



Stalking Cara

by: Jade James

"Publisher's Note: This title is part of a series -- books which share a universe, but do not need to be read in order, and can be read independently from one another."

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Dedications

To Carlos and my kids.

To my friends for making this happen Rene, Roni, Jen, Stephanie, Marissa, Noemi, and Janine.

To my editor for the great work. Thanks.

Prologue

It was a clear, chilly night as Megan hurried toward her car at the Green Bay Hospital parking lot. She had just finished her interview with Dr. Christine Masters, the head of the Department of Pediatrics. She had done it! She was now officially an intern. All of her hard work had finally paid off. She reached into her purse for her cell phone at the same time she reached her car. She wanted to call Cara and tell her the thrilling news. She dialed the number and after four rings got the answering machine instead.

“Hey Cara, its Meg,” excitement bubbled through her voice. “I got the internship. I’m on way to pick up some Chinese now to celebrate. Be home in an hour. Talk to you later. Love ya. Bye.” Snapping her phone shut, she dropped it in her purse and reached for her keys.

Hearing footsteps close behind her, she turned. Seeing the newcomer, Megan silently groaned. She thought she had put a stop to his stalking. For three months, he had constantly harassed her about going out with him, writing her letters, even showing up to places she didn’t expect to see him at. She thought that he would have disappeared on his own.

“Hey, Meg, can I get a ride?” he called out as he walked closer to her. “My car’s in the shop.”

“No! I know you’re following me again and it’s creeping me out. If you don’t stop, I’m calling the cops.” She turned and nervously inserted the keys into her car. Pulling the door open, Megan felt him move up behind her, but before she could turn, he grabbed her hair from behind.

“You fucking bitch!” he screamed as she felt panic wash over her. “I gave you chances to get to know me. But you always thought you were fucking better than me. You think I’m not good enough for you?”

Megan tried to turn away from him, but his hold on her made that impossible as he pushed her through the open car door. She landed face down onto the front seat of the car. Holding her head smashed to the seat with one hand, he fell in on top of her and grabbed for her skirt. Opening her mouth, Meg started to scream, but she felt a thin line wrap around her throat, effectively cutting off any sounds. *Dear God, no.* She tried to kick her legs, but his weight had her pinned down. *God, someone help me, please,* Meg screamed in her mind for all she was

worth. Megan gave into the painless sleep as her final thought ran through her, *God, please, watch over Cara.*

He pulled tightly on the cord wrapped around her neck. Finally she stopped struggling. Oh, how he wanted pretty Megan. Lusted after her, actually. But she had said she only wanted to be friends. It wasn't his fault, she kept telling him. No, he thought.

But Cara...Cara was entirely different. She was the reason he was doing this now, and why he spent the past years locked up like an animal in a cage. He was in charge! He had showed pretty Megan that. He'd show pretty little Cara next.

CHAPTER 1

Two Weeks Later

“You can’t do this to me, Luke. I’ve worked hard on this case and I won’t have you pulling me off of it.”

Cara Stevens nearly shouted that statement, losing all of her carefully composed control as she stared into Luke’s hard blue eyes. She had learned over the years a lot of determination and steel were behind those brilliant blue eyes, but she wouldn’t let him have his way in this. Yes, he was her boss, but if need be she would work this case without him knowing.

“Cara, you’re too emotionally involved. I won’t have you killed because of a mistake. Let Tyler and me handle this one.”

“You pull me off of this case, and I’ll quit. I need to find him. He killed my sister, Luke. Strangled and raped her. Left her like she was a piece of garbage.” The feeling of unshed tears had her throat closing up. She hated begging, but she would swallow her pride for this.

Megan was full of life at the age of twenty-five. Three years younger than her, Megan had a promising career as a pediatrician, and had been in the process of getting her own place closer to the hospital.

Megan was all she had left. Returning from their vacation, their parent’s plane had crashed. Left alone at age eighteen, she had made the decision to raise her sister instead of putting her in a foster home. She had gone through so much with Megan, feeling like her mom at times. Now her very reason for living was gone. All she had now were memories.

Cara automatically reached in her pocket for her cell phone. Replaying Megan’s last words of her success and happiness had become a habit in the past two weeks. *God, why didn’t she pick up the phone that night? Why did she let the call go? Would it have made a difference to Megan’s life?* The same questions she asked herself a million times would forever remain unanswered. The only thing she could do now was make sure Megan’s killer suffered a slow painful death.

All evidence pointed to signs of a serial killer, but she knew it just didn’t fit the description of what a serial killer would do. Someone had taken the time to single out Megan, and now was doing the same to her. Letters started arriving at her home right after Megan’s

death. Typed words on plain white paper that described how the killer wanted to make her life a living hell. It even contained descriptions on how she looked, enforcing her idea of some psychopath that had singled them out.

She had personally interviewed all of Megan's friends, classmates, and everyone on shift at the hospital that night. It had taken two weeks, and Luke's help verifying everyone's alibi, before crossing everyone off the list. As of now she still had no leads. All she had were forensic reports and threatening letters, with no idea as to what he planned next. She knew he was close, watching her at times. It wasn't possible for anyone to know so much without being that close.

"Don't do this to me, please," she pleaded, as her voice echoed the desolation she was feeling. The need to catch the bastard was like needing to breathe air.

"Fine, but you call me every move you make," Luke shouted. "You call me Cara, and you let me know where you are. If I do not hear from you, I will come knocking down your door myself. By the threatening letters you showed me, this bastard has it in for you next. I want you taking every precaution you can,". Cara detected a hint of worry in his voice. She had a feeling that if it was anyone but her, they would have been kicked off of the case immediately.

"I'll call Luke, and I'll let you know every move I make. I'm headed home now. I'll see you tomorrow." She hurried out the door, knowing instinctively she had only received a slight reprieve.

Luke watched Cara hurry out of his office. A little over five feet tall, with green eyes and long black hair, she sported a body made for sin. So petite and small, but with the determination of steel inside of her that he so often admired. Pulling her off of this case was the right thing to do, but Luke also knew that if he did pull her off, she would go behind his back and work the case herself. That same determination he admired in her could get her in a hell of a lot of trouble, or worse, killed. He figured if he kept her on the case, at least he could keep tabs on her and know every step she took. It was a hard decision to make in his position. Lead with his head

or his heart. In this case, he was trying to do both.

He knew Cara had it rough growing up, especially with her parents dying at such a young age. He had taken her under his wing, more as a sister at first, wanting to teach her the ropes. As the years passed by, the brotherly feeling quickly changed into growing admiration, and then into something more sexual. It hadn't taken him long to realize he had fallen in love with her.

Being raised by his grandfather, having also lost his parents at a young age, he knew the emotions she was going through. Losing someone never got easy, but she was not alone in the world. He was just waiting for the right time to let her know how he felt. He needed to make sure she was ready to accept him as her lover.

He often had thoughts of keeping her tied to his bed and loving her all night long. Silken scarves on her wrists and ankles, with her legs wide open, he would kiss her beautiful lips working his way down to her breasts. He could just imagine what color her nipples were; a shade of dark red. He'd suck them hard, then pinch them lightly till they'd darken. He could probably make her come from that alone.

Luke sighed, and reached down to adjust his hard cock. Time to head home alone and grab that cold shower, he thought.

Little pretty Cara, he whispered as he watched from across the street of her home. Oh, how he wanted to make her suffer next. He hadn't meant to hurt precious Megan; she was just supposed to be a way to get to her sister. But the bitch wouldn't even accept any of his dates. Damn her!

Little pretty Cara was next, though. Having been in her house just now, especially her bedroom, had given him a hard on that he was sure only she could take care of.

No, she looked nothing like Megan, he thought, but she was the reason behind his madness. The reason why they locked him up like an animal. He'd fucking show her; show her what it would be like to be locked up.

Looking across the street he realized it was time as Cara entered her home. Time to meet

the bitch once again. Yes, little pretty Cara was definitely next!

Cara stood outside of her home with her keys in hand, looking around. She had a feeling something was out of place, she just didn't know what. Feeling the hair on the back of her neck rise, as though she was being watched, she turned. The sun was flaring today, but she noticed a figure standing across the street. She just couldn't make out if it was a man or a woman. Reaching in her bag for her shades, she slipped them on. Looking up now, there was no one there. Damn, now she was being paranoid. Better to be paranoid than dead, she thought. There was still an odd feeling swirling around her that she couldn't shake.

Her cop senses still honed in, she inserted the key into the lock. Pushing the door open she looked around her foyer. Not seeing anything wrong, Cara finally dismissed the idea as maybe lack of sleep, and stepped in. Megan's death and hunting her murderer was taking everything she had.

Locking the door, she removed her gun and holster and set it aside on the counter beside her keys. Maybe a hot shower would help, she thought. Her home was a brick two story, three bedroom home. It was pretty cozy on the inside, decorated in warm neutral colors. She had bought it with the insurance money her parents had left her. Cara always felt safe here. It was the one place she had ever truly called home, since their parents had died.

Climbing up the stairs, she found herself making her way towards Megan's room again. Megan had been here, alive, only a month ago, she thought. Since her death, her room still remained untouched. Decorated in pink and white frills, it still looked like a little girl's room. Megan never was much into decorating, so she left it as is. Cara didn't bother ever changing it. Reaching for Megan's doorknob, she once again stopped herself from entering. *I won't think about her again, I can't. It hurts too much, and I'll lose it*, she thought.

Forcing herself to move away, she walked straight into the bathroom. She turned on the hot shower and stripped off her clothes. She looked at herself in the mirror for the first time in ages. At 28, some would consider her beautiful; she of course looked at the mirror and thought she looked okay. Cara had always thought she was too short, and plain looking. She was never a person to care about looks, so it never bothered her. Megan had always been the beautiful one,

with green eyes and blond hair. She and Cara had never looked like sisters. They were as different as night and day, but as close as can be. Megan had taken after their Dad's side of the family, while she took after her Mom's with her dark hair and green eyes.

With another sigh, she turned around and slipped into the shower. Oh, this felt so good, she thought, as the hot water penetrated her skin. She was so tense lately. With everything going on at work, no sleep, and completely no sex life, it's a wonder she didn't collapse at the end of each day.

She took the soap, and started rubbing it over her body. God, it had been ages since she'd let a man touch her. Her one encounter in high school, had her cringing at the remembered pain of losing her virginity, and her heart. Her senior year in high school, Cara thought she was ready to give her boyfriend Phillip of two years her virginity. It was a way of showing him how much she had loved him and wanted to be with him. It turned out to be a most painful experience physically and emotionally.

The bastard had taken her virginity that night without preparing her. Forgetting the pain, Cara had thought what was important was the fact that she loved him. The very next day, she caught him with his pants down at a school dance. Cara had walked out of the gymnasium to see what was taking him so long, when she heard moaning coming out of the janitor's closet. Curious as to what the sounds were, she opened the door to a scene that would forever be etched into her memory. Philip was receiving a blow job from Tracy, the head of the cheerleading squad. The remembered expression of shock on his face was priceless. He had quickly tried running out after her, but Cara had wanted nothing to do with him. She had thought she would spend the rest of her life with him. In the span of just a few minutes, Philip had quickly squashed that idea right out of her heart.

Luke would be nothing like him, her inner voice whispered. Luke was important to her professionally and personally. Their working relationship was too important to screw up, but that didn't stop her from fantasizing about the different ways he would take her.

She never got tired of looking at him on a daily basis. Luke could grace the covers of GQ, with long black hair that fell to his shoulders and the most piercing blue eyes. He had a body any woman would love to fuck. She'd seen him date often, and he had a way with women.

Even she had a hard time being around him without wanting him. But she held back. There were too many reasons for her to analyze as to why she couldn't be with him. Shaking her head, she turned off the shower. Stepping out, she wrapped a towel around herself, refusing to think any more about Luke.

Hearing her stomach growl in hunger reminded her she'd only had breakfast today. Maybe calling her cousin Rachel to accompany her would give her a chance to spend more time with her.

Entering her bedroom and looking around, she now knew why she had the weird premonition earlier. Someone had been in her home. Her stomach churned with nerves at the sight of her clothes thrown all over, drawers pulled out, even her underwear was scattered; some looked to be cut apart. Her bedside lamps had been thrown against one wall in anger, and there was broken glass everywhere. She looked around for her gun and holster, but remembered she left it downstairs next to her keys.

Cara backed away from the room slowly, and walked immediately into something that felt like a gun, pressed against her back. It was him. Her immediate thought was that he had finally found her, but that quickly turned into anger. Cara turned around. Her hands were tightly clenched into fists, as she flew at him striking him across his masked face.

"Bastard, she screamed as he reached up and hit her with the butt of his gun. It was too late to stop the descent. The pain was blinding. Cara dropped down to the floor. She couldn't see. Her last thought of Luke fluttered through her mind as she slid into unconsciousness.

