

A movie poster for the film 'On Your Knees'. The background is a dark, textured grey. In the upper left, a muscular man is shown from the chest down, shirtless, with his arms crossed. In the lower right, a woman with short, wavy brown hair and bangs is looking directly at the camera. She is wearing a black tank top and a long chain necklace with a dog tag. The title 'ON YOUR KNEES SOLDIER' is written in large, white, serif capital letters at the bottom. The name 'EVE CASSIDY' is written in smaller, white, serif capital letters at the top.

EVE CASSIDY

ON  
YOUR  
KNEES  
SOLDIER

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**On Your Knees, Soldier**

**By Eve Cassidy**

Heat shimmered from the blacktop of the parade deck and beads of sweat trickled down Jamie's back. She'd finally made it to the end. Thirteen long, grueling weeks of Marine Corps boot camp and she hadn't just survived, she thrived.

After meeting Dom during rifle range week, she'd doubled her efforts with renewed motivation. Not only did she want to get through boot camp, she wanted to excel. Prove once and for all that she was good at something. When they'd hit swim week, she'd wowed the instructors and even her head drill instructor commented.

"You know if you could run as well as you swim, you'd be the perfect soldier."

She'd still taken that as a compliment. Not everyone was cut out to be a great long distance runner but she got by. Passed all their tests.

Now she wanted to see Dom. He stood out there, somewhere in the sea of proud and happy faces and it was killing her not to turn and search.

But she was a Marine now. And there were times when duty prevailed over all else, so she stood locked and loaded, waiting for the ceremony to end.

Last week they'd been give a few precious hours of on base liberty and her bunkmate had invited her to hang with her and her mom. After consuming the wine her mother smuggled into them, she'd given up on the idea of finding Dom. She had enough patience to wait another week, even if she was dying to get fucked.

Despite the heat frying her brain, Jamie searched the faces of all the families sitting in the bleachers. No one would be there from hers, but she looked anyway. Lack of familial support did little to damper her spirits. Not only was she used to it, her own pride more than compensated.

The marching band kicked up, signaling the end of the ceremony. The crowd cheered and sent out whistles and catcalls. The Sergeant Major dismissed them and everyone fell into a cacophony of hugs and tears of happiness. They'd made it. Not all of them did though. There were some that rocked out after not being able to cut it, while others couldn't keep up with the physical standards. Jamie graduated with a promotion in rank and one of the highest qualifications among her platoon.

A few of the women pulled at her arms, encouraging her to tag along with them. Jamie declined. She had one shot to meet up with Dom and no way would she miss him.

Night after night she'd fantasized about the way he'd taken her. Fast. Rough. Hard.

Jamie pushed through the crowd eager to find a spot to watch the soldiers leaving with their families. She had no idea if Dom would be tied up with relatives, or if like her he'd be on his own. A few male soldiers eyed her with obvious interest and some even went so far as to offer their congratulations. Unfortunately, forty-five minutes later the majority of the new graduates had left the parade deck with no sign of Dom.

*Fuck.*

"C'mon Jamie, let's go clear our shit out of Fourth Battallion and find the nearest bar and grill. Surely there's a bottle of tequila out there with our names written all over it."

Her bunkmate Kitty stood in front of her, something a little too close to pity shining in her eyes while her smoking hot boyfriend waited a few feet behind her.

“No way am I getting in between you and your reunion with Mr. Hottie over there. I know how much you’ve been dying to get him alone.”

Kitty linked her arm through Jamie’s and steered her toward the barracks. “I’ve got all day and night to fuck my brains out, the least I can do is have a drink with the woman who pulled my ass through this hellhole.”

Jamie sighed. After three months of twenty-four seven with this woman she knew she wouldn’t win. Once she set her mind to something, that was it. Fuck everything else.

“Fine. One drink. But then you’re taking your man back to his hotel room or I’ll be doing it for you.”

They all three laughed together, although only Kitty knew just how serious she was. With her hopes of a wild weekend with Dom down the drain, she’d be on the prowl for a mindless fuck before the sun dipped below the horizon. She wasn’t about to spend her entire week of complete freedom alone.

Jamie’s chest constricted in disappointment. She’d taken a heat of the moment offer to heart from a man who’d clearly only wanted a quick fuck where he could grab it. Still, the encounter had buoyed her through the worst days of boot camp and for that she’d be forever grateful no matter if he’d turned into a one-shot wonder.

Maybe a few shots of tequila were just what the doctor ordered. That and some civilian clothes. It was too damn hot for a uniform and while she loved her cammies and boots, the conservative skirt and heels of the dress uniform drove her nuts. Not exactly an outfit anyone would find attractive.

They rounded the corner into Fourth Battallion and the busy parking lot came into view. Pretty much her entire platoon was loading their bags in cars, anxious to get the hell out of dodge. She didn't blame them. If she'd found Dom, they wouldn't be able to get to a hotel room fast enough for her.

Jamie covered her mouth to hide a grin while wicked images of the two of them filtered through her mind. So lost in her thoughts, she'd tuned out the activity in the parking lot and kept walking toward the barracks she'd called home for the past thirteen weeks.

"Hey." A deep voice broke through the haze of her memories and pulled Jamie back to the present. In an instant the familiarity of it hit her and she spun around, coming face to face with Dom.

She squinted against the sunshine shining directly in her eyes, but even with only a tall and broad silhouette in front of her—she knew. Bronzed skin framed by sinewy muscles disappeared under a snug white t-shirt which was tucked into a faded pair of denim jeans that cupped strong legs and a perfect dick she knew all too well.

Damn, he was even more beautiful than she remembered. His eyes were hidden behind a pair of dark shades, but she swore she could feel the heat of his gaze scorching over her anyways.

"Hey yourself." She tried to sound cool although the husky tone of her voice gave her away. Her insides began to melt and she desperately wanted to plaster herself against him. "I didn't think I was going to see you again."

"Thought I'd grab my car first. Figured we'd need it." He motioned to the vehicle behind him and she glanced at the black muscle car he'd been leaning against.

Somehow he managed to take the bad boy image to the limit without coming across as a cliché.

“Uh, Jamie, I guess we won’t be going for that drink after all, huh?”

Jamie shook her head without taking her eyes off Dom. New plan. *Hot sex, hot sex and even more hot sex.*

She managed a quick glance back at Kitty who was grinning at her like a damn fool. The boyfriend too.

“I hope you understand.”

Kitty giggled while exchanging a knowing look. “Yeah, yeah. Go be a slut. But I expect details next week.”

“Thanks, you’re the best.” Immediately Jamie returned her attention to Dom. She really liked her new friend but...

