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~ Dedication ~

To Fiona Vance and Shirin Dubbin for all the hours of fun you've given me while we played P.I. Girls, Powerpuffs, and Charlie's Angels. You both are the best!

Chapter One

“I can hear you.”

Jolene Connor groaned and hobbled the rest of the way to the riverbank, where her G-man stood with his back toward her. If she hadn’t stepped on the darned rock, she would have made it. Wrapping her arms around his waist from behind, she gave his cock a squeeze. “One of these days, I’ll be able to sneak up and surprise you.”

He reached behind him. His fingers moved over the bare skin on her hip. She giggled. “Surprise.”

In the fluid motion of one trained in tactical maneuvers and accuracy, Tony Greer turned, lifted her up and claimed her mouth. Jolene held onto his shoulders, wrapped her legs around his waist and melted into his kiss. Despite the warm temperature of the day, she shivered with pleasure. She’d planned all day to shock him by showing up naked outside, and her body was more than ready after running the scenario over and around in her mind.

She ground her pussy against the flat of his bare stomach and moaned. Catching his lower lip between her teeth, she tugged then let go. She leaned back and smiled. He might have the upper hand on her surprise attack, but he hadn’t expected her to show up down at the river buck-naked and ready to play.

The evidence of his satisfaction pressed against her. “The other men from your agency have already left.” She stuck her breasts out and enjoyed the way his gaze dropped in between their bodies. “I couldn’t pass up one more time with you...alone, before you leave.”

His mouth opened, but no words came out. He licked his bottom lip without taking his gaze from her chest. Her nipples constricted tighter, sending a rush of warmth to her core. She could almost feel his lips on her, sucking, biting and driving her wild. He’d discovered how sensitive she was to any attention to her nipples and spent every free moment this weekend making her squirm.

“The condoms are in my duffle bag at the cabin.” Tony shifted his hold on her until she was pressed against the front of his jeans. He squeezed her ass.

His hips thrust against her. His hard cock pressed against her moist heat. "Damn, baby. You have no idea how much you turn me on."

She raised her arms and unclipped her long, blonde hair. Grinning, she shook her head and produced a small foil square. "You've trained me well, G-man. I've come prepared."

"That's my girl." He slid her down his body and set her on her feet.

Stepping back, she gave him room to lose the pistol tucked in the back of his jeans, and enough time to step out of his black denims. Was there anything sexier than a man who went commando?

His dark chest hair trailed down in a straight line to frame his jutting cock. He kept himself neatly manscaped for her pleasure. She loved the way the small patch of hair tickled her clit.

She kneeled in the sand at his feet. Rubbing the inside of his leg, she raised her hand to his sac. His balls tightened as she trailed her finger from his anus, around his scrotum, until finally she fisted the base of his cock. Lifting the protection she brought with her, she used her teeth and ripped the package open. Carefully, she rolled the condom onto him.

Lifting her chin, she gazed up into his face. "I wanted to bring your handcuffs, but I couldn't figure out where to put them where they wouldn't make any noise. I tried so hard to surprise you."

Tony growled. Clasp ing her upper arms, he pulled her up in front of him, turned her around and positioned her hands together at the small of her back. "You like it rough?"

She mewed.

With her wrists held together with one of his large hands, Jolene tugged against his restraint. Her pussy spasmed. He gently pushed her upper body forward until she was bent over in front of him. His cock poked against her ass. Tony used his knee to spread her legs further apart. The slight breeze caressed her damp pussy.

She pushed back against him. "Fuck me, G-man."

Tony ran the head of his cock over her clit and she flinched. Pleasure so intense, she almost came from the contact. Moving her ass, she tried to match his movements, but he kept changing direction. She sucked in her bottom lip and bit down. *More, just a little further...*

She gasped. He thrust his cock into her pussy, balls-deep, filling her completely. The inside of her body rippled, and she tried to move against him, but with her hands behind her back, he had her immobilized. She was at his mercy. He controlled the situation. *And I like it.*

“Nice and easy.” He rocked back and forth against her.

The warmth in her lower stomach grew. Her pussy juice coated his cock, and he slid in, out, in, out, stoking the flames. Her breasts, almost too big for her slim body, swung back and forth, further heightening her arousal.

“Oh...oh...” She tossed her blonde hair down her back, hoping he’d understand she wanted more. Her body craved something rougher, harder, faster.

