

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

*Blackout*

WYNTER  
DANIELS

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

## **Blackout**

*Wynter Daniels*

Kendra learns that her boyfriend thinks she's a cold fish. To make matters worse, he's made plans to go away with one of her coworkers for a long weekend. When a blackout strands her in an elevator with sexy Latin maintenance man Jorge, she sets out to prove she's more hot dish than cold fish.

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# ***BLACKOUT***

**Wynter Daniels**

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Ben & Jerry's: Ben & Jerry's Homemade Holdings, Inc.

## **Chapter One**

“He told me she was frigid.”

Kendra froze in her tracks rather than turning the corner to the water cooler. Hugging a file folder against her chest, she tuned out the ringing of a phone, the drone of a fax machine and all other noises but that awful, shrill voice.

“They dated for three months, one week and two days, and she never gave him any,” the unseen woman continued. “No wonder the poor guy was so horny. Can you imagine?”

Blood drained from Kendra’s face and her mouth went dry. Tommy had accused her of being frigid just three days ago. Said he’d given her three months, one week and two days.

“I thought you were dating that eminent domain lawyer from the sixth floor,” another woman with a deeper voice said.

“We broke up two weeks ago. His kids totally dominated his life. I mean, I know weekend dads have to make things fun for the little buggers, but they were always tagging along on our freaking dates. And then, when I’d spend the night, he’d make me sneak out before sunrise. I started wondering if he was a vampire or something.”

Deep Voice let out a hacking laugh. The water cooler bubbled.

“Back to what I was saying. So, Tommy like practically attacked me the moment he came inside my apartment after our first date. He had that octopus syndrome, eight groping hands.”

Could she be making it up? Not a chance. Not when she’d parroted Tommy’s exact words.

“What did you do?”

“Well, normally, I make them wait 'til the second date, buy me a couple of meals first. Only I felt so sorry for him when he told me how she'd deprived him for so long.”

Kendra bit back tears. How dare he share intimate details of their relationship?

“I figured she was like that,” Deep Voice said. “She's a cold fish. Why would she be any different with a guy?”

“True. Listen, don't tell anyone what I said. He'd totally kill me. They haven't officially broken up yet. He's taking me away for the weekend.”

“Already? Lucky you.”

Footsteps receded. Their voices grew fainter, then disappeared.

Kendra's head pounded, and her blood ran ice cold. Leaning against the wall, she took a deep breath and squeezed her eyes shut. How decent of Tommy to tell her he was ending things between them before he started balling someone else.

Something clanged down the hall, startling her. She turned her head and peered to the left to see a man in a navy-colored maintenance uniform setting up a ladder. He climbed the first few rungs then pulled down the cover over a flickering fluorescent light. When he started down, he caught her staring. “You okay, ma'am?”

She nodded and turned her back. *A cold fish?* Was that what people thought of her? Must be what they called someone dedicated to her career. *Frigid*, Tommy had said. Only inexperienced. But how could she tell him she'd only had a few lovers? He'd have thought her some kind of freak.

Her boss, Jim Simon rounded the corner and smiled at her. “Still here?” He twisted his left wrist to glance at his watch and shook his head. “Go home. It's a holiday weekend and it's after five. You don't have to impress the boss. He knows you're hard-working.” Winking at her, he loosened his tie. “Everyone's gone or on their way out.”

Gathering her composure, Kendra gave him a quick nod. “I'm finishing a few things up. Then I'll go. I promise.” It wasn't as if she had plans for Memorial Day weekend anyway. Tommy had told her he was going to West Palm Beach to visit his

family. Apparently the lying dog had found someone else to accompany him. Or perhaps he'd only used his family as an excuse. The girl from the water cooler hadn't mentioned their plans having a thing to do with his family.

"Don't be too long," Jim ordered. "The traffic is already awful. Everyone seems to be leaving the city. Carol and I are off to the Keys. Got any special plans?"

Blood drained from her face. How could she admit she had no one to see and nothing to do? That she had no life. "I'll be with some friends, staying local, maybe...having a barbeque."

"Good, good. Enjoy yourself. You need to get out more." He waved, then continued past.

"Have fun," she called. She wasn't going anywhere but to her Miami Beach condo. Probably rent a few movies, eat ice cream out of the carton. *Pathetic*. Hurt and anger swirled in her gut as she thought about Tommy and the other woman, a woman who apparently worked for the company. God, he's lazy. And thoughtless. Couldn't the louse have plucked his new girlfriend from somewhere else? Anywhere else?

Rubbing the bridge of her nose, she considered calling him. Telling him what a jackass he was. But why bother? He had to know. Yelling at him wouldn't make her feel any better. Drawing a deep breath, she rounded the corner to the copy room. She opened her file and plucked out the contents. Then she went to a copier, set the papers in the feeder and hit start.

As the machine made its mechanical clunks and hums, she wondered what she could do to occupy her time for the next three days. Miami Beach would be awash with elderly bathing suit-clad tourists. The younger set would be at South Beach. Young, hot muscular men walking around half naked, showing off their six-packs.

