

# Marie Rochelle

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## Junk 'n Her Trunk

Junk N' Her Trunk  
*by Marie Rochelle*

**Red Rose Publishing**

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*by Marie Rochelle*

Junk 'N' Her Trunk

By

Marie Rochelle

**Dedication:**

This book is for every woman who finally  
got the man of her dreams.

Marie

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*by Marie Rochelle*

Forestport, NY 13338

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## **Chapter One**

Khastity Chase looked at the last photo that was handed to her. She still couldn't believe this was going to be her last day working at the studio. She had been doing this for so long, but it was time to end this phase of her life and move on to another one.

"Are you sure you really want to give this up? Your website is the hottest thing going. Do you know how many hits you get a day?" Mario complained taking the picture from her. "You're the only model I have who can do lingerie poses and make them look classy instead of trashy."

"Mario, I only stayed with this job long enough to save enough money to start my own interior design business. It isn't going to be a large company, nor will it have that many employees, but I get to be my own boss. I *love* that. I have worked for someone else way too long."

"Darling, is there anything I can say or do to make you reconsider? Do you have to go back to your home town to open your business? Do you realize how many people are going to really miss you?"

Standing up, Khastity grabbed her jacket off the chair and slipped it on. She loved Mario like a brother and hated to leave him, but she wanted to go back to Avery. She missed the small town atmosphere. It didn't matter that she had been in San Diego for almost six years. It never felt quite like home to her. It was a good place to live for some people, but it no longer suited her.

"We have been over this so many times. You know why I'm leaving, but you can come and visit me. I still need to keep up with all of those gorgeous models you're going to be dating," she teased.

"I'll give all of them up if you change your mind."

"Sorry, but that isn't going to happen, my plane leaves first thing in the morning. I have to get to bed early so I won't oversleep and miss my flight."

"Remember the time you had the photo shoot down in Mexico and you slept right through it. I didn't think I would ever be able to get you another job down there again," Mario sighed making her recall that time as if it were yesterday.

"Yes, I do. "And after that I made sure I started setting my alarm forty five minutes early so I wouldn't disappoint you again," Khastity laughed knowing Mario never really got angry about anything.

"See, we need more of those memories. How, staying a little longer?" The hope in his voice almost made her say yes, but she couldn't. Everything was already set up back home. She had taken care of the final details last month.

"How about I treat you to a late dinner at *Palmer's*? I know how much you adore their meatballs and spaghetti." Khastity waited while Mario made up his mind. He acted like he was going to say no, yet she was positive that he would agree to her invitation.

"Can I get an extra basket of breadsticks to go with it?"

"Sure, why not?" She smiled. "I might even eat a few myself since I don't have to look picture perfect anymore."



"Your body is outstanding. Do you know how many of the other girls were jealous of your toned ass?" Mario asked as he escorted her to the door. Opening it, he let her walk out in front of him before closing and locking it.

"No I don't believe it. None of these girls wanted any of the junk in the trunk that I have."

"That ass of yours got you paid huge amounts of money. Women all over the world bought the underwear you were modeling. They were hoping it would look as half as good on them as it did you."

"Well, I hope they got what they wanted," Khastity replied, as she left the building and headed towards the restaurant with Mario. She was thrilled about going back home as long as one person stayed out of her way.

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"Ms. Chase, where do you like this plant?"

Turning away from the window, Khastity looked at the mover behind her. "You can you place it over there in the corner," she replied pointing to the spot where she wanted the plant. Mario had given it to her as a going away present.

"Okay ma'am. The young guy placed it over near the bookshelf then took one last look at her before he left the room. Without a doubt, he knew who she was and it didn't bother her. Being on the internet was a part of her past and

the people in her hometown would have to get over her old job. After the end of the month her *Junk 'n' Her Trunk* website would be shut down.

Her website had brought in a lot of riches over the years and with a lot of careful investing she was able to buy this building. It was the perfect spot for her interior design business. Before coming back home she had done a considerable amount of research to make sure that she could make a living here, and she was determined to do just that

Crossing her arms under her breasts, Khastity strolled around the spacious area. For as long as she could remember she had wanted to be an Interior Designer. When she was in college she took all the design classes she could. In addition to her practical education, she subscribed to three of the top design magazines, and studied the nuances of the various designs. All of those things together, made her passion for this field grow more and more each day. Now it was time to fulfill her dreams.

She hadn't wanted to leave town in the first place. However, her parents thought she would get a better education at an out-of-state college. This surprised her since most parents cried for days at the thought of their child leaving the nest for a new adventure. Honestly, it was the best decision her parents could have ever made for her. She learned so much about interior design by leaving home than she could have here.

"I was at home waiting for you to show up, only to find you here. I'm so hurt," a voice scolded behind her.

Spinning away from the window, Khastity ran over and gave the woman behind her a huge hug. "Mama, I'm sorry, but I was so excited about moving my stuff in. I was coming to see you later on."

"I know you were sweetheart," Antonia Chase said, as she stepped back from her daughter's embrace ending the hug. "I just got a little excited about seeing my baby girl."

"Well, how do you like the place?" Khastity asked waving her hand around the room. "It isn't a huge space, but I love it. The location is in the heart of the downtown which makes it's perfect for me to get new clients."

"Sweetheart, let me walk around and then I'll let you know what I think." Her mother patted her on the arm and then moved away.

Khastity stood still and nibbled on her bottom lip as her very opinionated mother surveyed the room. She valued her mother's opinion, but she wasn't going to change a thing. Her office fit her personality perfectly, better than she could have ever imagined it would.

One side of the room was inspired by her mother's award winning flower garden. It was like having a part of the outdoors brought inside. A beautiful, yet practical flower fabric covered screen hid her rolls of design fabrics. A built-in organizer housed all of her sample product books. Over towards the left was a huge glass-topped work table, placed strategically so that the light coming through the window allowed her to work on projects during the day without the need for artificial lighting.

All in all she thought her office space was fun, light and mixture of business and pleasure. She couldn't ask for more. Another plus, is that none of her parents money helped pay for any of it.

Even when she was younger, she never thought of her parent's money as hers. She always liked making her own living. She wasn't expecting them to give her handouts when she got into trouble. This was her life, her dream, and she was going to work hard to earn her own money and make her own place in the world.

"Khastity?"

"Yes, mama," she replied looking at her mother standing off to the side of a bookshelf.

"This place is beautiful. I'm so very proud of you. I know that you're going to do quite well for yourself," her mother final acknowledged.

"Does that mean you've forgiven me for the lingerie and swim suit modeling? I know how much that upset you and daddy."

"No, we weren't happy about your choice. However, we trusted you to never do anything distasteful. We always taught you to respect yourself and the family name."

"I offered to let you see some of the swim suit shots. I was paid quite well for modeling both. The extra money really helped out with my college expenses, and I was able to live in an off campus apartment."

"Honey, you know that your father would have paid for that," Antonia sighed, coming back over to her. "We wouldn't have minded spending the money at all."

"Mama, I know. But I had to prove I could make it on my own. Besides Mario is shutting down the website at the end of the month, I'm keeping my blog so I can keep my fans informed about my interior design business."

"Khastity, if it wasn't for you I wouldn't know what half that stuff meant. I'm getting too old to be internet savvy."

"Stop that, mama. I hope when I get your age. I'm as half as gorgeous as you are." When she was a little girl her friend's parents always told her mother that she was a dead ringer for Diahann Carroll.

"Khastity Lachelia, you're stunning," her mother stated. "I'm just so happy that you took those blond extensions out of your hair. You just didn't look like my daughter with them."

She had to agree with her mother. She hated those things in her hair, but they did draw in more customers. "Mario added them in for a couple of the photos. I thought you would get a kick out of seeing them on me. That's why I sent you a headshot."

"What did daddy think about them?" Khastity asked. "I know he hates change." She loved her father, but she was such a mama's girl.

"Oh, I knew he hated them," her mother informed her. "He took one look at the picture and left the room, but you know how your father is. Frank will let something simmer a couple of days before he comments."

Khastity was a little disappointed that her father hadn't come to check out her new office, but she was used to it. "Is Daddy at work or playing golf?"

"Do I really have to answer that question? You know your father is out playing golf on a beautiful day like this. He sent his love and wants to take us out to dinner tonight. I know you're going, aren't you?"

Shaking her head, Khastity finally realized what her mother was up to. "I see why you stopped by now."

Antonia Chase looked back at her daughter with an innocent expression on her face. "I don't have a clue what you're talking about."

"Mama, you don't want to sit at dinner and listen to daddy brag about his golf game by yourself, do you?"

"Okay, so what if I don't. You know I can't stand golf. I was hoping with you there he might find something else to talk about. You're my daughter and you love me. So you should do this for me."

Laughing, Khastity gave her mother another hug. "I'll be there for dinner is it at the usual place?" she asked stepping back.

She watched as her mother breathed a sigh of relief. "Yes, it is. I'll see you at seven and don't be late." With a quick wave goodbye, her mother was out the door.

"God, it does feel so good to be home," Khastity exclaimed, as a sense of peace settled over her.

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## Chapter Two

"Khastity, is that really you? I heard you were back in town, but I didn't believe it."

Placing the shoe back on the rack, Khastity glanced to her right and spotted Katie James standing there. She couldn't believe that Katie even remembered her after all of these years. It wasn't like they were ever friends.

"Hi, Katie I'm surprised you even knew who I was. I was positive you would have forgotten all about me," Khastity stated.

"How could I forget you? If you hadn't tutored me in my senior year of high school I wouldn't have graduated on time," Katie answered.

