



A Nicole Austin Publication

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WARNING:

The following material contains graphic sexual content, explicit language, and an interracial relationship meant for mature readers.

One

Viva Las Vegas

Restless!

“Time to go.”

Once again, as always happened, the overpowering urge to move on assaulted Jamie Stratham with brutal force. He'd never been able to stay in any one place for long before the itch he just had to scratch hit hard. It never mattered where he was at when the urge struck, he knew there was someplace else waiting to be conquered and explored, and he was always up for a new challenge.

In the past ten years he'd been absolutely everywhere. There was not a country Jamie hadn't visited for a short time, and he was running out of places to go. Each place abounded with new faces and delights to discover, yet none was capable of holding his attention.

Now he found himself in Vegas, and nearly unable to resist the restless impulse. He'd traveled here for his best friend, Gray, and his amazing fiancée, Christine. The couple had escaped Gray's controlling mother and run off to be married in a tacky chapel on the strip. It was delightfully different. Decadently titillating.

Jamie felt proud of his part in bringing the pair back together and making their elopement happen. At first, his goal had simply been to find Christine and discover why she'd become a runaway bride, leaving Gray at the altar. When she'd become overwhelmed by emotion and melted into his arms, Jamie's objective had changed dramatically.

One thing had led to another, and he'd spent the most incredible night of his life entangled in a fulfilling ménage à trois with the couple. The most astonishing result of the once in a lifetime encounter with Christine and Gray was not derived from the unbelievable sexual experience or incredible passion, but from the insight Jamie had gained. For the first time he took a long, hard, honest look at his life, his motivations, and the things he thought he'd desired most. He didn't much care for what he found during the in-depth inspection of his soul. Changes would need to be made, but he

wasn't fooling himself by thinking it would be easy. Of course, that was something he'd rather not contemplate. He'd much rather think about his friend's delightful woman.

Christine was so refreshingly different from the women with whom Jamie had associated. The society divas who normally garnered his attentions tended to be shallow, clichéd, spoiled and vacuous. Gray's lover, on the other hand, had an easy-going, genuine, highly erotic and intoxicating nature. She was damn near perfect.

"Too bad I didn't find her first," he muttered.

Her effect on Gray seemed magical, transforming his sullen friend into a happy, satisfied soul. Just witnessing their jubilant affection and devoted caring made Jamie's jaded spirit crave a measure of contentment, yearn for a sense of belonging, which is probably the reason he felt so restless now. Hell, he'd only been in town for a few hours and already he ached to board a plane, train or boat bound for a new destination.

He should be able to settle down, establish some roots, but Jamie didn't see that happening. Intellectually, he understood the cause of his wandering the globe, chasing his own tail as if it were on fire. But knowing he searched for an elusive, indefinable pie-in-the-sky something missing from his life—something which may not even exist—didn't ease the ravenous longing. Nothing did.

The clatter of coins falling into a metal tray, along with victorious shouts drew his attention back to his surroundings.

Vegas...what a town.

Jamie stood in the middle of a plush casino, surrounded by thousands of machines sucking up people's hard-earned money as fast as they gave in to the gambling fever. Lights, bells and alarms created their own strange music. And the gamblers...sheesh! Talk about diverse.

Those frequenting the casino were an eclectic mix. Walking along one row of slot machines, he saw a business man, a cowboy straight off the farm, two young women in low rider jeans and crop tops, along with an old man pissing away his pension.

In the next instant, the cacophony of noise, lights and people faded into the background and Jamie nearly walked face first into a wall. Even the piercing alarm signaling an elderly woman—dripping in jewels rivaling Liberace's collection—hit a jackpot didn't penetrate his intense concentration. His entire focus centered on the dark,

enchancing goddess who took his breath, scrambled his brains and sent his pulse racing.

The exotic beauty literally glowed, radiating joy and exuberance for life. He'd traveled the world, seen numerous beautiful women, but none held the erotic, sensual lure of the sleek, seductive siren. Yet he still sensed an intrinsic innocence and lack of experience in her. What an intriguing mix. She was the embodiment of a dream.

