



*Kayleigh Jamison*

*Eyes like  
Yours*

*Red Rose Publishing*



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

### **Eyes Like Yours by Kayleigh Jamison**

Red Rose Publishing

[www.redrosepublishing.com](http://www.redrosepublishing.com)

Copyright© 2007 Kayleigh Jamison

ISBN: 978-1-60435-000-5

Cover Artist: Stella Price

Editor: Nancy Gail

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews. Due to copyright laws you can not trade, sell or give any ebooks away.

Red Rose Publishing  
[www.redrosepublishing.com](http://www.redrosepublishing.com)  
12065 Woodhull Road  
Forestport, NY 13338

# Eyes Like Yours

by

Kayleigh Jamison

*The dream is the same night after night, so startlingly vivid that at times I wake convinced it is real. It can't be. No man is as perfect as the one who visits me as I sleep. He waits in the corner, shrouded in darkness, the reflective flash of his eyes the only physical indication of his presence. Even without it, I'd know he was there. I can sense him. My body's reaction is instant, tightening in some places, loosening in others, the friction of my cotton sheets against my bare skin a delicious tease. I sleep naked now, in anticipation of him.*

*He circles the bed, one hand trailing along the inside of my thigh and I spread my legs wider, arching my back into his caress. He chuckles.*

*"Miss me, my love?" he rumbles.*

*"Always." I let out a tiny moan as his exploring hand cups one breast, fingertips skimming over the peak. Extending my arms to him I whisper, "Come to me."*

*The bed sags slightly with his weight as he climbs on, settling between my thighs. He starts with my face, planting light, airy kisses on my lids, my cheeks, a brush against my lips and then he dips lower along my neck, tongue snaking out to lick the column of my throat, and then lower still.*

*He lavishes attention on my breasts, taking first one, then the other into his mouth and suckling, sharp teeth grazing against the*

*sensitive flesh. Every part of me that is exposed to him receives attention down to my toes, which he gives a playful nip, before tracing a path back up to the juncture between my thighs.*

*My breathing labored, I'm moaning almost continuously when his lips finally make contact with my sex, teasing my slick folds. When I finally reach the peak, he withdraws, climbing up my body until I feel the stiffness of his erection against my clit. He never lets me come until he's inside me, loves teasing me until I beg for release. And I love it, too.*

*Grasping my waist he pulls me to him, my legs immediately circling his hips to lock around the small of his back. He surges forward, hitting in one fluid thrust and I cry out at the sudden fullness, the perfect fulfillment of him deep inside me. He stays still for a moment, and we both savor it, before he begins to move, slow, steady strokes in and out, striking my womb. It's at this moment that I always realize I'm dreaming – no man is this perfect. No one has ever felt this right.*

*A car passes by outside and for a brief moment a sliver of headlights illuminate a band across his face and I see his eyes – dark blue and intense. He stiffens and pulls back, out of the light, but not fast enough.*

*I open my mouth to protest, to tell him I want to see his face, but he silences me with a kiss. He never lets me speak until we've finished, and even then, he cuts off my questions with a brush of his lips or a well-placed caress.*

*His thrusts become faster, more urgent, and I encourage him by lifting my hips to meet his, raking my nails down his back. We*

*climax together, shuddering and panting in each other's arms. I'd cry out his name, if I knew it.*

*After, he stays with me, holding me in the protective circle of his arms. I fight my exhaustion, don't want the dream to end, but he strong hands smoothing my back, running through my hair, only add to the pull.*

*"You make me feel alive again," he whispers, "even if you don't remember who you were."*

*"Who was I?" I ask. He never tells me, but I always ask.*

*"Sleep, my love. I'll see you again."*

*I always do.*

\* \* \* \* \*

The atmosphere in the club is intoxicating. Dark and smoky, with the only source of light an occasional multicolored flash from the strobes recessed high in the vaulted ceiling. The aroma is a violating assault of smoke, booze, sweat, and sex. The music pounding through the speakers is hard core hip hop, a rhythmic cadence of words and beats, the bass cranked so loud that I feel, rather than hear, the pulses reverberating through my body and vibrating into my bones. Here, now, beneath the haze of intoxication and desire, anyone can be sexy. Anyone can be *the one*.