Almost instinctively she leaned into him, fire heating her blood, her pulse beating a rough staccato in greeting. The need to touch him came as little surprise, but the fact she couldn’t resist did. Jamie sucked in a deep, steadying breath.

*Play it cool. You don’t want to look desperate.*

“Well, soldier, how does it feel?”

It took her a few long seconds to get her mind off all the dirty things she wanted to do and realize he was referring to graduation.

“Awesome actually. These last weeks have been hard and exhilarating and damn, I think I’m going to miss it.”



A gorgeous smile played across his lips, dragging her mind back into the gutter. "I get that. Boot camp is a transformation and I don't think anyone comes out the same at the other end."

"Yeah." Jamie couldn't tear her eyes from the sensuous mouth that had captured her attention. She imagined those full lips exploring every inch of her body, driving her insane with pleasure. Or tormenting her on the verge of a climax. There was something about him that warned her their time together would not be soft and sweet and not because they were going to be afraid of getting caught. Not that she'd ever been that kind of a woman.

She'd replayed their brief encounter in the stairwell over and over in her mind. The greedy way he'd taken what he wanted, the way she'd egged him on with her smart mouth. In the middle of boot camp they could have been discovered at any moment, which fed their urgent needs. Fuck she wanted him more now than before and she had the wet panties to prove it.

"So." Her gorgeous hunk cupped her chin and drew her closer. "Are you ready to get out of here and find somewhere private?"

"Is that going to take long? Cause I'm not sure I can wait." Jamie pulled her lip in between her teeth and mustered up her best innocent expression.

She hated that she couldn't see his eyes through his sunglasses. It would be nice to know if she had any affect on him. Dom wrapped his hand around the back of her neck and pulled her in and nuzzled into her hair, his breath tickling the shell of her ear.

"Have you ever been bent over the hood of a car and fucked for all the world to see?"

The sensual threat sent wild tingles shooting through her and straight to her swelling clit. Dom's fingers digging into her neck thrilled her beyond belief, drawing a needy whimper out of her.

"That's what I thought. Go and get your bag so we can get out of here before you get us both in trouble." Dom's voice sounded harsh and thick. He let go of Jamie's neck and gave her a little nod to go. "Hurry."

Jamie flew towards the barracks, not willing to waste any more precious seconds than she had to. Inside the squad bay a few people called out to her. She simply waved and kept going. They'd all packed the night before, leaving out only the bare necessities for graduation. In record time she removed her dress uniform and shoved it into her bag. The short skirt and tight top she'd arrived in would be far more comfortable and sexier than anything she'd worn in weeks.

With her old clothes donned, she noticed the new muscle tone she'd received courtesy of Uncle Sam had loosened the fit at her waist and hips. Her newly found pride rushed forward, filling her with even more confidence than before. She looked good and Dom had lived up to his word and come for her.

Excitement tickled her belly. She had ten days before she had to report to school in California and if luck stayed on her side at least a few of them would be spent in the arms of the hard bodied male she couldn't stop thinking about.

She had nothing to return to and no one else she wanted to see. But before she settled into more training she needed to get laid and the perfect man to screw her brains out stood just outside her door. At the last minute, she reached underneath her skirt and yanked down her thong and stepped out of it.

*I won't be needing these.* She dropped the scrap of black fabric into the trashcan on her way out and headed in Dom's direction with the warm air pushing against her wet sex.

## Chapter Two

Damn, he had no business being here. Fucking a recruit in the middle of a rotation had been about the dumbest thing he'd ever done. She'd gone against regulation being out of her squad bay while staying at the range and by all rights he should have busted her ass for it.

Instead he'd bent her over and found the hottest pussy ever. She'd been hot, hungry, and ridiculously eager. Not to mention the best damn fuck of his life. Since that night, he'd checked up on her several times. Unfortunately he'd only caught a glimpse of her here and there. One had to tread carefully with the female drill instructors. Those girls may have thought the women hated them but in reality they protected them even fiercer than a mama bear does her young.

In the weeks since their encounter, Jamie had never strayed far from his mind. Dom had tried to convince himself to not look for her at graduation. They could both chalk up their liaison as a wild good time and get on with their lives. He'd left the parade deck and headed back to his quarters with the intention of getting out of his uniform and finding a cool place to chill.

Instead he'd changed, packed a small bag and hopped in his car like a goddamn horny teenager. Fine. She wasn't a recruit any longer so getting caught spending time with her now would garner him nothing more than a stern talking to.

Dom noticed a blur of movement in the corner of his eye. He turned just quick enough to see a sea bag hit the deck and his beautiful woman launch herself to him. He caught her with one hand on her ass and the other at the slender small of her back. Jamie wrapped her legs around his waist and buried her face in his neck. The sudden

impact of soft flesh and warmth surrounded him. Dom groaned, lost in her heat, lost in her enthusiastic embrace. Jamie lifted her head and he took the kiss he craved, hard.

Her sweet lips parted immediately, her tongue seeking his and all the reasons he shouldn't be here melted away. Teeth bit, breath mingled, and Jamie writhed against him restlessly. Dom's muscles tightened when the hard tips of her breasts rubbed into his chest. Agonizing pressure that sent an electrical shock straight to the head of his cock.

The urge to grind against her came up swift, taking Dom by surprise. They needed to get the hell out of here, yet he didn't want to stop kissing her. The wet heat of her mouth and the fervor of her kiss drowned him with long denied needs. Somehow, Dom managed to break free from her lips and lower her to the ground.

Jamie stared at him, wild-eyed and pouty.

"We seriously need to get away from here," Dom reminded her.

"I know but I can't seem to help myself. I have no control around you." Jamie reached up, tracing her finger across his bottom lip. "You have a mouth made for sex."

"Hold that thought."

Jamie laughed. "Which one?"

"All of them." Dom strode to the bag she'd abandoned on the ground and hefted it onto his back. Already taut muscles flexed and bunched and Dom sensed her examining him from head to toe. Right now there was only one part of his anatomy he wanted her to see. Particularly as it parted her sopping flesh while he buried himself inside her.

"Get in," he demanded, tossing her meager belongings into the back seat.

“Where are we going?”

If she got any more anxious or dared touch him again, he swore he’d jump her in the car the minute they exited the front gate.

“Now, why would I want to go and spoil the surprise?”

Her forehead crinkled and her eyes narrowed in his direction, but she did as he asked and slid onto the new upholstered bench seat. Her skirt rode up her thighs and for a second he swore he caught a glimpse of sweet pussy. No way.

*Tell me she didn't come to me in that tiny piece of fabric she calls a skirt without panties underneath.*

Dom opened the driver’s side door and took his place behind the wheel. Where was a bucket of ice when he needed it? Preferably to dump over his head to cool him off. He wanted to take things at a pace he chose, and right now his need threatened to break his infamous control.