Curly, black hair he longed to twist around his fingers had been swept into an elegant and artful style. Long spirals had been left free along her nape and bounced around her face, softening the look. The timeless beauty of her delicate features held him mesmerized. Her smooth brow was graced with arched brows accenting thick-lashed, deep brown eyes. A cute little button nose was offset by elegant, sculpted cheekbones.

She smiled and he felt the effect of those plump pink lips spreading wide, along with the dazzling display of white teeth, like he'd been slammed in the chest with a two-by-four. Her smile took her from stunning beauty and reshaped her into a mesmerizing enchantress. A woman he had to have.

The peach halter dress she wore left slender shoulders and toned arms bare. He wanted to caress and taste the miles of flawless, café au lait skin. To bury his face in her natural, springy hair and drink in her scent. Immerse himself so deeply within her they became one entity.

He couldn't remember the last time he'd been so turned on.

She began moving in his direction and Jamie was unable to look away from the slight jiggle of her full breasts, the seductive sway of flared hips, the glide of long and lean, shapely legs. Impossibly, her smile broadened, becoming even warmer, sending chills skittering down his spine. She seemed to be looking right at him.

Yeah, baby!

He became lightheaded as all his blood headed south, rushing to fill his cock which rose hard and insistent, straining almost painfully against his trousers. As Jamie watched her approach, his heart dropped into his stomach and his breathing became rapid, harsh. An answering smile spread over his mouth, and he struggled to find the right thing to say when her flippant words sucker punched him in the solar plexus.

“Take a picture, bozo. It’ll last longer.”

Then his dream woman passed right on by without even a pause in her long-legged, confident stride. For the first time in his life, suave, sophisticated and highly sought after James Stratham felt insignificant, inconsequential. Rejected. Denied.

What had the world come to?

Turning on his heel, Jamie stood with his mouth hanging open, watching her back as she walked straight into Christine’s open arms. The two women shared a tight embrace and squealed in delight.

Boy, did he have a way of stepping in it. His beautiful mystery woman must be Christine’s best friend, Rachel, the maid of honor he’d heard so much about. Within the hour, he’d be escorting her down the aisle as they witnessed their friends’ wedding. Great!

No doubt she thought he was a complete cad, a lecherous lothario. The event he was already dreading had just turned into a colossal headache, but there was no way out of attending the wedding. Hell, he was the freakin’ best man. He’d played a pivotal role in bringing the couple back together, and Jamie truly wanted to be there for them.

Christine’s voice derailed the express train of self-pitying thoughts his mind had boarded.

“Jamie, get your fine ass over here and meet my best friend.”

He plastered on a false smile and headed toward the happy group. Gray, the ass, wore a smile which indicated he had the inside information on some big joke. Christine looked blissfully oblivious to the tension surrounding them. For a moment, he drank in the splendid sight she made in her white spaghetti-strapped dress, long satin gloves and joyful grin. Small white flowers had been woven into the copper riot of curls surrounding her sweet face.

Right then and there, Jamie decided he would do whatever it took to ensure nothing ruined this day for her. Then he looked at Rachel and almost tripped over his own feet. She had a major effect on him. Desire clamped around his heart in a fist-tight grip.

A slight frown wrinkled her forehead before Christine pulled him into a tight, welcoming embrace. “What’s wrong, Jamie?”

He nuzzled her neck and kissed the ultra-soft skin behind her ear. “Not a thing, honey.” She remained tense in his arms, and he offered a diversion. “You take my breath away. You look absolutely gorgeous, Christine. I’m so happy for you, honey.”

And it was the truth. Jamie was thrilled Christine and Gray had each other. He envied their obvious love and happiness, even though he’d never known such a relationship was something he might’ve wanted. After their shared night, Jamie had to face reality and admit he longed for something real and honest. Most of the people he knew were completely false, putting on the expected face others expected to see.

No matter where he roamed, he never found anything different. Everyone wore masks, played roles, and hid their true self. Hell, even he’d become ensconced in the character of being a footloose and carefree, rich debonair bachelor.