He let go of her hip and grabbed a handful of her hair without losing his hold on her hands. “That’s it.” He pulled her back harder against him. “Fuck, baby. You”—he grunted—“feel”—his breath came out hard and heavy—“so g—ah...”

There was no set rhythm. Her body moved in every direction. She arched her neck and closed her eyes, letting him manipulate how her body rocked back to meet each plunge of his cock. With every surface of her body caressed in some way, she couldn’t concentrate on just one feeling, and yet, the tension in her body rose, stretched, yearned, for release.

Tony let go of her hair, leaned over her back, and squeezed her breasts. She pushed against him. “Oh God.” He concentrated on her nipples, pinching the tight nubs between his thumb and forefinger. His balls slapped against her clit, sending her body over the edge, and all the wonderful sensations exploded in her core and spread out through the rest of her body.

She screamed as her pussy clenched his cock, and Tony added his own groan to the mix. He let go of her arms and encircled her in his embrace. Together they stumbled backward, but remained on their feet, locked together as one.

Without his support, she would have collapsed on the ground. Her legs shook. “You are amazing.”

He chuckled and rubbed her lower stomach. “I’m beginning to like these surprises of yours.” Pulling his cock out of her, he removed the condom and set it by his clothes. “Let’s go wash off, and then I better head back to the city.”

Her lower lip came out and she turned around. “I wish you didn’t have to go. I like having you here—I even enjoyed meeting the other guys you work with.”

Tony grabbed her hand and leaned over to kiss her. “I’ll be back next week. I’ve got two days off, and I plan on spending every minute of it finding out what else you’d like to do with me.”

Chapter Two

“You bastard!” Jolene stood in the middle of the raft, shaking her fist in the air. “You can’t just leave me here.” She lost her balance and fell back against the inflated side of the gray floating device. “The least you could have done is left me the oars,” she muttered.

Looking over her shoulder, she eyed the white rapids splashing over the rocks that peppered the Toutle River. Smacking the side of the boat with the flat of her hand, she turned back around. The man who’d paid her a day’s salary to take him out on the water for some fly fishing—but instead had wanted to fuck her in a boat—had just disappeared into the dense forest. “I hope a black bear comes and rips your balls off!”

She’d floated this river her whole life, and even without the means to steer the boat, she wasn’t worried about navigating downstream until she landed in front of her cabin. She’d jump ship, swim to shore, and have Tony drive her back to her car at the starting point up at the ranger station on Talley’s Point when he came out this evening. *Then, if I can track down the bastard who attacked me, I’ll bill his stupid ass for all the supplies I’m bound to lose to the river.*

Stretching her legs out on the bottom of the raft, she leaned back against the side and closed her eyes. She had at least a twenty-minute float time, and it didn’t help her to dwell on something she couldn’t control. There would always be men who thought because she lived alone in the woods, ran a fishing charter business, and surrounded herself with the opposite sex that she’d be an easy target.

She was getting tired of all the guys who hired her to take them fishing when all they wanted to do was get in her pants, or her shorts in today’s case. She frowned. This latest asshole was a real jerk too. She fingered the front of her shirt where he’d ripped it practically down to her stomach. He had become violent when he heard the word *no*.

A pesky bug landed on the end of Jolene’s nose. She swatted it away, opened her eyes and shifted to the other side of the raft. Gazing off into the distance, she recognized Nalley’s Fork in the river. If she went portside, she’d have to bank the raft, but without the oars, that was impossible.

She peered off to the other side and wrinkled her nose. The current was swift today. Her stomach tightened. With so many rocks hidden below the surface, she usually avoided going that way for fear she’d damage the boat. *Dammit.*

Spotting movement in the water, she narrowed her eyes and scurried to get on her knees. *Was that...*

"Hey!" Her heartbeat accelerated. She waved her arms above her head. "Tony!" Keeping one arm in the air, she leaned over the side of the boat and paddled the water with her hand. Last week, he'd told her he wouldn't arrive until tonight.

Tony threw his fishing pole toward the bank and walked out deeper into the water. She gave a final wave and then used both hands to help shift the boat closer. *Thank God.*

Bare-chested and bronzed by the sun, Tony resembled a modern day hero waiting to rescue the heroine in peril. He disappeared under the water's surface and reappeared in the middle of the stream, directly in the path of the raft. She tossed him the rope tied to the front of the boat and smiled when he caught it. His head bobbed in the water as he fought to tie the end around his waist without sinking.

