

A man and a woman are featured in a close-up photograph. The man, on the left, has short brown hair and is wearing a white dress shirt with a brown leather watch on his left wrist. He is resting his chin on his hand. The woman, on the right, has long dark hair and is smiling broadly, showing her teeth. She is wearing bright pink lipstick. In the foreground, there are two large, fluffy pom-poms made of bright pink tissue paper. The background is dark and out of focus.

Marie Rochelle

Three Cheers

Red RoseTM Publishing

Three Cheers

By

Marie Rochelle

Dedication:

*This book is for my mama who
always sees a pot of gold at the end
of a rainbow. Thanks for all the
encouragement.*

Love,

Marie



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Three Cheers by Marie Rochelle

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Prologue

“Daddy, I want to try-out to be a cheerleader this year. Can I do it?” The young girl asked excited by the thought he might actually tell her that she could.

Brock Garrett glanced up from his morning newspaper and stared at his twelve year old daughter standing in front of him. He couldn't believe that Ashlei was still talking about this. She didn't come off as the type who would want to become a cheerleader. He thought for sure that after she got rejected the first time she would be done with it. However, her desire to do this was lasting longer than he first thought.

“Honey, cheerleading involves a lot of practice and dedication. Are you sure that you're ready for that? A lot of people will be depending on you if you get picked. I don't want you to do it for a couple of months, get bored and then decide to quit.” Brock loved his daughter, but he knew how Ashlei hated staying with things. She had been like that since she was a little girl.

“Daddy, you should have more faith in me,” Ashlei complained, coming towards him. “I'm in middle school now. I know all about keeping my promise to someone.”

His daughter stopped mere inches from him and planted her hands on her

skinny hips. The move brought a smile to his face. It was something her mother would do anytime she got upset with him.

He quickly shook the memory of Angie from his mind before he started to cry. Angie had been dead since Ashlei was two, but the pain for him was like it happened yesterday instead of ten years ago.

“Okay, how about you let me think about it for the rest of the week and I’ll get back to you?” That was the best he could do for her, so she better take the offer while it was still hot.

Ashlei gave him the typical disbelieving look most twelve year old girls gave their fathers. “Don’t forget about this daddy. I need to get all of the forms back in on time. You know how you can get when you’re busy with work. I was lucky to get a second chance to try out and I don’t want to miss it. I know I can get this last spot if I just get my jumps and lunges down. I have never wanted anything this much in my life.”

“Honey, I won’t forget,” Brock promised as he gave his daughter one final look before he started reading the newspaper again.

“Sure you won’t,” Ashlei mumbled under her breath before she stomped away in a serious pout.

Shaking his head, Brock flipped to the next section of the newspaper and sent up a huge prayer that Ashlei wasn’t going to move into the ‘I hate my parents’

syndrome that many kids do when they turn thirteen. His baby girl's birthday was coming up pretty fast and he didn't want to lose his sweet daughter who loved hanging around him, but he was getting a feeling that the days of Ashlei being daddy's little girl were coming to an end.

Chapter One

Warm firm lips worked their way down her neck as large calloused hands pulled her closer to the hot sweaty body above her. “Do you know how long I have been waiting to do this?” A deep masculine voice asked by her ear. “I noticed you the second you walked into the room wearing that gold dress. The sight of you in that form fitting material had me hard in seconds. I couldn’t wait until I got you alone.” Moving his head, he kissed his way down her breasts until he captured a hard nipple between his lips and sucked.

“Oh,” she purred as she placed her hand on the back of his head and pulled it to her chest. “That feels so good.”

He slowly let go of her nipple and gave it a few slow licks before he started to lift his head, but right before their eyes connected the sound of the phone woke her up.

“Damn it,” Jamina Madison mumbled as she pushed the covers off her head. She had been having the same dream for about a week now and every time it was about to get to the good part something happened to wake her up.

“God, I’m coming,” she snapped, reaching for the phone next to her bed. Jamina quickly snatched it up before it rang again and pissed her off more than she

already was.

“Hello,” she mumbled with a hint of sleep in her voice.

“Yes, may I speak with Ms. Madison?” A warm, deep, very male voice asked making her come completely awake.

Lord...who in the world was calling her this early in the morning with this hot sounding voice? It sure was a wonderful way to wake up. She hoped she was the right Ms. Madison that he was searching for. Hell, she might just lie and say she was to keep this guy on the phone for a few more minutes. A little white lie never hurt anyone.

“Excuse me, are you still there?” he asked with a hint of concern in his voice.

“Yes, I’m still here,” Jamina answered, tossing the covers off her body and sitting up in the bed. “How can I help you?” It was probably someone calling for her to plan an event for them. She had been getting a lot of calls about that lately since she placed that kick ass ad in the newspaper.

“One of my co-workers recommended you because you worked with her daughter last year,” the man said. “I was hoping that I could hire you to work with my daughter Ashlei.”

Jamina went over her schedule in her head. She had one opening this week when she would be able to meet with this family. Hopefully, they wouldn’t want her to make a party happen in less than a week, if so it would be extra.

The last party she planned the father had paid her an extra grand to get it

done in two days instead of a week. With that amount of money being offered in this economy, she worked out all the details and gave the five year old girl the best Barbie party in history.

“When do you want to have this party? I need time to get everything together, so it isn’t possible for me to get it done in less than a week.” Jamina wondered if her last comment would keep her from landing the job.

“Ms. Madison, I don’t think we are on the same page,” the man corrected, quickly “I’m not calling you about planning a party for my daughter. I want you to be her cheerleading coach. She is trying out for the sixth grade squad. Do you think you would have time to meet with us today? Ashlei gets home around three-thirty.”

Jamina was momentarily taken aback that this guy wanted to hire her as a cheerleading coach. She loved doing that job, but she didn’t get many requests for it. This was like a dream come true for her.

“Sure, I can be at your house around three forty-five. Will that give Ashlei enough time after she gets home from school to get herself together? I don’t want to come too early and she is doing something.”

“Yes, three forty-five will be perfect,” the man told her. “By the way, I’m Brock Garrett. Sorry, I should have introduced myself first; however, I have been so busy with work that I barely remembered to call you today. I promised Ashlei I

wouldn't forget and she would have been upset with me if I hadn't kept my word to her."

"Not a problem," Jamina replied still loving how the guy's voice sounded on the phone. He had to be good looking with a voice like that. "Do you mind giving me your address? I think it might help me find your house a lot better."

"I'm not doing well at all," Brock chuckled, sending tiny shivers down her body. God, she really had gone over the deep end now. She was getting turned on just by a man's voice. Wait until she told Shantel about this. Her best friend was going to tease her unmercifully for days and days, but she had to share Brock Garrett's phone sex voice with someone.

Shit, this man was driving her wild over the phone. She could only wonder what he would look like in the flesh. She would have to wait a little while, but she would find out later on today and she honestly couldn't wait.

"It's 4627 Presidential Drive. Do you know where that is?"

Hell, it was only one of the richest neighborhoods in Shawn, Rhode Island. She would have to be living under a rock not to have heard of that part of town. It was called the 'gated community.'

"Yes, I know where you live," Mr. Garrett," Jamina answered. "I'll be there today to meet you and your daughter Ashlei."

"Wonderful, we'll be waiting for you, Ms. Madison." The phone call ended

with a soft click in her ear.

Tossing the covers off her body, Jamina climbed out of the bed. “Shantel better be up and ready to treat me to some breakfast because I’m starving,” Jamina said as she made her way to the bathroom.



“He could be the one that you have been dreaming about for the past week,” Shantel said, waving her ring covered finger in Jamina’s face. The plastic bracelets on her wrist made a loud banging noise as they fell back down her friend’s slender arm.

“Don’t you dare start your Madam Shantel let me predict your future crap on me. I’m not in the mood to hear it today,” Jamina complained.

Ever since her best friend turned sixteen she had sworn she could read palms and predict the future. Of course, she thought Shantel was only acting out to piss off her parents; however, ten years later she was still making a career out of it. She secretly thought a lot of Shantel’s success came from her friends good looks. More than once Shantel had been compared to Gabrielle Union

Shantel fell against the back of her seat as hurt filled her big light brown eyes. “I thought you believed in my gift. I guess you have been lying to me all of these years. Maybe we aren’t even friends like I thought.”

Jamina instantly felt bad for snapping at her best friend like that. Shantel

had been there for her through a lot of things during their years of friendship. If Shantel thought she had a gift, it wasn't right for her to make fun of her or criticize something she wasn't familiar with. In addition, she shouldn't doubt it either. How did she know Shantel wasn't telling her the truth? "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. It was mean and uncalled for," Jamina apologized.

Shantel eyed her for a few minutes before grinning at her. "That's okay. I guess that I'm a little more sensitive this morning than usual."

"Do you want to talk about it?" Jamina asked. It wasn't like Shantel to be upset about anything.

"No, it's nothing that I can't handle. I'd rather talk about this guy with the sexy voice who called you. I still think he's the one I had the visions about."

Jamina hated that Shantel was dragging her into this nonsense, but she wasn't going to say anything this time. She could keep her opinion to herself for the sake of their friendship; however, she did have a few questions about this dream guy her best friend was trying so hard to push on her.

"Did you ever see his face in any of your dreams?"

"No, the guy's face never came to me. It doesn't work like that. I have flashes of things, but I seldom get a full picture."

"Okay, can you tell me where I'm going to meet my fantasy lover with the hidden face? Will he fall for me the second that our eyes connect?" Jamina

questioned. What woman didn't want to believe in love or hell lust at first sight as horny as she was?

"I can't tell you that," Shantel sighed, wearily. "All I can give you is your man is tall, has somewhat dark hair and he makes a living by working with his hands."

"What do you mean he has somewhat dark hair that doesn't make any sense to me?" Jamina frowned. She needed more than that ambiguous description to go on when it came to her love life.

"Well...that is all I have for you. Now, let's order something for lunch. I don't want you to be late for your appointment. I have a feeling that this Brock Garrett is going to change your life in more ways than you ever thought possible."

"If you say so," Jamina answered not really believing the woman sitting in front of her, but she wasn't going to say a word to dispute Shantel's comments.

Chapter Two

“Daddy, I can’t believe that you called a cheerleading coach,” Ashlei said giving him a huge hug. “I’m so excited. Do you know when she will be here? How long will she be my coach? Do you think I should change my outfit? I want to be wearing the right thing when she gets here.” She stepped away from him and looked down at her outfit.

Brock glanced at his daughter’s pink T-shirt, white shorts and white tennis shoes and thought she looked just fine. Wasn’t that the kind of outfit most cheerleaders wore anyway? “No, honey you look beautiful,” he said and then smiled.

“Do you think she’ll like me?” His daughter asked then chewed her lower lip something she always did before she met a new person. It was a bad habit that he was trying to get her to break, but he hadn’t found a way to stop her yet.

“Ashlei, Ms. Madison would be crazy not to like you. You’re a wonderful young lady. I love you too death.”

“Daddy, you have to love me,” Ashlei sighed, rolling her eyes at him.

“Tell me again why I have to love you?”

“Because I’m your daughter and you’re supposed to. It’s part of the rules

that come with being a parent.”

“Right,” Brock chuckled. “I knew there was a reason I decided to bring you home from the hospital after you were born.”

“You...” Ashlei was about to answer him, but the doorbell rang. “I’ll get it,” she screamed, jumping up from the couch. She raced past him toward the front door like she was going to get an early birthday gift instead of meeting her cheerleading coach for the first time.

“I really hope that Ms. Madison has enough energy to keep up with her. She can be a handful.” Brock got up from his recliner and followed Ashlei hoping to catch her before she talked Ms. Madison too death.



Jamina stood on the huge front porch staring at the perfectly manicured lawn and trimmed hedges while she waited for someone to answer the door. She noticed that there wasn’t a patch of dead brown grass or a weed in sight. From the looks of the variety of flowers growing in the different flower beds someone who lived here had an incredible green thumb.

She would love to be able to grow gorgeous flowers like the ones around here; however, she never had enough time in her day to do anything but work. It was really a shame since she grew up around flowers, because her mother had been an amazing florist. Her mother retired and moved to Washington a couple of years

ago to be closer to her older brother and his five kids. It was past time that she made another visit to see them. She could only imagine how big they were now.

Jamina drew her mind away from thoughts of her family and was about to ring the bell again, when the door swung open and a young, very pretty, black girl stood there looking at her.

Without a doubt this young girl had to be Ashlei, she looked like she would be the perfect cheerleader if she had the ability to learn all the moves plus put in the time and the effort it takes to make the squad.

“Are you Ms. Madison?” she asked. “I’m Ashlei Garrett. I’m so excited that you’re going to be my cheerleading coach. I can’t believe my daddy really called you. Usually he stays so busy with work that he forgets about everything else going on around him.”

Jamina smiled at the young girl standing in front of her. Ashlei was like most of the sixth grade girls that she used to coach when she was doing it full time. She was very friendly with a bubbly personality. Two things that cheerleading judges looked for when girls tried out for the team, if a girl was missing one of them it could cost her a spot on the squad.

“Yes, I’m Jamina Madison. It’s very nice to meet you, Ashlei.” She extended her hand and Ashlei shook it then let it go. She was about to ask Ashlei where her father was when the sound of a familiar voice stopped her.

“Ashlei, don’t talk Ms. Madison to death. Let her come inside. She hasn’t agreed to even accept the position yet.”

Jamina held her breath while she waited for Brock Garrett to come into view. She couldn’t wait to see if his face was half as hot as his voice. Now, she was smart enough to realize that some men possessed a killer voice and then their faces didn’t live up to the voice. Yet, she was privately hoping Brock was an exception to the rule and he could give Hugh Jackman a run for his money.

She didn’t have to wait much longer before Brock Garrett came into view. . . Holy Shit! Jamina hoped that her jaw wasn’t on the ground because Brock was drop dead, out of this world gorgeous. He should be the poster boy for hunky father of the year.

Brock stood around six feet four inches tall with wide shoulders that stretched the white shirt he was wearing across his huge chest. Thick light brown hair with a little dusting of gray at the temples made his robin’s egg blue eyes stand out even more. Brock wasn’t overly muscular, but he had the perfect athletic body. Everything about him was *sizzling* hot!

The only thing that was surprising to her was that Ashlei was a beautiful mahogany color and Brock wasn’t. He was white, yet she wasn’t going to let that be an issue with her. Most of her friends were in an interracial relationship or marriage and sometimes the children favored one parent more than the other one.

Jamina quickly regained control of herself and focused her full attention on Brock. “Mr. Garrett, It’s nice to be able to put a face with the voice.” she extended her hand to Brock and he shook it. She tried not to gasp as an electric shock coursed through her body as Brock’s warm hand engulfed hers. He gave her a long lingering look, like he felt it too, before he slowly released his grip on her hand.

“Yes, it’s good to finally match a face to the voice,” Brock agreed with the deep voice she loved so much. “Why don’t you come in?” Brock moved back allowing her to move pass his hard body. She quickly swallowed down a moan as the side of her breast touched his arm.

Her attraction to Brock intensified because of the light contact; however, she wouldn’t act on it, because this was technically a job interview and he was a potential client. In addition, she wasn’t even positive that Brock was single or even interested in dating anyone.

She was probably feeling an attraction that wasn’t there. It had been years since she had been sexually involved with a guy because she had been too focused on work. Anyway, she was here to hopefully get a new job, not find a place in Brock Garrett’s bed. It didn’t matter how fine he looked in those jeans and shirt. She was going to keep her hands to herself and be a good girl.

After she got her wayward mind off of Brock, Jamina focused her attention on the inside of the house, and its beauty truly blew her away. Whoever decorated

this place had a wonderful sense of style and knew how to mix the masculine with the feminine to make it a perfect combination.

She should find out who it was. Maybe the designer could help her out with her house. She had tried several different styles and things over the years, but nothing seemed to work for her. Maybe she wasn't patient enough to become an interior design guru...no, the truth was that she didn't have any sense of style when it came to decorating her house. Why should she even try to lie her way out of it?

"You have a beautiful home, Mr. Garrett," Jamina complimented as Brock closed the door behind them.

"Thank you. Ashlei helped me with it along with a designer. My daughter is into all of that fashion and home décor stuff. I swear she's going to have a hard time picking a major when she goes away to college."

Spinning around, Jamina stared at Brock trying not to get lost in how handsome he was. She turned and refocused her concentration on Ashlei instead of her unbelievably fine-looking father.

"Well, I'm pretty sure that Ashlei is thinking more about joining the cheerleading squad right now than college," she laughed.

"You're right about that, Ms. Madison," Ashlei agreed, smiling at her. "I really want to be a cheerleader this year. I want it more than anything in the entire world. It's all that I dream about since I heard there was an extra spot on the

squad that the school was going to fill.”

“I hope that I can help you achieve that dream,” Jamina replied.

“How about we head to the living room?” Brock suggested behind her. She knew the second he got closer to her because she felt his warm presence at her back. “Ashlei, why don’t you lead the way?”

“Okay daddy,” Ashlei agreed and then spun away from them, heading in the opposite direction.

“After you,” Brock said, then placed his large warm hand in the middle of her back.

“Thanks.” Jamina followed behind Ashlei trying to ignore how good Brock’s hand felt on her back.

It took less than two minutes for Jamina to get from the front door to the living room, but she felt the heat from Brock’s body all of the way there. It almost seemed like it was scorching her body. She quickly moved away from Ashlei’s father and took a seat on the russet colored couch before she embarrassed herself. She really had to get herself under control or she wouldn’t be teaching Ashlei the correct cheers to get a position on the cheerleading squad.

“Ms. Madison, you already know the reason I called you over to meet with us,” Brock said, taking a seat beside his daughter who was already on the couch. “The only thing that I need to know is if you’re available to take the job.”

“I’ll be more than happy to coach Ashlei; however, I want her to understand that she will have to spend a lot of time with me. It’s going to be very hard to get a spot on the squad, because every girl trying out will want it just as much as her or maybe more.”

“She won’t be able to spend a lot of time with her friends after school or on the weekends. Sometimes we might have to practice up to three hours a day or more until tryouts. Now, I should let you know that I do have a regular job, but I should be able to do most of it while Ashlei is in school. If I have to cancel for more than a couple of days, I will send someone else in my place. I have another woman who can take my place. She is just as good as me.”

Jamina waited while Brock and Ashlei digested what she’d just told them. When it came to her being a coach, she wanted a 110% from the girl she was coaching. She wouldn’t take anything less because she wouldn’t give them anything less.

“I want this more than anything in the world. I swear that I’ll be ready for each and every lesson that you want to give me. I promise that I won’t complain about anything you want me to do,” Ashlei told her.

“Ashlei, you don’t have to promise me that. As long as I know you’re trying your best I’ll be pleased. Just remember the deeper we get into the practice the harder it will get.”

“Yes ma’am, I understand.”

Jamina was very aware that while she had been talking to Ashlei, Brock hadn’t spoken a word. She noticed that he hadn’t taken his eyes off her at all and it was a little unnerving, but she had to get over her nervousness or she wouldn’t be able to do her job.

“If your daddy doesn’t mind, do you think you might want to show me one of your cheers in the back yard?” she suggested. She had to see how far along Ashlei was, in order to see where she needed to start.

The words weren’t completely out of her mouth before Ashlei was jumping up off the couch and racing towards the patio doors. “Come on, Ms. Madison. I have the perfect cheer to show you,” she yelled back at her as she raced out the door.

“I should apologize now for anything Ashlei might do,” Brock told her. “I have never seen her so wound up about something before. I think she might have you worn out before tryouts in a few weeks.”

“I’m sure that won’t happen. It’s good that she has a lot of energy. It will give her an edge with her cheers,” she said standing up so she could join Ashlei outside. Brock stood up and moved next to her. She tried not to moan as his cologne stirred her senses. *Damn...*this man was too tempting for his own good.

“Wonderful. I’m glad that you will get along with my daughter. Sometimes

she can be too much to handle for some people and it hurts her feelings. Ashlei is a good girl and she tries her best to fit in with girls her own age.”

“I think most girls do,” Jamina replied, staring at Ashlei through the living room window. She noticed instantly how weak her kicks were along with her jumps. She would have to start working on those things as soon as possible or Ashlei would never make the squad in the short amount of time she had to practice and improve her skills.

“Well...I should be getting out there and getting Ashlei on the right track.” Turning away from the window, Jamina glanced up at Brock. She couldn’t get over how attractive the man was.

“Thanks for taking the job,” Brock said. “If you have time, I would like to speak to you before you leave for the night. Just have Ashlei show you where the den is after you’re finished.” He gave her one more lingering look and then strolled from the room with a hint of self-assurance to his walk.

She could only wonder what Brock wanted to discuss with her in private, but she was secretly counting the minutes until she could find out. “Calm down you hussy, it might not even be what you’re thinking about.” Shaking her head, Jamina headed for the door to show Ashlei the correct way to start off her kicks.

Chapter Three

Brock couldn't get his den door closed fast enough after he left Jamina. *Fuck!* If he had known that his daughter's cheerleading coach was going to be jaw dropping stunning, he would never had made that phone call in the first place. He barely kept himself from groaning when her breast brushed his arm as she passed him while following Ashlei into the living room.

Jamina couldn't be taller than five feet four inches at the most with perfect mocha skin that enhanced her hazel eyes. She possessed the type of body that would have most men walking around with a hard-on himself included. He hadn't found a woman this attractive in years. Sure, he'd had friends with benefits over the years, but none of them had made him practically speechless like Jamina had when he first laid eyes on her.

