



Madison Scott

**STAKING  
CLAIM**

Staking Claim  
*by Madison Scott*

**Atlantic Bridge**

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## Blurb

Workaholic Gabrielle Ellis never lets her relationships make it past a couple dates. The sooner she can ditch them, the less chance they might leave her. Of course, she never picks the kind of guys she'd want anything long term with anyway... After a night out celebrating, yet another escape from her jackass of the week, and her upcoming move, she wakes up in her best friend's truck in the middle of nowhere.

According to Jake Marshal, she dumps every guy she dates for one reason—they're not him. He promises her, if she'll just let go and allow herself to *feel*, she'll know she belongs in his bed, forever. Jake, consummate bachelor and participant in her hidden fantasies, wants to stake his claim. On *her*. As much as she wants him, she's scared, too. After one touch, Gabrielle knows she doesn't stand a chance because Jake always gets what he wants. But just maybe, she's been his all along.

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## Chapter One

"You kidnapped me." Gabrielle Ellis crossed her arms over her chest as Jake's truck hit a pothole, making her bounce in the seat.

Jake Marshal looked over at her from the driver's seat. "Nope, you willingly got in the vehicle, Gab. Not my fault you fell asleep and didn't hear me say I was taking you away for the weekend. Speaking of, you sleep like the dead, woman. We've been driving damn near three hours. I think you subconsciously knew we weren't going home, but you're such a workaholic you had to knock yourself out in order to get some time off without feelin' guilty."

Gabby shot up, hitting the overhead light so she could see Jake as she spoke to him. When she opened her mouth, he tossed her a glance over his shoulder, kicking up the right side of his mouth in that little half-smile that always got her heart racing and her pussy throbbing. *Not the best things to feel when looking at your best friend.* Especially for her. "I just broke up with my boyfriend last week. I'm not in the mood to go away. Plus, I volunteered to cover a shift at the hospital this weekend, Jake. You know I'm trying to make a good impression so I can get the transfer to Boston. Turn your cocky ass around and drive me home."

Jake had the nerve to chuckle. *Chuckle!* The jerk. "I unvolunteered you. Plus, you said so yourself, the new job is in the bag. You've pretty much been promised it." The lines

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around his mouth tightened slightly. If she hadn't memorized his facial features, she probably wouldn't have noticed.

"You can't just un-volunteer me, you ass." God, the man was so arrogant. If he hadn't been there for her most of her life, she'd kill him and bury the body out in the boonies he was driving her through. "And, you can never make a good enough impression. I could use the extra money if I'm going to be moving, too."

He ruffled his already messy black hair and looked at her. "Actually, I can. It's amazing what a boyfriend can do. All I had to do was give them a call, tell them I'm taking you away for a romantic weekend, and it was done."

"You're such a jerk," is what she said, but really her heart started to race. She always loved spending time with Jake.

"No, I'm a determined man when I want something, Gabby. You know that." Goosebumps danced over her skin. "And don't bring up your last jackass of a boyfriend. You know how I feel about him."

Jake made a right turn. The blackened, winding roads were only highlighted by pinpoints of light scattered throughout the sky. They definitely weren't in Kansas anymore. Well, maybe they were in Kansas now, because Cincinnati had a lot more buildings than this. If it hadn't been Jake behind the wheel she might be a little nervous, but she knew he would always take care of her. He was cocky, but he would do anything for her. Even when she didn't want to count on anyone, he was always there. When she lost her mom, and wanted nothing but to run and hide, he brought her back. When everyone else left her behind, Jake was by her side. His easy smile,

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fierce loyalty...Yeah, Jake was always there for her. And lately...well, lately things just felt different. She wanted him to do much more for her than she should. Scratch that, she needed him to do more *to* her.

Her insides sparked like a Fourth of July firework at the thought. Jake's hands on her, his mouth taking hers, Jake quenching that ache at the apex of her thighs that the last jackass couldn't. He was right about that. All the men she went out with were idiots. "You hate every guy who's ever been in my life. There's nothing different about Tom."

Jake rubbed the back of his neck, veins springing to life on his strong hands. The man was so sexy, and he knew it. He was the complete opposite from every guy she dated. Jake was a man's man. A calloused hands, t-shirts stretched across a broad chest of hard muscles, I-know-what-to-do-with-a-woman kind of man, while she went out with guys like Tom. Other doctors, or accountants who didn't have time for her, just like she wouldn't make time for them. They were safe. Jake was not. Jake was trouble.

"Plus, I'm not your girlfriend. Now I'm going to have to explain that at work. They'll all be wondering how I went from Tom to a new guy so quickly."

Jake didn't reply, shaking his head instead.

"Can you at least tell me where we're going?"

"No, I kidnapped you, remember? You're my captive, Gab. That means you don't get to know where we're going, and I get to tie you to the bed when we get there. Mmm, I like that idea."



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*Mmm, so do I*, she thought, but instead of saying that, she crossed her arms again and dropped her head against the cool window of his truck. "You're such an ass."

"Yeah, but you love me, baby." He winked at her. She hit the light in the truck to turn it off. It wouldn't be smart for her to love Jake Marshal. Not smart at all. The guy went through women faster than she went through patients at the hospital. Her track record wasn't much better. Every guy she went out with had something wrong with him, some glaring annoyance she couldn't get past. After twenty-seven years, and one too many breakups, she finally started to realize the problem might just be her.

She cocked her head to the left and looked at Jake's profile. Even in the darkness, the man oozed sexual appeal. She could still make out his strong, chiseled jaw line. A dusting of black stubble, matching the hair on his head no doubt, trickled along his face. He always had that days' old stubble. It made him look dangerous and sexy as hell. So not her type... *Yeah, right.*

Goose bumps popped up along her arms again. Gabrielle leaned forward and turned off the AC, then pushed the button to turn on the radio. Some old country song floated through the speakers, talking about lost loves and broken hearts. *Go figure.* She pushed the button for the next station. Hopefully the rock song would be enough to keep her mind off Jake and whatever it was he had planned.

They drove for about another forty minutes before Jake turned onto a gravel road. Gabrielle bounced up and down in the seat as they rumbled across the rocks and holes in the

driveway. A minute later, Jake pulled to a stop and killed the engine.

Gabrielle's eyes scanned their surroundings, looking out the window to see if she could tell where they were.

This time it was the strong hands she'd admired a short time ago that pushed the button on the roof, illuminating the cab of his truck. Gabrielle turned to look at him. Jake's soulful black eyes captured her like they'd talked about him doing to her body. "You want to know why you break up with all those schmucks, honey?"

Actually, she didn't. Not tonight. "No, I don't. I'm tired, hungry, and annoyed you brought me to," she waved her hand in the air, "wherever we are without my consent. I'm not in the mood to be analyzed tonight."

Jake snickered before he spoke to her in that honeyed voice she'd heard him use on so many women in the past. "Well, I'm going to tell you anyway."

Gabrielle threw up her arms. "Of course you are. Jake Marshal always does what he wants." Despite being her best friend, he drove her crazy sometimes.

"I think you already know the answer, Gab, but I'll spell it out for you. It's because, they're. Not. Me."

*Engage over reaction.* "What? You are really full of yourself. We're friends, Jake. You're not looking to settle down, and I have too bad a track record to risk our friendship on your ego." *Thump, thump, thump.* Her heart punched at her ribs.

Before she could stop him, Jake unhooked her seatbelt and pulled her onto his lap. Damn, the man was warm. He

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smelled like a mixture of fresh cut grass and man. He cupped her cheeks and, damn it, she wasn't putting up a fight. "I'm going to change your mind, honey. I'm not letting you leave me. You're mine, and I'm tired of waiting for you to figure that out."

His lips took hers. Jake never did anything halfway, so his tongue went straight for her lips, teasing them open. Gabrielle didn't hesitate. Sure, this might be a huge mistake, but she was a woman who'd had nothing but bad sex lately, and Jake was as delicious as they came.

She opened her mouth and let him inside. Their tongues tangled as he swept each and every contour of her mouth. Oh, God, she'd groaned, but she couldn't hold it back. His scent wrapped around her like a Jake-quilt, making the apex of her thighs flood with heat. The warmth of his mouth traveled to her jaw line, her neck, behind her ear.

"Give me the weekend to prove it to you, honey. Let me love you, Gab. Let me worship your body and show you that you belong in my bed."

*No, no, no.* This wasn't right. It was Jake's hands caressing her back, his mouth licking her oh-so-tender skin. They were friends. He was the only constant in her life and when this ended badly, she would lose him.

Gabrielle dropped her head backward to give him better access. For something so wrong, it felt damn right.

Jake nipped her ear. It snapped her back to her senses. She jerked her head back. "What are you doing?" She smacked his chest. "Going through a dry spell or something?"

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I'm not your go-to girl, Jake. God, do you realize what a huge mistake this would be?"

His square jaw tensed. "You know me better than that. If I just wanted to get laid, I wouldn't be here. This is about us, honey. I'm tired of skirtin' around each other and pretending we both don't know we belong together."

Stomping elephants marched in her chest and—damn it, her pussy started to tingle. "I'm moving... It's a mistake."

Jake's strong hand slid through her hair. "I can promise you, baby, having you beneath me won't be a mistake." He kissed her neck again. "Tell me you don't want this. Tell me you really don't want it, and I'll stop."