“So you’re really not going to tell me anything about where we’re going?” Her petulant tone made his dick twitch. Not to mention reminded him that she sat there with no real barrier between him and the cunt he desired.

“Nope.” Traffic from the graduation had died down and it only took a few minutes to reach the front gate. No one paid attention to him or his passenger as they left the base. The fishing cabin he’d borrowed from a friend was a good twenty minutes away, which now seemed like an endless amount of time.

“Are you worried about being safe with me? I know we don’t really know each other.” The idea hadn’t occurred to him considering how daring she’d been a few weeks ago.

“Not really.” She crossed her arms protectively across her chest.

“Look, there’s something I need to tell you up front before this goes any further.”

He hesitated for a fraction to ensure she paid attention. “I like control. Namely, me having it. Especially when it comes to sex. So for now, any time we spend together just the two of us, I’m in charge.”

She opened her mouth to say something and clamped it quickly shut.

“One day, if and when the time is right, I’ll want more.” She’d turned her head to the side so he couldn’t see her face. “Jamie, look at me.”

Slowly, she faced him again. Where he expected to find fear or anger he found none. Her pupils had dilated and her breathing had grown heavy. Well damn, he’d turned her on with his confession.

Dom cupped her chin. “I’m not sure what you’re thinking but seriously, this is not negotiable. If you have any qualms, speak now.”

“Are you going to hurt me?”

He laughed. “I guess that depends on how you define hurt. Am I going to do anything that doesn’t ultimately give us pleasure? No. Will I tie you up and spank your ass if you misbehave? Oh, hell yeah. But then afterwards, I’ll make you come so hard you’ll beg for more.”

Her mouth dropped open and her eyes grew wide. “Who are you?”

“Hopefully the man who’s going to bend you over every hard surface I can find and fuck you like a wild man.” And then some.

“Jesus, Dom. You’re killing me here.” Jamie’s delicate hands rubbed her thighs roughly as she squeezed them together.

He swore he could smell sex in the air and would bet his life her pussy was fucking soaked. Jesus. They were never going to make it to the cabin. He wanted her so bad he couldn't wait. Something had to be done. He prayed when their few days together ended, he'd be able to move on. Pining after a woman was not his thing.

"Lift up your skirt and let me see you."

The sly smile she gave him pushed at his buttons. Still, she reached down and grabbed the edge of her skirt and shimmied it up her hips and around her waist. His hungry gaze zoomed in on the pale flesh surrounding the pussy he remembered every minute of every day.

He couldn't wait to get her completely naked so he could explore every inch of her. He'd yet to see her tits and the nipples poking at her thin shirt made him want to suck on them something desperate.

"You really are a naughty girl. No panties, just pussy."

"Why waste time with unnecessary clothing?" Jamie opened her thighs and trailed her fingers dangerously close to the folds of her sex. "Now I can be ready any time and any place."

*Jesus fucking Christ.*

Dom white knuckled the steering wheel while trying to keep his eyes on the road and not the offering she'd just made. Her pretty pink flesh beckoned and he had half a mind to pull over and take her right here. He sucked in a calming breath, holding it a few seconds, then released it nice and slow.

"Stop." She'd been about to touch herself. Already he was in danger of losing control of the. She'd not listened to a word he said about things going the way he



wanted them to, not her. Or she'd chosen to go her own way. He shook his head. She'd learn starting with a little lesson right now. "Open those legs wider and spread your pussy lips for me. Let me get a good look at what you're offering."

Like a good little slut she did as instructed, even twisting her body a little more in his direction so he had a better view. Blonde hair that looked downy soft covered her mound. Even with a couple of feet separating them he noticed the wetness clinging to her folds. Hell, he wanted his lips on the succulent flesh so damn bad his dick throbbed.

Seconds later her fingers delved into the slick crease of her cunt and spread her labia for his inspection. Dom's head spun till he was forced to pull off the side of the road and kill the engine. Driving was out of the question with the sight before him.

Her engorged clit sat atop the fine flesh like a little crown, beckoning him to come closer. Nothing would please him more than to go down on her until she screamed and begged him to stop. But that's not what he had planned quite yet. First, she needed to be reminded of her role and his.

"I bet you'd like me to touch you right about now."

She whimpered in response, her eyes growing dark with fierce need.

"But I'm not gonna." Her focus sharpened and her nostrils flared. "You are."

Jamie squirmed in her seat and he waited patiently for her to settle down. Her tongue darted out to lick at her lips in the cutest show of nerves he'd seen in a long time.

"Go ahead, Jamie. Touch yourself. Show me what you like."

She slowly slid a finger through her wetness, a soft sigh escaping her lips. Jamie gathered moisture on her finger and pressed it to the tiny pearl his mouth watered for. It

took every ounce of self-restraint he possessed not to bury his face between her legs and eat his fill.

“That’s it, beautiful. Make yourself feel good.”

She added a second finger to her ministrations and rubbed her flesh harder. A glance at her face showed a confident woman more than willing to put on a show. He really liked the fact that she embraced her sexuality and wasn’t afraid to show it. He didn’t have to coax her from a shell, only revel in the lust she offered. He’d bet she’d take to his kinks quite well once they got to know each other.

With her gaze on his, she left her clit and headed south. Those wet little fingers rimmed her opening for a few turns before plunging inside. The gasp she unleashed hardened his dick and for the first time in his life he considered the fact he might come without so much as anyone touching him.

She was that fucking hot.

Jamie canted her hips and started a slow, deep rhythm of finger fucking herself. A sight he’d use in the future when he needed to beat off. Sexy little whimpers emitted from her throat and her quickening pace told him she was already getting close. Couldn’t have that, now could he?

He wanted to unleash his cock and sink into her. Feel the tight squeeze of her cunt around him until he lost his mind. The way she shredded his thoughts with need, he doubted he’d ever get to take things slow. Everything about her screamed raw, urgent fucking.

“Stop!” he ordered at the last second.

He jerked forward and pulled her fingers free. She cried out in protest, the sound of which brought a satisfied smile to his face.

He leaned closer until only inches remained between them. "Who's in charge?"

Her bottom lip trembled and wetness shimmered in her eyes. "You are."

Happy with her answer, he sat back and settled in front of the steering wheel.

"Now fix your skirt and cover yourself, hands at your side. We don't have much further to go and I want you to think about who or what you intend to obey this weekend. Me or you?"

He hated the nagging sensation at the base of his skull urging him to take care of her. But his desire to fulfill her was squelched by the knowledge that a lesson now and a little denial would bring them both to even greater heights of pleasure shortly.

