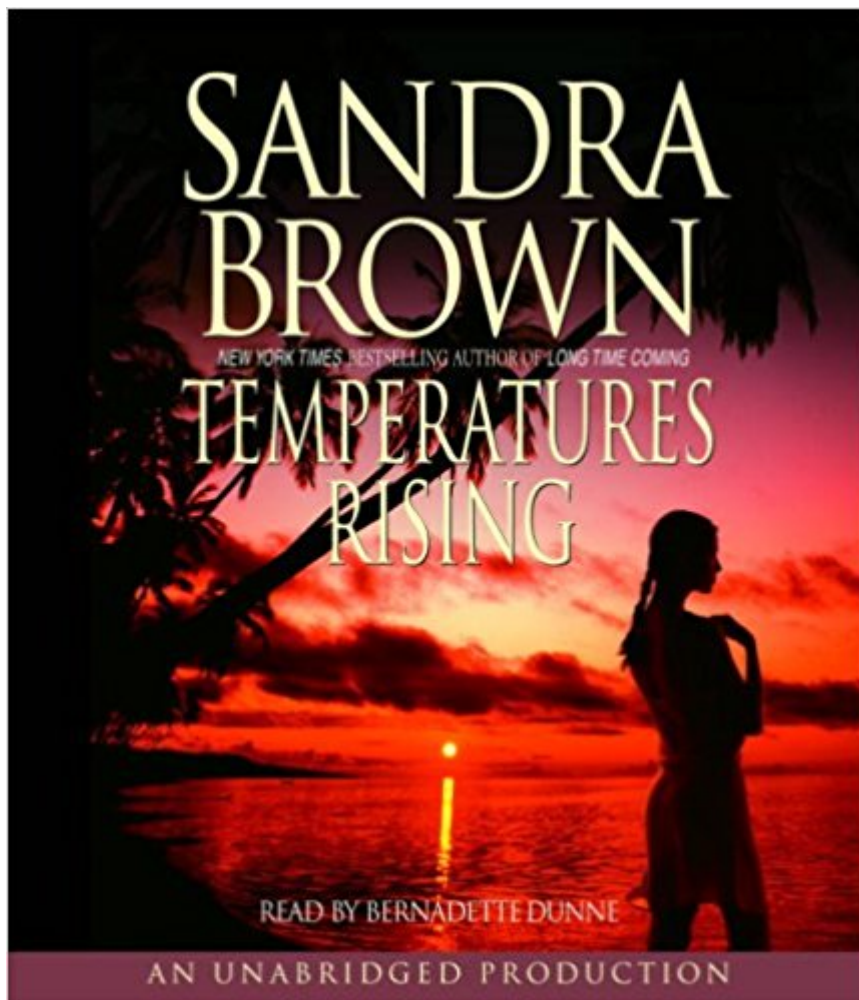




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Temperatures Rising



Synopsis

Darkly handsome with an arrogant edge, architectural engineer Scout Ritland is the kind of American man who spells trouble. Chantal duPont should know, for she has experienced the best and worst of the country and its people—including one who broke her heart. Yet here she is, home on sultry Parrish Island, putting herself in the way of another bold Yankee. This time, however, it's for a good cause: Scout is the one man who can help her village, and she's not about to let him get the better of her—no matter how much she may want to. Fresh from completing his work on the island's new luxury resort, Scout's ready for a little recreation—though being kidnapped and shot isn't on his agenda. But when he catches sight of an exotic beauty with electric blue eyes, events quickly spin out of control. Scout should be outraged to find himself held captive, but an abductor as alluring as Chantal makes it hard to stay angry. Soon Scout is swept up by Chantal's need to help her people—and the role he is to play in her ambitious plan. With each passing day, the work and the woman present him with challenges he could never find at home. But as the project progresses, intrigue and adventure burn hotter than the island's volcano—and two people who have met their match in each other face a future that could tear them apart....

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Customer Reviews

Sandra Brown is the author of more than fifty New York Times bestsellers, with over seventy million copies of her books in print. She and her family divide their time between South Carolina and Texas.