Looking at her on the floor, she looked like a broken flower. Little pretty Cara. Fuck, he made sure not to hit her hard; he still had plans for his little police officer. Did she think he would never get to her? Did she fucking think that he wouldn't hurt her like he killed her precious Megan?

Dressed in nothing but a towel, she looked nothing like the police bitch that put him away for years. Fucking five years spent rotting away in prison, and all she did was sit back and relax.

Kneeling down and checking her pulse he realized she was still alive. Great, the bitch is

still alive. Fucking great. He wasn't going let her escape by dying so soon.

Cara awoke to a blinding headache, and the urge to retch was violently strong. Son of a bitch had hit her hard. *He was in her home; how in the hell did he get into her home? Shit, where was he now? Don't panic Cara, get up.* She was still lying in front of her bedroom doorway. She crawled over to the phone on her bedside table. Cara reached for the phone, not realizing the towel and come loose and that she was naked. Swallowing the urge to puke her guts out, she dialed Luke's home number. On the second ring Luke picked up. "Hello."

"Luke, it's Cara. I need you here, now," she whispered, slowly feeling the overwhelming urge to pass out. *Shit, she wasn't going to be able to stay awake any longer.*

"Cara, what's going on? Cara....Cara ?" The sound of Luke's voice calling her name was the last thing she heard.

CHAPTER 2

“Sweetheart, wake up. Cara, open up those pretty eyes for me.” Luke’s voice was tight with emotion. From what he could see, she had a lump on her head the size of an egg, and by the way she was clenching her eyes tight he could tell the light was bothering her. Tylenol was not going to take away the monstrous headache He figured was pounding at her head now.

Focusing on her beautiful face, he flipped open his cell and dialed the office. “Montana Bay Headquarters,” drawled his partner and lifetime friend, Tyler Stevens.

“Tyler, its Luke. I need a car out here and an ambulance ASAP at Cara’s home address”.

“On my way, Luke.”

“Cara, you wake up darling,” he drawled.

Luke was ready to murder someone. He knew he had to deal with this professionally, so he needed reign in his emotions. Someone dared to get into her home and touch the woman he loved. God, she could have been killed. It took all of his strength to tamp down the protective instincts and focus on her. She was staring up at him with her wide green eyes looking slightly dazed.

God help him, she was naked too. Luke was desperately trying to hold on to his control. The feel of her smooth ivory skin was too much for him. Her midnight black hair was damp, and he could see her nipples were a deep red. His eyes moved lower, to the tiny bit of hair she had on her pussy. He wanted to lap her pussy like a big cat lapping up all that cream. Inhale her taste, feel it ripple on his tongue as she came all over his mouth, and lightly biting her clit, marking her as his. Luke mentally held himself back. It just wouldn’t do for him to lose control right now, especially when she was still staring at him, probably wondering what happened.

He finally bent over picked her up, and laid her across her bed. “Cara, sweetheart, focus on me, on my voice”.

“I’m fine, Luke. Please let me up”, she said as she struggled weakly against his arms.

“Not till a doctor tells me you’re fine, sugar.” Luke made sure to put emphasis on those words. He needed to make sure she didn’t have a concussion.

“At least let me get dressed.”

Luke was debating on whether he wanted her to actually put some clothes on hen she

muttered, “You wouldn’t want Tyler and everyone else seeing me naked”. Damn, he didn’t know what he wanted more, her naked body bare to his gaze, or her getting dressed. Luke finally stepped away and went into her drawer.

The first drawer he opened was her underwear drawer. All he could see were bras and thongs folded neatly. She would look amazing bending over with a black thong encasing her hot ass. Totally edible, he would throw her across his legs and give her ass a hot spanking. Damn, his hard on was making its presence known as it pressed tightly against his jeans. Relaxing and taking deep breaths, he opened the next drawer. In there he found what he needed.

Luke handed Cara the tank top and sweats. He watched her struggle to sit up as she slipped the tank top over her head. Grabbing the sweat pants, Cara only managed to pull them up to her thighs. Luke realized she need help and was probably feeling nauseous. He also realized, knowing Cara, independent lady that she was, waiting for her to ask would be like waiting for hell to freeze over. Luke grabbed her by the forearms and pulled her against his chest. God, she felt so good, smelled so right. She laid her head on his chest and he inhaled deeply. Her unique sweet light scent of peaches almost drove him to his knees.

Feeling high on her scent, Luke grabbed her sweat pants across her thighs and pushed them up slowly to her waist. Her skin felt so soft against the rough feel of his hands. Luke felt Cara actually snuggle closer to his chest. Through her tank top, he felt the tips of her nipples brushing against his chest. He had to keep reminding himself that she had been injured, that he couldn’t take advantage of her in this state. But there was an aching need to just grab her and push his tongue into her sweet mouth, molding her body against his, and making sweet love to her.

“Luke.”

Luke heard her whisper his name, and forced himself to let her go. Just in time too, he thought, as he heard Tyler opening up the front door, barking out orders.

Tyler had everything handled, Luke realized. The ambulance had checked Cara out and

said she had a concussion. The paramedics had recommended Cara stay overnight, but that suggestion was met with excuses on her behalf. So before leaving they gave her some pain killers and recommended she rest.

He was tampering down on the need to be overbearing to her, but he needed to make sure she was okay. “Cara, it would be better if you’re seen by a doctor.”

“I told you I was fine Luke. Leave it at that.”

Luke simmered; he wasn’t used to being told what to do. He was used to having others follow his orders. Turning from her to give his temper a chance to cool, he faced Tyler, wanting to double check that all procedures were being taken care of.

“Tyler, did you get prints?”

“We found a few smudges on the window pane Luke. It looks like he entered from the basement.”

“Get me the results ASAP. Call me on my cell when they get in.” Luke noticed Tyler glancing at Cara and back at him. Procedure called for a patrol car to stay in front of the victims home, if the criminal had not been caught. He considered not having the car stay there. The last thing he needed was to come off overbearing to her.

“Luke I have a squad car out front. I can have it stay through the night if you want.”

“Tell the officers they’re doing an all night shift. No one gets into Cara’s home without Cara or me knowing it.” Luke turned to Cara. He already knew her feelings because her lips were set into a thin, angry line.

Cara glanced at the chauvinistic pigs in the room. Did these men not even realize that she was in the room? Cara did not survive six months of hard training in the police academy so she could have men babying her at the first sign of something going wrong. She didn’t need an overbearing chief and his partner taking care of her. She had been taking care of herself for what felt like forever now, and she didn’t need someone barging in her life and taking over.

“Tyler, you will not leave that patrol car in the front. In case any of you failed to realize, I

am a detective, and I can take care of myself. I do not need anyone watching over me.”

Cara watched Luke stalk over to her and stop just an inch from her face. She could see his eyes flaring with heat as he stood just a breath away.

“In case you failed to realize, this psycho wants to torture you, and probably wants to kill you. You will get the protection whether you like it or not.”

“Luke, you are not the boss of me. Not in my home you’re not, so I will not have that patrol car here. I have my gun, and I wasn’t made into Detective, because I filed my nails all day. I know how to take care of myself.”

“Tyler, Cara’s right. Remove the patrol car immediately.”

Cara sighed, Luke was finally seeing things her way and with this pain in her head, she didn’t need to be arguing with him so soon. Cara heard Tyler trying to intervene, and was set to go another round when Luke held his hand up.

“Tyler you’re removing the car right away, because Cara won’t be needing it. I’ll be staying with her.”

Without bothering to reply to orders, Cara walked out.

She was currently hiding up in her bathroom, refusing to speak to him. When Luke mentioned to Tyler that he wanted to stay with her, she simply didn’t want to argue with him anymore.

Cara washed her face in cold water, and after taking two aspirins, she felt somewhat like her old self again. *Of all the chauvinistic things he can do, he chooses to stay here with me. I can’t have him stay here. He’ll be too close. I won’t be able to fight him much longer,* Cara thought.

“Cara,” Luke called out, his voice coming from right outside her door.

“Cara, Tyler’s gone back to the office. You can come out now,” Luke drawled, this time knocking on the door.

She opened up the bathroom door and stepped out into the hallway. Without a word, she entered the guest bedroom. Cara turned to face him, knowing he would follow her.

“You can’t stay here, Luke, and I can take care of myself,” Cara mentioned with as calm a voice as she could muster.

“Sure you can, Cara, that’s why you have a lump the size of an egg on your head,” Cara definitely detected a trace of sarcasm in his words.

“He just wanted to scare me,” she argued, knowing that sounded stupid as hell when it came to a psychopathic killer on the loose. Damn, she was a cop. Cara knew she was next on the killers list. It was only logical he would come after her in her own home. Smacking her head mentally, Cara realized she should have checked her house when that eerie feeling had plagued her before entering. Shaking her head at her own thoughts, Cara figured she had bigger things to worry about when she looked up and caught a glimpse at Luke’s face. He was staring at her with a predatory look in his eyes. in his eyes.

Cara saw Luke stalk up to her, forcing her to take steps back until she herself touched the wall the wall. “Don’t push me on this, babe. Your not prepared to handle the outcome”.

“What if I push, Luke? What if I push really hard?,” Cara whispered, not wanting to back down from his silent dare.

Luke snapped at the whispered taunt coming from Cara’s lips. He tried to hold it in. He kept telling himself she was injured for God’s sakes, but a man could only have so much control. He had to taste her. Had to hold her. Just one little sample, Luke thought, as he grabbed her by the shoulders and hauled her up against his chest. He bent down and took her mouth, forcing his tongue between her lips. Her soft, moist lips and taste had his cock bursting with the need to be inside of her. Luke ate at her mouth, sucked on her tongue. Moving his hands upward he held her head to him, making sure she wasn’t having any thoughts about escaping him. He nibbled and sucked on her lips.

Slipping his hands under the straps of her tank top, he pushed the straps down, trapping her arms. Without breaking the kiss, Luke took each of her unbound breasts in his hands. Her tits were just the right size, he thought. He had known she would feel soft. Breaking off the kiss, he stared at her face. Her green eyes were filled with lust, her head lying back against the wall. He could tell she was as aroused as he was by the way her rapid breaths escaped her mouth. Staring down, he eyed her breasts more closely. The dark red color of her nipples had his mouth

watering to taste her. He swooped down and grabbed a nipple with his teeth, lightly holding it. Sticking his tongue out and closing his lips around it, he sucked at the juicy tip.

There were sexy kitten sounds coming from her adorable lips as he licked around her nipple some more and swallowed most of her breast, sucking slightly hard. Luke felt her hands move to his neck, reaching up to his hair. Her fingers tightened on the strands, the sensation bordering pain as she attempted to push his head even closer to her breast. His cock ached at the thought of making her come with his mouth alone. Luke plopped her nipple from his mouth and looked down. It was an even darker red with the sucking, and the beast in him roared at the thought of marking her as his. Wanting to give her other breast the same attention, Luke bent down and lightly bit the neglected nipple and watched as it elongated even further. Sucking lightly, she was silently urging him on, by arching her back for more.

“Harder, Luke, please, I need it,” Cara moaned. Those words had his cock jumping in anticipation for more. While keeping his mouth nibbling on her breast, he slipped his hand into her sweats. Plunging two fingers into her wet, sweet pussy, he continued to lavish her breast with attention. She was so wet. Her cream dripped all over his fingers.

“Babe, you feel so tight. Wet, sweet and hot,” Luke growled. He grabbed her clit and pinched it lightly, rubbing the hot little bundle of nerves up and down. Arching her sweet body towards him more closely, he heard Cara whisper, “Luke, I’m almost there.”

He brought his other hand and sucked a finger into his mouth. Taking his hand to her rear, he pressed his finger her into anal hole. “That’s it babe, come for me. Come all over my hand, honey”.

Luke heard Cara scream his name, and felt more of her liquid sweetness all over his hand. Her own unique perfumed scent filled the air, along with the musky odor of her cum. It was a miracle he didn’t explode right in his jeans. He looked up and saw her taking deep breaths, trying to regain her composure.

“Honey, are you okay?” To his total astonishment, Luke sensed the change in her immediately as Cara picked up her robe and walk out of the bedroom without one word.

He didn't stop her from walking out. She would have to come to terms on her own about what was happening between them.

Half an hour later Luke hung up the phone. It was settled. A high tech security team, along with a cleaning crew, would be at her home by tomorrow morning.

CHAPTER 3

Cara awoke to sunlight bursting through the bedroom windows. She cracked open her eyelids and thought about what had happened last night. Luke wanted her. She now knew that hard on he always seemed to be wearing was because of her. She could almost believe they were made for each other, with the way Luke had known all the right places to touch her. Remembering the way Luke had sucked her nipples had her whimpering in need. He had made her feel decadent with a hand job, cumming all over his hand. When they actually fucked she would probably pass out from the ecstasy. The thought of having him buried deep inside of her had her clit throbbing. Her mouth watered at the thought of having to kneel down in front of him, and taking him inside her mouth.