A part of him had wanted her to turn down the job while the other part of him was secretly thrilled when she had agreed to take the job. Just the look on his daughter's face made him push his fascination with the sexy coach to the back of his mind. He couldn't pursue a relationship with Jamina, because he wouldn't want to ruin Ashlei's chance of getting the best coaching that his money could pay for. This was the first time in a very long time that Ashlei had been this obsessed

about something. He had never seen her eyes light up the way they did when she talked about being a cheerleader. So, he was going to do everything in his power to make his little girl's dream come true.

Angie would be so proud of Ashlei and the way she was growing up. His wife had been a cheerleader all through high school and loved every minute of it. He would never forget the first time he laid eyes on Angie in her cheerleading uniform. She had come into his study hall to give the teacher some notes for one of the students there and he had fallen in love with her on the spot.

It didn't matter that he was a senior and she was only a freshman. He wasn't going to let her get away from him. He had started pursuing her the next day and it wasn't as easy as he thought it would be to win her over. She didn't believe his claims of his falling in love with her at first sight; however, before he graduated Angie was his girlfriend.

Several girls had tried to date him while he was away at college, medical school and all the extra schooling it took to become a plastic surgeon. But no other woman had the ability to draw his love or attention away from Angie. He married her the day after she graduated from college. He helped her through the rest of her college and after she was completely done and ready for a job as a physical therapist. He got her one at the medical center he had been working at for four years.

Brock knew pretty soon into his fifth year there that he wasn't going to stay. Because it had always been his dream to start his own private practice, Angie never discouraged him from achieving his own dream of success. His private plastic surgery practice had only been up and running for two years when Angie told him she was pregnant with Ashlei.

The news had delighted him more than anything in the world and he prayed every night that they had a beautiful little girl that looked exactly like Angie and his prayers were answered. Ashlei looked so much like her mother that it scared him sometimes, but it also warmed his heart that he had his incredible daughter around him.

Brock didn't know if he would have made it after all these years without Angie, if Ashlei wasn't in his life. When Angie had been diagnosed with breast cancer, he was so sure that she would be able to fight it, but she died a couple of years later at twenty-nine years old. A week before her thirtieth birthday, he had planned such a huge party for her, and she never got a chance to see it. It almost destroyed him, but he fought on for his little girl and it was the best decision that he had ever made. Ashlei was the most important person in the world to him.

That is the main reason he wasn't going to ask the sexy Jamina Madison out on a date. As he had done for the past twelve years, he would put Ashlei's wants and needs over his own.

“I’m a grown man. I can trust myself to be around Ms. Madison without acting on my needs. She hasn’t shown any interest in me. It could just be all in my head and that is where I’m going to leave it.” Brock took a seat behind his desk and tried not to look out the window at Jamina with his daughter, but his eyes were drawn there anyway.



Jamina watched Ashlei as she finished up her routine and she thought about where she was going to start with her coaching. Ashlei wasn’t all that bad, yet she wasn’t good enough at the moment to land a spot on the sixth grade cheerleading squad either. They truly had a lot of work ahead of them and it wasn’t going to be a walk in the park for the either one of them.

“Okay Ashlei, you have some good motions, but they do need some work,” she informed her new student.

“I don’t understand. I thought a cheerleader was supposed to be energetic when she cheered for her school’s team.”

“You’re right she does. However, how well the cheerleader does the cheers is just as important as getting the fans and team behind you,” Jamina explained, hoping she was getting through to Ashlei. Remember you just don’t want to cheer. You want to inspire the crowd in the stands to get behind you and your team.

“I’m still not getting it,” Ashlei said, shaking her head and causing her thick

black ponytail to swing back and forth behind her. “I understand about getting the crowd behind you, but I’m still confused about how to improve my moves and jumps.”

“When you do your moves they are good, but all of your moves need to be sharp and on point. Try to think about how your body would feel if you ran into something behind you like a wall. You know how your body would move? Well, that is the way you would move your entire body when doing a cheer.”

“I think I’m getting what you’re telling me.”

“The next thing you need to improve on is your wrists. The way you’re turning them is wrong, and a more experienced cheerleader would know this, but I will get you there so don’t worry about that too much. It will be something very simple to fix.”

“What’s wrong with my wrists?” Ashlei asked looking down at her arms.

“Honey, nothing is wrong with your wrists. I’m talking about the way you’re holding them when you do your moves. They should never be slanted, but in a straight line with your arms. Never forget that your thumbs should be on the outside of your fists at all times with your pinky fingers in the back.”

As Jamina started to tell Ashlei about the position of her shoulders, she noticed the sad look on the young girl’s face and wondered what was wrong. “Ashlei, what’s wrong?”

“I don’t think I’m cut out for all of this. You know so much about this and everything I’m doing is wrong. I know the girls I’m trying out against have been to cheer camp and had gymnastics since they were about two. I’ll never be able to get a spot on the team.”

Jamina couldn’t help but smile at Ashlei. She remembered being the same way when she first started out trying out to become a cheerleader, but she stuck with it and was able to be a Dallas Cowboys Cheerleader for two years. It was the best experience in the world for her and she wanted to help Ashlei achieve her dream too.

“Don’t let everything I’m telling you get you down. Once you land the basic moves everything else will fall into place faster than you think. So, why don’t you try to incorporate those few corrections I told you about? We have plenty of time to get you better than those girls you are trying out against. One thing to remember is that you aren’t there to impress them, but the judges.”

Ashlei smiled at her and it light up her entire face. “Okay, Ms. Madison.”

Moving back, Jamina took a seat on the grass and watched as Ashlei tried to fix the mistakes she had made the first time with her cheers. She had been watching for about ten minutes or maybe a little longer when she felt the hairs on the back of her neck stand up like someone was staring at her.

Jamina slowly looked around the huge yard until she spotted who was

watching her. Brock was standing in front of a huge window with his hands shoved in the front pockets of his slacks. She couldn't get over how drawn she was to him. Just the sound of Brock's voice made her panties wet. She didn't want to think about what could happen if she kissed him.

What! Whoa!

She needed to calm her ass down right now. She wasn't going to even look or think about Brock being a potential romantic interest for her. He hired her for a job and nothing else was going to happen no matter how much she might want it.

Drawing her attention away from the hunk at the window, Jamina looked back at Ashlei in time to see her finish up her routine. It was a little bit stronger than the first time, but still not at the level it should be.

“Ashlei, that was so much better this time; however, you really need to watch your shoulders. They should be relaxed in every motion and jump that you do. They should never be up by your ears.”

Before she could get up and give Ashlei a hug and tell her that she did pretty well for her first session, Ashlei fell down next to her on the thick grass like she had just lost her best friend in the entire world.

“I'm horrible. I should have known that if I wasn't good enough for the dance team then being a cheerleader was way out of my league. I probably won't get the spot anyway because they will probably pick a popular girl for that last

position.”

A bad feeling came over Jamina as she listened to Ashlei talk about herself. She hated that she was so down on herself. Cheerleading was supposed to make her happy not sad or depressed about her abilities.

“Ashlei, don’t take my comments so hard or personally. I have to point out what you’re doing wrong so you can work on it and make it better. Don’t think these moves came easy to anyone else because they haven’t. It takes practice, practice, and even more practice.”

“I’m just a little disappointed that I’m not picking it up as fast as I usually do with other things,” Ashlei confessed.

“Being a cheerleader takes a lot of different qualifications, but more than anything it takes a talent to decide something quickly and then to have the talent to get everyone else around you at a game to do the same thing.”

“Do you see that ability in me?” Ashlei asked, optimistically.

“Yes, I see that in you and so much more. It’s just going to take practice. Something I always tell the girls I train is; if they want to compete they have to practice until their moves are second nature to them. If you want one of those prized spots on the team, you have to practice and train even harder.”

“I want one of those prized spots,” Ashlei yelled jumping up.

“Excellent,” Jamina said getting up off the ground. “That’s the sound of a

future cheerleader. Now can you show me to your father's den? He wanted to talk to me before I left."

"Sure, I can," Ashlei exclaimed turning back in the direction of the house. "I wonder what he wants to see you about. Sometimes he likes to give lectures and I hate those."

Jamina tried not to laugh at Ashlei as she talked about her father. She remembered thinking the same thing about her father when she was twelve. Hell, her father still tried to give her a lecture and she was thirty years old. It took her a while to realize that her father was only looking out for her.

"I'm pretty sure it's not as bad as you think," Jamina said as she followed Ashlei back into the house and down the hallway.

"I guess not, but sometimes I wish my daddy would realize that I'm not a little kid anymore." Ashlei stopped in front of a door and knocked on it twice.

"Come in," Brock yelled out at them.

Ashlei shook her head and moved away from the door. "Hey, he wanted to see you not me. You can go inside. I have some extra credit I need to get done for school. Will you tell my daddy that I'm going to order a pizza and then watch some television?" Ashlei hurried away from her and back down the hallway in the direction they had just come from.

Jamina stood outside the door trying to get her body under control. She was

going to be good and not act out on her infatuation with Brock. She could do that at night-tonight when she was alone in her bed, so before she could change her mind she opened the door and walked inside.

Chapter Four

“How did things go with Ashlei? Do you think she has a chance of being a cheerleader this year?” Brock asked her the question as soon as she took a seat in front of his desk.

“I think Ashlei has a lot of great potential, but we are going to have to work on a lot of things to get her to the same level as the girls she is going to be competing against. Most of the young girls have been taking gymnastics and other things, so without a doubt they are going to know more than Ashlei. However, I think she has that spark the cheerleading panel looks for when picking new cheerleaders.”

Leaning across the desk, Brock rested his elbows on top linking his long tanned fingers together. The slight movement, made the front of his unbuttoned shirt collar open up giving her a glance of dark brown chest hair. Jamina felt her blood pressure kick up another notch and she had to bite her inner cheek to keep from moaning. Was it right for one man to be able to ooze sex appeal like this without even trying?

“I want you to know that money is not a problem. I can pay for all the hours you need to coach Ashlei. I just hope if you have to work longer hours that no one

will get upset about it.”

Was Brock asking if she was married or single? No, she wasn't going to read more into the conversation than what was going on. Brock was only making sure that she would be available anytime he wanted her to instruct his daughter and she understood that.

“Unless I have to work my other job as a party planner I will be over here teaching Ashlei everything she needs to know for her cheerleading tryouts. Don't worry about a thing. I'll make sure that she gets my full attention,” she said firmly.

“I'm glad to hear that. I'll do anything for my little girl. She's very important to me. I have tried to give her everything that she has wanted. I don't like telling her no. If I could get Ashlei on that team without her going through all of this I would. Does that make me sound like a bad parent?”

Jamina saw the signs of a very protective parent in Brock. She ran into this a lot when a parent had only one child. The parent never thought the child would be able to handle the rejection. Most of the time, the child was hurt but got over it after a week or two. It usually took the parent more time to get over it than the child.

“I'm sure that Ashlei knows how much you love her. I can tell she's a very happy young lady and that will help out a lot when it comes to her cheers. The better personality she has the better it will work out for her in the end with the

judges.”

“One thing that Ashlei isn’t lacking is personality. She draws people to her anywhere she goes.”

She heard the pride in Brock’s voice and for some reason she wanted to add to that. Brock was a very interesting man and she hoped that she would get to know more about him during the time she would be spending with Ashlei. Okay, she better get out of here before she started staring too hard at him making him uncomfortable.

“If you don’t need to talk to me about anything else I better get going. I need to make a few stops before I head home.”

“No, I think we went over everything that I wanted,” Brock said standing up. “Let me walk you to the front door.”

“Thank you, I would like that.” Jamina stood up and waited while Brock came around his massive wood desk.

She took a peek at Brock from the corner of her eye while he escorted her from the room and towards the front entrance. She never knew a man could smell this good. His scent was like a mixture of a hint of cologne and confidence blended with self-assurance. It was a very sexy turn-on for her. It was a shame that she wouldn’t be able to explore it more, but her job came first and personal time with a parent was not on the agenda or it really shouldn’t be.

“I really want to thank you again for taking the job,” Brock said pausing by the front door. “I know that I called you at the last minute and you could have turned me down, but you didn’t.”

“No, I wouldn’t have done that. I would have found a way to fit you...I mean Ashlei into my schedule.” Jamina hoped that Brock didn’t catch her slip.

“That’s good to know,” Brock answered flashing a small smile before he reached past her and unlocked the door. “I’m looking forward to seeing you tomorrow.”

Not more than me. I’m counting the minutes until I see you again, Jamina thought to herself.

“Thank you. I will be back around the same time tomorrow,” she said going out the door trying her best not to touch Brock’s hard body. She was already drawn to him and she couldn’t make things worse by craving his body even more. “Tell Ashlei that I’ll be bringing something for her to study. It should help her improve her motions and jumps.”

Leaning against the door jam, Brock looked her directly into her eyes and she couldn’t get over how extraordinary his eyes were. His blue eyes were very hypnotic and penetrating. She wondered how the color would change when they were filled with desire.

“I’ll let her know. She’s going to be very excited about that. You’re probably

the thing she will talk about most tonight over dinner.”

“I’m pretty sure that I won’t be,” Jamina denied.

“You don’t know my daughter once she gets hooked on someone. She can talk about them for days and days.”

Jamina wanted to stay here and talk to Brock a little longer, but she was already running late for her meeting with Shantel. She had to get going or she would never hear the end of it. Shantel was very punctual and expected everyone else to be the same way.

“I hate to leave, but I need to go,” Jamina exclaimed as she went out the door. “I have someone waiting for me.”

“I understand,” Brock said moving back from the open doorway. “I hope I didn’t keep you too long please give the guy my apology.”

The door was closed so fast that she wasn’t given the chance to correct Brock’s assumption about who she was seeing, but it didn’t matter anyway because she wasn’t going there with him. He had a huge ‘Don’t Touch’ sign across his wide chest.

“I know that Shantel is going to give me the third degree,” Jamina complained, stepping off the porch and heading for car parked in the long circular driveway.

Chapter Five

“Tell me about Brock Garrett. Did the sexy voice match the total package? Is he one of those guys that would stop traffic if he were walking down the street wearing a pair of hot looking sunglasses?” Shantel shot question after question at her and she didn’t know where to begin.

In her opinion, Brock was all that and so much more, but she wasn’t going to get into details with Shantel because she would start to pull the ‘he’s the one’ crap on her and she wasn’t up to hearing that today. Not when she was still thinking about how good he looked standing in front of the picture window in his den. God, she couldn’t stop fantasizing about how it would feel to kiss him. Would he be a slow kisser or would he go right in for it?

The snapping of fingers in her face made Jamina focus her wandering attention back on Shantel, “Did you hear anything I just said to you?”

“Yes, I heard you,” Jamina answered. “I can’t say that there was anything out of this world about him.” She hated to lie to her best friend, but she wouldn’t be able to get away from Shantel if she told her the truth.

“Are you sure? I was positive that he could have been the man you have been dreaming about.”

“Sorry, your radar must be off because he showed no interest in me whatsoever. He was only interested in hiring an experienced cheerleading coach for his daughter.”

“I don’t believe you,” Shantel exclaimed. “I have this feeling in my gut that the two of you are meant to be.”

“Your gut must be off because there wasn’t a flicker of a spark between the two of us. Honestly, all we talked about was Ashlei and that’s it.” Jamina purposely left out the part about Brock wanting to know if she was married or single. He didn’t ask her out on a date, so it wasn’t as big a deal as she thought it was.

“Okay, I guess that I believe you,” Shantel said softly, her eyes narrowing.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Jamina questioned.

“Looking at you like what... I don’t know what you’re talking about,” her friend denied giving her a huge, wide eyed innocent look.

“You know what I mean. You think that I’m lying to you about Brock and what happened at his house.”

Shantel’s honey colored eyes lit up as she leaned across the restaurant table. “I knew it. I felt it in my gut. What happened there? Did he try to kiss you? Did he ask you out on a date? I knew that he was the one for you.”

Jamina truly wondered if her friend was suffering from a head injury. Why

else would she be asking her such crazy questions? She had just met Brock today. It wasn't like both of them are planning a future together after one quick meeting and a couple of words spoken to each other.

“No, none of that stuff happened. All we talked about was his daughter Ashlei and what hours I would be available to coach her. Nothing else went on between the two of us. Stop trying to make there be something when there isn't.”

“Stop trying to play dumb with me. I can sense something is being withheld from me, so I'll leave it alone for now. However, I want you to know that there is an *'I told you so'* in your future.”

Shaking her head, Jamina picked up her menu off the table. “I can promise you that you aren't going to get a chance to use it. Brock Garrett is my employer and nothing else. Now grab your menu and figure out what you want for dinner. I don't have all night to waste on you. I have things to do,” Jamina teased.

“Yeah right,” Shantel chuckled. “We both know that all you do is work and then spend the rest of your time watching old episodes of Will and Grace on your television in the den.”

“Why are you complaining about that? You're sitting right next to me when I'm doing it,” Jamina laughed, staring over her menu at Shantel.

“We aren't talking about me. Right now, we are discussing you and your sorry ass love life. You have been single for way too long. It's time you got a man

and had some wild; passionate, can't move for a week sex. Maybe if you do that you can stop dreaming about your fantasy love all the time. You need a real man not the one that only comes out at night."

Jamina slammed her menu down on the table drawing curious stares from the other patrons in the restaurant, but at the moment she didn't care.

"I told you about that in confidence. I didn't think you would throw it back up in my face. God, I don't know why I even bother confiding in you in the first place. I think I have lost my appetite." Getting up from her chair, Jamina snatched her purse off the table and stormed out of the restaurant.



"Daddy, is there something wrong with you?" Ashlei asked, waving her hand in front of his face. "You aren't acting like yourself."

Brock placed his half-eaten slice of pizza back on the paper plate and wiped the grease from his hand with his napkin.

"Honey, I don't know what you're talking about. I'm fine," he commented, tossing the dirty napkin on top of the pizza.

"No, you aren't," Ashlei insisted. "You have been acting weird ever since Ms. Madison left. I like her a lot. Isn't she so cool and pretty? I can't wait until she comes back tomorrow. She is coming back isn't she?"

Brock was amazed at how fast Ashlei had bonded with Jamina. Had he done

his daughter an injustice by not giving her another mother figure after Angie died? Angie's death had killed him in so many ways, but he couldn't mourn his first love for too long because he had a baby girl to take care of at home. So, he placed Angie in a special place and continued on.

However, he never truly felt such an instant, fervid attraction to a woman until he turned the corner this afternoon and found Jamina Madison standing on his porch talking to Ashlei. She was stunning, and what was so refreshing was that she didn't even know it.

Her beauty shone even more because she didn't come on to him instantly. He sensed that she felt the same thing he did, but he couldn't act on it now because Jamina would be working so closely with Ashlei, and he never mixed business with pleasure.

"Daddy, are you still listening to me?" Ashlei asked again, touching him on the arm. "Aren't you going to answer my question?"

"Yes, I like Ms. Madison. I think she's a nice young woman. Why do you like her so much and this is your first time meeting her? What did the two of you talk about outside?"

"Mostly, how to improve my stance, jumps and motions when it comes to my moves; she's just so awesome. I know with her help I'll get that spot on the squad."

Brock loved that his daughter was so excited about this, but he didn't want her to get her hopes up too high only to be let down in the end. He had to make sure Ashlei was seeing the whole picture. It would break his heart if his baby girl wasn't able to achieve every dream that she wanted in life.

"I know you'll be able to do it, sweetheart," Brock encouraged. "Just give it your all and those other girls won't stand a chance."

"You sound just like Ms. Madison. She told me the same thing. Can I call Giada and tell her about my new coach? She will be so jealous."

"Ashlei, you know that I don't like it when you brag to your friends about things. It isn't a nice thing to do."

"I'm not calling her to brag. I do honestly want to talk to her. I was hoping Wayne had asked about me."

"Who is Wayne?" A sick feeling settled in the pit of Brock's stomach. He wasn't going to believe that his little girl was interested in dating boys. She was only in the sixth grade. She had plenty of time before that was even a thought in her young mind.

"He's a guy that sits in front of me in English. He's so cute. He lives next door to Giada now. She was going to find out what he thinks about me."

"Aren't you a little young to be thinking about boys?" Brock asked, nervously awaiting her answer. He silently prayed that his daughter would give

him the answer he wanted to hear.

Ashlei got up from her seat and grabbed their plates off the table. “I just wanted to know if he likes me. I never said I wanted to have his babies,” she laughed as she hurried out of the kitchen.

Brock took several deep breaths hoping that his heart wouldn’t burst out of his chest. It was a good thing he knew Ashlei was kidding with him or he would call her back in here for a little father-daughter talk. Christ, he had enough going on with the back to back surgeries he had scheduled at work without worrying about whether his daughter was thinking about having sex.

He would rather Ashlei totally focus her attention on her cheerleading dreams instead of finding teen-aged boyfriend with raging hormones that he would need to have a talk with if he wanted to take Ashlei out on a date.

Sure, that’s the real reason you want your daughter thinking about her cheerleading ambitions, his mind taunted. Are you positive the true motivation isn’t her sexy and alluring coach?

Brock ran his hand down his face and tried to shake the thought of Jamina from his mind, but he couldn’t. Her tight little body had ruled his mind ever since she left earlier this evening. It was even harder to forget her because the sinful scent of her perfume had lingered in his work space.

