

Hot Havana Night

By Lisa Perry, © 2009, All rights reserved

“U.S. Marshal, Kayla Cooper.” Kayla flashed her badge, offered a grim smile, and tilted her head to the man beside her. “This is Agent Joe Moffet, United States Department of Justice.” She spoke matter-of-factly, without taking her eyes from the overweight Cuban clad in a faded blue uniform and too-tight government-issued cap. “We’re here to take Mr. Juan Cote into U.S custody ready for extradition back to the United States at oh-six hundred hours.”

The Cuban stiffened as though Kayla had threatened to take his last donut, or perhaps it was her firm tone. She held a position of authority. Demanded respect from her fellow law enforcement colleagues, no matter their citizenship or belief a woman’s place was in the home, barefoot and pregnant. She had worked her ass off to make it up the chain of command to be the lead Marshal on this case. Juan Cote was a bad man. Murdered his lover and unborn baby and buried their bodies in the marshlands so his wife would never find out about his double life.

He was a national fugitive for months before word spread he fled Florida and made it back to his family’s homeland of Cuba. He had evaded the feds for almost a year. Now in Cuban custody, the Marshals were called in to extradite the asshole back to American soil where unfortunately the felon had legal citizenship, and a shitload of rights.

Kayla offered the officer the documents for verification. Passing the paperwork over the chipped formica counter top, the officer relaxed his offended stance a little. She was ecstatic this case was over. It had been a long day of flying, and Miami and Havana both seemed to

share in the almost unbearable humidity no woman with thick dark curls should ever have to deal with and maintain a sophisticated hair-do. But the sweat and lethargy she felt after a hard day was well worth it. She and Joe would be recognized for this one. Big time. Major congrats and credibility was about to land in her lap. And they deserved it.

Kayla peered around the room as the officer skimmed the pages. Joe stood like a statue, his former military training giving him away. An Army Ranger, Joe had seen the world in all its glory, along with the horror. He had a story or few that was for sure. Not that Kayla would ever get him to share any. Nor would she push the issue. He was a patient man. Something Kayla envied. If only she rubbed up against him, maybe it would rub off onto her. She almost laughed at such an idiotic idea.

She hadn't been rubbed up against in a long time. Joe didn't do it for her, not really. He was alright to look at, but Kayla couldn't imagine Joe letting loose and allowing red-hot passion to take control of his sensibilities. And she needed that desperate desire from a man. Someone who could hold his own; A man full of raging testosterone and that primal need to claim and conquer. Someone who could match her sexual energy; Someone who...

"All clear." Kayla almost jumped clear across the room when the Cuban spoke. He shuffled the papers back into a neat stack and placed them into a folder, slipped it into a draw and slammed it shut, locking the filing cabinet like a safe.

"This is your documentation now." He handed Kayla a lacquered card. "Bring it with you at six o'clock tomorrow morning to verify who you are and why you're here. It will allow access for the Cuban authorities to hand over the prisoner." Kayla dismissed the fact he said "the" prisoner and not "her" prisoner. Cote was hers alright. No ifs, ands, or buts about it.

Kayla frowned at the bar code across the side and the microchip imbedded inside the folds of card. It felt awkward, bumpy. She was aware the officer was still watching her, and she raised her head to address her concerns as to what this document held exactly.

He jumped in before she had time to ask. "Everything is done electronically. Trust me." *Oh yeah, like I've never heard that before.* "Everything you need for the morning is on that card. Just don't lose it." Kayla almost laughed at his hint of a grin. Hmm, maybe he was alright after all.

She smiled briefly, added, "I will guard this puppy with my life." Nodded curtly and glanced over at Joe who pursed his lips and nodded his head in agreement. They turned to leave together and Joe offered a firm, "Gracias, Senior."

The Cuban called back with a friendlier tone than previously possessed. His accent was as thick as the stale air in the stuffy room. The sweat rings accumulating around his armpits matched the heady musk permeating the office. It was nauseating, yet temporary. "Have a good evening." The broken English was discernible for Kayla although probably not for most. She had always been good with languages. "And beware of *La Serpiente?*"

Joe bumped a broad shoulder into Kayla's breast as he turned as abruptly as she did to face the Officer once again. "And what or whom is *La Serpiente?*" Kayla blurted out. Joe was breathing heavily in her ear as he took a quick step back from their collision.

