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# Feels Like Home

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**MARTEEKA KARLAND**

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This is for all the cheerleaders out there who  
didn't think bookworms were sexy. TAKE  
THAT!!!

With Love and Affection,  
Teeka



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This work of erotica contains adult language and sexually explicit scenes, which are smoking hot. This book is intended only for adults, as it is defined by the laws of the country in which the purchase is made. Keep this book out of the hands of under-aged readers.



# *Chapter One*

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“You know, Abigail, you need to get laid.”

Had that statement come from anyone other than her best friend, Tina, Abigail would have spewed her coffee all over the place. She expected it from this woman.

“I don’t want to ‘get laid.’ I want a real relationship. With a real guy. You know? I want someone who’s in it for the long haul.” And she did. There was nothing Abigail loved better than those corny, romantic Christmas specials, and she longed to have her own story. One where she got the suave, sexy guy and they lived happily ever after. “Come on, Tina. Didn’t you ever wonder what it would be like to come home to your own family every evening? Have a man of your own? Not just someone to do the hunka-chunka—as you call it—with every now and then.”

“What’s wrong with doing the hunka-chunka from time to time? Besides, I wasn’t made to settle down. I’m the original wild woman, doncha know!”

Tina flashed her a cheeky grin, and Abigail rolled her eyes.

“Really, Tina. You’re too much sometimes.” Abigail laughed at her friend. They were both feisty as hell, but Abigail was usually just following Tina’s lead. Abigail was romantic at heart. Tina...not so much.

Both women had had their share of men, but Abigail had always stopped short of “the act.” She didn’t want to give herself to just anyone. She wanted her first time to mean something. Still, as much as she wanted the real thing, it always seemed way out of reach.

Instead, lacking a male companion, books were her passion. She was the town librarian, after all. So what if the library doubled as the town meeting hall and had more public notices and documents than books? It was still hers. Sort of. It didn’t have all the grandeur of the bigger cities in Texas, but her hometown of Wild Creek had its own charm.

“Maybe so,” Tina finally replied, “but I’m a well-satisfied ‘too much.’ Think about it, Abigail. I could set you up with someone if you like.”

“Uh, no. *Hell* no.” Abigail raised her hand to silence her friend. “I’m *not* getting my freak on with a blind date. That’s just...wrong.”

Tina laughed and stood from her seat in front of Abigail’s desk. “All I’m saying is, think about it. I know several men who could knock your socks off.” She winked at her and laughed again when Abigail made a face.

“Well, thanks, but no thanks. I’m perfectly happy with my sexuality”—nonexistent though it was. Mister Happy, her little bullet vibrator, was fine enough for her, *thankyouverymuch*.

She watched Tina walk back across the room and curl up in a cushy chair beside the window and open a book. Studying, no doubt. The girl was determined to finish her degree in nursing and used every opportunity to review her notes. With nothing else to do at the moment, Abigail thought about what her friend had suggested. Wild sex with one of the hotties Tina always seemed to have on her arm. Yeah, Tina was no arm candy. She had her own arm candy. And

they were always smoking hot. What would it be like to have the attention of a man like that?

“You look like a librarian with a lot on her mind.”

The deep, masculine drawl startled her, but immediately a shiver swept through her body. She looked up slowly. Up the tailored slacks. And on to the perfectly pressed, starched, white shirt draped by an equally perfect tailored jacket that hugged the decidedly large frame of the most striking man she’d ever seen. Dark blond locks were bound firmly behind his neck. His skin was lightly tanned, and his deep sapphire eyes gleamed wickedly at her, mischief dancing in their liquid depths.

She swallowed, trying to keep her mouth from gaping open. The man was just...

Wow. Yummilicious didn’t even begin to cover it. He was the most “wow” she’d ever seen in a male package since...

Was that...Jayce?

“May I help you?” Lord, she sounded nothing like the educated, intelligent woman she was, and more like a mousy librarian. It was totally humiliating,

but pulling herself together seemed beyond her ability at the moment.

