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Excerpt from

The Caretaker

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Jaycee

“What the HELL is that? And WHO the HELL is that?”

I said it as much to myself as to Harold, my pilot, and not at all to mom who was listening on the cell phone next to my ear, probably with a shocked look on her beautiful face.

A huge black monster vehicle thing with the biggest tires I have ever seen in my life was jauntily skirting around the half open gate and speeding across the tarmac towards my parked corporate jet. The open top revealed a large man behind the wheel, brown medium length hair flying in the wind and even from this distance I could see a big smile plastered across what appeared to be a clean shaven, interestingly strong looking tanned face.

“What’s going on? Jaycee? Jaycee?”

“I . .don’t know. This big black . .*thing* just rolled up to the steps and it sure isn’t the old Lincoln car or the old caretaker behind the wheel.”

“Oh, he’s there then. Good. Bye dear.”

“Mom. Mom . .who . .”

“Gotta go. See you next week.”

“Next week? I’ll be home tomorrow evening. Mom . . .mother!” But the line was already dead.

Damn her to hell. She was up to something. I knew it. If I didn’t know her better I’d swear she was being devious.

“Hi. You must be Harold.” The driver drawled in a strong, deep voice as he threw his long tanned legs over the side of the doorless hunk of black steel and shook Harold’s hand.

“Yes, I am.” Harold took the stranger’s hand readily enough and smiled much too friendly for my likeness.

“And you must be Ms. Penner. Glad to have you at the cabin.” A wide grin spread across his handsome clean-shaven tanned face as he looked up the Cessna steps at me.

Penner? No one had called me Ms Penner in over six years. Not since I was Miss Penner. Before I was Mrs. Jason Delbert Reynolds. But now I was just . . . what was I? I certainly wasn’t Mrs. Reynolds anymore, even though everyone at corporate called me that. Could I go back to being Jaycee Elizabeth Penner? Could I? Just like that?

I quickly assessed the ramifications, seen none, so I threw a big smile on and sauntered down the steps towards the tall tanned stranger and to Harold’s surprise I threw out my hand saying, “Yes, I’m Ms. Penner. But you may call me Jaycee.”

“Hello Jaycee, I’m Ricky.” He drawled with a low deep voice that sent shivers of . . . of something up and down my spine. Rather delicious shivers I decided. His smile was genuine and touched the corners of his green-gold eyes. Nice eyes. I immediately liked him, which was unusual as Dad had taught me never to be too quick to like, dislike or judge a person. Once an opinion was formed it usually stuck.

I reached out my hand to him. The moment our hands touched I felt a hot piercing jolt run through me. A white hot heat pooling ever so deliciously between my thighs.

Ricky

I tried to get out of my caretaker duties the moment Mrs. Penner had called to arrange for her daughter to come to the cabin for a few days. I love living in the little caretaker's cottage and opening up the big main cabin for the Penner family was going to be part of my duties. I just didn't want to share the quiet retreat with a woman. Especially a rich bitch from New York.

But, Mrs. Penner played on my good graces and gave me a sad soap story about her husband's sudden death and her daughter's marriage breaking up all within a few weeks of each other and her daughter was working herself to death in the corporate offices in the bowels of New York City. Now with a soapy story like that how was I to deny the woman? After all I was the caretaker of their northern Michigan cabin and property.

So I already had formed my opinion of Ms Jaycee Penner before I ever laid eyes on her. A rich bitch. Spoiled. Haughty. High maintenance. Cold. A perfectionist. A dictator. High class. She probably never stopped talking and I'd be bored and tired of her before sundown.

By the time I arrived, purposely late, at the small airport, I had worked myself into not liking this corporate bitch and I'd decided I was not going to cater to her every whim. I was determined to be as much a backwoods bastard as she was a high fa'luting corporate bitch.

Then I seen her and a little bit of me melted. A slender brunette, unpretentiously dressed in white slacks and a light blue sweater and although they probably cost as much as my entire wardrobe it gave her an air of simplicity and calm reserve. I don't know what I expected. A bleached blond bitch in a designer suit I guess. Briefcase in hand and cell phone to her ear, that sort of thing.

But that wasn't what was waiting on the top step of the plane.

When our hands met for what should have been a customary handshake I felt a vive run through me I hadn't experienced for a long long time. Immediately my sexual interest was piqued and it scared the shit out of me to acknowledge the

desire running through me. But I allowed myself the pleasure of the warm surge and made up my mind that instant that everything I had predetermined about this city-chick had to be reevaluated. And quickly. Oh hell, I finally told myself, throw it all out and start from scratch right now reassessing her.

Thing was, I was hard for her. I mean HARD. And to think I had an entire week to get her in my bed and fuck her. Oh, yeah it was going to be a great week in the northern woods after all.