

# RED SKIES AT NIGHT

## SHARA AZOD



*Red Rose Publishing*

Red Skies at Night: Anchors Away Series  
*by Shara Azod*

**Red Rose Publishing**

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Red Skies at Night: Anchors Away Series  
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Anchor's Away:

Red Skies at Night

By

Shara Azod

### **Dedications**

**This book is dedicated to my own GM1. Thank you for your undying love and support, and for making Hawaii the best port ever. The uh, technical assistance is greatly appreciated also!**

Love always,

Shara

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

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## Chapter One

"Come on, baby. Work with me," Teane whispered softly. "That's it sweetheart, right there."

Timing an engine was a delicate process. It took damn good hand-eye coordination and a hell of a lot of patience. Especially huge, damn near obsolete marine diesels. Your measurements had to be dead-on; it took a steady hand and a good eye.

She was the master at it. Much to the dismay of most of the men in her shop, she could time an engine in under an hour, faster than anyone else in the Engine Shop.

Her valve clearance was always perfect, right in between 0.18—0.22 mm. The trick was not going down the line from number 1 to number 3, then number 5, but after timing the number 3 valve, go back to number 1, then repeat the same process with the valves 2-4-6.

Even if you had to retighten or loosen a valve, you weren't that far off. No one else in the shop would use her method just because she came up with it, and of course she was a *girl*.

There were three other females in the Engine Shop, but all three were happy enough to fill traditional roles for women in nontraditional fields—paperwork. Teane had joined the Navy to be an engineer, and that was exactly what she was going to do.

Could she help it if she had a natural affinity for it? It didn't help that she was completely unable to transfer most of

her marine diesel knowledge to cars. To her they were two completely different things, no matter how the principles were the same. So the guys figured her ability with marine engines a fluke, sure to wear off sooner or later; only it never did.

It was a damn good thing she had the support of her work center supervisor, Chief Olden. The old salt didn't give a damn what gender you were, as long as you got the job done. That Teane loved what she did certainly didn't hurt. Chief Olden had little else in his life but his job; she made him look good, and he loved looking good.

So here she was timing an engine in the dead of night. Most people who were attached to Repair Division had long since been in their racks.

That was just perfect for Teane. She loved working when it was quiet and underway that was damn near never. She usually slept in the shop anyway, rather than to deal with the endless shipboard politics of the berthing area.

"Perfect!" she exclaimed out loud as she checked the clearance once again. It was perfect. "Now, it's time for a bath and off to sleep."

One of the best things about working in the engine shop was the huge steel tub-like sink in the back of the shop. It was bigger than a hot tub; originally designed for cleaning engines, they used it for a bathtub. No need to worry about ice-cold five-minute showers most of the crew was forced to endure when you had a huge sink and a steam pipe to warm up the water.



After filling the sink and heating the water, Teane checked to make sure the door to the shop was locked, and then stripped out of the grimy coveralls and underwear.

Relaxing against the edge of the sink, she let the steaming water sooth all her tiny aches and pains away. Letting her mind wander off, she absently let her hands travel over her weary body. She had been working too hard; her life was beginning to revolve around her job—just like Chief Olden.

Teane couldn't help but snort at the thought. To think she used to feel sorry him, now here she was turning *into* him. She couldn't remember the last time she had a date.

Although she hung out with her friends on a fairly regular basis, she hadn't been with the opposite sex in almost as long as she'd transferred to this ship. In fact, she hadn't really had any interest in a man since she first laid eyes on Chief Olden.

Her eyes snapped open with a start. Thinking back over the year and a half she'd been in the Engine Shop, she tried to remember feeling the slightest attraction to someone, anyone, and came up empty.

What the hell was that about? Sure, Chief Olden was easy on the eyes. Okay, so he was sexy as hell, but the man was way off limits. Not only was he her work center supervisor, a fact that could them both busted quick, but he was so not her type.

He was tall, probably between six-two or six-three, very well shaped with nicely defined muscles; he filled out his khakis quite nicely. He had an infectious smile, complete with devilish dimples and the deepest, most soulful brown eyes

she had ever seen. His shaggy auburn hair was barely within regs.

She had caught herself staring at it as he had run his hand through it more than once. She had always told herself it was because the reds, browns and golds fascinated her because she had never met anyone whose hair was like that naturally.

But she had always known that was just the convenient lie she repeated in her mind to make herself feel better. She had the hots for her chief.

Damn, this was not good. It wasn't because he was white. Teane had dated men of many different races and colors. It was one of the great things about being in the military; she got to meet people from all over.

She would have never dated outside her own race had she stayed in Grand Bay, Alabama. No, Chief Olden wasn't her type because he was a chief, a lifetime sailor, and way too intense. Not to mention he had to be at least a decade older than her. No, that man was way out of her league.

Besides, from his pronounced drawl she could tell he was from the Deep South. Not a chance in hell he would be into a little black girl. His type always went for the blondes.

*Doesn't mean you can't fantasize about him though,* she told herself with a wicked little grin. Leaning back in the oversized sink once more, Teane let her imagination take her where it willed. Letting go of a little sigh, she ran her hands across her increasingly heating body; cupping her breasts she used her thumb and her index finger to pinch her hardening nipples.

Biting her lip at the little erotic pain, she slid her thighs open and arched her back, allowing little currents of hot water to caress her core.

Moving one hand down, she rubbed her clit in slow circles, sighed as she moved her other hand from one breast to the other. She waited until she felt the pressing pleasure to build to almost a breaking point, then plunged her fingers deep into her aching pussy.

Imagining it was Chief Olden's hands, mouth and cock was making the wonderful tingling sensation bloom into something far more intense.

"Oh, yeah, Brett," she moaned as she moved her fingers in and out, while rubbing her thumb against her clit. "Yes, Brett! Yes!"

\* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \*

Brett Olden couldn't believe his eyes. He had come up to his tiny office to finish some paperwork. He had no idea anyone was even here. He knew some liked to sleep up here when they were underway, but he hadn't seen anyone. He had lost track of time before he noticed how late it was. But as soon as he had opened his office door he saw her.

He had meant to warn Petty Officer McGowan of his presence, but when she had peeled off her coveralls, he was transfixed. It was bad enough he had fantasized about the

woman since she entered the shop for the first time. Now here she was, every inch of her rich dark skin was on display.

"Fuck!" he muttered under his breath, feeling his cock rise to the occasion.

He should clear his throat or something, to let her know she was no longer alone, but he just couldn't.

She couldn't see him anyway; there was a big diesel engine directly in front of the large sink, plus numerous pieces of equipment that hid him from her view. He would just wait until she was done. She usually slept in the small Injector Shop, which was one of the many small, enclosed workshops located inside the main shop.

Once she went in and closed the door, he would slip quietly out and pretend this never happened. He started to turn away when he heard a soft moan.

Brett's mouth fell open as he watched in avid fascination as she cupped her full breasts, then pinched the pebbled nipples. One hand lingered, caresses the silky looking dark mounds while the other dipped under the water. He would give just about anything to be able to see where that hand was traveling.

The steaming water beaded against her skin, making his mouth water. He could see himself licking the little beads of water off her mocha flesh. He would take his time, gentle suckling her pulse points, making her squirm. Then his hand would follow that path he knew hers to be taking right now.