“I certainly hope so.” His smile wasn’t the oily, wolfish smile of most businessmen who ventured into Wild Creek. He seemed genuine. A man confident in himself and his abilities. “Abigail Dupree.”

Abigail couldn’t help the blush creeping up her throat to her face. Thank the Maker for her dark caramel skin. She was just glad her embarrassment couldn’t turn her skin splotchy and red. At least not much. The blush moved with a slow but steady insistency from her neck to her face, until she was certain she glowed beet red despite her dark pigmentation. There was nothing in his look or stance that suggested he was interested in her for more than information, but, oh, everything in her hoped it was otherwise.

“Who the hell are you, and what the fuck do you want?” Abigail cringed when Tina practically stomped across the room to once again insert herself in front of Abigail’s desk. Squarely in between Abigail and Jayce.

Abigail quickly moved to Tina's side and put a restraining hand on her friend's shoulder. "Don't mind her. She's basically harmless. What can I do for you?" Damn. Was that her sounding all breathless and needy? He was going to think she was an idiot. So she did the only thing she could. She flashed a smile and added, "Or to you?"

He chuckled, sending warmth spreading through her body. Twenty-two and a half years definitely wasn't old enough to be able to handle a man like this.

"I'm Jayce Burton." He waggled his eyebrows at her. "Remember me?"

Oh, she remembered him, all right. She remembered how she'd longed to have her wicked way with him. Rarely a night went by that she didn't think of him with longing. She hadn't seen him in several years, and his face had aged a little, but he was even more devastating than she'd remembered.

Aside from being a financial guru, Jayce was her brother, Martin's, best friend from high school. From the second Abigail had laid eyes on him as a pubescent teen, she'd been totally infatuated. He, however, had never given her the time of day. Why would he? He



was ten years her senior. She had been nothing but a nuisance hanging around her brother's best friend.

In the few short years he'd been away, he'd changed. His hair was longer, his body was bigger and more muscular, but he had the same sinfully sexy gleam in his eye that had every girl in school swooning over him.

He extended a hand and Abigail took it automatically. The second she did, his large hand enveloped her smaller one in more than a simple handshake. Pleasure zinged straight through to her core. She could have sworn he'd sent an electrical shock through her. She yanked her hand away and looked away from him.

"I see you lived up to all the hype. Martin said you're the reason they all make money." She was serious too. Her brother, Martin, had mentioned Jayce on more than one occasion and how important he was to the family business.

Her brothers ran a security firm that specialized in everything from standard home security to full protection detail that came complete with bodyguards.

Many of their employees were former military and Secret Service. Martin included. Looking at the man before her, she was sure he was more than a simple businessman. “Why are you looking for me? Shouldn’t you be hunting Martin down?”

“Actually, he told me to look for you. Something about being out at the ranch and I’d need help finding his hole-up.”

“Ah.” Abigail nodded her head in complete understanding. “Martin’s getaway is a tad hard to find if you don’t know where you’re going. It’s a beautiful place, though. I understand why he goes there to think and rest.”

“Well, then.” Jayce crossed his arms over his chest and leaned against a nearby column. “Looks like it’s you and me and the heart of Texas, darlin’.”

“Well.” Tina cleared her throat and looked from Jayce back to Abigail. “Looks like you two have this under control.” She moved behind Jayce like she was leaving. When Jayce kept his attention focused on Abigail, Tina flashed her an exaggerated, open-mouthed smile and two thumbs up. Abigail had to really work not to giggle. The last thing she wanted to

do was insult Jayce. One look at him, however, and she completely forgot about Tina.

Jayce's smile was totally devastating, and Abigail had to suppress a groan. Thinking about Martin's out-of-the-way lakeside cabin was a bad idea. But the thought of being in that cabin with him, alone with no one around for miles—literally—made her legs wobbly and her belly somersault. To say nothing of her wet panties. Thank God Martin would be there. With any luck, she could drop her brother's guest off and make it back to town before she did something embarrassing.