"You have no idea how long I've wanted to slide between these thighs." She jumped slightly when his hand slipped under her skirt. Jake teased the edge of her panties and another moan fell from her lips. "Tell me you want me, Gab. Let me show you how beautiful you are to me."

Tender nibbles and bites traveled down her skin. The truth was, she couldn't tell him she didn't want this because, deep down, she'd always wanted Jake. Wanting and having were two different things. "I..." Now her hands were in his hair, too, pulling him closer. His firm chest flattened against her breasts, making them ache for him. "I don't want to lose you," she gasped.

"Never, honey. I told you, you're mine."

"For tonight..."

Jake chuckled. "Whatever you have to tell yourself."

And then he had the truck door opened. Her legs were around his waist as he stepped out and kicked it closed again.

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He carried her to the door of a small cabin, mixed signals ricocheting off one another in her brain. *Don't do it, you'll push him away* fought with *nothing has ever felt so right*. Another door opened, and he again kicked it closed. They were in near darkness, only a faint light glowed softly from somewhere in the room.

Jake's hands slid to her ass, cupping her cheeks. *Nothing has ever felt so right* completely won out as she started to kiss him. She traveled the same path he had with her—first his mouth, then his jaw and his neck.

She let her hands make the same heavy circles on his shoulders like Jake's made on her rear. He groaned, and it made another dose of lust shoot through her. *She* was driving Jake Marshal crazy. Her best friend and the consummate bachelor wanted *her*.

"I want you so bad I could fucking explode." His lust-roughened voice made her heart race. Gabby replied by rotating her hips, grinding her pussy against Jake's stomach.

"God, I want you, too," she whispered between shallow breaths. "Just because we want something, doesn't mean we should always get it though." Why did those words sound so wrong? She was at war, this fierce need she'd always felt for him battled with the fact that his was her *friend*. Sex and friendship never worked out.

"That's bull and you know it." She felt his hard body against her. "You never think you deserve what you want, but I'm telling you, you do."

Jake licked her neck, tracing his tongue upward until his mouth was right by her ear. "What do you want, Gab? If you

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really want me, take me." He sucked the lobe of her ear into his mouth. "Do you like my mouth on you?"

A hiss escaped her lips.

"Or my hands?" He kneaded her globes again, this time with a little more strength. "Fuck, I like that, too. Tell me what you like, what you need, and I'll give it to you. Just say it."

Each word, each movement of his hands teasing her body pushed her closer to the decision she wanted to make.

"Remember when you got in that car accident?" He breathed against her skin. "How I massaged every muscle in your body? I wanted to take care of you then, and I want to do it now, too. Tell me you want that."

Oh, God, did she remember that. The feel of his hands as they worked her. The way he made the pain evaporate into pleasure. She wanted that again.

His breath was hot and heavy, licking her neck. The insides of her body felt like they jerked around like a livewire, hot and excited for Jake. "I want you. I want you in me, on me, and every way in between. Make me feel good, Jake."

Jake leaned her against the wall, holding her up with his body. "I'll make you come so hard you can't see straight, and then, I'll start all over again." He cupped one breast while his other hand kept its home on the curve of her ass. He licked the hollow spot behind her ear.

"Make me come, Jake. I need to come so badly." She hadn't realized quite how badly she needed it until this moment. Her body ached for what she knew he would be able to provide her.

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He crushed her mouth beneath his, not going slowly, but demanding entrance. Their tongues mated with fervor.

Jake pulled away from her just enough to rip her shirt over her head and toss it God-knew-where. "Did you know I've always wanted you? That you've been mine since the first moment I met you?" He flicked the clasp on her bra. The cups immediately fell to the sides. "Jesus, honey." He pinched both her tender nipples. "Look at these pretty little titties. So perky. So fucking hungry for my mouth, aren't they?"

The fantasies she'd had about him over the years were coming to life. Real in a way she never thought she would be brave enough to capture. They started to tingle more, little bursts flaring up inside her. He leaned forward and sucked one of her pebbled buds into his mouth. Jake nipped it with his teeth, then moved to do the same with the other one. She felt so good, so freaking amazing, she couldn't bring herself to contemplate the possible repercussions of their actions. The awkwardness they might feel. How she wouldn't be able to stand seeing him with another woman if they did this. And how she knew no man would ever be enough for her after Jake. She was a thinker, but here and now, with his mouth so warm on her, all thoughts except pleasure fled from her mind.

"Jake...oh God..."

"You like that, honey? We're just getting started." Her head dropped backward, and her eyes drifted closed. Gabrielle weaved one of her hands through his hair, pulling him closer to her breast. She didn't have to ask twice. He sucked her left nipple, first gently, then with more suction,

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before flicking it with his tongue. Her left, then her right, and back again.

And then his wet mouth was gone, making her breasts hunger for his touch again until Jake set her down, and dropped to his knees in front of her. Gabby's hands fell to her sides, but he grabbed them, moving them to her breasts. "We wouldn't want these to get lonely, honey. I'll be busy for a while. I want to give you everything, Gab. I'm going to take care of every need you have. Before this weekend is over, there will be no doubt in your mind that you're mine."

*Jake's...* God, why did that sound so good? This man who had been her friend for so many years, and now they were here...what were they doing?

"Stop thinking," Jake said from below her. He always knew her so well. Knew how she felt before she did. "Let me love you." It was the second time he'd said that tonight. Gabrielle couldn't help but trust him.

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## Chapter Two

Jake nodded his head as though he knew she'd come to some internal decision. He kissed his way down her stomach, paying special attention to the curves of her body. He dipped his tongue into her belly button, making Gabby's body arch forward. He kissed lower...lower, until his tongue traced the line between her skirt and her bare belly. Jake teased her skin there before pulling at the cloth with his teeth, before letting it go again. "I can't wait to feel how wet you are for me, honey."

Why didn't it feel weird to hear those words from her best friend's mouth? "So wet, Jake. So very wet," she said breathlessly. The words fell from her lips just as effortlessly as it was to hear his.

"Yeah, well, I'm about to burst out of these damn Levi's, but before I do anything, I want my mouth on you. I want my tongue inside you." Even more wetness seeped from her aching pussy. Her legs buckled.

"Hurry, Jake. I need to come." Desire laced her words.

"I'm getting there, honey. I want to fuck you nice and slow. I'm worshipping you the way you've always deserved. You never let anyone take care of you. Let me do that for you."

The pitter-patter of her heart jumped, matching the throbbing between her legs. Oh my God, she couldn't take it. Her legs were like Jell-o. Her pussy quivered, and her body tingled. When he uttered the words, 'nice and slow' she

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almost lost it right there. She wasn't used to nice and slow. More along the line of quickie-between-shifts, except there wasn't always a shift to be worked, just the quickie.

Jake hooked his fingers in the side of her skirt inch by tortuous inch, easing it down her legs. When he reached her feet, she stepped out. Her heart beat a million miles an hour. Need and fear fought for control of her. Gabrielle glanced down, hoping she had a decent pair of underwear on, and not her granny panties or anything. Luckily, they weren't so bad—bikini cut and pink.

"Aw, shit, Gab, you're so fucking wet I can see it through your panties. You're going to be the death of me, woman." Jake looked up at her and winked before his head leaned forward and covered her pussy with his mouth. Even through her panties, he felt so good, she almost came.

Need beat out the fear. "I need you, Jake."

"I'm getting there. Let me play." He pulled at her panties with his teeth. The elastic snapped back, giving her a slight sting. Jake inhaled a deep breath. "I can smell your arousal. Smell how much you want me, and I'm getting fucking drunk off it. God, I can't wait to taste you. I've wanted my mouth on this sweet, little pussy of yours for so long."

She wanted that, too. So badly. More than she'd ever wanted anyone in her life, she wanted Jake. "Then do it. Let me feel your mouth on me, Jake."

He chuckled. "You're an impatient little thing. Good for you, I never make a woman beg."

Jake pushed his hands inside her panties, cupping her ass. He pulled down, baring her as his hands traveled over her

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tender flesh. Gabrielle eagerly stepped free of them, just as she had her skirt. Before she could recover, his mouth was on her. "Wow...Oh, God, Jake."

He used one hand to spread her nether lips and then stroked his tongue up her slit. Her knees buckled. The beginnings of her orgasm already started to form deep inside her, begging to burst free.

"Damn you taste good. So fucking sweet, honey. So wet...so fucking hot. Sweet and spicy." His mouth covered her again, licking and teasing her throbbing cunt. With his tongue, he circled her clit before he drew it into his mouth for a tender suck. "Such a pretty, little pussy. So pink and velvety soft. I can't wait to be inside you."

Gabrielle whimpered because, God, she wanted that, too. Where had this come from? This uncontrollable need for a man she'd known her whole life? Sure she'd always found him attractive, and there'd always been those hidden fantasies, but that's all they were. Fantasies, not wishes. Right now, she never wanted anything more than what he did to her. It felt right. They fell in line perfectly as friends. He always fit in her life the way no one else had, and now they were taking that farther and he filled this void in her life just as well.

His mouth was on her again—licking, sucking, teasing. His tongue pushed inside her before tracing the lips of her pussy.

"Oh, God." Jake sucked on her clit. As he did, tingles shot the length of her body. Gabrielle writhed against him, her pleasure escalating with each suck. She grabbed his head, pulling him closer to her. She'd never been this forward

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before, not only telling him, but showing him what she needed. It was liberating. More than that, it felt damn good.

