



Rendezvous in Rio

~ L Rosario ~



There is nothing better than the real thing...

Oh God, in person, he was staggering to look at. To think she'd imagined photos and a webcam had prepared her, when they hadn't. Not at all. They hadn't captured the multiple tones of brown in his eyes, or the perfection of his olive complexion or even the sheen of his black hair. It was like gazing at a stranger.

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By: L.Rosario

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Casablanca Palace - Rio de Janeiro

Elena swished her feet through the soothing pool water and sighed. She'd been sitting here for hours, while everyone with any sense had raced back inside the elegant Casablanca Palace the moment the sky darkened with clouds. However, she'd left her common sense back in Philadelphia when she'd decided to fly 5000 miles to have sex with a guy.

Not that Rodrigo Caldeira was just any guy. No, not at all. He was the love of her life, of that she was certain. Only problem was, the entirety of their six-month long relationship had been conducted via the phone and internet, leaving quite a few gaps needing to be filled when it came to really knowing a person.

Hence the reason for her trip to Rio. What better way to really know someone than to sleep with them? And she couldn't sleep with Rodrigo over the phone. But she also couldn't sleep with him if he didn't show up.

Glancing at the sky, Elena slid her dark sunglasses up to the top of her head and sighed again. There was little doubt it would rain soon, and likely storm, if the fat ominous clouds were any indication. So much for the sight of her in her new Brazilian bikini knocking Rodrigo dead. She'd expected *him* to be waiting for *her*, his dark eyes eager, his arms open...oh well, maybe his departure from Sao Paulo had been delayed? Maybe there was a call waiting for her in her room? Maybe he'd simply changed his mind?

The last thought made her want to jump in the pool without holding her breath.

"It is going to rain soon, *senhora*."

Elena glanced up, way up, and into a handsome young face. She'd seen this guy...kid, earlier having his picture taken and assumed he was a model. If he

wasn't, he should be, especially since he possessed a smile that would probably melt glaciers. Having him tower over her in nothing but a tiny speedo was uncomfortably enjoyable, to say the least.

Vive Brasil!

Elena shifted her attention back up to his face. "I'm actually waiting for someone."

Frowning, the kid scanned the abandoned pool, likely coming to the same conclusion she had. His gaze settled on her face with a great deal of compassion in his light eyes. "Whoever he is, he is foolish to make such a vision wait so long."

Elena blushed. "*Obrigado*, you are very kind." A rumble of thunder sent the kid's focus upward. "I promise not to wait much longer." Her assurance seemed to ease some of his concern, and after a long look, he nodded and strolled away.

"You are staring at his ass, Elena love." The unexpected voice nearly sent her careening off the edge and into the pool.

Whipping her head away from the departing young man, she gasped to find Rodrigo lounging at her side. He had his elbows propped on the pool's edge and the water sloshed around his chest as if he'd only recently stopped moving. How hadn't she heard him swimming toward her?

"You are not going to deny the accusation?" He tsked and shook his head, sending a few strands of wet black hair against his cheek. Her heart stopped beating.

Oh God, in person, he was staggering to look at. To think she'd imagined photos and a webcam had prepared her, when they hadn't. Not at all. They hadn't captured the multiple tones of brown in his eyes, or the perfection of his olive complexion or even the sheen of his black hair. It was like gazing at a stranger.

Water splashed as he moved to lay his hand over her thigh. His fingers were long, narrow, wet and

delicious against her skin. She stared and swallowed the ability to form a single word.

"It would be lovely to hear your voice," he said, around a smile that knocked the air from her lungs. "I imagine, since your beauty is nearly blinding in reality, that your voice is even more angelic than it seems on the phone."

"Yours is different too." It was all she could force out, but it made his smile widen. His lips, his full, glorious lips, parted to reveal his perfect teeth. Oh God, she was here in person to kiss *that* mouth. Finally, those lips would be on hers. She'd know their texture, their taste, their talents. The enormity of that stopped her breath again.

Rodrigo placed both hands on her thighs and slipped his chest between them. The contact made her gasp. His skin, although soaking wet, was warm and slick and muscles moved under the surface, revealing a subtle strength to his lean frame. Should a university professor really look like he did? Was it necessary to be breathtaking in order to teach English? Though perhaps love clouded her vision? Perhaps he wasn't really that perfect?

A striking woman strolled by, on the opposite side of the pool, letting a rather obvious gaze linger along Rodrigo's broad, exposed shoulders. Elena scowled, but had her answer. Yeah, he really was as good as he looked.