Like jump his bones. Several times.

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The drive into the wild Texas landscape intrigued Jayce. Oh, he'd been on road trips plenty of times since moving back to Laurea four years earlier, but this was the first time he'd been with a woman like Abigail. She intrigued him on a level he couldn't explain, always had. She was totally off limits, being

his best friend's sister, but she was easily the most unconsciously sexy woman he'd ever met. Hell, there *was* no other woman like Abigail. Not for him. There never had been.

She liked to hide behind her severe bun and glasses, but he was grateful to whoever in the world invented blue jeans. Abigail filled hers out finer than any woman had a right to. That luscious ass flared dramatically from a tiny waist, and those jeans hugged her thighs and that magnificent ass lovingly. The seat belt nestled snugly between full breasts and across lush hips. For the first time since his move back from Maine, he was thankful for the late autumn heat. Abigail's shirt was sleeveless and low cut, and she had the sexiest arms he'd ever seen on a woman. They weren't slender, but they were shapely and just well formed overall. He had the sudden urge to find out what they would feel like wrapped around his body, holding him to her. And he refused to think about those lush breasts. They were definitely more than a handful, and he was a tit man. And an ass man. Hell, he was about anything attached to Abigail. She was perfect. Absolutely perfect.

He bit back a groan and shifted in his seat uncomfortably.

“Everything all right?” Her voice was quiet and soothing. He could listen to her speak all day. What would that voice sound like crying out in passion? What would it sound like calling his name as he thrust into that lush, curvy body until they were both sated and sleepy?

Oh God.

“Perfectly. How much farther?” He had to clear his throat to keep from squeaking his response.

“Not far. Maybe another half hour.” She adjusted her grip on the steering wheel and drove on in silence. Jayce didn’t know if it was better for her to ignore him, like she’d been doing, or try to carry on a conversation with him. When she did nothing, he was left with his wayward thoughts. When she spoke, those same thoughts were worse.

Damn, he hoped they reached their destination soon. The sooner she got them there, the sooner he would have the protection of his best friend. Okay, so protection wasn’t the right word. More like he’d have

the sobering thought that the little minx he was lusting over was the little sister of the man standing next to him. That would serve as a reminder of just how deadly Martin was. The man could kill with little effort and, this deep in the wilderness of the untamed part of Texas, his body might never be found.

Nope. Thinking about that wasn't working either. Jayce had the feeling that a night of passion with little Abigail would be worth any amount of torture, mutilation, and certain death her brothers could dish out.

By the time they drove up the winding gravel driveway, Jayce knew there was no way he could walk straight without adjusting himself. Even then, it was going to be hard.

No pun intended.

The house was smaller than he'd expected. Nestled in a grove of trees beside a clear lake, it was intimate. Not the sprawling houses he'd always associated with a Texas ranch. This was more manageable. More romantic.

Jayce almost cringed. Romantic he was not. His idea of romance was to skip the romance and get

straight to the sex. Before he could go down *that* road again, Jayce unfastened his seat belt and got out of the car. He did, indeed, need to adjust himself before he could walk straight.

The evening sun glittered like gold off the windows at the front of the steps. As Abigail simply walked up the three steps to the porch and calmly unlocked the door, rays of yellow-gold sunlight illuminated her, making her look like an angel from Heaven.

Jayce shook his head once and followed her up the steps and into the house. Her soft, clean scent drifted back to him, and Jayce closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. There was no possible way he could ever leave this woman alone unless she forced the issue. He'd known the second his eyes clashed with her lush, curvy ass that he had to mold every inch of her flesh with his hands. He had to hear her call his name and scream her passion.

For him.

Only for him.

Once inside, Abigail called to her brother as she turned on lights in various locations in the small house. It took her all of about thirty seconds to make her way through the house and return to the living room, a note in her hand. Her forehead was furrowed, her face slightly pale, and her hands shook as she read the letter. She looked helpless and more than a little lost. Immediately, Jayce was at her side, his arm around her for support.