"I thought you hated that your parents hired me to help you," she countered. Khastity never recalled a time that Katie James was really nice to her during any of those tutoring sessions. Not that she was mean, but nice wasn't a word she would have used to describe the woman standing beside her back then.

A look of apology passed over Katie's flawless naturally tanned face. "I know, but I was into being popular back then. I hated the fact I was forced to spend three days out of the week with a freshman tutor. However, all of your hard work paid off. I graduated from college and now I'm a guidance counselor at the high school here."

Khastity tried to keep the stunned look off her face, but she failed miserably. "You're a guidance counselor here?"

"I can tell from the look on your face that you're surprised," Katie laughed.

"Just a little," Khastity replied, honestly.

"I know, but something just came to me one day after graduation. I wanted to help kids the way my counselor helped me. So, I went to college, studied hard and here I am."

Well, she guessed the old saying was true. You couldn't judge a book by its cover. She wouldn't have guessed in a million years that Miss Popularity and the girl who only dated the captain of the football team would choose this career choice.

"It's wonderful of you to make that kind of commitment. It takes a special individual to work with teenagers."

"Yes, it does," Katie agreed. "But that's enough about me. How about you? You became quite the talk of Avery with your swimsuit/lingerie website."

"Oh, you saw that?" Khastity asked. She couldn't wait to hear what Katie had to say. Her hometown had a lot of very judgmental people in it but some didn't care what you did at all. It depended on the person you talked to that day.

"Khastity, I not only saw the website. I bought some of the stuff you modeled. Hell, my husband has never been so happy in his life. It was like we were on our second honeymoon. He was really disappointed when I told him the site was closing down."

Khastity thought she might be hearing things. There was no way Katie was giving her a compliment. No, there was



something going on here. "You actually bought some of the stuff I wore?" she asked, taken back.

"Didn't I just tell you that? Most of the women here in Avery shopped at that sight. They loved the stuff. That designer knew how to make excellent attire to fit every woman's body type. He's a genius."

Well, would wonders never cease, Khastity thought. Katie James was *actually* giving her a compliment. Maybe the years had mellowed her out and she wasn't as self-absorbed as she used to be when they were younger.

"I'll tell Mario that you liked his designs. He's going to redo the website, along with a new model and name. I'll let you know when he has it up and running." Khastity glanced at her watched and noticed she was running late. "Katie, it was nice talking to you, but I need to go."

"Oh, it was wonderful seeing you again too," Katie replied. "I'll tell my brother I ran into you." Katie turned and hurried away before she could say another word.

Khastity left the shopping center a few minutes later after picking up a couple more items she needed. She tried to shake off Katie's last comment, but she couldn't. Trent 'Hawk' James was the last person who would want to hear about her.

"Stop thinking about him," she scolded herself as she made it across the parking lot towards her car. Getting inside, she turned the key, but she couldn't drive off as a pair of hunter green eyes flashed before her face. God, why did Katie have to bring up her older brother? She had such an enormous crush on him when she tutored Katie.

However, Hawk was several years older than her and already in his second year of college. Anytime he was at the house, he barely spoke as he and his football buddies walked past her.

At first, she thought it was because she was black and he was white. However, that wasn't the reason at all. She found out weeks later why Katie's brother wasn't fond of her.

"Well, I don't care. That was a long time ago and I'm an adult now. I don't need Trent James to like me." Khastity took a look around to make sure a car wasn't coming before she pulled out of the parking lot and headed back to work.

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## **Chapter Three**

Trent 'Hawk' James wiped the sweat off his face before tossing the towel down on his work out bench. God, he loved how he felt right after working out. It was almost better than sex ... almost. He couldn't remember the last time he lost himself inside the warmth of a woman's welcoming heat.

"Damn it, I'll be glad when this job is over so I can start dating again," he complained running his fingers through his hair brushing the damp strands off his neck. Leaving his workout room, he made his way through the living room towards his bedroom. He glanced at his phone and noticed the flashing light on his answering machine, so he stopped to check his messages. He pushed the play button and waited to see who it was.

"Hey Hawk, it's me," his sister's voice rang out. "I was calling to see if you wanted to come over tonight. Vince is out of town and you know how much I hate eating alone. Besides, I know you don't have any plans, so I'll see you around seven. Oh, yeah I almost forgot. Guess who I saw today? Khastity Chase. Do you remember her? I guess the rumors were true. She has come home. Bye."

Hawk stood frozen as the message ended. No, it wasn't possible that Khastity was home. He had spent the past couple of years dating woman after endless woman to wipe the memory and scent of her from his mind. Now, she was back to torment him. Well, he wouldn't let it happen. He had

to find a way to avoid Khastity or he wouldn't be able to control what would happen between the two of them.

"I won't let her suck me back in again. She did it when she was younger, but I'm older and stronger now. I have the will power to fight her seductiveness. I can do this." Hawk promised himself.

Man, he could still remember how she used to look when he would come home for a visit. She would be sitting in the dining room with his sister helping her study for a test.

When he first saw her, he stopped in his tracks and stared at her. She had been wearing a red T-shirt and a pair of jeans. Her brownish-black hair had been pulled away from her face into a tight little ponytail at the back of her neck. She still had a little baby fat on her face, but for some reason he couldn't take his eyes off her.

Sure, he was already in college and wasn't without a steady line of girlfriends since he was a football player. Yet, Khastity made his gut clench when she looked up at him. It was like time stood still and the two of them were the only people in the room.

He barely heard the introductions that his sister had made. However, he could still feel how soft Khastity's hand was when she shook his. He had heard his parents talking about getting a tutor for his sister since she wasn't going to graduate unless she passed two of her advanced class. But he never took them seriously because they had spoiled Katie since the moment she was born. He had gotten used to idle threats and moved on.

So, the surprise appearance of Khastity Chase had stunned the hell out of him back then. She was usually pretty quiet when she was at their house unless someone asked her a question. For some reason he found her shyness very appealing and tried various ways to get her into a conversation just to hear her soft, sweet voice.

Khastity was always nice to him, but she never went out of her way to get his attention and for the longest time he thought she didn't like him. Until that day he caught her staring at him after one of his workouts, he was all sweaty and his T-shirt was stuck to his body. She was in the kitchen getting a drink of water and he had come in through the back door. The memory replayed in his mind like it was yesterday.

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"So, my little sister finally let you get away from her?" he asked resting his back against the counter.

"Katie, got a phone call so I decided to get a drink of water," Khastity said holding the plastic water bottle against her chest.

"Do you like tutoring my sister? Wouldn't you rather be out with some of your friends having fun or something?"

"I don't mind doing this at all. I like helping people," she answered not making eye contact with him.

"Why don't you like me?" The question left his mouth before he could stop it. "Have I done something to you?"

Dark brown eyes that almost looked black swung up and looked at him. "Hmmm.... I like you fine, Trent," Khastity stammered out. "Why do you think I don't?"

Crossing his arms over his chest, Hawk watched how nervous Khastity was in front of him. No, there was something going on. She acted like she couldn't wait to get out of the room away from him.

Was it because she was younger than him? Sure, he thought she was very cute, but he wasn't about to act on it. Khastity was still in high school and he was a sophomore in college. He just wanted to know more about her. He wasn't usually attracted to the good girl types.

"Well, you don't call me Hawk like I have asked you to several times," he replied moving closer to her. "All of my friends do, but you won't. Is there a reason for that?"

Khastity shook her head and took a step back from him. "No, there's no reason."

"Are you sure about that? My sister seems to think differently."

"What did Katie tell you?" Khastity asked, staring up at him. "I never talk about you to her at all. We just study and I go home. That's it."

"Katie believes that you have a crush on me because most of her cheerleader friends do," Hawk tossed back. He really liked Khastity and if she had been a little bit older and not so shy he might have gone there with her. However, he still

didn't want to make her uncomfortable if she did have a crush on him. He was secretly pleased that she did.

"She's wrong," Khastity denied, shaking her head.

"Wrong about what?" Hawk asked, watching how nervous Khastity was becoming in front of him. Katie was right. His sister was right. Khastity did have a crush on him and he liked it.

"You're Trent James, the star football player of Avery, Texas. Everyone here loves everything about you and you enjoy getting all of that attention, but I don't want that kind of guy around me. I want someone who isn't totally into being noticed."

Hawk took the comment without flinching. Was Khastity actually telling him that he was arrogant? Hell, he was trying to be nice to her but if she wanted the truth he would give it to her.

"That's great. I'm glad you don't. I love that I don't have to avoid another one of my sister's friend ... oh that's right you aren't her friend. I almost forgot about that. You're just the nerdy high school kid she has to tolerate until she passes these classes. Maybe if you lost some weight and got out more you would have some friends."

"I have friends," Khastity tossed back at him.

"How can you with a body like that? Hell, your ass is huge. What is that line? You've got a lot of junk n' your trunk? I think one of the guys on my team said that about his girlfriend and I don't think he meant it as a compliment either."

It seemed as if Khastity stared at him for a lifetime without a saying a word. The more she looked at him the worst he felt. He shouldn't have said those things to her. Khastity was such a sweet girl and she didn't have to help his sister out, but she did. Everyone around town constantly talked about how wonderful she was with people and now he had just insulted her. There wasn't a damn thing wrong with her body. He was just pissed because she had told him the truth. He did like being the center of attention when it came to football.

"Khastity ... I should."

"No, let it go. I think I heard enough from you for one day." Spinning around, Khastity left him standing alone in the kitchen and he had never felt so bad about something in his life.