A few seconds later, he shook his head to get the water out of his eyes, grinned and swam toward shore. Relieved that she wouldn't have to abandon her supplies to the river, she jumped out and swam behind him.

His buff arms sliced through the water, and she couldn't help admiring the way his back muscles rippled with his movements. He kept his dark hair on the shorter side, and it allowed her to catch a peek at his badge number tattooed on the back of his right shoulder.

Swimming a few more yards, she was able to touch ground and walked the rest of the way to his side. "Thank you." She threw her arms around him and laid her head against his chest. "I thought I'd have to float on by the cabin to the lower ranger station." She stretched up and gave him a kiss. "Mm...I've missed you. I didn't think you were coming until tonight."

"I closed the case early." He pulled in the raft and dragged it up onto the rocks. "What happened?" Throwing the rope down, he cocked his head. "Did you tip over?" His gaze lowered. "Jesus. Are you okay?" He moved over and pulled her torn shirt off her chest. "You're bleeding."

Peering down, she noticed the scratch marks between her breasts. She raised her brows. No wonder her chest had stung so much. "I had a trip scheduled today. Some guy named Kevin..." She fluttered her hand. "He had more in mind than fishing and didn't like when I told him if he didn't stop, he could walk back to the starting point."

"He got physical with you?" Tony moved over to his pile of clothes, dressed, and picked up the pistol he always carried. "How long ago?"

She hurried over the uneven rocks. "I don't know. Maybe an hour."

"Let's go." He turned and headed toward the path leading to the cabin.

"Where are we going?" She hitched her thumb over her shoulder. "I shouldn't leave the boat out here."

"I'll get it later. I'm going after the guy, and you're going with me." He pulled his cell out of his pocket, checked the signal, and put the useless phone back in his jeans. "I don't want to leave you out here by yourself and—"

"Hang on." She pulled on his arm and he stopped. "Calm down. I'm not hurt, and I still have all my supplies." Shaking her head, she snorted. "He's just a loser. I doubt if he'll ever show his face around here again."

Tony stared her down. She winked. "Come on. This is our time. It's hard enough going so long between visits, I don't want to waste it on someone like that creep."

"It's not safe for a woman alone out here." He sighed. "I need to set you up with a satellite phone at least."

She laughed. "I've lived in the cabin for six years, and before that, this might as well have been my backyard—growing up I spent so much time hiking, camping, and fishing. I'm perfectly fine here." She led him the rest of the way to the small house. "Besides, I've got a surprise for you."

Instead of leading him inside, she giggled and ran around the side to the back, giving him no choice but to follow her. After he'd left last weekend, she'd rummaged through the spare bedroom with plans to clean it out completely for when he and the other agents came to visit, and found the hammock she'd bought years ago. It'd taken two days to hang the blasted thing up, but she couldn't wait to try it out.

Stopping in front of her creation, she pulled off her wet shirt and slipped out of her cutoffs. She placed her hands on her hips and waited for Tony to remove his clothes.

"What are we doing?" He set his pistol down on his sneakers and proceeded to strip down.

"We're having sex on the hammock." Jolene sat down on the edge of the rope swing and stretched out. "It'll be fun."

Crossing his arms, he stood naked beside her. His brows were pulled down as if unsure. She laughed. "Don't tell me my G-man is scared to get on here with me." She patted the intricately designed ropes. "It's safe. I put an extra rope on each end and tied it securely to the tree. You'll see...it'll hold both of us just fine."

"I'll squish you."

“Nah. It stretches. Come on.” She pushed up on her elbows and scooted over a little more.

Instead of sitting down and pulling his legs up, Tony tried to stretch out and lay on the edge. She screamed and grabbed him, but it was too late. They both flipped upside down. She landed directly on top of him.

“Oh my God! Are you okay?” She dug her elbows in his chest in an attempt to get up, and he emitted a groan. “Sorry! Sorry.” Planting her hands on the ground on each side of him, she removed some of her weight. A small giggle slipped out. He appeared perplexed.

“Safe. My. Ass.” He coughed and sucked air into his lungs. “You knocked”—he turned his head to cough again—“the wind right out of me.”

“Oh, poor G-man.” She rolled off him and stood up. “Come on, we’ve got to try this again. I worked really hard on it.”

Tony grabbed her ankle, her knee, her ass, and pretended to struggle to stand up. “How about we go inside and find a nice, soft, unmovable bed?”

Jolene shook his head. “Please? For me?”