Cara sighed. The orgasm Luke had given her last night only made her want him more, and it was getting harder to fight him. Masturbating wasn't going to give her the relief she needed. It was just going to keep her in a state of arousal.

Forcing herself to rise from the bed, Cara bent over to pick up the robe which had landed on the floor last night. Just as she was bending over, she got that strange feeling of being

watched again. Not wanting to take any more chances, she reached for her gun on the nightstand and raised it to the dark corner of her room.

“Get the fuck out of that corner, now!”

The shadowed figure calmly rose from her chaise and slowly stalked forward.

“You fucking did not spend the night here”!

“I sure did. Someone had to watch your sweet ass, to keep you from getting into trouble.” There was that sexy drawl again tinged with an early morning roughness.

Cara sighed; she was not going to get into it with him now without getting dressed and having her coffee. “Get your ass out of my room. I’m going to take a shower and get dressed,” she snapped.

Luke walked closer to her. Why oh why did she have to go to bed naked last night?, she thought.

“Fine, you don’t have to thank me, sugar, for protecting you,” Luke replied. The note of sarcasm in his voice was not lost on her. “Get it dressed and be downstairs in fifteen minutes. If you’re not down there, I’m coming up after you. And believe me, babe, that’s not something you want, unless you plan on spending the day in bed with me,” Luke replied before stalking out and slamming her bedroom door.

She really should try and control herself sometimes around him. Glancing at her clock, she was already late for work.

Twenty minutes later, she was showered and ready. Cara combed her hair and clipped it back. Stepping out of the bedroom, she walked down the stairs and headed towards the kitchen. The delicious smells immediately assaulted her as she opened the door. Luke was over the stove cooking. He turned and handed her a plate of bacon and eggs.

“Here, sit down. Eat up. Then we talk, Cara.”

She glided into a seat, without any argument. Cara couldn’t remember the last time she had actually sat down to a good meal. The aromas had her stomach grumbling and clenching with hunger pangs. Minutes later she was scraping her plate clean. Her belly felt wonderfully full and satisfied. Drinking the last of her coffee she leaned back on the chair, and stared at Luke’s eyes.

“What do you want to speak about?”

“I called the office and had them send a patrol car here. The patrol car will be parked in front of your home. There will be a cleaning crew here to fix the bedroom upstairs. Someone needs to be here to let them in. About the same time, there will be security team arriving. They will be installing security systems on all of your windows and doorways. I also wanted to speak with you about what happened last night.”

Cara stared at Luke. It was definitely typical of him to take charge. His whole job centered around it.

“Luke, what happened last night was a mistake. We cannot get involved. There’s just too much at stake if we do. Don’t you see he is after me? He’s taken everything from me. I can’t afford to lose anyone else I care about.”

“So you admit it. You admit you have feelings for me.”

His persistence at wanting her to admit her feelings for him had her clenching her teeth in anger. She was not ready to take that step yet.

“Don’t put words into my mouth. I’m not admitting anything.”

“Okay.”

“Okay? That’s all you have to say.”

“For now, yes.” *It was too easy. He’s up to something, Cara thought. Luke would never back down from anything.*

Cara gathered up the breakfast plates and loaded the dishwasher. Picking up her keys from the foyer and placing her gun in its holster, she walked to the front of her door. Turning around, she noticed Luke still standing by the kitchen entryway.

“You ready?”

“You’re not heading into the office today. You need to be here when the security team and cleaning crew arrive.”

Restraint, Cara thought. Calm down and take deep breaths. He’s only trying to protect you once again.

“I will wait here for them,” Cara bit out. “But I’m going down to the office as soon as they’re done.”

“You have a concussion, and I want you here all day.” Never being the stay at home type, Cara objected to it immediately.

“You will not give me orders on what to do!”

“I am your boss. I say you need rest and you will stay here. It’s an order.”

Clenching her fists at the command, she found herself once again holding in the urge to scream.

“Fine, chief.”

“If you need anything call me on the cell. It’s always on.”

Walking out the door, Luke turned. “And Cara, we will continue this discussion on what’s going on between us when I get back,” With that he turned and left.

She couldn’t believe he was doing this to her. He knew how much she needed to be at work. She would wait for the cleaning crew and the security company; but she refused to be locked in her home all day. As soon as the companies did their work they, she would leave.

Apparently security and cleaning companies liked to arrive early and finish late. Glancing at her watch, Cara saw it was already three in the afternoon. The security company had informed her of the new security cameras placed on every window and door into the house. The cleaning company had only finished an hour earlier, and had done a superb job in getting rid of the mess in her bedroom.

Looking out the front window of her living room, she saw that there was a patrol car still parked out front. Wanting to get some fresh air and having the urge to speak to Rachel, Cara walked out of her kitchen back door.

Cara arrived at Rachel’s home fifteen minutes later. Walking up to the brick two-story home, she rang the doorbell. She waited about a minute and pressed the bell again. Nothing. Strange. It’s practically four in the afternoon, and Rachel should have been home from teaching already, she thought. She turned the door knob, the latch opening as she pushed the door open. Cara drew out her gun.

Pushing the door open, Cara stepped in and immediately saw Rachel lying on the floor in her living room with blood on her face. Bending over, she checked her pulse. It was beating.

Reaching for her cell phone, she dialed the Luke's direct line.

"Green Bay Headquarters."

"Luke, I need backup and an ambulance at 2340 Longwood Avenue now."

"I'm on my way Cara, and there'd better be a good reason why you're not home,".

Two hours later, Cara was sitting in the waiting room at the hospital, awaiting news on Rachel's condition. The head surgeon at the hospital had closely examined her. Rachel had been hit in the head twice. There was evidence of sexual assault involved. The doctor indicated there were signs of severe struggling. Some of her fingernails had been broken. There were lacerations and cuts on her arms and legs. A deep head wound that needed stitches, and a broken rib that needed to be set. The doctors were stitching up the wound on her head now, and setting her rib.

Tyler had indicated to her, he had found evidence of the psychopaths work. There was a letter left next to Rachel's body that Cara hadn't seen, indicating that she was next. Forensics was dusting the home for prints.

Wringing her hands nervously, she stood up to pace. Being a cop, she'd always had to deal with the victims and their families. Just imagining what Rachel had been through had her heart beating fast with worry. The antiseptic smell of the hospital had set her stomach churning. Breathing deeply trying to calm her nerves, Cara strolled to the water fountain and bent to take a sip of water.

Flipping open her cell phone, she dialed the number for Sue, the head of forensics.

"Forensics."

Sue was personally handling Megan's case, giving her every available detail on what Megan went through. Even going as far as helping her reenact the crime scene. Unfortunately, they never got any prints on the crime scene because the bastard had used gloves.

"Sue, it's Cara. I need a favor. There's a team out at my cousins home. Her name is Rachel. I need those as soon as possible. Nothing takes priority over this."

"Sure Cara. I'll have those for you no later than tomorrow morning. Hey, I'm sorry about your cousin. Hope she'll be okay."

“I haven’t heard anything yet. Doctors are still working on her. Call me on my cell as soon as those results come in okay?”

“Yeah, soon as they’re in, Cara. Bye.”

Closing her cell phone and dropping it back in her purse, Cara headed back to the nurse’s station. Opening the door to the station and looking up she saw that Luke was already there.

At the sound of a door closing, Luke looked up from speaking with the nurse. Cara was entering the nurse’s station. After finding out Rachel’s condition, the waiting room was going to be his next stop. Tyler had informed him that Cara was pacing back and forth there, most likely wearing a hole into the carpet with her worry over Rachel.

Luke walked away from the nurse he was speaking to, and placed himself right in front of Cara.

“Let’s hear it Cara.” Luke knew his voice had a cold, hard edge to it. She was more than just a cop on his force. He had cared about her since the beginning. Over time he had fallen in love with her. The sadness and desolation in her eyes as she stared up at him had Luke flinching.

“Let’s hear what, Luke?”

“I want to know what you were doing outside of your home, and why you felt the need to leave your protection behind.”

Clenching his fist to keep from grabbing her, he waited for her answer.

“I needed a walk”. She said that so simply, as if her life weren’t at stake.

“So you ended up at your cousin’s home.”

“Yes, and thank god I did, or else she would have died on that floor.” Luke saw her chin tremble with the effort it was taking her to be strong. She was right, but it didn’t sit well with him.

The doctor chose that moment to walk out before he could respond. “Cara, Rachel has a concussion. We’ve stitched her up and set her rib. We’re going to have to keep her here for a couple of days though, just to make sure. She’s a strong lady. She should make a full recovery.

Why don't you go home and get some rest."

"Thanks doctor. I think I'll do that."

"Cara, I'll have an officer posted outside her door twenty four hours, until he's caught," Luke interjected.

"Make sure he's what you consider the best on the force, Luke. The only phone call I want to receive is from Rachel herself telling me she's fine. I'll string whoever you put to protect her by the balls if anything happens to her again."

He picked up his cell phone and called an old friend of his. He wanted the best. Zack Moore was more than a bodyguard, and he would guard Rachel with his life. Luke trusted him implicitly. A retired police officer, Zack had left town mysteriously one day. He was gone for ten years. No one knew where he was but Luke, and he would take that secret to his grave.

Arriving back at Green Bay only a year ago, Zack had started up his own security business. He emphasized to Zack that anyone who wasn't Rachel's doctor or her personal nurse would need access through Luke himself to get to Rachel. Hanging up with him, Luke saw Cara standing by the wall waiting for him. He grabbed Cara's arm and pulled her alongside him, exiting the hospital.

CHAPTER 4

The stress was eating her alive. *I can't handle this. First Megan. Now Rachel. What the hell does this freak want with me? Don't break down. I have to be strong for Rachel. She's the only family I have left.*

Luke drove her home in silence. Closing her eyes and laying her head back, she tried to think who in the past would have a vendetta against her. Tomorrow she would go through all of her past and recent arrests. There had to be something she had missed along the way.

Luke pulled the car into Cara's driveway. She quickly stepped out and unlocked her door. Entering her home and in desperate need of a shower to relieve some of the tension, Cara walked up the stairs, leaving Luke standing alone in her living room.

Stepping into the heated shower, she found herself thinking of Luke again. She cared for him deeply. She knew once she and Luke came together, it would be explosive. Just thinking about how he had placed his large, calloused hands over her nipples, then rubbing and pinching her clit had her creaming in anticipation for more. She grabbed her breasts and pinched slightly on her hardened nipples.

Tall, with his long, dark hair reaching to his waist, and sexy muscles that showed a nice bulge under his shirt. It was one of her favorite fantasies. Kneeling in front of Luke, taking his mouth-watering cock between her lips, sliding her hands down to hold his cock, feeling the satin smoothness and steely hardness. Cara moaned, as she imagined herself bending down, taking him into her mouth, savoring his long throbbing thickness. "Drink it babe, drink it all," he would say while his hands tightened in her hair to the point of pain, as his seed spewed to the back of her throat.

"Luke", she screamed, as she came long and hard for the first time in ages. Rubbing her clit faster, she savored her orgasm drawing it out a little longer. Her heart was pounding fast, with the rushing need to have him inside of her.

She washed and rinsed herself and turned off the shower when she was done. Grabbing a towel and wrapping it around her, she stepped out of the shower. Opening the bathroom door, she looked for any signs of Luke. Knowing him as she did, he wouldn't just leave her. He would definitely still be in her home. Walking from the bathroom, she skidded to her bedroom.

Slamming the door she got busy with the task of getting dressed.

Luke walked around the house, making sure all the windows and locks were secure. He knew she could take care of herself, and that she was strong, but this damn psychopath had already taken a shot at her life, and he wasn't willing to risk that again.

Walking up the stairs, he decided it was time he and Cara got a few things straightened out about their relationship. Not wanting to give her a chance on locking him out, he opened her bedroom door without bothering to knock. To his shock and wonderful surprise, his eyes were currently roaming a very naked Cara. Appearing to be very comfortable with her nudity, Cara turned to face him.

“Do you not believe in knocking?”

He stalked over to where she was standing, noticing the small steps back she took, every time he advanced. His cock hardened at the site of her pink tongue, wetting her already moistened lips. Grabbing her by the shoulders, Luke plunged his tongue into her mouth. The taste of her unique flavor mixed with peaches had his cock wanting to burst out of his jeans. She moaned and slipped her hands in his hair, pulling his head down closer.