“Rachel Davis, this is James Bradley Stratham III. Jamie, Rachel is my best friend. We grew up together in a tiny Ohio farm town. Rachel still lives there and teaches elementary school.”

Jamie stifled a groan. The woman was perfect. Bold, beautiful, and they didn’t come any more real than a small town school teacher. Not a fake thing about her. No false boobs, nails, eyelashes or tan. Not the type who only wanted access to his wallet and social status. How charming.

“Hello, Jamie.” Rachel nodded and stuck out a hand.

He knew what she expected, but was not one to be predictable. Enveloping her fingers in a firm grip, Jamie brought her hand to his mouth, brushing a courtly kiss across her knuckles. The desire to taste her smooth, cocoa-brown skin overcame his senses, and he couldn’t resist letting his tongue snake out to savor her sweet, somewhat spicy flavor as it exploded over his taste buds.

Oh, hell. He was done for. One teasing lick was all it took to begin the downward spiral of a once sophisticated playboy, turning him into a captivated one-woman man.

Shocked, wild eyes met his gaze. Rachel hadn’t anticipated such a bold, sexual move. “Jesus, Christine! When did you start hanging out with such low class animals? The beast just licked me, and I don’t have any antibacterial hand gel in my purse.” Her incredulous gaze moved to Gray’s equally stunned glare. “Please tell me he’s had all his shots and I won’t get rabies.”

The woman was absolutely priceless. Feisty and full of sass, everything he never knew he desired. Jamie threw back his head, howling with pure delight. Miss Rachel Davis was sure to liven up what had become a stale and monotonous way of life.

Two

Sharp Dressed Man

He'd looked at her as if she was the only one in the crowded casino who mattered. Like nothing and no one else in the world existed for him. Such focused intensity made Rachel's palms feel clammy and did insane things to her normally rock-solid heart rate. She fought back with the only ammunition available, a smart-ass, bitchy attitude.

She refused to be taken in by the charming, sexier-than-should-be-legal man. Fought to banish the images running rampant through her mind. Visions of the gorgeous rogue lounging on a big bed, white dress shirt and tie hanging open to display his sculpted torso.

Everything about him screamed money, from the lapels of his designer tuxedo all the way down to the soles of his expensive Italian leather shoes. The flashy Rolex on his wrist surely cost more than she earned in an entire year. Why he even glanced in her direction was a complete mystery.

When those melted chocolate eyes locked onto her, Rachel's body screamed in demand. Her eyes had been busy undressing him, while her breasts swelled and moisture saturated her panties.

Ideas unbefitting a school teacher seduced her mind. She could vividly picture his thick, raven black hair between her legs and feel the silky strands brushing her inner thighs. Those broad shoulders would force her wide open while he devoured her pussy. She wanted to dig her fingernails into rippling muscle as he fucked her against the wall, her legs wrapped around his trim waist, ankles riding the clenching cheeks of his ass.

Jeez...here she was getting all worked up over an arrogant rich boy who'd fuck her once then walk away. Christine had lucked out with sweet, wonderful Gray. No way was there another like him out there. Certainly not the obvious player ensnaring her with those bedroom eyes from across the limo.

How the heck far away was the stupid wedding chapel? Rachel squirmed on the butter-soft leather seat as burning hot need coursed through her veins. She tried crossing her legs and pressing her thighs together, but nothing short of the impressive erection filling Jamie's pants was going to provide relief.

Mmm...they certainly didn't grow hot and sexy guys like him back home where things were simpler. Vegas was a feast for the senses which made her head swim. A deluge of sin and seduction leaving her breathless and slightly off balance.

Jamie tried to engage her in conversation, beguiling her with his rich, sin-filled voice. She refused, staring out the window at all the blinding bright-colored neon and glitz they passed.

"Do you enjoy working with kids?"

Duh! She wouldn't survive one day in a room filled with twenty precocious second graders if it were not what she loved. Several hostile comments came to mind, but she didn't want to put a damper on Christine's parade, so Rachel restrained her normally sharp tongue. Instead she mumbled a non-committal response meant to discourage further attempts at communication.