"He's an American, like the two of you. A bounty hunter claiming he will catch and deport Cote on his own merits." Kayla's stomach tightened at the intense look on the officer's face, but the crease lines around his eyes hinted at an underlying glint of amusement.

“But you already have Cote in your custody, right?” Kayla placed two hands upon her hips in a combative stance. She was inclined to march back to the counter and demand the Cuban officer tell her what the hell was going on or else. But Joe grasped her upper arm. He bent close to her ear and mumbled a succinct, “He’s pulling our leg, Kayla. Let’s go. We got what we came for. We’ll finish this in the morning and be on our way.”

Kayla hesitated and then looked at Joe. Nodded for his benefit and threw a smile back at the Cuban. “Thanks for the warning. We’ll be back at oh-six hundred hours to claim *our* prisoner.”

A quiet Thursday night at the hotel lobby bar and Kayla couldn’t find Joe anywhere. While she went upstairs to shower and change, Joe mentioned his plan to hit the sports bar in need of pizza, beer and a ball game before calling it a night. Kayla was also beat, and had to get up early, but couldn’t pass up the opportunity to enjoy the Havana night life. She had never been to the seductive city and wanted to bask in the moment.

The bar was dark, lit with colorful lanterns adorning the ceiling to create an amber glow. Like candlelight. She glanced around the establishment. The Cuban music was loud, the energy pumping. Couples danced close to one another. Others fondled in their booths without a care in the world who was watching. South American culture was more sexually liberating than in the States, Kayla noticed. She was wishing she had someone to share some intimacy with. Tonight of all nights. A celebration was in order.

She ordered an apple martini instead, looking for some reprieve from the case she and Joe had worked so hard on. As she pulled the plastic clip from her hair and let the long dark curls fall down around her shoulders; she felt his presence behind her.

“Hola Hermosa, como estas?” A deep sexy growl danced across the bare skin of her neck. Startled she spun around and came face to face with Mr. tall, dark and oh-so-handsome. His bronzed skin illuminated his chocolate eyes and expensive white teeth. A clean shaven, ultra strong jaw line caused Kayla to form a fist so she wouldn’t reach out and grab him, pull him close and ravish his mouth with her own. *Holy mother!*

Her eyes caught his and held on for way too long. Kayla was rendered speechless. He asked if he could sit down, his accent flooded with inconsistencies of the English vernacular, but he could have asked Kayla for half her liver and she would be hard-pressed to turn him down.

He bumped into her thigh as he slid into the stool beside her and turned to flag down the bartender. Kayla caught his scent and almost lunged for him. Lord, he smelt heavenly. She brought her martini glass to her lips and chugged the remainder down for lack of something better to do. The sexy stranger was ordering her another anyway, so what did it matter.

As they sipped their liquor, Kayla asked his name, his order of business and essentially his life story. She couldn’t put the cop in her away for more than a few moments, no matter how smitten she was. His sensual grin and need to lean in close didn’t help matters either. He wore a crisp white linen shirt with the sleeves rolled up mid arm, revealing muscular forearms and the promise of some damn fine biceps. His thighs were firm as they pressed against hers;

his lap looked awfully inviting from where she sat, covered by light-weight cream colored slacks. She was sure she saw movement down below, but that could also be the alcohol talking.

“I’m Carlos Cruz.” He spoke with a hungry smile, his eyes scanning her from head to toe.

“Kayla Cooper.”

“Ahh, an American, I hear.”

Kayla gushed, “You’re good with accents.” *Not so much with the English.* She took a long sip of her martini. The sweet apple flavor went down nicely.

“I meet many international people. I practically live at these airport hotels.”

“What is it you do, Carlos?”

“International businessman of finance. I travel all the time. All over.”