Lifting her up, he placed Cara on the bed. Her nipples were tight with need. He leaned down and spread her legs wide open and just stared at the sweetest pussy he had ever seen. It was light pink in color and hairless except for a strip on top. Going onto his knees, he inhaled deeply and proceeded to lap all of the sweet juices that were flowing out. Not wanting to touch her clit yet, he licked his way around her pussy lips, savoring her flavor. Her taste was unique, and had his cock tightening to the point of pain. But he wanted to wait. He didn't want to fuck her, not yet. He wanted to prolong this for her, to show her how much he cared for her. Spreading her pussy lips wide, he zeroed in on her clit and sucked hard.

He heard Cara moan and felt her hands tighten on his hair as she tried to push his face closer to her pussy.

Luke, please,” Cara screamed, her voice showing him she wanted this just as much as he

did.

He pulled back and felt her wet juices on his face. “You have to tell me what you want, babe. Say the words.”

“Fuck me. Make me come. Make me scream, Luke.” Her voice had a sexy tone of huskiness to it.

“Oh, I will fuck you babe, and you’ll be coming all over my lips and cock pretty soon.”

Luke looked into her green eyes, while still licking her pussy lips. Savoring her juiciness like a tasty treat, he finally latched onto her clit again and continued to suck until he heard her scream. He placed his tongue into her pussy, wanting to feel the convulsions on his tongue.. Licking up all of her cum, he kept on the sucking, not letting her go until she screamed his name a second time. Not wanting to waste any of her flavor, he lapped all the way to her rear hole. Sticking his tongue in her tight little hole, he licked her there until her orgasm subsided and he felt her go limp in his arms

Cara looked up at Luke. Good God this man knew how to eat her pussy. Had she ever had anything in her entire life feel this wonderful, she silently wondered. He knew just the right amount of pressure when sucking and nipping at her clit. The way he used his wonderful tongue and had trailed it to her rear had Cara wondering if she had died a sweet death and was approaching heaven. Nothing ever had or ever would come close to the way she exploded in his arms. She needed to show him how much she wanted the feel of his staff inside her now.

Sitting up on the bed, she unbuttoned his jeans. Pushing his jeans down, she reached down and grabbed his delicious looking cock. Bending close she inhaled his unique smell. Long and thick, with a big, dark red round head and a slight vein on the side, his cock was currently sticking straight out at the vicinity of her lips, as if begging her to take it.

Cara opened her mouth wide and took his head in, sucking on it for a few seconds and then inserting her tongue on the slit. Grabbing her hair, Luke grunted. “Jesus Cara. Take it baby. Suck it nice and hard.” Her pussy creamed with need, at the words coming from his lips. Cara

intended this to be the best blowjob he ever had. Relaxing her throat she took him in, wanting to swallow it whole. She licked along the underside, and couldn't get enough of the taste and feel of him. She licked his dick, on the underside stroking it with her tongue up and down. Grabbing his ass cheeks hard, she relaxed her throat all the way and took him all the way in.

She felt his balls slapping her chin as he thrust in and out, fucking her mouth. Cara could tell he was fighting against pushing harder, as his fingers tightened on her hair. Inserting her index finger into her wet pussy, Cara gathered some of her juices. She brought the finger up to his tight anal hole. Pressing lightly Cara inserted the tip inside. Sucking harder on his cock, she knew he had lost the control he was keeping when she heard him grunt, "Holy shit."

"That's it baby. Let me fuck that gorgeous mouth of yours. It's so wet and hot, Cara. You can take it. Jesus, I'm coming Cara. If you don't want it in your mouth, move away now."

Cara was so hot and wet. Just listening to the sexy words and growls coming from his lips had her wanting to taste all of his cum. She wasn't planning on wasting a drop. She felt his balls with her hands and they were drawn up tight. She felt his ass tense, and felt him grab her tighter. Luke thrust all of his cock down the opening of her throat. He shot his salty load right in the back of her throat. Cara sucked and licked until she drained him dry. He eased his semi hard cock from her lips. She moved once again, licking at the slit and head once more. Licking her lips, she looked up at Luke.

His eyes looked like an ocean blue. She could see the desire for her in them. "That was the best fucking blow job I ever had baby."

It wouldn't be the last one she'd give him either, she thought. Just anticipating the next time she would taste it had her pussy creaming with need again. Her clit throbbed and demanded relief now.

Lying back on the bed, Cara could no longer wait until he was inside of her. She needed to feel him deep inside her now. Opening up her legs, she saw Luke's eyes center on her pussy, and saw him lick those gorgeous lips of his, as if savoring the taste of her.

"I'm warning you babe. It's too late to back out now. I'm going to fuck you like an animal."

Caressing her nipples, she laid back on the bed. She opened her legs as wide as she could

and whispered, "Come and get it."

Luke step forward and positioned his cock right at the entrance of her pussy and rammed it to the hilt. She screamed out his name as her pussy gripped him tight. The feel of pressure slightly mixed with pain was surprising as she adjusted to his size.

She was so turned on for the feel of him, the uncomfortable pressure she felt moments earlier had quickly disappeared. The unbelievable feeling of having this man finally inside of her had her reaching down and stroking her clit, wanting to come on the spot. Cara looked into his eyes as she felt him thrusting slow and easy, ramming his cock to the hilt each time.

Wrapping her legs around his waist, she squirmed to get closer to him. She felt he was holding back because of her, and she needed him to lose the control. Thrusting her thighs and pelvis closer to him, Cara attempted to take control.

"Cara, baby, don't move like that. I'm trying to control myself here," Luke whispered, clenching his teeth tight. "I don't want to hurt you."

"Luke, fuck me. I need you to fuck me hard and deep now. I've waited so long. Let me feel it, Luke. Let me feel you now."

Luke felt her pussy spasm around his cock. The whispered words coming from her lips had him tightening his hands on her thighs, with the need for control. He gave her longer thrusts of his cock, that had her panting and moaning like a cat as he reached behind him and secured her legs even higher on his back.

He was convinced the smell and taste of her arousal, along with her tight wet pussy, was driving him insane. If he didn't get a hold of himself and calm down, he would be cuming into her sweet pussy sooner than he thought. Clenching his teeth and grabbing her hips, he slowed down. Thrusting slower now he leaned down and kissed her. Slipping his tongue in her mouth he drank from her sweetness as he fucked her slowly. He sucked at her mouth, imitating the motion his cock was making in her pussy. He couldn't get enough of her.

Luke felt Cara tighten her hands on his hair. He licked at her lips, loving the taste of

peaches. Cara sucked his tongue and lifted her hips, grinding her clit against him. He knew was going too slow now, but he wanted to savor the taste and feel of her.

“Luke, please. I need it. Hard and fast. Fuck me.”

“Hang on,” he growled. He gave her all of it, thrusting into her as hard as he could. Her tight, wet pussy was stretched out on his cock, squeezing it like a silken glove. He reached down and pinched her clit, holding the throbbing little bundle between his fingers. He felt her pussy spasm tighter, holding him in just as she screamed out his name.

She couldn't catch her breath. He was pounding into her like an animal and it felt too good. She had been dripping wet when he first slipped his cock inside of her. The feel of him had her wanting to cum on the spot. Now he was giving her all of him, and looking into his eyes Cara saw he was being driven wild. He reached down and pinched her clit, slightly rubbing it up and down. She actually saw stars, and felt her pussy clench his cock as if it didn't ever want to let it go.

Luke grunted and tightened his hands on her thighs. Her pussy held his cock deep as she felt his hot cum shoot inside.

Cara wanted to be with him forever. She could only hope that they had a chance at a future.

CHAPTER 5

Cara awoke to the early, bright summer sun shining through her curtains. She started to rise from the bed when she realized an arm wrapped around her waist prevented her from doing so.

Lying back down, Cara turned and swept her eyes over a still sleeping Luke. His long black hair had come loose, and she could still smell the musky scent of sex in the room. A section of the blanket covered his cock, and the rest of him was bare.

Opening her eyes and studying him once more, she saw that his long black hair had come loose from their night of sex. She could still smell the musky scent of sex in her room. This was the man she wanted to be with, to spend the rest of her life with, and the thought terrified her. If she could only get past the silly feeling of everyone around her dying because of her, then she could move on. Yes, she recognized the feeling as silly, but she couldn't help feeling that way. Not after everything she had been through. Shaking her head once again at her thoughts, Cara refocused her attention on Luke.

Laying her hand on his muscular chest, she flicked his nipple back and forth with her fingertip, as his cock tented the section of blanket covering him. Getting an early morning close up view of his cock had her mouth watering at the sight of it. About eight inches long and thick as her wrist, it was crowned, with a dark reddish head. A woman would do just about anything, she realized, to have that staff pleasuring her. A rising feel of jealousy at the thought of Luke and other women rose within her. Quickly squashing that feeling down, she grabbed the base of his cock in her hand. Sticking her tongue out she started to wet the head as she went down even further licking shaft from the base up.

Cara felt Luke's hand reach out and grab her hair his fingers, tightening at the base of her scalp. Looking up into Luke's crystal blue eyes, she saw the desire there mixed with emotions. God, how she wanted him to lose control again. To fuck her like there was no tomorrow, and never leave her pussy wanting, ever.

Cara saw his pre-cum slip through the slit of his cock as she continued to lick from the base of his cock and further up. Yummy, she thought, as she dove in once again for the head. The slightly musky salty flavor burst in her mouth, giving her the urge to taste more of him.

Pushing her tongue slightly into the slit, she licked all that he was offering to her. Feeling the slight pressure of his fingers tightening on her hair, she knew Luke was narrowly hanging on to his control. Cara dove in for more. Sucking his cock like a lollipop, she swallowed as much as she could. Feeling the head hit her throat, she tightened her fingers at the base of his staff. Placing her other hand on his tightening balls, she slightly tugged them down. Swallowing more of his cock down her throat, Luke's hand tightened on her hair as she heard him grunt, "Take it Cara, take it down your throat. That's it, sugar. Swallow it. You can take it baby."

She knew he was going to cum when she felt his balls tense up even further. She heard Luke growl, and suddenly Cara was savoring the flavor of Luke's cum as it burst into her mouth. The heady taste was intoxicating. Her fleeting thought was that she could become addicted to the taste of him alone. She drank all of his cum and lapped his cock clean. Cara pulled his hard cock from her mouth and looked up. Luke's eyes were blazing blue with his passion and need. Staring into those eyes, she soon realized she was definitely falling head over heels in love with her chief.

Struggling to sit up, Cara straddled his lap; his still hard cock settled at her rear. Cara leaned over and kissed Luke's full lips. Thrusting her tongue into his mouth, she licked at the inner recesses. She could feel her pussy gushing with the need to have his cock inside of her. Lifting herself, she placed the head of his cock between her pussy lips and rubbed it against her clit. The tingling feeling on her clit made her want to slam her pussy down on him. Taking a deep breathe Cara eased herself down until it felt like the head had brushed her womb.

She heard Luke breathing faster as he tightened his hands on her thighs. Cara felt fingers digging into her flesh, but the slight pain only heightened her awareness of the throbbing length in her pussy. Grabbing and tugging on her nipples, she began to move. He felt so wonderfully filling inside of her.

"Come on, Cara. Ride me baby. Touch those pretty nipples for me. Pull them, honey. Let me see how red you can get them."

His intoxicating words had her driving herself towards the edge faster. Pulling a finger into her mouth to wet it, she slid her hand down to her clit. Rubbing her clit up and down and riding Luke had was too much.

Cara screamed his name. The tight feel of her pussy on his cock, strangling it with her contractions had him wanting to erupt in her. The feel of her around him was so intense. One taste of her was all it took for him to be hooked. Looking up to Cara's sea green eyes, he saw that she was coming down from her recent orgasm. If she thought this was over, she had another thing coming to her.

He grasped her by the waist and flipped her over onto her back. "You nice and comfy down there, babe? I'm about to pound into that tight little pussy, and until I feel it milking my cock once more, there will be no stopping."

Luke saw Cara's eyes go wide, and her mouth formed this adorable O shape. Grabbing her hips, he felt Cara's ankles cross at his back. Slowly easing his hard cock out of her tight pussy, Luke looked down at the cum covering his cock. He inhaled and immediately smelled the light peaches scent mixed with the musky odor of sex. Slapping her ass lightly, Luke withheld the need to rut.

"Luke, I can't stand this. Let me feel your cock inside me, now."

"I want you to enjoy this, baby. I want you to inhale, and let your senses drive you insane. I'm going to teach you the pleasure of waiting and savoring."

"Luke, if you don't take care of my needs now, I'll take care of them myself."

Luke saw what she meant when she grabbed her breasts, pinching her nipples and put a finger into her sexy lips. She then proceeded to drive him to the edge by taking the wet finger and stimulating her clit into overdrive.