When they finally reached their destination, she ignored the hand he extended in an offer to assist her from the car. Deep in her gut she knew any physical contact, no matter how minor or brief, would only stoke the fire blazing beneath her skin.

Her mind wandered while the minister droned on about the ceremony. Definitely not a good development, because she continued to picture Jamie naked on her bed, dripping wet in the shower, and wrapped around her equally naked body. The sound of her name snapped Rachel out of her thoughts, and she looked into four pair of inquisitive eyes.

"I'm sorry, what was that?"

"When the music starts, you will walk down the aisle then take your position to the left of the altar," the minister patiently explained.

A relieved sigh escaped her lips at the realization she would not have to walk down the aisle arm-in-arm with Jamie. Okay, she could do this. In another hour it would all be over and they'd head off in separate directions. She'd never have to deal with the charming rake again.

Why that depressed her was a puzzle she had no desire to solve. Better to leave well enough alone and not tempt fate to fuck with her life.

Turning, she followed Christine down the aisle toward the vestibule. The men immediately began discussing her.

"What do you think?" Gray asked.

"Of Rachel? She's gorgeous and spunky as hell. I'd like to get to know her better. A lot better."

Gray laughed. "You just want to get into her panties."

"In your dreams, white boy," she shot back over her shoulder.

Jamie chuckled. "See what I mean...ssssssassy."

Rachel groaned and shook her head. Men, they never were able to accept rejection.

The minute she stepped foot into the vestibule, Christine started in with the third degree treatment. Why didn't she like Jamie? He's so wonderful, charming, sweet...blah, blah blah. Little did her friend know, but her intended had already pulled Rachel to the side for a chat. He'd warned of Jamie's devotion to bachelorhood, she should protect her heart, but he'd suggested a wild fling might be fun.

She gave her friend a tight hug. "Chris, you found the one and only nice, gorgeous, single rich guy around. There's no way Jamie can live up to his example. Heck, there can only be so many good guys in this world." Good thing too, because she kinda favored bad boys.

"Give him a chance, Rachel. He's going to be a part of my life, which means you'll be seeing him from time to time. It would be great if you two can at least manage to get along."

The wedding march began, ending their conversation. Rachel turned, taking in the quaint chapel as she made the walk. A quick and painless ceremony in Vegas without all the hassles and stress of family being involved seemed to be a great way to go. Christine was certainly much happier than she'd been with the big, extravagant affair Gray's mother had orchestrated. The chapel she'd picked was rather inviting, and the minister seemed to enjoy his work.

Yeah, not too shabby.

Focusing her attention toward the altar, Rachel choked as her breath caught, heart pounding against her ribs.

Lord, help me.

She walked toward the most gorgeous man on the face of the earth. Jamie's come-hither smile lit up his strong, aristocratic features. He looked sharp, decked out to the

nines in his elegant clothing. The man reeked of style, class and wealth. Walking toward him with the wedding music playing touched deeply buried emotions she didn't want to address. The whole set-up had her dreaming of being the bride, with Jamie her groom.

She faltered briefly and almost reached out for his hand before giving herself a mental slap. The flub would have made her look like a foolish girl wrapped up in a ridiculous fantasy. Rachel dodged to the left, taking her rightful position as maid of honor.

Wow...she needed to get her head out of the clouds.

The hypnotic spell was broken when she turned away from Jamie's intense focus and saw her friend. Christine looked beautiful, a palpable sense of happiness made her seem to float down the aisle. The look in her blue eyes when she took Gray's hand was full of such love and carnal intent. Wowza...they were sure to have a smokin' hot wedding night.

Gray had been very generous in paying for a luscious, plush suite for Rachel. What a country-girl, grade school teacher needed such a lavish, huge room for was beyond her understanding. She'd never experienced such hedonistic decadence. After seeing the amenities of her enticing room, she could just imagine the provocative lure of the honeymoon suite.

A suggestive grin played over her lips as Rachel looked toward Gray, only to meet Jamie's lecherous gaze and wicked smile. Ugh! Now he'd think she was coming on to him.

