

MISS WRIGHT'S MR. RIGHT

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Excerpt of Miss Wright's Mr. Right:

Ten minutes later, someone knocked on her door again. She was tempted to leave it alone when the knocks turned into banging and a familiar voice cursed: "Damnit, Lee, open up."

Carter?

Glancing down at herself, Leona winced. She was still in her pajamas, a loose t-shirt and boxer shorts. The heater had been on, warming the floors so she could walk around barefoot. It would probably feel like a furnace to Carter, he was always so warm.

The insistence in his voice made her hurry to the door and she pulled it open just as he was about knock again. His fist mid-stroke, he seemed to stop for a moment to take her in. . He made a slow perusal like he had the other day: his eyes starting from her toes, making their way up her legs, past her waist, hesitating on her breasts and finally reaching her flushed face--she wanted to pull on a robe, not that she was wearing anything scandalous.

"Carter!" she feigned delight, being near him always made her nervous--not in a bad way, but his presence never left her with a clear mind. "What are you doing here? Did Kyle send you?"

"Now why would I need a reason to visit you? I thought we were friends," the last was said with a hint of anger as he moved into her apartment. Some of her boxes had made its way into the living room. "What are you doing?" his eyes glued to the boxes.

As he looked over the boxes and the state of the apartment, she looked her fill of him. His jaw not entirely clean, probably because he'd woken up late for work and no time to shave, made her knees weak. His ruffled hair carelessly groomed probably with his hand just running through those soft locks tempted her to stand up on her toes and brush a strand away from his face. She admired his broad shoulders that made a woman feel safe, as if he could block out the rest of the world and leave just the two of them; she'd fantasized about those arms holding her, and when he turned around she fanned her face to keep those laviscious thoughts about his delectable butt at bay. "Um, Kyle didn't tell you? I'm looking for a new place--maybe one without a roommate. Chloe's...well, she's getting a little..."

He nodded, understanding enough because of how much Kyle worried about his sister's soemtimes too generous nature.

"How are you doing?" The change of tone in his voice surprised her. There was a certain edge to it that made her even more nervous and she did what she always did with him, rose to challenge him.

"I'm fine," her voice careless and bright. "You know, I don't know why everyone's deciding to visit me this morning. Did I win the lottery or something?" She began walking away to put a box back in her room. "First Kevin, now you."

He raised an eyebrow, "Kevin?"

"My neighbor downstairs." Her hand fluttered to the floor and she suddenly felt very unsure of herself--she felt thirteen.

He didn't sit, he didn't lean, he just stood and followed, his hand clenching something at his side. She'd never seen him like this.

Walking towards him, her concern obvious but clearly unwanted, she reached out to touch his forehead. "Hey, are you all right, Carter? I mean, you look sort of...well...sort of..."

When he lifted his face to look her in the eye, she backed up, surprised by the restrained anger. He looked like he did when she'd come home with a tattoo. He looked enraged. Granted, his "enraged" look was pretty tame, but the stillness of his body and the tension in his posture, the steel in his voice all pointed to anger, an anger she remembered quite well.

"I'm just curious," his voice calm as he walked towards her--correction, not walked--stalked. "You want to know what I saw today, Lee?"

She smiled nervously and played along. "What did you see today, Blaine?"

"A picture. Of you." Her smile began to drop.

"Oh?" It sounded a little strangled, even to her.

"Oh, yeah. I was at The Danube, on Clement, you know--picking up some breakfast for the office. What should I come across, but of two boys who were busy reading a magazine." He stopped in front of her and her face had gone pale. She knew.

She gave a weak laugh and back up. "Really? What does this have to do with my picture?"

Oh she had guts, he always gave her that. She was all brass and never backed down, it was why he liked her.

Well, it just happened it wasn't just any magazine, Lee. This was a magazine for men. And I couldn't help but overhear them talking about the girl on the page. But something caught my attention, a small tattoo, Lee, of LW. On the girl's hip."

Her jaw dropped, she thought she'd put makeup on that thing. Damn.

"Okay." She stared at him, her chin lifting. The strategy was to deny, deny, deny or brazen it out. From the fury he was holding, brazening seemed like a better idea.

"What the hell were you doing posing for some trash like that?" His voice rose and he shook the girly magazine in front of her. The pages fell open to her picture and if she wasn't so nervous she'd stop and think Damn, I look good. "Do you know what men do with magazines like this, Lee? Hell, do you know what boys do with magazines like this? I'll tell you one thing, they don't read the fuckin' articles!"

Her eyes narrowed. He didn't have to yell at her.

"What were you thinking? You're posed like some sort of--you're inviting--you're dressed--hell, you're not dressed. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw that picture, Lee. I couldn't believe it of you." His gaze raked over her, disappointment etched on his face.

Angry at his reaction, at his presumptions, at his own anger and disappointment, Leo responded, "I don't see how this has to be any of your business. What I do with my body is my decision, and I don't see how this has anything to do with you!" She could feel the heat rising in her face, the indignation at his disappointment. She didn't do anything wrong...just "outside the box". Anger was good, rage gave her confidence, gumption. But it quickly became a sense of preservation as he stalked closer to her, throwing the magazine down.

"It's my business because I'm your brother's best friend. Do you know what he would have done if he were the one to see that picture?" He waited for her to realize what he said, the consequences of her actions--the reaction her family would have because Kyle would do the "right" thing and tell them...and the punishment she'd receive from him would be much worse than a few loud words with Carter. Her eyes fell to his throat, to his chest. "It's your body all right," his tone deep, almost growling, "and it deals with me because I care about what you do, Lee."

Her eyes snapped up, realizing he was standing extremely close.

"I recognized the tattoo."

She got lost in his eyes. They were like chocolate. And she forgot for a moment that he thought of her as a sister, because he was staring at her like a hungry man and she was prime rib.

"I figured," Leo whispered.

He moved closer, till her breasts brushed his chest and her breathing stopped and she inhaled quickly, her breaths became rapid. It was such an odd feeling, having Carter so close. When her back hit the wall and instinctively put up her hands. He stopped, waiting for her to push him away, but she didn't, she just looked at him like a cat and licked her lips.

Carter closed his eyes and Leona was struck by how incredibly long his eyelashes were. She could spend hours looking at him, he groaned and then just like that his eyes snapped open and with a muttered curse that sounded suspiciously like: "Kyle's going to kill me," he braced his big warm hands on her face and kissed her.