No one would ever call him a patient man. Luke grabbed her hips and lifted her ass from the mattress. Thrusting his cock deep inside, he felt her pussy spasming on his cock. Moving in and out was like entering an inferno and then feeling the cold air, which only heightened his senses. Luke leaned down and thrust his tongue into Cara's mouth. It amazed him then how she could taste like peaches, and smell like them on her sweet pussy.

Moving further down, Luke felt Cara pull his hair. Apparently she wanted the taste of his tongue again, but he had other ideas. Luke took her dark cherry nipples into his mouth. Sucking

on the tip slightly hard had Cara's body arching on his cock. Luke bit down on the tip of her nipple and heard her gasp, "Harder."

Taking that as a sign of Cara loving the slight pain that sometimes gave you a high during sex, he added more pressure to her nipple. Taking her breast into his mouth, he sucked harder. That was when he felt the contractions of her pussy milking his cock.

It was as if her pussy needed the seed that would soon erupt. Luke pulled her breast out of his mouth with a pop. Looking down at her slightly red skin color, he felt the beast rise in him at his mark of possession. Thrusting even harder into her tight wet sheath, he felt his balls draw up tight and the tingling feeling brushing down his spine had him erupting with a shout inside of her.

Still breathing heavily and holding up his weight by his arms, Luke stared down into Cara's beautiful face. Her eyes were clenched shut, and he could tell by her rapid breathing that she was trying to catch her breath. Luke eased his partially erect cock out of her and pulled her along side, lying back down.

"Honey, you okay? I didn't hurt you, did I?"

Luke realized there was desperation in his voice now. He wanted her to understand that she meant more to him than anything. He was staring at her face as she opened her eyes. She seemed to need to regain her composure, while he needed to make sure she wasn't harmed.

"I'm fine, Luke. That was incredibly intense. I've never felt anything remotely close to that in my life." Luke saw the emotions in her eyes. He was in awe to know that he had given her such pleasure.

His cell phone chose that moment to ring. Whoever was calling him, it had better be good.

"Luke, it's Tyler. We need you down at the office immediately. Forensics just dropped off the report. It's marked urgent, Luke. Sally indicated they found prints, and ran them through the computer."

"I'll be there in thirty minutes. No one, Tyler, takes a look at that report before me".

Without another word to Tyler, Luke hung up. He turned to Cara. He could tell her body was tense, awaiting the news. Already pushing himself out of the bed, he glanced back.

“Get dressed, Cara. We are heading to the station. Forensics found prints, and matched them. We are finally going to find out who’s been making your life a living hell.” Luke strolled into the bathroom without waiting to see if she would follow orders. Knowing Cara, she would.

CHAPTER 6

Cara couldn’t remember one time where she had ever gotten dressed so quickly. Hopping into the shower with Luke would have been a dream come true at another time, but she had no time to dally on that sexy body of his. Revenge is what drove her now, and that thought was what had her washed and dressed in ten minutes. Course Luke was already downstairs when she was done, and it had taken another fifteen minutes to drive to the station.

Cara rushed to follow Luke, as he was pushing the door open to the station. They were standing in his office less than five seconds later. Tyler was already inside, seated in one of the waiting chairs. Cara took the other chair beside him, while Luke sat behind his desk. Concentration had his eyebrows drawn together as he opened up the report.

Cara knew Luke had feelings for her. She knew that he would do anything to protect her. He had always been there for her as a boss and, more importantly, as a friend, and that’s what she cherished the most. Her feelings had grown to so much more since working with him so closely these past couple of days. She already knew she loved him. Already knew she couldn’t live without him. It was that same love that had her driven in her need to keep him safe from harm. Megan was no longer here; all she had was Luke. Snapping out of her thoughts, Cara looked up

at Luke, still studying the contents of the folder.

“What do you have, Luke?”

“What we have is a killer bent on revenge. He’s been out of prison for three months now. The parole board approved his release. Apparently he was acting like the perfect citizen in prison, so the board couldn’t oppose the early release. Detailed in the report are the injuries Rachel suffered, more importantly there were hair and fibers under her nails. Rachel gave him a good fight, it seems. Forensics also picked up the finger prints at Rachel’s home, though no weapon was found. Since there were no prints at the time of Megan’s death, my guess is that either the killer made a mistake, or he was ready to reveal himself to us. Since we’re dealing with a psychopath bent on revenge, I’m guessing he’s ready to reveal himself.”

Cara noticed the tension in his voice. Knowing Luke like she did, he was keeping his anger held back.

“You keep saying bent on revenge? Who is it?”

Luke flipped the file over onto the desk so it was now facing Cara and Tyler. Cara looked down at the picture forensics pulled up with the finger print. She didn’t even have to look at the name below the picture to recall the memory of her first arrest. *Ricardo Estevez*. Her mind immediately recalled how she caught the bastard.

Five Years Earlier

Patrolling the streets was a rookie’s assignment and that’s exactly what she was. Being on the force now for two months didn’t change that. Cara was alone walking the streets tonight. She had learned over the past couple of months that rookies always got the patrol assignments. Cara closed her eyes and rubbed her stiff neck. Her shift was almost over tonight. An hour more and she’ll be at home, checking in on Megan and heading straight to her big, warm bed. She was beat. Working a twelve hour shift, mostly all standing on her feet, was hard work.

A scream suddenly made her more aware of her surroundings as her body tightened in anticipation. “You fucking bastard,” a woman’s voice erupted in the air. .

Shit, it’s coming from the alleyway. Pulling her gun from the holster, she headed down

Maine Street. Cara reached for her radio and gave the operator her exact location. The operator indicated backup would be there in about ten minutes. Not soon enough, she thought.

“You bitch, you’re gonna give me what I want.”

Cara ran and skidded to a halt at the entryway of the alley. A man was standing over a woman, beating her. From the alley entrance, Cara could already tell she was seriously injured and bleeding.

Aiming her gun on the criminal with a steady hand, Cara screamed, “Freeze! Put your hands up in the air, now!”

The bastard turn to face her. He then quickly pulled the woman up by her hair and placed her in front of him as a shield.

“Fucking bitch you see what you did now” he shouted, jerking the victim’s neck back.

Cara walked up even closer, only inches separating them now. “Release her now, and put your hands up,” she shouted once again.

“No, I think it’s you who has to put your gun down, or I’ll break the pretty little lady’s neck.”

“You don’t want to do that. Step aside from the lady, and put your hands up. Now.” Her nerves were on edge. Her first arrest just had to be someone who was cocky enough to give her a fight.

Walking even closer to the victim, Cara saw she was dazed. If the asshole wasn’t still holding her up by her head, she probably would have fallen to the floor from the look of her injuries. God only knew if she was in time to save her from being violated.

Cara eyed the asshole, and saw the glint of evil and determination in his eye. His look said it all. He wasn’t going to give her up, not without a fight. Getting in as close as possible was her only hope of getting a shot for his shoulder or leg, something to make him release the victim. Cara walked up two more inches.

“Looks like we’re gonna have a party, lady,” jerking the victim’s head back even harder.

“The pretty little cop wants to play. How about it? Wanna see how a true man likes to fuck, pretty little cop?” Cara heard his words dripping with disgusting hope. If her stunt worked, it would give her a chance to save the victim. If she could get closer and run for it, it

would work.

Running the last seven inches as fast as she could, Cara immediately crouched down and put all of her strength into her legs, swinging them out and sweeping the victim and perp off of their feet. The surprised look at the bastard holding the victim quickly disappeared as they both crashed down in the alleyway. Rolling back and standing up once again, she grasped her gun tighter with her right hand and pulled and pushed the victim out of the way.

Unfortunately, in that instant it also gave the son of a bitch the advantage of running. Taking off after him with all her speed, Cara ran like her life depended on it. This son of a bitch wasn't getting away on her watch.

Backup was still about five minutes away when she quickly realized the alley ended at a dead end. Nowhere for the perp to go but to face her.

Reaching the end of the alleyway, she aimed her gun once more. "Get on your knees with your hands up in the air, now!"

"Do you know who I fucking am? I'm Ricardo Estevez."

"I don't give a flying fuck who you are. You have one more chance to drop to your knees and put your hands in the air, now."

The perp chose that moment to run at her with surprising speed. He was still about ten inches away when she aimed her gun at his shoulder and fired.

Present

Luke's voice quickly brought her out of her memories. He was currently giving the office secretary instructions.

"Mary, get me everything we have on Ricardo Estevez. I want to know when he was released, and where he's presently residing. I need the information now."

Cara knew he was being as close to professional as he could be. The way his body was tensed up and the way he restrained from raising his voice told her that.

All this time, and it was someone who had something against her from the beginning. She still remembered everything that happened clearly that night and after. Ricardo Estevez was

arrested with a shoulder wound. After she had fired her gun at him that night, he had fallen down and she had quickly put handcuffs on him. Not a minute later Luke and Tyler had been on the scene, along with half dozen other officers and paramedics.

She could still recall the threats that erupted from Ricardo's mouth; threats she did not take seriously at the time. She had thought it was common for all criminals to want revenge against the person that put them away.

The paramedics had taken the victim away. Apparently Cara had stopped him from violating the woman, but she had taken a serious beating. Hours later after writing up the report, she had quickly found out that Ricardo Estevez was a known rapist in several cities and all of them wanted him extradited to their cities for trial. Montana had made an exclusive appeal for him on a rape and murder charge. Extraditing him there would have gotten him life in prison, but apparently Estevez was dripping with money.

Rumor had it his father had bought off the judge, but that was never proven. Why Judge Matthew Phelps chose to hold him for trial here in Montana Bay on a mere attempted rape charge that had only landed him five years was beyond her. Chances were, if Estevez had been tried in Montana he would still be in jail now. It was so common for criminals to come out with misdemeanor charges and slaps on the wrist when there was a crime that was actually committed. Apparently it was even more helpful to the criminals when money was involved. Monsters like that belonged in jail with the key thrown away. Now, five years later, Megan and Rachel were the ones that suffered.

Her eyes watered at the thought. If this bastard thought he could get away with taking everything from her, he had another thing coming.

Mary chose that moment to walk in with a stack of files on Estevez. "Luke, here's what we've got on Estevez. I also called the warden at the prison, Nathaniel Cruz. He should be calling you in the hour with everything he has on him."

Cara could here the trace of worry in Mary's voice. Luke chose that moment to look into Cara's eyes. Without even glancing at Mary, he replied, "Mary, I won't be here when he calls. Make sure you put him directly through to my cell."

"Will do, chief." Once again the door to his office closed.

Cara saw Luke once again concentrating on the files. She was sure he was probably looking for his last known address. Seeing him quickly scribble something down, she rose from her chair.

Luke looked up at Cara rising from the chair. He knew she was all set to go to the location, but he wasn't sure having her there would help. Number one rule to remember, never get emotionally involved in a case. He knew that. And he still let Cara remain as long as she had for several reasons. But he needed to ease her off now slowly, if there was any chance of capturing Estevez. Emotions almost always hampered an investigation.

Luke wanted the bastard thrown in jail so bad, but he wasn't willing to risk anything going wrong. Cara's life depended on it. He needed to make sure Cara saw that. Inwardly though, he did acknowledge that it was also the fact he needed to keep her safe. Sure, he knew Cara could handle herself. Taking care of herself was never the problem. He wouldn't have hired her if Cara could not do the job. He'd never known her to back down from anything. But there was still the driven need in him to keep her safe from harm.

Luke tensed in preparation for the argument that was sure to come from her beautiful lips. "Cara, Tyler and I will handle this."

Shock had her eyes rounding wide and her mouth tensing up. By the look on her face, she definitely did not see that coming.

"You can't mean to check out the location without me. I'm involved, Luke, all the way." Oh, he sure heard her readiness to do battle with him in her voice.

"That's precisely the reason why I want you here at the station. You are not off the case, but I do not want you entering this location, hot headed with the need for revenge. Cause I sure as hell know, Cara, that's what's driving you now," he shouted.

Along with his anger, Luke felt the need to rush over to her and hold her in his arms. To show her he was not necessarily ordering her out of duty, but out of love.

"Tyler, warm up the car. I'll be there in about five minutes." Luke shot a look at Tyler,

hoping he got the hint that he wanted to be alone with Cara for a few minutes. He quickly saw that he did, as Tyler got up and left.

“You know how important this is to me Luke, how essential it is for me to be there. I need to see this through all of the way. For my sister’s soul, for my piece of mind.”

Luke had never thought he would deny her anything. To keep her safe he would, and to effectively catch Estevez and put him away for good. He needed to know while going in that she was safe.

“I’m giving an order. You are to stay at the station until I get back. I do not want you leaving.” Luke put enough firmness and determination behind the order that, as her boss, he knew she had to obey. Staring down at her, he clearly saw she struggled with his demand.