"Mmm, I love how eager you are for me. I want you just as badly." She groaned as he nipped at her. "You need more?"

"Yes...yes, Jake. Give me more."

"My fucking pleasure." Jake pushed two fingers inside her, making a cry pull from the back of her throat. Tingles danced in the pit of her belly. Her blood rushed through her veins with urgency. Then he began to pump, thrusting his fingers in and out as he tongued her clit. Gabby lost herself to the sensations. Nothing mattered right now except what Jake did to her.

She moved against his mouth, riding out each thrust—each lick Jake gave her. She felt so good...so incredibly good, like she could shatter from the pleasure.

"So close. I'm so close, Jake," she gasped, looking down to see his head full of wavy hair between her thighs. It was so erotic, watching her best friend give her pleasure.

"I feel it, honey. Come for me. Let me feel that tight, little pussy of yours milking my fingers." He thrust again. At the same time, his mouth wrapped around her clit and sucked hard. Gabby's body splintered; burst apart into a million different pieces as she exploded in orgasm. He didn't give her time to come down from her high. Jake lifted her in his arms and carried her down the hallway, flicking on the lights in a bedroom. He leaned her back on a dark, plaid comforter. It was a very masculine room, decorated in wood and dark colors that reminded her of Jake.

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"If I don't get inside you soon, I'm going to fucking die. I know I promised nice and slow, but I'm not sure I can handle that. Not this time."

He gave her a cocky, playful smile that, if she hadn't already been naked, would have probably gotten her to drop her drawers.

Jake didn't take his eyes off her as he unzipped his jeans. In one swift movement, he had them off and tossed to the floor. His shirt came next. He stood before her in nothing but a pair of black boxer-briefs, his very apparent erection straining to be free from his confines. Jake was magnificent. Golden, sun-kissed skin, rigid muscles, and those familiar eyes. The ones she always knew to look for when she needed someone. Right now, they swirled with lust...need. She shivered.

His calloused hands pulled down his boxer-briefs. Her breath hitched in anticipation. No fear, no uncertainty, just eagerness. His underwear joined his jeans on the floor. She let her eyes drop to his very hard, very thick cock. She couldn't rip her eyes away from him if she tried. His cock pointed upward, long, utterly delicious.

Jake picked up his jeans long enough to pull a condom out of his wallet. "No!" She wasn't sure where it came from, but the word flew from her mouth. "I want to feel you. You know I'm on the pill." And she knew he was always careful. Jake Marshal never slept with a woman without protection. More than with anyone else in her life, she tried not to keep barriers between her and Jake and here, she didn't want them either. It was a trust that only he could bring out in her.

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"Only you, honey. I want to feel your pussy wrapped around me so fucking bad." He ran a finger up her slit. Gabrielle's eyes rolled to the back of her head. Damn, this man's touch was addicting. Why hadn't they done this sooner? "This is going to be fast and hard. Sorry 'bout that, but it will be good. I can't wait any longer to have you."

Gabrielle smiled.

Before she had the chance to move, he climbed on top of her and pushed inside with one swift stroke. "Jake!" She cried out, feeling so incredibly full. "Oh, God..."

Jake pulled out, then slammed back into her. Over and over he fucked her. Gabrielle clawed his back; he leaned down, sucking one of her nipples into his mouth. She felt him everywhere, inside and out, as he thrust.

Her second orgasm already built strength inside her. It was like a storm, a cyclone, spinning and spinning, gaining strength with each of his thrusts. Jake's lips moved to hers, his tongue taking possession of her mouth. She tasted herself on him as he kissed her, his tongue moving in unison with his cock.

"Come for me, honey."

It was like he had some kind of voodoo magic. He told her to come, and she did. This one was even more powerful than her last. Wave after wave pummeled her. Jake kept thrusting, and she kept coming. Gabrielle squeezed her legs, trying to control the overwhelming fire that overtook her.

Above her, Jake's body tensed. Muscles constricted in his chest and arms. Veins sprang to life, pulsing as he pumped harder. It was utterly masculine, so much so that another

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rush of fire swept through her. He thrust again, once, twice, three more times as his seed warmed her in spurts.

"God damn, you're beautiful when you come." His finger coasted down the side of her face, before he leaned forward, molding his lips to hers. Gabrielle let him in as his weight settled on top of her. It was comfort, familiarity, and an exciting new adventure all rolled into one.

"What are we doing, Jake?" she whispered.

He kissed her cheek, her lips, her forehead. "I would have thought that was pretty obvious," he teased.

She sighed. "You know what I mean. We both... Our track records... My relationships never last, and you've never wanted one. Most importantly, I'm *moving*. Is this going to mess us up?" Her words broke slightly when she spoke.

"Never. Just let go, Gab. Don't worry. Have I ever hurt you before?" She shook her head. He held himself up with his forearms so he still laid on top of her, but easing some of the weight from her body. "Trust me."

"I do." And she did. She would always trust Jake.

"Good. Tell me you didn't feel it?" He nuzzled her neck. "Mmm, that tight little pussy of yours felt so right wrapped around me. Your breath on my skin, your nails in my back. Fucking perfect..."

Her heart slammed against the walls of her chest, as her body started to come alive again. "You're good at this."

"I'm not playing a game, Gab. I want you, honey." A lump slid down her throat. "And I know by the end of this weekend, I'm going to have you."

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What if she pushed him away like she had every other guy in her life? "I'm scared." It was impossible not to be honest with him, but at the same time, every nerve ending in her body jumped for joy again when Jake slid his face toward her breast and sucked a nipple into his mouth.

"And just like you do with everything, you'll face that fear head-on. I have faith in you, honey. I've lost in my life too. You know that and I refuse to let myself lose you too. I won't let you be a regret." He nipped at her swollen peak again. "Now get some rest, because tomorrow, I plan to be between those creamy legs of yours all damn day."

Head-on. She could do this. She *would* do this.

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## Chapter Three

Gabrielle moaned and smiled, caught between that junction of sleep and awake. She'd had the most erotic dream last night, filled with pleasure, orgasms, and...Jake. She nuzzled into the blankets, hoping if she fell back asleep, her dream would pick up where she left off.

She hungered for him again, like she'd really had him between her legs and not just some silly dream. She felt heavy, the ache intensifying as images of her Jake-dream flittered through her head in vivid scenes. Dream-Jake looking up from between her legs after eating her, his cock pumping in and out of her in satisfying strokes.

Her pussy pulsed. Gabrielle slid her hand between her legs and pushed a finger in her wetness. It was nothing new for her, pleasuring herself, so there was no hesitation as she started to pump her finger. It wasn't enough. It didn't come close to the feeling of Dream-Jake's fingers when they'd slipped inside her cunt. She added another as she let her legs drop open. This dream felt so much more real than the others, like when you know someone's body so well and Jake knew her. It wasn't her fingers, but his. She saw those rough hands of his and they pleased her.

Gabrielle pushed the blanket off with her feet, reveling in the feel of the chill-kissed air as it caressed her. "Jake..." she whispered, using her other hand to pinch and pull on her eager nipples. It felt so natural. His name fell from her lips in this lust-induced haze so many times before. She could

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almost smell him, that unique mixture of nature and man that was distinctly Jake. She moved her fingers faster, pinched her breast harder, the way she knew he would.

"Mmm. Yes..." Tingles of excitement bloomed inside her as more wetness flooded her pussy.

"Jesus."

In that one second, three things happened—her hands stilled, her eyes popped open, and she had a heart attack. Well, not really, but pretty damn close.

"Don't stop. Let me watch you get yourself off, honey. When you're done, I'll do it again for you."

It was real! She'd had mind blowing sex with her best friend last night, and now she woke him up fingering herself, and damned if it didn't turn her on more!

"Come on, Gab. I want to see those fingers moving in that pretty, little cunt of yours. I want to watch your face flush pink when you come. Pluck those raspberry nipples for me, honey." His words skated over her skin, sinking down into her bones and making them move. Gabby did just what he said, drawing her nipple between her fingers and pulling. "That's my girl. You're so damn beautiful. I'll never get enough of you."

Sharp stabs of pleasure pierced her as she squeezed at her breast. Brown met green as she held Jake's emerald gaze. His eyes traced her body, starting at her chest and traveling down to the apex of her thighs. He looked so gorgeous sitting there, all hard muscles and golden skin. His lips drawn tight in concentration as he watched her. It wasn't until then that she noticed she hadn't started moving them again.

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"Come on, Gab. Fuck that gorgeous pussy of yours. I want that sweet cream running down your fingers."

If any hint of skepticism still lingered in her body, his words wiped them away. This was Jake, and damned if she didn't want to give him just what he asked her for. Gabby pushed another finger inside and pumped. The spicy scent of her arousal filled her nostrils, fueling her on. In, out, in, out she worked herself. Silky wetness hugged her fingers. There was something so erotic about pleasuring yourself. She'd always enjoyed it but now, with Jake here watching her, it was like every sexual experience of her life—minus last night—rolled into one.

"God, Jake. It feels so good." Her fingers sped as she spoke.

"Good, honey. Take your other hand and spread those pretty pink lips for me." She did. "Aw, hell. Damn, look at that rosy, swollen flesh. I can't wait to have my mouth on you again."

