

Borrowed Angel

Angel Dayne has no idea how to move on with her life after her husband of eight years suddenly dies in a car accident. Then her brother-in-law shows up. She thinks he's a pain in her ass and she just wants him gone, but for some unknown reason he won't leave her alone.

Trevor Dayne comes to help Angel with the funeral plans of his brother. He doesn't understand what has him so obsessed that he doesn't want to leave her side afterward. He has no idea that the spirit of his brother is the reason he's there or that it's also the reason he can't leave Angel's side.

Once Trevor and Angel begin to get close, and Adam's spirit shows up and takes over Trevor's body, both Trevor and Angel realize they need to find a way to give Adam some peace so they can all move on with their lives. Can Angel and Trevor find a way to remain close once Adam interferes, or will his angry spirit put an end to their relationship before it ever gets started?

Note: This book contains dubious consent.

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Chapter One

“Why didn’t you tell me you wanted to fuck me?” Trevor asked in a strong deep voice, stopping Angel in her tracks. She wasn’t sure how to answer him. She wanted him, but could she, or should she come out and say such a thing? She was still struggling with the idea of him being her brother-in-law. Not to mention the trust issues she now had.

Angel Dayne was a twenty-eight-year-old widow. She loved her husband and had for what seemed like forever. Adam and Angel had met in high school. She was a sophomore and he was a senior. They began to date that year and were married when Angel turned eighteen and graduated from high school. Adam was in college by then, taking business courses. She started college that year to become a surgical trauma nurse.

She had never thought of another man in the entire eight years that Adam and she had been married. She was happy with her life even if she missed Adam horribly each time he went away on his business trips and couldn’t wait for his return. But Adam seemed to be drifting further away from her a little more with each trip he took.

Her world went to hell right after their eighth anniversary. On his way home from another business trip, Adam was broadsided by a semi-truck, killing him instantly. Angel had never felt so alone or devastated in her life as she had the day the police showed up at her home to tell her about the accident and that her husband had died. At least it had been quick and he hadn’t suffered.

That’s also when she met her brother-in-law Trevor for the first time. He was older than Adam and had already graduated and joined the army before she’d met Adam. Apparently Trevor had been sort of the black sheep of the family or at least he was to everyone except for Adam. Angel hadn’t met him in all their years together and so, she was a little shocked when Trevor came to stay with her for a few days after Adam’s death. She supposed he took pity on her because he ended up staying a little longer.

Angel spent most of her time in her room with Adam’s ashes. She’d known that he’d wanted to be buried, but she just couldn’t imagine putting him in the cold dark ground. His parents had disowned her at that point. Trevor was the only one who’d stayed by her side. He

would often lean against the doorframe, watching and listening to her talk to Adam's ashes as if he could answer her back.

Trevor never said a word. He merely stood there as still and silent as a statue. It unnerved Angel to have him there, but for some reason she just couldn't bring herself to make him go away. In truth she'd been a mess and Trevor took care of her. She actually thought she was losing her mind when she heard Adam's voice one night as she lay in bed, and then she saw him. Well at least she thought she saw him but wasn't positive that her eyes weren't playing tricks on her since she could see the wall and everything else in the room through him. Adam hadn't said a word and he didn't stay there but a few moments. Trevor hadn't been in the doorway that evening so she had no idea if it had only been her imagination or not.

The first time Trevor spoke from the doorway, it was soft yet Angel jumped slightly, almost dropping Adam's urn. Apparently Trevor hadn't noticed her because he just continued with the story he had started. It was tales of him and Adam growing up. Stories of when they were young and all the things they'd done together or gotten into. She loved hearing those stories so she remained silent just sitting there listening. Adam had never talked much about growing up so it was all new to her. When she closed her eyes she could almost see the two of them young and mischievous, Adam following his big brother around.

Angel fell asleep that night and dreamed of two little black-haired boys running and playing, but somehow her dream turned and the boys became grown men and then the men began to merge into one man standing before her—Trevor. He was standing there before her as nude as the day he'd been born and he was beckoning to her. Angel was calling for Adam, not understanding what was going on. She could hear Trevor saying her name over and over and then he was touching her. Angel jerked awake to a dark room, but she could see a dark outline just before she felt his touch. Trevor was standing over her bed, shaking her and saying her name to wake her.

"You were dreaming and screaming out for Adam. I just wanted to make sure you were okay."

Angel was still half asleep when she asked, "Where's Adam?"

"He's gone, Angel, you were just dreaming."

Angel shook her head as she felt hot tears streaming down her face. The dream had felt so real it was almost as if she could have reached out and taken Adam in her arms and held on to him forever.

When Trevor sat down on the side of her bed and pulled her into his arms, she felt the wetness of his tears and knew he was crying as well.

She wasn't the only one hurting and missing Adam, so was his brother. She wrapped her arms around Trevor and held him to her, giving comfort as much as she was taking it. She knew somehow they'd get through this together.

* * * *

Trevor woke with a start when Angel had begun screaming for Adam. He pulled on his jogging pants and ran to her room. He didn't bother to knock. He just opened the door and rushed to her side. He tried calling out her name but she didn't answer so he bent to shake her, hoping she'd stop screaming and wake up.

"Angel, please wake up you're dreaming," he called out and shook her a little harder. It had been six months and he had avoided touching her up until this point. He'd been attracted to her from the first moment he'd laid eyes on her and would have done anything to take her pain away. Adam had sent him photos of their wedding and the two of them together over the years. He knew she was a beautiful woman, but he didn't realize how beautiful or how sensual everything she did was until he spent time with her.

Her name seemed to fit her perfectly. She looked like an angel. She was small and delicate, her hair so blonde it was almost a silvery white, and looked like silk. She wore it long with bangs, her eyes so blue like the deepest ocean. Her oval face held the perfect hint of a blush, and her lips were full and the perfect shade of pink.

Her body was another matter altogether. She only stood maybe five feet if she was lucky, coming to his chest, and had enough curves to make her body look sinful as hell. She grew her fingernails long, but left them unpolished. Trevor could almost imagine them buried in his back.

He felt guilty that he wanted his brother's wife, but there was nothing he could do to change the fact. He'd thought about leaving and putting a lot of distance between them but for some reason he couldn't bring himself to leave her when she seemed to need him so much.

At this moment all he wanted to do was pull her in his arms and heal her—love her. He knew she was still half asleep when she asked where Adam was and he hated that he had to

remind her that Adam was gone. It hurt him to have to hurt her, but there was nothing else he could do. He sat down on the bed and pulled her into his arms before he thought better of it.

He felt her hot tears on his chest just before he realized tears were sliding down his own face. She wrapped her arms around him holding him tightly. He inhaled her scent as he buried his face in her hair. She probably thought he was crying over Adam, but he knew it was because he hurt for her loss more than his own.

He knew she'd run if she knew how bad he wanted to make love to her. He wanted Angel more than he'd ever wanted a woman in his life. The feel of her in his arms and the fresh scent of her in his nostrils had his cock wanting to rise. He hoped she wouldn't feel it.

She'd think he was some sort of pervert taking advantage of a grieving widow and that's exactly what he'd be if he pursued her at this moment so he just held her and comforted her the best that he could.