Why should that interest her?

*He told me she was frigid.*



The words cut through her like an ice pick to the gut. Maybe it was true. The machine ground to a halt. She picked up the copies and originals and stuffed them all into the folder.

*A cold fish.*

What did they know? She could be just as wild and passionate as the next girl. Couldn't she? Racking her brain, she tried to remember a time when she'd cut loose, really let go. There were a few times in college when she'd gone dancing with her sorority sisters. Only she hadn't done much dancing. She didn't want to look foolish, so she'd stayed on the sidelines, the eternal wallflower.

On her way back to her office, she passed the maintenance guy again, still fiddling with the lights. He had his back to her, and even through his coveralls, she could tell he had a nice ass.

*Why can't I be more sexually aggressive? What's wrong with me? Maybe I need to find some stranger to open up all the tightly fastened knots that keep me so closed to passion.*

No way. She could never cut loose enough for something so wanton. With a shake of her head, she shoved the reckless thought from her mind.

Everyone was gone now, probably off having fun. She marched past office after empty office. When she returned to hers, she stared at her collection of porcelain snowmen on the credenza. Did her choice of trinkets reflect her personality?

Dropping the file on her desk, she strode to the window and looked down at the city below. They all seemed to have somewhere to go, rushing along Collins Boulevard. Even the boats on the Intercoastal Waterway were moving along at a faster clip than usual.

She sank into her chair and wrapped her arms around her body. They all had a life, unlike her. Her mother's words rang in her head.

*Work hard, get ahead. There'll be time later for a relationship. Life isn't a popularity contest. Making friends isn't nearly as important as getting ahead.*

She'd always pushed Kendra to be serious and hard-working. Had she sacrificed fun? Lost all her warmth? Logging on to her computer, she made a decision. Come hell or high water, she was going to find something fun to do this weekend. There had to be events in the area for singles.

She'd lived here her whole life. Why didn't she have a network of friends to hang out with? All the girls she'd grown up with had husbands or boyfriends. At their parties, she was always a fifth wheel. So she'd stopped accepting their invitations. Not long after, they'd stopped sending them.

She looked up a local page called *Miami Happenings*. It listed all sorts of goings-on from ethnic festivals to beach parties to boat shows. So what that she'd have to go alone. There'd be loads of other lone attendees.

Picturing herself at a beach party, standing all alone, stiff and afraid, she cringed. Who did she think she was fooling? She'd spend the entire weekend in her condo, wearing the same threadbare nightgown she'd had all through college, watching tear-jerker movies with Ben and Jerry as her only company. Maybe they were all right. Perhaps she *was* cold and frigid. But there was nothing she could do about it now. Laying her head on the desk, she shut her eyes.

A clap of thunder jolted her awake. The quiet, steady buzz of the lights was the only sound separating Kendra from utter silence. Looking out the window at the darkened sky, she wondered how much time had passed. Or could it be a summer thunderstorm that blackened the skies?

A silver streak of lightning flashed over the Intercoastal. Then a crackle of thunder. Glancing at the clock on the wall, she gasped. Eight-fifty. God, she'd slept for more than two and a half hours. Her legs were stiff, and her skirt was bunched to the top of her thighs.

Yawning, she stood, straightened her skirt and stretched. Rain started to pelt the windows.

*Damn.* She hated driving in these brutal storms. But she couldn't just stay here. Another bolt of lightning illuminated the entire eighth floor. Immediately following it came thunder that shook the building. She shivered.

Grabbing her purse and her suit jacket, she started down the hall, slipping the jacket on as she walked. Movement by the elevator sent her heart to her throat. A man. Her chest tightened. She stopped, paralyzed by fear. He turned toward her and smiled.

Just the maintenance guy. Blowing out a breath, she relaxed.

"Did I scare you?" he asked.

She shook her head. She didn't care to make small talk with anyone now. All she wanted was to get in her car and go home. To her empty condo. To spend three days all alone.

But he did have nice eyes. Somewhere between amber and milk chocolate. What difference did it make? She'd never see him again. Anyway, why would any man be interested in a cold fish?

"I didn't realize anybody was still here." He hit the elevator button again. "Guess I should have figured *you'd* still be working."

*Please don't speak to me anymore.* She stared at the light over the doors. Slowly, so slowly, the lift made its way up, lighting the tiny bulbs next to each floor number. Three, four, five...

"How come you always work so late?"

Avoiding looking at him, she huffed. "Don't know." God, how long could it take the elevator to climb a few stories? Finally it arrived. She glanced out of the corner of her eye at the maintenance guy to see if he would go in first.

When the doors opened, he gestured toward the empty compartment. Another deafening clap of thunder startled her, made her jump as she stepped inside ahead of him.

He followed and positioned himself in front of the panel of buttons. "Garage level or ground floor?"

More thunder. She wrapped her arms tightly around her body. "Garage."

"Same stop as mine." He pressed the button. The doors closed. Turning to face her, he offered her a mint from a small silver tin. "Want one?"

She shook her head, tried to avoid catching his gaze in the mirrored walls.