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Hawk still had a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach every time he thought about that day over the years. After that Khastity had stop coming to the house to tutor his sister and his parents wondered why but he knew. Khastity would have Katie meet her after school at the library so they could study. Numerous times he tried to apologize to her but she always found a way to avoid him.

"Great. Just when you thought your life couldn't get any worse, your past has come back to haunt you," he said to



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himself as he made his way to his bedroom. Maybe he was worrying about nothing. Avery was a huge place and with any luck he might not even run into Khastity.

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## **Chapter Four**

"How are things going with your interior design business? Have you gotten a lot of clients?" Frank Chase asked.

Closing the design book, Khastity glanced at her father across the dining room table. She didn't want to tell her father that her business wasn't going as well as she had hoped. Sure, she had done a lot of small jobs over the past few weeks, but she wanted to do something big to showcase her talent. All she had to do was land one big design deal and things would be on the way for her.

"It's going okay," she lied, hoping her dad would let it go.

"Honey, don't lie to me. I know you and I can see you aren't happy. Now tell me the truth."

She knew she was fighting a losing battle, so she might as well get it over with. "Alright, I don't have as many clients as I would like but things will get better. I have the faith to keep trying. I'm creative, imaginative and disciplined. Something good has to come along sooner or later."

Khastity hated telling her father about her problems. He never wanted her to become an interior designer in the first place. He would rather she would do something more professional like a doctor or lawyer, but neither of those careers ever interested her.

Ever since she was five years old, she loved planning how her room would look for the week. Each week her bedroom was transformed into a different theme and when she didn't

have a specific item to fit the theme, her mother would buy it for her.

As she got older she learned how different textures, colors and lighting worked best in her bedroom. All of that had been so much fun back then. There was no way she couldn't have gone into a career involving those things.

"Khastity, I agree with you on those points. That's why I have a proposition for you. Hear me out before you turn me down," her father said.

*Great*, Khastity thought to herself. I can only imagine what he wants to say. However, instead of interrupting she kept quiet and heard him out.

"The space I have for my home office is getting too small for me now. I want to redo the basement and make it into my new home office. I'm offering you the job as the designer."

If she hadn't been sitting down she would have fallen over. Her father was actually offering her a job? Why? He wasn't found of what she did and they both knew it. So, what was the deal with the job offer?

"What's the catch?" She didn't want to know, but she had to ask.

"No catch, honey," her father answered. "I know I haven't always been that supportive of your career. I'm trying to show you that I can be just like your mother. I want to be there for you. This is an honest job offer. I'm going to pay you like I would anyone else."

"Daddy, I don't know," Khastity hedged. "Would anyone here take me seriously if my first big job came from my

father?" She was dying to make her mark here, but not with the help of her father and his money.

"Everyone here knows I only hire the best so if I didn't think you were the best. I wouldn't have offered you the job."

Khastity couldn't keep the huge grin from spreading across her face. The one thing she definitely knew about her father was he loved having the finest things around him. If he truly didn't believe in her talent or that she could give him what he wanted, the job offer wouldn't have been made.

"You have a deal, Mr. Chase," Khastity said sticking her hand across the table.

"Good. How soon do you think you can have something to show me?" Her dad asked shaking her hand then letting it go.

"I already have some ideas. Let me get three different designs together and I'll bring them over in a couple of days."

"I can wait," her father replied. "I've some other ideas for the room, but I don't want to mention them until I'm sure they can be done."

Khastity wanted to ask her father what else he was thinking about, but decided against it. She didn't need any extra items on her plate when it came to him. This was her time to shine and show him that she had indeed chosen the right career.

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## **Chapter Five**

Walking around the basement, Hawk listened as Frank Chase told him how he wanted the lighting redone for his new office. The area was huge so it might take him a couple of days to see if he could rewire it or completely redo it. It all depended on the condition of the old wiring.

He was more than a little nervous being in Khastity's parents' home. He had been pretty lucky not running into her so far, but that wouldn't last since he was working for her father now.

It was still hard for him to believe the sweet and shy girl he loved teasing became an internet model and one of the most recognizable women in the world. Khastity never showed too much in any of the photos on her website, but just enough to get a man's imagination going. Boy did his imagination go into overdrive several times one night after he found a picture of her wearing a leopard print bra and with matching bikini underwear. That outfit was the perfect color combination against her creamy caramel skin.

Hawk tried to shake the memory from his mind as he felt his cock hardened inside his jeans. The last thing he needed was a hard-on while talking to her father. No ... that wouldn't be a good thing.

"Do you think you can handle what I want?" Frank asked interrupting his wayward thoughts. "I know you stay pretty busy."

"I'm not working on any new jobs for a couple of weeks. I'll be more than happy to work on what you need. I was thinking about your phone call yesterday and wondered what it could be about." Khastity's dad had thrown a lot of business his way over the years, so it would be an honor to work on her father's house. "Is there a certain deadline for this? I need to check and see where the exact cause of the technical problem is," he stated.

"No, take your time. I'm still waiting on the sample designs to come back from the designer I hired. I hope you don't care about working with someone else."

In the back of his mind, Hawk wondered who Frank had hired to decorate the room. The space was very impressive for a home office and done correctly it would be very eye-catching. So, the person would need a good eye to bring out its true beauty.

"Frank, I can work with anyone. I just like to have three things: good working conditions, a job that will keep me busy and give me a complete sense of accomplishment. If I can get all of those I'm a happy man."

"Excellent. I think this job will give you all of those things," Frank informed him. "But before you agree to go on with the project I should let you know who the designer is going to be." Before Frank could tell him who, a female voice broke into the conversation from the top of the stairs.

"Daddy, are you down there?"

Knowing that he couldn't go anywhere, Hawk stood still as the sound of footsteps grew closer and he was about to come

face to face with his past. He was able to mask his reaction the second before Khastity rounded the corner.

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Khastity silently congratulated herself for not stumbling over her own feet as her eyes landed on the man standing next to her father. She had been wondering when she would run into Trent, but she never would have guessed it would be in her parents' house. The years had been so damn good to the hunk positioned not twenty feet away from her.

His stance emphasized the force of his thighs in the tight jeans and showed off the slimness of his hips. The snug T-shirt brought attention to his bare arms and the silky blond hairs that covered them. Was it just her or did Trent's shoulders look a mile wide in that shirt? The years hadn't diminished the air of self-confidence that he carried about himself, if anything it had gotten stronger.

She had always loved that Trent's bottom lip was a little fuller than the top. In her opinion, he would have classically handsome features if it wasn't for the long, thick, blond hair that brushed his massive shoulders. On the rare occasions she had seen him smile; his teeth were strikingly white against his natural tan.

"Oh, I didn't know you were down here with someone," Khastity said dragging her eyes away from Trent over to her father. "I can come back later if you need me to."

"You remember Hawk don't you? I think you tutored his sister when you were in high school," her father exclaimed.

"Yes, I know who Trent is," she answered taking a quick look at him. "What is he doing here?"

Khastity tried not to fidget as Trent's eyes moved over her black pencil skirt and short sleeved purple top. She was on her way to lunch when she decided to drop off her designs to her father. She wasn't expecting to find him here.

"I heard you were back home Khastity. You look good. Nice to see you," Trent complimented her in that smooth voice she wanted to hate, but secretly loved.

"Good to see you too, Trent."

A deep chuckle made goose bumps pop up on her arms. Damn, it wasn't fair that a man could be that sexy, she thought. Could her father tell that she was attracted to Trent? She was trying her best to keep her feelings to herself, but her mask might be slipping and she was worried.

"I see it's still hard for you to call me Hawk. Is there a reason for that?"

"I only thought your friends were given that honor. I didn't know you ever thought of me as your friend."

A look passed over Trent's face that she couldn't quite put her finger on, but that didn't matter she wasn't here for him. "Daddy, the three designs I did for you are upstairs on the table. I can go over them with you now if you want."



"Khastity, is the designer you want me to work with?" Trent asked shocking the hell out of her.

She moved closer to her father and tried to keep the anger out of her voice. "Why do I need to work with Trent?" This job was supposed to showcase her talent as a designer why would she need Trent James' help with anything?

"Honey, Hawk is going to redo the lighting in the room. I'm glad you came by. I need the two of you to work together on this. So, I'm going upstairs to see what your ideas are. After you finish down here come up and see me." Her father brushed past them and went upstairs without looking back.

Khastity didn't know long she stood there just taking Trent in. The scent of his cologne was making her body hot and that couldn't happen. Trent wasn't in the realm of a love interest for her. He made that clear a long time ago and she wasn't going to forget it.

"Do you have a problem working with me?"

"Why would you ask me that?" She wasn't about to give anything away to him.

"I saw the look on your face. You looked ready to turn the job down when your father told you about me," Trent stated watching her closely.

"No, I don't have a problem working with you Trent. I have worked with other electricians before without a problem I believe we should be fine."

"You know that isn't what I'm talking about. The last time we were together it didn't end well. I was hoping that the years had dulled your memory about that one incident and maybe we could move past it."

Khastity wasn't about to bring that up again. Trent had let his true feelings for her show then and it taught her to keep hers well-hidden. It might be best if they didn't rehash the past in any way, shape or form.

"Trent, let it go. We were both young and didn't have a filter for our mouths back then. We are adults now and able to deal with each other better. I want this new home office to turn out fantastic for my father, so how about you check the wiring and see what the problem is. I'll go upstairs and talk with my father about the designs." Turning, she moved toward the steps.