He jumped, shocked to find his own hand caressing his own granite hard length. He looked down at his hand, moving in slow, sure strokes. No one would know if he took it out

right now and shared this quiet little interlude with her. Not even her.

There were millions of reasons why he shouldn't be doing this. This was a work center aboard a United States Naval vessel and he was her supervisor. It had taken him thirteen long years to put on khakis. Hell, he was on the verge of becoming a senior chief. Fraternization would ruin his career.

*You were planning on calling it quits anyway,* the devil on his shoulder whispered through the contours of his mind.

True, he had considered it. He had saved and invested well, choosing to live on base for the first ten of his fifteen years of enlisted service. He owned his own home, right on the beach and had a sizable savings, a money market account and a recently acquired mechanic shop he was considering giving a go at.

*And that's only if you're found out. Who's gonna know?*

His throbbing penis was in his all-too eager hand before the thought was fully formed. He watched in avid fascination as Teane leaned her body backward, water gentle sloshing around her.

Her breasts began to rise and fall faster as he breathing became harsher. He watched her arm move with increasing speed, wishing he could see what lie beneath the waterline. Was she shaved, waxed, or all natural? His own breathing increased as he considered the possibilities.

Even if she didn't shave or wax, that sweet little pussy would no doubt be immaculately groomed. Teane was always immaculate, even in coveralls. Never a hair out of place in the bun she always wore. Never grease left underneath the

fingernails, which was not always easy when your main job was working on big, greasy engines.

She always smelled fresh and clean, like spring. There was no doubt in his mind she tasted every bit as good as she smelled. This wouldn't be the first time he jacked off to the thought of his tongue exploring her depths.

Focusing on the taut dark chocolate nipples, Brett licked his lips. He could damn near taste her now. His allowed his stroking to increase in time with her progressively more agitated movements.

It seemed her moans were urging him on, encouraging him to seek his release in time with hers. She was on the verge of climax; he could tell by the way she was panting not, her entire body moving against that lucky little hand.

"Yeah, baby. Come for me," he whispered, feeling his own orgasm approach.

Then he heard it. A clear as if he was standing right next to her, he heard it.

"Yes, Brett. Fuck me, please! Make me come!"

It took several seconds to understand what he had just heard. His hand froze midstride. It hadn't been his fevered imagination. She had called out his name.

All the time he had secretly watched her, coveted her, she had been just as aware of him! He had kicked himself for being an obsessive fool.

He never in a million years would have suspected that all the time he had been jacking off to visions of one of his subordinates, she was masturbating to thoughts of him.

His feet were moving before his brain caught up. Suddenly he was standing right next to her, staring down into her shocked liquid brown eyes.

It was like he standing outside his body, watching as his hand snagged her wrist, bringing the hand that had just been buried where he had often dreamed of being to his mouth, his tongue licking off every tiny fragment of her essence that hadn't been completely washed away by her bath water.

"Petty Officer McGowan, the next time you offer, be prepared to be taken up on it."

\* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \*

Teane stood rooted to the spot as she watched Chief Olden stuff one of the biggest, angriest hard-ons she had every seen back into his boxers, then zip up his coveralls. The chief's anchors on his collar gleamed in the sparse light, causing her to gulp at her predicament.

Her face was on fire. He had heard her, he had watched her. Hell, he was still watching her as he straightened out his clothing.

His eyes changing from the simple brown she had always seen to damn near black.

Damn, it was sexy as hell. She didn't realize she had moaned until his raised one brow at her. He stood stock still as if trying to decide what he would do next.

The next thing she knew, she was being lifted from her bath into very strong, very capable arms.

"Wrap your legs around me."

She immediately obeyed the rough command without thought. He didn't seem to mind, or even notice she was soaking wet as he carried her from the giant sink into his tiny office, kicking the door closed behind him. It was the kind of door that locked automatically. Teane swallowed harshly as she heard the soft "click" of the lock engaging.

Instead of setting her down, Chief Olden sat in his ancient swivel chair without moving her, so she wound up on his lap, her sensitive flesh pressed unmercifully against a very hard penis.

Her hips moved unconsciously against it, bringing him snuggled right up against her throbbing pussy. She could feel her own moisture seeping into the material covering his crotch. She should be embarrassed, mortified, but she felt anything but.

"Teane," she heard him moan, but she didn't stop moving her hips. She didn't think she could.

"Yes, Chief?"

It was said somewhere between a whisper and a moan, making her sound breathless. Oh, God she couldn't stop. He felt so good, so damn good.

His hands palmed her bare buttocks, squeezing them, pushing her closer against him. His teeth raked lightly across her neck, stopping at the spot where the neck met the shoulder for a tiny bite, followed by gently suckling.



She shivered at the sensation of a single large hand moving up her spine, to the tidy bun she always wore. She could feel the hand loosening her hair, throwing the pins to the ground without care. She felt the hand messaging her scalp before tightening.

But the sharp pull of her hair with a simultaneous slap on her ass was a complete surprise. And damn, did it feel good! She damn near purred out loud when his rough hand smoothed over the recently smacked area, and had to bite her tongue from thanking him when the hand descended once more of the opposite side.

Giving herself over to his masterful hands, she found herself alternatively spanked and soothed, all driving her closer and closer to a bigger, more explosive orgasm as she rode his cloth-clad cock with increasing fervor. She was so close, so damn close.

It seemed right when she reached the edge, he would still, holding her hips back in an iron grip so she couldn't get close enough to push herself over the edge. She was almost mindless in need before the blows ceased and he pulled her closer, right where she needed to be.

"Take it, baby," came the murmured encouragement. All the permission she need.

She rode ruthlessly, pressing lips up and down the full length of his cock. The rough material of the overalls rasped against her bare flesh, increasing the friction, driving her crazy. She didn't think she would survive it, her heart beat wildly against her ribcage, stealing her breath, any coherent thought until finally, and finally she detonated.

Her hoarse scream was swallowed by full, firm lips, forcing her own mouth open for exploration. If he hadn't been for his strong arms anchoring her in place, she was sure she would have fallen to the floor in a boneless heap. Never ever had almost sex felt that damn good.

"Teane?"

"Um?" She didn't want to open her eyes, or to lift her head from the firm chest on which it lay.

"You will not ever come again without me, do you understand?"

His voice sounded all dark and forceful, sending a delighted shiver up and down her spine. Who would have thought Teane McGowan got off on the forceful, dominant type? Who would have thought easy going, affable Chief Olden was the forceful dominant type?

"Did you hear me, Teane?"

"Yes," she muttered, snuggling deeper into his arms.

"Do you understand what I told you?" He demanded, bringing a sleepy smile to her lips.

"Yes, Chief," came the sleepy reply. "Never come again without you."

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## Chapter Two

"He said what?!"

Teane cast furtive glances around the mess decks to make sure no one was listening to the conversation before turning to confront her best friend.

There weren't a lot of people up this early for breakfast, which was why Teane preferred to eat at five thirty in the morning. Still, you could never be too sure who was listening.

Ship life was rife with rumors; some unfounded, some based partially in truth. Many a person had found themselves caught up in a world of drama because of a few careless words.

"Krystal, would you please keep your voice down?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Krystal grumbled, waving away her friends worries about being overheard, but lowering her voice nevertheless. "But, seriously, I can't believe you! And you enjoyed it? All of it? Really?"

