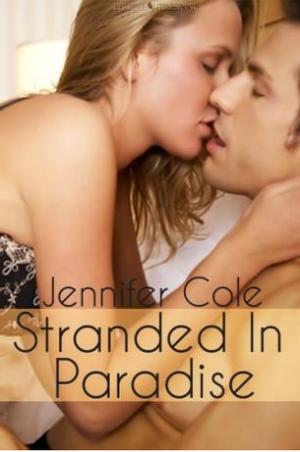


## Stranded in Paradise by Jennifer Cole



### Stranded in Paradise

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*Two volatile people, two different lives -- too hot to handle?*

Dax Winslow never believed in love at first sight...that was before he met Kendall Zurich. While en route to the most important meeting of his legal career, Dax's car breaks down in the small town of Milton

Ville and he finds himself face to face with the owner of Kenny's Service Station. The stunning mechanic knocks his otherwise structured psyche off balance.

Kendall Zurich is content with her laidback life. Too bad Dax's arrival disrupts her quiet existence and turns it completely upside down. She can only hope the dashing counselor doesn't uncover her secret...and if he does, the deception isn't too big for forgiveness.

Emotions of the past can provoke a burning struggle. Will very separate lives, misunderstandings, and outright lies be enough to keep them apart? Or has each finally found the spark that could ignite a lifetime?

*Content Warning:* Warning, this title contains the following: graphic language, and explicit sex.

### *Excerpt*

The ride to Kendall's took them to the outskirts of the town. They drove up the lane and parked in front of single story cottage-style log home, nestled in and protected by dense woods. A tire swing hung from a big old oak tree in the middle of the front yard. A colorful rose garden adorned the front of the house. A wrap-around porch held two rocking chairs and a porch swing.

On the seat of one of the rockers lay a big old orange cat.

They climbed off the bike and removed their helmets.

"Welcome to my little piece of paradise." Kendall beamed proudly.

"Honey, it's beautiful," Dax replied honestly.

"Thanks," she said with an accompanying shiver. "Come on, you'd probably like a shower. I know I would, and I'm famished." She giggled, rubbing her belly.

The aroma of pot roast greeted them as he followed her through the front door. His own stomach rumbled angrily, reminding him he hadn't eaten since breakfast. At the end of a tour of her home, Kendall left him alone in a spare bedroom. After taking a shower in the en suite and putting on fresh clothes, he felt like a new man.

Wandering around again, Dax admired the simple, yet functional design and layout of her home. The furnishings were modern, accented with a light country flare and a gentle feminine touch. It wasn't frilly and girly, but rather comfortably unisex and felt like home. He found his mind wandering and liked where it headed. This was their home, with a couple of kids running around, himself sitting on the couch bottle-feeding a baby while Kendall worked in the kitchen preparing their evening meal.

As Dax gave his head a shake to clear the vision in his mind, he found himself standing in the doorway to the kitchen watching Kendall dishing out their dinner from a slow cooker on the counter. The sight of her took his breath away. Freshly showered, her blond curls were still slightly damp. Clad in a pair of denim shorts that teasingly hugged her round rear and a pastel pink tank top. He saw she wore a black bra by the strap peeking out, and wondered if matching panties caressed the flesh under her shorts. The fresh clean scent she exuded drove his senses crazy.

As he stood in silence watching her, he noticed her stiffen suddenly, raising her head as if distracted from her task.

\* \* \* \*

Kenny sensed her guest behind her, felt the weight of his stare. Catching a whiff of Dax's mild cologne, her nipples hardened painfully and the clean pair of panties she wore grew damp.

She tensed. "I hope you're hungry," she said, surprised at the breathlessness of her voice.

Turning to meet his gaze, her breath caught.

His hair was damp and tousled as if he had just towel-dried it. A pair of khaki shorts hung low on his slender hips, and a button-down striped shirt adorned his upper body with just a single button fastened around his belly button. The sleeves were rolled to his elbows and she noticed the head and partial body of a cobra tattooed on the inside of his left forearm. A dusting of dark chest hair teased her, but not nearly as much as the dark trail leading to the treasure below the waist of his shorts. He stood in the doorway, barefoot—a big turn on for her. Kenny didn't think there was anything sexier than a guy in bare feet. And the man standing in the doorway of her kitchen was the sexiest thing she had ever laid eyes on.

"Starved," he answered, his voice low, deep.

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