He inhaled a deep breath. “You know I can never tell you no.” He moved her behind him. “I’ll go first this time.”

After studying the contraption for a full thirty seconds, Tony gingerly sat in the middle of the hammock, and with his arms spread wide, holding onto the edges, he lifted his legs up off the ground. He froze. She covered her mouth with her hands. Despite how ridiculous they both looked, standing out in the yard naked, trying to figure out the easiest way to lay on a bed of ropes, her heart swelled with love. *Love?*

She’d known him for four months, ever since the group of guys he worked with hired her to take them fishing for the week. *And what a week it was.*

She paced between the two trees. Out of those few months, they’d seen each other, what? Twelve, thirteen times? Gazing back over at him, laying stiff as a board, not daring to move his head, she smiled. He brought so much into her life, and she looked forward to every time he was expected to come out to the cabin. He made her enjoy life even more.

“Babe?”

“Hm?” She stepped over to him.

“I think I’ve got things under control.” He chuckled, but when the hammock started to swing, he stopped. “You better hurry, before I lose the fight.”

Jolene hurried and lay down beside Jack, her leg thrown between his thighs. She propped her head up on her hand and smiled down at him.

“Guess what?”

“What?”

“I love you.”

His head came up, and he dared to take one hand off the ropes. He cupped her face. “I love you too. Each day I’m away from you makes me realize how much I miss you when I’m not here.”

She nodded. “Stay here. With me. We could be so happy together.”

“I’ll talk it over with the guys and see if I can trim down the cases I take.” He pulled her on top of him, and she straddled his hips. “I can stay at the office on the nights I need to find somewhere to sleep, and the rest of the time, I’ll stay here with you. I know how important it is for you to live out here. You live and breathe the outdoors.”

“Yes.” She rubbed her hands over his chest. “I can’t believe this is happening.” Glancing down between her legs, she shrieked. He’d forgotten about his fear of falling out of the hammock, because he was starting to enjoy himself. His cock had hardened underneath her. She grinned. This was exactly what she had planned.

“We did it,” she whispered.

Chapter Three

The sway of the hammock, the hope of the future, and the excitement over spending more time with Tony set the mood for the afternoon better than Jolene could ever have planned for on her own. She wiggled against his cock. He made her feel so beautiful and loved.

“Ready to see how this works?” She leaned over and kissed the end of his nose. “Just close your eyes and let your body relax.” Nibbling the curve of his jaw line, she worked her lips over to his earlobe. “It’s like we’re floating, and all I want you to do is feel everything I do to you.” She licked the sensitive skin. “Let me show you what you do to me every time we make love, okay?”

He nodded and closed his eyes.

Jolene brushed her rock hard nipples back and forth across his chest. Her skin constricted, sending tingles along her arms. “Touching you makes my body come alive.” She lowered her head and drew a circle around his nipple. “See?” Blowing lightly over the surface, she smiled at the way the small pebble contracted even more and pinched it softly with her teeth.

Tony’s hands rubbed the length of her thighs. She moaned and arched her back, making her pussy grind against his cock. He had her warmed up and ready to ride without lifting a finger.

Her clit was swollen and aching for more. Lifting herself up on her knees, his cock sprang up and teased the opening of her pussy. She bobbed atop him, letting her lower lips squeeze the engorged head of his dick. Wanting nothing more than to sink herself down and take every delicious inch of him, she moved slowly. Today was Tony’s day, and she wanted to make it special. *I love him.*

The scent of her arousal grew, and Tony licked his lips. His eyes were still closed. He followed her request like he lived life, with perfection and dedication. She smiled. God, the man drove her crazy. Protective, loving, and devoted, she’d never been with a man who came with everything she admired in a person before.

From the first day she picked him and the guys up at the ranger station for the fishing trip, he’d treated her with nothing but respect. Even when their sex games pushed her further than she thought possible, she grew from the experience.

Tony lifted his hips and thrust his cock into her. The hammock swung more, and she caught herself on his shoulders before the hammock tipped too far. “Not yet.” She let her body slowly lower onto Tony. Her eyelids fluttered

as his hardness stretched her inner muscles. His size, in this position, consumed her whole body. "God, G-man."

His breath came louder. "Baby...you're killing me. I don't know..." He reached for her breasts.

"No no no..." She caught his wrists. "You'll have to be patient. I can't come right now...not yet." Leaning over, she pressed his arms out to his sides. "Let's see if this helps you keep your hands to yourself." Pressing his hand down on the ropes, she lifted one of the outer ropes on the hammock and slipped it over his wrist pinning him on his back. "I think this'll work." She quickly subdued the other hand to the swing.