Teane felt as incredulous as Krystal sounded. She still couldn't believe what had happened last night, or her inexplicable reactions. Sure, she had fantasized about Chief often.

Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine he would be into her as well. If he was into her, that was. Maybe he just felt sorry for her. She *had* called out his name.

Even though he had driven her over the edge more than once, she knew for a fact he hadn't gotten off himself, though she had felt his desire. No doubt he probably had finished

himself off after she had fallen to sleep in his arms. She hadn't meant to, but the man had exhausted her. And they hadn't even had sex.

"And he asked for nothing in return? Not even a little suckie, suckie?" Krystal demanded.

Teane shook her head. "Nope, nothing."

"Daaaynm! That's deep!" Krystal whispered in awe. "When are you two gonna hook up again? How?"

"I don't know. I don't know if we will."

Teane couldn't imagine hooking up with Chief again. She wasn't sure if she could survive it. She wasn't sure if he would want to, despite his last words before she drifted off to sleep. She had awoken by herself on the cot in the corner of his office, all snuggled in a thick blanket, a plush pillow under her head, and as naked as a jay bird.

Scrambling up quickly before anyone came into the shop she had dressed and vacated the premises, performing her morning absolutions in the berthing for the first time in weeks.

She didn't want to take a chance in running into him. She wasn't sure how, but she knew he would be in before everyone else, and she didn't want to face him yet. Not alone anyway. She would wait until everyone else congregated for quarters before showing her face. What the hell would she say to him? Worse yet, what the hell would he say to her?

"If he really said what you just said he said, not only does he want to hook up again, he probably already has it planned out. And he didn't get his too? Girl, please!" Krystal rolled her eyes dramatically. "Just make sure you give me all the juicy

details. All I manage to pull his hard headed boys. I'm gonna have to live vicariously through you."

Teane shook her head at her overly dramatic friend. Krystal could pull a hell of a lot more than the wanna-be gangsta boys she tended to favor.

For some reason, the gorgeous caramel skinned woman was attracted to the worse of the worse the male species has to offer. Krystal could do so much better if she wanted to. It was almost as if the other woman felt like she didn't deserve any better.

"I have to go up to quarters," Teane muttered getting to her feet and grabbing her mostly untouched tray of food.

"Come by my shop later," Krystal told her. "I want to know everything! Take notes of you have to."

\* \* \* \*



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Brett watched Teane out of the corner of his eye. When he had returned to the shop this morning, he had found the cot in his office still warm, but empty. Something had told him she would bolt if he didn't get there before she woke up. He had been a half step too late.

Now she was studiously avoiding his direct gaze, fidgeting uncomfortably. He had to bite back a smile at how sweet and innocent she looked.

He may have several different kinds of a fool to have succumbed to the sweet temptation that was Teane McGowan, but Brett found he didn't regret it for a second. He could be pissing away his career, screwing up fifteen years of excellent service, but damned if she wasn't worth.

He and his buddies had always pitied the poor fools that fell for the dewy eyes and taunt bodies of the young female sailors that had flocked to the Navy in the past several years; now he understood the temptation.

Never before had a woman made his blood boil by the way she nibbled at her bottom lip. The woman could take him from at ease to rock hard by a simple look.

Finding out the attraction he'd hidden for so long was mutual freed something inside him. If he stopped to consider the path he begun down, maybe he would have second thoughts. Therefore, he resolved not to think about it. Much.

The consequences of his madness were major. Fraternization didn't even begin to cover the charges he would be up against if anyone were to find out about a burgeoning relationship between a work center supervisor, a chief no less, and a subordinate.

Yet, he didn't regret a thing that had happened last night. And come hell or high water, he would have a relationship with the sexy little Petty Officer McGowan. A very permanent kind of relationship.

The possessiveness he felt when he thought about her should have scared the shit out of him. He was thirty-three years old, and in all his years of adulthood, he had never met a woman he wanted to make his own.

Something in the way Teane sighed his name when she didn't know he was anywhere around felt so damn good, so damn right.

Clearing his throat, Brett unhurriedly went over the division mandated Plan of the Week in the same manner he always did, stopping to expound how that would affect the Engine Shop, then he went through the shop Plan of the Day, handing out assignments to the people under his charge.

"Beckwith, I want you to go up to Boats and Cranes to help them test their outboard engines. Saunders, the CHENG requested you personally to teach his EN's how to troubleshoot the Emergency Diesel. Smith and Thomas, congratulations, you two get to volunteer for a working party with Supply. Singer, you and I will work on gaskets and testing parts for Engineering. McGowan, go ahead and finish rebuilding those injectors."

Out of the corner of his eye he witnessed Teane exhale, her body relaxing at the thought she would be in the Injector Shop all alone. Or so she thought.

Singer would be called down to division to go over quarterly budget reports, a process that would take hours, while he would have to test engine parts of the simulation machine located in the tiny Injector Shop.

Even though there would be people in and out of the main shop, the machinery in the Injector Shop was loud enough to keep curious ears from hearing anything that went on inside, plus the door could not be opened while running the testing simulator for fear of contaminates.

He had spent the better part of the night while he was tossing and turning trying to come up with a plan to touch her again. It was madness, but it seemed once he had a taste, he couldn't get enough of her. It had taken all he had in him not to bury his cock deep in her tight little pussy.

He had no intentions of having sex with her here on the ship. He had no intention of simply having sex with her at all. He wanted to make love to her entire body, so completely she would never even think of being with anyone but him. For that, he would need all night and a very large bed.

In the mean time, there was no way he could see her every day and not touch her. It had been easy before he knew the attraction was mutual.

Now that he knew she wanted him every bit as much as he wanted her, he couldn't stop himself. Teane McGowan was all his and he meant to make her understand that.

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### Chapter Three

Teane blew out a harsh breath, resting her head on the injector machine. She had been in here for two hours and so far she had built a total of three injectors. At this rate, she would be done with all of the ones currently awaiting her attention by sometime next month.

At first she had been relieved Chief hadn't made any attempts to talk to her. What the hell would she say?

*"Yeah, I'm sorry you caught me masturbating in the shop sink. I know you called your name and all, and that's probably why you jacked me off. I really appreciate the help and everything, but why don't we just forget it ever happened."*

Yeah, right. That would go over well.

But then, he had completely ignored her. Okay, maybe not completely, but he had acted like nothing had ever happened. She didn't know whether to be mad or hurt. Actually, she was little of both.

It was beyond embarrassing to be caught indulging in a fantasy of the man she had a crush on for two long years. It was exhilarating to think that maybe the crush had been mutual. But then, if was mutual, why would take care of her so to speak, but not allow her to take care of him. She could feel proof of his excitement while she sat on his lap.

What kind of game was he playing? Did he mean to play with her a little, then humiliate her by rejecting her? What kind of guy took a girl to the heights of ecstasy only to ignore

her afterward? For that matter, what kind of guy just assumes a girl is into him just because...

*Just because he caught you pleasuring yourself while calling out his name?*

"I am so screwed," Teane muttered to herself, rocking her head against the machine as if it could offer her some kind of solace.

"Not yet, and not here, but you will be, baby. I promise."