"When will we meet up again to go over everything?" Trent asked behind her.

"Come by my office tomorrow and we can work on a plan then. If you don't know where it is, get the address from my father," Khastity tossed the answer over her shoulder as she left the room. She couldn't stay down there a minute longer with Trent or she was going to find a way to touch that gorgeous hard body of his.

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## Chapter Six

*Why didn't I knock before I went into her office?* He was getting punished for his past sins. He had to be or he wouldn't be getting tormented like this. He couldn't take his eyes off the skirt hugging the luscious curve of Khastity's ass. Her butt was the one thing he loved looking at most when she came to his house during the time she tutored his sister. He would find ways to walk behind her through the house just to stare at it. He wondered what it would feel like cupped in his hands as he thrust in and out of her tight warmth.

*Stop it!*

He shouldn't be fantasizing about something that wasn't ever going to happen. If he thought Khastity had forgiven him for what happened that night years ago, yesterday proved that she hadn't.

"Good Morning, Khastity."

Gasping, Khastity spun around and stared at him. "My God, Trent you scared me. I wasn't expecting you," she uttered moving away from the table.

"You told me to come by here yesterday," he replied coming further into the room. "Your father wanted me to talk about the lighting with you. He informed me he wanted to make sure it went with the design he picked out."

"You're right," Khastity said as she regained her composure. "Come on over here and look at what I have."

Moving over towards Khastity, Hawk stood beside her and tried to focus on the design layout in front of him, but he

couldn't concentrate because the soft scent of Khastity's perfume was wrecking havoc with his body.

"Do you like what you see?" Khastity asked.

"Yeah, I like it a lot. I wouldn't mind a sample of it," he answered staring at her lip gloss covered lips.

Khastity's head swung in his direction. "What did you say?"

Hawk dragged his eyes away from Khastity's mouth to look into her eyes. She was looking at him with a confused expression on her beautiful face. Without thinking, he reached out and traced her bottom lip with his thumb. "Your mouth has always fascinated me. I used to watch you talk to my sister and dream about sucking on your plump bottom lip."

"Trent, you need to stop," Khastity whispered touching his wrist.

He shook off her light touch and inched closer to her body. He was tired of trying to deny the attraction that was blazing between them. It was there when they were younger and their being apart for years hadn't diminished it. It was dying to break free of its self-imposed prison and he was going to help it escape.

As his mouth eased close to hers, Khastity tried to move her head, but he caught her chin with his fingers. "You want this as much as I do. You need this as badly as I do."

"No, I don't," Khastity uttered softly.

The weak plea wasn't going to deter him from his goal. He wanted to know the sweet taste of Khastity's mouth. He moved his mouth over hers, devouring its softness. The touch of her lips on his sent a shock wave through his entire body. Crushing her to him, he slipped his tongue past her lips into

the warmth of her mouth. The fresh taste of her gave him an instant hard-on.

Hawk thought Khastity would fight the kiss more, but instead she wrapped her arms around his neck and returned the kiss. He slowly ran his hands down her side and then moved close to cup her ass in his hands. Leaning back on the table, he spread his legs wide and pulled Khastity between them so she could feel how much he wanted her.

"Baby, you taste so good," he moaned against her swollen lips. "I could stand here and kiss you all day."

"Well, if you want to kiss my daughter all day ... maybe you should lock the front door next time," Khastity mother's voice called out shocking the two of them apart.

Hawk tried to calm down his raging body as Khastity twirled around and faced her mother. "Mama, what are you doing here?" she asked pulling at her skirt that he had moved up over her ass.

He was glad she was in front of him. It gave him enough time to pull his T-shirt out of his jeans to cover up the hard-on he was sporting. He couldn't let Mrs. Chase see him like that. It just didn't seem right.

"Good Morning, Mrs. Chase," he said moving around Khastity. "I was here talking about the lighting Frank wanted done at the house."

"Hawk, you weren't talking about anything with my daughter when I walked in. You didn't even hear me knocking on the door."

He was thirty years old, but Ms. Chase just made him feel like he was eighteen and she caught him making out with

Khastity on her living room couch. Not that it would have ever happened, but Ms. Chase just had a way of making you feel like you got caught with your hand in the cookie jar.

"Hmmm ... Trent maybe you should leave," Khastity said casting a glance in his direction.

He was so tired of Khastity calling him Trent. He wanted her to call Hawk and he was going to find a way to make her do it. However, now wasn't the time to get into it, with her mother standing there trying her best not to laugh at them.

"I'll call you later and we can set up another time to meet." He gave Khastity's shoulder a quick squeeze and then stepped away from her. "Have a nice day, Mrs. Chase."

"You too, Hawk," Mrs. Chase said then grinned at him before he left them.

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Khastity tried to get her emotions under control, before her mother asked her about what she walked in on. She knew her mother and without a doubt in her mind the question was coming.

"How long have you and Hawk been seeing each other? Was he the real reason you came back to town?"

"I'm not involved with Trent and no he wasn't the reason I came back home. Why would you ask me that?" she inquired.

"Hawk, is a very handsome and I knew you had a crush on him when you were younger."

"I never had a crush on him," Khastity sputtered. "Where did you get an idea like that?"

"Honey, I'm your mother and mothers just know these things. I thought the two of you might become a couple but it never happened."

Khastity thought that she and Trent could have had a relationship too, but what he said to her that night ruined any possibility of that ever seeing the light of day. "No, Mama, Trent and I are just working together. Nothing is going on between the two of us."

"That kiss didn't look like nothing to me. It looked hot, passionate and steamy. You may think nothing is going on, but I doubt Hawk would agree. If the two of you keep that up, I might have some grandbabies sooner than I hoped."

"MAMA!" Khastity gasped. She was shocked her own mother would bring up her sex life so easily.

"Oh, Khastity calm down. All I was saying was Hawk might be the man who finally makes you think about marriage."

The former football star of Avery was going to ask her to marry him? No, that wasn't going to happen. Trent might enjoy kissing her, but that was as far as it would go. The two of them didn't have a future.

"Can we stop talking about your future grandkids and Trent James in the same sentence? It's lunch time. So, let me buy you lunch and you can tell me about the latest gossip."

"What makes you think I know any gossip?" her mother asked while she waited for her to grab her purse and keys.

Junk N' Her Trunk  
*by Marie Rochelle*

"Are you saying you don't?" Khastity questioned as she headed for the door with her mother behind her.

"I didn't say that," her mother laughed as she followed her outside.

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## **Chapter Seven**

"I really loved that kiss we shared in your office yesterday," the words were whispered in her ear a second before a strong pair of arms wrapped around her waist.

Khastity almost leaned back into Trent's solid chest before she quickly stopped herself. "What are you doing? Let go of me. People could be watching us," she squirmed in the hold, but he didn't let her go.

"Stop being so paranoid, we are in the back of the bookstore away from prying eyes, so relax and let me touch you."

Calloused fingers stroked the bare skin above her jeans exposed by her T-shirt. It was Saturday night and she decided to just throw on a top and a pair of jeans since she was only making a trip to find a new book to read. She wasn't expecting to run into Trent at all.

"Trent, you need to stop," she scolded, but ruined it by moaning when his fingers stroked her navel.

"I'll stop if you do this one thing."

"What is it?"

"Call me Hawk instead of Trent. I want to hear my nickname on your lips again," he confessed before nibbling on her earlobe.

"I can't do it. I'd rather call you Trent." She wasn't going to let him do this to her.

"I have a way of making you do it," he gloated, softly.

Khastity felt she should have let the subject drop, but the inquisitive side of her couldn't do it. "Sure you do," she taunted. "I can handle anything you're willingly to dish out."

"Are you sure?" Trent threatened.

"You bet."

She didn't have time to prepare before Trent's hand unsnapped her jeans, his fingers brushed past her underwear and his thick middle finger buried its self deep inside her wetness. She almost came on the spot.

"Don't say a word or someone will come over here," Trent warned as his finger started to work its magic.

She bit down on her bottom lip to keep from moaning out loud. God, what was wrong with her letting Trent do this to her in a public place. It didn't matter they were almost hidden by another bookshelf in the very back of the store.

"Come on, baby. Say it. You know you want to," he encouraged.

Khastity was determined to show how strong she was. She clenched her jaw to kill the sound in her throat as Trent's free hand moved up and started to play with her nipple through her thin T-shirt. His fingers were in perfect harmony as they teased her traitorous body.

"Khastity, call me Hawk and I'll end this torment. That's the name you're screaming when I make love to you in my dreams."

She was barely able to control her gasp of surprise at Trent's confession. It faltered her determination and allowed her emotions to take over. "Please, Hawk," she whimpered, not caring anymore.

"What is it, sweetheart? What can I do for you?" Hawk groaned as he sped up the finger inside of her.

"I need...." her voice trailed off as she felt her orgasm about to hit. It had been so long and she needed this so desperately.

"Is this what you want?"

She almost died when Hawk pushed another thick finger into her shattering her body into an instant orgasm. She barely swallowed her scream in time. It seemed like her release went on for hours before she finally came down from her high. She might have been a puddle at the bottom of Hawk's feet if his arms hadn't been holding her up.

"The next time that happens to you I'm going to be buried deep inside you. Right now, I'm very jealous my fingers got that pleasure and my cock didn't."

Khastity was too numb to move or say a word as Hawk fixed her jeans and shirt. Slowly she regained her senses as Hawk's words penetrated her brain and she faced Hawk. "We can't let that happen. It wouldn't be good for either one of us," she said looking at Hawk's chest not his eyes.

