



Kay and Malcolm are about to become more than just roommates...

Kay rolled over in the dark and landed a vicious punch to her pillow. Per usual, Malcolm had arrived with another one of his “girlfriends” from the bar where he worked, and the giggling had woken her up.

“Shh!” Malcolm said, way too loud for someone trying to whisper.

His latest conquest giggled again, and Kay rolled her eyes. Didn’t they all giggle?

The floorboards squeaked as they walked to his room at the back of the townhouse, and Kay dragged the pillow over her head to block out the sound. If she’d known she’d have her sleep disrupted in the middle of the night by the slew of women who came and went every weekend, she would have taken the back bedroom when she got Malcolm as a roommate.

The door closed quietly at the end of the hall and her body relaxed from the tight ball she’d rolled into. She tried to go back to sleep, but that was impossible, because soon she heard the breathy cries of Malcolm’s latest bed partner coming down the hall.

As if to torture her. As if to taunt her with the evidence of his sexual prowess and her own inactivity.

Kay reached for the iPod on the nightstand and shoved the ear buds into her ears. She cranked up the instrumental playlist and closed her eyes in anticipation of the soothing sounds lulling her to sleep yet again. She’d need to have a talk with her roomie about his nocturnal activities. House rules needed to be established if they were going to live together without her throttling him.

Kay pulled her green sedan into the numbered parking space outside the unit.

“Need some help?” Malcolm sauntered over from the direction of the mailboxes, two envelopes in hand.

As usual, he didn’t have a shirt on, a blatant advertisement for his complexion—a warm medium brown like roasted acorns—and the tight muscles of his arms and torso. Worn jeans hung low on his waist and emphasized the cut and strength of his muscular thighs. He was too attractive for his own good. She didn’t even like facial hair on men, but his five o’clock shadow added a certain manliness to his dark features that made her unduly curious to know what it would feel like if she rubbed her palm across his cheek, or what it would feel like if she...kissed him.

A dull throb between her thighs made Kay swallow hard and avert her eyes. “Nope. Got it.”

She hoisted the bag onto her hip and tightened her fingers around the tote in her hand. Even though she didn’t accept his help, Malcolm hurried ahead of her and opened the door to their unit.

“I guess you’re not working tonight?” Kay already knew the answer but needed to fill the

silence with conversation because of her nervousness around him. She really wished he wore a shirt more often.

She brushed by him sideways, careful not to touch him forgot to hold her breath, which subjected her senses to his scent—a robust, enticing combination of leather and sandalwood that made the fine hairs on her neck stand on end.

In the little galley kitchen, she set the bags on the counter, acutely aware of his presence and the way her heart had started beating unusually fast.

“No, I’m off.” Malcolm came to stand in the doorway, resting one shoulder against the doorjamb, and watched her unpack the groceries. “You cooking tonight?”

“Yes.”

“What’s on the menu?”

“Nothing fancy. Chicken and mushroom pizza and a salad. You staying in?”

He yawned and rubbed a hand over his ripped stomach. “Yeah.”

“No plans tonight?” Kay asked sarcastically. She placed the milk and cheese in the refrigerator. “I’m surprised.”

When he didn’t respond, she looked over her shoulder at him. His gaze was thoughtful, steady on her. Kay felt the air constrict from her lungs at the watchfulness of his gaze.

“Something you want to say?” he asked.

Now was the opportunity she’d been waiting for. “Actually, there is.”

Kay stacked canned vegetables on the cabinet shelves, using that time to work up the courage to speak her mind. When she finished, she closed the door and placed a hand on her hip.

“We need some house rules. Last night you and your latest hookup disturbed my sleep. That pretty much happens every time you bring one of your...girlfriends over.” She breathed a little easier and waited for his response.

“We’re disturbing your sleep? How?” He appeared to be genuinely surprised.

“I can hear you. I heard you last night, for example.”

Malcolm smirked. “I didn’t think she was that loud.”

Heat climbed up Kay’s neck. She concentrated on folding the totes into tight little bundles. “I heard you come in. And I heard her...after.” She bent and placed the bags in a lower cabinet.

“That bother you?” Malcolm’s voice sounded unusually low and extra close. As if he wasn’t standing over at the door anymore.

Kay straightened, and sure enough, he was looking at her from only a few feet away. Her

heart leaped into her throat and forced her pulse to beat at an outrageous tempo in her neck.

“Did what bother me?”

“Hearing her.”

“It bothered my sleep,” Kay said throatily. She cleared her throat. “No big deal for you because you work at night and sleep during the day when I’m at work or running errands, but...” She felt breathless. Her heart rate had escalated to an even more abnormal level, and since he hadn’t taken his dark eyes from her, standing very close, she was very aware of his broad frame and the power that seemed leashed beneath his skin. The same power that had made his companion cry out with pleasure last night. “You should be considerate, that’s all.”