Her inner walls pulsed, squeezing her fingers tighter. "Mmm, yes. I want that, too."

"Soon, honey. Very soon. Play with your clit. Rub your thumb back and forth over it." Her skin sizzled, popping and cracking with electricity when Jake's fingers took over for hers. He spread the lips of her pussy, his eyes taking her in while she played with her clit with one hand and fucked herself with the other.

"Jake..." Her eyes fell closed. Heat from his touch shot throughout her body. With each stroke of her fingers, each

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flick back and forth over her sensitive nub, her need for him multiplied.

"I'm here. Open those eyes and look at me. I want you to see my face when you find release, and know that however hard you come right now, I'm going to make you come harder."

Shivers wreaked havoc on her body.

"Pinch your clit, honey. Pinch it and curve your fingers when you're buried deep inside that pretty cunt. I want to hear you say my name. Fuck, I'm so hard I just might come right along with you."

She started to splinter. Shards of bliss severing all her senses. Gabby squeezed her clit, curving the finger inside her as she went deep, before she started to fall apart bit by delightful bit. Tingles skyrocketed into explosions as she squeezed harder and fell over the edge. "Jake!"

He was there to catch her on the other side. Gabby went limp in exhaustion, but then he was there, between her legs, slamming himself inside. "Oh God!" She hadn't thought she had it in her to come again, but one stroke of his cock inside her and the buildup intensified again, rushing her toward a not-so distant orgasm.

"So tight. Damn, you're beautiful, Gab." Jake's hand covered the top of her pussy as he pounded into her, slapping his skin against hers. "This is my pussy, honey. Every day I'm going to fuck you until you're screaming my name. I'll never tire of this."

She thrashed beneath him. Pressure crowded her, pushing her orgasm closer to the surface with each of Jake's thrusts.

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He wrapped his arms through her legs, spreading them wide as over and over he plunged into her. Unable to hold it back anymore, she let go, losing herself to the sensation of her orgasm. "I'm coming, Jake."

His mouth covered hers, eating the rest of her words as he drove deeper...harder. Wave after wave pummeled her, slamming into her with delicious force. Warmth spread through her as he again filled her with his seed. Gabby couldn't move. Her eyes closed. She felt empty, and then strong arms wrapped around her, pulling her into the heat of a hug. Firm skin lay beneath her like a bed. Beats of his heart echoed in her ear, and then she was asleep.

This time, when her eyes eased open, Gabby knew where she was. Well...kind of. She knew she was in a cabin with Jake, but still had no idea *where* he had brought her. Rolling over into the empty spot in the bed beside her, she pulled a navy blue pillow over her head. What were they doing? He'd been in her life since she was thirteen. When her dad left, Jake was there. When her mom died a year after his disappearance. When her sister moved across the country the second Gabrielle turned eighteen and hardly ever called, when she broke up with any guy she'd dated since high school... Jake. He was always there.

How could she risk losing him? Everyone she loved always left her. *And you don't already love him now?* Of course she did, but this was different.

"Hey, you awake in there?" She pulled the pillow off her head as Jake sauntered into the room. He wore his boxer-briefs and nothing else. His hard, deliciously mussed and his

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eyes bright. She took in the planes of his stomach, that sexy V diving beneath his boxer-briefs. When he looked like that, how could she not see where this could go?

"Yeah."

"Did I wear you out, Dr. Ellis? I think I'm going to have to prescribe much more practice so you can work on your stamina."

Gabrielle chucked a pillow at his head, which he easily caught. "Ha, ha. Speaking of, I need to check my pager."

Jake put a hand out to stop her when she tried to stand up. "No, you don't. This is our weekend and we're going to enjoy it. No work. Just play." He winked. "I told you I took care of it, now trust me."

It was on the tip of her tongue to argue with him, but instead she sighed. "I'm starved. What's for breakfast?"

Jake pulled her against him before sliding his mouth over hers. He kissed her deep, his tongue caressing her soul. The heavy throb again made her pussy ache. She jumped when Jake's hand came down, smacking her ass with a gentle sting.

"Oh!" No one had ever spanked her before. The tiny sting burned through her body in a delicious way.

He gave her a mischievous smile. "You like that, Dr. Ellis? I'll be sure to do it again, but right now, I need to feed you. If we stand here much longer your legs will be wrapped around my waist, and I'll be buried so deep in that hot little pussy of yours, you won't know where I stop and you begin."

A quick, vibration skirted down her spine. "You've turned me into a nympho in less than twenty-four hours."

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Jake cupped her cheek. "She was always in here, honey. It just took being with the right guy for you to let her out." He smacked her ass again with his other hand. "Let's go. You missed breakfast, but I made us some lunch."

"I'll meet you in the kitchen."

"Okay. I brought your shirt and panties in here for you."

Jake walked out of the room. Gabrielle grabbed her clothes and found a bathroom off the bedroom. A brand new toothbrush sat on the counter. She snickered to herself, opened it, and brushed her teeth. She didn't bother with combing her cropped, blonde hair, but ran her hand through it a couple of times and then got dressed.

As she rounded the corner toward what she hoped was a kitchen, her feet froze to the floor. She couldn't move. Jake stood in the kitchen, his muscled back to her at the sink. He still only wore his underwear. Sandwiches and soup sat at the cozy, round table. Gabrielle looked down at her bare legs. Her heart didn't race, there was none of that nervous day after feeling swimming around inside her. It felt like the most normal thing in the world to walk into a kitchen to a nearly naked Jake. Like they'd done it every day for years and this was the way things were supposed to be.

Now the organ in her chest did start beating faster. The urge to run prickled her feet, but right then, Jake turned to face her.

"Hey, honey. I didn't hear you come in. Eat." He pointed to the table.

Gabrielle found herself walking over and sitting down.  
"Yes, sir."

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by Madison Scott

"That's what I like to hear. I want to hear you say that while you're on your knees. I'm hard just thinking about it."

She almost choked on the bite of sandwich in her mouth. "Only if you call me doctor." She winked at him.

Jake sat across from her at the table. Without thinking, she reached over and grazed his fingers, just needing to touch him. Jake hissed at the simple contact. "Only if you're good." He squeezed her hand before slipping free to take a bite of his sandwich. That quickly, she missed his touch. "Eat, Gab. I'm not done with you, yet. You haven't eaten since dinner last night."

"Where are we?" she asked.

"Not far from home."

"You're such a jerk."

"One of the things you love most about me." He took another bite.

*Ugh!* Why did he have to be right? Still, they needed to set some ground rules here. Maybe it was the doctor in her, but she needed to know where all this was coming from and where it was going. "How do you know it's not going to be weird for us when we go home? I mean, what happens when you or I date someone else. Or I *move*. You know I'm getting a new job. This could really screw up our friendship, Jake."

He shrugged. "We won't be going out with anyone else. I already told you you're mine. I'm tired of waiting for you to figure that out on your own. Things won't get screwed up, because there won't just be a friendship anymore. The second you kissed me back in that truck, this became a relationship."



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The jerk sat there eating his food like he hadn't just dropped a bomb in her lap.

"Um, isn't it customary for both parties to agree? And since when do you ever get into a real relationship?"

"I have relationships since you. I haven't wanted any others because I know you're who I want. And I think you do agree. You're just too stubborn and scared to admit it. Sometimes, I think I know you better than you do yourself, honey."

Fire burned her veins. "And you're too arrogant for your own good!"

Jake let out a heavy breath. "Gab, I'm not trying to fight. I've known you since you were thirteen years old. I know your dad left, your mom passed away, and your sister took off on you. I know you're scared of losing people you love, honey, but I'm not going anywhere. The last fourteen years should have told you that.

"I also know you date guys who you don't give a shit about, so you don't risk getting too close. So you can blow them off before they have the chance to leave you, so you don't get hurt."

The green of his eyes softened. "I'm not going to hurt you. I'm not going to walk away from you. I've been by your side since we were kids, and that's not changing. You don't take time for yourself, so I'm giving it to you. This weekend is about you. About us, honey. Call me arrogant, cocky, whatever you want, but I'm staking my claim. You. In my bed. From now on. No other guys, no focusing on your work and nothing else. No more being scared and no more fear of

being alone. I'm here, honey and there's nothing you can do that will change that. It's time for you to be happy. Decide you're worth it."

Gabrielle's shaking hand covered her mouth. Her eyes blurred slightly with unshed

tears. Everything inside her wanted to jump up and tell him yes, that she wanted everything he had just said. Unfortunately, it wasn't that easy. "But I'm moving."

"Maybe."

"I am."

Jake shrugged as if it weren't a big deal.

"What if I push you away?"

"Never going to happen." Jake stood up, and kneeled in front of her. She opened her mouth to speak, but he covered it with a work-roughened finger. "Shh, don't say anything yet. Just take what I'm giving you. Let me take care of you, here." Jake cupped her pussy through her panties, making her instantly wet. "And then, when you're ready, I'll take care of you here." With his other hand, he covered her heart. "I already know what's in your heart, Gab, and I promise you, if you let yourself, you'll see it, too."

God, she wanted that. Someone who wasn't out to leave her. Who wanted to be with her. Not just anyone, but to have it be Jake, the most important person in the world to her, that was a bonus. With a voice that quivered just as much as her hand had, she spoke. "Jake...I need you."

It scared her how true those words were.