Jamie situated herself and Dom steered the car back on the road and in the direction of their weekend cabin. Thank God for nearly deserted roads and a smoking hot woman pouting next to him. This was going to be one hell of a ride.

## Chapter Three

Jamie stared at the blank stretch of road through the windshield, doing her best not to pout. Dom had teased her on purpose and then made her wait. Obviously he wasn't joking about total control. Fine. He wasn't the first man she'd met who'd insisted on it. More often than not, submission totally turned her on.

There was nothing like being taken by a man in charge. Especially when he looked as delicious as Dom did. But that didn't mean she had the patience of a saint. Months of not getting any and spending all her time around too many whiny females had stretched her patience to the max.

As much as she'd enjoyed boot camp, she needed to get laid and soon. Her cunt still throbbed from the attention she'd shown it. Maybe if she behaved in the car, once they got to their destination he'd throw her a bone or throw her against a wall and fuck the shit out of her. Yeah. She'd take door number two any day.

Where were they going anyways? The road continued to narrow and the woods grew dense. A moment of unease pricked at the back of her neck. She knew so little about this man and wasn't this exactly the kind of shit every serial killer used to pick up prey? Jamie shook off the silly thought. The Marine Corps wasn't in the habit of training serial killers. There was plenty of time in boot camp and even before to study someone's psych profile and ferret out any weirdos.

Yeah, right.

Like the crazy bitch in her platoon? I mean who the hell just leaves their weapon behind in the showers because she's tired of fucking carrying it? That woman had been a complete train wreck for thirteen long weeks and she'd still graduated right on time.

Jamie thanked her lucky stars her MOS had nothing in common with that girl. If she got lucky she'd never even see her again.

That's one of the things the drill instructors had constantly reminded them. You could look around at all the faces you'd grown close to these last months, but don't get too attached. The fleet was large and MOS specialties tended to stick together. So unless you were going into the same or a related field there was a strong chance you'd never see them again.

Lost in her memories of boot camp, Jamie didn't notice they'd stopped until Dom opened her door.

"We're here," he announced. Jamie glanced up and blinked her eyes against the harsh sun. It had been such a long morning she thought it would be later in the day by now. Her eyes adjusted to the bright light and noticed Dom was waiting patiently for her to take his hand. Unused to someone acting even remotely like a gentleman, she hesitated before finally sliding her hand into his and allowing him to lead her from his car.

"I'll get the bags later. Let's go inside and see what we've got. I borrowed this place for the weekend from a buddy of mine, but since I've never been here I have no idea what to expect."

That nugget of information surprised her. "You know someone who lives here?" She'd just assumed since she lived so far away that everyone else in boot camp did too. Although logically she knew they recruited locally as well.

"Yeah, I've been stationed here for two years now."

Jamie stopped walking and Dom turned back to her in question. "Wait. What? Stationed here two years? I thought you just graduated from boot camp today like me."

He smiled and pulled her into his arms. He brushed away the stray hairs from her face and tipped her chin up until their gazes met. "No, sweetheart. I've been in the Corps for going on six years now."

"You're a D.I.? But you weren't dressed--" His fingers pressed to her mouth in an effort to stop her tirade.

"Hardly anyone who's stationed here is actually a D.I. I'm a munitions expert and I work at the range."

"But you were at the mess hall with the recruits..." Being this close to the man all she could focus on was his scent every time she inhaled. Musk, fresh air, and a little bit of sweat. Her pussy squeezed.

"Had you taken a closer look at my uniform, you'd likely would have noticed the difference. Guess that means you weren't looking at my clothes." His mouth tipped into a smile seconds before his lips pressed to hers for a chaste kiss.

While this kiss was far different than the one before, the electrical spark of heat shot through her, making her scalp tingle. He pulled back, their gazes met and she lost her train of thought for a few seconds.

"What about the barracks? Why were you there?" She shifted in his arms, dragging her tight nipples across his chest. She moaned quietly, hoping her wits would return.

"Are you sure you want to talk right now? We're alone in the middle of nowhere. There are lots of things I can think of doing besides talking."

She nodded. "Talk is overrated."

Dom released her. "Turn around."

Jamie shivered at the command. The gravel harsh tone of his voice sending shivers racing down her spine. Lifting her arms, she twisted around and faced the car they stood next to. Being taken on the hood of the car was the stuff fantasies were made of but she wasn't so far gone as to know it would be hotter than hell at the moment.

"Lean forward and put your hands on the roof. I think I need to check you for any hidden weapons."

Jamie bit back the smile at the same time her sex squeezed in anticipation. Oh yeah. More than anything she wanted his big hands touching every square inch of her. And the sooner the better.

Without hesitation she leaned forward placing her hands on the warm, but not burning, metal of the top of the car as she spread her legs nice and wide for him.

"I love a woman who dresses a little on the slut side. I mean what's the point in pretending right?" Dom's hand traveled up the inside of her right thigh and underneath her skirt. At the moment he would have touched her cunt he pulled away and repeated the move on the other leg.

"Slut's a little on the strong side wouldn't you say? I've got clothes that would put this outfit in the church going category."

Rich laughter sounded from behind her. "I'll just bet you do. You must have been hell on wheels to your drill instructors."

“If by that you mean I had my face in the dirt doing push ups half the time, then yeah. I guess so.”

Dom placed both hands on her hips, his long fingers nearly spanning her entire waist. A slight shiver worked up her spine.

“I know you’re not cold.” He leaned forward. The heat of his chest blanketed her back. He curled his fingers, digging into her flesh. His touch seared her skin. This slow seduction threatened to drive her mad. Her clit ached with incredible need. All she really wanted was his powerful cock thrusting in and out of her like before. “Just do it already.”

“There you go again forgetting who’s in control here.” He bit at the side of her neck and Jamie gasped at the little bite of pain.

“Have you ever been spanked before?”

“What? You mean like letting some guy give me a few swats to get his rocks off? Sure.”

Dom suddenly released her and moved away from her, the loss of his touch felt clear to her core. Not to mention the loss of his body heat shocked her.

“No, Jaime that is not what I’m talking about.”

Jamie lifted her hands and made to turn around.

“Nope, hands on the car. I didn’t say you could move yet.”

She moved back into place but frustration settled in. What the hell was his problem?

“Have you even heard of dominance and submission?”

Jamie rolled her eyes. “Yes, Dom. I’m not an idiot. I’ve been around the block, been to the clubs and even played a few kinky games here and there.”



“I’ll take it from your sarcasm, it’s not really your thing.”