I grab a drink from the bartender – vodka martini on the rocks, double olives – and make my way back out onto the dance floor to find my friends. Halfway across the sea of people throbbing in time to the music, I feel strong hands grasp my waist, halting my progress.

"What's the rush, baby?" a voice murmurs in my ear. I'm amazed that I can hear him above the heavy beat pumping out of the speakers, but his words are clear and vibrant within my mind.

*Why the hell not?* I shrug, falling back against the assailing hands to find them accompanied by a hard, lean chest. He's tall. My 5 foot 5 frame doesn't even reach his shoulders.

His hands circle my front and press into the exposed midriff of my stomach, pulling me closer. My free hand floats up behind me to caress his neck.

"Let's see how you move, sweets," he whispers.

Obediently, I let my hips sway to the music, pushing my ass into his groin with a suggestive tease. In response his hands pull me tighter against him, and I feel the telltale sign of his arousal through the clothes that separate us.

My head falls against his chest and I close my eyes, swept away by the music. His lips trail up my neck and I shiver. I've played this erotic game half a dozen times tonight alone, but this time...it's different. I'm as turned on as he is, without even seeing his face. The way his hands sweep along the curves of my hips, the hot puff of his breath against my ear, it's all strangely familiar.

The music ends, far too soon for my tastes, and reluctantly I begin to withdraw; this is how it's done – a dance, a tease, perhaps a drunken, slobbering kiss, but never anything more. It's the art of 21<sup>st</sup> century flirtation, and the anonymity of it all is what makes it exciting.

His hands don't let me go, so I rotate my body in his arms, prepared to explain the rules to him, with a swift kick between the legs if necessary.

"I don't like rules," he says with a grin, and again his voice is eerily clear in my head, almost as if he is speaking inside my mind.

I can't hide my shock as I catch sight of his face in a flash of orange light. A strong, muscular jaw frames the angular contours of his face, with high cheekbones and an aquiline nose. Black hair, cropped short around his ears with sideburns that extend almost to his chin, and strong, shapely eyebrows curve atop his eyes, slightly almond-shaped. His devastatingly handsome features aren't familiar, but his eyes are, those limitless pools of blue that look into me each night, each time I close my eyes. "You..."

"Someone you know?" he supplies.

"Not exactly." The damp spot between my thighs jolts me back to reality. Just as quickly as I was drawn to him, my logical side begins to rationalize, to make excuses, to talk me out of my conviction. It's not him; it can't be. *He* isn't real.

"You always were easily impressed," he smirks.

I roll my eyes and try again to pull away. Whoever he is, he's far too cocky for my tastes. It's my cue to leave.

"Where do you think you're going?" my mystery man asks, giving my hips a squeeze.

"To find my friends."

He leans in and stares into my eyes, his aqua gaze uncomfortably intense. "Something I said?"

"Yeah." When I try to break free this time he lets me go, and as I stalk off into the crowd, I feel his eyes on my back, his voice in my head.

*You'll be back.*



\* \* \* \* \*

Seven a.m. comes way too early. For the first time in over a year, my dreams are uneventful, as if the real-life manifestation of my fantasy chased him away. *Or maybe you did that when you ran from him.*

"This is obscene," I mutter to myself, rolling out of bed with an aggravated groan. Oddly, I feel *less* rested this morning, even though I slept soundly through the night without any dreams that I can remember at all. "What the hell was I thinking, going out last night?"

I was thinking about *not* thinking, that's what. I'd seen no sense in staying home and pandering to my rising anxiety levels.

"Shoulda just stayed home." My cat agrees with a discontented 'meow' as I displace him from his perch on the bed to pull the covers up in a haphazard attempt at housecleaning.

I shower and dress quickly in a modest skirt suit, pulling my shoulder-length auburn hair back into a tight bun, apply a light dusting of make-up – just enough to cover the bluish circles under my eyes – and shove some paperwork into my briefcase before heading out of my small one bedroom apartment to endure the daily grind of rush hour traffic.

The courthouse is a massive complex, sprawling over an entire city block with the Family Division Annex located across the street. I park and head up the stone steps of the Old Building; the portion of the courthouse built in the 1880s and now considered an historical landmark. Passing through the towering, white columns normally

makes me feel important, proud. Today, however, the only thing the sight stirs is my nerves.