“He had to get this need for Jamina under control. I can’t keep wondering

what it would be like to see her naked and spread out on my bed. Stop it!” Brock snapped under his breath. He had to find a reason not to want to carry Jamina up to his bedroom and have his way with her. It was going to be hard as hell, but he had to do it.

Chapter Six

“I’m so glad to see you again Jamina. Ashlei has been talking about you non-stop since she got home from school. I think you have a fan for life,” Brock told Jamina as he stepped back from the door and waved her inside.

He tried his best not to notice how good Jamina looked in her white tennis shorts, purple T-shirt and tennis shoes. She was way too hot for him to stay around for long periods of time without doing something completely out of his character.

“Nice to see you too,” Brock,” Jamina replied, easing past him. “I’m excited about my next lesson with Ashlei too. I have some print-outs for her to study,” she said, waving a folder in his face. “I want her to practice more on certain moves and these images should help her out a lot.”

“Ashlei is in the backyard waiting for you. You can go on back. If you need anything ask Mrs. Hook, my housekeeper. She is in the kitchen working on supper.” Brock went around Jamina pausing only long enough to catch the scent of her perfume. He couldn’t quite put his finger on the fragrance, but it was familiar to him.

“You aren’t going to be here?” Jamina asked disappointment clear on her

pretty face. "I wanted to talk to you about a few things."

"Sorry, I have a late surgery planned maybe we can schedule that talk for another time?" he suggested secretly hoping that Jamina would agree.

"Sure, that will be okay with me. I didn't know you were a doctor."

"A plastic surgeon actually, so I guess you could say that I make a living using my hands," he replied. "Well, I better go. Good evening, Jamina."

"Good evening, Brock," Jamina responded before he closed the door.



Jamina stared at the closed front door as her mind replayed what Shantel had told her the other day. *You're going to fall in love with a man who uses his hands to make a living.*

"Brock Garrett isn't the man Shantel was seeing in one of her visions," Jamina said to herself. "She's wrong. It has to be someone else."

Spinning around, she went in the direction of the patio door and ran into Ashlei as she turned the corner. "Hi," Jamina said.

"Ms. Madison, I thought I saw your car drive up. I was getting worried about you, so I came looking for you. I have a new cheer to show you and I have been practicing my moves. I think that they are better than the last time you were here."

"Sorry, I was talking to your father before he went to work. I also brought

some print-outs for you to look at. I think seeing some of these moves will help you out.” She handed the folder to Ashlei. “We can go over them outside.”

“Alright,” Ashlei agreed, taking the folder from her. “But first, I want to show you the cheer that I made up.” Taking her by the hand, Ashlei led her past the housekeeper in the kitchen and outside into the warm sun.

“Please take a seat,” Ashlei gave the folder back to her and then moved further back on the huge lawn.

Falling down on the thick grass, Jamina sat yoga style placing the folder next to her leg. She couldn’t wait to see what Ashlei had to show her. Hopefully, she wouldn’t have too much correcting to do to the moves or cheer.

“When do you want me to start?” Ashlei yelled at her.

“Anytime you want to,” she replied back.

“Okay.”

Ashlei got her body into the ready position with her hands behind her back, feet shoulder width apart and then started her cheer.

Are you ready?

Ready Ok!

Are you ready?

Give me an R

Give me an E

Give me an A

Give me a D

Give me a Y

That spells ready

Are you ready?

Our team is ready.

And we are going to win.

Ready, Ready, Ready, Ready

Win...Win...Win...Win

Go Team

Get up...Get up...Get up...Get up

Off your seat and cheer our team!

Go Team!

After Ashlei was finished with her cheer, Jamina waited for Ashlei to come back to her before she told her anything. It was going to be a mixture of good and bad news for her student.

“How did I do?” Ashlei asked excited. “I have been working on my moves. I practiced yesterday at my best friend’s house. She thought I did pretty well.”

Jamina decided to start with the positive first instead of the negative. She

had to give Ashlei some kind of encouragement, so she wouldn't take the negative so badly.

"First, I thought your cheer was very upbeat and fun. It really got me into what you were trying to do; however, the basic motions of your cheer weren't as strong as I would like them to be."

"I'm never going to get this," Ashlei complained clearly disappointed with herself. "I should just give up and join the debate team instead. I know that I would excel at something like that."

Jamina hated seeing all of the pleasure and excitement wiped from Ashlei's young face with her words. She wasn't going to let this girl give up so easily. Becoming a cheerleader was hard work and not everyone could do it, but she saw that special spark in Ashlei. She had the ability, so now all she had to do was pull it out of her.

"I don't work with quitters," Jamina said standing up. "Ashlei, I know you aren't a quitter. All you need to do is practice more. Did you practice your moves in front of a mirror? Sometimes you may think you're doing the moves correctly when in reality you aren't."

"Also, you need to remember when doing any short distance move that you shouldn't swing your arms around and up into a High V. Instead, always try to remember to bring your arms straight forward and hit the motion."

“I don’t understand the difference,” Ashlei frowned.

“I’ll show you.” Walking away from Ashlei, Jamina stopped in about the same spot Ashlei had stood in earlier. “Can you hear me?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, I’m going to do the move the incorrect way and then the correct way.”

Jamina proceeded to show Ashlei the way she was doing it and then how it was actually supposed to be done. After she was finished, Jamina came back over to Ashlei hoping that she had seen the difference between the two moves. If Ashlei could see the mistakes she made it would help her out when it came to coaching her with the harder choreography.

“Did you see the difference in how I was doing the moves compared to how you were making the moves?”

“I think so,” Ashlei answered with a hint of confusion in her young voice.

“How about we start from the beginning?” Jamina suggested. “Do you have a camcorder handy?”

“Yes, my daddy keeps one in his office. I can go and get it. What are you going to do with it?”

“I want you to tape me doing the basic cheerleading moves and then replay the tape back, so you can watch it. After that I want someone to tape you doing

the same motions and then I want you to compare your video to mine. I think the points I'm telling you will stand out better if you see it over and over. How does that sound?"

"I love that idea," Ashlei grinned jumping up. "I'll grab some music too for you."

Jamina watched as Ashlei hurried back into the house happier than she was a few minutes ago. "I think this idea might work best for her," she said to herself. "Ashlei has all of the qualities that will make an amazing cheerleader. All she needs to do is get the moves down correctly and I know I can help her with it."

While waiting for Ashlei to come back with everything she had asked for, Jamina decided to walk around the backyard. The property was so vast that she knew another house could be built here with plenty of room to spare.

She could only imagine living somewhere this unbelievable. As a little girl, she wasn't raised with a lot because her parents didn't know the value of a dollar. Sure, they kept a roof over her head and food on the table. However, little luxuries like going to theme parks, zoos and carnivals never really happened much for her.

At first, she hated not having family trips like other kids in her neighborhood, but she got used to it and found other ways to find enjoyment with her life like joining all the after school activities that she could. She learned pretty quickly that she had a talent for being a cheerleader and she cheered for two years

in high school and all through college.

If she hadn't gotten a job during high school, she would never have been able to afford to become a cheerleader. She remembered paying \$75.00 for a pair of shoes and then another \$200.00 for the cheerleading camp. That was a huge amount of money for her to pay out of her own paychecks; however, when her squad won their first National Competition it was priceless.

She still had the picture of her and her squad with the trophy in a silver picture frame at home. That had to be one of the best times of her life during high school. Honestly, it was a fond memory that she would never forget. The kind of nostalgia she hoped Ashlei would get to experience some day.

"Jamina, I'm ready," Ashlei said running up to her. "I left all of the stuff over there by the folder. Thanks so much for doing this for me. I know it will help me a lot."

"Good, we can get this done and then you can watch it and practice the moves for the next couple of days, because I won't be back until next week," Jamina said walking towards the back of the house with Ashlei.

"Where are you going to be instead of here helping me? I won't be able to do this without you. Learning all of the moves won't be easy without you here to help me through it," Ashlei complained.

Jamina had to find a way to get Ashlei to have more confidence in herself.

Part of her personality was perfect to become a cheerleader, while this hint of insecurity would keep her from it. “I’m going to tell you something one of my friends told me about being a cheerleader and learning a difficult routine.”

“What did she say?”

“If cheerleading was easy than it would be called football, basketball or any other sport, but cheerleading.”

“I like that,” Ashlei laughed. “I have to tell my daddy that one when he comes home tonight if I’m still up.”

Jamina thought she was doing so good not thinking about Ashlei’s handsome father, but as soon as Ashlei mentioned him, Brock’s good-looking face popped into her head and she couldn’t keep the smile off her face.

Without a doubt, he was the kind of man she would love to be dating right now, but for some reason she always attracted the guys who were bums or just plain lazy. Brock, on the other hand, was a very appealing man who carried himself with a commanding air of self-confidence. That one quality drew her to Brock even more and it made her want to learn what made the handsome surgeon tick.

“Does your father often work so late?” Jamina didn’t want to pick Ashlei for information about Brock, but she couldn’t help it. She was just dying to know anything about him she could.

“Sometimes he does, but not as much as he used to. He has different hours

now because of his patient's work schedule. One of my friends at school calls him 'the breast enlarger' because he gave one of my classmates mom breasts implants, so she could land a husband."

Jamina stumbled in her tracks and stared at Ashlei. "Did your father tell you that?" She couldn't or wouldn't believe her father would say something like that to her. No matter how close the two of them were.

"No," Ashlei giggled. "I was over my best friend Giada's house and we overheard her mom on the phone."

"Oh," Jamina stammered, as she stopped in front of the camcorder. "Okay, how about we finish this up and then we can call it a day? I think this assignment will keep you busy until I come back next week."

Picking up the camcorder, she handed it to Ashlei. "Now, I'm going to show you all of the moves you need to master before we can move on. Hit record and then we can get started." She waited for Ashlei to find a good spot to film her. This was a technique she had read about in a book, so she hoped it work for Ashlei.

"Okay, I'm ready," Ashlei said, holding the camcorder up to her eye.

"First, you need to know that there are thirteen basic moves and I'm going to go through them right now. With the ready position the hands are behind the back, feet shoulder width apart. A lunge is when the left leg is bent at a ninety

degree angle. Always remember the right leg is completely straight with the body forward.”

“High V is when your arms are above your head, and your pinky fingers turned towards the back of you. You should be able to see your fists in your peripheral vision, but you can check your position by bending your elbows which should bring your fists to your forehead. Touch Down arms are always straight up with your pinky fingers in the front of your body. A Right L is when your left arm is in the T position for touch down like I showed you earlier, but the right arm is at a forty-five degree angle, or parallel to your body.”

“However, a Right Punch is when the right arm is like a Touch Down, but the left arm is placed on your hip. A Low V is the same as a High V except you move your arms down.”

“Now, for Draggers you place your arms so they are touching your body with pinky fingers in the front. Low Touch Down is where arms are straight down and tight. Left Diagonal and Left K may look similar, but they are slightly different moves.”

“With a Left Diagonal the left arm is always in a High V position and the right arm is always placed in a Low V. However, with the Left K you left arm is in a High V motion and the right arm is position in a Low V across your stomach.”

“The last two I want to show you are the T and the Broken T. With the

regular T the arms are positioned straight out at the sides; however, your shoulders should be slightly forward. You can check to see if your position is correct by bending your arms toward your body at the elbows with your fists on either side of your face, and when you extend your arms back out you will be in the T. With the Broken T the arms are bent at the elbow, shoulders back, fists face each other but do not touch and you never bend forward or hunch your shoulders..”

Jamina hoped she hadn't just confused Ashlei anymore than she already was. Now, it was time to put everything she showed Ashlei to some music. “Ashlei, play some music and I'll put it all together for you.”

Leaning over, Ashlei pushed the play button on the CD player and seconds later Lil' Wayne's *Lollipop* was playing in the backyard. Jamina didn't waste a moment before she launched into the moves showing Ashlei how to mix them up. She finished up everything at the same time the song ended.

“That was so cool,” Ashlei gushed getting up off the ground and turning off the camcorder. “I don't think I'll ever be as good as you.”

“You aren't supposed to want to be me. You are striving to be yourself and nothing else. Just remember to practice and I swear everything will start coming together for you faster than you know.”

“Okay, I will Ms. Madison. Do you think you can stay for dinner? Mrs. Hook fixed daddy's favorite baked chicken with roasted veggies. It's so good.”

She wanted to say yes so bad, but she really had to get home and call Shantel. They hadn't spoken to each other since she stormed out of the restaurant the other day. She knew she was the guilty party and she would apologize. Honestly, she had missed Shantel and all of her crazy stories. They always added a bright spot to her day.

"Can I get a rain check on that dinner? I have to take care of some stuff, so I can't do it tonight."

"Alright, I'll remember to ask you again. Maybe next time daddy will be home and he can eat with us," Ashlei said. "Wouldn't that be great?"

"Sure, great," Jamina mumbled, wondering if she'd made the wrong decision by turning Ashlei's dinner request down tonight, because now she might actually end up sitting across from Brock sharing a meal and she wasn't quite sure if she would be able to handle it.

Heaven help her.

Chapter Seven

Brock wondered why Jamina wasn't coming back until next week. Did she really have to work at her other job? Or was she involved with some guy and he wanted her to spend the rest of the week with him. Those thoughts had been running around in his head since he came home from work and Ashlei told him the news about Jamina. He shouldn't be pissed off at the news, but he was.

He had secretly hoped that Jamina would still be at his house after he finished his last surgery, but she had been gone for hours Ashlei told him. He didn't understand where this need for Jamina was coming from. He constantly ran into attractive women because of his job, yet she was the woman he had been thinking about sharing his bed with. Honestly, no other woman had captivated him like this since the first time he saw Angie.

He just didn't want to jump into something with Jamina because he had to think about Ashlei first. She loved having Jamina as her cheerleading coach and he wouldn't want to ruin the relationship between them; however, it was getting more difficult for him to ignore the sexy beauty.

Today when she came over, he was dying to ask her out on a date for tomorrow night. He didn't have any surgeries scheduled and Ashlei was spending

the night at Giada's house. It would be the perfect time to see if the chemistry he felt was really there, or if he was just lonely for some female companionship. It had been a while since he'd had a woman share his bed or had even gone out on a date with him. The physical chemistry was running HOT for him when it came to Jamina.

Truthfully, the yearning he was feeling towards her was so strange. It was almost like some unknown force was making this come together in this stage of his life. However, he couldn't bring a girlfriend into Ashlei's life based only on that one feeling. There also had to be emotional, mental and spiritual chemistry between them. He had all four with Angie and that is why she would always be his soul mate. Now, there was no way he would find another soul mate in this life time, but he was willing to see where things could go with Jamina if she was interested in him.

Go ahead and call her. You know that you want to do it, his mind taunted.

Brock's hand reached for the phone, but he dropped it before he even picked the cordless phone up. "It's too late to be calling anyone for a date. Jamina will think that I'm out of my mind. She will probably tell me to go to hell and then quit as Ashlei's coach before hanging up on me."

Stop being such a wimp and call her. She might be thrilled to hear from you. You'll never know unless you try.

Brock snatched up the phone before he could change his mind and quickly dialed Jamina's phone number which he had already memorized from the first time he'd called her. The phone had rung a couple of times without an answer and just as he was about to hang up, a soft female voice answered on the other end.

"Hello?" Jamina said sounding slightly out of breath. His cock grew rock hard at the sultry sound. It was something that he could get used to hearing.

"Jamina, its Brock. Did I catch you at a bad time? I know you told me earlier at my house that you needed to talk to me about something important. Is now a good time?" Great, he was lying about the real reason he was calling her, but he would ask her out before he hung up. .

"No, I was just in the other room, Jamina retorted. "I had to run to catch the phone."

"Wonderful, I thought you might be in bed already or something. I would have hated to have awakened you."

"It's only ten o'clock I'm never in bed this early unless I have something going on," Jamina laughed.

Oh, if you were with me, we would have something going on in bed by ten o'clock for sure and probably for the rest of the night too. Brock made sure that he kept his comment in his head and didn't say it out loud, because if he did there was no way Jamina would ever agree to go out on a date with him.

“No, I’m glad that you called. Did you get a chance to talk to Ashlei? Did she tell you I wouldn’t be back until next week?”

“Yes, she told me about it before she went to bed. I have to say that I have never seen her so determined to impress someone in my life. She really has taken a liking to you.”

“I’m quite fond of Ashlei too,” Jamina confessed. “She’s a very sweet young lady. I’m hoping that I can help get her that spot on the cheerleading squad. I know how much she wants it.”

“I have faith in the both of you. Ashlei may act like she’s not a fighter, but when it comes to something she wants; she will go after it with everything she has in her. She gets that from her mother.”

“If you don’t mind me asking where is Ashlei’s mother? She never really talks about her.”

“Angie died from breast cancer when Ashlei was very young. I don’t think Ashlei remembers anything at all about her mother. However, I try to show her videos of her and Angie together when she was a baby up until she was around two years old. Ashlei really seems to enjoy those videos, so now I’m pleased that I made them for her.”

“That was a wonderful thing for you to do. I bet Ashlei does love those special moments you have saved on video for her. She will always know what her

mother looks like and the sound of her voice. I'm sure you loved your wife very much. I can hear the adoration in your voice when you say her name."

Brock didn't know how the subject went from him trying to ask Jamina out on a date to talking about his dead wife. Now he had to think of a way to get the conversation back on track and soon.

"Yes, it took me a while to get over Angie and I'll always have a place for her in my heart, because she gave me the most beautiful gift in the world - my daughter."

Stop stalling and do what you called her for.

"I guess you know that I didn't call you to talk about Angie or Ashlei," he said.

"I figured that out," Jamina answered. "Are you trying to find an easy way to fire me since I'm missing the rest of the week with Ashlei? I totally understand if you are. I can recommend several outstanding coaches to take my place."

"Hell, I don't want to fire you," Brock cut in. "I want to ask you out on a date for tomorrow night."

A long stretch of silence ensued after he asked his question and Brock wondered if he had made a mistake by calling Jamina. Maybe he had misread the situation and she wasn't attracted to him the way he first thought. If she turned him down, he would just take the rejection and hope that she stayed on as Ashlei's

coach.

“You want to go out with me on a date?” Jamina gasped shock evident in her soft voice.

“Yes, I would love to take you out on a date. I find you very attractive,” he added, in a lower, huskier tone, “and I want to get to know you better.”

“I would like that too,” Jamina finally answered.

“Does that mean you’re free tomorrow night? I can pick you up and then we can go out to a nice restaurant.”

“I don’t have anything planned for tomorrow night, so I’m all yours.”

“Oh, I really like the sound of that. Give me your address and I’ll be there around seven o’clock. Ashlei will be spending the night at her best friend’s, so I won’t have to pay someone to be here with her.”

“Ashlei still has a babysitter and she’s in the sixth grade?”

“Yes, and she hates it. She is always telling me that she is mature enough to stay by herself, but I don’t like the idea of her being out here in this huge house all by herself when I work late. I usually pay Mrs. Hook extra to stay until I come home.”

“I agree with you. A parent can never be too careful nowadays. I think it’s wonderful that you do that for her. It shows how much you love your daughter. Okay, are you ready for my address?”

“Give it to me,” Brock said.

“5315 Poindexter Drive. It’s the blue house at the very end of the long drive way. Do you know how to get here or will you need me to give you directions?”

“No, I drive past that area everyday on my way to work. The gas station at the corner has gas a dollar cheaper than my usual place. So, I make a stop there when I’m starting to run a little low.”

“Wonderful,” Jamina answered.

Brock didn’t want to get off of the phone with Jamina, but he had a couple of patient’s files he had to look over for several upcoming surgeries he had scheduled for next week. He hated to wait until tomorrow to see her beautiful face again, but he would do it.

“I don’t want to, but I have to hang up now. I need to read over some patient’s info and determine if I can still do their upcoming surgeries.”

“Brock, I understand and you have a wonderful night,” Jamina exclaimed. “I’ll be expecting you at seven o’clock tomorrow.”

“Yes, I’ll see you tomorrow Jamina, and get a good night’s sleep, because I plan to keep you out for a while,” Brock whispered and then hung up.

Chapter Eight

“I’m very surprised that you came over to help me get ready for my date with Brock after the way I stormed out of the restaurant the other day,” Jamina confessed, staring at Shantel sitting on her bed.

Spinning back around, she checked out her reflection in the floor length mirror one last time and was damn pleased with what she was seeing. If Brock wanted to be impressed tonight, then he was going to be blown away by how good she looked after some help from Shantel.

Shantel had a way with other people’s clothes that amazed her. Right now, her best friend was sitting in her room wearing an outfit that made her look like a palm reader from the carnivals in the old black and white movies, the *Wolf Man*. However, she was able to come over here search through her closet and find the perfect dress for her in less than five minutes.

“I didn’t even know that I had this dress in my overstuffed closet,” Jamina said, running her hands over the silky blue material. I don’t even recall buying it.”

“You didn’t. I gave it to you as a birthday present last year. I wondered why I hadn’t seen you wear it yet.”

“Honestly, I’ve never had a reason to put something this pretty on, and that

is probably the reason I had it shoved in the back of my closet. This is the kind of outfit a woman wears to seduce a man or at least make him take another look in her direction.”