Now the urge to move crawled up Jamie’s spine. His surly attitude toward her wasn’t exactly what she’d been looking for. She’d been spanked a hell of a lot more times than she wanted to admit. The fact that she’d loved every single smack heated her neck and face. Even the ones she shouldn’t have loved.

*Don’t go there Jamie. If he knew just how much of a freak you were he’d probably be gone in a second.*

Jamie shook the memories from her mind. Going down that road was a dead end and she damn well knew it. No one could ever understand everything. Some things had to stay hidden.

“I don’t know what you want me to say.”

He whipped her around and gathered her in his arms so fast her head spun. The molten heat she spied in his gaze practically burned her on the spot. Not anger though. That’s what she’d expected.

“I only want you to tell me the truth. It’s kind of important if we are going to spend the weekend together that I know what you like and don’t like.” He traced his thumb along the front of her neck, his hand a fraction from a chokehold.

“I have preferences. Some might call them a little too dark and dirty so I’m not about to force them onto anyone. If you’re tastes run to the vanilla, then now’s your chance to let me know. Either way I plan to fuck you. Your answer just depends on how hard.”

Jamie swallowed against his hand. The power emanating from him weakened her knees and dampened the flesh between her thighs. She’d never been asked what

*she* wanted. Only given what everyone else assumed she needed. Some times they got it right and sometimes they didn't. For the most part that was fine. She really liked to fuck and an orgasm one way or the other always worked in the end.

"Tell me," she whispered.

"Why should I? You think you're ready for that information? What good does it do me to scare you away before we even get the chance to fuck again?"

"I don't scare that easily." In fact the way he held her in a strange mixture of crazy lust and rough control made her hotter. Keeping her cool right about now took all of the training she'd just received courtesy of the United States Marine Corps.

"I didn't figure that you did." While maintaining his hold at her throat, he reached under her skirt with his other hand and roughly cupped her mound. He pinched her clit in an aggressive and painful move. Helplessly, she tried to rise on her tiptoes to ease the pressure.

Dom didn't give her an inch.

"Stop."

Dom froze. "Telling me to stop doesn't work. It only makes me harder. Pick another word. Any word you want, but not stop."

"Are you telling me that I need a safe word?"

"Hell yes you do. Now pick one." He pinched harder and once again she couldn't get a millimeter of relief.

"Red. How about that?" she blurted. He made it hard to think straight with her cunt quivering in his hands. The rough pressure from his fingers had begun to create a mixture of pain and pleasure she couldn't deny.

Dom rolled his eyes. "Not very creative. But it works." He released her and took two strides back. "Now back to that spanking."

Jamie rubbed at her pussy through the fabric of her skirt. She'd be sore from his little stunt but she couldn't exactly deny that she'd fucking loved it.

Adrenalin had spiked through her and the thought of meekly bending over for a spanking held zero appeal. "How about we make a deal."

"I don't make deals with little girls."

"Fuck you."

"Although I do like your mouth. What's your deal?"

Jamie glanced around the clearing they stood in an attempt to get her bearings. Cabin to her left, road to her right. Dense forest everywhere else. There weren't a whole lot of choices. Until she spotted the trail on the opposite side from where they stood. Maybe...

"Red means stop, right?"

He nodded.

"For both of us?"

Dom barked in laughter. "What, now you think I need a safe word?"

She shrugged. He was damned arrogant that's for sure. A trait she couldn't say she hated. His kind of confidence inspired her.

"Fine, little girl. Red is the word for either one of us. But don't count on me using it. I doubt you can shock me."

"So here's the deal..." Jamie changed her stance. What would look like fidgeting to him was very carefully planned. "If you can catch me you can do whatever you want. I promise."

She didn't wait for an answer. Her only advantage was catching him by surprise, which would probably last all of two seconds. She sprinted for the trail, flinging her shoes off as she went.

Air rushed into her face while the blood pulsed through her veins. She had no idea how far she'd get before he caught up with her, but for a few exhilarating minutes she'd still be in charge. Something about the way Dom wanted to dominate her had set her off. She wanted little more than to give into him. To be taken by someone with a stronger will than her own. Every man she'd ever met thus far had eventually disappointed her.

Not that she planned to dwell on anything beyond the next day and a half with Dom. Jamie pushed past low lying limbs and brush up to her knees. She didn't have a clear idea where she was headed, which only ramped up the tension flowing free inside her. For all she knew Dom was only a few inches behind her.

It's not as if she could stop to look. The only sound she identified was the blood pounding in her ears. Adrenalin fueled her and she ran faster. She thought she heard brush crashing behind her but she couldn't afford to turn and check. Instinct told her she didn't have much time.

Jamie ducked under a low lying branch and squeezed between two thick shrubs, heedless to the brambles leaving scratches across her arms and legs as she moved.

"Fuck."

She smiled at the expletive that sounded incredibly close. She'd managed to keep the upper hand for a few extra minutes. Suddenly the ground dipped and her knees buckled. Jamie threw out her hands to prevent a complete fall, barely keeping her ass off the dirt.

Her heart pounded wildly. As well as she was trained, she couldn't maintain this pace for long. Skin brushed the crook of her elbow and she twisted to evade. Jamie lost her balance and scrambled for purchase. She slid through a small puddle of mud and found herself in the direct path of a huge oak tree.

With her balance gone it was like what people say in the movies about seeing everything in slow motion. Her feet and legs fell behind her and she flattened on her stomach, using only her hands and arms to shield her face.

A large hand grabbed her by the hair and stopped her loss of control. Pain erupted along her scalp from the force used to prevent her crash.

"Jesus, Jamie. You are the most reckless woman I've ever met. Are you trying to hurt yourself?"

Lying facedown half in and out of the mud, she contemplated her next move. Run or give in?

Dom robbed her of choice by grabbing around her waist and flipping her onto her back. Her fight or flight instinct kicked in and she swung her arms to strike him. She bucked her hips, twisted her torso and kicked her legs, all fruitless against his big body covering and blocking her every move.

“Damn woman, you make my dick hard.” He wrestled her arms above her head and managed to wrap himself across her thighs, rendering her immobile. Easily enough he held her wrists together, freeing one hand to roam her body.

“I can’t believe you ran.” His breath came in hard pants just like hers. Knowing he’d had to put some effort into catching her gave her a heated jolt.

“First time you’ve ever chased a girl?” She didn’t hold back on the sarcasm.

“Hardly. Although it’s the first time I’m going to punish one for running away from me.”

His broad palm slid along her arm and covered her breast. She couldn’t wait to be naked underneath him. The tight grip of his hand around her wrists and the harsh breathing near her face made her lightheaded. She might have been good and trapped but they were both as excited as fuck.