"There. You're at my mercy." She rubbed her clit against the patch of dark hair at the base of his cock without losing the hold her pussy had on him.

Pulling her legs out from under her, she planted her feet beside his hips. "Hold on, G-man. I'm gonna give you what you always gift me with." Balancing her weight on her feet, her toes clinging to the ropes, she raised up above him until his cock almost slipped out and then plunged down on him fully.

Tony strained against his restraints, and his body bucked wildly underneath her. She continued moving. Up, down, up, down. She rubbed her clit against him on the down stroke. She panted. The pace was fast, hot, and stimulating. Her pussy juice coated the length of him.

She was so close. It would take very little for her to reach her peak and have an orgasm. Her fingers dug into his chest, and her leg muscles screamed but she refused to stop. Tony would come fast, hard, and long before she gave up.

He arched his ass off the ropes, opened his eyes, and the world exploded. Every muscle in her body constricted, and liquid heat flowed from her core. Her pussy milked his cock, sucking, pulling, and drawing every drop of cum from him. She laid down over him and straightened her legs out, happy and spent.

"I love you."

He kissed the side of her head. "I love you too." He inhaled deeply before letting it out slowly. He chuckled, a nice, relaxed, upbeat sound. "Babe? You're going to have to help me get my arms out of the ropes, because I don't think I can move a muscle."

She laughed and pushed herself up, groaning. "I think we need a nap to restore our strength." Pulling the rope off his hand, she massaged his wrist while he wiggled his other arm free.

Once he had the feeling in his arms back, he gathered her in his embrace and turned to curl his body around hers. "Today turned out differently than I thought it would."

She sighed. "I can't believe it happened this way, but I wouldn't change a thing." She closed her eyes. "It was perfect. You are perfect."

If she listened closely, she could hear the water down at the creek, the soft rustle of the leaves above them moving in the breeze, and the soft creak of the hammock swinging side to side.

"Shit."

She lifted her head and opened her eyes. "What's wrong?"

"I didn't wear a condom."

Lying back down, she patted his arm as it curled around her stomach. "It's okay. I checked the calendar. I've been on the pill thirty-five days now."

Chapter Four

"What in the world?" Jolene jogged down the creek and stopped in front of the deflated raft. "I check the boat before I go out on every trip, and I know I didn't hit anything earlier." She picked the edge up and peered underneath, but nothing caught her eye. "Dammit. I haven't even had this one for a year."

"Jolene, your supplies are gone."

She dropped her arms and turned. "What? This doesn't make sense." She peered at the surrounding area. "I've had problems with bears at the house, but they can't carry everything away." Kicking the ground, she planted her hands on her hips. "My tackle box, my poles... even the floatation devices are gone. Shit."

Tony squatted down and studied the material. "It wasn't an animal." He reached behind him and drew the pistol out of the waistband of his jeans. "There are knife marks on the raft." He stepped over in front of her and scanned the banks of the river. "Stay in front of me. I'm taking you back to the house."

"I don't understand." She hurried along the trail, but kept glancing over her shoulder at Tony. "I'm the only one who lives out here."

A rifle shot blasted the air, and she screamed.

"Run!" Tony pushed her from behind, urging her to go faster.

She ignored the sticks and rocks poking into the bottoms of her bare feet. Keeping her gaze on the front door of the cabin, she pumped the air with her arms and kept running. *Who's doing this to me?*

She hit the front door, turned the handle, and stepped inside to let Tony in. Struggling to catch her breath, she moved to peer out the window, but Tony grabbed the back of her shirt.

"Stay back. I don't want you standing out in the open. We don't know if he was aiming at us or just an asshole who needs to learn some basic rules." He moved over to his duffle bag and removed two full magazines and a knife. Shoving the extra bullets in his pocket, he gazed over at Jolene. "Are you okay?"

She nodded her head. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to go out there and find the asshole who's shooting at us." He lifted his foot and placed it on the edge of the coffee table. Slipping the knife into a sheath in his boot, he motioned his head toward the back of the cabin. "I want you to get your rifle...just in case."

Jolene moved two steps toward the bedroom and the front window exploded, splattering the room with glass. She dropped to her hands and knees. "Tony!"

"Stay down." He stretched out on the floor, snagged his bag and on hands and knees made his way over to her. "Crawl into the kitchen and get behind the counter."