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## Chapter Four

His hands were buried in her hair, pulling her face toward his and taking her mouth in another scorching kiss. Jake seared her, molding his lips to hers as his tongue delved into her mouth. He went straight to her head, making her dizzy. Cream soaked her panties as she imagined his cock pumping in and out of her like his tongue probed her mouth.

Then she was standing up. Her shirt was pulled over her head and her panties pulled down her legs. "You have such a gorgeous body. I smell your need for me, Gab." Jake's fingers traced her slit. "I don't know what I want more—to fuck you or to eat this pretty cunt again."

Her knees went weak, Jake's potent scent having the same affect on her as hers obviously did on him. That and his words, those promises that made her heart race and her pussy pulsate with desire.

"What do you want, Gab? Do you want my mouth on you, or do you want my cock stroking between those sexy legs of yours?"

"Fuck me, Jake. Fill me. Please, I need you so badly."

Jake twisted, sitting on the chair and pulling her to his lap. She jumped, startled by his naked erection already pushing inside. Gabrielle tensed as he slowly pushed inside her tight channel.

"Relax, honey. It's tighter this way. Loosen up, and let me inside."

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by Madison Scott

His hot breath coasted across her neck as he placed gentle kisses there. His tongue traced her earlobe and then he suctioned the crease where her shoulder met her neck. And then he was inside, filling her in the most delicious way.

"Ride me, honey. Take what you need from me. Tell me what you want."

Calloused fingers splayed across her sides. With each rotation of her hips, Jake moved with her, his hands helping lift and lower her as he met her thrust for thrust. "Put your mouth on me, Jake."

"Here?" he asked kissing on her collarbone.

"No... lower. My breasts, suck on them. Play with my nipples."

"My pleasure." Gabrielle cried out when his tongue lashed across the peak of her breast. He flicked it again before drawing it into the wetness of his mouth. The inner walls of her pussy started to contract. He lavished her chest with his mouth—gentle strokes of his tongue, deep sucks, nips with his teeth. Her whole body sizzled, Jake's fire spreading to her.

"Jake, you feel so good. Keep going."

Gabby slid up and down his cock. Each time she reached the tip, a whimper escaped her mouth, and then he'd fill her again before repeating the scintillating movements. His strokes quickened, his sucks hardened as her pussy quivered, tightening in orgasm.

"Fuck, honey. Me, too."

Jake's lifted her, and then slammed into her again, spilling himself inside her. Their breaths mingled, heavy and loud. Finally, when they slowed, he spoke again. "Hell, you threw

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all my noble intentions out the window. I wanted to feed you before I took you again. Eat. Then I'm taking you out."

Gabrielle smiled, before leaning forward and kissing him.

"It's gorgeous out here." Gabrielle's foot crunched in a bed of orange and brown leaves as she trekked her way through the woods surrounding the cabin.

"Yeah, I like it. I've invited you with me before, ya know? I think you had to work or something." He spoke in a tight voice.

"It's my job, Jake. You can't be angry with me about that."

They continued walking through the dense trees as they spoke. "It's not that I'm upset about that, and you know it. I'm damn proud of you for what you've accomplished. You just need to focus on you, too, Gab. You're twenty-seven years old, and all you do is work. I had to trick you to get you away this weekend. Don't pretend you don't know why you do it, either. It's easier to be around those people you know won't be in your life for long, than to get out there and create real ties."

She gasped, feeling a little pinch in her chest. Before speaking, she took a couple deep breaths. "I have a real tie with you."

"That's because I didn't give you a choice. I didn't let you cut yourself off from me. If I did, you would have bailed a long time ago. Now," he nudged her elbow, "now, you want me around. You just don't like admitting it because it's putting yourself out there too much."

It was as if Jake's words nailed her feet to the forest floor like they were one of the pieces of furniture he built. Pebbles

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of sweat beaded on her forehead as she froze, looking at Jake. He was right. God, how could he be so right about her? How could he know her so well? Those little secrets that she buried inside herself, not willing to admit, Jake knew.

His finger slowly danced down the side of her face. "Don't look so shocked. I know you, Gab. I watch you, listen to you."

She smiled. "Stalker."

"Quit trying to change the subject. Don't act like you can't show me how you feel."

Gabrielle bit her bottom lip. "I know. You're right. Let's walk, again. I just want to spend time with you right now."

"I can handle that." They started to walk again, the blanket of leaves kicking up as their feet brushed through them.

"When did you invite me here? I don't remember." His arm grazed hers making her feel giddy like a teenage girl.

"Um, twice I think. Once on your twenty-fifth birthday, and the other on the anniversary of your mom passing."

Guilt burrowed deeply into her chest. "I suck, don't I?"

Jake winked at her. "I'm hoping so."

They walked more in near silence. The only sound around them was the wind rustling the trees and their footsteps crunching on the earth. She felt completely at ease, comfortable in a way that she always felt around Jake. Nothing else mattered when they were together. No fear or loneliness. Just Jake. "How's work going?"

"Good," he replied. "Selling a bunch of pieces. The shop is filled. Life is good."

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by Madison Scott

"How do you do it?" Gabrielle leaned into him. "Do you ever worry about anything? You're always looking on the bright side of things. It's infuriating sometimes." Though her words were playful, she also really wanted to know.

"Everyone processes shit differently, Gab. You know that. For me, I've lost enough that, when I find something I want, I hold it closer. Others get scared of losing it and run away. It's just how I'm built."

She didn't have to wonder who he meant when he said *others* run. That was her, and she knew it. Jake, on the other hand, he definitely went for what he wanted. "So that's your excuse for the compulsive dating?" She tried to keep her voice light, but little tinges of jealousy started to multiply inside her.

"Aw, hell. Is Dr. Ellis jealous?" Jake stopped and leaned against a tree. "Green looks good on you, honey."

"Pfft. I don't get jealous." The racing of her heart told her she was lying to herself.

"I've never wanted anyone the way I want you. I can promise you that."

"Why?" Her heart jumped a little when the question came out.

Jake sighed and wrapped his arm around her as they started to walk again. "You remember when you were in med school? You were barely scraping by and you got a hundred dollar bonus at that pizza place?"

She squinted, thinking back. "Yeah."

"I remember picking you up from work because you didn't have a car and there was this woman and her daughter

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bundled up together on the streets. With no thought, you handed them that hundred dollars, even though you needed it."

She shook her head. "Anyone would have done that."

"No, they wouldn't have. It's not just that, Gab. When I met you, you were this quiet, reserved girl, but you've grown. You work hard and don't give up. You helped people then though no one in your life extended you the same courtesy. When you want to be, you're *fun*."

"Hey!" She swatted him. "As opposed to most of the time, when I'm boring?" Gabrielle teased.

"Basically." He winked at her. "You're funny as hell, woman, but I think you forget that sometimes. You draw people to you. Everyone loves you, Gab."

She froze, looking over at him. If everyone loved her, why were they always leaving her behind? Not her boyfriends, because with them, it was always easy to walk away, but her family...why was it so easy for them to forget about her? "I think you're biased by some friend rule or something."

"I think you're fishing for more compliments. Now, come on, before I have to spank that pretty ass of yours for thinking otherwise."

Her pussy started to tingle. Her breasts felt heavy...needy. Gabrielle didn't move. Lust fought its way through the jealousy, or any unease she might have felt at the direction of their conversation. Her feisty streak reared up. "No."

Jake's eyes darkened as he pushed himself away from the tree. "What did you say to me?"



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Heat singed her insides. Her pussy wept with her juices. The little tingle of nervousness at the back of her neck that they might be seen only excited her more. "No."

"Mmm, you're asking for it. I'm going to make that curvy little ass sting, but I want something else first. Get on your knees, Dr. Ellis."

Her pussy spasmed with his demand, and a smile tilted her lips. This time, she would be the one to do something for Jake. Gabrielle dropped to the ground. The leaves were scratchy against her knees. Blood pumped furiously through her body, eager and needy.

"Unbutton and unzip my pants. I want my cock in those delicate hands of yours."

Gabrielle fought to steady her shaking hands as she popped the button on Jake's pants free. It was a lost cause, so she ignored it, pulling down his zipper, too. His velvet and steel cock sprang free. "No underwear?"

"Always prepared, honey. Touch me. Fuck, I've wanted your hands on me all damn day."

Excitement chased the shakiness away as she wrapped her hand around his erection and pulled him free.

"Stroke me, Gab." She did. "Fuck, that feels good. Tighten your hand a little bit."

Gabrielle squeezed her fist a little tighter, running her hand up and down his impressive length. Her eyes traveled to her hand, watching it slide up and down his girth. Veins strained, purple and pulsing, along his dick. She licked her lips.

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"Holy hell, woman. You're trying to kill me. Put your tongue on me. Don't suck yet. Just play with the head. Tease me, honey."

She did as she was told, rolling her tongue in circles around the tip of his cock. Moans and curses fell from Jake's lips, making her feel a surge of heat at her core. A drop of precum pebbled at his slit. She licked it clean, and then let out a moan of her own.

"Jesus, you're sexy as hell on your knees in front of me. I can't wait to pump my cock in and out of those plump lips. Take me deep, Gab. Use your hand to stroke me at the same time."

Every one of his sexual demands hit her between the legs. There was something so liberating about being told what to do, if that made any sense. Or maybe that came from enticing such a lustful response from a man like Jake. Whatever it was, it was addicting.