Malcolm hooked his thumbs in the hoops of his jeans, dragging the waistband even lower and exposing the tempting vee of his pelvic bones. Kay swiped her tongue across her lips and didn’t even realize she’d been staring until the ominous silence in the kitchen registered. Her gaze shot up to his, guilt heating her cheeks and creating a trembling awareness on the inside of her belly.

“Know what I think?” He came closer and trapped her in the corner of the counter with hands on either side of her.

“I don’t care what you think.”

He tilted his head, his eyes narrowing with a knowing gleam. “I think you’re curious.”

“Don’t flatter yourself,” she shot back.

“I think you want to know what she was screaming about.”

“I’m not that easy. I like a man to put in a little effort, take me to a movie or dinner or something.”

“Thing is, I’m curious, too.” His gaze lowered to her mouth.

Kay’s lips tingled, aching. This was unfair. She wasn’t prepared for a full-scale assault on her senses.

Malcolm’s eyelids dropped to half mast, and he pulled his full bottom lip between his teeth, a move he had to know was sexy and tempting. A move he must have used dozens of times to successfully entice women.

He eased even closer, drawing her deeper under his spell with his seductively half-closed eyes and the heat radiating from his skin. “We’ve been living together for five months, and every time I see you sipping tea in your pajamas at the table, or I walk by your closed bedroom door, or you come home in those cute heels you wear to work everyday, I can’t help but wonder...what would it take to make *you* scream? And how would that scream sound?”

“You can wonder—”

His hands cupped her face and Kay drew in a sharp breath. His eyes searched hers for a brief moment, as if checking to make sure that she wouldn't scream or run or fight. Then he lowered his head, seizing her lips in a hot kiss that dispersed all thought and forced her to concentrate on the supple warmth of his mouth. He pushed her back against the counter's edge, but she ignored the mild discomfort in favor of kissing him with the same enthusiasm he used to devour her. His hands slid down to cup the cheeks of her bottom, and he squeezed and massaged until moisture seeped into her panties.

Kay lifted one leg and rubbed her throbbing sex against the front of his pants, and Malcolm groaned, hoisting her from the floor onto the laminate countertop. Her hands eagerly mapped the grooves of his abs and across his ribs to the muscular terrain of his back. She clung to him, moaning with pleasure at how good he tasted—absolutely exceeding her modest expectations.

His mouth found her throat and he nibbled and sucked, setting her skin aflame and sending her pulse spiraling out of control. Easily, he undid her pants and she helped him remove them, raising her bottom from the counter so he could tug them down her legs.

“Damn,” he muttered, patting his pants pocket. “I don't have a condom.”

“No problem.” Kay upended her purse on the counter, spilling free her wallet, comb, keys and other items—which included two condoms.

With a raised eyebrow, Malcolm smiled and then tore one of the packets open with his teeth. Quickly he undid his pants and shoved them and the briefs to his ankles in one easy motion.

He sheathed himself in the rubber and met her gaze, a sexy smile lifting both corners of his mouth. “Now, where were we?”

Dragging Kay to the edge of the counter, his mouth claimed hers again, devouring, even as he used one hand to guide his steely length between her legs. He slid easily into her slick channel and filled her with one powerful thrust. His hips slid back and forth, and Kay groaned against his mouth, tightening her muscles around his shaft, making them both moan from the exquisite friction created.

Hands positioned behind her knees, he lifted her legs higher, feeding his hard length deeper into the liquid heat of her body. Her felt so good sliding long and deep—too good, so good, the building tension climbing faster than she wanted.

The climax that erupted burst from her core and she wrapped her arms tight around his neck, crying out with her head flung back in wild abandonment as she shattered in his arms. Her loss of control seemed to be all he needed to see. He groaned into her neck, his moist mouth pressed to

the damp skin and sending rivulets of pleasure cascading down her skin. Grunting low in his chest, Malcolm's hips pumped fast several more times before his body tightened and then shuddered in release.

When his breathing returned to normal, Kay was the first to let go. Her arms fell from around his neck and in turn, his hands let go of her legs.

So much for not being easy. The heat of embarrassment filled her cheeks and kept her eyes lowered to her slacks on the floor and the pair of black panties suspended around the ankle of one foot.

Malcolm placed a hand below her chin and tilted her head up so she had to look him in the eye. He rubbed his thumb across her lower lip, and a one-sided grin transformed his face into a lazy smile. "Which movie would you like to see?"

The End

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