"Oh sweetheart, it would be so good that we'll probably do it more than one time." Placing his finger under her chin, Hawk made her watch as he licked the fingers clean that had been deep inside her body.

"Sweeter than any honey I've ever tasted. You're mine now, Khastity and I'm not going to give up until you realize that too."

Junk N' Her Trunk  
*by Marie Rochelle*

She didn't move as Hawk's heated gaze roamed over the length of her body like he really did own it. "You're so damn perfect my body hurts just from looking at you."

"You didn't think that when you were younger. You had a huge problem with my body especially my ass." She had the hardest time shoving his junk in the trunk comment to the back of her mind. She knew the past was the past, but it still hurt a little.

"I was young and stupid back then, but I'm a grown man now. I know how to appreciate a body like yours. Now, I better leave before I won't have enough will power too." Hawk planted a hot kiss on her mouth before he gave her ass a good slap and then left before she could say a word.

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## Chapter Eight

The warm night air blew through the open window in his bedroom as he lay in his bed and ran his hand over his chest hair. God, he couldn't get the taste of Khastity out of his mouth. He almost tossed her over his shoulder and carried her out of that damn bookstore. He didn't know what possessed him to do that to her, but his body was dying with the need to be closer to her. He had to do something or he would have lost his mind.

However, even after the explosive time they shared Khastity was still fighting her need to be with him and he knew why. Khastity was still holding a slight grudge against him. Didn't she understand he was only looking out for her best interest? Yet, the memory was as fresh in his mind as it was hers.

His parents had sent him to find his sister after she had climbed out of her bedroom window. Despite her being in her first year of college, Katie had been still living at home which meant she had to follow the rules until she turned twenty. He wasn't expecting to find Katie had already left and another person was there instead at the out-of-control party.

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"Have you seen Katie James?" he asked the first person he came upon inside the house party.

"I'm not her keeper," the boy tossed back without looking at him.

"Look, I don't have time for this," he snapped spinning the smart mouth teenager so he could face him.

"Hey man, don't touch me," the boy yelled then took a step back when he looked up and saw the anger on Hawk's face. "Sorry, I think she left about twenty minutes ago with someone."

"Damn, I'm done chasing after Katie. She knows her way back home," Hawk complained as he headed for the door, but he caught a movement from the corner of his eye. "I know that isn't who I think it is."

Hawk made his way towards the person, moving around teenagers as they got in his way. He paused in the middle of the dining room and watched her dance with three guys that looked up to no good.

"What in the hell is she doing at this party? I know she isn't old enough to drink." He frowned when Khastity took another drink of the beer in her hand.

Storming across the room, he took the bottle out of her hand and flung it into the trashcan. "You aren't supposed to be drinking."

"Hey! What is your problem?" she snapped glaring at him.

"Do you want to tell me what you're doing at this party?" He was trying his best to keep his eyes off the short plaid skirt that was barely long enough to cover her beautiful plump ass. The snug T-shirt wasn't helping his libido either.

"I'm having fun," Khastity said slurring her words a little. "Didn't you tell me I needed to make friends? Well, now I've three new ones." She waved her hand at the three guys hovering around her. They reminded him of three Big Bad Wolves ready to gobble up Little Red Riding Hood.

"I think you need to let me take you home. Your parents are probably worried about you." When he told Khastity about getting some friends a while back he didn't mean like this.

"No, they aren't," she giggled then winked at him. "They are out of town. I can stay out all night long and have fun."

*The hell you will*, Hawk thought. Khastity didn't have a clue what these guys were thinking, but he did. "Sorry, Khastity party time is over. I'm taking you home and I don't want to hear another word about it."

Khastity shook her head. "You aren't the boss of me. I can stay here."

"No, you can't," he yelled. "Now let's go." He grabbed her arm, but she jerked it away from him.

"I'm staying!"

"Hawk, why don't you leave her alone? One of us will be more than happy to give her a ride," one of the guys said stepping next to Khastity.

"Do you really want to mess with me?" He practically growled out the words.

Holding up his hands the guy moved back from Khastity. "No, I don't think so," he touched his other two buddies and they left without another word.

"I hate you, Trent," Khastity snapped then snatched her purse off the counter behind her. She tried to storm past him,

but ended up wobbling in her heels. He reached out to catch her, but she shoved him away.

Once they got outside he grabbed Khastity by the arm despite her protest and led her to his car. After they were buckled in he started the car and drove towards Khastity's house. He tried his best to keep his eyes from straying over to the right, but he couldn't. At sixteen, Khastity's body still had some baby fat on it, but over the last two years everything had moved to the right places. She was truly stunning.

"How did you did get to that party?" If Katie had taken her there and then took off he was going to kill his sister.

"That's none of your business," Khastity shot back. "Just drop me off at home and then leave me alone."

His grip tightened on the steering wheel so he wouldn't run his hand over Khastity's smooth looking thigh. She didn't know how much her outfit was tempting him. "I'm going to take you inside and make sure you're safe. I am going to do that for you."

"You not are going to do anything for me or to me." Khastity shot back as he pulled up in front of her house and turned off the car.

Moving his hand off the wheel, Hawk placed it on his thigh. He needed to calm down before he said something he shouldn't. Khastity was pushing his buttons without even knowing it. He was older and he shouldn't let her get to him like this.

"See, you can't even say anything because I'm right."



"How do you know what I want?" Damn, he was tired of Khastity make him lose his temper. He was horny as hell and couldn't do a thing about it.

"I know you don't want this." A spilt second later Khastity grabbed his hand and shoved it underneath her skirt inside her underwear.

Hawk really wanted to move his hand ... he truly did. However, the heat from Khastity's body, made his common sense flee right out the window.

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## Chapter Nine

*I'll just touch her once and then I'll stop*, Hawk thought to himself as his finger slipped inside of Khastity's moist heat. "Fuck, you're so snug," he bit out as he push his index finger deeper. Her heat felt like it was going to burn him alive.

"God, that feels so good," Khastity panted as she spread her legs a little wider.

"Do you want some more?" Hawk asked. "I can give it to you."

"Please me give me more," she answered without giving it a second thought.

He was so thankful that his car had tinted windows. It would be so bad if Khastity's neighbors could see what he was doing. "Are you positive? You have been drinking. I don't want to take advantage of you."

Squirming on the leather seat, Khastity moved her hips trying to push his finger further inside of her. "I only had three beers. I know what I'm doing." Turning her head, she looked him directly in the eye. "Please.... Hawk."

Hawk removed his hand and grabbed the sides of Khastity underwear. "Lift your hips."

She quickly did as he asked and he removed the flimsy fabric tossing it in the back seat. "I want to see you," he moaned shoving up the small skirt. Hawk growled deep in his throat at the sight of her. He moved her legs as far apart as they would go and eased his finger back into her. The contrast between their two skin tones was beautiful.

Despite the fact he had a natural tan to his skin, the whiteness of his hand still stood out next to her silky caramel thighs. It made his cock so hard that he thought it might burst.

"The smell of you is driving me insane. Do you know how long I've been fighting my attraction to you?" he asked slipping another finger inside of her.

"You could have fooled me," Khastity moaned wrapping her small hand around his wrist.

Hawk wanted to continue what he was doing, but outside in his car wasn't the right place. As much as he hated it, he fixed Khastity clothes and hoped his body would understand. He had to get her inside her house or he was going to lose his mind.

"Why did you stop?" Big brown eyes filled with hurt stared back into his.

"I wanted us to get more comfortable, plus I'm sure your neighbors are peeking at us through their blinds. We have been out here in my car for a while."

Khastity blinked at him a couple of times like she was trying to see if he was lying to her. "You want to come inside?"

"Yes, I do." He didn't even need a second to think about it.

He watched as Khastity got out of his Mustang and hurried toward her front door. Running his fingers through his hair, Hawk got his body back under some kind of control. Blowing out a deep breath, he got out of his car and followed Khastity.

"I can't believe you're here. You don't know how long I have wanted this," she told him as she unlocked the front door.

Hawk followed Khastity inside and closed the door behind them. The moon shone in through the living room window giving them a little bit of light to see each other. "You don't know how I've dreamt about this either. He ran his hand over Khastity's butt then gave it a good squeeze. Being inside her home he was starting to have second thoughts.

He brought her home because those guys wanted to take advantage of her now here he was doing it. Plus what would her parents think if they found out, he really liked them. He wouldn't be able to look them in the face again if he let this happen.

"My room is upstairs," Khastity said wrapping her arms around his neck.

His cock was screaming at him to take her up on the sexy offer, but his regular head won the battle. He eased Khastity's arms from around his neck and took a step back. "I'm not going to do this. I'm older and should have known better. I'm sorry Khastity."

"Don't you dare do this to me," she shouted at him.

"I have to or I wouldn't be able to look at myself in the mirror if I sleep with you."

Khastity stumbled back from him as if he had physically stuck her. "Get out of my house, Trent James."

*Shit!* He didn't mean it like it came out. He wanted Khastity so bad, he felt like pulling out his hair. But she had been drinking and he wanted her sober when they made love

for the first time. It would kill him, but he could wait three more years until she turned twenty-one.

"Baby, let me explain what I meant.' He reached for her, but she moved back even further out of his grasp.

"Trent, I want you to leave."

"What happened to you calling me Hawk?" he frowned. "You were moaning it a few minutes ago." He hated when people called him by his birth name.

"If I recall correctly only your friends call you by your nick name. You just proved we could never be friends. Now get out of my house."