Luke grabbed her by her arms and hauled her body to his. “I love you Cara, with all my heart. I will do everything in my power to keep you from being harmed, even give my life for you. Believe that. I need you here where it’s safe for you to be, in case Estevez is there now. Please understand.”

Looking into her eyes, Luke could tell slightly shocked. He could bet she wasn’t expecting his declaration of love. At least not yet. Pulling her closer against him, he lowered his lips to her mouth and skimmed her lips with his tongue. Her mouth automatically opened and accepted his kiss. Holding her even tighter, Luke savored the taste of her once again. Hearing her moans had him thrusting his jeans covered cock against the heat of her center.

Stepping back and breaking the kiss, Luke adjusted his obvious arousal. Placing a kiss at her still open wet lips, Luke turned and walked out without another word.

CHAPTER 7

Cara was stunned. She did not expect to hear those words from his lips so soon. Granted, she knew he felt that way, maybe had always known with how he cared for her from the start. But hearing those words out loud had her heart aching for a future with him.

Cara knew she loved him. Had acknowledged she wanted to spend the rest of her life with him. But with the worry of Estevez still running around, a part of her still held back for his safety. She sincerely doubted, though, she would be able to hold her feelings back from him much longer. Steeling herself to be a little stronger and focus on what she had to do, she leaned down and saw that Luke must have forgotten that Estevez's file was still on his desk. Either that or he really believed she would stay here waiting for him.

The temptation to look into the file was too hard to ignore. Circling Luke's desk, she sat down on his chair. Looking down, she immediately saw what he had written. Just what she had originally thought it was; Estevez's last known address. One of the requirements of being out on parole was to notify the warden and parole officer of your last known address. Quickly jotting down the address, Cara took a look at her watch. Luke had a ten minute start. If she left now she could make it to the location in twenty minutes. Leaving Luke's office, she noticed Mary glancing her way. No time to dally and talk, she thought, as she left the police station and entered her car.

Cara arrived at Estevez's address thirty minutes later. Looking around Cara saw that Luke and Tyler weren't there. She must have just barely missed them. That was definitely not going to stop her from taking a look around. So this was where the bastard was hiding out, she thought. Looked a little to her like his family must have cut his finances short. They might have helped him get a lesser sentence than what he really deserved, but perhaps they finally realized what Estevez truly was. A cold blooded murderer.

Squinting her eyes against the glare of the sun, Cara faced the apartment building where Estevez was supposedly staying at. The apartment building was an obvious rundown dump. Chipped paint and cracked windows with littered garbage in front gave the building the appearance of abandonment and filth. There were even what looked like dead mice in some areas that were filled with garbage.

Walking up to the building, Cara entered. The air definitely took a turn for the worse as she entered. The appearance was the same inside as the outside. Once again filth littered the stairwells and elevator. Looking down at the address quickly, she realized he was staying at the first apartment on the second floor. Putting the paper back in her pocket, Cara quickly removed her gun. Heading for the stairs, she reached the second floor in seconds.

Cara immediately saw the apartment number Estevez was supposed to be staying at. Wanting to catch the bastard by surprise, Cara tested the doorknob. Not to her surprise it was open. In this neighborhood it would be, she thought. Opening the door she stepped inside.

Her first look into the killer's apartment was nerve wracking. Being a cop, you always had to be prepared for the unexpected. What she saw in the apartment had her quickly remembering that. Catching her eye immediately were pictures of herself tacked to wall above a twin size bed. Pictures of her walking to her car, eating at a restaurant with Megan, entering a movie theatre with Megan, even undressing at her home. *Shit, how in the hell had he gotten pictures of her undressing at home.* The son of a bitch had been stalking her all this time. For the first time in her life Cara questioned her choice of career. Damn it. In her profession you'd think she would have noticed these things.

Cara walked further into the apartment. Looking around, she saw a small stove and refrigerator in one section of the apartment with a sink on the end. She walked up to one of the two enclosed doors. Inside was a bathroom that appeared to have not been cleaned in a long time. Closing it quickly, she opened the other door. It was a small closet and there were several shirts and pants hung up, but nothing else inside. As Cara closed the closet door, she heard a noise coming from the entrance door.

Raising her gun and anticipating that she would finally come face to face with Estevez, she waited for him to enter. To her shock and horror it was Luke coming in through the front door, and by the expression on his face he wasn't at all happy to see her.

Luke walked up to the building listed as Estevez's last known address. An hour

ago he had left the station parking lot with Tyler, headed this way. About ten minutes into the drive he got the call from the Warden, Nathaniel Cruz. Apparently the warden was already on his way to the station to meet with Luke. Giving Nathaniel the exact address of a diner on the way to Estevez's location, Luke had told him he would meet him there in five minutes.

Meeting with him briefly and discussing Estevez hadn't told Luke anything special that he hadn't already known. But Nathaniel did indicate he had found a picture of Cara inside of Estevez's cell on the day of his release. It was a newspaper clipping of Cara the day she had testified against Estevez in court. That only spurred Luke's gut reaction that Estevez had an obsession with Cara. A dangerous one that had lead to murder. Luke had to track Estevez down before anyone else got hurt. Especially for Cara, the one he loved the most, his true heart. His promise to her to keep her safe from any harm he would prove with his life, if need be.

Luke had given Tyler orders to head with Nathaniel back to the stationhouse in his car. Luke wanted everything Nathaniel could tell him about Estevez in writing. It was important they use every resource and piece of information available to capture him as quickly as possible.

Moving up the stairs to the apartment, Luke had his hand on the doorknob. Opening up the door and stepping inside, Luke immediately saw a gun pointed at his face. What he didn't expect to see at the end of that gun was Cara. His initial shock at seeing her was quickly overridden by anger. He truly thought she would be at the station awaiting news. He had not taken her off the case because he wanted her near, but he didn't think Cara would ever disobey a direct order from him. Tamping down the need to shout at her, he took several deep breaths.

Leaning scant inches away from her face, Luke bit out, "You disobeyed a direct order, Cara."

He should take her home and spank her ass for disobeying a direct command, he thought, as he yanked her gun out of her hand. He could tell she was obviously not expecting him to walk through that door by the look in her eyes and the way her face was flushed red.

"Luke, you have known from the beginning that I would be on this case no matter what. I appreciate your need for protection, but you have to realize that this is important to me."

Luke tightened his lips into a grim line. Did she think he didn't know how she felt? The need to catch the person that had made her life a living hell had become his obsession too. He

couldn't eat, drink, or sleep without thinking of ways of punishing Estevez for hurting her. Yes, he knew how she felt, but she needed to realize that he was also Police Chief for a reason. Loving and keeping her safe had become his top priority.

"I understand your need to be involved, Cara. I truly do, and that is the reason why I still let you stay on, knowing you were too involved emotionally. I never once pulled you off, but believe me, I considered it. You defying a direct order justifies what I should have done a long time ago." He would die for Cara, but he would be damned if she would be wiped out of this world because he or she made a bad decision in the line of duty.

"Luke, I won't apologize. I will see this bastard punished for what he did if it's the last thing I do. I've never hidden that from you." Looking into her eyes, there were unshed tears there with the driving need to get this resolved. Luke knew that if he pulled her off of the case at this stage, she most likely would continue to hunt Estevez on her own. She was that stubborn.

"Fine you're here now. Tyler's back at the station with the warden. I met him midway here to see if he knew anything about Estevez that would help us. Nathaniel said he found a picture of you in Estevez's cell. This bastard has it in for you Cara, and until he gets caught, we are taking extra precautions all around."

Luke turned and observed the room for the first time. At the sight of pictures, dozens of them hanging on the wall of Cara and Megan, Luke found it took a lot of will power not to go with his first instinct and snap Estevez's neck for the horror he's inflicted. One picture that had him particularly struggling harder with that urge was that fact that Estevez had been in her home while she had been undressing. When he got a hold of Estevez he would make him pay dearly. Luke turned to her.

"How long have you been here?"

"About ten minutes before you arrived."

"You've inspected everything, correct?"

"Everything has been checked in the apartment."

Luke pulled out his cell phone and dialed forensics, giving them the location of Estevez's apartment. Forensics indicated they would be there in about twenty minutes, along with some of

his top officers, making a full sweep of the room, bagging up all pictures as evidence and searching for prints. Once he hung up with them he dialed Tyler's direct line and updated him on the search. Tyler had not indicated anything new from the warden's sworn statement. Hanging up with him, Luke turned to face Cara once again. Grabbing her by the arm, he automatically felt the way she tensed up against him.

"Forensics will be here soon, Cara. Come on. Let's go wait for them downstairs."

Once outside, Luke hauled Cara into his arms. "Darling, you know how much I care for you. Seeing you inside that apartment, Cara, I went a little crazy. I know this is important for you, and I'm going to be with you every step of the way. But you have to promise me, baby, that you will be more careful. You gave me your word you would call me and let me know every step you made. Estevez is out to get you sugar, and I'll be damned if he ever does."

Luke lowered his mouth to Cara's soft lips. It was initially meant as a kiss of reassurance, but quickly turned hot. She moaned into his mouth and thrust her luscious tongue, stroking his.

Luke grabbed her ass and hauled her closer against him. The feel of her heated pussy encased in jeans against his cock had him rubbing himself against her. He couldn't wait to be inside her once again. To show her how much he couldn't be without her.

Distantly, Luke heard someone cough beside him. Ending the kiss with regret, he looked up to see what had disturbed his kiss. His team had arrived, and they were awaiting his orders. Stepping away from Cara, Luke gave them Estevez's address and orders for a full sweep of the apartment. He also let forensics know he wanted the report on his desk by tomorrow. He emphasized to them he needed the information right away and that their department should make it top priority. With a nod to them, he made his way to Cara once more.

Looking at her face he saw her lips were still swollen from his kisses. "Come on, babe. We're calling it a night. Let's head home."

He knew he put some heavy emphasis on the word home to her. He wanted Cara to begin realizing now that he wasn't ever intending to leave. Putting an arm around her shoulder, he steered her towards his car.

"Luke, I came in my own car." Her voice sounded husky with need. His cock hardened

even more at the sound.

He gave Cara a quick kiss on the lips. "I'll follow you home."

He walked her over to her vehicle, which was parked a block away. Making sure she entered and locked her door, he walked back to his own car. Following her lead, they headed home.

So, pretty little Cara had finally found out where he was staying, he thought, as he watched her with the cop in front of the building. He was on his way home for a change of clothing when he had seen her with that disgusting cop across the street. Fucking bastard had his lips all over her.

Took her long enough to find him though. He'd forced to stay at that fucking dump ever since his parents had cut him off without a dime. Assholes. He didn't need them. He had all the money he needed for now. All he wanted was pretty little Cara. Once he had her, he'd be on top of the world.

And he was definitely going to have her. She would have to be punished for whoring herself to that idiot cop. She was his whore. He'd show her. He'd show her soon enough. Tomorrow, in fact.

CHAPTER 8

Cara pulled into her driveway with Luke right behind her. She'd been surprised to realize it was Luke entering Estevez's apartment. She was pretty sure he had been there before. She should've known that if he was there before her, he would have called forensics and a team of cops for a full sweep.

Maybe Luke was right. Perhaps she was letting her emotions get in the way of the case. Being a cop and doing your job well didn't involve feelings. She knew Luke struggled with the fact of whether pulling her off of the case would be a good idea. Cara also knew he let her stay on the case when he would've pulled anyone else off. Maybe she should back off a little. Luke and Tyler would be the best to lead this case without the kind of emotions she would put into it. Maybe if she stepped back a little, Estevez would be captured quicker, she thought.

With a sigh, she exited her car. She turned and saw Luke walking behind her to the front of her house. Pulling the keys from her purse and inserting them into the lock, Cara pushed the door open. Stepping inside she held the door open for Luke. Closing the door, Cara turned to stare at him. Her pussy leaked with want at the heated expression in his eyes. Clearing her throat and struggling for control, she walked into the kitchen.

Assuming Luke would follow, she opened up her refrigerator. "Do you want to go upstairs and freshen up while I make us some dinner? I can have steak and mashed potatoes ready in about an hour". Already taking the items out for dinner, she placed them on the counter.

"Fine. I'll be upstairs Cara. Call me when it's ready. Then we're going to have us a nice chat afterwards," Luke growled his response, leaving Cara standing alone in the kitchen. Apparently he was still a little ticked off with her. Turning, she set to start dinner.

Setting the steaks on the grill and placing the potatoes in water to be boiled, Cara surmised she had about fifteen minutes before she had to check on the progress of the meal. Just in time for a quick shower, she thought. She ran upstairs and realized the bathroom door was open. Either Luke had finished his shower or he hadn't taken one yet. Walking into her bedroom, she saw that he was speaking to Tyler on the phone and was still fully dressed. As Cara walked further into her bedroom she made a grab for her red satin robe. Luke was now done with his call and was staring at her. His eyes seem to flare with heat once more. She

quickly exited the bedroom and jumped into the shower, before that look escalated into something more.

