



Scarlet Rose

MR. FIX-IT

by
Donelle
Carroll



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Mr. Fix-it

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Contact Information: info@thewildrosepress.com

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Dedication

To Charlie, the love of my life!

The elevator door slid slowly open and there he stood, tools in hand, waiting to enter. A Norse God in a navy maintenance uniform, a tool belt slung around his narrow hips. *Now there's a door prize!* Tall, broad shouldered, with a head of tousled dark blond curls and oh, the bluest eyes. His nametag read Ryan. *Ryan, king of the Vikings.*

Flashing a grin, he tipped his head as he stepped into the already crowded elevator. "Morning."

He turned to face the doors. Our bodies nearly touching, I could feel the heat, smell his masculine scent. My knees grew weak as he pressed nine, one floor under mine.

"When are you going to get around to fixing the leak in my apartment?" A crackling voice yanked me from my reverie. "I've been waiting a month!"

His head swiveled, and I caught another glimpse of that dazzling smile. "I'll fix it right now," he said and followed the old crone off the elevator.

I memorized every detail of his body from that angle. *Do you fix more than leaking faucets?* I had a broken heart. It was shattered far beyond any repair. Still...

With a heavy sigh, I got off at the penthouse apartment. My world had been collapsing ever since my breakup, but when a friend of a friend had called, out of the blue, with an offer to apartment sit in Manhattan, I'd jumped on it. It was only for a weekend, but I told myself it would be therapeutic.

I had even scheduled Monday off, vowing, once and for all, to throw out all the junk Bob had left behind. Starting with all the Knicks' paraphernalia. *When was he going to realize, real men played football?*

I twisted the key in the lock and immediately took a step back. Sheila had said walking her dog, Barney, was

part of the bargain, but...*Holy Moley!* This was a monster!

It was a Mexican stand-off as the fawn colored Great Dane stared back at me. "Nice doggie." My voice shook as I dug for the Puppy Yummies stashed in my overnight bag. "Nice doggie."

He sniffed the treat, his tail wagged back and forth, and he daintily took the treat. "Friends?"

Best friends it seemed as he followed me from room to room, his tongue lolling, as I explored. *Wow!* Hardwood floors covered with oriental rugs, an oversized leather couch, and a kitchen to-die-for. Down the hall to the bedroom, Barney padded behind me. Furnished in burgundy and gold with a mirrored ceiling. One leap and Barney was sprawled on the four poster king sized bed.

Where does a two hundred pound dog sleep? *Any where he wants!*

I checked out the Master bath. Marbled floors, Grecian columns, two steps leading to the whirl pool tub. Scented candles and potted white gardenias filled the ledge. *My, my Sheila. You have quite the love nest!*

She said to make myself at home, and I was going to enjoy this. But first, I'd better walk the beast.

"Come on, Barney," I called and stuffed a plastic poop bag into my denim jacket, wondering if I should take two.

We climbed on the empty elevator, heading for the park. One floor down, the doors opened. His hair slightly falling into his eyes, his sleeves rolled up, Ryan had just fixed the tenant's leak. A low rumble formed in Barney's throat as Ryan stepped in.

"Most dogs love me, but not Barney," he said. "Are you a friend of Ms. Tyler?"

"I'm watching the apartment over the weekend," I said, keeping a tight hold on the dog's collar.

Despite Barney's threatening growl, Ryan seemed unafraid. "I'm on call all weekend, if you need anything."

Oh, baby! I need what you've got! I smiled sweetly, keeping my naughty thoughts to myself. "Thank you. I'll keep that in mind."

I got quite a workout at the park. Barney had to sniff every hydrant, pole and bush, pulling me along with him. He finally did his business and we headed back. I was hoping to bump into the handsome maintenance guy again, but no such luck.

I fed the dog and checked the refrigerator. Sheila had left it well stocked. I made up a tray of cheeses and delicats, poured a glass of Merlot wine and curled up with the latest issue of Cosmo.

My fingers lazily twisted my long auburn hair. An hour later, I was still staring at the same page! Try as I might, I couldn't get my mind off Ryan. He was sending me vibes, I was positive. I had seen the way his gaze had traveled down my body. Closing my eyes, I imagined what was under his tight fitting uniform.

Shake it off! Men are nothing but trouble. Besides, time for another walk in the park. "Barney!"

My arms ached by the time I got back to the apartment. There was another ache in my body, too. *How do I fix that?* I raked my fingers through my hair as a wicked thought popped into my head. *What did I have to lose?*

My finger ran down the phone list until it hit Building Maintenance. With a shaking hand, I dialed. An answering machine picked up.

I took a deep calming breath and left a message. "Hi. This is Jill in 10A. There seems to be a broken pipe in the bathroom. Let yourself in."

With candles lit, I turned on the water, adjusting it to steamy. I filled an ice bucket, adding a bottle of Merlot, and grabbed two glasses. Dimming the lights, the scene was set. I slipped out of my clothes and into the warm bath water. I adjusted the Jacuzzi jets. *Ahh...* And waited.

The wait wasn't long. I heard the door open and Barney's loud bark. *Holy Moley!* I had forgotten about that pain-in-the-butt.

"It's okay," I heard Ryan's soothing voice. "I'm here to do a job."

His footsteps came closer, my heart raced. I took another sip of wine. Ryan stepped into the bathroom. A look of confusion crossed his face as his eyes blinked, trying to focus in the dim light.

"I lied," I confessed, giving him an out.

A smile slowly spread across his handsome face. "Since I'm already here..."