“Is everything all right?” This was another first for him. He always tried to be a gentleman, mostly because if he wasn’t respectful of women, his mother would have killed him where he stood. Even at thirty-two, Jayce had a healthy dose of respect for—and a tiny bit of fear of—his mother. But what he felt when he saw Abigail so distressed went beyond simple respect. He *had* to make it better. Whatever it was, whatever had upset her so much, he had to fix it.

Abigail shivered and cleared her throat before speaking to him. “Um, it seems Martin isn’t meeting us after all.”



Jayce blinked once and snatched the note from her hands, tightening his grip on her when she would have moved away from him.

*Abigail,*

*I know I asked a lot of you to bring Jayce out here, but I only have your best interest at heart. Jayce is a good man. Believe me when I tell you, there is no way I'd have sent you out by yourself with just any man and left you alone.*

*The two of you loved each other since well since forever. It's time you figured out what to do with that love.*

*With my blessing.*

The note was signed "Mom."

## Chapter Two

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“Well, I’ll be goddamned,” Jayce murmured as he looked at the note. His grip tightened slightly around her. He had tucked her neatly beneath his shoulder, and Abigail was struck as how perfectly they fit together. She wanted to pull away. It seemed like the only safe thing to do. She was so embarrassed, there was no way she could look at him.

“I’m so sorry, Jayce. My mother can be overbearing, as you well know, but she usually goes the other way. I’ve never made it past the first date with any guy. She’s usually the one siccing my brothers on my dates.

Jayce crumpled the note in his hand and pulled Abigail to the couch. Never taking his arm from around her body, he sat beside her and cupped her face in his hand. “Look at me, Abbie.” She didn’t want to, but it was impossible to keep her eyes averted.

“This is awkward, to say the least, Jayce. I can’t *believe* she did this to us.”

Just as she'd known it would be, looking into his eyes was a huge mistake. Their clear green intensity was like a laser beam shooting straight into her soul. In that moment, Abigail was certain he knew exactly the depth of her feelings for him.

He held her gaze, simply staring intently at her. She couldn't pull away, and she couldn't hide the longing inside her that had been building since she was old enough to see boys for something other than snakes and snails and puppy-dog tails.

It was no wonder she'd fallen for him. He was one of those guys women just fell all over themselves to get next to. Tall. Blond. Tan. Deliciously muscled. He oozed sex appeal. It had been a while since she'd been around him, but she remembered how he'd always brushed off overt advances. Would he read her longing now as an unwelcome advance?

"If we do this, Abbie, there's no going back." His voice was husky and sinfully erotic. "I've wanted this too damned long to give you up once I have you." She knew she should at least try to process what he was saying, but it was rather difficult with those strong arms holding her so close and him looking at her with

his undivided attention. She'd always dreamed of this moment, but now that she was actually living it, she had no idea what to do.

"You know better than anyone else I won't be an easy man to live with," he continued. "I've never really had a home, and making one, even with someone as special as you, may be completely beyond my grasp, but I swear to you I'll try."

"If you felt like that, Jayce, why did you leave? Why didn't you say something?"

"Because your brothers would have killed me. Hell, I'm not too proud to admit it. I was more afraid of what your mother would do to me if she found out I wanted you so bad it made my blood burn. That's why I joined the Marines. I didn't stay those extra years to make a career, or because I'd qualified for Special Forces. I stayed to keep myself away from you."

Abigail was stunned. He'd stayed away because of her? Finally, she started to squirm under his gaze and dropped her eyes. Lord, the man was fine! She knew without a doubt he saw straight through her. Those eyes saw everything. They always had. It was

only by sheer luck—and his prolonged absence—that he hadn't seen her hopeless crush long before now.