Fifteen minutes later, dressed in nothing but her robe, Cara quickly flew downstairs, flipping the steaks and checking on the potatoes. Opening up the fridge, she quickly put items for the salad and dressing on her counter. Once the salad was made up, she set the table and placed a bottle of wine with glasses on it.

Just as she predicted, an hour later she shouted Luke's name from the stairwell to let him know dinner was ready. The wonderful smells in the kitchen had her stomach rumbling with hunger. She served two plates with steak and heaped them with potatoes. The salad and wine completed the dinner.

As she was beginning to wonder what was taking Luke so long he strolled into the kitchen. He was wearing only a tank top that he must have been wearing under the shirt earlier, and also the jeans, which he had neglected to button at the top. He was barefoot and his hair was slightly wet from the shower, clinging down his back. Cara thought he was the sexiest man alive. All that long, wet thick hair hanging loose around his broad shoulders had her itching to grab him and hold him down for a long hard kiss. Shaking her head at the direction her thoughts were taking, Cara indicated with her hand Luke should take a seat. It seemed she was always in lust thinking about him.

"Cara, this really smells delicious. You didn't have to go through so much trouble."

"It was no trouble, Luke. The grill did all the work on the steaks, and the potatoes were easy enough. Dig in."

No one said another word as the food was devoured within minutes. Cara sat back, patting her full stomach and sipping her wine. Luke had already finished and was staring intently at her. A little nervous of what his reaction might be at what she was about to tell him, she took a deep breath.

"I've been thinking about what you said, Luke. About my emotions getting in the way of the case."

Cara watched Luke, who was silent and continued. "It's hard for me to say this. I want Estevez captured with everything inside me, and to be honest, I've even had thoughts of him

dying a slow death without an ounce of guilt. But I don't want to be a problem on the case. I've realized what you said was right. Emotions don't need to be involved when capturing a criminal. After Megan died, I thought I could hide my feelings and proceed with the investigation. I didn't realize how hard it would be to hold them back. I want to let you know that I'm taking a step back from the case. But I'm making it clear now; I want to know everything that's going on, Luke. You know how important this is to me."

Exhaling a breath, Cara leaned back on her chair and waited for his response. Looking into his eyes, he seemed to be thinking on what she had just said.

"Cara." Luke's sexy voice always made her heart thump a little quicker. The way he said her name seemed like a caress every time. "The fact that I let you stay on the case should show you that I've always thought you were a highly dedicated cop. Honey, I realize how hard it was going to be to do your job without any feelings being involved. There is no one in the world but you who wants this guy captured more than me. You know I love you, and I'm going to do anything I can in my power to protect you."

Cara's eyes watered at his declaration of love. She didn't think she would ever get tired of him saying how much he cared for her. To have such a wonderful man be there for you, to take care of you during the bad times, and be there for the good was an indescribable feeling. Cara wanted to show Luke how much she cared for him. How much she appreciated having him in her life.

She got up and walked a couple of steps in front of him. Placing her hands lightly on his shoulders, Cara straddled Luke's lap. Grabbing his hair she hauled his head down to her lips. Licking his lips, she savored the taste of him. Cara heard Luke groan, and she proceeded to thrust her tongue inside of his mouth. As she felt his hands part her robe, she withdrew from the kiss. She wanted to tell him with words how she felt before this went any further. She looked into his eyes, wanting him to see how much she loved him.

"Luke, I love you. I think I always have. Thank you for being there. For loving me when I thought I had no one", she whispered as she struggled with the urge to cry. Her heart felt freer at finally letting Luke know how she felt about him.

Luke was floating on air. To finally hear the words coming from Cara's lips had his heart singing with joy. Not to mention having her straddled in his lap had his cock wanting to enter her tight sweet heat. He stood up with Cara clutched tightly to him. Her still opened robe caught his eye, and the way her nipples were puckering with need had him wanting to taste them.

Walking over to the counter where it was free of dishes, he placed her on it. Slipping her robe off of her shoulders, Luke bent and took her lips, sucking at them. Thrusting his tongue inside of her mouth, Luke lowered his hands to her ripening nipples, tugging on them as he still ate her mouth. Cara was making erotic moans that had his cock jerking with the need to be inside of her. But first, he wanted to taste her delicious cream and have her cum all over his mouth.

He lowered himself to his knees and spread her legs wide open. Staring into her sweet pussy, he found her dripping with need. Inhaling her sweet scent had his cock biting into his jeans.

"Play with your nipples for me, babe. Tug on them while I eat your sweet pussy."

Her face flushed red in reaction to his words. Lowering his head, he nipped lightly on the inside of her thighs. Taking his tongue out, he laved the sweet cream on her cunt. The flavor of light peaches burst on his tongue and made him ravenous for more. Licking around her clit, Luke looked up at Cara. Her eyes were closed and her head tossed back. She still had her one hand on her breast, rolling her nipple between her fingers.

Cara's hips were straining to get closer to his tongue as she attempted to smash her pussy against his face. Luke inserted another finger into her tight sheath, and placed his other hand under her ass. The action brought her even closer to his face. Sucking her clit even harder, Luke mashed his entire face against her. He felt Cara clench his hair even tighter, and heard her scream. Coming all over his mouth, Luke licked and sucked up everything, not wanting to waste any of her delicious taste. When he felt her loosen the grip she had on his hair, Luke gave her sensitive pussy one more flick of his tongue. Her hips jerked in response as he rose.

Unbuttoning his jeans, Luke released his cock. He placed his cock against her wet

opening. Easing the head in, he thrust forward, embedding himself to the hilt. Looking down into Cara's face he grabbed her hair, pulling her head slightly back.

"Keep your eyes wide open, babe." I want you to see how much I love you. How much I can't live with you. I want to stay buried in your tight little cunt forever."

Luke tightly clenched his teeth. The feel of her heat had him wanting to explode on the spot. Thrusting his cock harder, he placed a finger on her clit and rubbed up and down. Luke felt Cara lose control as her pussy clutched his cock in a death grip, and heard her scream his name. Grabbing her thighs, he gave one final hard lunge and shouted her name. His balls tightened up even further as his seed erupted into her sweet warmth.

Leaning his face forward, he placed his lips on her forehead. Her eyes were still closed, and she was gasping for breath. Leaving her sitting on the counter, Luke quickly stuffed his semi erect cock into his jeans. He walked over to the table and quickly collected the dinner dishes, placing them into the dishwasher. When he turned to look at Cara once more, she was trying to tie her robe closed.

"I love you, babe. Come on, let's head to bed."

Picking her up and cradling her to him, Luke walked up the stairs and headed to her bedroom. Knowing she'd had a long day, he placed her on the bed and kissed her lips.

Her hands came up to his hair and against his lips she said, "I love you with all my heart."

Her voice sounded heavy with emotion. Rising and stripping quickly, Luke laid down next to her on the bed. He turned and pulled her partially on top of him, holding her close. He realized she was already dozing off by her even breathing. Luke closed his eyes and fell asleep. His last thought was of how lucky he was for having her in his life.

CHAPTER 9

Cara awoke to the sound of a phone ringing. Thinking it was her phone by the bedside lamp, she reached for it. Hearing a dial tone had her realizing it was probably her or Luke's cell phone ringing. She quickly hung up when she heard Luke bark a "Hello" into his phone.

Cara lay back down on the bed, stretching her sore muscles. The way Luke loved her last night and once again in the middle of the night had her noticing she was sore in places she never even thought of. She turned to her side, facing him when she heard Luke bark a "Good-bye" to whoever he was speaking to. Cara saw that Luke was on the verge of sitting up, so she sat up also. He walked up to a bag Cara didn't notice on the floor. He must have kept the bag in his car with spare clothes. She saw that he was pulling out clean clothes from it, and had begun to dress.

"What's wrong, Luke? Who was on the phone?"

Luke was buttoning up his jeans when he turned to face her.

"That was Tyler. We have a lead on Estevez. An anonymous call came in. Whoever it was gave Tyler directions to a motel. The anonymous caller said they saw Estevez check in this morning."

"Luke, I want to go." Cara closed her eyes, already knowing the answer.

"Cara, it will be best if you stay here and let Tyler and I handle this one. We can go in and make a quick arrest. As soon as I have him, you'll be the first person I call."

Cara struggled against the urge to argue with him, remembering her promise to him last night. She would trust him in this. He was her world. He had more than proven his love for her.

"Okay. I'll wait for you here. Call me as soon as you're done."

Leaning down, Luke placed a kiss on her lips, and Cara fought the need to grab him tightly to her.

"I will, babe. I'll call you as soon as it's done. I'm going to grab your keys from the counter. Stay in bed. Rest up, sweetheart." Luke holstered his gun and shut her bedroom door.

Cara relaxed against the bed. She didn't know she had it in her. Capturing Estevez since Megan died was all she had ever thought of. It had taken her until last night to realize she was too emotionally involved since the beginning, and wouldn't be able to keep those emotions in check. She trusted in Luke to keep her safe. She knew that he would protect her and help her put

Megan's soul finally at rest.

Cara jumped out of bed, grabbed her robe, and strolled into the kitchen to make some coffee. She wouldn't be able to get any sleep anyway, not until she knew Luke was safe. She put the coffee beans into the maker as she heard a knock on her front door. Luke probably forgot something, she thought, as she tied her robe and headed down the stairs. Throwing the door open without looking into the peephole was her biggest mistake.

In shock and too late to react, she whispered *Estevez*, as a handkerchief was placed over nose and mouth. She struggled to breathe, but being held against him and the cloying smell that erupted from white cloth had her passing out into blackness quickly. The last words she heard before she passed out were *Pretty Cara*, as she felt his finger stroke her cheek.

Luke walked over to Tyler already standing in front of the motel location the anonymous caller had given them. Walking over to him, he pulled his gun out from his holster.

"The place surrounded?"

"Back and front entrance, Luke. We're ready to go in. After you, of course."

Luke could hear the anticipation in Tyler's voice. It had become normal for Luke to even hear it in his own. The taste of the hunt, the feel of adrenaline, and the capture of a criminal was what made men like himself and Tyler driven.

Luke headed towards the front of the hotel lobby. Entering, he quickly flashed his badge and got the information on Estevez's room and the key. Seconds later, Luke and Tyler were standing in front of the room.

With his hand positioned to insert the key into the lock and his other hand gripping his gun, Luke nodded to Tyler, a signal that he was ready. Inserting the key, he silently unlocked the door and left the key dangling in the lock. Turning the knob, he shoved the door open with his foot.

Quickly moving inside with his gun held up, Luke saw that the room was empty. He saw Tyler follow him in checking the bathroom. A glimpse of white attached to the mirror on top of

the dresser caught his eye. He walked closer, realizing it was some kind of letter. Lifting it off, he began to read.

Luke, you'll never guess where I am? Son of a bitch. He knew automatically that the hotel room was a fucking decoy, a way to get Cara alone and away from him. He screamed out Tyler's name.

"Take a look at this. Give the orders. Tell everyone available to meet me at Cara's house immediately. I'm headed there now."

Without waiting for Tyler's response he was out the door and running towards his car. Immediately starting his car, he flipped his cell phone open, dialing Cara's number. He was literally praying to God he would get an answer. When he didn't, he hung up on the sixth ring. Glancing at the clock, Luke realized he was still twenty minutes away from her home. Praying with all his heart to anyone that would hear him, Luke pressed his foot to the gas pedal and raced toward Cara's home.

CHAPTER 10

For the second time in a week, Cara awoke to a strange smell and a headache throbbing at her temples. Feeling dazed and confused, she struggled to open her eyes fully.

“Come on, Cara, open those eyes up.”

Cara heard the evil in the voice and trembled. Everything came back to her, crashing at once. This voice was foul, with the stench of evil and murder in its tone. Raising her head, she realized she was finally looking into the eyes of the person who had murdered her sister, who had hurt Rachel, and all because he was after her.

Cara realized she was still lying down on her kitchen floor in her robe and struggled to sit up, fighting the wave of nausea threatening to take her under again. She was looking up into Estevez’s cold blooded eyes.

“You do know you couldn’t possibly get away with this. Luke and every available cop knows where you are.”

Cara struggled with the fear in her voice, not wanting to show this bastard he had any affect on her. Seeking strength from within to bring the fear down, she took a deep, unsteady breathe. Now is not the time to freak out, she thought to herself.

“They won’t get here in time, little Cara. You see, I realized something when you were whoring yourself for that fucking cop. I had dreams of taking you away and torturing you for making my fucking life miserable. But when I saw you playing kissy face with your bastard cop, I thought something else. Why should I even let you live? You fucking took everything away from me.”