Damn! She didn't even hear him come in. She jerked upright at the sound of Brett's voice to witness him taking one of the injectors she had rebuilt and placing it in the testing machine, then turning it on, effectively locking the rest of the shop out. Even as she fought against the lump in her throat, she felt the moisture gathering in her panties. Damn, the man was seriously fine, and he was looking seriously wicked as he approached her.

"Go on and continue what you were doing," he told her giving her a devilish grin. "I'll just watch."

Teane spun around to face the defective marine diesel injectors. She felt Chief move behind her, close enough so that she could feel his body heat, but not touching. The testing machine hummed away in a dull roar behind them. She could smell the distinct aroma of fuel as it began the testing process.

"You really should be wearing ear plugs, Petty Officer McGowan."

The words were wondrously soft and deep, whispered closely in her ear, but he still wasn't touching her. Teane had to fight the urge not to lean back against the hard body she

knew to be right behind her. God, she wanted to touch him so bad! She wanted to be touched by him even worse. She had to wipe her hands against her coveralls before attempted to grip an injector.

"Having problems Petty Officer McGowan?" Chief purred in her ear. "Here, let me help you."

Teane let out a tiny whimper as his arms came around her to grip the part in her hands. Her body moved back instinctively to rub against him.

She couldn't have stopped herself if she wanted to, and to be honest, she didn't really want to. She rubbed her ass against his growing erection, her hands falling away from the equipment in front of her.

When his hands moved to the zipper in the front of her coveralls, she did nothing to stop him. The sound of zipper traveling downward was obscenely loud despite the sounds emanating from the running machinery.

She cast a quick glance at the door sure she would see someone barging in demanding to know what was going on in the little room.

"No one can hear us," he assured her while one hand slid underneath her regulation t-shirt to tweak her nipple. "As long as you don't scream."

Her whimpers became moans when his other hand dipped into her panties. One thick finger caressed her clit, rubbing slowly back and forth.

Teane was on the verge of begging when he finally plunged two fingers deep inside her. It wasn't what she wanted the most, but it would do. In less than five minutes

the man had gotten her so hot she was on the verge of coming.

"Have you touched yourself Petty Officer McGowan?"

He lightly nipped her ear then ran his tongue around the shell. Teane was literally panting, unable to form coherent words, she nodded at first, not really sure what the hell he had just asked her.

Brett's fingers stilled immediately.

"You came without me, Teane?"

"What? No! What did you ask me."

Ruthlessly resuming the plunging exploration of his fingers, Brett waited until she was nearly mindless with passion and need before questioning her again.

"I asked you if you touched yourself again."

"No, Chief."

"Brett."

"What?"

Why he insisted on asking her anything now was beyond her. As much as she was trying to follow the conversation, she just couldn't think much past the delicious friction of his fingers, or the caressing hands traveling from one breast to another.

"My name is Brett. Say it for me, baby. I want to hear you call my name."

"Brett!" she wailed in a broken cry as she came.

Brett waited until her tremors ceased before reluctantly removing his fingers. God, he loved how responsive she was to his touch. For two years he had imagined how it could be, how she would be.

He knew so much about Teane. She was not the type of girl who joined the military to find a husband as so many of her counterparts did, nor was she in the military because she was running from something. Teane had a very strong sense of patriotism and an even stronger sense of honor. She never complained something was too hard or that she couldn't do something.

Best of all, she shared his love of engines, which was the thing that had first attracted him. She wanted to branch off into car engines, and when they were in port, she took classes at the local junior college. He loved how driven she was, how she never backed down from a challenge. The fact that she was absolutely gorgeous with a smoking hot body sure didn't hurt.

"Turn around for me, baby," he instructed her, turning her by her shoulders.

The zipper of her Navy issue coveralls was already down, so it was easy work to slide it off her shoulders. Teane was short and compact; her coveralls a couple of sizes too big, so he didn't need to take off her boots to free her of the clothing.

When he divested her of her t-shirt, she surprised him by sinking to her knees in front of him, taking the zipper of his coveralls with her. He didn't have a chance to stop her before she had his dick out of his boxers and into her hot little hands. He thought she would just use her hands, as he had done with her, but he watched in complete disbelief as she took him in her mouth.

"Oh, fuck!"

Originally, Brett had planned on making this all about her, as he had last night. He didn't want to take any chances that he might lose control. He wanted to stop her, he really did, but the suction was incredible. And Lord help him, it felt to damn good to stop. As much as his mind was telling him to stop her, that he needed to bind her to him, not the other way around.

Hell, he was already hers, he had been when heard her call his name.

She was perfect for him. Everything he ever wanted in a woman and so much more. Even as he convinced his hand to reach down to pull her away, the damn appendage wrapped itself in her hair, pulling her closer instead of pushing her away.

Damn, it felt so good!

Gritting his teeth, Brett somehow found the strength to tell her to stop. If he didn't do it now, he was going to come, and he doubted very much she would appreciate it if he came in her lovely mouth. Teane just didn't seem like that kind of woman.

"Baby, you have to stop. I'm going to come."

Instead of easing up, as he had hoped, she sucked him with relish. He was going to lose it. He looked down intending to stress the point, only to find her looking up at him in a steady gaze. He couldn't hold it back.

"Shit!"

She took every drop.

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## **Chapter Four**

"Hey, McGowan! Chief wants to see you in his office."

Teane exhaled silently. This was crazy. Over the last two weeks, she and Brett had taken all kinds of risks that could only lead to eventual discovery. Every day she awoke she swore she would put an end to end.

Although they both had a lot to lose, there was far more at stake for him than there was for her. Try as she might to deny it, she really cared about him. She tried to tell herself it was just some kind of crazy physical attraction, and that the novelty would wear off, but she knew it was much more than that.

She liked Brett as a person and she respected him. Even though they had done everything but make love in the past two weeks, he didn't treat her any differently at work. Aside from a few smoldering looks, a stolen kiss or caress in passing, there was no outward indication they were involved. She still got her share of shit jobs and working party assignments.

According to Krystal, Brett's fairness on the job was a load of crap.

"Girl, please," her friend had rolled her eyes. "You're sleeping with the man and he can't throw you a break?"

"We're not exactly sleeping together," Teane reminded her. "We're ... getting to know one another—sort of."

"Uh huh. You have done everything but penetration. You spend half the night together in his office on that sorry ass

cot. If you ask me, it sounds like he is getting his cake and eating it too. He's blowing off some steam and salvaging his conscience by not going all the way. If he's going to fuck around with you, the least he could do is hook you up at work."

But Teane didn't see it that way. She respected the fact that despite the nights of passion, he was able to perform his duties as work center supervisor fairly. She couldn't imagine the gossip that would go around the ship if he started showing her preferential treatment.

She didn't want preferential treatment; she worked hard in a mostly male profession to be seen as an equal. She hated nothing more than the ten percent of women who chose rates that were dominated by males only to whine and complain why they couldn't do something because they were female, then wanted to scream and yell sexual harassment or discrimination when they didn't get their way.

Those few often screwed over the ninety percent of women who wanted to excel in their rates on their merits. She loved the fact that Brett treated her no differently just because he had buried his face between her legs the night before.

Teane shivered at the images that thought brought to mind. Just last night she had lain on the cot, her arms stretched above her head, hands tethered by his belt and secured to a thick pipe that ran up from the deck.