And he was right. She and her brothers and parents were the only ones who knew the problems Jayce had had as a child. Bounced around from foster home to foster home, he'd finally ended up with them a year before he turned eighteen. They'd always told him he'd have a home with them whenever he needed one, but the young man had never seemed to accept that. Young as she had been, Abigail had seen his desolation and determination to make it on his own.

Snapping her eyes back to his, Abigail squared her shoulders. "No going back, Jayce. Never."

"Good," he said when she averted her gaze. "I just wanted to make sure you understood and we were on the same page." The next thing she knew, Jayce had captured her chin and tilted her head back for a kiss.

Abigail couldn't suppress the squeal when his lips first made contact with hers. She felt like a cartoon character that goes still as a board in excitement when kissed by the opposite sex. She was sure her hair stood straight up, and her toes definitely curled inside her shoes.

When he licked the seam of her lips, instead of relaxing into it, she simply melted. Abigail was certain she was nothing but a big puddle of goo on the couch beside Jayce. He chuckled lightly and pulled her more firmly against his body. Both his arms curved around her now, and one of his big hands cradled her head as he explored the recesses of her mouth with his tongue.

At first, the touches of his tongue and lips were light and exploring. Just as Abigail began to get used to the idea of Jayce—*Jayce!*—kissing her like he meant it, he deepened his kisses and pulled her closer. Her whimper of need was covered by his masculine growl. Immediately, Abigail broke out in a sweat, and there was no way she could stop the trembling. Who knew a simple kiss would feel so *wonderful*? It was the kiss she'd been waiting for her whole life, and it was worth every day. Every second.

Then he was urging her back on the couch and covering her small frame with his big body. He pulled her leg over his hip and cradled her bottom in his hand. Fingers dug gently into her cheek as he urged her to rock against him and thrust his own hips at her.

Abigail's head spun with all the pleasurable sensations swirling around her. His musky, masculine scent filled her, the way he touched her so expertly made her insides tingle, and his kisses tasted of promise and as much longing as she'd felt for so many years. The music of first passions filled the small room. All of it was almost surreal. Abigail expected to wake up from a wet dream any moment.

When Jayce gently broke the kiss, Abigail felt bereft, but when he nibbled his way down her face and jaw to her neck all those wonderful sensations started all over again. The slight stubble on his face tickled her, and she squirmed, but not to get away from him. She wanted more. Much more.

"Ah, my beautiful Abigail," Jayce murmured. "We need to move to the bedroom. Our first time together is definitely not going to be in the living room on the couch."

She knew she should say something, protest stopping for any reason, but the promise of continuing was enough for her to give him what he wanted. Unable to actually verbalize her agreement, she simply nodded her head.



Jayce chuckled. “Don’t go all shy on me now, Abbie,” he said and nipped her neck, causing Abigail to gasp. “Is that what you want? Will you come with me to the bedroom so I can make love to you properly?”

He’d pulled back to look at her. Apparently he had no intention of proceeding until she answered him.

“Yes. It’s what I want, Jayce.” Her voice was small and breathless. She was a little embarrassed she couldn’t manage to sound a little more worldly. Hopefully, Jayce wouldn’t notice her lack of experience, or, if he did, wouldn’t care that much.

Smiling wickedly at her, Jayce stood and pulled her with him. He scooped her into his arms and headed down the hall to one of the two bedrooms in the house. Abigail could never remember being so nervous in her life. She actually trembled. Jayce must have noticed, because he arched an eyebrow at her.

“Having second thoughts?”

“No!” When he chuckled at her, she tried again.

“No. It’s just...”

“I know.” He kissed her nose before laying her gently on the bed. “I’ve wanted this a good long while too.”

When Jayce didn’t follow her down to the bed, she raised herself up on her elbows and looked at him questioningly. Before she could ask what was wrong, he started to undress.

Abigail swallowed. It had never occurred to her she’d actually see him naked. She felt like such a dork, she was so out of her element.