She didn't move. He had blood running down the side of his face. "You're hurt."

"I'm fine." He shook his head. "It's just a cut from the glass."

Frowning, she reached out to find out where the blood was coming from, but he shook his head. "Now, Jolene. Move."

Scrambling to the kitchen, she huddled in the corner against the cabinets. The window above the kitchen sink blew out, and she buried her head on her knees. Tears wet her cheeks. *Oh God, don't let us die.*

"I want you to plant yourself right here." Tony lifted her head. His thumbs strummed the tears off her face. "Whatever happens, do not move. Do you understand me?"

A wave of chills washed over her skin, and she shook. "I-I'm scared."

"I know you are, baby." His mouth tightened. "The bullets probably won't get you through the logs, so it's important that you stay right here. You'll be fine, if you listen to me." He gave her a quick kiss. "Don't open the door. Stay right here on the floor no matter what you hear, okay?"

Jolene chewed on her bottom lip, but managed a short, quick nod, letting him know she'd do what he asked. "Be careful."

He kissed her one more time, turned around, and leaped to his feet at the same time another bullet broke out the glass somewhere in the back of the cabin. She squeezed her eyes shut and began to rock. *Please be safe, please be safe, please be safe...*

As the bedroom window shattered, Tony slipped out the front door and sprinted toward the brushy area along the trail to Jolene's cold shack. From there he'd be able to view the front of the house while having a protective structure between him and the shooter.

He forced his shoulders to relax. He hated leaving Jolene alone in the house with the chance that the shooter might enter the cabin through one of the back windows, but remaining inside left them both at a disadvantage. *Come on, asshole; show your face.*

Another blast came from the back of the house. Jolene screamed. Every muscle in his body tensed. He'd have to work his way around the house through the woods and try to come up behind the shooter. Darting to the left, he was headed for cover when a different kind of yell stopped him cold.

Jolene!

Running full speed toward the cabin, he hid against the side of the house, near the broken front window, and strained to hear what was going on inside. He flipped the safety off his 9mm and leaned over to peek through the window. His heartbeat accelerated.

A stocky man dressed in black jeans and an old Metallica T-shirt stood at the entrance to the kitchen. His right hand held a revolver. He ducked down below the windowsill. *Fuck.*

Going on instinct and years of training, he rose and crashed through the door. "Hold it right there." His weapon clutched with both hands, he aimed at the bastard's chest. "Drop the gun." He kept his gaze on the man. The perpetrator glanced back and forth between Jolene and him. "Don't even think about it." His finger tightened on the trigger.

The man hesitated.

"I said, drop the weapon!" Tony stepped closer.

"This has nothing to do with you." The man's upper lip twitched, and he stepped backward. "I got business with her." He pointed the pistol in Jolene's direction before swinging it back around to Tony.

Tony moved closer to the kitchen, forcing the man to back up. The farther he could drive the man away from Jolene, the better he'd feel about the situation. "You mess with my woman, and you can expect to fuck with me." His arm remained steady. "Now drop the gun...nice and slow."

The man dropped the gun and ran to the back of the cabin. Tony flipped the safety on the 9mm, shoved the pistol into the back of his jeans, and ran after the shooter without losing a second. He tackled him in the doorway to the bedroom.

"Let me go. I wasn't gonna hurt her, man." The gunman tried to twist out from under Tony, but he already had one of the guy's arms flung behind his back. "She owes me...all that flirting and attitude she gave me earlier."

"Tell Big Roy in the slammer. He loves to teach men who hurt women what it means to show some respect around a female." Tony laid his hip against the man's arm. "Jolene! Bring me the cuffs from my bag." He leaned down and whispered, "Lucky for me, Big Roy owes me a favor. I'll make sure he introduces himself to you."

Chapter Five

Tony strolled around the house with the headset of the satellite phone stuck to his ear and talked in a loud voice to Bryce. Jolene shook her head and snuggled down in the corner of the couch. He'd worked for the last hour with that contraption, trying to pick up the best signal.

She saw no need for it, here in the cabin. If she had to call someone, she drove down the mountain to the ranger station and used her cell phone. Pulling the afghan over her bare legs, she glanced at the clock. Maybe she could convince him to give it a rest for the night and join her outside for a shower under the stars. They wouldn't have too many more nights where they could enjoy that privilege. Fall would be starting soon up here in the higher elevations.