"How long do I have to wait to finally kiss you?" He stretched toward her, lengthening the already sexy line of his throat.

Elena licked her lips and resisted his. "Why were you late? I was beginning to wonder if you had changed your mind." Dear Lord, was she really going to pick a fight? Did it matter why he was late when he obviously hungered to kiss her?

"Were you also wondering if that *boy* would make a good replacement?" She drew a breath to defend herself but his wink stopped her. "I tease you."

He shifted closer, pressing his chest into the apex of her thighs. The bikini did nothing to prevent the contact from sending hot desire through her. In seconds, she was wet and uncomfortably aroused. When he licked his lips, the feeling grew almost unbearable.

"Are you going to kiss me or not?" She'd beg if she had to.

His hands slid around her waist to pull her nearly off the edge, and his body was all that kept her from slipping into the water. "*Tudo que você quer é um beijo?*" Oh, she definitely wanted more than just a kiss.

He tightened his grip and pulled her into the water, quickly wrapping his arms around her to keep them eye level with one another. "You are really here, yes?"

Elena nodded as emotions clogged her throat. Secure in Rodrigo's embrace, she lifted her hand to his mouth and traced the contour of his lips. The skin was soft under her fingertips and wet from the recent appearance of his tongue. He moistened them again while her fingers were on him and his tongue brushed against her.

"*Eu quero o sabor de você.*" Watching him form the words was beyond sexy.

"What did you just say?" Her voice was nothing more than a whisper.

Rodrigo brought his face closer, until his mouth hovered just beyond reach. "I said, I want the flavor of you." Then he kissed her. There was no warning, no build-up, just the heat of his lips on hers and the thrust of his tongue past her teeth. He claimed her as if he was the only man with the right to do so, and all she could do was grip his slick shoulders and surrender. More thunder rumbled, louder and more menacing than before, but neither of them even flinched.

"*Você deve deixar o pool agora, senhor.*" The concerned voice was a very unwelcome intrusion.

Rodrigo lingered over her lips for a moment before finally pulling back. His expression, as he glanced over her shoulder, was only marginally friendly.

"Eu não penso que nós estamos prontos para sair ainda." His tone was one she wouldn't have argued with and obviously the intruder agreed, because after saying something she didn't understand, he left them alone.

"What did you say to him?" She'd have to learn Portuguese fast because the feeling of being left out irked her.

Rodrigo shrugged off the question and angled in to kiss her again. "Talking wastes time." True, they could talk later. Much later.

This time, when their mouths joined, it was her tongue thrusting forward, and her first real taste of him was surreal. He was all minty goodness with a hint of rum peeking through. It made her crave a much more thorough sample, and not just from his mouth. She wanted to know the taste of his skin, as well.

Determined to get what she wanted, she ended the kiss and dragged her tongue down to his jaw. Chuckling, he dropped his head back to allow her to lick the underside of his chin and then continue toward his throat. She nipped his Adam's apple, wishing she had some good excuse to bite him. Then he'd bear her mark and truly be hers, but she'd settle for knowing in her heart there was no one else.

Abandoning the sexy swell of his throat, she aimed for the rigid line of his collarbone and licked her way toward his shoulder. The muscles balled under her mouth, tensing and relaxing as she tasted them. Biting gently, she smiled when he caught his breath.

"Elena." He breathed her name in his sexy accent, making her shiver. No one said her name the way he did, and the first time she'd heard it, she'd lost

her ability to ever resist him. Maybe that's when she'd fallen in love? Or maybe it had been the first time she'd heard his laugh, or the first time he'd admitted fearing he'd never find anyone like her. There had been tears in his voice, and the need to hold him had made her hand shake around the phone.

It was too terrifying to think of what ifs. What if a mutual acquaintance had never introduced them? What if neither of them had given a long distance relationship a chance? What if she had never found the courage to travel to Brazil or what if he had never invited her?

Such thoughts were a waste of energy. She held him now, and she'd never let him go.

As if sensing the shift in her emotions, he cupped her face and forced her eyes to his. "What is going on in that head of yours?"

Elena shook her head, unable to voice how right it felt to be here. Her decision to come to him meant leaving behind the only world she'd ever known, but Philadelphia and Morris Banking would survive just fine without her, whereas she doubted her ability to live another moment without Rodrigo.

He smiled and stroked a thumb across her lips. "*Eu te amo.*" I love you. The most beautiful words in any language.