She watched in rapt fascination as Jayce bared his body one slow, delicious inch at a time. The worst—or best—part about the whole striptease was that knowing smile he focused on her. That smile promised all kinds of carnal delights and had Abigail’s nerves all tied in knots. And her panties more than a little damp.

“Do you like what you see?” Jayce had rid himself of his shirt and stood there in his jeans and bare feet. The top button of his pants was undone, and he eased the zipper down.

Abigail nodded and swallowed. “Oh, yeah.” She looked up past his perfectly chiseled, beautifully

muscled abdomen and chest to meet his gaze. Abigail knew she probably looked like a deer caught in the headlights, but she was completely overwhelmed. This was *Jayce*! And he was getting *naked* right before her eyes. *For her!*

“You look like you’re scared to death.” He laughed softly and slid his jeans down his hips, leaving himself standing in his underwear. Abigail didn’t need to wonder if he was excited too. The evidence of his arousal was pointing at her from inside those wonderfully filled out tightie-whities.

“Well”—it was hard to keep from licking her lips—“I’m a little nervous. But in a good way.”

“Then get your clothes off so I can see that tight little body of yours.”

There was really nothing “tight” or “little” about her body, and she’d be lying if she tried to pretend she wasn’t embarrassed to take off her clothes in front of him, but there was no going back now. This was what she’d fantasized about her entire adult life. She wanted Jayce with a passion that bordered on obsession.

Knowing there was no way she'd get over her embarrassment, she just undressed as quickly as she could, leaving her bra and panties on.

Jayce's response was immediate. His cock jumped to full attention, and he swallowed once. His eyes devoured her. For the first time, Abigail knew the true power of a woman. To be able to make a man—especially one as handsome and rugged as Jayce—look at her like she was the most beautiful woman in the world was a heady feeling.

Jayce looked like he'd reached the limit of his self-control. His hands opened and closed convulsively, and he just stared at her a moment.

"Jayce?" Abigail started to squirm. She was pretty sure he liked what he saw, but it would really be nice to actually hear it from him.

"My God, Abbie," he finally gasped. "When did you get so goddamned sexy?"

Abigail couldn't help the smile that spread across her face. "I take it you're glad we're doing this."

His eyes snapped to her face. "Absolutely!"

Just before he crawled up the bed, Jayce picked up a condom wrapper from the floor where it had

fallen out of his jeans pocket. He held it up to her with a raised eyebrow. Abigail thought about it a couple of seconds, but the idea of anything separating them just wasn't an option. She knew there'd never be another man for her, and she trusted him with her life.

When she shook her head, Jayce smiled, dropped the packet, and gently pushed her to her back. Nudging her legs apart with his knees, he covered her body with his much bigger one. He rested his weight on his forearms and laced his fingers through her hair, playing with the curls she'd always worked so hard to tame. Having Jayce gently massaging her scalp with loving fingers made all the work worth it.

"Before we do this," Jayce said as he settled himself more fully into the cradle of her body, "there's one thing we need to get straight." He bent to kiss her briefly, and Abigail groaned when he released her lips and kissed down her neck.

"Do we have to do talk *now*, Jayce? It's kinda hard to think when I'm in this particular position." How in the world he expected her to make intelligent

conversation when he was turning her insides to jelly was beyond her.

“Yes, love.” Again his lips met hers. This time, he deepened the kiss and flexed his hips for good measure. “You taste so damned good,” he groaned as he pulled back, but continued to nibble at her lips.

“Then get on with it, because you’re driving me insane!” Abigail groaned. The sensual torture Jayce was inflicting was almost a physical ache. She was pretty sure she might die if he didn’t get on with it already.

“Likewise, but this is very important.” Despite his insistence they discuss...something...Jayce didn’t stop kissing her, or nibbling her face and neck. Abigail was beginning to think he had forgotten he was supposed to be talking when he finally pulled himself back and rested his gaze on hers. “As much as I want you right now, Abigail, I’m not doing this just to fuck you; I need to make love to you. There’s a difference.”