“So, you are hoping to get the sexy doctor into your bed. I shouldn’t have believed you when you said nothing was going on between the two of you,” Shantel complained. “My gut never lies to me. I can’t wait until he gets here. I’m dying to meet him. I want to take a look at his hands and see what they tell me.”

“No, and I mean no!” Jamina exclaimed glaring at Shantel.

“What did I say to make you would flip out like that? Do you have a problem that I don’t know about? What is your deal now?” Shantel questioned.

“I don’t want you reading Brock’s future without him knowing about it and then blurt something crazy out. You know that I love you no matter how many off the wall fights that we get into. However, Brock isn’t your next future reading or next reveal. Just leave it alone and the night should go smoothly for the both of us.”

“You know that I take Palmistry very seriously and have made a very nice career out of it for years. I know that all of my clients believe in what I do for them and wouldn’t take anyone else’s advice but mine. I don’t appreciate you making fun of me at all,” Shantel said in a choked voice.

“Shantel, I apologize. I wasn’t trying to hurt you or make fun of your career choice. It’s just that some people don’t believe in the same things you do, and I

wouldn't want your feelings to get hurt if Brock said something.”

“You're worried about me but you might be surprised at the reaction Brock would have to my skills. How about we put this topic on the back burner and you finish getting ready? It's almost seven and you don't want to keep him waiting when he gets here.”

“I agree. Let me go in the bathroom and pinup my hair before he gets here,” Jamina said and then turned in the direction of her bathroom.

“I think you should wear it down. It looks sexier that way with the dress and haven't you heard that a guy loves playing with a woman's hair?”

“Shantel, this is just a dinner date with Brock not foreplay,” Jamina laughed.

“How do you know this? He might be planning to have his way with you inside his black Lexus.”

Jamina moved back over to her bed and picked up her purse along with her light jacket. “Are you telling me that you saw him driving a black Lexus and that's how you know what he will be arriving in?”

“Maybe,” Shantel shrugged. “Maybe not.” However, you will never know, since I have been warned not to do any palm readings tonight.”

“That's right,” Jamina said, pointing a finger in Shantel's direction. “You leave all your skills somewhere else the second Brock walks through my front door. I want to impress him tonight; not scare him away with your tricks.” She

gave her friend one long last look and then walked out of her bedroom with Shantel at her heels.

“I don’t do tricks. I have a real gift,” Shantel maintained.

“I know that you do, but I’m just saying it should be a while before Brock knows what makes you so special. Don’t you agree with me?”

“I’m proud of what I can do and if he has a problem with it then I don’t care. It’s his deal and not mine, but I will try to hold back for you.”

“Why don’t I believe you?” Jamina queried. “I have a feeling that as soon as Brock knocks on the door. You will have his palm spread out reading his lines. We haven’t been friends for all of these years without me knowing the real you that lurks beneath the surface.”

Shantel flashed a cute smile. “I might take a teeny weenie peek if you honestly don’t mind.”

“Fine, do what you want. Just keep it to a minimum and try to make sure that Brock doesn’t catch on to you.” Jamina placed her items down on the couch and then went into the kitchen. “Do you want something to drink? I have that herbal tea you love so much.”

“No, I’m fine and you won’t have time for anything either because Brock is about to knock on the door.”

“You don’t know that for sure,” Jamina said a second before a knock

sounded at the front door.

“I’ll get it,” Shantel yelled racing to answer the door ahead of her.

“Wait! I can do it.” But her comments came too late, and Shantel opened the door and smiled up at a surprised Brock standing on the other side.

“Is this Jamina Madison’s house?” Brock inquired, looking down at Shantel. Jamina noticed the confused look on his face, because he had yet to see her standing a few feet behind Shantel.

“Yes, it is,” Shantel answered. “I’m Shantel Manning, her best friend. She’s in the kitchen. Why don’t you come in?” Shantel moved back and waved Brock in closing the door behind him.

“Nice to meet you,” she said sticking out her hand.

“I’m Brock Garrett. Nice to meet you,” he answered, shaking Shantel’s hand then gave her a strange look when she turned it over and looked at his palm.

Great, Jamina knew that she better get Shantel away from Brock before she scared him away and made her lose her job all in the same night. “Brock, I’m so sorry to keep you waiting. I see you have met my crazy friend.”

“Yes, I have,” Brock replied taking his hand away from Shantel. “You look stunning in that dress. It adds a special sparkle to your eyes. I’m used to seeing you in shorts and a T-shirt. I like this new you.”

Jamina felt her cheeks growing warm at Brock’s compliment. It made her

feel good that she took some extra time to get ready for tonight. She wanted to impress him and it seemed that with Shantel's help she was well on her way to doing that.

"You look very handsome yourself." The word handsome didn't begin to truly describe how good Brock looked in his dark brown slacks and white shirt. Hell, why wasn't she honest with herself? The clothes weren't making Brock he was making them. She seriously doubted that he would look bad in anything.

"Okay, I'm going to leave," Shantel said cutting into her thoughts. "I'll call you later to talk." One minute her best friend was there and in the next, the front door was closing behind her.

She noticed how Brock looked at the door and then back at her. "I didn't want to say anything while your friend was here, but was she looking at my palm for a reason?"

"Shantel has a thing about looking at people's hands. It's what makes her tick. Sorry about that," Jamina apologized.

"Don't worry about it," Brock said moving closer to her until their bodies were almost touching. "I'd rather talk about us."

Lifting her head, she gazed into Brock's eyes slowly getting lost in them. "I didn't know that there was anything between us," she corrected.

"I'm hoping after tonight that there will be. You have to know that I'm very

attracted to you. I felt it the second I saw you talking to Ashlei and it hasn't gone away. Are you trying to tell me that you don't feel it too? Tell me now, so I won't take this any further. I can leave and we can both act like this evening never happened."

Chapter Nine

Was she willing to jump into something this quickly with a single dad who probably hasn't been involved with a lot of women since his wife had died? What if things didn't work out between them? She hadn't known Ashlei for that long, but she liked her a lot. She was a very sweet young lady. It wouldn't be right for her to get involved with Ashlei's father if he only wanted to scratch an itch he might have for her.

"I don't know how to answer you," Jamina answered honestly.

"Let me see if I can do something to help change your mind." Cupping her face between the palms of his hands, Brock's tongue traced the soft fullness of her lips. The roughness of his tongue sent the pit of her stomach into a frenzy. His lips were more persuasive than she cared to admit.

As the doubt slipped from her body, Jamina parted her lips and wrapped her arms around Brock's neck, raising herself up on her toes to meet his kiss. She was shocked at her own eagerness for the touch of his lips. It was a delicious sensation that made her want to see how far things could go between the two of them.

"Can I take this as a sign that I might have changed your mind?" Brock's lips brushed against hers as he spoke.

“Yes, I think you have,” she answered, stepping back from him and looking up into his eyes.

“Do you know how much I’d rather stay here and cuddle with you on the couch?” Shivers raced through her body as Brock’s thumb traced her bottom lip. “However, I made reservations at Eleven Forty-Nine and I think they are saving one of their best tables for us.”

“Oh, I have wanted to go there for a while, but I haven’t had the time. I heard that their New York Sirloin is out of this world.”

“I’m more of a Rib-eye man myself. I haven’t had a steak in a while, so I think I’ll order that tonight. Maybe we can skip dessert there and come back here for it instead.”

“Hmmm...you’ll just have to wait and see,” Jamina flirted, as she moved around him and picked her stuff up off the couch. She couldn’t think about cuddling with Brock on the couch so soon after the sizzling kiss they just shared.

“I’m a very patient man, so I can wait to see what happens. Besides you are so perfect to be around that the dinner will be a pleasure with or out without dessert, as long as I get to spend it with you.”

Shaking her head, Jamina headed for the door. “Come on, sweet talker. We better get out of here before we are late for our date. I think we have about a forty-five minute drive to the restaurant, don’t we?”

“It’s closer to an hour, but I don’t mind the long drive, since I’m in the company of a beautiful woman.”

Jamina didn’t know if she should laugh or scold Brock for all of his compliments. Secretly, she was thrilled with what he was saying to her. It had been such a long time since a man had given her this much attention.

“I guess I’ll have to show you my appreciation later.” Jamina grinned as she held open the door for Brock. As he passed her, she snuck a peek at his ass and smiled to herself. A man with an ass that tight had to be good in bed. She couldn’t wait until she got the chance to find out.

“I might have to change my mind about us coming back here for dessert,” Jamina said under her breath.

“Did you say something?” Brock asked looking back over his shoulder at her.

“Not one word,” she answered closing the door behind her. Jamina wasn’t about to admit anything to him until the time was right.

Chapter Ten

“Did you have a nice time tonight?” Brock smiled and asked, coming to a stop in front of her house. He cut off the engine to his black Lexus, the car Shantel had predicted, spun around in his seat and turned to face her.

“Oh, I had an amazing time. The restaurant and everything about it was just fantastic. I can’t remember when I’ve had such a good time. This was a perfect evening. I’m so pleased that I didn’t turn down your dinner invitation. I almost called and canceled at the last minute.”

Jamina didn’t know the last time she had so much fun on a date with a good-looking guy. Brock had a wicked sense of humor and kept her laughing most of the night. He didn’t even complain when his meat wasn’t properly cooked and the waiter had to take it back to the kitchen. He was very nice and calm throughout the whole process waiting patiently until his meal came back the way he had requested it.

“I’m glad to hear you say that because I was thinking the same thing,” Brock confessed as he leaned across the seat towards her. “I was hoping that we could have a quick good night kiss.”

Good night kiss? Was Brock telling her that he wasn’t interested in coming

in for dessert anymore? She was a little taken aback by his comment. Did he really have a good time with her like he told her or was he trying to find a way to get away from her without hurting her feelings?

“I thought...” The rest of her sentence was cut off by a long, warm finger being placed over her mouth.

“I know what you are thinking. You should never play poker because you can’t keep your expressions off your face,” Brock teased. “I’m not trying to find a way to get away from you at all. You honestly were a delight to be around tonight and I can see us getting to know each other even better. I shouldn’t have tried to rush things earlier.”

“I want to take this slow, so we won’t mess anything up. Now, can I get that kiss and then I’ll go home, take a long cold shower and wonder why I left such a beautiful woman alone tonight.” Brock removed his finger from her mouth and waited for an answer.

“You don’t have to ask to kiss me. Your kisses are always welcome by me and my mouth.”

“Good to know,” he whispered, right before he enveloped her lips with his.

The intensity of the kiss made her whimper in the back of her throat. Jamina grabbed a hold of Brock’s wide shoulders like she wouldn’t let him go. Never in her thirty years had a kiss made her want to forget about anything else except the man

who was making her feel so naughty.

Jamina cried out as Brock broke the kiss. “Please don’t stop,” she begged, softly. Why was he trying to stop when her body was feeling so damn amazing? He had to come back and finish what he started.

“I’m not going anywhere, baby,” Brock promised as he masterfully unzipped the back of her dress. “Can I have a look?”

She was too caught up in what was going on to say another word, so Jamina just gave a small nod. In the back of her mind, she knew that she should have told Brock no, but how could she deny him the same exact thing she was praying that he would do for most of the night.

“Absolutely perfect,” his deep, rich voice whispered as his large hands pushed the dress down to her waist and he pulled a hard nipple into his hot mouth. She pressed her hand to the back of Brock’s head praying that he would never move from the spot he was in.

Taking her slight movement as a sign of encouragement, Brock held her waist in an almost bruising grip as he ran his tongue across the tip of her nipple. “Jamina, you taste is as unique as your name,” he whispered against her breasts.

Jamina suddenly felt cool air hit her legs as Brock’s hand inched underneath her dress and his knuckles brushed against her soaked underwear. She sensed that if she didn’t stop this right now, that in a few minutes she wouldn’t be able to.

“Brock, stop. Please we have to stop.” She pushed at his shoulder until he finally let her go and leaned back into his seat. She quickly fixed the top of her dress and pulled it back down. God, she couldn’t believe how she let things go so far so fast.

“Baby, what’s wrong? Did I do something? Talk to me.”

“No, you didn’t do anything wrong. I just think we are moving a little too fast-too soon. We went from first base to three in ten seconds flat and that isn’t what I want to happen between us. Having sex too fast always messes up a new relationship. I think we should take time to get to know each other better, don’t you?”

“So, you’re telling me that you want to fall all the way back down to first base? God, I hadn’t thought about those bases in years and I mean years,” Brock laughed without much humor to it.

“First base is when we gaze into each other’s eyes over a good meal like we had tonight, holding hands while we take walks, cuddling up on the couch while watching a good movie.”

“Damn, all of that sounds so elementary. I want to get to the college stuff like: kissing anytime the urge hits us, rolling around on the floor and touching each other and maybe a little stimulating certain erogenous zones on each other.”

Jamina couldn’t help but laugh at the despair in Brock’s voice. It was like

she suggested that he never touch her again. All she wanted them to do was wait and see where this lure was leading to.

She knew that the biggest challenge in the beginning of any new relationship, was to sustain the feeling of attraction and give it a chance to blossom into something deeper and more meaningful, but it had to start somewhere.

Brock had done so many exceptional things on their date tonight. He had admitted to his fascination about her, complimented her most of the night which she found very sexy, gave her his full attention over dinner and kissed the hell out of her a few minutes ago.

“Brock, how about we see how the second date goes before we think about getting a home run?” she suggested, softly.

“I’m not saying I’m overly pleased with your suggestion, but I can handle it. Are you free for dinner tomorrow night? You could come to the house and have dinner with me and Ashlei. I know she would love to see you and probably ask you a hundred questions about cheerleading.”

“I wish I could, but I can’t. I have a Dare party that I’m working tomorrow night and an Eighties party the next night. I’m going to be so worn out from doing two parties back to back like that. At least, I already have everything planned out. I just have to get there early and set all of the decorations up.”

“What time is the party over tomorrow night? I don’t want to go two days without seeing you. I could come over after my last patient leaves. I think my calendar is free of surgeries for the rest of the week.”

“Shouldn’t you be going home to see Ashlei instead of coming to see me?”
Jamina asked.

“I drive past your neighborhood on my way home. I can make a quick stop here to see your beautiful face. My visit will depend on how long your party will be and when I finish up the last of my paperwork at the office.”

“The Dare party will be over around eight o’clock and after all of the cleanup is done. I should be home around nine thirty. Will that be too late for you to come by? I really don’t want Ashlei waiting up for you.”

“I’ll be here waiting for you if I get here first. I just wanted to see you tomorrow,” Brock said, giving her a quick kiss on the mouth. “Now, I better walk you to the door before I try to seduce you again inside my car.”

Getting out of the driver’s side, Brock came around and opened the passenger door for her. He grabbed her hand and helped her from the car. “I don’t think I have given you enough compliments tonight about how beautiful you look.”

Jamina loved the way Brock looked into her eyes when he said the words. She saw the sincerity in her face and heard it in his words. Her date tonight with

him was turning out so much better than she could have ever expected. She hoped that their date tomorrow would be just as good. “Yes, you have, but I still love hearing it,” Jamina replied, as Brock shut the door behind her.

Linking their fingers together, he walked her all the way to her front door. The warm night air blew over her bare arms as she thought about the incredible time she had tonight with Brock.

She had loved everything that happened between them from the moment he picked her up until now. Jamina hated to see the night come to an end. She was hoping that maybe Brock would like to come inside for one last drink and if it lead to a kiss or two what would it hurt.

“Well...here we are,” Jamina said easing her hand out of Brock’s.

“Yes... here we are,” he answered, smiling down at her.

“I guess I better find my key and get inside.”

Brock waited while she dug through her purse for her key and pulled it out. She was going to do something totally out of character for her, but she just had to do it.

Here goes nothing, Jamina thought.

“Brock, are you sure that you don’t want to come inside for something to...drink something?”

Chapter Eleven

I must be out of my mind to have turned down her offer. Yeah, I'm getting stupid in my old age.

Walking around his bedroom, Brock thought about why he had turned down Jamina's sexy offer for a nightcap and wondered if he'd made a huge mistake. Everything had gone so well between the two of them the entire night. God that make-out session in his car had made him feel seventeen again. It was a good thing Jamina got it together in time or Ashlei might end up with a little brother or sister in the near future.

He loved that Jamina noticed all the time and effort he put into tonight's date. He couldn't remember the last time he had thought about fulfilling a woman's needs, but Jamina brought that side of him out more and more every time he came within touching distance of her.

She seemed to enjoy all the sides of his personality: his strength, generosity, kindness, dedication, loyalty, wisdom, humor and playfulness. He wanted to show her so much more as they grew closer and closer.

It touched him even more that she was so concerned about him getting home to Ashlei instead of spending time with her. It showed him that Jamina did

care for Ashlei and that touched him more deeply than she would ever know. His daughter was the most important person in his life and no matter what she would have to come first. However, Jamina didn't seem like she would mind that at all.

He had tried dating a couple of women after Angie's death at the behest of some of his close friends, but they turned out to be wrong for him. A lot of them had a problem with his daughter looking more like Angie than him and that is what he loved the most about his daughter. Sometimes he would just stare at Ashlei when she wasn't paying attention and smile, because she looked so much like Angie and shared the same cheerful personality.

God, if Angie had lived she would love Ashlei so much and brag about her every chance she got. So, he had to make sure he did an excellent job of being both mom and dad to his baby girl. He didn't want to brag, but he thought he had done a pretty good job of raising Ashlei so far, and he knew his daughter loved him.

Yet, he saw how much Ashlei loved having Jamina around her. Her face would light up when it was time for her cheerleading lessons and he knew why. She was enjoying having another female around the house. It gave her another female to talk to about girlie things.

Tonight, Jamina showed him the feeling was mutual when it came to Ashlei. The two of them looked so cute together when they were outside practicing cheers for the upcoming tryouts. He didn't have any doubts Jamina would be an excellent

addition to his family. Now, he just had to make sure Jamina wanted to be seriously involved with a man who had an almost teenage daughter.



The next night, Jamina was setting up for the Dare party and dragged Shantel along to help her. She needed an extra pair of hands and knew Shantel wanted to talk to her so she could kill two birds with one stone. She could get the help she needed and listen to Shantel at the same time.

“I saw a lot when I took a quick reading of Brock’s hand last night at your house,” Shantel said as she spread the tablecloth over the table. “Do you want to know what I saw?”

“Yes, tell me,” Jamina answered as she looked through the boxes from the black napkins.

“The first thing I noticed was how big Brock’s hands were. Big hands usually belong to people who are very detailed-oriented and like complex activities.”

“Brock is a plastic surgeon so I can see that in him. Also, men that have broad hands are more of the outdoors types. They like having a lot of physical freedom. Have you seen that quality in Brock?”

Jamina thought about how enormous Brock’s backyard was and realized that he did fall into that category too. It could be called his own personal forest

with all the trees and grass there for Ashlei to practice her cheers on.

“You should see Brock’s house. The backyard is almost the size of a football field. I swear he could build another house out there and still have enough room for something else,” Jamina said placing the napkins on the tables. “I was shocked when I first went back there with Ashlei.”

“Did you notice anything else when you checked out Brock’s hands? By the way, he asked me about that after you left. He thought he had imagined it until I told him that he hadn’t.”

“Oh, was he freaked out by it?” Shantel asked as she placed the box of playing cards onto of the black napkins.

“No...I think he just wondered what was up with you.”

“That’s good because I would hate for your future husband to be scared of your best friend. Now, let’s get back to my reading. Remember I only took a quick glance so some of this might not be complete yet. If I could get another look at Brock’s hands I might be able to give you a better reading.”

“I’m not sure if Brock will sit for a full reading from you. So, how about you just give me what you have now?” Jamina added a notepad and pencil next to the box of cards, Shantel placed on the table. The setup for the party was getting done faster than she thought because of Shantel’s help.

“His fingers are spatulate which means he possesses an active lifestyle. He

can also be very original and energetic with a hint of adventure to him. Sometimes he can be so full of enthusiasm that it will spill over to you and your relationship.”

Jamina stopped working and looked at Shantel across the room. “You really saw all of this about Brock from taking a peek at his hands for those few seconds. I can’t believe it. Do you think you can teach me how to do it?”

“It’s not something you can teach. You have to be born with the talent. I think I get it from my great grandmother. My mother told me that she heard her mother talking about not being born with the gift once. I was the lucky one to be blessed with the gift and I love it.”

“Alright,” Jamina replied as she finished putting the finishing touches on the room. The party people should start coming in pretty soon and she wanted to be out of here when they did. She was going to be in another part of the building working on ideas for another party just in case they needed something from her. Shantel was leaving soon because she was going on a date.

She hadn’t met the guy yet, because Shantel wanted everything to be perfect before she introduced him to anyone. Jamina was beginning to think there might be something wrong with her best friend’s mystery boyfriend.

“Where are you and Eric going tonight?” Jamina asked as she started clearing up the empty boxes off the floor.

“He’s going to cook dinner for me at his house,” Shantel answered. “I love

when he cooks for me. He's an outstanding cook."

"So, do you think he might be interested in going out on a double date with Brock and me?"

Shantel stopped cleaning up her side of the room and stared at her with a look of surprise on her face. "You want to have a double date with Eric and me? Are you sure about that?"

"Yes, I'm sure." Jamina frowned. "You're my best friend. I want to meet your boyfriend. Is there a reason I can't?"

"No, I would love for you to meet him. I just thought you were so busy with your life that you didn't have time to be interested in what was going on with me."