Brett played with her body for what seemed like hours, tormenting, tickling, and teasing until she thought she would go insane. He worshipped her with his mouth, tongue and



hands, delighting in finding new ways to drive her over the edge.

"McGowan?"

Teane jumped at the sound of Brett's voice. He stood in the doorway of his office, wearing khaki's instead of his usual coveralls. There was no disguising the growing bulge in the crotch of his pants.

Realizing she was standing there like an idiot, her face burned as she stomped toward Brett's office. He didn't bother moving out of the doorway when she approached. She came to an abrupt stop, looking up quizzically. Brett arched an eyebrow, but didn't move.

"Yes, Chief?"

She wasn't about to touch him, not in front of everyone in the shop.

"Come on in and have a seat."

He moved slightly to the side, but not enough to where she could enter the office without brushing against him. Gritting her teeth, she moved into the office, hissing as her hand grazed against his bulge as she went. She swore he had moved his hips forward just a little to ensure contact. Her hand curled into a fist as she threw herself into the chair in front of the ugly, metal desk.

What the hell was he playing at?

"Here are your leave papers; you were approved for the first week we are in port in Hawaii." Brett slid into his seat, leaving the door to his office wide open.

Teane took the leave papers he handed to her with a frown marring her brow. She hadn't put in leave papers. They would

be in Hawaii for two weeks, she didn't see the point. Especially since it was last port of the current six month cruise.

She had taken the test for E-5, and was waiting to see if she made rank before making the decision on whether or not she would reenlist. She wanted save all her leave, sixty days on the books so far, just in case she decided to leave the Navy. That way, she would get paid for all the days she didn't take.

Very aware of the open door she said nothing. Now she knew he was definitely up to something.

"The Divo wanted me to advise you that because you will only be able to take up to fifteen days when we pull into home port." He was deliberately talking loud enough for any curious ears that were listening to hear clearly.

He went on about duty sections and work sections at the end of deployment.

She figured it was to get anyone who was listening bored with the conversation, because right in the middle of the usual boring lecture any chief would give to his workers he whispered, "Is this okay, Teane?"

He was asking for permission. Although he had taken it upon himself to put in leave for her, he was still asking her if it was okay.

She felt tears threatening to fall. Not trusting her voice, she gave him one curt nod, smiling at the way his body relaxed at her acquiescence.

When he slid another paper to her, a single tear slid down her cheek.

It was a receipt for a suite at a resort on Maui, far away from the ship or anyone affiliated with it. She looked up to find him watching her intently.

Her heart skipped a beat at the longing she saw in his eyes. This man wanted her, badly.

God help her, but she wanted him just as bad. Closing her eyes against the powerful emotions running through her, she gave another curt nod.

Hell yes, she would spend the week with him. It would be more than enough time to see whether this thing between them was all physical, or if there was something more.

"Okay, well everyone can knock off for the day," Brett announced in his usual brusque manner, standing to walk over to the door and announce to the shop in general. "We pull into port at zero six hundred. Be in your dress whites for inspection here no later than zero five thirty. We will go up to man the rails together."

Teane gathered herself together, pushing the soft mushy feelings coursing through her body down. She had to keep together. She was about to leave his office, but hand on her wrist stopped her.

"I won't come up here tonight. There will be a cab waiting for you at the end of the pier. Thank you, baby, for saying yes."

Teane did look at him; she couldn't. One look and she would most likely throw herself at him. Nodding, she quickly made her way out of the shop and down to her berthing. So much for seeing if it was more than physical. She knew with stunning clarity when she looked at the receipt in his office, it

was much, much more than sexual attraction. She had fallen for her chief-hard.

\* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \*

Brett paced at the small dock where the boat that would take passengers from the main island of Hawaii to Maui waited for all the guests of the exclusive resort was moored. Even though she had said she would be here, Brett feared she might have second thoughts.

She was young, so full of life.

What the hell would she want with old salt?

A white one at that. In the two years Teane had been under her command, he had never seen her with a white guy. He had rarely seen her with any guy. Other than a few close friends, she seemed very a solitary person, content with her own company.

He had often wondered what she liked to do away from the ship. In every port they hit, he saw her out with her friends at local bars or shopping, but every night she would be back on board, reading quietly in the shop or sleeping in one of the smaller shops within the work center.

What kind of movies did she like? What kind of music? Where did she like to go back home in San Diego?

"Hey."

Brett looked up to see Teane standing in front of him. He had been so lost in thought he hadn't seen her approach. Her dark skin gleamed in the tropical sun, the contrast against the simple white sundress she wore was startling.

Despite having told himself he was going to take this slow, spending quality time with her before trying to get her in bed, his cock immediately went from parade rest to full attention. Not touching her was impossible. He had pulled her into his arms and was kissing her before he had a chance to think about it.

"Hello, sweetheart," he murmured finally breaking away. Looking around for her bags, he noticed she only had a small overnight case. "That's it?" he asked incredulously. From his limited experience, he knew women rarely packed that light, especially for a weeklong trip.

Teane's face colored a deep burgundy. Shrugging she blew off his question. "I, uh, didn't think I would need much."

She could have meant a number of things, but Brett got even harder at the softly spoken words. He had never wanted a woman as much as he wanted her at that moment.

Gathering their luggage, he quickly ushered her on board the small waiting boat. He seated them near the aft of the small boat, noticing the rest of the passengers were migrating to the bow. He gave up a silent prayer of thanks when the ship finally got underway.

"Are you nervous?" he asked, worried about how quiet she was.

He moved to put his arms around her, noting the stiffness that had never been there before. Over past several weeks,

he thought he really knew and understood Teane, her silence and distance scared the shit out of him.

There was so much more at stake for him than sex, or a torrid affair. He was falling in love with her. Hell, he had probably began to fall in love with her a little long before he ever touched her. If she didn't return that feeling now, he would make damn sure she did. He would move heaven and earth for this woman, he just had to get her to see it.

"Teane? Are you having second thoughts?"

*Not now, please not now.* He wasn't altogether sure he would take her back if she asked. Not without some serious persuasion to the contrary. He would stop at nothing this time with her, time he was planning on extending into something a hell of a lot deeper than a tryst.

"No."

Brett let out a sigh of relief.

"But—"

His stomach dropped at the last minute add on. He held his breath waiting for her to go on.

"You're a chief. You have fifteen years under your belt. Aren't you afraid of getting caught? I would hate to be the one that caused you to lose everything you worked so hard for."

Brett could have cried in relief. She was worried about him and his career. Pulling her tighter against his body he rained kisses all over her face.

He never had a doubt she was attracted to him, at least physically. Knowing she really cared, hell, the woman just

pretty much sealed her fate. She was his, his woman, and she would stay that way.

"Do I want to get caught?" he asked rhetorically. "Of course not. I would like to end my service on my own terms, whenever that may be. But will I let that fear keep me away from you? Hell, no. Nor will I ask you to sneak around or hide when we are away from the ship. I'm not ashamed to love you, I don't care who sees it or knows it. If we get caught, so be it. We both know I would likely be the one going to see the Captain, but I would protect you no matter what."

Teane was genuinely shocked by his reply.

There were a lot of instances of men of high rank getting caught with subordinates or other women not in their direct chain of command, but ranking far below them. It was a scenario that rarely ended well.

Most of the time, the lovers were so busy trying not to get caught, they tripped themselves up. These relationships were usually based on lust, pure and simple.

