashes with the spade were useless. He sat, spread-legged, and glared at the offending lock. Then he remembered his 1911. He retrieved the Colt .45 from his bag and standing well back, took the shot. His ears rang as the boom echoed throughout the cave, but the lock hung free.

Derik dropped the pistol in his bag, knelt in front of the oaken box, removed the broken padlock, and raised the rusty iron hasp. He sucked in a breath and grasped the lid, but it didn't budge. The iron hinges were rusted. He rose and tugged again but there were

no lid-handles to grasp, and it refused to oblige. He scowled at the age-stained top, then had an idea.

Retrieving the cutlass, also corroded by time, but still keen-edged, he forced the blade under a corner of the lid. Using it as lever, he managed to open a gap. Repeated at the other corner with the same results, he now had handholds. He crouched, fingers under the top's lip, and ignoring a painful knee, used the strength of his leg to raise the lid, screeching it as it swung open.

Panting for breath, he stepped back, and his eyes flared at what he saw. Gold, silver, diamond rings and broaches, a huge emerald pendant, rubies mounted in a gold neckless ... and gold coins. Piles of coins, loose and in sacks. He plucked up one bearing the image of what was probably a king. Flipping it, it was engraved with Spanish and the date 1688.

"Jesus!" This may have been taken by pirates and hidden here over three-hundred years ago. This was worth millions. He knelt again, pawing through the treasure, his mind numb. Then he noticed paper—parchment, really—fastened to the underside of the lid. He removed it with care, worried it may disintegrate from age. Some sort of document, in Spanish, and penned with flourishes. He started to lay it aside when he noticed a scrawled sketch on the back. As he studied it, his brow creased, realizing it was a rendering of these two tiny cays. It depicted the one he was on with a rough likeness to the cave, and a large "X," right where he found the treasure.

His heart pounded when he understood what he was looking at—a treasure map. And the sketch of the other island, about a half-mile east of where he was hunkered down, showed another cave with *another X*.

"Holy shit," he muttered. Was there another chest like this, just a half-mile away? He shivered and plopped back on his butt, his laughter so intense he fell over, rolling back and forth on the dirt. When the storm abated, and if his sloop was intact, he'd sail up there and see if he were really that lucky.

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Two days passed, and angry Chico was long gone, bringing its fury to Cuba, and expected to move into the Gulf Coast. Old Sol peeked from behind billowing white cumulus, and the breeze was not yet hot, wafting gently across rippled, sparkling water.

The Choy Lee sloop had survived the storm largely intact, thanks to the retrofitted aluminum mast and fiber-glassed decking. The tiny cove had provided enough lee protection to keep her safe.

Derik spent half a day cleaning her up and getting ready to sail. He'd motored the dingy to the second island as soon as conditions allowed, and used his new-found map to uncover a second, slightly smaller chest, equally laden with incredible treasure. All he had

to do was figure out how to tote it off the two cays without alerting the local governments. He sure as hell didn't want to share his new-found loot with some greedy pol who'd probably line his own pockets.

He needed a full day and part of an evening to transfer his loot from both islands to the boat. He filled backpacks and boat bags with as much as he could carry, making dozens of trips. Once everything was aboard, he refilled each chest and secured them as deep in the hold as he could, covering them with a tarp.

He hailed the boat's owner on his ship-to-shore radio and assured him he'd survived the storm and requested an extension on the lease. Request granted, he promised to forward the payment as soon as he reached a major port.

Derik set sail for Martinique the next day. Once dockside in Fort-de-France, he again had cell phone service, and called a professor he knew at Northwestern University. The man was an avid numismatist, especially well-schooled on old coins. Derik needed guidance as to the value of these coins, and was elated to discover that 17<sup>th</sup> Century Spanish gold coins, if pristine, could fetch well over \$5,000 each, but King Philip gold doubloons dated 1688 were extremely rare and had been known to sell for as much as \$20,000, and occasionally even more at auction.

Derik perched at the dinner table in the sloop's salon and hunkered over his inventory notes. He struggled to get a handle on the enormity of what he'd stumbled upon, thanks to Hurricane Chico, the earliest Cat 4 storm ever to batter the Caribbean in June.