Ah, what the heck. She'd be safely tucked away in her suite enjoying the hot tub before long. What would it hurt to tease a little? Deciding to cut loose a bit, she stuck her tongue out at the handsome rascal.

Heat filled his dark eyes, along with a feverish desire which made her womb clench. The already swollen folds of her pussy pressed uncomfortably against the edges of her panties and she nearly moaned out loud. Not only had she provoked Jamie, but she'd managed to get herself all jacked up too.

What was it the commercials all said about Vegas. "What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas," or something to that effect. It was only Friday. Her return flight home didn't leave until late Sunday afternoon. She had two whole nights and days to play. Maybe

she would indulge in a no fuss, no muss affair with the very sexy, and apparently very willing, best man.

Nothing she'd planned for the weekend was written in stone. In fact, she'd left her plans very casual and undefined. She could imagine her calendar with Jamie's name scrolled in bold block letters across both days.

What would be the harm in living a little, and using the hot stud for some wanton, wicked sex? Set her inhibitions free—not that she was repressed—grab hold of a delicious treat. She could almost taste the sinful delight, feel his touch on her skin. Why shouldn't she take a walk on the wild side? Open her arms wide and dive into a new experience, drench herself in sweet abandon.

There was no one around to disapprove or judge. She was far from home in sin city. She should take the plunge, gamble a bit on a long shot and reap the rewards of a break from her reality. She always attempt to get her students to break out of the box, color outside the lines, make their own rules. Why not follow her own advice?

Maybe it was high time Rachel took her own advice. The little voice in the back of her mind was screaming to be heard, telling her she'd regret not seizing this opportunity for the rest of her life. For this weekend, it was time to live it up, be daring, make some memories.

The message came through loud and clear.

Chapter Three

Wild Thing

Something had changed. Jamie saw it in Rachel's eyes, sensed it in her attitude. She seemed to be done giving him a hard time and ready for some fun and games. The vixen sat close to him on the ride back to the casino. Real close. Her sleek curves of her thigh pressed firmly against his. Their hips and arms also shared warm, intimate contact.

He was thankful for Gray and Christine's distraction. They were so wrapped up in each other it was almost like he and Rachel were alone in the luxurious car. Mmm...and his mind was filled with all the wonderful possibilities and positions achievable on the cushy seat.

The temperature in the limo soared when she slipped off one shoe and began to caress his calf with her toes. Jamie turned slightly toward her, finally giving in to the impulse to bury his face in that glorious mass of dark curls and take a deep breath. His lungs were filled with the soft, sensual, heady scents of a garden at night—lavender, roses, violets and musk.

The sensitive skin behind her ear brushed his lips in a silken kiss which hardened his cock. Preoccupied by drinking in every detail, he wound a springy curl around his finger and whispered in her ear. "You are so gorgeous, sweetheart. I want to spend days wrapped up in your sweet body. Let my eyes roam your sexy curves. Breathe in your intoxicating scent. Caress your silky skin. Taste your hot cream and suck those firm tits. Enjoy your breathy moans of pleasure."

A tremble moved through her body, indicating he was getting under her skin, right where he wanted to be. For now anyway. Once he got her alone in his room, Jamie would peel away their clothes and drown within the glorious carnal bliss of learning every inch of the seductive beauty.

"I can smell your hot juices. Damn, sweetheart. I'm going to spread you wide and thrust my tongue deep into your pussy, lap up all that honey." His voice took on a raspy, gravelly tone as his words stoked his own desire. "I'll keep you on edge until I drill all

nine hard, pulsing inches of my cock into you hard and fast. I'm gonna go so deep, Rachel, that you're going to taste my cum in the back of your throat."

Her needy whimpers were killing him. The woman had such a profound affect on his senses, created an unquenchable hunger. The need to join more completely than ever before was driving him wild. Jamie easily pictured spending years with the addictive temptress and never realizing total satiation.