"Eu te amo."

His smile softened at her reply. "Then stop thinking and drag that tongue of yours somewhere else."

Elena giggled and clutched Rodrigo's shoulders tighter as he altered their positions to put his back to the pool's edge. Releasing her, he braced his hands and lifted himself out of the water to sit right where she had been for hours. Now his thighs cradled her body, and the effect was very different as her breasts brushed the bulge in his swimsuit.

Like most of the men she'd seen, he wore a pair of tiny trunks that left so much of him bare it seemed

indecent, not that she was complaining. The navy blue trunks could barely contain the length of his erection and she easily followed the outline from the root to the waistband. Her mouth watered, her nipples tightened and it would take a direct hit from a bolt of lightning to get her away from him now.

Thunder rumbled as if the gods had heard her but she stayed right where she was.

She dragged her gaze up Rodrigo's torso, enjoying the ripple of ab muscles and the perfection of his nipples, before reaching his face. "Can we just do it here?"

He laughed. "I did not think to bring protection with me." Spreading his hands, he gestured toward the tiny swimsuit. "Nor would I have had anywhere to carry a condom."

Elena floated closer and gripped his thighs. Crisp hair tickled her palms and added to her mounting need. "Never mind a condom. I started taking the pill when I scheduled this trip." A brilliant moment of foresight, if she did say so herself.

"I see, and are you not worried about disease?" Good Lord, should she be? Her shock must have been blatantly obvious to make his expression sober so quickly. "Again, I tease." He cupped her face and tilted it a bit more. "I assure you, I am very clean."

"Well I assumed you were until you insinuated you weren't, and I really think you should stop teasing me because you might--" his hand over her mouth silenced her.

"Did I not say talking wastes time?"

She nodded behind his hand and slid her own up his thigh to wrap her fingers around the front of his swimsuit. His eyes widened and his lips parted in mild shock, but such a look only encouraged her boldness. Watching him, she worked her way to the waistband and peeled it away from the swollen head of his penis. He swallowed and his hand left her mouth to land lightly on her shoulder.

"You realize we are in public?" There was a strain to his voice that hadn't been there moments ago.

"Does that bother you enough to have me stop?" While asking, she impishly tugged the suit further down to expose half his length. She couldn't take it anymore, and her gaze fell away from his face to finally get a look at the one thing he'd never shared via emails or webcam. He was thick, long and damn near perfect.

"My God, Rigo." Pressing him against the hard wall of his belly, she stroked her hand down until the suit stopped her. He gripped her wrist and forced her lower and their eyes met. The heat in his gaze matched what she felt, and she only grew hotter as she tugged the suit down with her other hand while continuing to explore the pulsing length of his erection and the pliable weight of the sac below. He shifted to spread his legs wider, and both of them gasped as her scantily clad breasts and hard nipples touched his rigid flesh.

"No more." He pulled her hand free of his suit, shoved her out from between his legs and jumped into the water. Drops splashed into her face and momentarily blinded her as he gripped her shoulders and altered their positions once more. Blinking the sting from her eyes, she barely had enough time to focus before he pressed close to kiss her.

His mouth was hungrier than before and he reached for the back of her throat while his hands moved into the water to get rid of her bathing suit bottom. Another moment of brilliant foresight had been when she purchased a suit that tied at the hips.

It was nothing for Rodrigo to tug the string and have her naked. The pool's edge bit into her shoulders as he melted their bodies together to let her feel the press of his erection against the very center of her.

Whimpering, Elena twisted her fingers in his wet hair and held tight just as the skies opened up and

rain sheeted down. It was cold in contrast to the pool's water, and as it fell over her sensitized skin, she couldn't help but shiver.

Rodrigo pulled back and glared at the heavens. "We should go to our room." The rain was close to torrential but the thunder seemed a safe distance away.

Elena shook her head and kissed him without answering. She'd take the risk and gladly stay right where she was.

"You never told me you were one for taking risks?" Rodrigo murmured between kisses.

"I think I'd risk anything to finally have you inside me."

He went very still, dragged in a long shaky breath and then touched her under the water. His fingers combed through her curls to find her opening and pushed inside while his gaze locked on her face. Having him watch her reaction only made his touch feel better. She gasped his name and pushed into his hand to drive him deeper.

"*Você é muito bonito.*" Of course he'd told her she was beautiful before, while going on about her lovely blonde hair and crystal blue eyes, but the words resonated differently at the moment. Not that she thought he meant them more, but well, they meant more to her.