This is the big one – my first case as first chair Assistant District Attorney, my first case as a lead criminal prosecutor. After slowly but surely working my way up since graduating from law school three years before, I've finally got a shot at making a name for myself. *Put this guy away*, my boss had told me, *and you can write your own ticket in this office*.

I check in with the clerk and make my way to the assigned courtroom, passing through the propped open double doors and striding down the center aisle to the prosecutor's table. There is a small group of spectators already waiting in the seats towards the back of the room. The defense attorney, I note, has yet to arrive.

*I could have used you last night*, I tell my imaginary lover as I take a seat and close my eyes. His azure eyes fill my vision, only this time they're accompanied by the handsome, well-defined features of my companion from the night before.

Glancing at my watch, I notice the time: 8:55. Jury selection is set to start in five minutes. The courtroom is nearly full, and there's still no sign of opposing counsel. *This may be easier than I thought*.

"Good morning, Catherine," a nasal, high-pitched voice prompts. I turn towards it with a groan.

"Alexander. Since when are you defending this case?" Alexander Crawford isn't just the slimiest defense attorney in town; he's also the guy I wasted two and a half years of my life screwing through law school.

"Since last night, when I noticed your signature on the pleadings. Miss me? It's been a while."

Before I can retort that the rest of my life wouldn't be long enough away from him, the courtroom deputy enters through the side door and calls the court to order. He announces the judge with flourish and retreats as a portly, gray-haired man ambles to the bench. Judge Keener. The day was starting out badly indeed. The Defendant is brought in next, dressed in an expensive pinstripe suit. He isn't handcuffed, but the guard keeps a tight hold on his upper arm until he is safely seated next to Alexander. They make a perfect pair, two assholes in a pod.

"Okay," the judge begins, "let's get down to business; I have a ten o'clock tee time with Judge Anton. We've got...motions this morning, don't we, Ms. Williams?"

"No, your Honor, voir dire."

"No, Counselor," the judge shakes his head. "I have a Motion to Exclude and a Motion to Dismiss here."

*Bastard.* "The prosecution hasn't received notification of any motions from the defense, your Honor."

"Your Honor, if I may, I just entered the case as substitute counsel," Alexander says, standing, "and I submitted the motions first thing this morning after discovering new evidence that favors my client. Had Ms. Williams checked her voicemail this morning, she would have found a message from me notifying her that papers were waiting at her office. I had them delivered yesterday evening, but apparently she left early."

"Your Honor!" I exclaim, barely able to restrain my anger; oh, how I'd love to take three steps sideways and kick my ex in his unsubstantial groin. "The People request a continuance so that we may review these Motions and prepare a suitable response."

"I have no objection to that," Alexander states with glee.

"Very well, Counselors. I'll grant a continuance for the People. And Mr. Crawford, I suggest that the next time you wish to blindside Ms. Williams you not look quite so pleased about it while in my Courtroom, or I'll be inclined to side with her, regardless of the merits of your argument. Court is adjourned until Monday."

Furious, I stalk out of the courtroom and make a beeline for the exit, cursing under my breath the entire time. Stares and gasps from people milling in the hall indicate that my utterances are not as inaudible as I'd hope. I don't care. The judge's scolding had been mildly satisfying, but didn't quell my rage.

Throwing my briefcase into the trunk and slamming both it and my car door is somewhat satisfying, but I'm still seething as I drive away. I've managed to buy myself a week to review Alexander's motions and prepare responses to them, but knowing that prick, it's going to be a long, grueling seven days of research and writing.

The rest of the day passes with inexorable slowness, holed up in my broom closet of an office back at the State Municipal Building. My secretary brings me coffee every hour or so until she leaves, and it's well past dark by the time I close the file with a heavy sigh, rubbing my temples in an attempt to massage away the migraine I feel coming on.

When I finally stand, I'm hit by a wave of dizziness and nausea that brings with it the realization that I've had nothing to eat all day. Shutting down my laptop and slipping it into my bag, I switch off the light, lock my office, and head out the parking garage, mulling over where to stop and get food. Cooking just isn't going to happen tonight.

A bagel, I decide. Nine o'clock at night be damned, I'm in the mood for breakfast. Amped up on so much caffeine, it's not likely I'll sleep tonight anyway, so a bit more and a nice poppyseed with cream cheese sounds fabulous.