Most of the doubloons were in sacks. He'd counted five-hundred in one sack, and there were three others of similar size ... ten to twenty-million dollars in doubloons. Of course, he couldn't cash them all at once, or the market value would drop. The old rules of supply and demand, but he checked the current prices of pure gold, about \$1,100 per troy ounce on the Commodities Market, or about \$16,000 per pound. So, just for its gold, the coins alone were worth about two-million.

Plus, there were twenty-four gold ingots, probably twenty-five pounds each, worth about ten-million dollars. And stacks of diamond and emerald jewelry, and several gem-encrusted crosses and other religious items. Some of the diamonds were huge—maybe ten carats—and to his untrained eye, looked perfect. A few emeralds were even larger. If he could get all safely back to the States, the whole collection was worth many tens of millions, if properly managed. Luckily, he *did* have a master's degree in finance.

Derik visited a marine hardware dealer near the dock and purchased two substantial hasps and locks and the tools with which to mount them. Three-hours later, the hatch to the cabin was well secured with two, thru-bolted locks. The side windows were way too narrow to admit even a small child, so he felt his treasure was safe from the usual dockside thief. While the big locks suggested something worth stealing inside, it would take a protracted effort, and the dock was regularly patrolled by armed security. Derik felt reasonably safe.

So, he pocketed eight of the King Philip doubloons and set about finding a coin dealer in the island's busy marketplace. He'd say he'd found them while diving off the southern



beaches after the storm passed. Three hours later, and after some vigorous horse-trading, Derik was ninety-three-thousand US dollars richer. His first move was wiring the yacht broker an extra month's lease payment. He kept ten-thousand in cash, and opened an account at Banque Nationale de Paris for the balance. He'd figure what to do with it later. An offshore bank may be handy when he began liquidating some of his new-found assets.

The next day he provisioned for the long haul back home. He refueled the Perkins diesel, checked the sails for storm damage, and got the sloop shipshape. Then a scheduled day for rest and some release of tension. That meant a modicum of drink and an excess of women. French women ... something Martinique was noted for.

Tall, tanned, with shaggy blond hair, his broad-shouldered and a lean but muscular body made him a babe magnet ... and he spoke passable French.

Beautiful women littered Martinique's beaches, and a pair of lithe, green-eyed, redhead twins, Gisele and Coline Dumelle, drew his attention. They were magnificent in their tiny bikinis—long, shapely legs, tiny waists, and well-filled out bras. He joined them for a game of beach volleyball, and considerable touching ensued as he showed them the overhand serve. Their freckled skin, surely pale under their suntans, gave authenticity to their hair color.

He suspected the duos ineptitude at the game was faked to encourage more contact. Afterward, they swam together in the surf, and teasing and caressing was no longer subtle. He caught Gisele by the waist when a rogue wave tumbled her. As he drew her back onto her feet, her arms snaked around his neck, and she planted a tongue darting kiss on his lips.

Coline bodysurfed up to them and plastered her nubile figure against his back with a sensual hug and nibbled on an ear. All laughing, he took each by a hand and towed them to shore where they dried off and reclined on towels to absorb the last of the afternoon sun.

Derik invited the women to dinner at a beachside café, still clad in their swimwear and thin cover-ups. A light ocean breeze cooled the evening as they perched on a plank bench at a driftwood table.

The auburn-hair beauties flanked Derik and snuggled close as they supped on oyster on the half-shell, three-pound southern lobsters, and a magnum of champagne. Hands and bare feet were busy explorers as they ate. The girls demurely accepted his invitation to retire to the Omni Hotel, a short walk down the beach. His new-found wealth had already paid for a deluxe suite, and the women seemed eager to see it.

Barely out of the café, Coline grabbed an arm and spun him into a heated embrace, her mouth consuming his. As their tongues fenced, Gisele molded herself against his back and kissed his neck and ear, fingers wandering to his crotch where she found the expected response. Derik's hands caressed Coline's firm butt, groin undulating against groin, as Gisele's fingers stayed busy with his "boys."

After several passionate minutes, Derik leaned back, and drew Gisele around for a sloppy kiss, her fingers still busy as his hand slipped inside her flimsy bra.

Panting, he said, "C'mon, you gorgeous creatures." His tongue swiped her delicious saliva from his lips. "We can do this better in my suite."

"*Oui*," breathed in unison. "*Allez*."

He grabbed each by the hand as they hurried down the path, eager for a protracted finish to what they'd started.