His fingers pinched her nipple, roughly. “Ahh.” If for some crazy reason she ever wanted to deny how turned on this got her, her body would make a liar out of her.

“Have you thought about this since the last time we fucked?” He twisted and pinched again.

Damn she loved dirty talk. And coming from Dom it sounded even better.

“Yeah.” She wasn’t about to offer up how many times she’d fingered her cunt with images of Dom doing all kinds of filthy things to her running through her mind. Especially with his tongue.

She stared into Dom’s handsome face and watched his eyes take on a cold look. How she’d missed the fact he wasn’t a recruit dumbfounded her. He’d never had the

newbie-yes-sir demeanor about him at all, which was probably what attracted her to him in the first place.

He eased up the pressure on her breast and headed south. He yanked at her skirt, a rip echoing into the quiet surrounding them. Jamie renewed her struggles, secretly loving the rough touch he employed with her.

“Be still,” he warned.

Jamie struggled harder. She arched her back and attempted to scissor-kick her legs. Dom merely tightened his hold on her hands, coming dangerously close to cutting off her circulation

“I said hold still.” This time the cold hard look he drilled into her caused her to freeze.

Every line and muscle in his neck and jaw said mean as hell and hot as fuck. A sliver of fear worked its way up her spine along with the fresh wave of arousal flooding her sex. The knowledge that no matter what she did he could easily stop her, force her, to do whatever he wanted gave her a rush beyond measure.

“Dom I—”

“Shut up. Whatever it is, it’s too late.”

Jamie bit back the smile hovering on her lips. He’d become exactly what she needed right now, mean and powerful. She may have died and gone to heaven in the middle of a South Carolina swamp.

## Chapter Four

Damn she woman pushed all of his buttons. He couldn't have been more surprised when she'd run from the clearing with a saucy taunt. He'd never met a woman quite this adventurous. He'd suspected she'd enjoy at least some of his control, but this was a whole new ballgame for him.

It hadn't taken long to catch her but she gave him one hell of a fight. He still heaved for breath, even now. As much as he was dying to dive into the sweet pussy of hers, he needed something else first.

He leaned forward and roughly cupped her chin. "Open."

After only a brief hesitation and a warning look from him, her lips parted just enough for him to get what he needed. He slanted his mouth over hers and crashed down on them. Dom delved deeply until their tongues tangled in a clash of wills.

If she needed him to take what he wanted he was more than happy to oblige. As long as she didn't utter her safe word he'd assume she was on board.

With his mouth possessing her, he pushed two fingers through the folds of her cunt.

He jerked from her mouth. "Jesus, Jamie, you're fucking soaked."

She didn't respond other than to moan when his fingers grazed across her swollen and needy clit.

"Do you have any idea how many times I've asked myself what kind of woman fucks a stranger on a stairwell in the middle of the night?"

Her body stiffened underneath him.



“My kind of woman,” he growled before she got the wrong idea. For the first time in a damn long time he felt possessive toward a woman which was probably not the best way to approach someone like Jamie. With a tough as nails exterior like hers, he’d bet dollars to donuts something else lie underneath.

“Ooh ooh...”

For now he loved the little noises she made every time he hit on a particularly sensitive spot. He wanted nothing more than to sink into her welcoming heat but first she needed another lesson. This one on running.

“You like that, don’t you? I bet you wish it was my dick fucking you at the moment.”

“Ahhh...” She moaned.

“You’re certainly ready for it. All wet and juicy.” She struggled against the hold he maintained on her wrists. Dom smiled and tightened his hand. She wasn’t going anywhere yet and she damn well knew it.

Dom’s fingers pushed harder into Jamie’s pussy as he fucked deeper. Her body sucked greedily at his flesh in the most blatant show of desire he’d seen in a long time.

“So beautiful, baby. Take it hard for me.”

He entire body convulsed. “Oh yes, please, please don’t stop.”

“Oh I’ll give you more.” He didn’t even try to hide the edgier tone to his voice. They’d gone far beyond niceties and he was learning as they went that his dirty little recruit liked it nasty.

“No. Wait. Stop.”

Dom laughed. "Which is it, baby. Don't stop or stop?" He'd only meant the question as a tease. She'd not come even close to the word red and her body and facial expressions screamed for more.

He lowered his face until his breath feathered across her gorgeous skin. "It doesn't really matter does it? You came with me to get fucked and that's all you care about."

Jamie's eyes blazed up at him with such hot intent he nearly came in his pants. Everything she did, every move she made cranked him higher.

"I love punishing bad girls. Do you think I should punish you, Jamie?"

Her mouth opened with what he expected would be a smart-ass response. Instead her eyes widened and she screamed long and loud. Every section of her body tensed and flexed, the muscles surrounding his fingers going from snug to a vise tight grip in a matter of seconds.

Jamie gasped and jerked under the onslaught of a massive release. Dom didn't smile outwardly but the satisfied grin in his mind made him very happy. His little wild cat had succumbed to his dominance.

His cock strained against his pants in an effort to free itself from the confines of clothing. He ached with every fiber of his being to bury himself inside her.

Soon. *Very soon.*

With her lost in the throes of incredible bliss, Dom slid his fingers free and attacked the fastenings on his pants. Two seconds later his cock was free and gripped in his hand. Unable to resist teasing her, he pushed the head through the folds of her

cunt. The slick moisture from her orgasm coated and heated his flesh. Fuck, he deserved a medal of sainthood for resisting the temptation of her fine pussy.

With his hand soaked from her release, he spread her juices along his shaft and used it to lubricate his movements. He jerked hard, reveling in the bite of pain he'd created. Her body bucked and arched with renewed struggles, turning him on even more. It was damned nice to be with a woman with more than her own orgasm in mind.

"Now it's time to start doing what I tell you. From here on out any and all pleasure you receive this weekend will be at my will. Do you understand?"

She froze. All the fighting ceased and she went deathly still.

"That's right. I knew you were listening." Dom tried to maintain a gruff tone as he spoke but he couldn't. His release crawled down his spine, through his balls and into the end of his dick.

Time to mark her.

He released her pinned hand and straightened until the tip of his cock centered over the smooth expanse of her belly. The shirt she'd been wearing had ridden up from all of her struggles. He ignored the sweat-dampened hair plastered to her face, the streaks of make-up that bled from around her eyes, and the scent of sex and musk in the air. All that mattered was the knowledge he needed to see in her eyes, the simple acceptance that for right now, here in these woods, she belonged to him.

When her pink tongue darted out to lick her lips, he roared helplessly into overdrive. The prickling at the base of his spine sent darts of electric need shooting into the end of his dick. Spurt after spurt of cum landed on her stomach in the ultimate

demonstration of his need for her. Dom shuddered at the thought. How his mind kept wandering past the fact that this was nothing but a weekend of sex boggled him.