Grabbing the remainder of her party supplies, Jamina made her way over to Shantel. She never had a clue that Shantel felt this way. She had to make her understand that what was going on in her life was just as important as anything in hers. They had been friends for way too long and she thought that they shared everything with each other. Shantel was open with so much of her life yet she had kept this part of herself from her.

"I might talk about myself too much, but I'm always interested in what is going on with you. You listened to me talk about my past boyfriends and drool over Brock. So, why shouldn't I lend an ear to you. I do want to know what is going on with you and Eric. God, I don't even know how the two of you even got

together.”

Shantel’s face spilt into a wide grin. “I’m so glad that you said that. I have been dying to tell you about Eric, but I didn’t because you have been so preoccupied with your feelings for Brock. I wasn’t about to add what was going on with me to it.”

At that moment, Jamina felt like the worst friend in the world. Shantel was right. She hadn’t been involved with what was happening with Shantel like she should have. Well, that was going to change tonight.

“Let’s finish clearing the rest of this up. We can grab something to eat from the buffet and then find a quiet spot to eat. I have to know more about this Eric. I have never seen you this excited about a guy before.”

“I haven’t been,” Shantel confessed. “I think he could be the man I have been waiting for, but I’m just so nervous about it. I would hate to be wrong.”

“Don’t think that. Stop worrying about nothing. Let’s get out of here and we can talk.”

Jamina and Shantel quickly threw all of the boxes into the trashcan and fixed themselves a plate of food before heading toward another part of the building, so they could talk in private.

Chapter Twelve

“Doctor Garrett, are you sure that you will be able to fix my son’s ears? I know that he has been getting teased at school because they stick out too far from his head. I was hoping that it wouldn’t be that hard of a surgery for him to get. What I was worried about was his age. Tommy is only ten and I wasn’t sure if you would operate on someone so young.”

Brock smiled at the young boy who was sitting next to his mother across from his desk. He had done countless surgeries on young children pinning their ears back because they stuck out too far from their heads. It was the kind of procedure that could be done in his office without a lot of pain being involved, but the level of pain for each patient was different.

“Mrs. Levine, I shouldn’t have a problem doing the operation on Tommy’s ears. I usually tell parents that their children can have this kind of ear surgery around ten years old, so you’re bringing your son in at the perfect time. After you leave my office, my nurse will give you some pamphlets that will include some before and after pictures. You can take everything home and discuss it with the rest of your family. If you decide to go ahead with it, call back and set up an appointment with my nurse.”

“Thank you, so much for seeing us so late. I know your office is usually closed by now,” Mrs. Levine said standing up. “I had to work late and this was the only time I could come and see you about Tommy.”

“It isn’t a problem at all. I had to work late tonight anyway, so I was glad to see you. I’m hoping you decide to get the pinning surgery done. I have heard from former patients about how much it changed their lives.”

“I’m pretty sure we will, but I do want to read over the information first,” Mrs. Levine answered honestly. “Come on Tommy. We have to stop by the store and pick something up for dinner.”

Tommy got up from his seat and stood next to his mother. “Dr. Garrett, I want to have this done. So many kids pick on me at school and it hurts my feelings. I don’t have a lot of friends.”

Brock’s heart went out to the young boy in front of him. He remembered all too well getting picked on in school, because he was bigger than most of the kids and wasn’t a gifted athlete. Instead, he would rather be studying or working on a project in his science class.

Getting up from his seat, Brock came around his desk and stood in front of the young boy. “Tommy, don’t let those kids taunting you get the best of you. You seem like a very nice young man and I know things will get better.”

“How do you know?” Tommy asked, staring up at him.

“I was picked on every day when I was growing up and I made sure I never let it get the best of me.”

“Wow...you were picked on? Why?”

“I was tall at a very young age and it scared the other kids, so they picked on me because of it. It used to upset me a lot until my parents told me that there wasn't anything wrong with me. If kids had a problem with me, it was their problem... not mine.”

Tommy stared at him for a minute or two like he was trying to absorb what he just said into his ten year old mind. “I think I get it. Thanks!” He grinned.

“Thank you for telling Tommy about what happened to you. It was very sweet of you,” Mrs. Levine told him and then smiled.

“Not a problem. I hope what I said helps him.”

“I'm sure that it will. Let's go, sweetheart. We need to go.” Mrs. Levine touched Tommy on the back and then left the room closing the office door behind them.

After Mrs. Levine left with her son, Brock returned to desk and started clearing up his paperwork. He wanted to get everything together so he could go and see Jamina. It was almost time for her to be back from the party she told him about yesterday. Last night, all he could think about was having her in his arms again, so he came to a decision.

He wanted to date Jamina exclusively.

He wasn't interested in finding any other woman out there to get to know or date. Jamina had caught his attention the second he saw her, and he knew his feelings weren't about to change. They shared a hot chemistry. He always believed that chemistry was the kind of reaction that couldn't be created between two people; in addition, it couldn't make someone physically attracted to you.

Brock knew with Jamina he wouldn't go through the usual uncertainty stage when it came to dating. He wouldn't have to wonder if Jamina was right for him or his family. She fit in perfectly with Ashlei and he was getting more and more drawn to her with every moment they spent together.

Anytime they had a conversation with each other it was light and never weighted down by a lot of stuff and Jamina was such a positive influence on Ashlei. She constantly encouraged his daughter to be better and never criticized her when she didn't get something right the first time.

"I'm getting way ahead of myself," Brock said. "I have only been on one date with Jamina and I'm already planning our future. I need to see where her head is when it comes to us. She might want to take things a lot slower than me."

However, he knew he could make her happier than any other man, and he would do anything in his power to prove that to her.

Chapter Thirteen

“I’m so glad that you were—” but Jamina was cut off mid-sentence as Brock captured her mouth in a searing kiss. Walking inside, he slammed the front door closed and wrapped his arms around her waist yanking her closer to his body.

His hands made a path down her body cupping her tight ass in his big, strong hands. With a soft groan she raised her arms and wrapped them around Brock’s shoulders pulling him fully against her chest. The tip of his tongue licked at the top of her lips until she opened her mouth allowing it to slip its way inside.

They got caught up in learning each other’s taste, as lips and tongues blended together, until Brock broke the kiss and nibbled at the side of her neck with his sharp teeth sending a flood of moisture into her already damp panties.

Hunger mingled with clawing need formed in the pit of Jamina’s stomach and inched its way through her body making her want to strip Brock out of his clothes. Her hands eased from his shoulders and started undoing the first button on his white shirt. She *had* to touch him. The need to feel his warm, hot flesh against her palms was driving her crazy.

Jamina ran her nails over the thick chest hair that covered his damp flesh and almost ripped his shirt completely off when she felt his cock grow even harder

and longer against her stomach. She was dying to get Brock between the sheets.

“God, I’m dying to be with you,” Brock growled against the side of her neck.
“You are driving me crazy.”

No...this was going way too fast. Jamina peeked at Brock from underneath her lashes and noticed he was trying to get his breathing under control. She couldn’t jump into this with Brock. He might not be looking for the same thing she was and she didn’t have a child to think about like he did. Maybe it would be for the best if they stopped things now before they got anymore out of control.

Just because she was feelings intense emotions for him didn’t mean Brock was experiencing the same thing for her. It was going to be hard for her to shut off her attraction to the handsome man still touching her, yet she had to find a way to do it.

“I think we should stop,” Jamina said moving around Brock’s body. She hated to do this, but it had to be done. She wasn’t going to be the only one who wanted more than an intense night of pleasure.

“You’re right,” Brock agreed running his fingers through his hair. “We were supposed to talk when I decided to come over here not rip each other’s clothes off.”

“Brock, I’m not talking about stopping what just happened. I’m talking about bringing to a halt us trying to date each other. I think you’re looking for a

different kind of woman than I can give you.”

Jamina watched as Brock’s thick eyebrow raised a fraction over his darkened eyes. “No, you aren’t going to back out now after giving me a taste of you. You are the kind of woman I have been searching for and if you are thinking about getting rid of me then forget it.”

“I’m not the type of man to give up on what I want. Now, I have to leave because Mrs. Hook is waiting for me. However, I will be expecting you at my house tomorrow for dinner and I’m not taking no for an answer.”

Before she could say anything, Brock yanked her back into his arms and planted a possessive kiss on her mouth. But he broke off the kiss just as she was about to get into it. “See you tomorrow, gorgeous.” He opened the door and walked out closing it softly behind him.

Chapter Fourteen

“Where’s Ashlei?” Jamina asked the next night after Brock had taken her jacket and hung it up inside the closet. She thought this was going to be a dinner with the three of them. She was looking forward to seeing Ashlei tonight. She wanted to know how she was coming along with her motions and jumps. She hoped the video was helping her with her weaknesses.

“She took that video you made her over to her best friend’s house to practice her cheers, so it will be just the two of us,” Brock said, kissing the back of her neck. “Damn, you smell so good.”

“I try my best,” Jamina moaned as Brock’s teeth nibbled at her ear. “You don’t have to try too hard because you are so perfect just as you are.”

She felt a warm glow flow through her at Brock’s comment. She had taken a little longer to get ready tonight hoping that Brock would notice and he did. Tonight, she wasn’t going to think about anything else but having a good time with Brock. She had wanted this date for a while and now that she finally had it. She wasn’t about to ruin it for anything in the world.

“You know that flattery will get you everywhere when it comes to me,” Jamina joked moving away from Brock.

“That’s a good thing to know since I want to go so many places with you.” Brock grabbed her by the hand and escorted her into the living room. “The food is still in the oven, so why don’t we talk for a while. I want to get to know more about you.”

Brock took a seat on the sofa and pulled her down next to him. “Tell me what made you decide to become a cheerleading coach? Was it something that you have always wanted to do or where you just thrust into it?”

“I loved being a cheerleader while I was in school. It gave me so much happiness, in addition to making me feel like I was a part of something good. When I cheered and looked up in the stands and saw people doing what I did, a huge sense of power came over me. I loved having that feeling, so I decided to give it to other girls too. I hope that I have over the years.”

“I don’t know about the other girls you have coached, but Ashlei loves what you are teaching her. Sometimes at dinner I can’t get a word in because she is constantly talking about you. I think you are her role model.”

“She shouldn’t want me as her role model.” Jamina corrected. “I haven’t done anything really special to be considered that by anyone.”

“Jamina, you’re a beautiful, sweet and intelligent woman. I’m glad that my daughter looks up to you. I have to confess that I have grown quite fond of you myself,” Brock whispered as he leaned closer and kissed her.

Easing her down on the cushions, Brock covered her body with his without breaking the kiss. Jamina wanted to take things slower with Brock, but every time she was around him all she could think about was finding the nearest bed and having her way with him.

She shouldn't be thinking about him like that, but she couldn't help it. He was so damn hot! No, she could fight this and get them back in the right direction. Placing her hands on Brock's powerful chest, Jamina started to push him away, but her calm was shattered when his tongue slipped between her lips and licked at side of her mouth.

The intimate touch of his tongue sent tiny shivers of desire racing through her entire body as she ran her fingers through Brock's thick hair. She wasn't going to fight this any longer, so she gave in to what she wanted to do. She kissed Brock with all the passion she had been feeling for the past few weeks. Jamina didn't know how long she was lost in Brock's kiss until she felt the kiss slowly coming to an end.

Raising his mouth from hers, he gazed into her eyes. "You are the most flawless woman I have ever laid eyes on. I have wanted to be with you like this since the first day you walked through my front door."

"I have wanted this too," Jamina confessed, tracing his full bottom lip. "You just make my body burn to be closer to yours, but this is so wrong. We shouldn't

be doing this. You're my employer. I was hired to work with your daughter, not seduce you on the living room furniture."

Trailing his hand down her chest, he cupped her right breast in the palm of his hand. Slowly, he teased her nipple with the pad of his thumb until her body was squirming underneath his. "Does it look like I'm complaining at all about the position that we are in? I love getting to know you better. I think this is better than anything either of us could have thought of."

The touch of his hand on her body was a delicious sensation. It was demanding that she do something in return to show him how much she loved it. Jamina slowly undid the buttons on Brock's shirt until it was entirely open. The sight of his wonderfully thick chest hair made her already racing pulse kick up another notch.

"I think it's so sexy when a man has chest hair. It adds a little extra sexiness to him." Jamina ran her nails lightly through the hair on Brock's chest and smiled when a low groan escaped from between his lips.

"Baby, you don't know what you're doing to me." The last of his words were smothered against the side of her neck.

"Why don't you tell me?" she whispered.

"I can do better than that," Brock said as he got off her body and stood next to the couch.

“What are you going to do?”

“Show you.” Picking her up, Brock swung her up into his arms. “Are you ready for that?”

“More than you will ever know,” Jamina said, looking Brock directly in his indigo eyes.

Brock gave her a swift kiss on the mouth and then carried her upstairs. Walking down the long hallway, he strolled through the partially opened door and laid her gently down on the bed. “You look better on my bed than I thought you would. I could get used to seeing you like this.”

“I never thought I would get here.” Jamina leaned back on the bed and took in her surroundings. Brock’s room was done in rich browns and black enhancing the slight dark brooding part of his personality.

She liked how she felt so at home in Brock’s personal space-like she was meant to be here with him. However, she barely had time to think about anything else before Brock was pulling down the top of her red dress exposing her breasts. The cool air made her nipples hardened instantly in the room.

Jamina noticed the hungry desire-filled look in Brock’s eyes and it made her even hotter to think of having him buried deep inside of her. Dropping his head, he sucked the tips of both nipples before sucking one into the hot recesses of his mouth. She shut her eyes and got lost in the sensations Brock was causing in her

body.

“Please don’t stop,” she begged shamelessly pressing Brock’s head closer to her chest.

He let go of her damp nipple and moved on to the other one giving it the same amount of attention as he slowly stripped her body out of the dress until she was lying naked beneath his clothed body.

“I could look at you for the rest of the night,” Brock confessed against her damp skin as he removed his mouth from her breasts.

“I’m praying that you do more than look at me.” Jamina pushed the shirt off Brock’s wide shoulders and dropped it on the floor next to the bed. “Because I know that I want to do more than look at your tasty body for the rest of the night,” she exclaimed.

“I said that I could look at you for the rest of the night not that I would,” Brock corrected as his hand slipped between their bodies and he eased a finger inside her wetness.

“Oh God,” she screamed out as Brock worked his magic on her body. She couldn’t remember the last time something had felt so good. She never wanted this to stop. She could stay like this forever.

“Do you like that, sweetheart? Do you feel how your body is latching on to my finger? Just think how it will feel once I have my cock deep inside of you,”

Brock murmured as he eased another finger inside her tightness. It had been a while since she had been with a man and having Brock's fingers inside of her felt so naughty.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Jamina whimpered.

"Doing what, gorgeous?" Pulling his fingers from her body, Brock's eyes connected with hers as he slowly licked them clean. "I swear you taste better than any meal I had planned on cooking."

"If you don't stop teasing me, I swear I'll get up and leave."

"Am I teasing you?" Brock planted a kiss on her mouth and then reluctantly rolled off her body. He stood up and quickly stripped out of the rest of his clothes until he was naked as she was.

Jamina honestly tried not to stare at the hunk in front of her, but that would have been nearly impossible. Brock's body was sculptured with his washboard stomach, long, thick legs that were dusted lightly with hair a shade lighter than the hair on his head. However, the part she couldn't take her eyes off of was his beautifully formed cock. It was long, thick with a perfect mushroom shaped head. She noticed a drop of moisture at the tip and she ran her tongue along the seam of her top lip.

She couldn't find one flaw with Brock's body. It looked like he spent hours in the gym to stay in shape like this instead of hours in the operating room

correcting people's flaws. Sitting up on the bed, she inched her way towards Brock until she could place one hand in the center of his chest running her fingers through the hair and pinching his nipples.

A low masculine groan erupted from the man in front of her and she glanced up. Jamina found Brock staring at her with a promise of payback in his gorgeous eyes. She winked at him and then got back to what she was doing.

Taking her index finger, she traced it lightly over Brock's six-pack enjoying how his stomach muscles tensed with her touch. It gave her such power to know she could affect him like this. It proved that the attraction she felt for him wasn't one sided. He was drawn to her as much as she was to him.

"You better stop doing that or I'm going to toss your cute ass back on my bed and bury my cock deep inside of you."

"If you can't handle the heat then you better stay out of the kitchen," Jamina whispered as she brushed her thumb over the tip of his erection.

"That's it!" Brock shouted as he gently pushed her back down on the bed. "I'm done with all of this playing around." He moved away from her for a second. Opening the drawer next to his bed, he pulled out a foil covered package, ripped it open and rolled it over his thick erection.

"Are you ready for me?" Brock asked as he came back over to her and spread her legs as far apart as they would go. "I have to be honest. This might be a little

fast and rough this time, but I swear I'll make it up to you next time.”

Jamina didn't care about the next time. All she wanted was for Brock to be deep inside of her with his talented mouth pressed against hers. “I'm not going to break. Give me all that you got and I can promise you that I'll be ready for more.”

Chapter Fifteen

Brock thought he had died and gone to heaven. Jamina was offering him everything he wanted and he wasn't about to be dumb enough to turn her down. He had been thinking of ways to get her into his bed for weeks now and here was his chance.

He couldn't help but love how good she looked spread out on his bed like a ready-made treat and all he had to do was find the sticky center. His cock throbbed and grew another inch at the thought of finally being connected in the most primal way with Jamina. She had been driving him up the wall these past few weeks with her tight T-shirts and ass hugging shorts. She knew better than to be wearing outfits like that around a man who hasn't been with a woman in years.

"Are you ready baby?" Brock asked as he covered Jamina's body with his. Yeah, it had been a while for him, but he didn't want to hurt her by ramming his cock right into her. He would only get pleasure if Jamina got something from tonight. It wasn't all about him it was about the two of them getting lost in each other.

"Yes," she whispered, softly.

Brock slowly eased the tip of his erection inside of Jamina's tight wetness

and almost came right then and there because she felt so *perfect*. It was like going home and her fine ass body was just made for him and no other man in the world. He wanted to say so many things to Jamina, yet he wanted them to mean something. Not empty words or a memorized line that a guy usually used to get a woman into his bed. Jamina was too unique for that. She was beginning to fill a part of his heart that he thought would remain empty for the rest of his life.

“Is it too much for you to handle?” Brock asked as he fed Jamina more of his cock until he was all the way in.

“No, I want more,” she begged pulling at his hips. “I have been thinking about this ever since I heard your voice on the phone.”

A cocky smile touched to the corner of Brock’s mouth. Women have been coming on to him for years, but none of them had ever said that his voice made them want to sleep with him. Jamina was in a class all by herself when it came to those words.

“Let’s see if I can do better than the sinful thoughts you have been having about me.” Grabbing Jamina by the hips, Brock eased his cock halfway out of her and then thrust back in drawing a low moan from her.

The soft sound of Jamina feeling intense pleasure from what he was doing sent Brock into frenzy. He captured her wrists in his hand and held them down beside her head while he steadily pumped inside her welcoming wet body. He was

so caught up in Jamina and the mind blowing way she was making him feel that he barely felt her wrapping her toned legs around his waist.

“Yes...God...yes,” she cried out as she raised her hips to meet him thrust for thrust.

“Do you want to come for me, Jamina?” Brock asked, as he moved his head licking at her pebble hard nipples. “Do you want to show me how good I’m making you feel?”

“Please...” She whimpered.

“Please, what, baby?” Brock asked as he slowly released her wrists and traced his left index finger around one of her nipples.

“Stop torturing me and let me come.”

“I’ll let you have anything you want, sweetheart.” Brock rocked his rock hard erection in and out of Jamina a few more times before the earth-shattering orgasm he had been waiting for took over them.

Their combined sounds of ecstasy echoed through the house as Brock’s body gave away and he fell on top of Jamina’s softer body beneath his. Right at this moment, he didn’t know where he started and she ended. All he could think about was finding a way to keep this beautiful woman with him for the rest of his life.



Jamina snuggled closer to Brock’s warm chest allowing herself to get lost in

the afterglow of being with him. She had never experienced anything like tonight in her entire life. Brock brought a side out in her that she never knew she had. She loved being with him and hoped it would happen again very soon. She had developed a craving for the man next to her, and no one else, but him, would be able to fulfill it. As soon as that thought left her mind another entered causing her to jump up in the bed.

“Oh my God...” she uttered.

“Baby, what is it?” Brock asked, sitting up in the bed next to her.

“The dinner you fixed is ruined. I completely forget about it.”

“It’s okay. Dinner isn’t ruined.”

“Yes, it is. You told me it was in the oven when I got here and well we kind of got sidetracked and never got to it.”

“I have a confession,” Brock whispered by her ear as he kissed the side of her neck.

Turning her head, Jamina stared at Brock wondering what he was going to tell her. “What kind of confession, Mr. Garrett? Am I going to like what you’re about to tell me?”

“I never cooked us any dinner.”

“What?” Jamina exclaimed hitting Brock on the shoulder. “You mean you invited me over here with only one purpose in mind and that was to get me into

your bed. What would you have done if I turned your advances down? What would we have eaten for dinner?”

“I guess I don’t have to worry about that now since your hot little body is wrapped up in the sheets with me,” Brock growled. “Since we have already had dinner I know that I’m ready for dessert. What about you?”