He was thankful his beach coverup hung to his thighs and covered the bulge in his bikini trunks.

~ 4 ~

Derik, an arm around each beauty's waist, staggered down the hallway, their progress impeded by the 5'10" girls' teasing assault on his body. He fumbled with the key, succeeding on his third try to open the door.

They tumbled inside, kicked the door closed, and shuffled across the carpet to flop onto the sofa. Coline hung behind him, clawing at his open shirt. Gisele sat across his lap and attacked his mouth, eyes, and neck with her black lipstick mouth. Coline's lips and nails were red, the only way to tell them apart. He learned another way later, Coline being the more passionate kisser.

He gently pressed Gisele back. "Easy, *mon amour*." He gasped for breath, his heart hammering his ribs. "We have all night. Let's not rush this." He gathered Gisele in his arms and rose, his lips brushing her eyes, nose, ear, and lips, and set her on her feet. She pressed against him, arms around his neck, swaying body to body, emerald eyes locked on his ocean blues.

"You are so handsome and strong, *mon amour*. I need to ravish you." She glanced at her sister, wrapped tightly against his back, her arms circling them both as she nibbled on his ear.

"We need to ravish you," Coline whispered, her hands venturing down his sides, across his hips, and finally, his crotch. "It would be a shame to waste what I just found here." She blew into his ear.

"I agree," he chuckled between panted breaths. "And I believe I have enough for both of you." He reached back and slid fingers inside Coline's bikini bottom and found moist, open lips. "But it'll be best explored in the bedroom."

Coline slithered against him and moaned. "Ah, *oui*. We must go there now. I am already about to cum." She pressed tighter as his finger found and tweaked her very wet, engorged pleasure button. Her breath came in short, hard gasps.

Derik spun out of Gisele's grasp and scooped Coline tight against him, freeing her bikini top and casting it aside. His lips circled her extended nipples, his tongue sucking

and tweaking them. She squealed with pleasure and wiggled out of her suit's bottom. Gisele stripped away his bikini from behind, dropped to her knees, and stroked his considerable erection.

Coline rose on her toes, arcing her pelvis, and with Gisele's guidance, he was inside her tight, wet, and pulsing pussy. He grunted, legs spread for balance and surged against her, quickly building toward a climax.

"Oh, baby. You're so hot I can barely hold it." He gripped her butt cheeks and they quickly developed a rhythm. Gisele still knelt behind him, her fingers busy, urging him on. He snatched Coline at the thighs and lifted. Her legs locked around his waist, long arms circling his neck, they thrust together with growing urgency.

"Oh, *oui, mon amour. Oui.* Fuck me, *beaux homme.*" She crushed him to her, their lips and tongues tangled, then leaned back and uttered a breathless moan, hands in his hair. Her vagina pulsed and squeezed his cock, and he ejaculated hard as she let loose a protracted wail.

Derik and Coline hung together, catching their breath and peppered each other with kisses. He withdrew his shrinking organ, set her down, still holding her against his damp skin, and turned to Gisele.

"Now can we go to the bedroom?" He chuckled, drew her in with his other arm for a kiss, and unsnapped her bikini top. "And, why are you the only one here still dressed?"

"No, *mon amour*, no reason at all." She shimmied out of her bottom, and twirling it on one finger, cast it aside. "We will retire to the bed, and I'll do my best to rekindle your ardor." Her fingers trailed down his stomach and lightly teased what hung below.

"I doubt that will be a problem." He grinned, his hand venturing over her firm breasts. "And I'm betting your sexy sister will help that along."

"But of course. We share all, and the night is still young."

Moments later, he was sprawled across the king-size bed, Gisele snuggled against him. His hands explored her erotic curves as they kissed with growing passion. Coline massaged his back and neck, her lips and tongue teasing his ears. Her fingers ventured across his butt and between his legs. As promised, he had again become aroused.

It would be a long night, probably without much sleep, but he hadn't been with a woman for over a month, and this *was* every man's dream ... making it with gorgeous twins. These two confirmed the rumor that redheads were fiery and passionate.

What he began to relish after initial passion was slaked, was what the evening became—an adventure in true love-making, often slow and tender before fiery completion. It was, at that point, one of the best nights of his life ... maybe second only to that in the cave, finding treasure beyond imagination.