Abigail felt the blood rush to her face. She definitely knew the difference. But the way he said it made her long for more than she was willing to even hope for.

“Be careful, Jayce.” She caressed his face with the fingertips of one hand, tracing the line of his lips and jaw lovingly. For the briefest of moments, she allowed all her longing and love to show on her face. “You’re sounding like you intend something long term. If you break my heart, you know my brothers will kill you. “

Jayce chuckled, dipping his head to kiss her once more. Gently. Slowly. He took great pains with his kiss. Abigail knew she’d never been so thoroughly kissed in her life. And she knew she’d never let any other man kiss her like that as long as she lived.

“I have no doubt. Though I’m more afraid of you than your brothers. I’m pretty sure you’d kill me before they ever got the chance.”

“Well, yeah,” she mused, “there is that.”

“But don’t worry.” Jayce smiled and kissed her nose once. “I’ll never hurt you, Abbie. No matter what, I’ll never hurt you.” He deepened the kiss, and Abigail lost track of anything else she might have said. She certainly wanted to know where this would lead, but for now, she’d take what she could get.

In that moment, Abigail realized how much she truly loved Jayce. He might not feel the same way, but she was certain he felt more than simple lust. A man didn't kiss a woman like this and not care for her. He kissed her like he meant it. Like he meant to keep her.

He flexed his hips, pressing his cock against her sex. At the moment, Abigail cursed the thin material that separated them. One little shift of her hips and he'd slide inside her. As it was, he ground himself against her lightly, playing with her clit. She whimpered as she clung to him, needing the relief only he could give her. His grunt of male satisfaction sent chills through her and a desire so sharp she almost came on the spot.

"Now," he continued, much to Abigail's frustration, "just so we don't misunderstand each other." He pulled back slightly, and his eyes snared Abigail's. Their vibrant green was almost hypnotic in its intensity. "You're mine, Abbie. I'm not letting you go. I'd thought about giving you a choice and letting you go home if you couldn't accept that, but that's simply unacceptable." He didn't smile, and Abigail got



the impression he was waiting for her to say something.

“Oh, Jayce. You’re worrying for nothing, you know.” She giggled when he got this wonderfully confused look on his face.

“Who said I was worried? I was simply stating a fact.”

She swiped at him playfully. “Dork. What I meant was, I’m not letting you go either, so get on with it already.”

“As my lady requests.”

Jayce’s chuckle soon turned into a deep, masculine groan of pleasure as he kissed her again. This time, his hands found her hips and the thin material of her panties. Sliding them down as he kissed her, Jayce urged her to lift her bottom, which she did. Gladly. It took little effort to be rid of her bra, the last of the barriers separating them, and when it was gone, he lay flush against her. Skin to skin.

For the longest moment, Jayce merely looked into her eyes. The vivid green of his eyes seemed to entrance her. Any other time, she’d have felt trapped,

but with Jayce, it merely seemed like the beginning of a new life. She knew that, no matter what happened in the next few hours, her life would certainly never be the same.

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Jayce wanted to make damned sure she knew what she had gotten herself into. Now that he had her naked and underneath him, there was no way he'd let Abigail go. She was his. Had always been his. He'd held back because he wasn't altogether sure her brothers would approve. While, normally, no one would have been able to keep him from her, he respected her brothers, and they treated him like part of the family. He couldn't see how stealing their baby sister away would benefit Abigail. Why take his woman away from family who loved her, when they could be his allies and protect her when he couldn't?

Besides, he may not be afraid of her brothers, but her mother was another matter. Jayce had seen the woman in action on more than one occasion, and she wasn't someone he wanted for an enemy. Now,

with Abigail's mother's blessing, at least he wouldn't be the only one facing down the brothers Dupree.

Letting the reality of their situation sink in for a few moments, Jayce slid his cock between her lips to rub her clit insistently. He knew she liked it because of the way she creamed even more. The little hitch in her breath was a sure clue as well.