“Is it fattening?” Jamina asked as she pushed Brock back down on the bed. “You know that I have to watch my weight.”

“I can promise you that you will lose way more calories than you will gain with the dessert I have in mind,” he murmured pulling her head down for a kiss.

Chapter Sixteen

Jamina tried her best to keep her eyes closed, but she couldn't. The warm rays of the sun as it shined through the crack in the curtains inside Brock's bedroom. She hadn't planned on staying the night here, but every time she tried to leave he would find ways to make her stay.

"Good morning, gorgeous," Brock's warm breath whispered by her ear.

"Good m..." The rest of her sentence was cut off by a loud knock on the door.

"Daddy, are you in there?" Ashlei yelled through the door. "Have you seen Ms. Madison? I saw her car parked outside, but I can't find her inside the house. Can I come in?"

"Oh God," Jamina hissed as she tried to get up out of the bed, but Brock pushed her back down and wrapped his arm around her waist. "What is your problem? Ashlei can't find me in here with you. What would she think?"

"Calm down. I got up and locked the bedroom door last night while you were sleep. Ashlei can't come in on us."

"Daddy, are you listening to me?" Ashlei yelled again, making Jamina more nervous than she already was.

"Let me go, so I can get dressed. I need to get out of here."

“Not yet. I’m not ready for you to leave,” Brock said. “Let me handle this. I promise you that everything will be okay.”

Jamina watched as Brock got out of the bed. She couldn’t help but admire how tight his ass was as he redressed in the clothes he had on last night and then made his way towards the bedroom door. “Now unless you want her to see you, I suggest that you throw the covers over you while I open this door.”

Snatching the covers from the foot of the bed, Jamina got her body covered just before Brock unlocked his bedroom door. She tried to lie perfectly still as he talked to Ashlei.

“Ashlei, I thought Giada’s mother was going to take you to school this morning? What are you doing here?” Brock asked.

“I forgot my English book and I had to come home to get it,” Ashlei answered. “Is Ms. Madison here? I can’t find her anywhere? I want to talk to her about a new cheer I wrote last night. I think she will love it.”

“You like Jamina a lot. Don’t you, honey?”

“Yes, she’s the coolest person that I know. Do you know where she is?”

“Jamina is at home,” Brock answered.

“Why is her car outside if she is at home?” Ashlei questioned, confused.

“She came over here last night to talk to me about some extra cheerleading lessons for you. When she was ready to leave her car wouldn’t start, so I had to

give her a ride back home.”

“Oh, I thought she was here. I really wanted to see her. I guess I have to wait until Monday.”

“Monday isn’t that far away. Today is Friday, so it will be here before you know it,” Brock exclaimed. “Don’t forget we are going to the park tomorrow. You can rollerblade while we are there. I’ll fix us a picnic to take with us.”

“Daddy, do you think Ms. Madison might want to come with us? I know she told me that she was busy with work, but maybe you can call and see if she can take a break.”

“I’ll be sure to call and ask her while you are at school. Now you better go. I’m assuming that Giada’s mother is waiting for you outside.”

“Yes, she is,” Ashlei replied. “I love you daddy.”

“Love you too, sweetheart.” Brock stood in the bedroom doorway and watched as Ashlei raced back down the stairs. He didn’t close his bedroom door until he heard the front door slam shut.

Closing the door, he relocked it and then stripped out of his clothes rejoining Jamina between the rumpled sheets on his bed. “Did you hear how fond my daughter is of you?” he asked pulling the covers off the sexy woman’s body next to him. “I told you she thinks the world of you.”

“I think the world of her too,” Jamina admitted, snuggling closer to him.

“She’s a very sweet girl. Most girls at that age don’t want to be seen with their daddies and an old cheerleading coach.”

“First, you aren’t old at all. You’re very enticing to a man I should know, because you’re a temptation to me each and every day.”

“Oh, if you keep talking like that you just might get breakfast in bed,” Jamina grinned wrapping her arms around Brock’s neck.

“I have never been a man to turn down breakfast in bed,” Brock murmured as he stared into the eyes of the woman he was falling in love with.

Chapter Seventeen

“Do I have to even ask where you were last night and early this morning?” Shantel inquired sitting next to her on the ground. “I called you last night to invite you out to dinner with me and Eric, but I didn’t get an answer. So, I called again this morning and I got the same thing. Can I make a guess and say you were playing doctor with the handsome plastic surgeon?”

Jamina pulled up the weeds from around her rosebush trying to ignore the nosy woman to the left of her. She still wanted to remember how good it felt to wake up with Brock next to her in bed last night and early this morning. It was far better than any mystery man that she used to dream about.

“Answer me or I might be forced to read your palm. I don’t care how dirty it might be at the moment.” Shantel pouted.

“I’m wearing gloves, so my hands aren’t dirty,” Jamina laughed waving her glove covered hand in Shantel’s face.

“You know what I mean.” Shantel brushed her hand out of her face and then crossed her arms over her breasts. “Did you finally get freaky with that hunky doctor of yours?”

A knowing smile, spread across Jamina’s face, as she pulled off her gloves

and tossed them in the gardening toolbox behind her. She wanted to keep her five-star night to herself as long as possible, but with Shantel around that wasn't going to be an option.

“Yes.”

“Oh, I want to hear all about it,” Shantel screamed. “Was it as good as you hoped it would be?”

“Shantel, it was twenty times better than I could have ever imagined it,” Jamina sighed. “Brock worked my body so well last night that I forgot all about even coming home. I could have spent the rest of the day at his house, but he was scheduled for surgery. I didn't know a man could move his body the way Brock did last night.”

Jamina's panties grew damp just thinking about being with Brock again. He was absolutely the best lover she'd ever had. Not that she had been with a lot of men, but the ones she had didn't compare with Brock at all. They were all still back in the land of the beginners and he was teaching the masters classes seven days a week.

“I know that look. I have seen it on my face after a night with Eric,” Shantel grinned at her. “Brock really laid it on you good last night. I'm so glad that you finally got some. I was beginning to worry about you, because you know that if you don't use it. You will lose it.”

“Come on, it hasn’t been that long since I slept with a man,” Jamina denied.

“I think the last time you got laid Bill Clinton was still in office.”

“That is such a lie. I have been with someone since then I know I have.” She knew it had been a while since a man had been in her bed, but not that damn long.

“Really...then tell me who you have been with?”

Jamina took a couple of minutes to think before she finally came up with an answer. “Justin...I slept with Justin. I know that was after Clinton wasn’t in office.”

“Nope... you slept with Justin before Bill was president. You can try again, but you won’t be able to think of anyone. I’m telling you that you were way overdue for the mattress dance.”

She was astonished to realize that Shantel was right. Damn. Had she really gotten so caught up with work that she forgot all about getting with a guy? No wonder she was so into Brock and what happened between them last night. She knew there was something special about him from the very beginning. Her heart swelled with a feeling she had thought was long since dead and it felt good. She was falling in love with Brock. Now, the question was, what was she going to do about it?

A slight fear settled in the middle of her chest at the thought. Had they reached a point in their relationship where she should be thinking about this? Sure,

she'd had the best sex of her life last night with Brock, but that didn't mean he was ready to put a ring on her finger.

Brock had never whispered words of love to her last night that was an undeniable fact. She shouldn't move so far ahead and just stay in the present without allowing the future to enter her mind. She had learned a long time ago not to think or plan for her future, but to take each day as it comes. Life seemed to work out better for her that way. Why rush things? She and Brock weren't in any hurry with their relationship and the more time they took the better off they both would be.

"Don't you dare do that," Shantel said, tapping her on the shoulder. "I can see the wheels spinning in your head.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Jamina retorted as she got up off the ground and picked up her gardening box. "I wasn't thinking about anything."

"Girl, you know better than to lie to me. You were plotting a way to keep from falling in love with Brock knowing that you are already half way there. Another night like you had last night and you might be moving in with the good doctor. I have never seen you smile so much. I bet the next thing that will happen is, Brock will invite you to spend some time with him and Ashlei."

"Brock has already invited me to spend some quality time with him and Ashlei. We are going on a picnic in the park tomorrow. I'm very excited about it."

Jamina admitted. "I really like Ashlei. I hope she doesn't mind that I'm hanging out with her father."

"Hanging out with her father," Shantel laughed. "Are you going back in time to the 90's? I don't think people say hanging out anymore and besides you are doing more than spending time with Dr. Hunk. You are doing the nasty. I'm so proud of you."

"God, sometimes I wonder why I keep you as my friend." Rolling her eyes, Jamina made her way toward her back door. "I know I can find someone else out there who is less crazy than you."

"You probably could, but can you honestly tell me there is someone else who will listen to Billy Idol with you? I still can't believe you have his greatest hits CD."

"Hey, I can't help if a part of me is a rocker chick at heart? I like what I like. I did my first cheer to a Billy Idol song and I have been hooked on him every since. What can I say?"

"You actually cheered to a Billy Idol song?" Shantel asked shocked. "God... which one? I can see you jumping around to *Mickey*. It has to be a classic when it comes to cheerleading songs, but I can't think of one Billy Idol song that would ever fit a cheer."

"*Cradle of Love*," Jamina confessed. "I loved that song. Hell, I still listen to it."

"You weren't cheering to that song, my friend. You were probably dancing

around in your underwear like the girl in the video. I remember that song and the video because I thought Billy looked kind of hot in it.”

Spinning back around, Jamina pointed her finger at Shantel. “See, I knew you were a closet Billy fan,” she grinned.

“I never said that; however, I will admit that I did like the little lip thing he could do. It made me wonder what he could do with the rest of his mouth.”

“Lord, does Eric know you have such a dirty mind?”

“Yes, he does. Why do you think he goes out with me?” Shantel giggled, “and if you hang around me long enough Brock will love the same thing about you.”

Chapter Eighteen

“You really made Ashlei’s day by coming here with us. I don’t recall the last time I saw my daughter this happy,” Brock confessed as he wrapped his arms around her waist pulling her against his chest.

“Are you sure that you should be doing that?” Jamina asked, tapping Brock on his bare arm. “Ashlei might see us and get some ideas.”

“I think she already has ideas about us. I believe she’s hoping that we will start dating each other. She asked me a few weeks ago if I liked you or not.”

“What did you tell her?” Jamina watched a couple of Robins digging for worms over by a tree in the park as she waited for Brock’s answer. She knew what she wanted the response to be, but she wasn’t going to get ahead of herself.

“I told her the truth that I liked you a lot,” he breathed by her ear. “I hope I proved how much I like you last night. I was hoping I could give you a repeat performance tonight if you don’t mind.”

“Do you think it’s okay for me to be spending the night with you? What would Ashlei think about it?” She was dying to spend another night at Brock’s, but she just couldn’t act on her needs. Brock did have a daughter that she had to consider first.

Ashlei might love her as her cheerleading coach, but she might not be too fond of her having a sleep over with her daddy. It had been the two of them for so many years. She would hate to cause a rift between father and daughter.

“Honey, Ashlei is a very intelligent little girl and she knows about sex. I had the talk with her last year, so she knows what’s going on between us already.”

“WHAT!” Spinning around, Jamina stared at Brock with her mouth opened. How in the world did Brock’s twelve year old daughter know she was sleeping with her daddy?

“How does she know about us?”

“Do you really think she believed the story I told her yesterday morning when you were in my bed? Ashlei is too smart for that, but she was nice enough not to say anything while you were hiding in there.”

Dropping her head into her hands, Jamina groaned underneath her breath “I have never been so embarrassed in my life. Now that is all Ashlei will be thinking about while I’m coaching her. Maybe I should get her a new coach. I know of a couple of people that I can call.”

“Don’t you dare do that,” Brock uttered. “Ashlei would be so hurt if you stopped being her coach. I believe she likes that I have a girlfriend now. She thinks it will keep me from working some much.”

“When did I agree to be your girlfriend, because I never heard you even ask

me?” Jamina raised her eyes to find Brock watching her with tenderness and passion brimming in his dark blue eyes.

“Honey, I would have never made love to you if I wasn’t thinking of you as someone important to me. I don’t sleep around to fulfill a need. I made love to you because you I saw an intimacy in you that could make me let my guard down. I knew you were right for me. It was just that clear and simple.”

The underlying sensuality of his words captivated and shocked her. No man has ever spoken to her like that before and she honestly didn’t know how to respond. Brock was in a class all by himself. Usually she wasn’t fond of dating because it was awkward, painful and uncomfortable, but she didn’t get those things from him. Shantel might be right after all. Brock could be the one for her.

“That has to be the sweetest thing anyone has ever said to me,” Jamina exclaimed as she leaned closer to Brock and then kissed him.

Slipping his hand through her hair, he deepened the kiss by slipping his tongue between her lips sending that familiar pool of moisture into her underwear. “I wish we were somewhere else, so I could show you how much I want you,” Brock breathed against her swollen lips.

“Whew, daddy, will you stop making out in the middle of the park. People are staring at you and Ms. Madison,” Ashlei complained, falling down on the blanket next to him. “I’m hungry. Can we eat now?”

“I’m hungry too,” Brock said staring into Jamina’s eyes.

“This isn’t the time or place for what you need to feed your hunger.” Jamina said, softly easing away from him.

“Can we take care of my hunger later?”

“Yes...later, if we get a chance and if not tonight then we’ll do it another day.”

“Oh...I can promise you it will happen tonight.”

“Daddy, will you please stop flirting with Ms. Madison and get the food out. I want to eat and then rollerblade one more time before we leave,” Ashlei complained.

“I’m sorry, baby girl. I’ll get the food now.” Brock gave Jamina one last heated look before he opened the picnic basket.

Jamina was out of her mind if she thought she wasn’t going to be spending the night with him, Brock thought as he grabbed a couple of sandwiches and drinks for the two most important women in his life.

Chapter Nineteen

After getting talked into staying for dinner instead of going back home after her picnic with Brock and Ashlei, Jamina was downstairs in the living room sipping a glass of wine while Brock locked up the house. Ashlei had gone to bed over an hour ago, so she was pretty sure Brock's daughter was sound asleep by now. However, she was still thinking about going home instead of spending the night like Brock wanted.

"Hey gorgeous, what are you thinking about?" Brock asked as he joined her on the floor.

"I was thinking about heading on home while it was still early," Jamina answered, honestly. "I had a wonderful time with you and Ashlei today. I loved being with the two of you at the park."

"We enjoyed you being there too. I loved seeing how happy Ashlei was. I caught her looking at us a couple of times while she was rollerblading. I believe she likes that we are dating now."

"Do you like it?"

"Oh, sweetheart, I like it more than you will ever know. You fit in so perfectly with us. I can't remember a time when I would rather stay at home in bed

instead of going to work, but the other day you brought that out in me.”

“Is that the reason you want me to spend the night, so you can play hooky from work tomorrow?” Jamina teased as she placed her half-empty glass down on the table next to them.

“Jamina, I want you to stay with me so I can get another chance to love that gorgeous body of yours.” Leaning towards her, Brock nibbled at the side of her neck while his hand slid between her jean clad thighs. “You know you want to stay as much as I want you to.” Slowly, his hand moved up her body until it was beneath her light T-shirt stroking her navel.

“It’s too dark outside for you to be driving home. I would be so worried about you. Now if you stay here I can tuck you into bed where you will be nice and safe with me.”

“All you want to do with me is tuck me into bed...nothing else?” Jamina inquired as she leaned back on her elbows.

“Sweetheart...of course I want to do more than that. I’m dying to strip you naked and lick every inch of your body until I get my fill. Are you ready for what I want?” Getting up off her body, Brock stood up and held out his hand silently waiting for her to agree or turn him down.

She had been waiting for Brock all of her life and wasn’t aware of it until now. He was the reason she had stopped dating all the losers who had tried

getting with her over the years with their horrible pick up lines and stupid jokes. None of them completed her body, mind and soul like Brock. She didn't have to think twice about what she was going to do.

"Yes, I'm ready." Reaching out, Jamina placed her smaller hand into Brock's larger one allowing him to pull her up off the floor.

"I can promise you after spending another night in my bed you won't ever want to go back home again," Brock vowed, as he swung Jamina up in his arms and carried her out of the room.



Upstairs in his bedroom, Brock gently laid Jamina down on his bed like she was the most precious gift in the world. He wanted everything to be perfect this time when they made love, so Jamina would know how much he loved her. He cared about her so much; because, she showed he and Ashlei such unconditional love and it touched him deeply.

She was going to be the perfect wife and mother. All he needed to do, was get everything set up and propose to her. He knew that Jamina might be taken aback because they hadn't been dating that long, but he was head over heels in love with her already and couldn't wait until they started their lives together.

"You are the most stunning woman I have ever seen," Brock complimented as he slowly removed her shirt and bra. "Today at the park, I saw how the other

men were envious of me for being with you and I hate to say that I loved it.”

“I noticed the same thing when it came to the women there. I actually thought a few were going to come over and say something to you.”

“What would you have done if they had?”

“I would have told those heifers to get lost and leave my man alone. I don’t play when it comes to the man in my life. If I’m dating you, then you are the only man in my bed.”

“That’s good to hear, because I would kill any other man if he even thought about making love to you. You’re mine and for anyone who doesn’t know it I’ll be damn happy to tell them,” Brock growled as he stripped Jamina out of her pants and skimpy red underwear.

“Have I told you how good you smell?” Leaning towards her, he breathed in her scent and then his whole face spread into a devilish grin. “I swear I can’t get enough of you.”

“You can have me as many times as you want, because I only want you,” Jamina purred running her tongue across her bottom lip. Why was Brock talking so much when all she wanted him to do was live up to his promise from downstairs? She was a patient woman, but hell she was dying from lust here and Brock wasn’t even trying to satisfy her needs.

“God, if you keep talking to me like that I’m bound to come right in my

pants instead of your tight body.”

“I have a suggestion how to fix that problem.” Getting on her knees, Jamina slowly crawled across the bed until she was in front of Brock. Rising up, she grabbed the hem of his shirt and moved it up his stomach, over his well-defined chest and then over his head tossing it somewhere on the floor. “You need to take off these clothes and make love to me for the rest of the night.”

Just as she was about to reach for Brock’s belt, he brushed her hand out of the way. “Let me do this.”

“If you insist, but I get to have my fun later.”

“I swear to you that I’ll let you do anything you want, sweetheart.” Moving away from his bed and the sexy sight of Jamina positioned there naked waiting for him, Brock quickly kicked off his shoes and got out of the rest of his clothing. All this talking and flirting was becoming too much for him. He needed to be inside of his woman. It was killing him to think of how good she felt and not be snuggled deep inside her welcoming warmth.

Wrapping his hand around his cock, Brock moved it up and down trying to relieve some of the ache. He didn’t want to get inside of Jamina and not be able to perform to the fullest of his ability. He wanted his pleasure, but having Jamina get hers first was his most important goal. Nothing else mattered except Jamina and her finding her ultimate pleasure with him.

“Hey, don’t leave me here wanting what you have your hand wrapped around,” Jamina pouted, staring at his rock hard erection. “I thought I was supposed to get blessed with that tonight.”

“Have you been good enough today to deserve this?” Brock ran his thumb across the head of his erection making it moist with his own pre-cum.

“Let me show you how good I have been.”

Inching back across his bed, Jamina stopped mere inches from him and his breath caught in the back of his throat. Taking his hand away from his cock, she stared at his dripping thumb before licking it with the tip of her tongue and then drawing it completely into her hot little mouth.

He shouted in pleasure when Jamina sucked at his thumb like it was another part of his anatomy. He could have stayed like this all night now, but he wanted to be inside of Jamina tonight and that hadn’t happened yet.

“Baby, you have to stop or I won’t be able to make it,” he eased his finger out of Jamina’s mouth and then pushed her back on the bed covering her body with his. “I’m supposed to be pleasing you tonight. Not the other way around.”

“I remember what you said, but I was only trying to help you get there faster. What is a girl to do when she dying for her man to make love to her? I just can’t take it when you are near me like this but you aren’t making me feel good.”

“I apologize let me fix that right now.”

His mouth covered hers hungrily and the kiss sent spirals of ecstasy through her entire body setting it on fire. The strong hardness of his lips dominated hers and a part of her loved how Brock took control of the situation.

Parting her lips, she allowed the entrance of Brock's tongue into her mouth. He moved his mouth over hers devouring any self-doubt she may have had about him and his true feelings towards her. Giving herself freely to the passion of his kiss, Jamina was shocked at her inhibition when it came to Brock's touch.

Raising his mouth from hers, he gazed into her eyes. "I'm never going to be able to let you go. I want you in my life for as long as I can have you."

"I wasn't planning on going anywhere."

Reclaiming her lips, Brock crushed her to him turning their bodies so he was on his back and she was lying on top of his chest. "I want you to ride me because I want to see you beautiful breasts bounce while we make love this time." Lifting her up, Brock slid her down on this throbbing erection until her legs were on the side of his hips. "Shit, baby, you are so snug. It's like going home." Brock's hand tightened on her waist as she got reacquainted to feel of him buried inside of her. He felt so much deeper this away.

"I know and you feel so thick," Jamina moaned as she slid slowly up his eight and a half inches and then came back down. She was riding him so perfectly that Brock clenched his back teeth together to keep from screaming out.

Placing her small palms in the center of his chest, Jamina moved her body up his erection until only the tip was left inside her wetness. “Do you like this? Am I making it hot for you?”