He popped a mint into his mouth. "You don't say much, do you?"

Furrowing her brow, she squared her shoulders. "I'm not in a talkative mood, okay?"

"I've been working here two years now, and you never give me the time of day. Each time you see me it's like you've never seen me before." He lifted an eyebrow as if he was waiting for her to say something. When she didn't, he held his hands up in the air. "Whatever, lady."

Had she seen him before? For two years? Maybe he had her mixed up with someone else. She'd recognize him if he'd passed her in the hall regularly or shared the elevator before. Wouldn't she? She'd have remembered those captivating eyes.

The elevator ground to a halt with a metallic clang. Everything went pitch black. Kendra's breath caught.

*Oh God, no.* Hot fear flowed through her veins, made her stomach roil.

"Don't panic," the man said.

A small light came on overhead, barely enough to see her hand in front of her face. At least it wasn't total darkness. She held on to the metal rail behind her, afraid the elevator might freefall to the ground level.

"Don't worry. It won't move until the power comes back, which should be any minute. Probably just a transformer hit by lightning."

She studied his face in the faint illumination. "I understand how these storms work. I'm a native Floridian." She'd probably experienced thousands of short blackouts in her

lifetime. Hell, she'd survived days-long outages after hurricanes. This was nothing. Still, her heart pounded.

He leaned against the wall, staring at her. "Did I do something to offend you?"

Rubbing the bridge of her nose, she wished he'd just keep his mouth closed. "All I want is to be left alone." What was wrong with this guy? Couldn't he take a hint?

"Yeah? You got it, lady." He turned his back to her and faced the closed doors.

Kendra swept her gaze over his rear view. He was quite tall, over six feet, with long legs. His physique was hidden under his baggy blue coveralls, but it revealed the shape of his ass. Come to think of it, she'd noticed that ass earlier.

He folded his arms, making him look like a stubborn kid in time out.

She smiled at the thought.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

How did he...? The mirrored walls. Blood rushed to her cheeks as she caught his reflection, staring at hers. Swallowing hard, she looked away. Only his face seemed to be everywhere, reflected on every side.

He spun around to face her, then slid to the floor. "We could be here a while. Might as well get comfy."

She sighed. He was right. Her feet ached in her high heels. What harm would it do if she took them off? Stepping out of them, she set her purse on the floor.

The maintenance man looked at his watch. "Why do you always work so late?"

Lifting an eyebrow, she stiffened. *Always?* "How do you know this isn't a rarity for me?"

Grinning up at her, he gave his head a heavy shake. "Cause you're here like every night. I see you."

She bit on her lip. Had he been watching her? Was he some sort of weirdo? She picked up her purse and fished inside for her cell phone. No service. *Damn.*

"Mine doesn't work in here either. Never does." He gestured toward the floor. "Have a seat."

She stood her ground, clutching her purse. What would she do if he attacked her? Scream at the top of her lungs? No one was in the entire building as far as she knew. Why would they be? Taking a step toward the control panel, she hit the red Emergency Call button.

Nothing happened.

"I could have told you it didn't work. Not without any power." He circled his arms around his knees and laced his fingers together. "You ought to relax. Get comfortable. The longer we're here, the hotter it's going to get."

Did he have to be so damn smug?

"What's your name?"

She looked into his eyes. They seemed innocent, not like someone who wanted to hurt her. His hair was straight and very dark. It brushed the collar of his uniform. Hispanic and maybe in his late twenties or early thirties. "Kendra."

"Pretty name for a pretty lady."

There was that damn smile again. And those dimples. A pleasant ache started low in her abdomen. She dropped her purse on the floor, then tried to sit as gracefully as her tight-fitting skirt permitted. "Thank you."

"I'm Jorge." He extended his hand.

Her pulse quickened as she shook with him. The air grew stuffier. She took off her jacket.

"Getting warm, huh? Me too." He stood, unzipped his coveralls and stepped out of them. Underneath he wore khakis and a tight-fitting white T-shirt.

Her breath caught as she took in his smooth, dark skin, muscled shoulders and arms, the vee from his broad shoulders down to his slim waist. His legs were long, lean and well muscled.

A bead of sweat rolled down her face, along her hairline.

He reached into his back pocket and withdrew what looked like a switchblade.

She grabbed her purse, held it against her chest. Something clicked and the switchblade turned into a comb. Relief flowed over her. She set her bag beside her.

He dragged the comb through his hair then returned it to his pocket after he'd finished. Then he joined her on the floor. "So, what do you do, Kendra?"

Wiping her face with the back of her hand, she blew out the breath she'd been holding. "Marketing. I support the sales staff." *The sales staff.* People like Tommy, the jackass. She checked her watch. Nine-fifteen. "I wonder if it's only this building or the whole area."

Jorge shrugged. "Maybe the storm took out the whole city's power."

She leaned her head against the wall. "God. We could be here forever."

"Did you have plans for tonight?" His eyes sparkled with empathy.

*Oh, yeah. Big ones. The TV and me.* "Not really. You?"