Chapter One

Sloe-eyed. Sleek hair. Slender figure. Scout Ritland mentally summed up his first impressions of the woman he spotted across the ballroom. She was a stunner, a definite standout. Between the two of them milled a crowd of black-tie-clad celebrants getting drunk on self-congratulations and a tropical fruit punch that made even the stuffiest imbibers feel loose enough to skip naked through the Pacific surf. Scout wasn't quite that far gone, but he was experiencing a pleasant buzz. It was as loud as the calls of the night birds in the jungle surrounding the landscaped grounds of the Coral Reef, the spectacular resort that was enjoying its official grand opening tonight. The potent punch had a tendency to thaw inhibitions, suppress morals, and vanquish previously held ideals pertaining to sexual equality. Eyes glazed by intemperance and uncharacteristic chauvinism, Scout stared at the woman in the clinging white dress. Without a smidgen of remorse he was assessing her only as a sex object. Parrish Island had that effect on people. The place, no more than a dot in a chain of dots on a map of the South Pacific, was intoxicating. Fragrant flowers, banyan trees, and coconut palms abounded; Yankee pomposity did not. Only a few hours earlier Scout had finally succumbed to the island's allure. For the first time since his arrival months before, he had looked beyond the shell-pink-marble walls of the hotel. Up till now it had consumed so much of his time, energy, and thought, he hadn't had an opportunity to enjoy the unspoiled island and its friendly inhabitants. One inhabitant in particular — the woman in white. Damn, she was gorgeous. Aloof. Even a trifle haughty. She had noticed his stare and had returned it with a cool appraisal of her own. Then, as though nothing about him could possibly interest her, she had studiously ignored him ever since. Scout was intrigued. He hadn't seen her around the resort while it was still under construction, so she wasn't a hotel employee. The wife of an employee? That was a hell of a dismal thought. He discarded it along with his recently emptied glass. If she was married, where was her husband? What guy in his right mind would let a woman who looked like her run around loose in a room full of men who had been separated from hearth and home for months? No, Scout doubted she was married or seriously attached. She didn't have a "taken" look about her. Then who was she, he wondered as he disinterestedly surveyed the array of exotic foods on one of the buffet tables while keeping her in sight. "Great job, Mr. Ritland," someone commented in passing. "Thanks." A large portion of the resort hotel was built out over the waters of a placid lagoon. Scout had engineered the marvel, working together with the architect. Because of his ingenious efforts, he was receiving his share of the glory. His hand had been shaken so many times, it was cramping. His shoulder was sore where it had been heartily slapped in congratulations for a job well done. Reeling with the inebriation more of success than of the fruit punch, he wended his way through the crowd. His destination was the woman standing beneath

one of the high, arched openings leading outside. When he got within speaking distance, she turned suddenly and looked directly at him. Scout was stopped dead in his tracks. He sucked in a quick breath. The almond-shaped eyes, tilted up slightly at the corners, weren't dark brown as he had expected, but blue. Neon blue. Electrifying and stupefying blue. "Scout, where are you off to? Glad I caught you before you got away." His elbow was grabbed from behind and he was brought around. Keeping his gaze locked with the woman's for as long as possible, his head reluctantly followed his body around. "Ah, Mr. Reynolds." He shook the hand extended to him. "Corey," the hotel magnate corrected Scout. "You've done a terrific job. Getting tired of hearing that yet?" Scout shook his head and laughed self-derisively. "Never." "It goes without saying how pleased we are. I speak for everyone in the corporation." "Thank you, sir." Scout couldn't afford to be rude to the man who had signed his hefty paychecks, but he glanced quickly over his shoulder. She had disappeared. Damn! "It wasn't an easy undertaking," Corey Reynolds was saying. "Especially when one considers all the hardships you faced during the construction." Scout asked, "You mean the islanders' attitude toward work?" The other man nodded. "They definitely do not comprehend the meaning of deadlines or the eight-hour workday," Scout said ruefully. "Overtime incentives never lured them away from a celebration, and they have about ten of those a month. That didn't bother me nearly as much as the thievery, though. I apologize again for going over budget on the supplies." "It wasn't your fault that they kept disappearing. I know you tried every way you could think of to catch the thieves." "Wily bastards," Scout said beneath his breath. "I even sat up four nights straight keeping vigil. The night I decided that it was futile and went to bed, we were hit again." Catching a glimpse of white out the corner of his eye, Scout swiveled his head toward the terrace. There was nothing there but moonlight and sultry, fragrant air. Was she still out there, lurking in the shadows of the tropical gardens? ". . . with yourself?" "Huh?" What had Mr. Reynolds asked him? Oh, yes. "No, I haven't seen anything of the island except the area immediately around here. I thought I'd take off a week or so before flying home." "Good idea. Give yourself time to wind down before your wedding. I presume it's still on." "Late next month." Mr. Reynolds smiled and asked, "How is Miss Colfax?" Corey Reynolds had been introduced to Jennifer Colfax at a dinner party in Boston, where the Reynolds Group was headquartered. At that point the Coral Reef resort had been only an architectural rendering. It pleased Scout that the CEO remembered his fiancée's name. He could always count on Jennifer to make a good impression. "Her letters indicate that she's fine," he replied. "Still beautiful?" Scout grinned expansively. "Very." The older man chuckled. "You're a trusting young man to leave her for this long a time." "We came to an understanding before I left. I couldn't very well expect her to sit home alone every night while I was away. She's been free to date, as long as it's