The very thought should have stirred panic and claustrophobia, but for some reason Rachel had the opposite effect on him. He didn't long to get away, didn't feel the restless urge to move on. All he wanted to do was lose himself within the dark, sensuous woman's body and never find his way out.

With a little creative maneuvering on his part, he managed to escape their friends and get her into an empty elevator. Before the doors even closed, he had her pinned against the wall, sealed together from lips to ankle.

Jamie was like a drug racing through her blood, filling her senses, altering her behavior. Rachel lost all sense of time, place and modesty. She didn't care if anyone saw them. The only thing that mattered was getting her fix.

Her hands went on a sensual journey, roving hard, muscular planes and angles. She traced the line of his collarbones, caressed solid pecs and teased small nipples before sliding down the ripples of his washboard abdomen. When she touched the cold metal of his belt buckle, Rachel changed direction, rimmed his waistband then climbed the ladder of his spine.

They devoured each other with lips, teeth and tongues. Jamie's heady, masculine flavor permeated her senses. His tongue tasted and devoured everything she offered while demanding more. The overwhelming desire to get him naked, to have nothing between them, feel skin pressed to skin made her want to rip his shirt to shreds.

She was a different person in his arms—aggressive, daring and insatiable. He set free the latent wanton she normally held in check, keeping strictly to her prim and proper teacher role. If this was going to be the one time in her life she cut loose, she was going to do so with gusto. How many opportunities would she ever have to let the wild thing in her go crazy?

Certainly none back home. And coming to Vegas wasn't likely to happen again any time soon. Rachel intended to enjoy every remaining second of her trip, make enough memories to last a lifetime.

The ding of the bell indicating they'd reached their floor barely penetrated the lust encompassing them. The doors slid open, but neither one of them was willing to let go yet. Before the doors had even slid shut again, Jamie's lips were sealed to hers, his tongue thrust deep into her mouth. Letting her hands cup the perfect, round cheeks of his ass, she reveled in the clench of firm muscles when he pressed even closer against her.

She dug her fingers into his ass and sucked his tongue. One leg rose to wrap around his hip without her even realizing it until Jamie lifted her, rubbing his erection against her clit. Every muscle clenched as fiery jolts of pleasure careened through her body. She'd never been so out of control or such a heated state of need. If she didn't get him naked, feel his skin against hers, and get Jamie's huge shaft inside her needy cunt within the next few minutes, she just may go insane.

Neither one of them realized the elevator doors had opened again until they heard someone mutter, "Get a room."

Embarrassment heated her cheeks. Rachel was glad her dark skin didn't blush very much. She and Jamie slowly drew apart and stumbled out of the elevator, groping at each other as they made their way toward his room.

Jamie fumbled with the card key for several minutes, refusing to break the heated contact of their mouths to get the door opened. They crashed into the room, pulling at clothing and leaving a trail. Although he looked gorgeous in his tux, the man wore way too many clothes. Rachel wanted her hands on his chest, not to be fighting with layers of clothes. Under the jacket lie a vest, tie and shirt to deal with before she could reach her goal.

By the time she had him stripped down to his white shirt, her patience was a thing of the past. Fisting her hands in the soft material, she pulled hard, sending buttons flying all around them. The bold, aggressive action seemed to heat him up even more. Jamie had the tie behind her neck unfastened, pooling around her waist, and her breast cupped in his warm hands.

Jamie looked into her eyes and watched them change from widened with shock from the first intimate contact, then move swiftly to blazing arousal. He couldn't wait to watch the dark pools glaze over as he drove her body from blissful pleasure to the ecstasy of powerful orgasm.

Her soft hands teased and tortured his torso. Each firm caress sent shivers of need along his spine. The scent of her arousal rising in the air around them was a heady aphrodisiac.

He wanted everything at once, unable to decide which need was more pressing. To let his fingers stroke her wet, swollen pussy lips and drive into her depths. To taste the sweet honey flowing between her thighs just for him. To fill her every orifice with his painfully hard cock and pound into her body, driving them both to the brink.

He pushed the soft material of her dress over the supple curves of her hips. The lacey little pair of hip hugging red panties she wore made his cock press painfully against his trousers. With little finesse, he grabbed the edge of the flimsy scrap of material and pulled, satisfied by the violent rending sound.