But Brett just professed to love her. That was not something she had ever suspected, though she knew she was falling hard for him.

"You can't love me," she whispered, unable to tear her eyes away from his.

"It would be impossible not to love you," he assured her firmly. "You're everything a man could want and so much more. You never ask me to set aside my duties or fairness; you never expected it. That shows me you're not with me for what you can get out of it. You burn whenever I touch you. That shows me you yearn for me. You trusted me enough to

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be here right now. That shows you have faith in me. How could I *not* love you?"

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## Chapter Five

It seemed to take forever to finally get to the secluded resort on Maui. Teane was still nervous, but more than anything, she was every bit as anxious to finally get to their suite as Brett was.

It seemed like a dream, a story right of one the romance books she was addicted to. When there were standing together alone at last, she stood suddenly uncertain, waiting.

"Would you like to go down to the beach?" Brett suggested as she stood in the middle of the suite's living room.

She cast a quick glance to the door that led to the bedroom. She considered saying yes, but she promptly decided against it. She didn't want to go to the beach. She didn't want to go down the restaurant or anywhere else. She wanted to be in the bedroom, she wanted to at last feel him sliding inside of her, completing her.

"No," she whispered, hoping he would understand.

She didn't know how to say it. Even after all they had shared, all the time they had explored one another. She was unsure how to tell him she needed him right now, before another minute passed.

Brett moved closer, cupping her face in his large hand. "Do you want to go get something to eat? Drinks maybe? I can have something brought up."

"I'm not hungry."

Her eyes fastened on his lips. That was a lie, she was desperately hungry, but not for food.

"Tell, sweetheart, what do you want to do?"

Teane swallowed harshly as his fingers caressed her cheek, running down her face. She closed her eyes when it finally cupped her breast.

His eyes never left hers as his fingers played lightly of her nipples. Neither breast was ignored as he brought his other hand to join in the play. Her breathing increased rapidly, wanting more, needing more.

"Teane? Are you going to tell me what you want?"

"You," she breathed. "Please, Brett. I waited so long."

Brett's mouth descended on hers in a kiss that destroyed any semblance of control she still had.

Her hands clutched at his shirt, ripping it open. Buttons flew unheeded across the immaculate tile floor. She tried to get to the fly of the jeans he wore, but couldn't. She had to lift her hands while he lifted her dress over her head. She threw her head back as his mouth moved from one breast to another, making her panties flood with need.

"Brett, Brett," she pleaded, her hands clutching at his hair to remain upright.

He responded by sweeping her up into his arms. Her legs instinctively wrapped around his waist as he stomped to the bed room.

Once on the bed, he wasted no time stripping her of her shoes and underwear.

She cried out when he took a step back, leaving her alone in the middle of the massive bed.

Brett had to take a step back. They were moving too fast, he wanted to make their first time last. Backing up farther, he

drank in the beautiful sight on the bed. Her hair was neither long, nor short, falling to her shoulders.

He rarely saw her without it being neatly pinned up and off her collar. He had thought it was black, but in the bright, sunlit room, he could detect hints of red and brown in among the jet black strands. Her lips were full and slightly puffy. Not too much, just enough to make a man feel welcome.

She had the body of a goddess. Full, high breasts, well rounded hips, and an ass that would bring a man to his knees. The chocolate-cinnamon tone of her skin made his mouth water.

Knowing how unbelievable sweet she tasted didn't quell his hunger. He would always hunger for her.

He divested himself of his shoes, socks, pants and underwear as he watched her, her eyes hungrily taking in the flesh he revealed.

"Brett, let me do that."

He looked down surprised to find he had been stroking himself as he watched her. Already afraid he might not last very long, he released himself, climbing on the bed. He didn't allow her to touch his throbbing cock. He wasn't sure he would survive the contact. Instead he dragged her legs over his shoulders, burying his face in her mound.

She was neatly trimmed; he loved that about her. Even her delectable pussy was all trim and shaped. He could lap at her honey for hours, and set out to do so.

He had barely brought her to one orgasm before she was pulling ruthlessly on his hair, urging him upward.

Placing one languid swipe across her dewy passage, he crawled up the length of her body, leaving a trail of kisses in his wake.

Positioning himself between her raised legs he looked down at her flushed face. So damn beautiful. And completely, utterly his.

"Look at me, Teane," he commanded. Once she opened her eyes, he ran the head of his cock over the glistening lips of her sex. "Watch me. Watch us. Watch me make you mine."

Satisfied when she looked down to where the bodies would join, he entered her slowly. He had to grit his teeth against pleasure so intense it bordered on pain.

She was so wet, so incredibly tight. If he hadn't spent the last three and half weeks doing everything but this final act, he would have sworn she was a virgin. She whimpered ever so sweetly as he eased his way in, inch by torturous inch.

"Fuck, baby you are so tight, so good," he groaned, fighting his way inside.

He was almost there, almost inside, when his dick hit an undeniable barrier. His eyes flew to hers as he stilled immediately. No wonder she was so damned tight! This was a road no one had traveled before.

"Teane?"

It suddenly all made sense. She rarely dated, and rarely dated the same guy for very long. Unlike most of her shipmates, she never joined in the sometimes raunchy talk sailors, male and female, often engaged in on long voyages.

She didn't act like a prude, or one of those people who were so self-reserved they couldn't let themselves go. She was a virgin.

"Please, Brett. I want this."

Her words were clear and concise, but he had to be sure.

"Are you sure?" he had to ask. He didn't want any regrets.

"I'm positive," she assured him. "Make love to me."

He had repositioned himself carefully, not dislodging himself, but laying on top of her, bracing his weight on his arms.

"Wrap your legs around me, baby. Bite down on my shoulder."

Once she did as he instructed, he pushed all the way in, stilling immediately once he was firmly seated inside.

She didn't scream, or even tense much. For that he would forever be grateful.

The last thing he wanted to do was hurt her. He let her wiggle around a little, letting her get used to his length and width. Only when her movement began to get more deliberate, accompanied by tiny moans, did he begin to move.

He went slowly, withdrawing almost completely, before sliding back in. He took her lips with his own as he danced inside her, their tongues mimicking the movement of their hips.

She cradled him perfectly, her pussy sucking on his cock like a vacuum sealed, steamy wet mouth. Brett knew he had never made love before this moment.

Never shared himself so completely with another human being. He drank her moans like it was wine, loving every sound that emitted from her. He wanted to be deeper, more completely a part of her.

"Shit! Baby, I don't know if I can last. Come for me, Teane. I need you to come for me now!"

He felt her pussy gush with a flood of moisture, her walls clenching and unclenching as her hips bucked upward.

"Yeah, baby! Just like that."

His hips began to move faster, thrusting in harder. The friction was incredible.

When she clutched at his shoulders, screaming out his name, he flew with a force of a volcano, pumping every drop of his essence inside her. He couldn't stop his hips from moving even after he came.

Still rock hard, he continued to stroke inside her, moving faster than before, biting, licking and kissing any part of her body he could reach with his mouth.

It was too good! He couldn't stop. He drove her to climax again and again, unable to help himself. He never wanted to leave her body.

"Oh, God! Brett, I can't take much more," Teane moaned after what had to her seventh orgasm.

She had imagined what it would be like to finally go all the way; she never dreamed it would be anything like this. Brett was insatiable.