He withdrew one of his hands from her waist and ran the tip of his fingernail over her nipple before cupping the entire breast in his palm. “You know damn well what you are doing to me,” Brock groaned. “I’m trying to be patient, but if you keep up with these teasing little games I will have to take over. I can be patient for only so long.”

“Sorry baby,” Jamina whispered before she wiggled her hips sinking his cock fully back into her heat.

“I can’t take it anymore!” Flipping them over, Brock angled his body over Jamina’s and pumped his cock into her like he wasn’t ever going to get enough of her tight sheath. Dropping his head, he drew as much of her plump breasts into his mouth as he could and sucked hard.

“Oh...God...yes!” She cried out shoving her fingers through his hair.

The bed creaked under his movements, but at the moment he didn’t care because he was too caught up in getting Jamina to come all over his cock. Brock let go of Jamina’s breast and caught her eyes with his. The desire burning in them almost made him come right there, but he had to let her get there first.

“Baby, are you ready to come for me?”

“Yes!”

“Then let’s come together show me how much you love this.” Wrapping one of her legs around his lean hips, Brock continued his frenzied lovemaking until he felt Jamina’s walls tighten around him and she screamed his name in a sob as her orgasm took over.

He felt his orgasm start at the base of his spine, inching its way through him until it rocketed him over the edge and then his body collapsed on top of Jamina’s equally drained one. The last thought on his mind was that Jamina was going to make one hell of a wife.

Chapter Twenty

“Are you and my daddy going to get married?”

Jamina was so taken aback by the question that the only thing she could do was stare at Ashlei with her mouth open. She hadn't even realized Ashlei was thinking about her becoming a permanent part of the family. Yeah, she had been dating Brock for a couple of weeks now, but she seriously doubted that marriage was on his mind. She wasn't going to lie, she was hoping their relationship was leading in that direction, but she wasn't going to push things.

“Hmm...Ashlei, I'm not sure what your father is thinking,” she answered honestly.

“Didn't you spend the night here a couple of days ago? I saw you downstairs kissing my daddy the other day and you were wearing the same clothes as the day before.”

“Ashlei, I don't think I should be talking to you about this. Maybe you should have this talk with your father instead of me.”

“Oh, I have already had the sex talk with him and I'm fine with you spending time with my daddy. He's a lot happier now with you here. I see how he looks at you when you aren't watching him.”

“I still feel this is a subject I need to stay away from. Okay? So, how about you show me how much you have improved with your cheers since we last talked? Did you read over those handouts I gave you?”

“Yes. I have started jogging with my daddy on the weekends. I read how that is an excellent warm up activity. Also, I have started stretching more and I can see a huge different in my moves and jumps. Well...at least I think so.”

“I think endurance training is a perfect way to stop more injuries from happening to the body. I used to do a variety of flexibility and endurance exercises when I was a cheerleader and it seemed like I had more energy because of it.”

“ Oh, have you worked on doing more crunches? The stronger your stomach muscles are the higher you will be able to lift your legs. I promise you that this will totally help improve your pikes. In addition, try to add running up and down some stairs into your training. It will add strength to your legs.”

“I haven’t done the step thing yet, but I do crunches in the morning and at night before I go to bed and I love it. I have so much more energy now,” Ashlei grinned. “Are you ready to see my new cheer and then we can practice on my jumps?”

“I’m ready whenever you are. I know you are going to do fantastic this time,” Jamina said, as she took a seat on the thick grass a few feet away from Ashlei, so she could have room to move.

“Okay...I’m ready.” Ashlei pushed the play button on her CD player and the Pussycat Dolls blasted into the backyard as she got into her ready position.

Hey Team!!!!

What are we going to do?

What are we going to do?

Win....win....win.

Hey Fans!!!!

What are you going to do?

What are you going to do?

Cheer....cheer....cheer.

Get up off your seat.

Get up off your seat.

Stomp your feet.

Yell...fans...yell.

Win Team...Win Team...Win!

Go Team...Go Team.

Go!

After Ashlei ended her cheer, she ran over to the CD player at the side patio and turned off the music. “How was that? Have I gotten any better? I have been

practicing every chance I got after school here and at my friend Giada's house. Where my moves any better than last time?"

Jamina sat in stunned silence as she replayed Ashlei's cheerleading routine inside of her head. She couldn't believe what she just saw. It was like Ashlei was a totally different girl from the girl she started coaching several weeks ago.

"Ashlei, you were fantastic. You have improved by leaps and bounds over the past couple of weeks. I'm so proud of you. I think after I show you these last few jumps that you will have it all down. There is no way that you shouldn't get a spot on your cheerleading squad."

Getting up off the ground, Jamina hurried over to Ashlei and gave her a huge hug. "Honey, I'm so proud of you for getting it together and learning the moves. Has your father seen how much you have improved? It's truly unbelievable." Jamina ended the hug and took a step back.

"Yes, I showed him last night before dinner and he was very happy for me because he knows how much I want this. I was dying to call you and have you come over, but he told me it was too late, plus he said you would be back over here in a couple of days."

"Ashlei, I want you to know that anytime you need me for anything that you're more than welcome to call me. I'm always here to help you," Jamina retorted.

“Thanks for telling me that. I love my daddy, but sometimes I can’t tell him everything. You know he isn’t the best person to talk about girl stuff with. He can get a little overprotective at times.”

“What do you want to do that Brock thinks you shouldn’t?”

“There is this guy that I think is so cute at school and I want to go out on a date with him; however, daddy won’t let me go out with him. He believes I’m too young to be dating anyone.”

“Do you want to go out as a group or by yourself with him? I think the kind of date will make all of the difference. I can understand where he’s coming from. You’re his little girl and he isn’t ready for you to grow up.”

“God, I only want to go to the movies and Sonic with him nothing else,” Ashlei complained. “Wayne is a hottie. He’s the most popular boy in our class and he likes me. I’ve had a crush on him since last year. I really want to go out on this date with him. Do you think you can talk my daddy into letting me go? I know he will listen to you.”

Shit! Jamina wished that Ashlei hadn’t asked her for help with this. Sure, she just told her that she could ask for her help with anything, but she wasn’t prepared for something like this. She wasn’t going to get in the middle of this at all. It was between Ashlei and her father.

“I’m sorry, honey. I can’t tell your father what to do when it comes to you

dating a boy that he doesn't think you should. I'm sure he has his reasons."

Jamina saw the disappointment and anger as it crossed Ashlei's face, but she knew she had made the right decision. Ashlei was just experiencing her first crush and she would get over it sooner than she thought.

"How about I show you the last couple of jumps? It won't take that long."

"Fine," Ashlei mumbled under her breath. "I still think my daddy is being unfair. I'm not a child and he shouldn't treat me like I am. I'm going to be thirteen in a couple of months."

"Ashlei, come on...let it go. We really need to practice these jumps. The tryouts are coming up soon, aren't they?"

"Yes, they are next Friday," Ashlei answered.

"Good. That will give us all this week to practice these jumps and tighten up anything else we might need to work on. Now, the five jumps I want to show you are: Spread Eagle, Toe Touch, Left Side Hurdler, Right Front Hurdler and Left Herkie. I know you can master these jumps in the short period of time we have left."

"I hope so," Ashlei exclaimed, as she moved away and took a seat on the ground. "Okay, show me the jumps and I know that I'll be able to hit them before the week is out."

"Now, that is the confidence I like hearing from you. After I show you these

we'll be done for the day and you can go do your homework.”

“I'm finished my homework at school, so I'll call Giada instead. She wanted me to call her after you left anyway. I think she wants me to spend the night, but I have done it so many times in the week. I'm not sure if my daddy will let me do it or not.”

Jamina sensed that Ashlei wanted her to take her side about this, but she couldn't do it. Brock was her parent and he was the only one that could give her permission to spend the night at someone's house.

“Sweetheart, you shouldn't get mad at your father. He only wants what is best for you. So, how about you just wait until he comes home and the two of you can talk about it. I bet it won't be as bad as you think.” Jamina hoped that she had gotten through to Ashlei, because she didn't want Brock to walk into something he wasn't going to be prepared for.

Chapter Twenty-One

“Daddy, I don’t understand why you are being so mean,” Ashlei complained later on that night when Brock got home from work. “All of my friends are going out on dates; even Giada has gone out on a date. She told me that Wayne asked about me last night when they went skating.”

Brock wasn’t expecting Ashlei to start complaining about going out on a date the second he sat down at the dinner table. He had left work early to spend some quality time with her and Jamina, only to find out that his girlfriend had left early.

He thought maybe they could rent a couple DVD’s and watch them together. However, nothing was going as he had hoped. Ashlei was pissed at him because he wasn’t going to let her start dating until she was sixteen. Four years from now really wasn’t that long, but to his daughter he was becoming the meanest father in the world.

“Ashlei, I’m not Giada’s father. I’m yours. I just don’t think you should be going out on a date at twelve years old. Now, you can get mad at me all you want to, but I’m not going to change my mind.”

“Ms. Madison was wrong. She told me that if I talked to you and that you

might change your mind. I should have listened to Giada. She told me that you would be overprotective and make me one of the unpopular kids. I hate you!” Ashlei shouted as she jumped up and ran out of the room upstairs to her bedroom.

“Great, my daughter won’t be thirteen for a couple of months, but she’s already acting like a typical teenager,” Brock complained as he got up from the table and strode towards the doors, then upstairs after his daughter.

He wasn’t in the mood to deal with another round with Ashlei after the long hours he had put into work, but she had to understand that she just couldn’t storm away from the table anytime she wanted too. The two of them didn’t do stuff like that in this house. They’ve always talked things out in the past and would continue to do so.

Pausing in front of his daughter’s closed bedroom door, he knocked once. “Ashlei, we need to talk. Can I come in?”

“I don’t want to talk to you,” Ashlei yelled out at him.

“Either we talk now or it will be before you go to bed the choice is yours?” He wasn’t about to carry this argument over until tomorrow. Ashlei had to learn that he only wanted the best for her and going out on a date at twelve wasn’t the best thing to do in his opinion. She was too young.

“Fine, come in.”

Opening the door, Brock walked into Ashlei’s bedroom and took a seat at

the desk by her bed. “Honey, I know that you’re mad at me and I’m sorry about that. However, I’m not going to change my mind about this date. I think you’re too young to be dating a guy.”

“Daddy, I only want to go to the movies with him and that’s it. Why are you being so unreasonable about this? Half the girls in my class have a boyfriend. It’s like I’m the odd girl out because of you. Giada told me that Wayne really likes me and wanted me to come over to his house after school.”

“What! You aren’t going over to any boy’s house after school. I have never met this kid. You don’t know what he might have in mind for you when you get there.”

Brock was stunned that Ashlei was so eager to go to some kid’s house that she really didn’t know. God, he hoped that it wasn’t going to be like this for the next couple of years with Ashlei. It was like she was starting to change more and more as her birthday grew closer.

“Giada said that you would treat me like a baby and she was right. You don’t want me to grow up at all. I have a right to be popular and hang out with my friends. I don’t want to be home with you all of the time. Giada’s parents let her do anything that she wants too.”

“I’m beginning to think that you and Giada shouldn’t be hanging around each other anymore. She doesn’t seem like she’s being a good friend to you. So, I

think you need to stay away from her for a little bit. I'm not going to let you spend anymore nights at her house for a while. You're getting an attitude from her that wasn't there before."

"That is so unfair. Giada is my best friend. I hang out with her all the time at school. I can't believe you won't let me go to her house anymore," Ashlei shouted at him. "I hate you! You're ruining my life. I'm surprised you're still going to let me try out to be a cheerleader next week."

"Keep talking to me like you are and I'll take that away too, young lady. I only want the best for you and going out on a date at twelve isn't the best thing for you. I don't think you're mature enough to handle it. Look at how you have started yelling at me because I told you no. Maybe if you had reacted differently I might have agreed."

"I just told the truth and you got mad that I did. I wish you weren't my father!"

Brock tried not to let Ashlei's words hurt him, but they did. He got up from his seat and slowly made his way to her bedroom door. "Ashlei, you're grounded. I want you to come straight home after school. You aren't allowed to visit Giada anymore or even hang out with her at school. I don't like this change in you since you have been spending more time around her." He continued out the door and closed it behind him leaving a crying Ashley in her bedroom.

Damn, he didn't think he was ready to deal with a teenage daughter. This morning Ashlei was her sweet and caring shelf. Now, only a few hours later she acted like he was the worst father in the entire world. He knew that she didn't mean the words she just yelled at him, but they hurt all the same.

Hopefully, after they both got a goodnight's sleep everything would be back to normal, and if not, he didn't know what in the world he was going to do but hope and pray Ashlei's teenage years flew by.

Chapter Twenty-Two

“I think we have done an excellent job over these past several weeks getting you ready to be a cheerleader. Are you excited that the tryouts are tomorrow?” Jamina asked Ashlei as she joined her outside on the grass by her patio. “I remember when you first started out and you were so worried that you wouldn’t get this far. I knew you had it in you, but I saw the potential. I just had to bring it out of you.”

“Yes...I’m excited, Ms. Madison,” Ashlei answered.

“It’s okay now for you to call me Jamina.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. It will be fine. I think we are more than student and coach now. I hope that we are friends,” Jamina said.

“I think we are friends too.” Ashlei smiled. “You came to see me today because you wanted to go over some final things with me?”

“I know that I have told you a lot of stuff while I was showing you the different cheers. However, I’m about to tell you the essential elements that you should know for tomorrow.”

“What are they?” Getting comfortable on the ground, Ashlei hugged her

knees to her chest. “I want to teach you the final things that will impress the coaches.”

“Okay, when you go to the tryouts tomorrow wear your school colors, a comfortable pair of sneakers with a white pair of socks. It’s very important to make sure that you have all of your waivers and permission forms in your hand and be ready to go.”

“I have them upstairs in my room. My daddy signed them before he left for work. I’m going to put them into my backpack before I go to bed.”

“Excellent,” Jamina grinned. “Please remember to do that. Also, be ready with your best cheers and jumps. I think the last cheer you did for me will be perfect for your tryout tomorrow. I loved it. And last but not least, smile...smile...and smile. It’s one of the best things that you could do.”

“I can do that!”

“I know you can sweetheart. Also, remember coaches are always looking to see if you have the ability to grow with the team. No whining, crying, being a diva or being a know-it-all. They don’t want any of that around them or the team.”

“I also want you to be prepared for a curve ball that they might surprise you with. I know once I got thrown one and almost didn’t make the team because of it,” Jamina confessed.

“What happened?”

“I was asked three interview questions. The coaches wanted to see how I would react to being caught off guard.”

“Do you remember the questions? I never thought about being asked any questions tomorrow?”

Jamina watched as Ashlei’s expression changed from confident to panic. She didn’t want Ashlei to fear the unknown, but be prepared for it. “Sweetheart, don’t go getting all fearful on me. The questions I was asked were pretty easy. I know that you would be able to answer them too. I was asked: Why should we pick you to become a cheerleader? What strengths would you bring to the team? What do you think is more important: school spirit or team spirit?”

“Wow. Those are hard questions I don’t know how I would answer them,” Ashlei admitted.

“If you answer all questions honestly, and from your heart then you will do just fine. I have all the faith in the world in you. Now, I’m going to leave so you can practice one last time.” Jamina got up from the ground and brushed the grass off her shorts. “Do you know how long it will be after you are done trying out that you will know if you got it or not?”

“The coaches are going to tell us the same day. They want us to stay, and they will call us all back in to give us the good or bad news.” Ashlei stood up and then gave her a tight hug. “I want to thank you for everything you have done for

me. I wouldn't have gotten this far without you."

"You're so welcome, Ashlei," Jamina returned the hug and then moved back.

"Well, I'm outta here. You be sure to call me and let me know what happens."

"I will."

Spinning around, Jamina went back through the patio doors leaving Ashlei outside to practice her final cheer before the tryouts tomorrow. As she was walking towards the front door, a strong pair of arms wrapped around her waist and pulled her into the living room.

"Were you not going to tell me goodbye?" Brock breathed against the back of her neck. "I was so looking forward to spending some time with you."

"I thought you were still at work," Jamina answered as she spun around in Brock's arms staring up into his beautiful blue eyes. "You are never here when I leave."

"I got done early at work and broke several speed limits getting home to see you. I hated missing you every time I got home from work. I was going to make sure that I got to see you before you left; unless, I can talk you into having a late dinner with me. I know that Mrs. Hook usually leaves enough food for two people. Ashlei never waits for me anymore, so I'm positive I have enough left to share with you."

"Are you sure you aren't too tired for some company?" Jamina asked,

wrapping her arms around his shoulders. “I was going to just grab something at a drive-thru and take it home with me.”

“I’m not about to let the sexiest and sweetest woman in the world eat alone tonight. Let me go get everything together and we can eat in the living room. Why don’t you go and wash up in the bathroom next to my den?”

“I think I love the sound of that.” Jamina gave Brock a quick kiss and then left the room.

Brock stared after Jamina until she went into the bathroom and closed the door. Reaching into his trousers pocket, he pulled out a small black box and held it in the palm of his hand. “I have found the woman I want to spend the rest of my life with. Now, all I have to do is find the perfect time and place to ask her to marry me.”

Chapter Twenty-Three

Standing outside on Brock's porch the next night after Ashlei's tryout, Jamina pushed the door bell for a second time. Ashlei had called her to come over, but she wouldn't tell her over the phone if she had gotten the spot on the squad. All day at work, the only thing she could think about was Ashlei and what happened with her after school. She had gotten so sidetracked that she had to close up early and go home. She wasn't home an hour before Ashlei called asking for her to come over.

"God, I hope she got it. She had everything down perfectly. I didn't see a flaw with any of her moves last night. If she didn't get it, I'm going to be mad as hell at those crazy ass people."

She was about to ring the doorbell again when it was swung open and Brock was standing on the other side looking very sexy in his white doctor's coat with a briefcase in his hand.

"Hello, gorgeous," he whispered and then gave her a long hot kiss.

"Where are you going?" Jamina asked as soon as she regained her breath. "I'm here to see Ashlei. Is she here? How did the tryouts go today?"

"I got an emergency call at work. I need to take care of. I should be back in

a couple of hours. Do you mind staying here with Ashlei until I get back? I didn't call Mrs. Hook because you were coming over. I can't tell you about the tryouts because my daughter wants to do it."

"Yes, I can stay here with Ashlei. I would love to spend some time with her."

"I'm glad to hear that," Brock said as he brushed past her. "Now, I hope this won't take longer than a couple of hours because when I get back I want you to stay. Can you do that?"

"I can do anything for you," Jamina said with love in her voice.

Brock's eyes grew darker at the sound of her voice. "Damn, I hate that I have to leave, but I'll make sure the wait is worthwhile. I have so much to tell you." He gave her another quick kiss on the mouth. "Christ, I love kissing you. Without a doubt, I could do it for the rest of my life."

"I wouldn't fight you off if you wanted too. I like how that sounds."

"Baby, give me two hours and I'll be back here." Brock ran his knuckles down the side of her face before walking away from her.

Jamina stayed outside until Brock got into his car and drove off. She couldn't deny it anymore. She was so in love with Brock and wanted more than anything to become a part of his life, but she couldn't force something he wasn't ready for. He had been a widower for such a long time. She wasn't even sure if getting married again was even on his mind. So, she would just take what he was willing to give

her until it got too much to take.

“I better go inside and see if Ashlei made the squad.” Turning on her heel, Jamina walked into the house closing the door behind her.



“Ashlei, are you in here?” Jamina yelled making her way to the kitchen. Where in the world was Ashlei? Was she so upset with her that she couldn’t come out and see her? She was about to go outside until she heard a cheer start behind her.

“Give me an A”

“Give me an S”

“Give me an H”

“Give me an L”

“Give me an E”

“Give me an I”

“What does that spell?” Ashlei asked.

Looking over her shoulder, Jamina grinned at the sight behind her. Ashlei was holding pom-poms in her hands. It was the best thing she had seen in years.” You made the squad,” she screamed running to hug Ashlei. “I knew you could do it!”

“I made it because of all the help you gave me,” Ashlei said hugging her back.

“I was so happy when they called my name. I talked about it non-stop all the way home with daddy. My first game is in a couple of days. I want you to be there. Can you come?” she asked, stepping back. “I know you’re my daddy’s girlfriend and everything, but I had to ask just to make sure.”

Jamina thought she was Brock’s girlfriend, but it was good to hear Ashlei say it. It made it even more special because Ashlei was accepting the relationship. “Of course, I’ll be there. I wouldn’t miss it for the world,” she said moving away from Ashlei.

“Cool,” Ashlei grinned. “Is it okay if I go and show Giada my pom-poms? She wanted to wait with me after school, but she had to leave with her mother. She just lives a couple of houses down from here. I’ll be back before my daddy gets home.”

“I don’t see why it would be a problem. Just make sure you aren’t gone too long. I think your dad wants us to have dinner together tonight. “

“I swear I’ll be back before he gets home.” Ashlei raced from the house like she had the best secret in the world to tell Giada.

“I guess I’ll watch some television until Ashlei gets back from Giada’s house.” Leaving the hallway by the kitchen, Jamina made her way into the living room. Picking up the remote off the table by couch, she turned on the television and took a seat hoping something good was on to make the time pass faster.

Chapter Twenty-Four

“Jamina is Ashlei here!” Brock yelled an hour later as the front door slammed open and he ran into the living room. “Please tell me my daughter is here with you!”