"We'll be here. Thanks, Bryce." Tony lowered his arm and carried the phone over to the base station on the end table. "Sorry that took so long." He put the high tech toy in the charger.

"Everything okay?" She lifted the blanket. "Come cuddle with me. I'm cold."

Tony sat down beside her and pulled her over onto his lap. "Donovan, Bryce, and Taylor will be here in the morning to help me put in the new window."

"That's great." She turned to face him. "Did you find out about—"

"Kevin Jenson?"

She nodded.

"He goes in front of the court next week. In the meantime, he's locked up. Besides the charges you are filing against him for the sexual assault on the boat and aggravated assault on both of us here at the house, he was also wanted on an out of state warrant for drug possession and intent to deliver." He cupped her breast. "You won't have to worry about him anymore."

She sighed and leaned back against him. "Good. I just want to forget about that mess. Once we get the windows put in, there will be no reminders of what happened, and we can get on with our lives. This cabin was meant to hold good memories and happy times shared with people you love...not...that."

"It might take a little longer for things to go back to normal." He rolled her nipple between his fingers. "Donovan is going to stay up at Nalley's Point in the ranger station for awhile. He's the one you haven't met yet."

She slid her hands around him. "You know all the guys you work with are welcome here. This is your home too, now."

He shook his head. "He's bringing a woman with him." He sat her up and helped her off with her T-shirt. "Don's been staying at a safe house with a woman under his protection. The lady goes by the name of Marie. It's no longer safe at their location, so I secured the ranger station for him. He could bring her out here." He groaned. "I'm going to stay with them until Marie has to testify. We thought it would be a good idea if you come too. Donovan thinks it might be better for Marie to have a female around as the court date grows closer."

"Of course. I'm glad to help out." She shivered. Tony squeezed, tugged, and fondled her breasts. "It'll be closer to hike through the woods to the ranger station than take the long road up the mountainside. Most vehicles wouldn't make it that far, unless you are used to driving in four-wheel drive. The Forestry Department's cabin is very isolated." She hooked her hand behind his neck. "Come here, G-man."

She opened her mouth and licked her lip. He groaned and kissed her. She tasted their after-dinner wine on his tongue, and she mewed. She wanted him.

Pulling away, she climbed off his lap and stood up. "Let's enjoy our last night alone for awhile." Crooking her finger, she gave him a come-hither grin. "You. Me. Outside." She walked backward toward the door, not letting him out of her sight. "We're going to enjoy the peace and quiet. Just us and the stars."

Turning around at the door, Tony's duffle bag caught her eye. She paused. Leaning into him, she placed her hands on his chest and whispered, "Why don't you go ahead and get things ready, get undressed, and I'll join you."

"Aren't you coming?" He tilted his head, his hands already reaching for her breasts.

She pushed him out the door. "In a minute. You go and get the water nice and steamy for me."

Waiting until he'd walked out into the darkness and disappeared from view, she quietly unzipped the bag and searched through the contents. *Come on, G-man. Don't let me down. You're always prepared for everything.*

Her pinky brushed against cold metal, and she hurried to grab the item. Holding a pair of shiny handcuffs in front of her, she grinned in triumph. *Yes!*

Not wanting to waste any more time, she slipped off her shorts and panties in the living room before going outside. Rounding the corner of the cabin, she held the surprise behind her back.

The drone of water splashing against the rock pad beneath the showerhead created a flush of warmth to circle inside her. They'd used the outdoor bathing area many times, but tonight she'd rock his world.

Without a barrier to block her view of Tony, she slowed down and enjoyed the scenery in front of her. G-man in all his glory stood under the shower spray. His head tilted back, eyes closed, and gloriously illuminated by the moon. She'd never seen such a beautiful sight. Not the one hundred year old trees surrounding her little piece of heaven, the river she lived on or the wildlife that came right into her yard compared to her man.

Jolene stepped in front of him, got down on her knees and took the head of his cock in her mouth. The splash of water trickling off his body landed on her, and her nipples hardened. She flicked the end of his hardness with her tongue.

Tony caressed her cheek with his hand before grasping the base of his cock and removing it from her mouth. She leaned forward to suck him again, but he rubbed the bulbous head around her lips, teasing her. Sticking her lower lip into a pout, she sat back on her heels.

"I want to taste you. All of you." He held his hand out to help her up.

Her pussy spasmed. She held up her hand. The handcuffs hung from her finger. A slow smile came over his mouth. She tilted her head and gazed up at him. "What do you think? Should I wear them?"