He drove her to the very brink of sanity, hitting something deep inside her she never knew existed. Her body had never felt more alive, more cherished.

As much as she wished it would last forever, she was nearing the end of her endurance. Her head swam, her throat raw from crying out his name. It was too much; it was not enough.

"One more time, baby," he whispered against her ears.  
"Come for me one more time."

Her body seemed completely in tuned with his commands.  
She flew apart at his command. She dimly heard his hoarse groan joining her own before she felt herself falling.

Teane came harder than she had ever come before, and did something she had never done in her life; she fainted.

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## **Chapter Six**

"McGowan, the Divo wants to see you in his office ASAP."

Teane wiped her hands on the rags and slowly turned to face the division leading petty officer.

MM1 Burkett stood sneering behind her. He wasn't a very pleasant person, which was why he was stationed in Division. No one wanted to work with the man. He was seen as a snake, eager for another's downfall, no matter who that person was.

She had a sick feeling coursing through her body. She hadn't seen Brett in two days, since they came back from Maui. There were rumors a chief had been busted with an enlisted woman, but no hint of who that chief was.

All the members of her shop were afraid they knew. He hadn't been at work for two days straight. He hadn't been seen in division. Petty Officer Beckwith, the shop leading petty officer, led quarters every day, tight lipped about the whereabouts of their chief.

Teane followed Burkett down the stairwell to division. The walk, which was no more than a two minute journey seemed to take forever. She felt as if her boots were being weighed with lead with each step. She wasn't afraid for herself.

She had less than five months to go on her current enlistment. She wasn't looking at much besides reduction in rate and maybe forty-five days of restriction. She could bear that easily. She couldn't bear being the cause of the end of Bret's career.



She was surprised to see Krystal sitting outside the Divo's office. Her friend gave her quick thumbs up, confusing her even more. What was she doing here? And what did she have to do with any of this?

The Divo was a warrant officer, CWO3 Cunningham who had been an Engineman when he was enlisted. Because of this, he was often easier on their shop than he was the others. He often came up to the Engine Shop to joke and smoke with them.

There was no hint of the jovial man who had visited so often now. He was frowning down at something on his desk when she entered, looking up at her with a scowl. He didn't offer her a seat, just went straight into interrogating her.

"Have you been having sexual relations with you chief, Petty Officer McGowan?"

Teane swallowed the knot in her throat, standing straight and staring him right in the eye.

"No, sir," she lied without batting an eye.

"Where did you spend your week of leave?" he demanded without missing a beat.

"I was with Krystal, Petty Officer Duncan at a Holiday Inn near the beach."

She gave silent thanks Krystal told her where she would be for the week Teane had been with Brett, just in case.

"Are you sure you don't want to change your story?" the Divo demanded.

Teane could have sworn he had a ghost of a smile on his lips, but otherwise he was as stern and serious as when she first walked into the office.

"I was with Petty Officer Duncan for the entire week," she stated firmly.

It didn't matter how many people who might have seen her, or what they would swear to, she was not going to change her story.

"And where did the two you hang out?"

Teane shrugged her shoulders as if she didn't have a care in the world.

"I drank pretty heavily throughout the week," she told him. "Other than spending out days on the beach, I can't recall the names of the clubs we visited. I did do some shopping at an open market near the beach. Other than that, I really can't say."

There was no longer a ghost of a smile on the Warrant Cunningham's lips, but a full blown smile.

"Okay, that will be all Petty Officer McGowan."

"That's it?' She couldn't believe it was that easy. If someone had formerly written her up, she would be going to see the Captain, no matter what she said.

"Unless you want to change your story?"

His smiled faltered until she proclaimed, "Absolutely not!"

The warrant nodded. "Okay, that's it."

Teane practically ran out of the office, grabbing Krystal by the hand as she went. The women didn't pause until they were on the fantail.

"Did he question you?" Teane demanded after checking to make sure they were alone.

Being in port, most nonessential personnel had the day off if they didn't have duty because this was their last port of

call. Most shopped, merely mustered, and then knocked off for the day. Her own shop was a veritable ghost town. Teane had chosen to stay just in case Brett showed up.

"You know it," Krystal confirmed. "I told him we were together, hanging out on the beach during the day and club hopping at night. I had three people swearing they were with us. Trina, Lucy and Raquel. Raquel is the only one who knew you weren't. The other two were so drunk most of the time they didn't know who the hell was there."

Teane blew out a breath of relief. Raquel had a healthy distrust of her superiors and would rather cut out her tongue before telling them anything. Lucy and Trina were luses. Good hearted, but true luses. They were rarely sober in port for long.

"Have you talked to him?" Krystal asked.

"I haven't seen him. Why? What did you hear?"

Krystal was very well connected. Though she never gossiped with anyone but Teane and maybe Raquel, people always felt it necessary to gossip to her.

Probably because they knew it would never go any further, maybe it was to entice something out of her. It never failed to amaze her how well informed Krystal was.

"Word is he didn't bother to dent fraternization, but he refused to name the girl. Damn, girl you must have laid it on him. That man is willing to go down for you."

"He would go down no matter if he named me or not," Teane reminded her friend. "He's the chief, he should know better."

Damn the man's honest hide! He should have known she would never give him up. He did know that didn't he? Why did he admit to anything?

"Well, you're in the clear. That's all that matters. Whoever saw you two didn't know who you were. Still, that was a close one. I hope it was worth it."

"He was worth very second," Teane whispered softly, more to herself than to her friend. "I don't regret a second."

\* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \*

Brett sighed heavily as he packed his sea bag. He waited for a whisper of regret to come, instead he just felt relieved. He didn't have to make a choice on whether or not he would stay in the Navy if Teane decided to reenlist.

The choice was made for him. Now Teane was free to make a choice based solely on what she wanted.

Either way, she would be coming home with him when the ship made it back to San Diego. She would sleep in his bed, their bed, in the beachside home he had purchased mere months before this deployment.

He couldn't even say he was sorry to see the end of his career in the Navy.

He had the shop he had bought to open, he had more than enough to live on for quite a while before he had to make it

profitable. His only regret was that he wouldn't be able to see Teane before he left the ship.

He had known Teane would never confess to sleeping with him, not knowing the punishment that awaited him. Because they couldn't prove who he had been sleeping with, the captain chose not to bust him.

Instead, he received a letter of reprimand in his record, ensuring that he would never make senior chief. The captain had given him the option of early retirement.

Thank God, the Navy was still trying to get rid of as many senior ranking enlisted as they could. The Navy was top heavy, so Washington was offering everything under the sun to get E-6 and above to get out. He took the offer, choosing to fly back to San Diego and wait for the ship's return.

Unable to return to the ship by order of the Divo, he left the ship and went straight to the airport. He was transferring to a Transit Personnel Unit, where he would be processed out of the Navy. He hoped Teane would understand, more than anything, he hoped she wouldn't give up on him.

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## **Chapter Seven**

Teane watched people scrambling to get in the line to get off the ship. Those whose wives had given birth while they were on deployment left first, then they were left off by rank. She chose to hang out in the shop for a while. She didn't have anywhere in particular to go. Her friends were planning on going out tonight, but she didn't feel like it. Her mind was on one thing—Brett.