Gabrielle sucked him to the back of her throat, reveling in his salty, masculine taste and scent. Jake threaded his fingers through her hair as she worked his cock with her mouth. Up and down, she took him deep, pulling out only to tease his swollen head with her tongue, before deep-throating him again. Her cunt throbbed on the verge of pain, dripping with wetness. Everything inside her called for him to fill her again, but her mouth still hungered for him, too.

Her mouth sped up, needed Jake's release just as much as his fist in her hair told her he did. And then his hips started to flex, his cock sliding deeper into her throat. "Swallow, Gab. Let me fuck your mouth. Can you take me deeper?"

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She again did as he said, taking Jake to the back of her throat. Gabrielle heard herself moan, sucking him up.

"I'm going to come." He stroked faster. "Pull back now if you don't want it."

Gabriella slid her mouth faster up and down his cock, wanting whatever he gave her. spurts of hot semen jetted into her mouth. She swallowed all the bitter liquid down, savoring what was distinctly Jake.

He pulled her to her feet. "I'm not done with you yet. You still need your spanking for not listening to me."

Gabrielle's whole body caught fire, like an extreme fever overtook her when Jake leaned her over a large rock. "Can I bare that pretty ass of yours? Someone could see... Though that might make it more fun." She heard the mischievous smile in his voice.

"Do it. Let me feel your hands on me again." Every fantasy, every orgasm, every second with Jake touching her, fucking her, freed another of her inhibitions, let loose another of her fears.

Jake rubbed his already hardened cock against her ass. A little spark of feistiness lit inside her. Jake was in for a surprise, too. He slid her skirt down. "Ah, hell, woman. No panties?"

"You didn't pack me any clothes."

His hands finished ripping her clothes off. She jumped when his hand rubbed the sensitive skin of her behind.

"God damn, you have such a nice ass. I love your curves, Gab. So feminine and lush." And then his hand was gone before it stung her skin in a slap.

"Oh."

His hand came down on her again. With each spank, heat and prickly pain echoed over her body.

"This isn't much of a punishment is it, honey. I think you like this." Jake chuckled before his hand came down on her ass again, this time harder.

"I like everything you do to me," she gasped.

"That's what I like to hear. I want to do everything to you. Like I told you, you're mine, Gab. There's no going back now."

One more slap and then she cried out as he slammed into her from behind.

"Your pussy is so fucking tight. So slick for me. So fucking perfect."

Her nails scratched against the rock when she tried to clutch it. The rough fabric of Jake's jeans rubbed against her ass with each of his powerful thrusts.

"I like taking you like this. Fucking you from behind. Do you like it, too, Gab?"

He expected her to talk at a time like this? Her breasts bounced as she pushed her ass backward to meet Jake. She bit into her bottom lip, dizzy with the feel of him behind her, slamming into her over and over. It was the only answer she could give.

Gabrielle screamed, her whole body detonating in orgasm when his hand reached around her, squeezing her clit. Her screams lit up the forest, echoing on and on as her orgasm reverberated in waves. He squeezed her hips, pumping deep inside her again, before groaning out an orgasm of his own.

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## Chapter Five

"Let's go swimming!" Gabrielle told him as they stood on the edge of a lake tucked behind the crowded mass of trees. She felt almost giddy inside at the thought. Which was ridiculous. She knew that, but she felt it all the same.

"*You* want to go swimming?" he teased. "I can count on one hand the number of times I've seen you swim since I've known you. I thought you didn't like the water."

She shrugged. "Stop raining on my parade. This is my first vacation in years. The water looks clean, and it sounds fun. Indulge me."

Jake smirked. "I'll indulge you anything. Especially if it means I get to see you naked again."

Oh... She hadn't thought about that. The no panties thing cut out the option of using her bra and underwear like a bikini. "Okay, so maybe not such a good idea." She turned to walk off, but Jake grabbed her around the waist and pulled her toward him.

"No so fast there. You just went down on me and then let me inside you in the middle of these woods, and now you're going to try and tell me you're freaked out by the thought of skinny dipping? Don't think so."

When he put it like that, it did sound a little foolish. "You're game?"

Jake shook his head. "Do you have to ask?" He pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it to the ground. His jeans

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came next, joining his shirt on a bed of leaves. It was hard for her not to sit back and just enjoy the show.

"Come on, slowpoke. This was your idea." With that, Jake ran and jumped in the water like a big kid. Laughter sprang up from the back of her throat. She always loved this about him. How he could have fun doing anything. She'd always wished she could be more like him.

"I'm giving you ten seconds before I come after you, Gab. You don't want to see what will happen if you make me come get you!" He called after her.

Gabrielle drew in a big breath. He was right, what was the big deal about skinny dipping when they'd just had sex in the woods? Slowly, she slid out of her skirt. As soon as her shirt fell to the ground she covered her breasts and ran toward the water. When she made it deep enough, she bent her knees so the water came clear up to her neck.

And that's when water flew at her face. "Hey!" She splashed him back.

Jake shook the excess water off his hair. "You're right. Bad idea. Get over here and let me hold you."

Gabrielle waded toward him. When she reached Jake, he pulled her close to him so her legs wrapped around him. He held her up as they kind of floated in the water.

"This is nice," she said, leaning against him.

"It sure is." Jake's hand slid over her belly beneath the water and then palmed one of her breasts.

Thoughts floated through her head, much like they were doing in the water. "I think I'd like a new bedroom set."

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Where that had come from, she didn't know. "I wanted to talk to you about designing one for me."

Jake hummed against her ear. "Sure, I can do that. Seems silly to do before you might move, though."

Wow, he was right. Why hadn't she thought about that? "Well, I'll need a moving truck anyway, so what's the difference?"

"Hmm," was his only reply.

Another thought came from nowhere. "You remember the graduation party you threw for me when I got out of med school?"

"Yep. You were so pissed at me when I dragged you out that night."

"That was a huge day for me, Jake. Med school is tough. I just wanted to veg and eat ice cream all night. It was nice to just relax."

Gabrielle put her hand over Jake's when he let it slide back to her belly again. "I was glad after, though. It was nice, what you did for me. That's...well, it's one of my favorite memories. You're always thinking about me, Jake. No one else would have done that for me." *Then why am I so scared to trust you?* Because losing Jake would hurt more than anything else she'd ever lost.

"You should have seen the look on your face, honey. The way those brown eyes of yours just lit up—and that smile? It knocked me on my ass. That's when I knew."

Shivers came at her in waves like those little ripples in the water from their movement. "Knew what?"



Staking Claim  
by Madison Scott

"That you were mine. In that moment, I knew I'd do anything to keep that smile on your face and know I was the one who put it there."

And that's when she knew, she would never make it out of this in one piece.

Hot water pelted her skin like little pinpricks of pleasure beating down on her, over and over again. Gabrielle dropped her head back, losing herself in the water that trickled down the drain. The frosted glass door protected her from the small bathroom, or better yet, what was on the other side of the door.

With him, she forgot about everything, but alone with the water and the scent of Jake's zesty soap tickling her nose, all she had were her thoughts and fears. The pinpricks moved from her skin, to her chest, rearing up like a wild horse. *No!* God, what was wrong with her? She'd survived on her own when everyone left her. She made it in med school on her own. She was a great doctor, worked hard, overcame hurdles; those she could handle. This—here with Jake—scared the shit out of her.

*Because it's real...*

The soap jumped out of her hand, hitting the floor of the shower with a thump when Jake's voice called through the door. "Gab? You awake in there? Dinner's almost done."

"Yep. I'll be out in a minute." His heavy footsteps retreated down the hallway. Gabrielle twisted the handle, turning off the water. After drying off and slipping into a pair of Jake's boxers and a t-shirt, she wiped the mirror with her hand. A quick hand-brush later she took a couple deep breaths. Armor

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intact, she opened the bathroom ready to face this head-on like she did everything else in her life.

The rich smells of tomato and basil assaulted her as she stepped into the hallway. Gabrielle laughed when she stepped into the kitchen. "Let me guess? Spaghetti?"

Jake returned her snicker. "It's my specialty."

"It's the only thing you know how to make." She picked up a napkin from the table and tossed it at him.

"Which means I've perfected it over the years. Plus, I seem to recall you eating soup and sandwiches I made earlier."

Gabrielle stepped up beside him. "Campbell's and grilled cheese aren't cooking." A memory filled her head. "Remember that one time we went to that potluck with my ex and his Italian grandmother tried to beat you with a spoon because you brought sauce?"

The right side of his mouth kicked up. "Hell. I thought that woman was going to kill me. I didn't mean to insult her with my spaghetti sauce. I'll tell you what, ever since then I buy sandwiches if I go to something like that. She was one scary little thing. People just don't understand good tomato sauce."

Gabrielle couldn't help but laugh. Jake winked at her and it was like those thick, sooty lashes of his were tickling her skin. She *felt* him in ways she couldn't understand. Like he was a part of her, owned his own piece of property in her chest. Gabrielle leaned her head on his shoulder. "Thanks. For all this, I mean. You'll never get me to admit it again, but I kind of love your spaghetti."

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"I knew it!" He pulled her against his bare chest. It wasn't until after she rose to her tiptoes and pushed her mouth against his, that she realized what she was doing. It was a quick, comfortable kiss. Like their mouths had been doing it for years rather than hours. "Want to taste?"