A deep groan rumbled from his throat when his fingers teased springy hair and slid over slick, blazing hot folds. She soaked his fingers with hot cream as he delved deeper, spreading her folds to thrust within the tight clench of her pussy. Shit, she was going to burn his cock alive when he thrust into the molten heat of her core.

Need rode him hard. Jamie didn't have the patience for Rachel's fingers fumbling with his belt. Pushing her hands out of the way, he took over the task. He barely managed to get his pants open and shoved down his legs before her hands speared beneath the waistband of his boxer-briefs.

Fuck! Her slender fingers felt so good wrapped around his pulsing shaft, but he wouldn't last if she kept stroking him so sweetly. Grabbing her wrists, Jamie pulled her hands free of his flesh. "Not now, sweetheart. I want to be deep inside you when I come." His voice was rough and slightly harsh, but he couldn't help it. She was driving him wild.

Grabbing her hips, Jamie lifted Rachel and pinned her to the wall. Her legs automatically wrapped around his waist. "Guide me in," he demanded.

Without pause, she reached between them and wrapped her fingers around his dick. Jamie growled as she rubbed his head over her slick lips, then used him to tease her clit. "Now, Rachel. Stop fucking around."

The little witch laughed, but followed his command. He couldn't hold back. The minute his cock touched her entrance, Jamie thrust hard. Her scream echoed around them as the head of his cock pressed against her womb.

He'd just died and gone to heaven. Nothing on earth could possibly feel half as fanfuckingtastic. They both held their breath, relishing that first glorious feeling of penetration, the rhythmic way her walls milked his thick cock, and the rightness of how perfectly they fit together. Yet he couldn't hold still for long before he had to thrust.

This first time was wild, hard and fast. They'd take their time making love later. Right now, neither would tolerate slow. Need rode them too hard. Each gave everything they had and took what they needed, crying out their overwhelming pleasure.

His balls were rock hard, drawn up tight against his body, ready to explode. It was a miracle he was able to hold off until her silky tissues spasmed around his shaft, drawing his own climax effortlessly from his body.

Rachel screamed as she came. Her pelvis ground down onto him as she bucked in his arms. The lusty wildcat rode him hard, using the strong muscles of her thighs to lift herself then repeatedly slam down onto his grateful cock. His release was only seconds behind. Bending his knees, Jamie fucked into her hard and deep then spilled his seed into her womb, only in that moment realizing he'd fucked up big time.

In his haste and blind need, he'd forgotten to put on a condom.

Chapter Four

“Hold on tight, sweetheart.” Jamie grasped her hips and carried her to the bed. His cock was still semi-erect and each time her pelvis bounced against his a delicious friction was created. Somehow, he managed keep them melded together when he tumbled onto the big bed.

The linens felt cool against her heated, sweaty back. His weight pushing her into the mattress made her feel even closer to Jamie right up until he pushed back on his arms and she saw the look on his face. Tension wrinkled his brow and a vein ticked at the side of his jaw, filling her with dread. He seemed to be in pure agony.

She reached up, cupping his cheek. “What is it,” she asked, hating the way her voice cracked.

Jamie shook his head then buried his face against her neck. She’d just had the most powerful orgasm of her life, been filled with incredible bliss, her muscles lax with satiation. Now she was tense and fearful, worried about what the hell had happened that she’d missed.

“Jamie...” His name was a desperate plea on her lips. “What’s wrong?”

He cussed himself for several drawn out moments before finally rising and looking her in the eye. “I never, ever forget. I don’t know what happened. We just burned too hot and I couldn’t think. I’m so sorry.”

A hot tendril of pain stabbed into her chest, and his words twisted the knife. Never forget? Sorry? He was sorry. Damn him. How could he regret what had been the most amazing experience she’d ever had.

Rachel’s survival instincts took over and she went into fight or flight mode. She pounded his chest with her fists and tried to get her legs up under him so she could push Jamie away. She had to get out of there now, find her clothes and escape to the safety of her room, but he wouldn’t move.