With his balls emptied and his mind racing, he sat back on his haunches and admired Jamie with awe. She had all the makings of something special. He watched her get her breathing back under control and the rise and fall of her chest return to normal.

He stood and pulled his clothing together. He was far from satisfied, but for now they were done. He'd get her back to the cabin and inspect her condition. He could already make out several deep scratch marks on her arms and legs that he wanted to take a look at.

"C'mon wild woman, let's get you cleaned up." He held out his hand and helped her to stand.

Jamie brushed at her clothes and even bent over and examined her ruined skirt. "Guess I won't be wearing this anymore." She stood and stared sheepishly at him through the fall of hair partially covering her face.

"Are you blushing?" He brushed damp strands from her cheek and tucked them behind her ears. Sure enough her neck and face flamed with a nice pretty shade of red.

"It's just a thing I do." She moved her head away from his fingers. "Pretty much all the time."

"Well, I like it. How do you feel?" She looked even sexier than before if that was possible.

"I could use a shower. Some clean clothes."

Dom tried to focus on getting her what she needed and not the already starting to strain erection he sported. He wasn't an animal. He could ignore the blood heading south for a while longer.

Dom nodded and headed in the direction in which they'd come. Touching her at the moment might not be the best idea. He trusted that this time Jamie would follow.

Together they reemerged into the clearing around the small cabin. Everything remained as they'd left it, including their bags on the ground next to the car. "Go ahead and head for the bathroom. I'll meet you inside with your stuff."

Jamie did as he instructed and disappeared inside. Dom gathered their belongings and locked his car. He doubted they'd see anyone for miles all the way out here but old habits don't die, hard or otherwise. He might be living in good ol' boy country for the moment but it didn't do much to take the rough city boy out of him.

Growing up on the streets of cities such as Boston, Miami and Houston taught him so many lessons he only wished they could be forgotten. He shouldered the bags and headed inside. He had a gorgeous woman to spend the rest of his weekend with.

Dom crossed the threshold and took in the tiny space. His friend had not been kidding when he said it wasn't much. The entire structure was about the same size as a small hotel room. Queen bed in one corner, a small kitchenette in the other with a door tucked in the corner that he assumed led to the bathroom based on the sound of water running on the other side of it.

He tossed the bags in the direction of the lone bed and crossed over to the fridge. Dean had promised to stock enough supplies to get him through the weekend.

Dom pulled open the door and cracked a smile. Leave it to Dean. Three quarters of the space available was completely packed with Budweiser.

Dom grabbed a beer, turned to take a seat and came face to face with Jamie wrapped in nothing but a towel. She looked so different with her hair wet, no make-up and the lack of slut wear. Not that he minded the slutty clothes, because he didn't. They certainly had their place at the right time. But this...

This was the girl he dreamt about.

With her guard down, she appeared almost sweet. Certainly vulnerable. And he wanted her now with a ferocious need even more than before.

"I need to get some clothes."

No she didn't. She needed to let him unwrap this gorgeous present and come settle on his lap.

"The bags are on the bed." He tipped his bottle in the opposite direction. "You want a beer?"

"Sure, why not?" She rummaged through her things for a few seconds before pulling out a t-shirt and shorts. Marine Corps issue.

This is the part where a better man would turn around and let her get dressed but no way in hell was he missing this show.

She glanced in his direction and he merely tipped his bottle to his lips and cocked an eyebrow.

Jamie thought about it for all of two seconds before she dropped the towel and began to dress. Day in and day out for weeks now he'd fantasized about this weekend.

To think he'd almost let this time pass between them and not looked her up after graduation.

Nothing he'd dreamed about had prepared him for the reality of Jamie. The mixture of sweet and wild seemed so unlikely, but here it stood. Naked. Luscious.

High, tight little breasts with big nipples held him in rapt attention. He needed them in his mouth. The rest of her figure drove him just as crazy. Not too skinny, which was important. Hard to take things to his level of extreme if you had to worry about whether she'd break.

Her tiny waist he nearly spanned by his two hands, but the gentle curve of her stomach screamed all woman in his book. Not to mention the flare of hips that gave him plenty to grab onto and use for leverage when he needed it. Oh and the hot pussy that was not quite bare but damn close.

Damn she was fucking hot.

"I would have preferred you naked," he informed her. "Hot and ready would be even better."

Her mouth opened enough for her suck in her bottom lip. A sweet and vulnerable move that belied what had happened in the woods.

The memory of what they'd done permeated his one-track mind. He glanced at her arms and legs and spied the scratches once again. *Dammit*. He placed his beer on the table and grabbed the first aid kit atop the refrigerator.

"Lie down on the bed."

"But I—"

He shot her a warning glance. "Don't even think about arguing with me right now. I'm not above bending you over the bed and shoving my dick in that gorgeous ass of yours."

Other than the widening of her eyes, his harsh words seemed to have little effect on her. But somehow she managed to straighten her spine and keep her mouth shut. He had to admire her grit. She probably would have loved to say something pithy.

Dom examined every mark on her body and began to apply antibiotic ointment as he went. Only one of the scratches was deep enough to warrant a band-aid. It reminded him exactly how tough she could be, even if it was probably a fluke she hadn't done worse damage to herself.

He took his sweet time examining every succulent curve she possessed. Freckles covered much of her skin and he spent most of the next hour playing connect the dots. Every once in a while she'd turn her sleepy gaze his way until he found it difficult to swallow past the lump in his throat. She unnerved him. She had a playful side, but on the other side of the coin he suspected a submissive lying in wait for the right man to come along.

She wouldn't be easy to train but he believed the rewards would far outweigh the work. Unfortunately now was not the time. No matter how much he wanted to rip open his pants and fuck her into the submission his gut instinct told him she craved.

"You're a lot tougher than you look."

"What? You mean I don't look like the big bad ass Marine that I am?" She pouted. Sticking out her bottom lip.



No way could he resist that. Dom lifted onto his arms and leaned in close. Her mouth opened on a soft gasp and he took advantage of the position to take the kiss he wanted. He'd thought to take her slow and leisurely, but one taste of her and she brought the wildness in him racing forth.

Dom pushed his knee against her thighs and shoved his way between them. "You're like a fucking drug I can't get enough of," he whispered against her lips.

As much as he wanted to watch the beautiful blush he knew crawled up her neck right about now, he needed inside her so much more. The sweet gasp that escaped her mouth sounded like music to his ears.

"Damn, baby. Do that again."

"What?"