"Oh, hell yeah."

She laughed and handed her surprise over to him. Switching places, she stood under the water and waited to learn what he would do next. She rubbed her thighs together. Her clit begged for attention. "I'm excited."

Trailing his hand down her arm, he lifted her wrist above her head and snapped the handcuff on her. "Me too, baby." He repeated the same thing with her other arm. Glancing down at her breasts, he lifted her linked hands up and over the showerhead. 'Fuck, you're a sight to look at, all bad girl and sexy."

Jolene moaned. "You better subdue me then, G-man. You wouldn't want me to get away."

Tony dropped to his knees. His hands roamed the length of her thighs, her hips, and urged her to spread her legs. He leaned forward and licked her lower lips. Her hips bucked against his mouth. "More. Oh God, more."

He sucked, nibbled, licked, and warmed her core with every swipe of his tongue over her swollen clit. Her breasts throbbed underneath the assault of the water. She tugged her arms, but they were securely captured above her head. A secret thrill flowed through her veins. Handing over control to Tony fed a fetish she discovered the night he'd used her scarf to tie her to the bed frame. She mewed. The cuffs... she planned to use those again and again.

Tony pressed his mouth around her nub, drawing the bundle of nerves between his lips. Her leg came up and wrapped around the back of his neck. The sensation was so intense, she wasn't sure she could keep herself in a standing position. He slid a finger along her pussy.

"Oh..." she moaned.

Over and over he thrust, until he finally added a second digit inside her. She lurched at the added pressure. Her body exploded out of control. Her limbs shook with the orgasm moving through her lower body and spreading through her limbs.

Tony gave her pussy a final kiss and stood up. Her brain was mush. In the back of her mind, she wondered if she had enough strength left in her to bring him release too.

"Open your mouth, baby." He gathered her in his arms. "You have no idea how much I crave your taste." Her scent was all over his face, on his tongue, his lips.

She moaned. Her body pulled against the restraint. Tony lifted her off the ground, and she unhooked her arms. Her muscles spent, she laid her arms over his shoulders, her hands linked behind his head.

"Up you go." He lifted her higher.

She wrapped her legs around his waist. He relaxed his hold. Her body slid down his wet, hot body until his cock was fully engulfed by her. She leaned back. Tony's hips gyrated back and forth, a slow, sensual move. Her pussy, so sensitive, made every pulse of his cock seem enormous.

"Come inside me, G-man." She threw back her head and let her long hair fall down her back. Her breasts thrust up in the air. She could imagine the look on his face at the picture she created for him.

Tony pulled her tight against him, his fingers digging into her ass. His legs shook beneath him, and warmth filled her insides as he came. "Damn..."

She let her legs slide off him, and he helped stand on her own two feet. Slipping her arms off his shoulders, she stood in front of him, the cuffs still holding her hands together. Tony grabbed the washcloth hanging on the rack at the side of the house and proceeded to lather up her whole body.

“That was incredible, you know.” She smiled. “I think you’re getting the hang of outdoor sex.”

“I have a feeling we’ll be having a lot more of it when the other guys arrive. No way am I going to be able to keep my hands off you with the cabin full.” Tony turned her around and let the spray wash off all the bubbles. “I love you.” He kissed the side of her neck.

“I love you too.” She sighed.

Jolene stepped to the side without leaving the warmth of the water and let him take his turn washing off. Now that she wasn’t distracted, she noticed the water wasn’t as hot as earlier. “Better hurry. I think we’re about to run out of hot water.”

Grabbing a towel, he wrapped it around her shoulders and glanced down at her hands still linked together. “The mosquitoes are going to start biting if we don’t get inside.”

They walked together toward the door, Tony’s arm wrapped around her shoulder, keeping her close. She turned her head and gazed up into his face. “You do have the keys for these, don’t you?” She held up her hands.

He laughed. “We’ve got about ten hours until the guys invade our privacy. I think I’ll keep you that way until then—I might have a few plans of my own.”

“You do?” She smiled. “Like what?”

He picked her up and carried her into the cabin. “It’s a surprise.”

The End

~ About the Author ~

Abby Wood loves to surround herself with family, critters, and laughter. A huge animal lover, she's often found discussing story plots with the animals while mucking the barn in the beautiful Pacific Northwest. In between chores and raising a family, she enjoys trying out new recipes and adding more boots to her closet. She loves to write stories that allow readers to escape into a brand new world.

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