I drive over to Lenny's, a small 24-hour diner two blocks away from the Municipal Building that serves breakfast around the clock. It isn't terribly busy, I note with satisfaction and wait in line to pay – the waitress behind the counter knows me and my order of preference by heart, so by the time I reach the register my food is waiting for me, set neatly on the red plastic tray. I'm so absorbed in my lingering frustration over the day's events that I don't notice the shadowed figure occupying my usual booth of choice until I've already sat down.

Ice blue eyes regard me with amusement over the rim of a steaming cup of coffee, his smile the same, arrogant grin as last night.

"What are you doing here?" I stammer, finding it difficult to sound annoyed instead of relieved. Much as I hate to admit it, my handsome dance partner is a welcomed sight.

"Getting coffee," he replies smoothly. There's something familiar about his voice that I failed to notice with all the distractions

inside the club. Again I wonder if he's the one, the man from my dreams.

"You're following me."

"Am I?" He lifts an eyebrow and one corner of his mouth curls into an amused half-smile.

"I've never seen you here before."

"Maybe I'm new in town," he offers.

"Or maybe you're following me," I counter.

"Catherine, don't be so coy."

"If you haven't been following me, how do you know my name?" I catch the slip instantly.

He grins and licks his bottom lip; a slow, sexy, provocative sweep. "Oops."

"So are you going to even the playing field and tell me *your* name? Or should I just call you 'stalker'?"

"Blake."

I don't like complications; I prefer things in black and white. Guilty or not guilty. Worth my time or a waste of it. Blake is a contradiction that my mind is having trouble with – he's as alluring as he is infuriating, and I can't decide if I want to smack him or slide across the table and sit in his lap. I settle for giving him my surliest look as I pick apart my bagel halves. Anger I'm used to. Anger I can deal with, so I'll just be...angry. "Well then, *Blake*, mind telling me what the fascination is?"

He leans forward with a wink. "You're sexy when you're pissed off."

I glower at him. "I am not pissed off."

"Okay then, what are you?" he asks, crimping an empty sugar packet into tiny squares. His coffee remains untouched on the table, the steam rising from it less enthusiastic as it starts to cool.

"Bored," I answer icily.

"No, you aren't." His gaze sweeps over my chest appraisingly; he's not subtle about it, tracing the scooped neckline of my blouse. My nipples perk up at the unabashed attention, and he licks his lips again, letting me know that my body's traitorous reaction hasn't gone unnoticed.

"I'll be right back." I excuse myself and make a beeline for the restroom on shaky legs. Once the door has swooshed shut behind me I take a deep breath and run the tap, splashing water onto my face. "Calm down, he's just a man," I mutter. "A man I'd like to fuck, but just a man..."

"Now those are the words I was waiting to hear," a smug voice states behind me. Whirling around, I see him standing in the doorframe, arms crossed casually across his chest, one leg propped in front of the other.

"Get. Out."

"Make me," he teases.

"This is the *ladies* room, Blake, get out."

"Say it again."

"What?"

"You know what, sweets. Say it again and I'll leave," he offers, one eyebrow arched lazily.

"No."

"Then I'm staying," Blake decides.

"Alright, fine!" My voice rises to a shout, mostly to try and conceal how turned on I am. "Fine! I'd like to fuck you. Happy?"

"Nope." He steps further into the room. I back away from him, stopping when I feel the cold stone of the wall through the thin material of my blouse. He moves closer, our bodies almost touching.

"You said you'd leave."

"I lied," he murmurs, reaching out with one hand to caress my cheek.

This time it's me who moves closer. I feel a spark at his touch, and again my mind whispers to me that he's the one, that I'm a fool for trying to push him away. There's only one way to know for sure, so I take a deep breath and reach up, take his face between my hands, and pull his lips down onto mine.

If he's surprised, he doesn't show it, responding instantly. His arms slip around my waist and pull me against him, our bodies melding together. His tongue sneaks between my lips, probing my mouth in a gentle rhythm. He tastes faintly of clove cigarettes, spicy and sweet.

When he pulls back, finally, I'm certain.

"It *is* you," I breathe and sidestep out of his grasp.