Would he contact her? Would he want to see her again? Did he blame her for the end of his career?

Krystal had heard he was reprimanded then offered early retirement. He took it instead of staying in the Navy knowing he would never make senior chief.

She had cried almost every night on the week long voyage from Hawaii to San Diego. Her mind played over the week they had spent together over and over.

For the first two days, they hadn't left the suite. He made love to her continuously, in every position possible. He allowed her explore his body even as he explored hers.

Afterwards, they would lay in each other's arms, talking about everything. Their past, their future dreams. She knew Brett wanted to open a marine mechanic shop.

She had fought tears when a couple of chiefs from division had come to back up Brett's things from his office. There hadn't been another chief assigned to the shop yet.

There was too much turn over at the end of a deployment. So his office had been locked up and Beckwith placed in charge for the time being.

Had he gone back to his native South Carolina to do it? She was so afraid she had lost him, but she couldn't believe he would just leave without saying goodbye. Truth be told, she was terrified if she went down the brow of the ship, she wouldn't find him there waiting for her, and that would shatter her heart.

It was well after colors before she bothered to change and make her way to the brow. She wasn't sure where she was going, maybe to the sports bar on base and then to get a hotel for the night.

She didn't have to work tomorrow and she didn't have duty, so she didn't have to come back to the ship. She didn't want to be around anyone right now, so she packed a bag with a couple of changes of clothing. She had three days of freedom, she wanted to be alone if she couldn't be with Brett.

She left the ship with a heavy heart, not really paying attention as she took the long walk from the ship to the gates at the end of the pier.

"It took you long enough. I thought I was going to have to go up there and drag you out."

Teane froze, afraid to turn around. It could be a cruel trick of her imagination. She didn't want to turn to find nothing there but the wind.

When strong arms encircled her, pulling her close as the unmistakable feel of Brett's lips caressed her cheek, tears of joy flowed freely. He had come for her! He hadn't left.

"You came for me," she sobbed, leaning into his arms.

Brett turned her to face him, kissing her thoroughly. "Of course I came for you. I told you, you're mine, sweetheart, and I keep what is mine."

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## **Epilogue-Six months later**

The persistent knocking on the door would not stop. Teane groaned, burying her face in her pillow. Beside her, Brett sighed heavily, kissing her before dragging himself from the bed.

Outside, seagulls called out while swooping down to the water looking for breakfast. The ocean was calm today, breaking softly against the beach. It was going to be a beautiful day. Brett pulled on a pair of pajama bottoms. Despite the fact he fully intended on sending whoever was banging on their door away, he could not very well answer the door nude. That would be rude.

Opening the door, any admonishments about calling on people before eight died on his lips when he saw who was on the other side of the door.

"Warrant Cunningham?"

Of all the people he expected, his former division officer wasn't one of them.

"Six months out of the service and already you're sleeping the day away," he older man joked. "Well, are you going to let me in?"

Brett stepped aside, allowing him entrance.

"Nice place," he commented looking around.

"Thanks," Brett mumbled at a complete loss. Neither he nor Teane were active duty, so he couldn't imagine what the man could want.

"So, where's McGowan?"

"I'm right here," Teane announced, entering the living room wearing one of Brett's old t-shirts. The shirt fell to her knees, making her look far younger and absolutely adorable. Brett couldn't resist giving his wife a kiss as she made her way to his side. "And my name is Teane; Teane Olden to be exact."

"I just bet it is," the warrant smiled. "Sorry I couldn't be here earlier," he commented louder, but not offering an excuse. "I just swung by to wish you congratulations. And to inquire if you give military discounts. I got a deal on a sweet little fishing boat, but the engine needs some work. Couldn't think of two mechanics I would trust more with my engine."

The End

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## **Explanation of Military Terms and words used**

**ASVAB**—Armed Services Vocational Aptitude, the test you take prior to joining the military to test what job you would be most suited for

**P.O.**—Petty Officer, U.S. Navy rating, see chart below  
Pay Grade Rate Abbreviation

E-1 Seaman Recruit SR

E-2 Seaman Apprentice SA

E-3 Seaman SN

E-4 Petty Officer

Third Class PO3

E-5 Petty Officer

Second Class PO2

E-6 Petty Officer

First Class PO1

E-7 Chief Petty Officer CPO

E-8 Senior Chief

Petty Officer SCPO

E-9 Master Chief

Petty Officer MCPO

E-9 Master Chief

Petty Officer of the Navy MCPON

**HAZMAT**—Hazardous Materials

**Quarters**—Kind of like attendance

**Plan Of The Day**—Tasks for the day

**PMS**—Preventative Maintenance System

**L.P.O.**—Leading Petty Officer

**Berthing**—sailor's quarters

**Set Condition Yoke**—Condition of readiness. Yoke the minimum material condition setting, majority are open during condition Yoke

**Tender**—A ship designed to provide maintenance support to a flotilla

- + Chief Engineer-Officer in charge of Engineering onboard ship

- + EN-A naval rate (job) literally translated to Engineman; it is a job that deal specifically with engine mechanics

- + Working Party-Personnel from all ship board shops, divisions and work centers (generally those of low rank) are assigned to a requesting division to participate in a major job or activity

- + Divo-Division Officer. He or she is in charge of an entire division, made up various numbers of "shops", or work centers, all concentrating on job specifications, i.e. Supply Division might have work centers or shops including ships stores, ship store houses or warehouses, etc.

- + Going to see the Captain refers to Captain's Mast—a disciplinary action when the service member is brought before the Captain of his or her command for a violation of the Uniformed Form of Military Justice. It is a step under court marshal which are generally only used in the Navy for major infractions (rape, murder, treason). The Captain does have the authority to discharge a service member and even sentence him or her to confinement. Most common punishment is loss of rank and restriction.

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- + MM1-Machinist Mate First Class Petty Officer-an engineering rate
- + Colors—the lowering of the flag at sundown or the raising of the flag at 0800

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### **A little bit about the author:**

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

I am a graduate of Trinity University with a B.S. in Business Administration, served in the Navy for four of the most interesting years of my life, and once got arrested in Mexico (wouldn't you love to know why?). I have traveled extensively.

My favorite destination is of course Paris, followed by Bahrain, Hong Kong and Sicily.

I fell in love with romance after reading *The Flame and the Flower* at age 13.

My first attempt at romance was three binders of an ongoing saga of Duran Duran, specifically John, Simon and Roger and myself. I decided to become a writer after I got busted with said notebook, and grounded for the explicit sexual content.

My parents wouldn't believe I had actually never had sex, just read about it. I figured it must have been partly believable.

I married a cowboy from Illinois and have two of the most intelligent, gorgeous children in the world.

I met my husband in Japan, we had our first date in Hawaii, and got married in San Diego. I have lived in Southern California, Chicago, and Sicily and currently reside in the South. I love to hear from fans, so feel free to email.

Peace and Love,

Red Skies at Night: Anchors Away Series  
*by Shara Azod*

Shara

Red Rose Publishing:

My Cherie Amour

Ménage a Valentine(Anthology with RaeLynn Blue)

Triple Bow(Anthology with RaeLynn Blue)

Touch A Four-Leaf Clover(Anthology with RaeLynn Blue)

Anchors Away Series:

Cory's Salvation

Anchor's Away—Red Skies At Night

Coming soon to a publisher near you:

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