"*Obrigado.*" His pleasure at hearing her speak his language brightened his features. Offering an answering grin, she leaned close to put her lips to his ear. Water dripped off his hair and straight into her mouth. "*Eu quero-o.*"

He growled roughly, grabbed her shoulders and eased her back until she practically arched over the edge. "And I want you. I want you so bad I can barely think." He pushed away from her, and she swallowed a protest when she realized he'd only done so to remove his swimsuit. Floating on his back, he peeled the garment away and tossed it out of the water. It

landed with a wet thunk on top of her discarded bottoms. She reached for the string around her neck, but he shook her head while swimming back to her.

"No, just in case some fool comes out here in this weather, leave the top on. You are mine to look at enjoy. No one else's." His possessiveness delighted her. Closing the agonizing distance between them, he braced his hands on the edge, caging her in. A raindrop hovered on his long lashes then dropped to his cheek. Instinctively, she moved forward to lick it away and it was as if a damn broke.

"Put your legs around me," he ordered, around another rough growl. Water sloshed as she obeyed and then again when he edged closer. Effortlessly, he found her opening with the tip of his penis and pushed. A small cry escaped her and she arched to improve the angle. It was enough, and he filled her, but only until her body stretched around the head.

Stopping, he inhaled deep enough to crush her breasts with his chest. "Why are you so tight?"

Elena had to work hard to concentrate on answering. "I haven't had sex in a really long time, Rigo." She laughed a little at his expression. "Phone sex hardly counts." Expecting an answer, it shocked her when he merely nodded and pushed forward again. Her body yielded to take every inch, letting him fill her fully. It was too much and she dropped her head back, unable to expend the strength it took to hold herself up. Thankfully, Rodrigo cupped the back of her head before it could hit the hard ground.

Cradling her, he arched her back and buried his face at her throat to suck and nip at her skin until she feared she'd go crazy. All the while, he pumped in and out of her with just enough controlled force to keep the water around his hips from sloshing wildly.

A ragged moan slipped from her lips but thankfully the loud rain swallowed it up. Not that it mattered. It was much too late to worry about being caught now. If someone stepped outside to witness

the best sex Elena had ever had, so be it. She hoped they enjoyed the show.

"Am I hurting you?" Rodrigo barely lifted his mouth from her neck to ask the question, nor did he temper the rhythm of his thrusts.

"No. No. Feels. Good." And Lord, did it. His playful kisses slid down to the edge of her bikini top, and she arched further, wanting to be in his mouth. He moved the fabric aside with his teeth and then sucked her nipple deep inside. "Oh God..." Her entire body tightened, hindering his next forward thrust. After a brief pause, he pushed past her muscles, causing another spasm.

Once more clawing at his hair, she pulled his mouth off her breast. "Can't. Take. It." His laugh was nearly as potent as his body. The sound snaked over her skin, touching all the nerves lying right beneath the surface. "Oh God." She was like a broken record, and didn't care.

Despite her plea, he captured her breast again and flicked the nipple with the tip of his tongue. The rain drowned out the pathetic sounds of her whimpers as she pushed against his mouth, craving more but unsure how much she could really take. When his teeth pinched her, she choked on a scream.

"Eu poderia comê-lo."

She dragged her heavy head up. "What?"

"I said," he began then hesitated to grab her hips and slip nearly all the way out. "I could eat you." As the last word faded, he thrust forward. Elena quickly got her elbows under her so she could watch the watery sight of his body sliding into hers. Holy Cow.

At some point, the rain had stopped but thunder still rolled far away. Panic set in at the thought of people coming back out to the pool.

"I know what you are thinking."

Arching a brow, she met Rodrigo's knowing gaze. "Oh yeah?" She gasped as he moved deep inside her.

"You are worried that we are not going to be alone much longer." She nodded, and he withdrew to the very tip again. "I suggest you come then." His wink might have been what pushed her over the edge, though the force of his erection filling her certainly could not be overlooked.

Crying out, Elena dissolved into a writhing mass of pleasure. Her muscles deserted her and she flopped onto the edge of the pool like a wet noodle while every orgasmic contraction sucked Rodrigo deeper and deeper. His breath formed goosebumps across her throat as he panted in time to his thrusts. Sloshing water and muffled voices filled her senses as she started to drift back down to reality. Panic exploded in her chest and she found the strength to perk up, flatten her hands to Rodrigo's shoulders and push.