"Just to study. No big deal." He folded his coveralls and made a pillow out of them, then pushed it behind his back. He stopped suddenly and stared at her. "You want to use this?"

She smiled at his thoughtful offer. "No, thanks. I can use my purse or jacket."

Pointing at her face, he said, "Hey, you're capable."

She drew her brows together. "Capable of what?"

"Smiling." He threw her a wink.

*Cold fish didn't smile.* Her grin grew bigger. "So, what are you studying for?"

"I take college classes at night. We have a test in physics next week." He rolled his head back and blew out a breath. "Sure is hot in here."

Fanning her face with her hand, she nodded her agreement. Her pantyhose were making her legs sweat. She wanted to take them off, but how could she with him right here? "What are you going to school for?"

“Engineering. I’ve only just started. Working full time, it’ll probably take me ten years to finish.” He captured her gaze and refused to release it. “So why doesn’t a beautiful woman like you have big plans this weekend?”

*Beautiful?* No one had ever called her beautiful.

Something uncoiled inside her. “I…” She started to make something up, but why? “My boyfriend – former boyfriend – is taking another woman away for the weekend.” Why didn’t it hurt more to say it aloud?

“I’m sorry.” His dark eyes filled with compassion. “That has to suck.”

She lowered her head, tugged at her pantyhose. “Yeah. It does.”

“He’s a fool.”

She met his stare. “How do you know? Maybe I’m a bitch. Or a cold fish.”

His grin heated her insides. “Maybe on the surface. You have a wall around you. He just didn’t bother trying to scale it. Inside it, that’s where the fire lies.”

Her breasts started tingling and her nipples tightened and pressed against the lace fabric of her bra. She couldn’t tear her gaze away from his. Her sweaty legs itched from her stockings. They felt like a straightjacket, a barrier between discomfort and relief, between repression and freedom.

*To heck with it.* Maybe she wanted him to see her bare legs, to expose a little more of herself than she normally did. “Would you mind looking the other way?”

He tilted his head, his eyes questioning.

“I need to take off my stockings.” Her cheeks grew hot. “My legs. They’re getting warm.” His gaze traveled the length of her legs, sending gooseflesh over her skin.

“Sure.” He spun around to face the doors.

She got up and rolled her hose down her legs. Glancing toward the door, she noticed him staring at her in the reflection and slowed her movement.



To her shock, she realized she was glad he was watching her. She needed him to keep looking, wanted to turn him on, make him hungry for her. Heat pooled between her legs.

A cold fish wouldn't seduce a complete stranger in an elevator. Her pulse leapt at the very thought of Jorge's hands on her skin, caressing her, doing things she'd only dreamed of. Biting her lip, she met his reflected gaze. A jolt of untamed desire shot through her. She hiked her skirt, gradually revealing more and more naked skin. The temperature climbed as she stepped out of the stockings and kicked them aside.

Perspiration slid down her chest, between her breasts. God help her. She yearned to reveal more to him. She drew a steadying breath.

*This is so unlike me.*

But she didn't want to be a cold fish. Jorge's smoky stare made her feel more like a woman. Unfastening the first button on her blouse, she pulled the slinky fabric away from her damp skin, allowing some air to flow beneath the sweat-soaked material.

She drew in a breath laced with his scent, pine and pure man. Her chest heaved as she opened the next button, then the next, revealing her blue lace bra. Moving her hands behind her back, she grasped the bar, knowing the position thrust her breasts forward, flattened her stomach and let him know how horny she was, how much he turned her on.

Jorge stood and faced her, his eyes dropping to her chest. The tingling between her legs radiated to the rest of her, set her nipples on alert and set off a flood of yearning.

He didn't move but kept his hands at his sides.

Why wouldn't he touch her? She ached all over for it, for him.

Finally closing the distance between them, he pushed the rock-hard bulge in his pants against her stomach. He stared deep into her eyes.

Her insides smoldered. She knew his touch would ignite a flame only he could extinguish. He brushed his thumb across her lower lip and her desire flared. The air between them crackled with sensual electricity.

The heat from his body only intensified hers.

“Kiss me,” she whispered in a voice so husky she barely recognized it as her own.

Pressing his lips to her eyelid, he ran a gentle finger down her cheek. Down, down, along her throat, her neck, her chest.

She could hardly breathe. He slid a finger between her breasts, slick with sweat. Her heart thundered against her rib cage, her entrance grew moist with craving.

Pushing aside her blouse, he touched her bra, close but not directly over her needy nipples. His mouth was millimeters from hers. “Kendra,” he said so quietly, she wasn’t sure she’d even heard it.

Then his lips were on hers, soft and tender. Lifting her chin with a finger, he tilted her head, parted her lips with his and ventured his tongue inside. He tasted of cinnamon, sinfully sweet and spicy. Exotic.

Slowly, skillfully, he freed the back of her blouse from her skirt, sneaked his hand underneath. Despite the heat, his hand on her skin made her shudder with longing. His tongue danced with hers, ran along her teeth and lips.