Jamie grabbed her flailing arms and used his big body to press her even deeper into the mattress. “Calm down, sweetheart. It’s okay.”

She didn't realize tears streamed down her cheeks until he began kissing them away. The jerk, now he was being all soft and tender, confusing her even more. She had to get out of here. Now!

"You bastard! Get. Off. Me." Each word was a sharp demand. Still, he ignored her protests.

"No. First you're going to listen to me, then I'll let you up, not before."

Rachel held perfectly still and waited him out. Only when she gave up her struggling did he begin talking.

"Are you on birth control?"

Oh, nice time to think of asking that questions, after he'd already pumped her full of his seed. She just glared at him, refusing to answer.

"For the first time in my life, I was too caught up in the moment and forgot a condom. I'm so sorry. It was my job to protect you and I failed. Don't worry, though. I won't abandon you, sweetheart. It's okay if you're not on the pill. I'll be by your side, no matter what. I have no regrets, Rachel. If we've created a baby, I'll love and take care of both of you for the rest of our lives. I realize we barely know each other, but I want to be with you."

He paused for a moment, carefully debating his next words. He was concerned how she'd take them, but needed to say it anyway. "I kinda like the idea of you carrying our baby."

His hand slid over her flat abdomen, a wistful look filling his eyes. Great. Now she was crying even harder. Damn, the man was so perfect. She wanted to be mad at him, but no, he had to go and be Mr. Wonderful. She was in so deep.

"Talk to me, sweetheart."

How did he expect her to form intelligent though when he placed the sweetest butterfly kisses all over her face? Jamie kissed her closed eyes and damp lashes, then trailed kisses down her nose and across her cheek.

"Slow down, hot shot." Rachel sniffled, trying to get her emotions under control. "I'm on the pill and I'm clean. What about you?" She seriously doubted Jamie wasn't healthy as a horse.

“No problems here. I just had a full check-up and testing last month and I haven’t been with anyone for several months.”

Rachel felt relief wash over her at his reassurance. Now she just needed to determine how serious the man was.

“So, what exactly is running through your mind?” She gasped as his cock jerked within her as it swelled once again.

“Well, I propose we spend the rest of the weekend in bed, the hot tub, the shower, against the wall...”

She smacked his cheek with her open hand and couldn’t help laughing.

“I think we should spend lots of time together, getting to know each other. I’ve never had a serious relationship in my life, but none of this is casual to me, Rachel. I want you in my life, and only you.”

Her heart seized then began frantically slamming into her ribs. Jamie was too good to be true. She wanted everything he said and more, so much more.

There was no way he could wait any longer. Jamie needed to make love to Rachel, nice and slow. Fabulous and scary emotions he’d never felt before assaulted him. There was no way he’d let her slip away. Jamie intended to make her the center of his world.

The wanderlust had left him. He easily pictured spending the next fifty years in one place if Rachel were there by his side. His bachelorhood flew out the window with his need to bind her to him. He wanted to make babies with the beautiful siren, then grow old together while spoiling their grandchildren.

He didn’t care where they lived. If she wanted to stay in her small, rural hometown, fine. He’d build her a big country estate where they could set down roots and live a dream.

Letting his body take over, Jamie slowly pulled back. Her pelvic muscles pulled at him, struggling to keep him in her heated depths. She felt so damn good. They made slow, tender love, holding each other tight, not leaving the room until late Sunday afternoon. They existed on room service and the deep emotions forming a solid foundation for the future—a future he felt certain would be full and rich with love.

About the author

Nicole Austin lives on the sheltered Gulf Coast of Florida, where inspiration can be found sitting under a big shade umbrella on the beach, sipping cold margaritas. A voracious reader, she never goes anywhere without a book, but started looking for something more. Something hotter.

A passion for erotic romance led to Nicole's creation of sizzling characters and boundary pushing stories. Now she lives in an incredible world where fantasy comes to life in bold, vivid detail. Well, until real life intrudes and she has to share the computer with the rest of the family.

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