kept on a platonic basis." "You're not only trustful, but generous. Still, I know she's eager to have her fiancé back in the States." Scout shrugged. "She went to Europe for several weeks during the summer. And she's had her aunt's antique shop to help keep her busy." "Oh?" Reynolds inquired with polite interest. "What does she do there?" "Dabbles is the word that comes to mind." Jennifer did a lot of dabbling in antiques, in music, in fashion. "My wife dabbles too. When she's not shopping," Corey Reynolds added on a laugh. Sipping at his glass of punch, he asked, "Lovely, aren't they?" Scout followed the direction of Mr. Reynolds's gaze. He was watching one of the island girls hired for the night to serve canapés. She was dressed in a short floral-print sarong that had been artfully wrapped around her lithe body. Like most of the island women, she was petite and very pretty, with glossy black hair, snapping dark eyes, and a ready smile. "Even though I'm engaged to be married," Scout said, "I haven't failed to notice that one of Parrish Island's natural resources is its lovely female population." Reynolds directed his attention back to Scout. "What do you plan to do here on the island during your R and R?" "Lose myself. Escape from delays, slow-moving workers, and the telephone. Go fishing. Maybe get in some hunting. Body-surf. Lie on the beach and do absolutely nothing." He leaned forward and added, "If I get captured by a lovely, bare-breasted native girl, don't come looking for me anytime soon." Corey Reynolds chuckled and slapped him on the back. "You rascal. I like your sense of humor." They shook hands and, again, Corey Reynolds praised Scout's engineering feat. "I'll see you back in Boston. I want to talk over some future projects with you. Let's you, the lovely Jennifer, and I have lunch soon." "We would enjoy that very much, sir. Thank you." Watching the older man move away, Scout was barely able to contain his excitement. He didn't want to become part of the Reynolds Group. His personality didn't fit the corporate mode. He would find that environment creatively stifling. But he certainly wanted another contract with the Group, and it looked as though that was what Corey Reynolds had in mind. The Coral Reef resort project had been Scout's first break into the big time. He knew the importance of capitalizing on his success while he was still on the minds of the decision makers. After his talk with Corey Reynolds, he felt even more that he had something to celebrate. Taking another glass of punch from a waitress bearing a silver tray, he moved through the archway to the terrace beyond. The exterior walls of the sprawling resort were garnished with bougainvillea vines heavy with clusters of their vibrant flowers. No expense had been spared to decorate the hotel inside and out. Priceless Oriental urns held lush ferns and ornamental palms. Natural plumeria trees had been pruned to perfection. Like gigantic fireflies, torches flickered in...

Sandra Brown's novels usually have a more realistic setting. The male characters are usually down

to earth and reek raw male sexuality. You become absorbed by the chemistry between the two main characters; almost believing that you have met them already. This novel is a bit too far-fetched for my taste. I am still very much a fan of SB though.

Saucy, and true as the title goes. Keeps you wanting more, wanting to be the character in this story with tropical surroundings.

she is one of the best mystery writers

I have not read a Sandra Brown book that I haven't liked.

If you like Sandra Brown you will like this. It is an earlier work but you will still recognize the Sandra Brown style and quality that the competition lacks.

Fun to read and hard to put down once you start it! This author has definitely grown with time, in my opinion.

Temperatures Rising is a standalone, contemporary romantic suspense novel written in 1989 by Sandra Brown. The romance feels focal in this story when compared to the thrillers that many readers have become accustomed to from her. I love romance, so I enjoyed this book. I also enjoyed the remote island setting immensely. There's a volcano!! and it was its very own character. Speaking of characters, the heroine is strong and determined, so much so that she is holding the hero against his will to obtain a much needed service for the people of her island. There were some other issues that arose that felt a bit like filler in an already short book, but I didn't mind. I enjoyed going on this journey with these desperate characters. Desperate for the challenges that kept popping up and certainly desperate for each other. You'll never read two Sandra Brown books that are alike. Every story is an entirely new experience and I love that. Check her out! My favorite quote: "He was staring with awe and wonder at this powerful force of nature which seemed to have a distinct personality. From its mouth it spewed fire. The lava runs were red rivulets that crawled down the slopes of the cone. The air thundered with each fiery belch. The ground vibrated beneath them." "Goda'mighty," Scout said in awe, "it's magnificent, isn't it?" "I love it." "Just think, the material it's spitting out will be here millions of years from now. We're witnessing a birth."

I am a fan of Miss Brown's writing. I picked this one up as I perused the shelf in my local library and I did enjoy it. It tells the story of Scout, an engineer and how he is persuaded to help the inhabitants of a tropical village. It follows the normal sequence of a guy falling in love with a girl and that girl's name is Chantal. What I like about her writings is that you know they will end up together but how she gets them together is the fun part. Scout is a man with more than his dilemma on his mind and Chantal is a beautiful woman with a killer body that has Scout "going crazy". It all takes place in a tropical place. You can almost feel the breezes from the ocean. This was written in her earlier days and you can tell the difference in her writing style. ENVY is fantastic and Mirror Image is mind blowing. I have read 80% of her books as I am trying to read all of them. I am trying to find two that are in limited or any supply. Keep in mind that time has made her a better writer. I also know that I do not have the skills to write so I can not criticize her so harshly. Reading is just an escape!

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