Smoothing his calloused hand over her back, he pressed her against his granite-hard chest. He kissed her neck, nipped at her shoulder. Sneaking a finger under the lace of her bra, he veered painfully close to her nipple but didn’t touch the needy peak.

“Please,” she begged with newfound urgency.

His eyes smoldered with raw sexuality. A muscle ticked near his taut jaw. “I knew there was something simmering inside you. I feel the heat every time I see you.”

His pronouncement heightened her confidence. She shrugged off her blouse and set her hands on his muscle-bound shoulders, felt his strength.

He bent to kiss the hollow of her throat. She leaned her head on the wall, shut her eyes and drank in the delicious sensations. When he lightly pinched her nipples through the fabric of her bra, she nearly came undone.

He slipped her bra straps over her shoulder, pushed aside the lace cups. When she thought she couldn't stand to wait another instant, he sucked the tight bud into his mouth, rolled his tongue around it until she thought she might die right on the spot.

She lowered her hand to the hard swell in his pants, gulped at the size. Sliding her fingers over the contours, she heard him release a moan. She fumbled with his zipper until he took both her hands in his and raised them high over her head.

"Not yet." His voice was a husky growl. Then he went to work on the other nipple, tugging and suckling, stoking her pleasure even more. She squirmed to dissipate the heat building between her legs.

He released her hands and as she lowered them to her sides, she caught a glimpse of him in the mirrored wall. How had she not noticed how hot he was months ago? Maybe she'd been so wrapped up in Tommy that she barely looked at other men.

*Be honest.*

She'd cocooned herself in her safe little world, never taking chances with anything, never even considering a relationship until one fell at her doorstep. Until today. Opening herself to this...encounter was a first step. A very exciting first step.

Jorge caught her peaked point between his teeth and tugged. The momentary pain morphed into searing delight.

He reached under her skirt, slid his hand up her thigh and teased a finger dangerously close to her hot core. She rocked against him, silently begging for release, imploring him to keep going. He cupped her mound through her panties.

Oh God, she needed more, so much more.

Reading her mind, he moved his hand closer to her entrance. She slid her hips back and forth, creating a heavenly friction on her pussy. When he slipped his fingers under the elastic edge she gripped the handrail tightly.

With a tantalizingly light touch, he skimmed his fingers over the grooves of her sex, avoiding the sensitive nub. She whimpered helplessly as he grazed her intimate lips. All too soon he stopped what he was doing, kneeled in front of her. One corner of his mouth lifted in a wicked grin. Hiking her skirt up to her waist, he cupped her buttocks, then bit the edge of her panties and tugged them down.

She licked her lips at the thought of his velvet tongue on her pussy. Barely able to suck in a breath, she shimmied out of the panties and kicked them away. Her skirt refused to stay put. It dropped back into place.

With a low, sensual growl, he grasped either side of the front slit and tore it apart. The savage abandon heated her blood. She prayed she wouldn't incinerate on the spot.

Jorge ran his hand along her thigh, stopping just short of her entrance. Lifting her leg, he guided her foot to the adjacent railing, so she stood on one leg. That left her sex exposed and wet and so ready. He drew his fingers lightly over her delicate lips. She shuddered with desire as he tantalized her, tortured her with his touch.

He spread her folds apart and kissed her there, his tongue plundering her sensitized flesh. A desperate-sounding sigh broke from her lips but she didn't care. Nothing existed but the two of them in their mirrored playhouse.

Jorge suckled her clit, pushing her closer to the precipice of joy. He slipped a finger inside her, then two, while he licked along her folds and around her clit. A low moan started in the pit of her stomach, emanating outward until it escaped her lips as a guttural scream. Her climax hit like a category-five hurricane, pounding and pummeling her with wave after wave of bliss. She shook and shuddered, rode the storm surge until it finally receded, leaving her completely satisfied.

Jorge eased her to the floor beside him, her body still trembling with aftershocks. Recovering a little, she rolled on to her side and grinned as he took off his shirt, peeled

off his pants. She couldn't tear her eyes off his rippled chest. Thick, corded muscles covered his rock-hard legs.

When he removed his briefs, she gasped at his cock, long and thick and all for her. Erect and deep red, it had a perfectly symmetrical heart-shaped head.

He reached for his pants and searched a pocket. His brow furrowed as he got to his knees. "Oh, no. Please, no," he said, digging frantically through his wallet.

"What?" Her heart sped up.

"I thought I had a rubber, but I don't." The pain and disappointment on his face touched her.

She thought back to a magazine article she'd read in a doctor's waiting room last week. It spoke of sexual gratification without actual penetration. Little had she known then she'd need that advice. Recalling the dozens of pieces she'd read over the years about assertive bedroom behavior, stories she'd only dreamt of acting upon, she swallowed hard, took his hand and pulled him closer.

"It's okay," she said. "There are other ways. Later, when we get out of here, we'll find some condoms."

A smile lit up his handsome face. "You are the hottest woman I've ever met."

Did he have any idea how much that meant to her?