He abandoned her throat and flashed a wicked smile. "I am not done yet."

"Oh God." Glancing over his shoulder, she saw the friendly kid from earlier step outside. He stopped dead as his gaze skimmed over the pool. She didn't believe for one second that it wasn't glaringly obvious what she and Rodrigo were doing. She wanted to die of embarrassment when the kid smiled and arched a brow.

"Rigo, there are people." She hissed in his ear and balled her hands against his shoulders.

"I am sure there are but *Brasil* is a country of passion. These people will forgive us." With that, he buried his hands in her hair and held her in place for a soul-shattering kiss. As his tongue glided toward the back of her throat, he stiffened, thrust one last time then came with a muffled moan of pleasure. She drank the sound down, no longer caring about their audience.

When Elena could breathe again, she lifted her head off Rodrigo's shoulder. Halfway through his climax, the kiss had ended and she'd lost the use of her muscles and had buried her face in the crook of his neck. She didn't think she'd ever forget the smell of his skin.

"You are so bad," she scolded. "I wouldn't be surprised if we are asked to leave the hotel now."

He shrugged then braced his hands on the edge to ease out of her. "That would be a shame, but I suppose I could ask you to marry me anywhere. Though the room is all set up with candles and roses."

"What did you just say?" Her heart pounded loudly in her ears and her lungs burned as she tried to breathe. Yes, she'd left home with the intent to stay in Brazil, but she hadn't expected a proposal. But wait, hadn't she read something about never trusting anything a guy said during sex? But the sex was technically over, wasn't it? Oh God, confusion made her temples throb.

Rodrigo reached by her to grab his swimsuit. "I said it in English, so I know you understood me." His tone was light and teasing as he glanced around before slipping into his suit. "You should get dressed, so we can get out of the pool." He skimmed a finger down her arm. "You are starting to wrinkle."

Oh wonderful. He was proposing marriage and she looked like a prune.

He dangled her bathing suit bottom in her face. "Though maybe I should hold this hostage until you answer me."

Snarling, she yanked the bottoms from his fingers, making him laugh. "Did you really just propose to me? And you do know women are warned not to take anything a man says during sex seriously?"

He took a step back then another, until a person could have fit comfortably between them. "We are not having sex, are we?" Crossing his arms, he studied her with a searching look. "Unless that is all you flew

down here for?" She heard the concern in his tone and hated herself for making him doubt her.

"No. Rigo, no." Balling the suit in her hand, she went to him and pressed her free hand against his chest. It comforted her to feel the erratic beat of his heart. Despite the easy way he'd asked her, he was nervous too. And maybe scared to hear her say no?

"Let's finish this conversation in private, okay?" His face went blank and he stepped away from her touch.

"*Você não quer casar-me.*" Shaking his head hard enough to toss his hair over his eyes, he turned his back and swam away from her. Feeling ill because she had no idea what on earth he'd said, Elena quickly got dressed and swam after him. He managed to pull himself from the water, but she caught his ankle before he could take a step.

"Don't you dare walk away from me." She held her hand out, and after sighing, he helped her from the water. "Tell me what you said."

He shook his head. "It doesn't matter, so forget it." Shoving his hair off his face, he slid his gaze away from hers.

"You are pissing me off, Rigo." Her words caused his lips to twitch, and with an angry snarl, she slapped his chest. "Are you trying not to laugh at me?"

"Come here." He grabbed her hand and dragged her toward a somewhat private table. Pushing her into one of the chairs, he dropped to one knee. "Better?"

Elena could only stare.

"Elena Petrov, will you marry me?"

"Are you sure you want me to?"

He rolled his eyes. "This is generally a yes or no question, or do Americans do it differently?"

"I don't know, no one has ever asked me before."

"*Eu te amo. Eu vivo para você. Eu necessito-o. Palavra sim.*"

There was no way he wasn't going to tell her what he'd just said. Not when it sounded like something out of a dream. "Repeat all that in English and maybe I'll say yes."

His smile chased away the chill that had settled over her skin the moment she'd left the pool. He scooted closer, down on both knees now.

"I love you. I live for you. I need you. Say yes."

"*Eu te amo. Eu viv...*" she forgot the rest and frowned in frustration.

Rodrigo took her hands in his and kissed each one. "*Eu vivo para você.*" He stretched up to kiss her mouth. "I live for you."

Elena parted her lips and fed him her answer. "Yes."

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