Hawk figured now wasn't the best time to get into this with Khastity. She was drunk and upset. He'd let her sober up and cool off. A couple of days from now she should be ready to talk to him.

"I'm leaving," he said opening the door and walking out of it, "but I'll be back to talk to you. There are some things you need to know."

Running up to the door, Khastity grabbed it and glared at him. "Don't bother. I'm not interested in a thing you have to say," she shouted before slamming the door in his face.

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"Leaving Khastity that night was the dumbest mistake of my life," Hawk said sitting up on the side of the bed. He ran

his fingers across the back of his neck and tried to forget the memory. Khastity had avoided him after that because she thought he was a liar and a jerk. She never gave him the chance to explain.

"I'm not going to let her slip away from me again," he promised himself.

The sound of the doorbell shocked him making his eyes swing over to his clock. Twelve o'clock flashed back at him. *Who was visiting him this time of night?* Tossing the covers off his body, Hawk made his way out of his bedroom and down the steps to the front door.

Looking out of the peephole, he did a double take to make sure his eyes weren't playing tricks on him. He unlocked the door, opened it and stared at the person on the other side. "What are you doing here this late?"

The sweet scent of Apricot and Chamomile tickled his nose making his cock stand at attention as Khastity brushed past him and walked inside his house. She shouldn't be here at this late hour, especially not with the way he was feeling.

He needed to find a way to get her to leave or he wouldn't be able to control himself. Hell, he couldn't take his eyes off her toned legs in the almost thigh high skirt she had changed into. Didn't she know how much he loved looking at her ass and legs? She must not or she wouldn't wear stuff like that around him.

"Are you going to answer my question?" Hawk asked as he closed and locked the front door. "How did you even know where I lived?"

"I was at home tossing and turning in bed thinking about you. We need to talk so we'll be able to get this job done for my father. Since my mother told me where you lived when we had lunch yesterday I decided to come on over," Khastity replied, looking up at him. "Do you have I problem that I came as late as it is?"

"Baby, I don't mind how many times you come as long as I get to take a part in it," he answered moving closer until he could run his finger down Khastity's smooth arm.

"See, that's what I'm talking about. We can't continue to do this. It isn't healthy for either one of us..."

"Can't continue what?" Hawk continued to stroke her arm with his finger. "Fighting the need to rip each others clothes off and have sex anytime we want?"

"Yes ... what happened in the bookstore today could have gotten us in a lot of trouble."

"What's wrong with a little trouble? I think it adds something to our lives. The anticipation of getting caught, doing something you shouldn't, makes your blood pump a little harder."

"I'm not like you. I don't like the thought of the unknown," Khastity replied.

"Are you sure about that? Wasn't your heart pumping a little faster when you were standing outside my door? Didn't you wonder if I was going to get out of my bed and come to see who was there?" He slowly moved his hand up Khastity's body until his hand was cupping her breast.

"No," she lied.

"Oh, babe why are you lying to me?" he inquired. "I can feel your heart racing right now. Is it from the unknown or what you want to happen between us?"

"You don't have a clue what I want."

"I think you want me to strip you out of your drenched panties and take you upstairs to my bed, so I can make love to you all night long."

Hawk gave Khastity credit she didn't bat an eye when he challenged her. He held his breath while he waited to see what she would do next. She constantly had a way of surprising him.

"You don't have a clue if my underwear is wet or dry."

"Well ... I guess I better go and do some investigation then shouldn't I." Hawk wrapped his arm around Khastity's waist and slipped his hand under her skirt. He didn't come into contact with her underwear, but her hot, moist heat instead.

"Why aren't you wearing any damn panties?" Hawk couldn't stop his fingers from stroking her wet curls. She was truly trying to drive him insane with lust.

"They seem to always get in the way of what we both want," Khastity answered, wrapping her arms around his neck. "I wanted to show you how much I was craving to be with you tonight. Do you have any objections?"

"Khastity, the only objection I have is we wasted too much time talking. I could already have you upstairs on my bed." Removing his hand, Hawk picked Khastity up and raced upstairs to his bedroom.

Tossing her on the bed, he stood and looked down at the breathtaking picture she made in his room on his black



sheets. He couldn't believe this was really happening. "We are just going to enjoy ourselves tonight. We'll deal with tomorrow when it comes."

"I can agree to that," Khastity said leaning up on her elbows.

He placed his hand on her stomach and gently pushed Khastity back down on the bed. "Don't move. I want to do something to you that I've had on my mind for years. I never thought I would get the chance."

"What is it?" Khastity asked, but she didn't move from her position on the bed.

Dropping to his knees by the edge of the bed, Hawk pushed Khastity's tiny skirt up and spread her legs as wide as they would go. The scent of her almost made him come in his underwear. "You're so beautiful," he groaned running his hands down her thighs. Leaning forward, he gave her two long, slow licks to see if she still tasted as good as he remembered from earlier.

"Oh ... Hawk ... that felt so good," Khastity moaned squirming around on the bed.

"Babe, it's only going to get better," he promised before he dived into the treat he had been craving all night.

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## Chapter Ten

*Damn! Shit! Fuck!*

Those words kept repeating in her head as Hawk gave her orgasm after orgasm with that wonderful mouth of his. He licked and nibbled at her like she was his favorite dessert. She wouldn't be able to take much more if she didn't stop him. She didn't come all the way over here not to feel that thick cock of his inside of her body.

"Hawk ... I want you," Khastity moaned twisting around on the bed.

"You got me babe," Hawk whispered as he ran his tongue along her thigh.

God, if he kept doing that she might lose her ability to think clearly. "No, I want you inside of me," she corrected him leaning back on her elbows.

Khastity watched as a head popped up between her thighs. A lock of blond hair fell across Hawk's forehead as he licked his lips. "I was having such a good time. Can't I play a little while longer?"

He brushed his knuckles against her moist curls and almost sent her body into another orgasm.

"Looks like another part of you wants to join in the fun," Khastity pointed out as her eyes dropped down to Hawk's erection that looked ready to rip through his black underwear.

"He has been rather patient," Hawk grinned then brushed his hand over his erection.

"How about we give him a treat for being so good?"

Getting up on her knees, Khastity pulled her T-shirt over her head tossing it to the floor. A few seconds later her bra followed. Hawk had been kind enough to remove her sandals and add them to her clothes on the floor.

As her hand reached for the zipper at the back of her skirt, Hawk's deep voice stopped her. "Leave it on."

Standing up, Hawk removed his shorts and kicked them away. His erection stood hard, thick and proud away from his body. The length and size made her grow even wetter at the thought of him inside of her.

"I used to have dreams about making love to you wearing a skirt like this. I'm not about to let the chance pass me by."

Pulling open the nightstand drawer by the side of his bed, Khastity watched as Hawk removed a condom, tore it open and placed it on his impressive length. All of her teenage fantasies were about to come true. She was practically giddy at the thought.

"Move over, sweetheart," Hawk told her as he climbed on the bed.

She eased over until he had enough room to lie down. Her body was burning with anticipation as Hawk picked her up and positioned her over his cock. "Are you ready for this?" he asked as the tip of his erection teased her entrance. "I don't want to be too rough with you."

Looking down into the amazing hunter green eyes of Hawk, Khastity realized at that moment how much she loved the man beneath her. She had been in love with him since he spoke to her the day she started tutoring his sister.

"Yes, I'm ready."

"Hold up your skirt. I want to watch while it happens."

"What do you want to see?" Khastity asked tugging up her skirt like Hawk requested.

"I want to witness the moment I make you my woman," Hawk growled a second before he entered her in one powerful thrust.

"OH MY GOD!" Khastity screamed as she flattened her hands against Hawk's wide chest. He was thick and the fit was more than snug, but she was feeling so much pleasure that she wasn't fazed at all. Hawk gave her a few minutes to adjust before he began a slow, steady rhythm.

Leaning over, she kissed him as his hands moved to grab her ass. The kiss seemed to get hotter and hotter as Hawk's thrust seemed to go deeper and deeper. She tried to move her hips in the same tempo, but he had her beat.

Without breaking their tongue-dueling kiss, he flipped her over and yanked her arms above her head. Usually, controlling men in bed didn't turn her on, but Hawk's move had her panting for more.

Easing his mouth away from her, Hawk caught her eyes with his. He didn't say a word, but continue to worship her body with his. No man had ever made her feel this complete.

"Khastity, you're killing me," Hawk panted loosening his hold on her wrists, but not releasing them. "I feel like I'm not getting enough of you."

"I know," she moaned wrapping her legs around his hips. The slickness from their bodies made them glide perfectly against each other. "I wish this could go on forever."

"I do too," Hawk confessed as he removed one of his hands from her wrist and used it to play with her breasts. "You have the most beautiful breasts. I'm dying to suck on your nipples."

"Why don't you?" she asked as a familiar tingling started in her body. No, she wasn't ready for this to end.

"I will lose what tiny bit of control I have left," Hawk confessed as his movements became slower and more precise.

"Live a little. Do it," Khastity encouraged, as she struggled to hold on to this sensation as long as she could.

A dark look came into Hawk's eyes then he dropped his head and ran his tongue along the top of her nipple. Before she had a chance to react he sucked the hard pebble into his hot mouth shattering her body into an orgasm.

Screaming at the top of her lungs, Khastity felt like she had left her body as the release took over. In the back of her mind, she heard Hawk's scream but she was still coming down off her high and was unable to even form the words to ask how he was doing.

"Khastity, are you okay?" Hawk asked breathing hard against the side of her neck.