Probably not. She kneeled, facing him and kissed him gently. Wrapping her arms around him, she planted her hands on two very nice butt cheeks and drew him closer.

His erection pressed insistently against her stomach. She released his ass and cradled his balls with one hand while she ran her fingernails lightly along his shaft.

His eyes grew huge, then slid shut, a naughty grin on his lips. Continuing her seduction, she wrapped her hand around his hard shaft and gently squeezed. A small amount of his seed oozed from the swollen tip. She lowered her mouth to his cock and lapped it up as he moaned his appreciation. The salty taste stoked her appetite for more.

She traced the head with her tongue. He threaded his fingers through her hair, igniting renewed desire deep within her. She waited as he stretched out on the floor then she turned and climbed over him, into the sixty-nine position.

Yearning to pleasure him as much as he had her would mean a lot to her, she took the crown into her mouth. She licked tiny circles around the rim, grasped the shaft in her hand and squeezed.

He rubbed his hands over her backside and eased her hips closer. Then he slid his tongue along her slit, back and forth. She tried to concentrate on giving him head, but with each stroke of his tongue she drew closer to another orgasm.

She took the rest of his cock into her mouth and stroked it in and out, in and out. Knowing she was giving pleasure as well as receiving it felt unspeakably erotic and pushed her closer to her release. She rasped her teeth over his erection, cradled his balls. His shaft pulsed against her tongue. She sucked harder and faster, sure his orgasm was nearing.

Jorge rubbed her cleft as he suckled her clit. Her pussy constricted. She held her breath as a sweet burning flood of bliss exploded inside her. Her whole body quivered with delight as her climax bloomed. Her cries filled the small compartment. Little shockwaves racked her body as Jorge continued to lick and suck and rub.

She stilled, glanced over her shoulder at him and silently told him she could take no more. And he got it. He squeezed her backside and moaned as she returned her attention to his cock. Grasping him at the root, she closed her mouth over his length and sucked.

She let him set the rhythm as he thrust in and out. Tremors rolled over his body and she felt his every muscle coil tightly. She yearned to taste his seed again, to partake in more than just the tiny sample she'd had earlier.

His strangled cries heralded the pulsing ropes of sperm that spurted into her throat. She'd never particularly enjoyed the taste before, but knowing what Jorge had done for her confidence made his seed sweeter than any other.

Minutes later, she lay in his arms, basking in afterglow.

“If this was the beginning, where do we go from here?” He kissed her forehead. “We’ll set the world on fire. You’re the hottest woman I’ve ever met.”

Kendra giggled, delighted with the new distinction.

“What’s so funny?”

She sat up and ran a finger over his bulging chest. “You know what?”

He shook his head.

“In the last few days, I’ve been called frigid and a cold fish. I even started to believe it.” She rolled her eyes. “But I don’t anymore.”

He pulled her back into the crook of his arm. “Whoever said that doesn’t know you. You’re like Beef Wellington.”

She crinkled her brow and turned to look into his eyes. “Beef Wellington?”

He nodded. “You see, you have this hot, very rare core. But it’s all covered up with a delicate pastry on the outside. People have no idea what’s under the shell.” His eyes sparkled. “Only now I know what’s in the middle. There’s nothing cold or frigid about it. You just have to take the time to unwrap it correctly.”

She liked his assessment. And she was about to tell him so when the lights came back on. The elevator lurched, then started moving.

Jorge immediately raced to the control panel and hit the Emergency Stop button. They quit moving.

She quirked an eyebrow. “Why’d you do that?”

His gaze wandered over her body and he gave her an appreciative wink. Then he gestured toward the elevator floor, littered with their clothes. “You want the door to open and someone to see this?”

She hadn’t thought of that. “There’s probably no one here.”

He started dressing. “You willing to take that chance?”

“Good point.” She bunched her pantyhose into a ball and shoved them into her purse. When she put on her skirt, she realized she had a problem. Jorge had ripped it open to the waist. “Um...” She pointed at the slit that ate her skirt.

“Oh. Sorry about that.” He scratched his head. “I have an idea.”

A few minutes later the elevator doors opened at the garage level. Kendra carried her torn skirt and jacket over her arm. She wore Jorge’s blue coveralls. No one was waiting there to greet them, thankfully. She took a tentative step to the doors, then stopped.

He lifted her hand to his lips. “It’s like the end of a great vacation or something. You don’t want it to end, do you?”

Swallowing hard, she shook her head. “Nope.”

“Since you have no plans this weekend, what do you say to a slumber party?” He pulled her into his arms and kissed her tenderly. “I believe we’re overdue for a date with a condom.”

She couldn’t hold back a chuckle. “I happen to know where there’s an entire box of them.”



## **Chapter Two**

“They need to kick those traitors, Lucy and Dan off the island.” Kendra used her chopsticks to take another bite of sweet and sour chicken as she watched a reality show on television hours later.

“Chinese was a great idea.” Jorge set his empty plate on the coffee table. “If you ask me, Paul and Meredith are the real traitors. Never trust a man with a comb-over.”