Cara stared at Estevez in shock. Standing in front of him, she had the strong urge to fly at him and squeeze his life out with her bare hands. A psychopath you could not reason with, but somehow she had to keep him talking long enough for help to arrive. Trying to clear her head and still her trembling hands, Cara quickly saw if she made it to her foyer, she might be able to reach her gun laying on the shelf. Taking a step back in the direction of the foyer, Cara tensed up, making herself ready for him.

“You murdered Megan. Wiped her life out without so much as a flicker of regret. Why the fuck didn’t you come after me directly? Why go after her?”

Estevez took another step in her direction.

“Your precious Megan wanted nothing to do with me. My plan in prison was just to hurt you a little for putting me in that fucking hellhole for five years. Megan was a means to get to you. She was supposed to fall in love with me, but your little princess didn’t want anything to do with me. Thought she was too good for me, better than me,” Estevez yelled. “I had to show her she was wrong. Dead wrong.”

“How did you find out about Rachel? She never hung around us long enough for you to know about her. Who did you have to pay to find about me and my family? Why did you go after her?”

Estevez sneered. “Lucky for me when I got out, my parents gave me money. But it was for me to disappear. They wanted nothing to do with me. My own fucking parents were willing to pay me to start a life somewhere else as long as I had no fucking contact with them, ever. I took the fucking money. Hired someone and got everything I needed to know about you. That’s how I went after your precious Megan, and that’s how I hurt your pretty little cousin. And that’s how I fucking knew where you lived, and what time you washed that pretty little cunt, and what fucking time your ass went to bed. Information and cameras are very expensive. Did you know that Cara? Now it’s time to fucking pay the piper”.

Cara knew Estevez was through with talking when he quickly withdrew a knife that looked to be about seven inches long.

“I’m going to make you suffer. Lucky for you it’ll be quick. Your lover boy should be arriving shortly. The letter I left him probably made him mad with the need to play hero for you. Figure he probably ran out of the hotel about ten minutes ago. That means I have about five minutes. Gonna make it quick, pretty Cara. Not the way I wanted, but it will have to be enough.”

He was quickly advancing on her now, with his hand clutching the knife in death-like grip. Turning around and making a break for the table on the foyer was her only chance. She didn’t want to lose her sight on him, but there wasn’t any other way. Cara immediately turned and flew in the direction of her gun, which was still about ten steps away. Quickly running as fast as she could, Cara reached her hand out to grab her gun as she felt Estevez’s hand clutch her

hair.

Estevez tightened his hold, pulling her head back with the force of his grip just as she grabbed the butt of her gun. The pain in her scalp was nothing compared to the blinding hurt she suddenly felt on her right shoulder. A white hot stabbing heat traveled down her arm. The pain had her body flying forward, crashing into the floor. At the same time black spots were dancing in front of her eyes, giving her the urge to pass out, Cara realized she had grabbed her gun and it was lying in her hand beneath her.

“Why did you run, Cara? I told you I was gonna make this nice and quick. Now look at what you made me do. Do you like it when I make you suffer? Can’t you just fucking stay in one place?”

Knowing it was now or never, she grabbed her gun even tighter on her uninjured side and turned around. It felt like she was using up the last of her strength holding her head up as she aimed the gun at Estevez’s heart just as she saw Luke running in right behind him.

Cara saw Luke had his gun aimed at Estevez’s back, just as Estevez gave a quick look behind him and turned to stare right back at her.

“Well, looks like your lover came to save the day. What do you say, Cara? Do you think he’s made it? Or will you be bleeding to death before he puts that bullet in my back?”

“Your soul is required in hell, Estevez,” she whispered as he came closer with his arm arched higher, bringing the knife up as she pulled the trigger. Not being able to hold her head up any longer, her head came crashing down onto the floor. Distantly she heard another shot go off before blackness engulfed her once more.

Luke’s heart felt like it dropped to his stomach at the sight of Cara bleeding. He had fired his gun about the same time he heard a gun go off, just as Estevez’s arm swung up in an arch.

Running up to Cara, he bent down and checked her pulse. Slow but steady. God damn, he wasn’t in time to save her from being hurt. Picking her up, Luke whispered into her ear, *“Babe, don’t you go dying on me now, sugar. We have a lifetime together, and I refuse to live it*

without you.”

Luke managed to hold on by a thread, when all he really wanted to do was scream and rave. If he could revive Estevez and have the satisfaction of killing him again he would. Distantly he heard the front door swinging loudly open, and someone calling his name.

“I’m in here.”

Luke looked up as Tyler and paramedics were coming in through the foyer. He saw Tyler step aside to make room for the medics.

“Make sure she does not die,” Luke whispered to the paramedics as they put her into the stretcher.

“Tyler, handle this. You know where to find me.” Tyler nodded and raced outside to follow the ambulance racing to the hospital.

Three Hours Later

He was currently pacing the waiting room at the hospital. Cara had been in surgery for almost three hours now. Doctor Matthew Holden was the head surgeon at the hospital. He came out and spoke to Luke after preparing her for surgery. Cara had a stab wound that required him stitching her up from the inside out, and tissue damage that needed to be repaired carefully or her arm to have a chance at fully recovering.

He had already spoken to Tyler and given him the news on Cara while Tyler had informed him that everything from the autopsy and reports should be ready for him tomorrow.

Sitting down on one of the chairs, Luke closed his eyes and rubbed his tense neck. Every time he shut his eyes, he saw Cara, bloodied on the floor. The urge to kill and protect what was his was eating away at him. How he, a police chief, a man in top position on the force, had fallen for a trick laid out for Cara was beyond him. He should have realized Estevez would pull out all the stops to get to her. He kept reminding himself it was his job to check out all of the leads. He couldn’t have known Estevez had paid someone to give the department the tip to his location. They knew that now, and he had Tyler investigating everything from phone records to possible locations the alleged tipster could have called from. Luke would get this son of a bitch for being

involved.

Luke stood up , deciding to head down on to the cafeteria for more of their horrible coffee. Hearing a door swing open, he looked up to see the doctor heading his way.

“Is she okay? Did she pull through?” He held his breath, his heart pounding hard with nervousness and anticipation.

“She’s going to be fine, Luke. Cara’s in recovery now. We went in and, as I explained earlier, stitched her up from the inside out. With plenty of rest and physical therapy, she should have full use of her arm within six months. She’s in recovery now. You can go in for only a few minutes. We are going to keep her on morphine for a couple of days, so she won’t be sounding like herself.”

An immense weight lifted from his heart at the news. The thought of living without Cara had felt like someone was squeezing his heart.

“Thank you so much Doctor Holden, for everything.” Luke squeezed his hand and thanked him once more before strolling quickly to the recovery area.

Cara laid on the bed, hooked up to monitors with her injured arm bandaged up. Stepping up closer to her bed, he bent down and kissed her fully on the lips.

“I’m going to Thank God everyday for having you in my life, love. With all my heart Cara, I promise to make it as safe and happy for you as I can.”

Three Months Later

Cara stood outside in front of her new home. She was still in awe, staring at the brick two story, four bedroom home she would now share with her husband. They had bought the home a week ago.

After she was discharged from the hospital, she immediately put her home up for sale. She wanted a fresh beginning with Luke. Putting her old house up for sale was the hardest thing she had ever done. Everything inside were memories of her and Megan. But now that she had been able to put Megan’s soul to rest she felt at peace, able to move forward with her life.

The past three months seemed now to have flown right by her. Cara had stayed at the

hospital for a week recovering from the injury to her arm. Luke was with her every day and night. He had taken time off from work just to be by her side. The Estevez case was closed within a week. The district attorney had looked into all reports, and had obviously agreed Estevez was killed in self defense. Luke had proposed to her two weeks later, and Cara quickly agreed. There was no reason for them to spend any more time apart. They had a quick wedding in city hall, where most of the attendees were officers. After the small reception, they had flown to the Bahamas for a week of hot, wild sex and relaxation.

Cara had been taking physical therapy for her arm for close to three months now. It had done wonders, though she still struggled with the occasional aches and pains. She had made the decision at the hospital to retire from the force. It seemed after all was said and done, she just didn't have it in her anymore. Cara knew Luke was happy when he didn't say one word at her resigning. She figured it was definitely less worry for him, seeing her go out on the job everyday.

After some careful thought on what to do with her career, Cara thought paramedics would be a good idea. She already had experience in the fast paced world of dealing with the injured, and she wouldn't have to be chasing down criminals all day long. Luke thought the idea was wonderful, which was a plus. She had already submitted her training and registration papers.

This was all done before she went to the doctor's office two days ago, when everything changed with just a couple of words. Cara never thought to use protection against Luke. Just having him inside of her felt astounding. His length pulsing and stroking her heat. Remembering back then Cara realized that Luke had never mentioned anything about using protection either.

Laying her hand on top of her belly, she recalled the news the doctor had told her. The doctor explained to her that her blood test results were in; indicating Cara was two weeks along. She was initially shocked, which was quickly replaced by joy. She was going to be a Mom to Luke's child. Nothing in the world could have made her happier than this. It looked like the paramedic training program would have to wait after all.

Cara unlocked her door and stepped in. She had come from shopping for a surprise gift for Luke when he called her to let her know he was making dinner for her, and had taken the weekend off from work, leaving Tyler in charge. Smelling wonderful fragrances in the air, she

headed towards the kitchen with her surprise. Opening the door, she saw Luke in a white tank top and jeans, barefoot in the kitchen.

“Hey babe. What’s smelling so good?”

“I’ve got some spaghetti cooking with meat sauce.” Luke turned, his eyes raking her from head to toe.

Placing the spoon next to the stove he strolled over, and Cara leaned in for his kiss. She would never get tired of loving that man. He was a wonderful husband, and would be a great father.

Grabbing Luke’s hand, Cara made motion for him to sit in one of the table chairs.

“Come sit down. I bought you a little gift.”

Cara thrust the gift bag out to him, not being able to hold back her anticipation any longer.

“Here it is.”

Luke took the gift bag from Cara’s trembling hands. He noticed the excitement coming from her. Her eyes were shining bright and she had a huge smile on her beautiful face. He literally thanked God every day she was here beside him. Not wanting to wait any longer to find out what had Cara so excited, he opened the bag. Looking inside, he pulled out the tiniest booties he’d ever seen.

He couldn’t recall the last time he’d ever had tears threatening to spill from his eyes. Blinking them back, he hauled Cara on his lap and maneuvered her so she was straddling him. Taking her face, he gave her the softest of kisses on her lips.

“You have made me the happiest man. I thank God every day that he brought you into my life.” The love he felt for her was so great, the tears he tried to hold back spilled down his face.

Carrying her as if she were delicate china, Luke stood up and set her down on the table. He rushed over to the stove, turning everything off, then walked back and picked her up. Luke

felt her small hands clutch his neck and looked down.

“I love you with all my heart, Luke.”

He held her tighter inhaling her scent, and raced up the stairs. He loved her so much it felt like his heart would burst with the feeling. He would spend the rest of his life showing her just how much.

Epilogue

Towelng herself dry from her shower, Rachel put her robe on as she stepped into her bedroom to get ready for her day. She grabbed her skirt suit out of the closet, just as the doorbell ring. Who in the hell could it be at this hour? Racing down the stairs in her bathrobe and praying it wasn't an emergency, she asked who it was.

“It's a friend of Cara's, from the station. She's been injured.”

Sick with worry Rachel opened the door. Fully expecting a clothed police officer, she was slightly shocked to see a man leering at her from head to toe.

“Is Cara okay?”

“Cara is fine. But it shouldn't be Cara you're worried about right now.”

Rachel saw his intent too late, as she tried to lean her weight against the door. A sneaker clad foot blocked the door from closing fully. Already having more than half of his body through, Rachel turned and ran. Running into her living room, she felt a sudden tackling weight at her back, as she fell face down on her rug. Her lungs didn't seem to be able to take in enough air, as she struggled to breathe deeply and try to calm her fear.

Strong hands gripped her shoulders as she was suddenly flipped over. Raking her fingernails at the intruders face, a moment of satisfaction seeped through her at the blood marks along his cheeks.

“You bitch,” he screamed, as he struck her a vicious closed fistful blow across her face. Rachel felt her robe being jerked open and she fought even harder. Not willing to give up without a fight, Rachel punched his face with all the strength she could put behind it. The

intruder's head snapped back. He clutched his busted lip, giving her a slight reprieve from his filthy hands. Rachel screamed for all she was worth, figuring it was the last thing that might help her.

Opening her eyes, she glanced at the huge fist a second before it pummeled back into her face. At the same time another fist was pummeling below her breasts. She couldn't breathe past the piercing pain that shot through her. Struggling for air had become harder and harder as the urge to give into blackness finally overcame her.