"So you remember. Good." He smiles again and brushes the hair back from my cheek. His other hand grasps mine and begins to massage the flesh of my palm with his thumb; soothing, calming strokes.

"I thought you were a dream," I admit.

"I'm lots of things, baby, but a dream isn't one of them."



"In the club, I wasn't certain, but your eyes...they gave you away."

"You always did love my eyes," he replies.

"Did?"

"Mmmhmm. But we'll discuss that at another time." His smile is wolfish now; his gaze predatory, and I feel a rush of fluid between my thighs at his implication.

"No let's discuss it now." I have a large supply of questions, not the least of which being how he managed to slip into my apartment each night without setting off the alarm.

"Talk comes later," Blake says. "For now, come back over here."

"No." I cross my arms over my chest and stick my chin out.

"Catherine, don't make me tell you twice, sweets."

He's smiling, but his eyes are serious, commanding. I comply, moving back into his embrace and as soon as I am there he kisses me again, one hand sliding my skirt up around my waist.

"We can't," I gasp.

"Why not? You said you wanted to." He continues his task undeterred.

"Not here. We're in public."

"We are?" he looks around with a mischievous grin. "Looks pretty private to me."

"Anyone could walk in here," I protest, but my resolve is waning.

"Not if I locked the door," Blake counters. His lips brush against my forehead. "Any more excuses?"

"Yes. You're...an infuriating asshole," I stammer even as I tilt my face up to meet his.

"Mmmhmm," he replies, running one finger down my cheek.

This time I don't hold back my sigh as I feel myself unwinding. He takes this as an invitation and lowers his lips, slipping his tongue into my mouth. I let my eyes flutter closed and reach up to thread my fingers through his hair.

He assaults my lips mercilessly, gentle one moment, rough the next. When he finally pulls away I'm breathless and trembling. His body pins mine to the wall, the only thing keeping me upright.

"Want more?" he asks against my ear.

"No," I gasp, tilting my head to provide him better access.

"Now who's lying?" Blake chuckles, trailing kisses down my neck and nipping gently at the exposed tendon. His teeth are sharp and I suck in my breath at the sting.

"Oh shut up already, Blake," I sigh, gripping the base of his skull. He grunts his approval and releases his grip on my hand to begin tugging at the buttons of my blouse.

He growls when he encounters my bra and then, with a tug, rips the garment away, flashing a triumphant smile when my full breasts sway into view.

I begin to protest the destruction, trailing off when his lips make contact with the erect peak of my right nipple. Blake swirls his tongue over it in languid circles, laving the pebbled skin. When I start to moan he takes the tiny nub between his teeth and bites down, making me cry out.

He administers the same treatment to my left breast and a hand slinks down my body to caress the flesh of my inner thigh. He pulls off my panties and I'm about to scold him for ruining yet another piece of clothing when one long finger slips between my folds to stroke my already slick center.

"Oh, God."

"Like that, do you?"

I nod, biting my lower lip, silently willing him to continue. He knows I like it; knows just how to drive me wild.

"You're even more responsive here, baby," he muses, pumping his finger into me at a lazy pace. "It's sexy."

"Blake!"

"Hmmm?" he looks up, pushing a second finger into me and maintaining the same leisurely, tormenting pace.

"If you don't fuck me right now I swear I'll...oh God," I moan a second time, as his thumb settles over my clit and begins to massage in slow, steady circles.

"You'll..." he prompts.

"Just kiss me," I plead, rocking against his hand.

He does, with the same insistent, fiery intensity as before. Reaching down I run my fingers along the smooth ridge of his erection through the fabric of his jeans. Blake groans against my lips and pushes his body forward, seeking more contact. I pull away, enjoying the opportunity to tease *him* for a change.

Pulling his fingers away he grabs my hand, pressing it against his straining cock without breaking the kiss. Blake unzips his pants and pushes my hand inside; obediently, I wrap my fingers around his

shaft and begin to fist him. The absence of underwear isn't lost on me.

He groans. Encouraged, I slide my palm along the length of him, and squeeze.

"Okay," he says, pulling away abruptly. "Enough of this shit." Strong hands reach around my waist and lift me up in the air. I wrap my legs around the small of his back and grip his shoulders as he lowers me onto his cock.