She laughed. But they had much more fun things to do than watch TV. For reasons she didn’t understand, she felt more comfortable with Jorge that she had with any of her past boyfriends yet she’d just met him. Standing, she picked up his plate and brought it with hers to the kitchen.

Jorge followed. “I’ll wash.”

Dropping the dishes in the sink, she opened her eyes wide. No man she’d dated had ever offered to clean up the kitchen, even on occasions when she’d cooked them a sumptuous meal. “Really?”

He shrugged. “Sure. No big deal.” Slipping his arms around her waist, he pinned her with a smoky stare. “Then I’ll give you a backrub.”

Her mouth dropped open. Was this guy for real? “Um...okay. I’m going to wash up.” She headed to her room for a bath. After dropping her clothes into the hamper, she poured bubble bath into the garden tub then turned on the faucet.

Standing nude in front of the mirror, she pinned up her hair. Could it be her imagination or did her legs look longer, her breasts fuller and her waist smaller? She was always looking for her flaws and the mirror had always confirmed them.

Until today.

Smiling wide, she sank into the steamy water. All the day's stress slipped away. Using a washcloth, she wiped off her war paint then lathered her body.

A knock pulled her gaze to the bathroom door.

"Mind if I come in?"

She distilled the notion of Jorge seeing her in the bath, decided she kind of liked it. "Not at all."

He'd taken off his clothes too. She feasted on the sight of his broad shoulders, slim waist and muscled legs. Not to mention his growing hard-on.

"Need some help in here?" He approached the tub.

Kendra slid to one side. "It's plenty big for two."

He stepped inside and sat next to her. "This sure beats the hell out of sitting at home alone watching TV or studying."

"I hope so."

"You have any soap that won't make me smell like a flower or something?" He eyed the collection of bath products on the shelf.

"I have an idea." She sat up taller. "Since you've offered to give me a back rub later, why don't you let *me* give *you* a bath." She wagged her eyebrows in challenge. "If you're man enough."

"If I'm man enough?" He scrubbed a hand over his face, laughing.

She nodded stiffly, but her insides were already heating up and turning to mush at the possibilities.

Shrugging, he said, "Why not."

Lathering up the washcloth, she sat akimbo. She started with his arms, then worked on his shoulders, marveling at the roped muscle. Next she scrubbed his feet and legs, not venturing too close to his erect cock. Squeezing water over his dark hair, she marveled at its sheen and thickness.

Moving behind him so his back rested against her front, she grabbed the shampoo. She dripped a dollop into her hand then massaged it into a rich foam. He moaned softly as she massaged his scalp. Her nipples peaked, pressed to his back. Could she seriously be turned on by just washing the man's hair?

She turned on the faucet and soaked the washcloth from the running water to rinse out his shampoo. Then she climbed around him to wash his cock.

His eyes smoldered. "I've been waiting for this part."

"Me too." Instead of using the washcloth, she rubbed the soap over her bare hands then started with his balls. She traced tiny circles over his flesh, teasing him with her gentle touch. Moving to his shaft, she sluiced her soapy hands over him.

He lolled his head back and released a quiet moan. She lathered it and repeated and repeated and repeated. By time she'd finished he had the cleanest equipment ever.

Jorge pulled himself up to the ledge. Kendra moved between his legs and took his cock in her hand. "May I?"

His grin assured her he was enjoying the bath as much as she. Closing her fist around the root of his shaft, she gave it a long swipe with her tongue. She swirled and flicked her tongue, rounded the head and laved his balls. His thick cock pulsed against her tongue.

Jorge's fingers tangled in her hair. "Kendra, stop."

She looked up at him, fearing she wasn't pleasing him as much as she'd thought. But the desire in his dark eyes was unmistakable.

"At this rate I'll come right here soon. But I want to make love to you. In a bed." His wink set her on fire.

She gave him a smile. "You're right. In bed would be nice." Standing, she pulled a towel from the rack for him and another for her. After she wrapped herself in terrycloth, she pumped a blob of her cocoa butter lotion into her hand and started rubbing it over her legs.

“Hey,” Jorge said. “Can I do that? In the bedroom?”

She slid her gaze over his muscled body and grinned. “Um, sure.” Erotic anticipation spiked the fever already burning through her.

He picked up the bottle then left the room. She followed him to her bed. A candle burned on her night table, something Jorge must have done before he came into the bathroom. She wasn’t used to a man who took the time to plan ahead for romance.

He sat on the edge and gestured to the spot next to him. “Lie on your stomach.”

Tamping down a wave of excitement, she climbed onto the bed. Then his hands were on her legs, sliding over her skin with warm lotion. She tried to remember the last time a man had touched her so lovingly, but she couldn’t recall anyone treating her to an indulgence like this.

He straddled her thighs and massaged her backside. Her pussy started aching with desire. Big, calloused hands kneaded her back and shoulders, arms and neck. Being completely naked with him and having him touch every part of her was at once a little frightening and a lot of exciting.

The sweet scent of the cocoa butter and the feel of his hands on her skin combined to relax her more than she’d been in ages. He leaned to her ear and she trembled with need as his breath gusted over her neck. “Time to roll over.”