When he was sure he had her full attention, when he was sure she was focused on nothing but him, he eased the tip of his cock just inside her entrance until he felt the barrier of her innocence. Abigail's breath left her in a slow hiss. Her eyes fluttered closed, and she arched her back. Nails dug into his shoulders and her inner muscles clamped down on him, sucking him inside.

"Open your eyes, Abbie," he rasped as best he could. Christ, but she felt good! "I want to see your eyes. I need to know you're enjoying this."

"You know I am, Jayce," she breathed and caressed his face with one hand. Still, she did as he asked and looked into his eyes as he entered her fully. "Oh!" Her wide eyes were a lovely dark chocolate color

and, though she did keep them open, her eyelids drooped slightly when he started moving.

The exquisite slickness of her damned near drove him mad. Jayce wanted nothing more than to plunge into her over and over with abandon, but he held himself back. It was just as important that Abigail be ready for the wild lovemaking he so desperately craved.

Abigail cried out, narrowing her eyes in frustration instead of lazy passion. She wrapped her legs around his thighs, braced her feet on his calves and took control of the pace. She thrust hard and fast, not letting him catch his breath.

“Abbie, slow down, baby.” She would really be the death of him. As it was, he knew he’d never last as long as he wanted. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Jayce, please!” She arched into him, trying to take what he needed desperately to withhold.

“Sweetheart, I know you’re a virgin. I’m not plunging in like an asshole. Let me take this slow until you’re ready for me.” He was pleading with her now. Shamelessly. But he didn’t care. Abigail was worth

looking like a weak fool. There was no way their lovemaking was going to hurt her.

“I’ve waited too damned long for this,” she panted. “I’m not made of porcelain, Jayce. You’re not going to hurt me. Now, gimmie!” Abbie apparently wasn’t in the mood for slow and tender. Well, that suited Jayce just fine. Neither was he.

With all the passion he felt for the younger woman, Jayce let himself go. He surged into her with a fierce possessiveness that was designed to let Abigail know in no uncertain terms he’d never let her go. Fortunately, she gripped him hard enough—with both her arms and her body—that Jayce knew she’d never let him go either.

Small spasms of Jayce’s pussy signaled her impending release, and Jayce bit his lip to hold off just those few seconds longer. He wasn’t about to come before she did. No matter what it took.

“Now, Jayce! Come with me! Please come with me!”

“Like I could hold back with you gripping me like that.” Never had he sounded so on edge before.

Abigail stripped him of all control, and he couldn't find it in him to care. She was here. With him. Making love to him as surely as he made love to her. And they'd be together when it was over, with the blessing of her family. That was all that mattered.

With a shrill scream and a hoarse shout, both of them found release in each other. They clung together as the last of their orgasms rippled and spasmed. Sweat covered their bodies in a fine sheen, and Jayce knew he'd never been so content in his entire life. Yes, the pleasure was incredible, but it was more than that. There was a contentment inside him he'd never thought he could feel after sex with a woman. It was like...

When he could finally speak, Jayce looked down into Abigail's smiling face. "It feels like..."

"Home," Abigail whispered.

"Home," he echoed her in stunned realization. It felt like *home*.

He was finally home. In Abbie's arms. He was finally home.

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Erotic romance author by night, emergency room tech/clerk by day, Marteeeka Karland works really hard to drive everyone in her life completely and totally nuts. She has been creating stories from her warped imagination since she was in the third grade. Her love of writing blossomed throughout her teenage years until it developed into the totally unorthodox and irreverent style her English teachers tried so hard to rid her of.

Want to see what's up with Marteeeka? Check out her website at [www.marteeekakarland.com](http://www.marteeekakarland.com) or join her Yahoo! group at [marteeekakarland-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:marteeekakarland-subscribe@yahoogroups.com). Marteeeka always welcomes e-mail from her readers. You can reach her at [mkarland@gmail.com](mailto:mkarland@gmail.com).