His English was getting harder to decipher, so Kayla thought better than to prod further as to what kind of business he was affiliated with exactly. Cuba was on the down slope, and the hold Castro had over this government meant little to no chance that this guy, no matter how good he was at his job, was dabbling in anything illegal. She was a trained reader-of-people. She was satisfied he was as law-abiding as he seemed.

And she was here for Cote. Not to interrogate every hot-blooded male who offered to buy her a drink. She would be gone in a few more hours and wasn’t planning to look back.

Kayla finished off her second apple martini and felt the numbing effects take over. “I should head up to my room now. I need a couple hours of shut-eye before my trip home in the morning. Thanks for the drink, Carlos. I enjoyed the company.”

As she stood and wavered on the spot, Carlos shot up and gathered her around the waist. Wouldn’t you know it? Mr. Gallantry insisted he help her to her suite so she arrived there safely. She wasn’t about to protest how that would be a bad idea. His body against hers felt too good to pass up.

She slipped the key card from her leather clutch and managed to get the door open, as Carlos pushed it open all the way. But before Kayla moved too far inside, Carlos had her up against him, the door swiftly slammed shut and their bodies pressed firmly against the cool wood. His hands clasped her waist and pressed her lower body into his. He was hard.

His mouth caught hers and he angled his head to kiss her deep. Kayla let out a moan as she dropped her purse on the floor and lifted her arms to circle his neck. She curled her tongue against his and relished in the sensation, taste, texture and warmth.

Carlos released a hand and used it to lift her top up and over her head. Breaking for air, they stared at one another as he undressed her. He went in search of the zip to her skirt and guided it down her legs while she stood against the door in her bra and panties, feeling anything but modest.

His smile reaffirmed he wanted her, and it was all she needed. As he unbuckled his belt and went about shucking his own clothing, Kayla slowly unclasped her bra, peeling it away from her breast, but not before Carlos had her wrapped tight against him. His skin was hot to

the touch, his hard, muscular body tensed against hers. She melted into him as he kissed his way down her throat and along the crest of her breasts.

He caught a nipple between his lips and suckled lightly. And then harder until Kayla writhed against him, his crotch fighting the fabric of her panties. Kayla was wet and eager for him. His torture on her nipples sent her head spinning. She wanted to be naked and beneath him, his hard heat filling her, stretching her.

“Kayla, you’re incredible,” he murmured against her. His voice muffled by her chest, but more coherent than she should be hearing considering the fuzziness of her head.

“Carlos, take me to bed.”

He pulled slightly away from her and bent at the waist where he gripped beneath her knees and lifted her in his arms. The surprise almost had Kayla falling backwards, but his strong capable arms kept her steady as he swept her through the suite to the bedroom at the other end of the room. The curtains were still closed tight, the air conditioner barely cranking, and the room dark and cave-like.

Carlos placed her on top of the comforter and reached to the side to flick on a lamp. “All the better to see you with,” he grinned. The sheen of sweat gliding down his chest and along his narrow waist caused Kayla’s tummy to flip-flop. He was magnificent.

Kayla spread out on her back and rested on her elbows as she waited, watching the South American scurry around the room picking up their clothing and her purse and placing it on the side table. *Hmm, neat freak.* Nothing wrong with a little OCD now and again, she

figured. As long as he didn't plan on whipping out the Clorox wipes while making love to her, that is.

When he joined her on the bed, he slid his body over hers, the feel of skin on skin was electric as he kissed her soundly, then sat up, straddling her waist where he used both hands to peel her panties off of her. It was a slow procession, his eyes taking the journey down her legs along with the scant fabric.

When he was laying over her again, in her arms and nuzzling her breasts, she rubbed her lower body against him, the urgency to have him inside her too much to bear. He lifted his waist and she spread her legs, wrapped them around him and lifted upwards to take him fully.

His heavy groan aroused her even further; she angled her hips and allowed her clitoris to glide against the base of his penis. The friction ignited her pulse, sent her over the edge and into a hailstorm of euphoria. Her body shook, pulsed and gripped around his penis. Carlos thrust harder, faster, mumbled a barely audible, "Oh fuck," Before tensing, exploding, and filling her completely.