Heat flooded through her veins as she turned onto her back. Jorge slid his gaze over her and she drew a ragged breath. He pumped more lotion onto his hands, rubbed them together. Then he started with her legs.

Her pussy tingled with longing as he veered higher and higher up her thighs. She whimpered with desperate yearning when he avoided her sex. He massaged her arms and finally covered her needy breasts with his hands. Rubbing and massaging, he had her whole body turned up to *slow burn*.

Finally, he strummed her nipples, pinched and tugged them. She squirmed and gasped as hot shards of delight spiraled through her. He stretched out beside her and

skimmed his hand lightly over her mound. If he didn't fuck her soon, she'd incinerate on the spot.

He trailed his tongue along the valley between her breasts. Then his mouth covered her areola and he rasped his teeth over her peaked point. Tendrils of joy shot out in every direction.

The man sure had a way with her body, as if he could see inside her head or something. When he slid a finger over her intimate lips, she moaned with a fierce craving. He didn't make her wait. Dipping into her drenched folds, he stirred her thick cream and circled his finger around her clit. Lust burned through her as he drove two fingers inside her, then out. He rubbed her, just above her nub, and she felt herself climbing toward her climax.

When he nipped her other nipple, she slipped over the edge, exploding in a rhapsody of bliss. Wave after heavenly wave of pleasure racked her body.

Jorge held her and kissed her and rode through the joy with her. When her orgasm ebbed, he moved away for a few moments, then returned. He climbed over her, eased her thighs apart then deftly rolled a condom over his shaft.

When he pushed his cock inside her, she felt the walls of her pussy stretch to accommodate his thickness. The slight pain gave way to intense delight as he thrust deeper and deeper with every stroke.

His face was a study in intensity. Felt good that he held her gaze, cementing a new connection. She slid her hands over his bulging biceps and sighed. This was what a man should feel like and look like.

He slowed his pace, and then withdrew. "Get on your knees." Directing her to the edge of the mattress, he positioned himself behind her, standing next to the bed. He grasped her hips then sank his cock into her, deeper than before.

The delicious friction singed her flesh and pushed her closer to another orgasm. When Jorge reached around her and rubbed her cleft, little shockwaves started in her

core. They found their rhythm quickly as if they'd been making love forever. She yelped as the sweet burning flood of rhapsody took over her body.

Jorge's fingers curled into her skin and his strangled cries filled the air. He tunneled into her hard and fast and deep, then once more before settling against her. His moist breath damped the skin on her neck.

She smiled, completely satisfied. Jorge wasn't anything like the other men she'd dated and somehow she knew he'd probably be around for a while. The maintenance man had fixed that something that had been missing inside her.

## **Epilogue**

*Three weeks later*

Kendra stepped off the dance floor and wiped away the sweat from her brow. "I never knew Latin dancing was such great exercise." She climbed onto a high stool at the bar.

Jorge held up two fingers to let the bartender know to bring them two more drinks. "It'll definitely make you sweat." He sat beside her. Leaning closer, he kissed her lips and she tasted the cola he always drank.

"What was that for?" She loved the way he looked at her, as if he planned to devour her at any moment.

He shrugged. "Just marking my territory."

Her insides heated. She had to admit, she enjoyed his possessive gestures.

The bartender arrived with their drinks and Jorge handed her a twenty.

"Kendra!" A familiar male voice rose above the salsa music.

She turned around and instantly tensed at the sight of Tommy. How could she have found him attractive? He paled next to Jorge.

"Hey, how are you?" His gaze slid slowly over her body. "You look great."

Jorge draped a possessive arm over her shoulder. "She does, doesn't she?"

Kendra's pulse quickened. "Tommy, this is Jorge. Jorge, Tommy."

The men stiffly shook hands. She could practically smell the testosterone levels rising.

"I didn't know you came to places like this. South Beach seems kind of...I don't know, wild for you," Tommy said.

Before she could respond Jorge planted a hot kiss on her lips. Then he faced Tommy. "She's a pretty wild woman." He squared his shoulders and his expression changed to almost predatory. "You must not know *my girlfriend* very well."

Tommy took a backward step. "W-well, have a good time." He faded into the crowd.

Kendra turned her seat to face the bar. "Your girlfriend? Is that what I am?"

He fixed her with a smoky stare. "Yeah. That okay with you?"

She smiled wide as pleasant flutters danced in her belly. "That's just fine with me." She sipped her drink and instantly felt the warmth settle inside her. But it wasn't the wine, it was the man. He'd chased away the cold that had lived inside her for so long. And she knew she'd never feel that icy emptiness again.



## About the Author

Wynter Daniels is the multi-published naughty alter ego of contemporary romance author Dara Edmondson. She lives in Florida with her husband of more than twenty years and their two nearly grown children. They are all the slaves of two very demanding cats.

Wynter enjoyed careers in marketing and the salon industry before her wicked prose begged to be set free. She hopes you enjoy her steamy stories.

Wynter welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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