His tool belt hit the floor in a clatter. I handed him a glass of wine, smiling sheepishly up at him. He quickly downed the drink and handed the empty glass back. He slowly unbuttoned his shirt, exposing light blond hair curling on his broad, muscular chest, and down his washboard abs. I couldn't tear my eyes off him as he stepped out of his pants. His body was even more impressive than I had imagined.

Holy Moley His cock...well, I just blushed and lowered my eyes.

"The water's fine," I said seductively. "Come on in."

Easing his long, lean body into the water, he settled opposite me. I handed him another drink. He took a sip and set it on the ledge. Reaching under the water, his rough hands ran down my leg. He took my foot in his hands, massaging it tenderly. His blue eyes locked on mine.

"I'm good at fixing things," he said softly. "Satisfaction guaranteed."

Can he see my broken heart? No! I steeled myself. All men are alike. I'm in control here, and I only want the one thing he can offer. *Satisfaction!*

"It's feeling pretty good, but you could do better," I egged him on. Feeling bold, I leaned toward him, my hands resting on his chest, our lips close.

"I guarantee my work," he whispered huskily, brushing my lips. His hand pulled the pins from my hair, letting it fall around my shoulders. "You're beautiful."

His mouth crushed mine. I returned his kiss, parting my lips, allowing his hot tongue into my mouth. My back arched, pushing my wet soapy breasts into his chest. My

fingers intertwined in his blond curls as his kisses trailed down my neck. His mouth sought out a nipple. Tenderly, he sucked, rubbing his teeth over its hardness, exciting me beyond the point of no return.

"Oh, baby, don't stop," I moaned.

I guided his hand under the water, opening my legs so he could explore, deeper. He slipped a rough callous finger into me. *Ribbed for my pleasure!* My eyelids fluttered closed as his finger performed the fix he promised, bringing me closer and closer. Then he slipped another in, sending me over the edge.

Ripples of orgasms flowed through my body, as I clenched down on his hand. His free hand gently massaged my neck until my hold loosened. My eyes opened slowly as I regained control.

I ran my hands over his cock, firm and rock hard. "I want you in me," I pleaded and knew he wanted the same.

"I don't have a condom with me," he whispered, stroking my cheek with the back of his hand, allowing us to regain control of the raging heat surging through our bodies.

Damn! I had given up on men and no longer kept any handy. "Maybe Sheila has some," I suggested, my voice shaking from desire. "Let's check the bedroom."

Gallantly, Ryan helped me from the Jacuzzi, handing me a fluffy towel. Demurely, I smiled and wrapped it around me as we traipsed to the bedroom.

Barney growled from the bed. The growl became louder and more threatening with each step closer toward the bed.

"It's no use," I groaned.

"I'll go back into the bathroom while you try to put him on the balcony," Ryan suggested.

"Okay, Barney," I coaxed. "Want a Doggie Yummy?"

I tugged on his collar, but he was being stubborn. He dug his paws in, refusing to budge. Then I remembered the well stocked fridge. He followed willingly, when I flashed a juicy Porter House steak under his nose. I threw

it out onto the balcony and slammed the door behind him. Leaning against the door, I wondered if I had enough strength, physical and emotional, to go through with this. I was back to zero.

Ryan had retreated from the bathroom and was rummaging frantically through the nightstand. "Found them!"

He turned to me, and hesitated. He must have seen the trepidation in my eyes because he took my face in his strong, rough hands and softly kissed me. My body responded once again to his gentle touch. The towel dropped to the floor, and he effortlessly lifted me in his powerful arms, carrying me to the king sized bed.

Gently, he laid me on the lush burgundy bedspread. Switching on the bedside lamp, he stretched out beside me.

Ryan leaned on his elbow, a finger twirling my hair. "Before we go any further, tell me something about yourself."

My heart melted. *How sweet!* I grinned at him. "My eyes aren't really green. Contacts. And, I prefer cats over dogs!"

"Me, too!"

I slipped the condom over his erection, my hands stroking it, like delicate china. He groaned with pleasure as he cupped my breasts. Kissing me deep and long, his hand slipped between my legs. His fingers teased as he made sure I was ready for him.

"Yes, baby, yes," I moaned, my fingers digging into his shoulders.

Ignoring my urgent pleas, he entered me with a slow controlled thrust until he filled me completely. My pelvis rose to accept his cock as we fell into a pounding rhythm. It was a searing, sultry rhythm that I had never danced to before. Letting go of my fears, I let Ryan guide me in this dance of ecstasy.

He drove deeper, faster, matching the rapid beating of my heart. My hands gripped his tight butt as I neared

the edge. I climaxed aloud, and seconds later I felt Ryan shudder with release. Spent, we collapsed in each other's arms.

A moment of fear hit me. *Holy Moley!* My eyes popped open. What happens now? Do I kick him from the bed? Chances are we will never see each other again. Tomorrow, I'll go back to New Jersey, to my own tiny apartment and my own loveless life. He will go back to his life, back to another lover, no doubt.

Yes, a one night stand is best. Kick him out!

Ryan's breathing became more even, and his arm tightened around me. He kissed the top of my head and spoke before I had a chance. "It may sound corny, but I've never connected with a woman like this before. I really want to get to know you."

"But...but you can walk out that door and never see me again," I whispered, fighting back foolish tears.

"That's not what I want."

"Well, then tell me something about yourself. Are you a Knicks' fan?"

"No, Giants'," he said.

"Me, too!" I snuggled in closer. *I found a keeper!*