The South American sure knew what he was doing.

So worth the trip down here. Kayla mused before falling into a deep dreamless sleep.

The morning sunshine slithered through the slit in the curtains and directly into Kayla's line of sight. She felt heavy, sore. Her brain was telling her to open her eyes and embrace the morning, but she wanted to stay nestled in the softness of the bed, she felt damn good after last night. Her body had gone so long without such pleasures. Carlos turned out to be a real Don Juan.

“Don Juan. Juan. Cote. Shit!” Kayla’s eyes flew open and scanned the room, she sat up and realized Carlos was nowhere to be seen. And the clock beside the bed read five-thirty. She was late. Springing up and jumping from the bed and into the bathroom Kayla rushed through a cool shower. Her skin still tingled from Carlos’ touch. It would take a while to forget him that was for sure.

She dressed in record time, combed her wet hair and pulled it up into a classic knot to disguise the fact she had no time to dry it. Sifted through her make-up bag for the bare minimum and made sure she looked presentable if not perfected. Her overnight bag was never unpacked so all she needed to do was toss her toiletries inside and zip it up.

At the ringing of the room phone she grabbed the receiver and sunk down onto the edge of the bed. She knew it was Joe before she heard his voice. “Where the hell are you, Cooper?”

She sighed, thankful she was ready, but kicking herself for letting a man get to her like that. She had lost control last night, and this morning’s appointment could have been jeopardized for those actions she allowed herself so liberally. She wouldn’t allow it to happen again. Ever. This investigation was too important to screw up.

“I’m coming, I’m coming. I’ll be down in five minutes. You in the lobby already?”

“Got us a cab and all.” Kayla rolled her eyes. *Of course he did.* “Don’t forget the card,” He added curtly.

“Don’t forget the card? What do you take me for, Joe?” She felt her anger rise at his ability to think she was a half-wit incapable of remembering to keep track of a card pertaining

to an investigation, but she rummaged through her purse to double check the status of said documentation, just in case.

She came up empty.

“Double shit.” Kayla jumped from the bed, fell to the floor and searched high and low for the card she would need to deport an International fugitive back to the states.

“What?” Joe’s response wasn’t lost on her. “What’s going on, Cooper?”

“Ahh, nothing, Joe. I ripped a nail zipping up my bag.”

“Do you have the card, Kayla, honestly that’s all I care about right now.”

“Relax, Joe, give me a few more minutes, I’ll be right down.”

“What did you do last night, anyway? You didn’t get approached by *La Serpiente*, did you?”

“Don’t be ridiculous, you were the one who said the Cuban officer was pulling our leg.”

“That was before you lost the damn card, Cooper!”

She gulped heavily, searched the entire room with her sights for possible places it could have fallen out of her purse and landed. “I didn’t lose it, Joe.” She knew damn well she didn’t *lose* it. Although it was definitely *gone*.

“Did someone take it? Could someone have taken it?” His tone an even blend of frustration and anger.

“Meaning, am I stupid enough to have let some stranger up into my room?” *Please don’t answer that.*

“Your words, not mine. But yes. *Serpiente* means snake, you know.”

“I know, Joe. I studied Latin in college.” She closed her eyes and tried to think of a way out of this mess. It didn’t help when her partner was rubbing her own stupidity in her face.

“He’s slick, quick, and probably sticking his tongue out at you as we speak.”

Kayla swallowed a heavy ball of bile. “Joe. I think you’re right. *La Serpiente* is quite the sweet-talker.”

“Are you shitting me? Cause I was just on a rant about all that snake talk --”

“No, I’m not.” Kayla rubbed her forehead to ease the heavy throb. She still felt hot and sated from last night. The ache between her legs reminiscent of just how easily manipulated she was. She wanted this case. *Needed* this case. Now a damn bounty hunter was going to cash in on *her* prisoner? She was the worst cop in history... or Carlos was just *that* good.

“Kayla? Listen—”

“It’s over, Joe. He screwed me. *La Serpiente*. He screwed me good.”