Hunger bubbled up inside her. "Again?" Her hands went to the buttons on his pants.

"Hell, that's not what I meant, woman, but I'm always up for that, too."

"Yes, you are." She rubbed her hand down his jean-covered erection. It was so easy—this banter between them. "Mmm, so hungry."

"Fuck," Jake hissed.

"I agree. This looks so good." And then she turned, picking up the spoon and dipping it in the sauce. She blew lightly. Gabrielle peeked over her shoulder at Jake and winked, then sipped sweet tomato sauce.

The second she set the spoon down, she was flipped over Jake's shoulder.

"You're going to pay for that, you little tease." He smacked her ass as loud, passionate laughter fell from her mouth.

"Jake Marshal, you set me down, right now."

"Not on your life, Dr. Ellis. I think this is just what the doctor ordered." He smacked her ass again, before walking to the other side of the kitchen.

She laughed again, all the weight falling from her shoulders with each belly laugh. She felt the sting on her bottom again, before the world suddenly turned right side up and Jake sat her on the counter. He stepped between her

legs. Jake's rough finger brushed her hair behind her ear. "I love it when you're like this." His lips touched her cheek, her jaw line.

"Like what?" She wrapped her hands around the corded muscles in his arms.

"Playful." He bit her chin lightly. "Carefree." Kissed the side of her mouth. "Open." The other side of her mouth.

Her breaths came out faster, shallow as the familiar ache formed between her thighs. "Open?"

"Yeah. You keep this block up, Gab. Even with me, you never really let me in. I get little flashes like just now or when you're naked and beneath me." Her heart started to pound. "When you were taking me in your mouth." *Bump, bump, bump.* Jake's lips touched hers: once, twice. "When you come. That's when you're really open to me. You don't hide anything from me. I know everything about you, Gab. I know what it feels like buried deep inside your pussy. I know the exact second before you come. When your little channel starts hugging my cock tighter and tighter."

Jake rubbed his hand over her cunt. "And when my mouth is here," he moved his hand to her breast, rubbing his finger over her erect nipple. "Sucking you, teasing your little raspberry nipples with my tongue and you look at me with those wide eyes, that's when I really know you're mine. When you let me in, it's fucking beautiful." *Bump, bump, bump.* She gasped, feeling his words as strongly as she would if he were actually doing what he talked about. More than that, she felt them with each pulsing beat in her chest, because he was right.

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*by Madison Scott*

"Jake..."

He cut her off. "And I'm going to do that to you again tonight. I'm going to make you come, and tie you to the bed like I promised, until you're completely open for me. Do you want that?"

"Yes." Her voice was hardly above a whisper.

"Good." He winked at her like she'd done to him a few minutes ago. "But first we eat." Jake turned and walked away. Her body screamed in need at his absence.

"Gah, I hate you."

"No, I already told you. You're in love with me, baby. You just won't admit it."

Jake walked back to the stove and continued cooking, only to leave her wondering if he was right.

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## Chapter Six

Gabrielle handed Jake the last washed dish for him to dry. He rubbed the red towel over the plate, and she couldn't help but shiver, imagining those hands on her and how they made her feel.

Jake set the plate in the drain and turned to her. Slowly he dragged one finger down the side of her face, before cupping her cheek. "You're so beautiful, Gab."

Her insides shook. Gab bit into her bottom lip lightly. "I'm scared, Jake." Her voice shook, too.

"What's there to be scared about? This is no different than earlier today, or last night. It's still just you and me, honey." He'd stepped so close to her, she felt his warm breath brushing her cheek when he spoke to her.

"It feels different."

His lips coasted along her jaw. "For you, maybe, but for me, I've known you're mine since before I was inside you. All along, I knew we were heading here. I've always known I wanted you, Gab, and I know you're scared and just realizing it for yourself, but trust how you feel. I'm not walking away from you any more than I'm letting you walk away from me."

With each hot, strong word from Jake's mouth, her reserve melted away until there was nothing remained, but two people who belonged in each other's arms. When Jake lifted her, that's just where she was. He set her on her feet when they got into the bedroom. "I'm running this show tonight,

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Gab. You okay with that? I want this to be about your pleasure, your journey, your sensations."

Her whole body started to sting with excitement. How could she say no to that? "Yes. I trust you, Jake."

Jake cupped her pussy. "Trust me. Let me take care of you." His hand slid up her body and rested on her chest. He ignored her gasp, and pulled his gray t-shirt over her head. "No bra. You saved me a step." Jake palmed her breasts, winking at her. "Look at these hard nipples. You're ready for me, aren't you?" His thumb grazed her peaks. "I wonder if you're wet for me, too. Are you wet, honey?"

She bobbed her head up and down, not trusting her voice to say yes. When Jake dropped to his knees, her weak legs almost made her drop with him. His face grazed her stomach, making her shudder with delight. He inhaled. "I smell your need for me. I could get fucking drunk from it. I can't wait to taste your sweet pussy again."

His hands slipped around her ass, sliding under his boxers she wore and then pulled them down her body. Such a simple touch ran the length of her body. She felt him everywhere. Like he had a hundred hands touching her rather than two. Her cunt hurt, she wanted him so badly. When his lips brushed over her mound, her body sagged in relief, but then he was on his feet again, not giving her the release she so needed. As if he could read her mind, Jake's thumb lay across her lips. "Shh, soon, baby."

Jake walked her to the bed. She slipped her hand out of his and lay down. "Remember when you said you'd be my

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captive, honey? I wasn't teasing about that. I want you bound to this bed, feeling nothing but me."

She didn't hesitate with her reply. "Please."

Jake walked over to his bag and pulled out red satin ties. His eyes raked over her body like the gentlest caresses as he took her left hand, stretching her arm over her head and slipping the cool fabric around her wrist.

Gabrielle shivered.

He tied her left hand, then her right. Next the silky scarves were wrapped around one ankle, then the other and tied to the bottom posts on the bed. Darkness slipped over her as she closed her eyes taking a couple deep breaths. *You can do this, Gab. You want to do this.* She opened them, feeling Jake's heated gaze on her. His eyes held hers, and she knew he saw just what she felt. Gabrielle lay in front of him bare. Not just physically, but emotionally bare. No walls, no fear, nothing but Jake and Gabrielle.

"You, Gabrielle Ellis, are mine. So perfect. So fucking gorgeous I can't see straight."

"I want you, Jake."

"You have me, honey. Just one more thing." Jake strode back over to the bag and pulled out one more satin tie and some kind of sex toy. There were two of them, but they were both the same thing. It had a black handle like a whip, but the end had strings of beads like it had about ten pearl necklaces on the end. "It's a tickler." He asked as if he could read the questions in her eyes. Gabrielle's heart rate sped to an uncontrollable rate, but she didn't argue when he walked back over to her and tied the blindfold around her eyes.



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"I plan to worship your body every day from now on, Gab. I want nothing but to make you feel good. Your body and your heart, honey."

It felt like he already tickled her. Like his words feathered over her body like the toy would do soon.

"I'll be right back."

Gabrielle tried to sit up, her arms and legs held in place with the silky bands she forgot bound her. The second that fresh summer scent hit her nose, she knew Jake was back in the room. The bed bowed slightly beneath his weight. She heard a rustling sound and then clinks that sounded like bowls being set on the bedside table.

"I love your body." Gabrielle shivered when the beads brushed her belly. "Every lush curve." The side of her waist, above her hip prickled as they floated against her. "These perky nipples that feel so right against my tongue."

"Oh, God," she called out as the balls rolled over her nipples. And then they were gone. Another rustling sound met her ears in the background before the beads traced over her sensitive skin with a cold bite. A wave of shivers ran down her body. The ice-cold pearls skated all over her, leaving goose bumps in their wake: over her shoulders, across her breasts, down her belly, skipping the spot she needed them the most and over her thighs. Jake took the same route upward again, tickling her whole body with each gentle stroke.

God, her pussy ached with pulsing need as he caressed every one of her senses with the toy. "I need to come, Jake. Please. I need to come so badly."

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More noise and then his lips were on hers, teasing them open with his skillful tongue. "My lips," he murmured against her mouth before his tongue dipped inside. It stroked the inside of her mouth, hers fighting to tangle with his, and then he pulled away again.

"Do you think I can make you come with just the tickler playing with your cunt and my mouth on these pretty titties of yours?"

Gabrielle moaned.

"Yeah, I think so, too." Jake's fingers plucked the nipples, nipping and squeezing the hard buds. "I'm almost ready, honey, and then I promise you, I'll make you cream so hard." Her pussy convulsed. Anticipation building higher and higher inside her. Her whole body ached for his touch, wondering where he would touch her next. Kiss her? His mouth at her nipples or at the apex of her thighs?

He cupped her breasts, kneading them and rubbing his thumbs over the peaks.

She jumped when one hand left her and then the beads rolled over her pussy, this time with warmth. "Yes..."

"You like that, honey. I want this to be my pussy, too. To eat and fuck and touch every day."

To the side of her, the bed dipped, telling her Jake was now beside her. "Spread your legs wide for me, honey."

Her legs fell open.

"There you go, honey. God damn, you have such a pretty pussy. So pink and glistening for me."

"Yes, Jake. For you..." And she knew it was true.