"I'm better than okay," she grinned playing with the ends of his damp hair. "I feel amazing."

"That's good to hear." A second later a soft kiss was planted on her nose and Hawk slowly separated their bodies. "I'll be back. Don't go anywhere."

"I'm not moving a muscle." Khastity watched Hawk's perfectly toned ass as he left the bedroom and went into the

bathroom to deal with the condom. Getting off the bed, she removed her skirt. In the background, she heard the toilet flush followed by running water. Climbing back on the bed, she stretched out and totally relaxed just taking pleasure in the beauty of the moment.

"I thought you promised not to move," Hawk teased as he laid back on the bed. Picking her up, he placed her on his chest and covered them up with a black sheet.

"I didn't move that much," Khastity sighed snuggling closer to Hawk's warmth.

"I guess I can let it pass since you gave me the best t night of my life. I guess being in love with the woman you make love too helps."

Khastity's heart stopped in the middle of her chest and then sped up. Did Hawk realize what he just told her? No, it was the aftermath of the lovemaking talking. There was no way Hawk felt the same way as she did. She got to do something most women didn't. She actually got to sleep with her high school crush. It was something she would never forget. Yet, she was intelligent enough to recognize the situation for what it was and not read more into it. "You don't love me," she said trying to get up off his chest, but Hawk pushed her back down.

"I think I should know who I'm in love with. Damn woman, I found excuses to visit my parents so I could see you when you tutored Katie when I was younger. Did you really think I had to come to their house three days a week? I wanted to see you every chance I got. Hell, I wanted you the first time I saw you."

"You're lying. What about the time you said my ass was too big and you made fun of it?" Khastity wanted to believe Hawk, but a part of her couldn't.

"I was young and horny as hell. Plus I was pissed every time I got within touching distance of you my cock would get instantly hard. I was the star football player at Avery University. I had girls throwing themselves at me. I would come back to the fraternity and girls would be naked in my bed waiting for me."

"But I was more concerned about getting home to catch a glimpse of or talk to my sister's adorable tutor. That day I made fun of you was heart rendering for me. If I hadn't pushed you away by making fun of you, I would have taken you right there in my parent's kitchen. A sexually aroused twenty plus year old man is a bitch to deal with. I'm sorry I did that to you."

She was a tiny step away from believing him, but she had to know one last thing. "If you wanted me so bad why did you shove me away that night you brought me home from that party? I was dying to have you that night."

"Babe, I was really struggling not to make love to you then. Hands down I wanted to carry you up those stairs, but I didn't because I respected you too much for that. I kept thinking our first time together would be amazing and not a rush job to get rid of the ache I had. Plus you had been partying I couldn't let you wake up the next morning with any regrets so I left."

Burrowing closer, Khastity ran her fingers through his chest hair. The light caress was turning him on, but he

couldn't let them make love again until everything was out in the open.

"As much as I love what you're doing you need to stop. I think we have more stuff to talk about." He moved Khastity off his chest and laid her next to him. "I have a question for you and you need to be completely honest with me." Hawk was pretty sure that he already knew the answer, but he had to hear it.

"What's the question?" Khastity asked as she played with a strand of his hair.

"Was your website named after what I said to you?"

Khastity moved away from him. Sitting up on the bed, she wrapped part of the sheet around her body. "Hawk, we had a wonderful time here. Let's not ruin it by bringing up too much of the past. I'm not part of the website catalog anymore so why don't we just leave it alone?"

Hawk wasn't going to let it go. This was one of the final hurdles they had to get over. He had to make sure Khastity understood her body was perfect to him. "Khastity, tell me."

"Yes. At fist I did it because I wanted to take your cruel comment and use it against you. But then after the website became such a huge hit I loved the title and embraced it."

"Do you still resent me for saying that to you?" He hated the fear he felt. Usually he was a pretty confident guy, but right now he was nervous as hell.

"Hawk, I got over your comment a long time ago. I'm not holding a grudge against you," Khastity said softly, her eyes never breaking contact with his.



"Sweetheart, you don't know how happy your words have made me." Hawk gently pushed Khastity back down on the bed and covered her body with his. "It makes what I want to ask you so much easier." He took a deep breath and tried to relax. His heart was thumping madly as he tried to get the words together. He thought he was ready, but maybe he wasn't.

"Are you okay?" Khastity asked, concerned touching the side of her face with her fingertips.

He kissed the ends and then placed them against his chest. "Khastity, I love you. Will you marry me?"

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## Chapter Eleven

*Where in the hell did I go wrong?* Hawk wondered as he watched Khastity work on putting the last coat of the grayish-taupe paint on the far wall in her father's home office. The paint gave the large room a warm and cozy feel. It went perfectly with the salmon-colored glazed tile at the entry and around the fireplace that was located a couple of feet from where Khastity was standing.

She had bolted from his bed right after his marriage proposal. He thought for sure things would have turned out differently. He had stopped by today to check on the lighting one last time before he started installing it.

Yet, he wasn't sure how Khastity was going to react to seeing him. Each time he had been by she wasn't down here. He was dying to talk to her. That one night made his body realize what it was missing ... love, and Khastity was the only woman that could give it to him.

"Good Morning, Khastity."

Hawk watched as Khastity stopped painting and glanced over her shoulder at him. She gave him a small smile before placing the roller inside the container on the floor. "Good Morning, Hawk. Are you here to check on things?"

He wasn't going to let Khastity shove their relationship three steps back. She was trying to run from him for some reason and he was going to find out what it was. "No, I came here to see you. I've missed you. You aren't taking my calls and when I come by here you aren't here. What is going on?"

"What are you talking about? We are talking now," Khastity replied wiping her paint covered hands on her already stained jeans. Jeans that looked so damn good on her body that made him want to strip them off of her.

"You know what I'm talking about. I proposed to you two weeks ago and I haven't seen you since then."

"Hawk, you weren't serious about that," Khastity told him as she walked towards him. "We are in the just getting to know you phase. You can't honestly want to marry me."

"Babe, we are so past the getting to know you part of our relationship. I'm not going to let you dodge this marriage proposal. I love you and I can't wait until you're my wife. If I have to do it the old fashion way and ask your father's permission first I will, but I can't think of another woman I rather be married to then you."

"My mother has already decided you should be her grandbaby's daddy," Khastity confessed.

"I love how your mother thinks," Hawk chuckled as he pulled Khastity against the gray shirt he was wearing. He wouldn't mind starting the baby making right now if he could. He wanted at least six kids. The bigger the family the better, he thought. "So, are you saying the only person I have to win over is your father?"

"No.... my dad probably loves you too and just hasn't told me. How about we make a deal?"

"Are you trying to think of another reason to hold off giving me an answer?" He wasn't a patient man and Khastity was pushing what little patience he did have to its limits.

"All I'm asking is for you to let me finish doing this room for my dad and then I'll give you my answer. How's that?"

"How much longer will I have to live in this torture?"

"A week ... maybe two tops. I needed some special pieces for my father and the furniture store has to order them. So, once I'm able to reveal the room to him, I'll have an answer for you."

"Fine ... I'll give you two weeks and not a moment longer." Hawk said before he kissed Khastity.

"Okay ... we need to stop this or I won't be able to get anything done," Khastity complained easing away from him. "I need to finish the painting. Do you think you can start working on the lighting? I would love to have it done before the furniture is delivered."

"Let me go grab my stuff out of the truck and I'll be back in five minutes." Hawk turned and hurried from the room. He wasn't about to miss out on the chance to spend the day with Khastity. Maybe he could talk her into giving him an answer sooner than she said she would.

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## **Chapter Twelve**

Standing at the back of the room Khastity walked around the space looking over the redesign of her father's new home office. She reworked the area by adding a large bookcase painted in a dark chocolate color.

Since her father loved traditional style items she blended in a cute cocktail table in front of an off gray couch. Against the far wall she incorporated a modern TV stand with a small shelf at the bottom for her father's DVD collection.

Comfy, yet functional, a white chair was positioned in the far corner, giving her father or another person a place to relax. In addition, she thought the silky window treatments added style and a touch of class to the large space.

A medium sized mahogany desk with new desk lamps and matching floor lamps were combined with the other essential items to provide business or intimate lighting for the seating area.

She was very pleased with the room. Even the recessed lighting Hawk installed added polish to the entire décor of the room. Everything had turned out better than she could have hoped.

Sliding her hands into the off-white slacks, Khastity paused by the front of the office and thought about Hawk.

What was she going to do about him? Her time was up he was going to want an answer to his question and she wasn't prepared to give it to him. She was in love with Hawk. A part of her heart had always belonged to him. But she was worried

she would end up giving her whole heart to the handsome electrician.

Was he truly in love with her? Or was he trying to make up for his past mistakes with her? Sometimes guilt pushed a person to do a lot of crazy things. She wasn't going to marry Hawk so he could ease his conscience. She wanted his proposal to come from his heart and nothing else. Honestly, Khastity wasn't sure that Hawk meant what he had said. So, she was going to tell him no.

"Khastity, the room is stunning. I'm very pleased with it. I couldn't ask for anything better. You're a very talented interior designer. I'm very proud of you sweetheart," her father said coming to her and then giving her a hug.

She hugged her father back while trying to keep her emotions concealed. She didn't want to put her problems on anyone else. "I'm glad you're happy, daddy," she replied stepping back. "I hope that you get a lot of use out of it."

"I have already planned to have my first meeting in it tomorrow. The country club wants to go over the budget for the fundraiser with me."

"Wonderful. I hate to leave, but I have to take care of something." Khastity was nervous about going to see Hawk, but it had to be done.

\* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \*

"I wasn't expecting you this early." Hawk kissed her on the cheek and closed the front door behind her. "I was on my way out to get one final thing for our date tonight. Do you want to go with me?"

Khastity fidgeted with the clip holding her short ponytail off her neck. Hawk looked so happy and she hated to give him the bad news, but she had to. She wasn't the kind of woman to start off her future with a lie. If she thought for one minute that Hawk's proposal was sincere, her answer would be different.

"Hmmm.... no, I'm not going to be here for that long. I just came to give you my answer."

"Khastity, are you okay? You seem nervous. Do you want to sit down?" Hawk reached to touch her, but she stepped back. If he touched her again she would be a goner.

"No, I'm fine. I just need to get this out." Taking a deep breath, she calmed her racing heart as best she could. "Hawk, you're a wonderful man."

"Thanks, I think I am too," he interrupted and then gave her a huge grin.

"That's why turning your marriage proposal down is so hard," she said rushing out the words.

"What?" Hawk frowned, the grin completely wiped from his gorgeous face. "No, you can't tell me no. I love you. I've been waiting for years to ask you to marry me."

Tears started to burn the back of her eyes and she had to get out before they started to fall. "You wanted my answer and now you have it." Khastity opened the door and rushed out, leaving a stunned Hawk staring after her.

Junk N' Her Trunk  
*by Marie Rochelle*

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## Chapter Thirteen

"I'm glad that you met me for lunch. I thought you might change your mind at the last minute."

"I have to admit I was surprised by your phone call, but I was on my way out the door, so I decided why not," Khastity replied, looking at Katie across the table. She did wonder why Hawk's sister wanted to have lunch with her. They haven't talked to each other since that day in the shoe store.

"I see how you're looking at me. I bet you're wondering why I invited you to have lunch with me, aren't you?" Katie laughed, placing her menu on the table.

A breeze blew around them moving the ends of the blouse she was wearing. Taking a sip of her water, Khastity placed the glass back on the table. "The thought did cross my mind."

"I want to know why you turned down my brother's marriage proposal. Hawk was so thrilled to tell me and even more devastated when he informed me of your answer."

"I just couldn't marry him."

"Do you how much pain Hawk is in right now? Don't you care?" Katie tossed back.

Khastity stiffened at Katie's tone. There was no reason for Hawk's sister to be taking that tone with her. She hadn't done anything wrong. She was preventing Hawk from making the biggest mistake of his life. She should be praised not interrogated like this.

"Yes, I care that your brother is in pain, but I did the right thing. Hawk only asked me to marry him because he felt bad

about our past. I let him go before he realized his mistake. I never said that we couldn't remain friends."

"Are you really that dense?" Katie uttered in shock. "Trent is in love with you. He talked about you practically every day after you went away to college. Hell, I thought he was going to visit you at one time. Know this about my brother, if he asked you to marry him, he meant it with everything he had in him."

"I never knew," Khastity gasped. "I thought he only saw me as your tutor and someone to tease when he wanted to kill time."

"Did you ever notice that my brother spoke to you first when he came home for a visit? Or when you left the room he was right behind you? He constantly found ways to be around you back then. I know my brother is a good-looking guy and had girls falling all over him, but he only had eyes for you."

"Often there were times when my girlfriends would find reasons to drop by the house in hopes of seeing him, but you weren't like that. You were smart, strong, confident and a good girl. I think Hawk liked that the most about you."

"I never knew," came Khastity's shocked replied.

"Well ... now you know, so what are you going to do about it?" Katie asked. "I love my brother and I want to see him smile again. Are you going to bring that light back to his eyes that he had when he talked about you?"

"I don't have a clue what to say to him. I turned down him, so he won't be too pleased to see me."

"Hawk is a man suffering from unrequited love, so he's going to make it hard when you apologize to him. However,

don't let that stand in your way. Go and give it all you got. I bet you'll be surprised how quickly he'll ask you to marry him again."

Getting up from the table, Khastity looked down at Katie. It was hard for her to believe that the snobby girl she tutored all those years ago was helping her get the man of her dreams.

"Katie thanks for telling me all of this because you didn't have to."

"Oh, yes I did," Katie corrected. "Hawk is dying to get married and start a family. I couldn't think of any better woman for him to do that with than the woman he's in love with."

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## Chapter Fourteen

Tossing back rum and cokes, Hawk eyed the door and wondered if he should answer it. The person on the other side didn't seem like they were ever going to leave, so he might as well get up and chase them off. He had a lot more drinking to do to dull his memory. Placing the empty glass on the table, Hawk pushed his body up out of the chair and made his way to the front door. Without bothering to look through the peephole he flung open the door.

"What do you want?" The words were out of his mouth before he could stop them because he thought his sister would be on the other side.

Khastity's mouth went dry at the sight of Hawk's bare chest dusted with a covering of blond hair and the low hung jeans on his hips. He looked so damn dangerous with his blond hair falling wildly around his shoulders.

What in the hell was wrong with her for turning down his marriage proposal? Maybe the paint fumes had gone to her head and made her temporarily insane.

"I came by to see you. Can we talk?" Khastity shoved her hands into the back pockets of her jeans and waited.

"I think we have said everything we need to each other," Hawk tossed back.

"Hawk, I know your mad at me, but if you let me come in. I think we can work things out."

"I think whatever needs to be said can be done from where you're at. There's no need for you to come inside." He waited, challenging her to go through with it.

She lifted her chin, meeting his icy gaze head on and tried to remember what Katie told her. Hawk was hurt and he was going to lash out at her before he finally gave in.

"Fine ... I'll stand out here and tell you. I don't care if your neighbors hear me or not," Khastity said accepting the challenge. "Hawk, I shouldn't have been so quick to say no to your proposal, but you have to understand that I didn't take it seriously. How could you want to marry me? We haven't even been together that long?"

"I'm not that same eighteen year old girl who fell in love with you. I have been on my own for a while now. I'm confident and self-assured. I started my own business and I love my independence. When I'm around you all of that seems to go out the window and it scares me because I thought I was reverting back that girlish crush I had on you."

Taking her hands out of her pockets, she laid one on Hawk's arm. He glanced down at it but didn't remove it. She took it as a good sign. "Sweetheart, I didn't realize how much I loved you until you weren't around anymore. I guess I was scared of losing part of my independence because I was constantly trying to show my parents I could do things without them. I wasn't used to leaning on another person."

"Hawk, I love you and becoming your wife would make me the happiest woman in the world. Do you think you could forgive me?" A war of emotions raged inside of her while she

waited for Hawk to answer her. Her heart refused to believe what her mind was trying to tell her.

"No, I can't forgive you," Hawk told her.

Heartbroken, she took Hawk's words without flinching but she was suddenly anxious to escape his presence. Katie was wrong. Hawk wasn't about to forgive her for turning him down. Khastity was becoming more uncomfortable by the minute as her hurt grew.

Dropping her hand, she stepped back from Hawk. "I understand," she whispered and then spun away. Khastity hadn't moved five steps before a strong hand circled her arm and she was pulled backwards into Hawk's house. A few seconds later, the front door was closed and her back was pressed against it.

"Where do you think you're going?" Hawk asked as he pressed his hard body against hers. "I wasn't finished talking to you."

Khastity looked at Hawk with surprise. "I was leaving."

"Why?" he asked trailing his fingers down the front of her blouse stopping at the top of her jeans.

"You told me that you couldn't forgive me so I didn't see any reason to stay."

Leaning closer, Hawk ran his tongue down the side of her neck. "I don't think I'll ever get tired of how amazing you taste."

She shivered at the touch of Hawk's tongue on her body, but she was confused. Why was he acting like this? Wasn't he upset with her? "Aren't you mad at me?"

"Khastity, I love you," Hawk said moving his head. As their eyes met, she felt a tremor run through her body at the sincerity of his words. "There's no need for me to forgive you for anything. I have never been mad at you. Yes, I was upset you turned down my proposal, but I was hoping you would come back. However, if you hadn't I would have pleaded my case to your mother since she wants me to be her grandbaby's daddy."

Wrapping her arms around Hawk's neck, Khastity felt a warm glow flowing through her body. She had never felt so alive or experienced such blissful happiness before. "Do you know how much I love you?"

Grinning, Hawk winked at her before he picked her up in his arms and made his ways towards the bedroom. "I think I had a small hint that you did."

"What gave it away?"

"The day you stopped calling me Trent and called me Hawk."

"I have always been meaning to ask you how you got that nickname," Khastity said.

"I'll tell you later."

"How much later?" she asked.

"After I had time to worship this gorgeous body of yours," Hawk whispered before he silenced her next question with a kiss.

The End

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## **AUTHOR BIO:**

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 best selling IR romance was entitled **Taken by Storm**. This bestseller will be released by Phaze later on in the year. Her hero in the book Storm Hyde won the 2006 Choice hero from REC.

In addition Ms. Rochelle has several best selling books published through Red Rose Publishing that include: With All my Heart, Dangerous Bet; Troy's Revenge, Cover Model and Pamper Me.

Marie loves hearing from her fans. Please drop her an email at [marierochelle2@yahoo.com](mailto:marierochelle2@yahoo.com) or visit her website @ [www.freewebs.com/irwriter/](http://www.freewebs.com/irwriter/). She also has a discussion group fans can join and talk about her current releases. [groups.yahoo.com/group/MarieRochelle2/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/MarieRochelle2/). Or you can visit her website and join her regular yahoo group.

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