Jumping up from the couch, Jamina got scared at the alarmed look on Brock’s face. What in the world was going on? Why was he home early? He was supposed to be gone for at least another hour.

“No, Ashlei isn’t here with me. What is going on? Has something happened to her?” Jamina was scared as hell about the reason Brock was looking for Ashlei.

“Where in the hell is she!”

“Brock, you’re scaring me about. Please tell me what is going on?” She had to find out what was going on, none of this was making any sense. One minute she was watching “*What not to Wear*” and then in the next minute Brock was barging into the house asking about Ashlei.

“I finished work early and I was on my way home when my cell phone rang. It was the local police department calling to tell me my daughter was at the police station,” he shouted.

“What! Why is Ashlei at the police station?” she questioned. “None of this is

making any sense.”

“She was with a bunch of teenagers who got caught shoplifting at a convenience store. The officer called to tell me I needed to come and get her. However, I told the police officer he made a mistake because I left my daughter at home. Do you want to tell me what in the fuck is going on? Why isn’t Ashlei here with you?”

“Ashlei asked me if she could go to her friend Giada’s house and I told her yes. I didn’t see a problem with it,” Jamina answered.

“I can’t believe that you let her go over the Giada’s house without asking my permission first. What in the hell is wrong with you? I told Ashlei she was grounded and couldn’t hang around that girl anymore because she was beginning to come home with a very nasty attitude after spending time with her. She’s a bad influence on my daughter and I don’t like the two of them hanging out together.”

“Ashlei told me she was just going over there to show Giada her new pom-poms. I didn’t know she was even grounded neither one of you told me about this. How can you blame me for something I had no clue about?” Jamina asked hurt that Brock thought she would want Ashlei to get into any kind of trouble.

“Why would I tell you anything about Ashlei? She’s my daughter not yours. God, you aren’t any more than the hired help. I don’t have to tell you a thing when it comes to her.”

Jamina gasped as Brock's cruel words hung in the air between them. They were swift, cruel, brutal, and exactly how he really felt about her. Shit, she had been a damn fool to think Brock was thinking about anything permanent with her. He had never mentioned the word love to her at all these past few weeks that they had been dating each other.

"Well...the truth has finally come out," Jamina whispered holding her tears at bay. She wasn't about to let Brock see how much his words had hurt her. She placed a hand over her heart to make sure it was still beating because he had just ripped it to shreds.

"God, baby, I didn't mean that." Brock reached out to touch her, but she took a step back from him. "Let me..."

"No, you need to go down to the police station to get Ashlei. She's probably scared out of her mind. She's your daughter and needs you now."

"I can't leave things like this between us. Come with me. We can talk in the car."

"I don't think so. You have said enough to last me a lifetime. I know now how you really feel about me."

Brock looked at her like he wanted to say more, but wasn't sure of the words to use. "Don't go anywhere. I want you to be here when I get back with Ashlei. We can all three sit down and have a long talk."

“Brock, just go and take care of Ashlei. You have no need to be worried about me.”

Brock gave her one last look before he rushed back out of the house. Seconds later, she heard his car roar to life and speed out of his driveway headed for the police station. It only took Jamina a few minutes to gather up her things and leave the house she thought some day would become her home.



“Daddy, I’m so sorry. I didn’t know that we could get into any trouble going to the convenience store. I didn’t know that Giada and her friends were going to steal that stuff. I swear,” Ashlei cried, looking at him as he drove them back home.

“I told you that you weren’t allowed to hang around that group of kids. You were supposed to stay at home with Jamina until I got home from work. I wanted us to go out to dinner together.”

“I’m sorry. Is Jamina mad at me for lying to her? I don’t want her to be. I’ll apologize to her as soon as we get home.”

Brock doubted that Jamina would be at the house waiting for them after the cruel words he hurled at her. Shit, he was scared out of his mind when the police called and told him about Ashlei and took it out on Jamina. She had to know that he was in love with her and thought of her as more than the fucking hired help.

After he had a very long talk with Ashlei, he was going to call Jamina and

make her understand how he felt about her. Tonight at dinner, he was going to propose to her with help from Ashlei. However, it had all been ruined by everything that happened. He wasn't even sure he could get Jamina to speak to him again. He saw the hurt in her eyes after he uttered his stupid words.

“Jamina isn't going to be waiting for us when we get back home.” He was sure that she had left by now and was on her way back home.

“Why? Is she that mad at me that she would leave without giving me the chance to say I'm sorry?” Ashlei asked him.

“No, Jamina's leaving had nothing to do with you, but I know why she did and I'm going to fix it.”

He was the one who hurt her and now he had to do everything in his power to get the woman he loved back, because his family wouldn't be complete without Jamina in it.

“The house isn't going to be the same without Jamina there,” Ashlei whispered.

“I know it isn't honey. I know it isn't.”

Chapter Twenty-Five

“How long are you going to punish Brock for what he said?” Shantel asked her as she joined her on the couch. “It has been two weeks.”

Picking up the remote, she muted the television and looked at the woman sitting next to her. “What are you talking about? I’m not punishing Brock for anything. We broke up and now I’m trying to get my life back together. I have moved on and so should he.”

“You can lie to yourself, but I’m not buying this crap for one minute. Brock never broke up with you and you damn well know that, Jamina. He was scared about his little girl and some not so nice words left his mouth. He has never thought of you as the hired help.”

“No, I learned that any words said in the heat of anger were always the truth. Brock had been thinking about me in that way for a while and finally told me. I’m over the hurt and now I only want to focus my time and energy on someone new.”

“Do you really think Brock is going to let you move on to a new guy when you’re his?” Shantel laughed as she got up from her seat. “You are out of your mind. He would find a way to end your new relationship before it even began.”

“He’s out of my life, so he has no influence on whom I do and don’t go out with.”

“You keep believing that nonsense and you will see how wrong you truly are. By the way, isn’t Ashlei’s first cheerleading game tonight? Aren’t you going to it? I know you’re upset with Brock, but she hasn’t done anything to you for you not to show up tonight and show her your support.”

“I can’t go. Brock will be there,” Jamina uttered, shocked Shantel would even suggest such a thing.

“Why do you care if he is or isn’t?” Shantel questioned. “You’re over him, so it shouldn’t matter. Unless what you told me was a big fat lie, did you just lie to me?”

“No, I didn’t lie to you. I’m going to Ashlei’s game. She worked very hard to get that spot and I’m not going to miss her first game.” Jamina got up from the couch and picked up her purse off the living room table. “I’ll be right back home after the game. Please lock up on your way out.”

“I sure will,” Shantel told her as she went out the door.



The roar of the crowd brought so many fond memories back to Jamina, as she stood by the edges of the stands and smiled as Ashlei did her moves perfectly out there with her squad. She had never been so proud of someone in her life, as

she was of the young girl out there giving her all. It had taken hours of training, but Ashlei had gotten her dream.

Jamina had looked around carefully making sure that the spot she stood in wouldn't be in view of Brock. She had spotted him minutes after getting here. He was on the bleachers two rows away from her with several attractive women sitting around him. Shantel acted like Brock would be lost without her, yet he looked perfectly happy with the adoring women grinning at him. Why wouldn't the women be licking their lips at Brock? He looked gorgeous in his jeans and yellow polo shirt. He resembled a model out of any magazine.

She took one last longing look at Brock and then turned her attention back to Ashlei and her big night. She couldn't be more proud of her if she were her own daughter. The game lasted for about forty-five more minutes and then it was over. Jamina quickly moved out of the way as the bleachers cleared out with the friends and family of the football players and cheerleaders.

Standing at the back of the stadium, Jamina watched as Brock and Ashlei hugged and talked to each other without even knowing she was there. It proved her point now more than ever, that the two of them were fine without her. However, she hoped that Ashlei would move away from Brock, so she could give Ashlei her present. Her wish came true about five minutes later when Ashlei left Brock and ran towards a group of cheerleaders by a parked car. This might be her

only chance to catch Ashlei and she was going to take it.

She made sure that Brock was gone before she hurried behind Ashlei and called out her name. “Ashlei, wait!”

Spinning around, Ashlei looked at her and then a huge smile spread across her face. “Jamina, you’re here,” she screamed and then she raced towards her. “I told my daddy that you would come to see me.” Ashlei gave her a tight hug then stepped back.

“Are you coming back to my house for the mini-party daddy said I could have? I know that he would love to see you. I know that he misses you so much. I caught him the other day watching the cheerleading video you made for me. He didn’t know I was there and I left before he did.”

“No, I’m not going to be able to come to your party. I have other plans, but I did want to see you cheer for the first time. Sweetheart, you were outstanding. I am so proud of you. I always knew you had it in you and you showed everyone tonight how amazing you are,” Jamina praised.

“Thank you,” Ashlei smiled. “Are you positive that you can’t come tonight? You helped me get here. I really would like for you to be there.” She heard the hope in Ashlei’s voice, but she couldn’t do it.

Jamina hated turning Ashlei down, but she couldn’t handle being around Brock. She still felt the sting of his words. “I’m so sorry, but I can’t. Yet, I do have a

small gift for you. I hope when you wear it that you'll think of all of the good times we had together." Sticking out her hand, she gave Ashlei the box.

"What is it?" Ashlei asked taking the box from her. "Do you want me to open it now?"

"No, you can open it later. I just wanted to give you something special on your big day. Can I have another hug before I leave?"

Ashlei ran into her arms and gave her a long hug. "I miss you so much. My daddy hasn't been the same without you. Can't the two of you make up and get back together. I ruined everything that night."

Moving back, Jamina shook her head, she couldn't let Ashlei think any of this was her fault. "Ashlei, what happened between your father and me had nothing to do with you. We just broke up and that was it. Now, I want you to have fun with your friends tonight. You worked extremely hard to get here. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes ma'am. I can do that." Ashlei promised, softly.

"Good, now why don't you go find your friends and enjoy your party," Jamina suggested. She touched Ashlei on the arm and then hurried back to her car. She got in and drove off without looking at Ashlei because she knew that she would end up crying.



Ashlei waited until the last of her guests were gone before she got Jamina's gift from where she had hidden it. She held the case in her hand wondering what was on the inside. She had been so happy to see Jamina after the game tonight. At first, she thought she had seen Jamina in the stands watching her cheer, but it had been someone else. So, she was thrilled when she heard her name being called after the game and found Jamina standing behind her.

Jamina had been the closest thing to a mother that she was ever going to have and she'd ruined it by lying. If she had never gone to Giada's house that night none of this would be happening right now. Her daddy would still be with Jamina and they would be a family.

Instead her daddy worked more hours now than he ever did in the past. He tried to joke and have fun with her like he used to, but he wasn't doing a good job at hiding his pain from her. She knew that her daddy still loved Jamina and was hurt that she wouldn't even give him a chance to fix things between them.

"I have to find a way to get my daddy and Jamina back together. They were so happy, and I want us to be a family." Ashlei turned the box around in her hands before she finally decided to open it.

"It's beautiful." Reaching out, Ashlei traced the cheerleader pendant hanging off the necklace with her name engraved on the uniform. She loved it! Jamina bought her the most perfect present, although she was no longer in a relationship

with her daddy.

“Honey, what are you looking at?”

Spinning around on her bed, Ashlei looked at her father standing in the doorway of her bedroom. She had been so busy trying to think of a way to get him back with Jamina that she hadn't heard him come in.

“A gift I got after the game,” she answered, holding out the box for him to look at it.

Coming into the room, Brock took the box out of her hand and glanced at the necklace before looking back at her. “Who gave you this?” he demanded.

Ashlei dropped her eyes to the carpet wondering if she should tell her daddy the truth. She knew it would only upset him to find out Jamina had been at her game and he hadn't seen or talked to her.

“Ashlei, answer me. I don't want to ask you again. This is a very expensive gift and I want to know who gave it to you. I never saw you talking to anyone, so they must have given it to you after we finished talking.”

“I don't know if I should tell you,” she whispered. “You will get upset.”

“Ashlei, don't make me ground you until you tell me the truth. I'm not in the mood to play games with you tonight. I'm tired and want to go to bed. I only came in here to check on you and I was surprised to find you still up. Now, tell me who you got this necklace from.”

“Jamina gave it to me.”

“What?” Brock uttered. “That isn’t possible she wasn’t at the game. I should know because I looked for her half the night.”

“Yes, she was. She came up to me right after I talked to you. She hugged me and gave me the necklace. I think she was trying to avoid seeing you. I told her how sorry I was that I was the reason the two of your broke up and she said I wasn’t to blame, but I know I am.”

“I want the two of you back together. We were almost a family and I want that again, don’t you daddy. Aren’t you still in love with Jamina? Don’t you miss her?”

“I miss her more than you know sweetheart, and I want her back in our lives too. I think I have a plan to get her back. Do you want to help your old man get Jamina back?”

“What do I have to do?”

Chapter Twenty-Six

“Ashlei, are you sure that Mrs. Hook can’t bring your pom-poms. I shouldn’t be going to your house anymore. I’m no longer employed by your father,” Jamina said.

“Mrs. Hook can’t leave the house. She’s waiting for the cable man to come to fix the television in daddy’s room. We have been waiting for almost a week and today was the only day the company could send someone out. She knows that you’re coming. All you have to do is go inside and pick them up off the entry way table and bring them to me at school.”

“I need them for after school. We are practicing a new cheer and I don’t want to get into trouble for not having them. Please...can you help me? I couldn’t think of anyone else to call.”

“Ashlei...” Jamina hedged, wanting to find a way, anyway, out of doing this.

“Jamina, I wouldn’t have called you if it wasn’t really important. Please...I swear my daddy is at work. You won’t run into him at the house. He’s never home this time of day anymore since ...”

Ashlei didn’t have to finish the sentence. Jamina already knew what she was going to say...since I broke up with her father. God, why did she have to such a

tender heart when it came to this little girl?

“Okay, I’ll go and do this for you. Will the front door be unlocked?”

“Yes, like I said. Mrs. Hook knows that you are coming. So, you don’t have to worry about anything. Just grab what I need and you can leave without a problem.”

“Fine...I will do this for you. What time does your last class let out? I will be out in front of the school waiting for you,” Jamina said, wondering what she had gotten herself into.

“I have about forty-five minutes before my last class will be out. I’m going to my free period now, so I can do my homework. So, I will be out front as soon as the bell rings. Thanks so much for doing this. You are the greatest, Jamina!” Ashlei gushed and then hung up.

“Yeah...I’m the greatest,” Jamina mumbled as she snapped her cell phone closed and made her way to her car, got inside and drove off.

If she hadn’t been about to leave, she wouldn’t be doing this for Ashlei; no matter how much she still cared about the little girl. It was going to be hard going back to that house. She was still fighting her feelings for Brock. Yesterday, Shantel had stopped by her house and invited her out to dinner with her and Eric, but she turned them down. She didn’t want to be a third wheel with the happy couple.

It was so hard to still be in love with someone who was only thinking of you

as the hired help. All those special moments, she had shared with Brock meant nothing to him. Jamina guessed that she should be happy that she knew the truth now; instead of after Brock completely held her heart in the palm of his hand.

Making a right turn, Jamina pulled her car into the long driveway in front of Brock's house and turned off the engine. Sitting inside of the car, she got herself together before she got out. Mrs. Hook didn't need to see her lose control while she was inside the house.

"I hope Ashlei was right about where she left those pom-poms, because I can't stay in here longer than necessary," Jamina said as she opened the car door and got out. She didn't waste any time walking the short distance and going inside the house.

Jamina hurried over to the entry way table and stopped in her tracks when she saw it was empty. "Where are they? The pom-poms aren't here on the table like Ashlei said they would be."

"They aren't there because Ashlei took them to school with her this morning," a warm, masculine voice said startling her.

"Ashlei told me that you would be at work. Where is Mrs. Hook?" Jamina asked, turning around slowly to face Brock. Her eyes ran the entire length of his hard perfect body noticing how good he looked in the red shirt, shorts and sandals.

“I know it was wrong, but I had Ashlei make that phone call to you. She wanted to help us get back together, so I came up with the idea. Mrs. Hook is on vacation which means we have the house to ourselves.” Brock took a step towards her and Jamina took two steps back.

“Why?”

“Why what?” Brock asked.

“Why would you drag Ashlei into this? She had nothing to do with what you said to me,” Jamina retorted.

“Honey, I wanted to take those stupid ass words back as soon as they were spoken, but I couldn’t. You have to know that I never thought of you like that any of the times we were together. All I thought about was how lucky I was to have such a beautiful woman in love with me.”

“I was scared to death about Ashlei, and those words came out in the heat of the moment. You love Ashlei as much as I do and wouldn’t do anything to harm her. I knew it that night and I know it now. I was just being an overprotective parent. Can you please forgive me?”

“Brock, I got over your words a long time ago,” Jamina admitted, but held up her hand when Brock tried to move closer to her. “Yet, I think we should just remain apart. We aren’t meant to be together. How do I know if something happens again with Ashlei that you won’t say something else cruel to me? I can’t

be in a relationship where I am second guessing my every move.”

“Jamina, it won’t be like that I swear to you. I haven’t been able to think about anything else but you since you dumped me. I’m lost without you. I can even see the difference in Ashlei. She isn’t as happy as she used to be.”

“I’m sorry about Ashlei. She will eventually forget about me and so will you.” Jamina knew she had to get out of here before Brock broke her down and made her want to stay here with him.

“How can I forget about the woman I’m in love with?” Brock asked as he quickly closed the distance between them. He wrapped his hand around her arm making sure that she couldn’t move away from him again.

“Brock, don’t,” Jamina whispered as she tried to shake off his touch, but he wouldn’t let her go. “I need to leave and go home.”

“Honey, you are home if you would just give me a chance to apologize. You are my world and my life is empty without you in it. You have been avoiding me for weeks now.”

“I think it is for the best,” Jamina exclaimed, removing Brock’s hand from her arm. “It will keep away the pain we might cause each other.”

“Don’t you think I’m not in pain each and every day I don’t get to touch you, hold you against me while you sleep or smell your scent the first thing in the morning when I wake up?” Brock demanded. “Your dismissal of me is the worst

kind of pain you could make me experience.”

“I can’t do this,” Jamina choked out as tears filled her eyes. “I’m not up for another round with you. I won’t have you break my heart again.” Spinning around, she raced for the door and was half way there when Brock’s words stopped her.

“Jamina, you are my soul mate. You have the unique ability to bring out the best in me no matter the situation. I’m not only physically turned on by you, you turn on my soul as well and it’s empty without you here with me. Please stop running from me and let’s work things out. I love you more than words can say.”

Twirling back around, Jamina walked until she was standing right in front of Brock. “How dare you say that to me after...”

“I’m sorry, baby,” Brock whispered kissing her lightly on the mouth. “I’ll give up my entire practice to have you come back to me.”

“You are just saying that because you’re lonely. I’m sure you can find someone else to be your woman,” Jamina said as she tried to move away from Brock, but he wouldn’t let her go.

“Woman...you think I’m missing sleep at night, canceling patient’s appointments and getting gray hairs because I only want you as my woman?”

“Yes!” She snapped. “That is what I think.”

“Damn it, woman...I want you to be my wife!”

Jamina’s eyes narrowed in disbelief at Brock’s words, she didn’t know what

to say. Never during the entire time they were dating did he ever mention he was thinking about marriage.

“No, you don’t mean it. You’re only saying that so I’ll come back to you. You just miss having a warm body in your bed.”

“Baby, I mean it,” Brock said, cupping her face in his palms. “I was going to propose the night of the incident, but I wasn’t able to. However, I thought I would get another chance too. Never in a million years did I think you would just erase me totally from your life. Do you know how many times I’ve driven down your street hoping to get a peek of you? God, I thought the neighbors might call the police on me.”

“Are you sure?”

“I have never been surer of anything in my life. You are the only woman I want as my wife for the rest of my life. I want to laugh with you, take care of you when you are sick and of course fight and have a good time making up. I want to do everything a married couple does when they love each other. Don’t you want the same things?”

“Yes,” Jamina nodded. “I would love to become your wife.”

“Thank God,” Brock screamed. Picking her up, he spun her around and then put her back down. “I’m so glad you said yes because I would hate to have done Ashlei’s suggestion.”

“What was Ashlei’s suggestion?”

“My darling daughter wanted me to write a cheer about how much I love you and then perform it for you,” Brock groaned.

“Oh, I would have loved to have seen in you one of those outfits that the male cheerleaders wear. I bet my man would have looked so damn sexy. I might have said yes to your proposal a lot quicker,” Jamina laughed.

“I don’t think I need an outfit to prove how sexy I am. I have other ways to prove it.”

“What other ways?”

“I think I’d rather show you my cheer skills upstairs in my bedroom,” Brock said as he swept Jamina up into his arms. “You might be surprised at the new moves I could show you.”

The End

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The Queen of Tease: If you want to read interracial romance stories that leaves you panting for more and turning the pages faster than you can read them. Marie is for you.

After reading her first “dirty” book as a teenager, Marie knew she had to become a writer. She started writing a few years ago because she wanted to reach for her dream. She writes her characters so her fans will believe in the Happily Ever After. She loves collecting bear figurines and reading a HOT book when she gets the chance.

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Marie Rochelle is a bestselling author and award winning author of interracial romances featuring black women and white men. Marie first started writing IR books about three years ago and it has been nonstop for her ever since. Her first

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She also has a discussion group fans can join and talk about her current releases.

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