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The heated beads traced her slit and Jake's cold mouth wrapped around one of her nipples. It was as if he'd held ice cubes in his mouth. *The ones he'd used to cool the first tickler?*

"Ahhh." Gabrielle called out, the contrast between his cold mouth and the heated beads ignited a fire inside her, simmering and burning with desire. "It's so good, Jake."

"Tell me, honey," he whispered against her breast. More rustling and then his mouth covered her nipple, colder again. "What do you feel?"

*Oh, God. The ice is in his mouth!* "My whole body is needy, prickling with heat. Wondering where I will feel you next." The beads were at her slit again. Up and down. "Jake... Not knowing where you'll touch me... My whole body wanting it... It makes it so I feel you everywhere. Like you're touching me in fifty different places at once."

Jake's icy mouth sucked her nipple into the deepest recesses of his mouth as the heated tickler pressed down against her clit. All those fifty places erupted at once, careening down in an orgasm.

"Jake!" Gabrielle trashed against the bed. His teeth bit down on her other nipple. "Jake!" Even in the midst of her orgasm, she needed him again. "Take me. Please, Jake."

The ties were ripped from her ankles, then her wrists, and finally, her eyes. "I want to see your eyes, honey. I want you to touch me when I'm filling you."

Her legs twined around him as Jake's cock thrust inside her. Every hard, masculine inch of him covered her, contrasting her softer angles. It felt so good. Perfect. He

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pulled almost all the way out and slammed into her. "Tell me you don't know this is right, Gab. Your pussy hugs me just right. Like those walls were made to be wrapped around my dick."

She didn't flinch away when his eyes held hers. He was right. Nothing—no one she'd ever been with, felt like this. His pumps were faster, harder, deeper. The little tingle of her second orgasm already radiated inside her. Jake squeezed her clit with his fingers. He came in long spurts, hot like the beads had been, as she convulsed around him in a second orgasm.

"Stay," he whispered against her ear.

Gabrielle fought the urge to agree. "I... Jake, I can't just stay. I made a decision at work. People are counting on me. I can't just go back on that now." Her words felt wrong on her tongue. Like a bitter taste she couldn't get rid of.

"That's bullshit, Gab and you know it."

She rolled away from him and sat up. "No, it's not."

"You don't even know if you got the damn job yet. You're just too scared to admit you're in love with me. You know what? I'm not afraid. I've been in love with you for a long damn time and I think it's time you got over the past and took a risk." He didn't move, leaning back on the bed like their fight was nothing.

Gabrielle pushed to her feet. "You're not in love with me, Jake."

"And you're stuck living in the past." He sat up. "People go through pain all the time. It's time to decide if you think you're worth it and if so, move on. I'm not trying to be a prick

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here, Gab, but I want a future with you, but if you can't stop dwelling on the past, it's never going to happen."

His words stung. "You can't just throw this at me and expect me to drop everything, Jake. I...I think I need you to take me home."

He sighed, pushed out of bed to get dressed. Regret simmered in her stomach, but instead of saying anything, she did the same.

"Hi, Dr. Ellis." Gabrielle sat on the edge of the little girl's bed and brushed a hand over her head.

"Hey, kiddo. How ya feeling today?"

"Sad." She offered Gabrielle a weak smile. Gabrielle's heart ached. One of the young male interns walked into the room.

"How's my favorite girl?" he asked.

The little girl's face lit up. "Good!"

"That's my girl," he told her. "You're looking good today. I think it's going to be a good day." He smiled at her and she returned it wide, with her missing front tooth showing and all. Gabrielle couldn't help but smile, too. "I'll be back to check on you later," he said before slipping out of the room. The second he was gone, Molly frowned again.

"I think I love him, Dr. Ellis."

Jake's face popped into her head, but she tried to push it out. "What makes you think that?" She grabbed Molly's hand.

"He makes me happy. Makes me smile. I get these weird tinglies in my belly and he's always super nice to me. This one time, my mom got stuck at work and was late coming to see me and even though he was off, he stayed with me. He read me books and acted them out, too!"

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Gabrielle cleared her throat, hoping her voice wouldn't crack. "He sounds very nice."

"My mom always says there are lots of people in the world who only think of themselves. That life is short and when we find someone special who treats us nice we should hold onto them. And we should always tell them how we feel. My mommy tells me she loves me every day."

Tears pooled in Gabrielle's eyes. Sitting in front of her was a beautiful, sick, six-year-old girl who even though she knew she might be dying, loved. She wasn't afraid, while Gabrielle had spent the past two weeks avoiding the one person in her life who was special. The one she really loved. "Your mommy is very smart and so are you, Molly."

"Thanks. When I get better I'm going to marry him and be a doctor one day so I can help people like you do. Have you ever been in love, Dr. Ellis?"

She smiled. "I am right now. But I hurt him and ran away because I was scared."

Molly yawned. "You should say you're sorry. That always works for me."

When Molly fell asleep, Gabrielle brushed her blonde locks back with her hand. "Thank you, Molly." She didn't know if the little girl was right, but she had to try. If not for herself, for Molly. Gabrielle was worth it and so was Jake.

As soon as she made it into the hall, she ran into another white coat. "Gabrielle. Just who I was looking for. I have news I think you're going to be happy with. It's time to start packing, because you got the transfer. Though I hate losing you."

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Gabrielle didn't even flinch. "I'm not taking it."

"Excuse me?" Dr. Bryan asked. "I thought you wanted this."

"I thought I did, too, but I don't. I'm so sorry, but I can't take it. Even if it depends on my job, I just can't do it." As soon as the words left her mouth, she knew they were true. She'd hate it if she lost her job, but she could live with that. She couldn't live without Jake.

Dr. Bryan patted her back. "Are you kidding me? It killed me to think about losing you. We're more than happy to keep you on, Dr. Ellis. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a phone call to make that we're keeping our doctor."

Gabrielle didn't bother changing out of her scrubs at the end of her shift. Her heart slammed against her chest, matching the pounding of her feet on the pavement as she ran to her car. She made it across town and to Jake's store in half the time it usually took, a mixture of fear and excitement pushing her accelerator harder.

Luckily there was an open parking spot in front. She jumped out of her car and ran inside. Jake stood in his workroom of the back, staining a table. One glance around the room told her they were alone. Feeling brazen, she flipped the sign to closed.

"How can I help you?" He looked up and their eyes locked. "Gab, what's wrong?" He dropped the brush and walked over to her in his faded, polish-stained pants. He took her breath away.

She was already crying, but ignored it as she spoke to him. "I have a patient at the hospital. She's six and not doing

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real well. She told me today that when you find someone who's nice to you. Someone who makes you smile and laugh, and gives you tingles in your belly you should hold onto them. That person for me is you, Jake. You make me feel like no one else ever has or could."

"Yeah?" He leaned against the counter.

"I know I've been an idiot. I'm scared and would deserve it if you'd decided to move on, but I'm in love with you, Jake, and I'm worth it. *You're* worth it. I'm tired of being scared. Of running away from you. You told me you were staking your claim, well, now it's my turn. You're mine, Jake, and I'm not letting you get away from me."

The right side of his mouth kicked up. Jake stepped toward her, using his work-roughened thumb to wipe the tears that now fell freely down her face. "So you're in love with me, huh?"

His words shocked her a bit, but as much as they were a surprise, she knew they were true. How had it taken her so long to realize it? This, lovely, caring man was hers and probably always had been. "Yes, you big jerk."

"Well, that's damn fine, honey, because you know I'm in love with you, too."

She leaned into him, Jake's arms wrapped around her. "I'm sorry, Jake. Out of everyone in my life, I know I can trust you. I'll never doubt us again."

"Shh, it's fine, honey." He tilted her head up and took her lips. Jake's tongue probed her mouth with delicious strokes. He sucked her tongue before gently pulling back. "I hope you didn't think you were coming over here without my taking



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you? I'm so damn hard right now, honey. I need to be buried in that tight, little pussy of yours."

"I always wanted to have sex in your store."

"Really?"

"I've always felt an attraction to you. I put it off as physical, just little fantasies, because I was scared. I wouldn't let it be more than just dreams, but it always was. I know it's always been more." She felt the truth of the words as they fell from her mouth and she wouldn't let herself run anyway. Life was too short and Jake too special.

"I think I can guarantee you that's about to happen. I'll make love to you everyday for the rest of my life." He kissed her again, this time deeper, longer. Her pussy pulsed with need for him. "One more thing before I claim that body of yours again."

"What?"

"Are we moving? I need to start getting the store ready if I have to move it."

Every nerve ending in her body thrashed as her heart jumped. God, she loved this man. "I'd never ask you to do that, Jake."

"I would," he said simply.

"I guess it's a good thing I turned down the job then."

Jake smiled, picked her up and threw her over his shoulder, smacking her ass. "Damn, I love you, honey. Come on, I'll show you how it feels to be fucked on a table made by Jake Marshal. I use the finest quality wood for your comfort."

Gabrielle laughed, her insides ready for Jake to come through with his promise.

## The End

### **About the Author:**

Madison Scott is a wife, mother and lover of romance. She's been a writer since she could hold a pencil. It wasn't until her mid twenties that she discovered the world of erotic romance. Her life hasn't been the same since. She believes erotic romance is empowering and enjoys writing and exploring all the facets of falling in love from first sight, to the first kiss, to falling in love and all the erotic touches in between.

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