Once fully sheathed, he pushes my back against the wall for leverage and begins to pump his hips. His movements are rough, almost frantic, lacking much of the fluid control he usually has. I concentrate on controlling my muscles, squeezing him at precise intervals, timed to his thrusts.

Grabbing my hair, Blake pulls my head to the side, baring my neck. "I like that," he orders, "don't stop."

I don't, increasing the frequency of the contractions until he is moaning almost as loudly as I am, pounding against me in an abandoned frenzy. Public bathroom be damned, I scream his name when I climax and he bellows something in a language I don't recognize.

I feel two sharp pricks against my neck and realize that he's bitten me again, his teeth sinking into my flesh. The recognition that he isn't human is swept away with a second climax, and the phantom stars that explode behind my eyes.

When I've regained enough control to stand on my own, he withdraws and lowers me carefully to the floor. My knees wobble and he's there, strong arms wrapped tenderly around my waist to hold me

steady. I feel a trickle of blood slip down my collarbone and he bends his head to lap it away.

"What are you?" I whisper.

"You know what I am, Catherine," he replies. "You've always known."

"You talk like I know you."

"You do," Blake pauses. "At least, you did."

"When? Where?" My heart seems to agree with him, whispers that he speaks the truth, even if my mind can't recognize it.

"We were married," he says simply. "Before I became...what I am."

"A vampire."

"Yes."

"How long ago?" I ask.

"Two hundred years, give or take a decade."

"And what, I killed myself and you, unable to live without me, cursed God and bartered away your soul, only to find humanity again when you saw me reincarnated?" I've read *Dracula* at least a dozen times, and seen the films a dozen more. The story is suspiciously familiar to me.

"You plunged a knife through my heart and left me for dead on our wedding night. When you found me by your bed that first time, I was there to kill you." His lips are drawn into a tight line, and he winces at the admission, squeezing my waist protectively as if to atone for his intended sin.

"But you didn't."

"I couldn't," he tells me softly. "As much as I hate you, I love you. Two hundred years brooding over revenge, and all it took was one look from you to sweep it all away."

"Why did I do it?"

"I was hoping you could tell me, darling."

I can't. If I am the reincarnation of his wife – and given the slew of inconceivable truths I've discovered so far tonight, I believe it – I have no memory of that time, or of him. "How do you know I'm her?"

"You are," he tells me confidently. "In every way."

"And you don't plan to kill me now?" I peer up at him meekly.

"No. But I do plan to make you mine again." His hands are in my hair, soothing me, massaging the base of my skull.

"Blake," I sigh, and settle my head against his shoulder, "I already am."

**THE END**

A writer and musician at an early age, Kayleigh Jamison wrote her first novella at the age of seven, and first picked up a violin at eight. By eighteen, she had won several state and regional awards for the performance arts, recognizing her accomplishments in violin, viola, and oboe. An amateur linguist, Ms. Jamison speaks five languages, including Spanish, Russian, and Arabic.

With a Bachelors degree in English and Philosophy and a Certification in Legal Studies, Ms. Jamison spends her days attending law school and her nights immersed in the rich fantasy worlds of her imagination. She enjoys rewriting history, exploring not only what was, but what could have been, mixing real historical figures and events with spicy, no-holds barred fiction. "I'm not so much a creator," she often says of her work, "as I am a medium. I channel something greater than myself, and bring these stories to life in ways that surprise even me."

Ms. Jamison is Editor-in-Chief of Aphrodite's Apples Press, a member of EPIC, AWA, and Sultry Sirens.

As I continue to realize my dream, I become even more thankful for you, readers and friends. I may write the books, but the true magic happens when you pick them up and enjoy them. Thank you for the continued support! More excitement is in store for 2007, I promise you.

All the best,

*Kayleigh* 

<http://www.kayleighjamison.net>

<http://kayleighjamison.blogspot.com/>

<http://www.myspace.com/kayleighjamison>

<http://www.sultry-sirens.com/>

The following is where you can get more books by Kayleigh Jamison:

Aphrodite's Apples Press

Svetkavista

Leading Her to Heaven

"Caging Kat," The Masquerade Volume One

"Unspeakable," Regency Romp Volume One

Freya's Bower

"A Scandalous Arrangement," A Rose Of Any Colour