"That little sigh you make every time I do something like this." His wedged knee pressed into her silk covered mound, grinding ruthlessly against her clit.

"Oohh," she cried.

"Exactly."

Dom took a deep breath. The lust exploding in his head demanded that he take her. No, claim her. This time when he fucked her, she wasn't about to forget it. His dick grew harder until he thought for sure he could smash through a wall with it. Why the hell did this woman do this to him?

Then Jamie added fuel to the fire by sliding a hand to her breast and circling the nipple in a mesmerizing circle, over and over. Despite the thin t-shirt covering it, there was no way to miss the now rock hard bud poking at the fabric.

"Fucking tease."

“Hardly. You’ve been in my pants since the minute we met. That a tease does not make.”

He smiled at her words. She was right of course. Didn’t change the fact he wanted her with a force almost out of his control and she was busy tempting the beast with her little show.

“Lift up your shirt. If you’re going to touch yourself you might as well do it right.”

She did exactly as he asked and swept the offending shirt above both breasts. Lush tits topped with blush red nipples that were so tight he’d bet they ached to be touched some more.

The teasing light in her eyes gave way to a more heated look. Desire softened her face and her mouth parted on a small sigh.

Dom eased from between her thighs and sat back on his haunches. She gave the promise of too good a show not to sit and enjoy. No matter what his aching dick said. He didn’t regret going with his gut on this one, he just hoped they both survived the fallout come Monday morning.

Jamie shot him a come hither look and aimed her gaze at his crotch. His cock jumped in his pants, eager to obey. Luckily his brain and control weren’t completely gone and he shook his head.

“Show me again what you like, baby. Then if you’re a very good girl I might reward you.”

The momentary fire that flared in her eyes told him more than anything she could have said. She wanted to fight him again. She had a thing for the hunt. But this time she wasn’t even remotely in charge and she’d learn that the hard way.

Still, she lifted on her knees and removed her shirt completely. Even with a pair of shorts on Jamie was absolutely stunning. Maybe in her uniform all dressed up tight she might have been called cute. But not like this. No, she had the face of an adorable cheerleader by day and a wicked vixen by night. You only had to know how to turn it on.

The woman oozed sexuality. All of it carnal.

“Pants too,” he ordered, unable to contain the harsh, needy tone.

To his surprise she complied by standing on the bed in front of him and turning to face away from him. Dom swallowed thickly. Even clothed she had the juiciest looking ass that was bound to become his obsession if he wasn’t careful. Let all his idiot friends be breast men. He was an ass man through and through and Jamie had one to die for.

When she placed her feet shoulder width apart and began to slide those fucking shorts down an inch at a time, it was clear to him that she knew exactly what the hell she was doing to him. She shimmied the loose fabric down her hips in a steady move. Thank God. She might not appreciate him ripping them off her if she’d opted to go slow. His patience had worn thin and it wouldn’t be long before he was inside her, reveling in all that heat she possessed.

She bent to untangle her feet from the shorts, giving him a clear view of the swollen folds of her pussy. He certainly didn’t have to wonder any longer if she was wet. The evidence glistened on her succulent flesh, begging him to take a selfish bite.

“Please touch me, Dom. Please.” Her breathless pleas did not fall on deaf ears.

Dom moved forward and inched his hand up the inside of her thighs, tracing slow patterns along her skin before dipping between her folds.

“You’re so wet again.” He lowered his head and bit at her shoulder. The desire for her coiled tight in his chest.

She moaned, pressing toward his seeking fingers. He rimmed her opening, teasing her with no mercy. Her cries of need only fanned the urge to draw out her pleasure. The longer he kept her on the edge, the more explosive she’d be when she came on his dick. And he definitely planned to be deep inside her when that happened.

Dom shoved his jeans down his hips and moved in even closer. The sweet heat surrounding his fingers beckoned. His iron-clad control would soon give way. Already she drenched his hand and he’d avoided the triggers. Until now. He couldn’t resist the hard bud of her clit and the way it pulsed under his touch. Or the way her body jerked every time he passed over it.

Outside he’d finger fucked her hard and fast. Somehow he’d thought it would take the edge off the insanity running between them. He’d been wrong.

## Chapter Five

Jamie was burning alive and if Dom didn't stop torturing her and fuck her, she'd go mad.

"On your hands and knees, Jamie."

The order sent chills racing along her spine. She'd do anything he asked at this point, so long as he put his dick inside her. Every squeeze of her pussy reminded her of the empty need aching to be filled.

She went down in position, crying out when his fingers slid from her channel. Huge hands grabbed her ass and dug tight into her ample flesh, she lost her balance and landed face first into the soft mattress.

"Now that's more like it."

Jamie felt the tip of his cock tease her lips. She held her breath and waited. On one strong thrust he filled her completely. Without giving her even a moment to adjust he began a rhythm of intense, powerful thrusts.

"You're even tighter than I remembered."

"Aahh." Coherent speech was out of the question. Not with him pounding her into the mattress with a force that simply took her breath away. Every hard inch rubbed across her on every single push. Although the drag on the way out was just as sublime.

Jamie's chest tightened and her already labored breathing grew choppy at best. Dom spread his hands around her hips and used them for leverage, pulling her harder than before. His cock drove deep, driving her wilder on each new thrust.

"Your fucking cunt is amazing. So damned tight." One hand reached for her pussy and the other slid through the cheeks of her ass. How he maintained the brutal

pace while teasing her with his fingers she'd never figure out. All she could do was feel the incredible sensations shooting through her on an electric wave.

"Dom..."

"I know, baby. Fuck me harder."

Jamie thrust onto his cock as he slid at single finger deep into her ass. An extra strong quiver of pleasure shook through her.

"Yes! Please. More," she begged.

"I can already imagine what you'd look like with every hole filled. I love greedy sluts."

His powerful words rushed through her. The finger in her ass burrowed deep. She shook helplessly under the combination of erotic pleasure and overwhelming emotions from the man she'd fantasized over for weeks.

Nothing had prepared her for this. This taking and consuming. His easy acceptance and understanding for what she needed from a man left her free and a little bit crazed. Her fist tightened around the sheets and muffled her screams of delight as she thrashed underneath him.

When her climax became imminent, Dom's fingers slipped away from her needy clit and tugged on a nipple instead.

"No!" she cried out. He had to stop doing this to her.

"I told you I'd be in control. If you really don't like it, you know how to make it stop."

Jamie's instinct to fight reared its ugly head. He couldn't control her like this.

*Yes he can and he will, Jamie.*

She tried to move. To kick out from under him to find he only tightened his grip on her sensitive nipple. He'd invaded her inside and out and unless she called out her safe word, she had no choices. Everything within told her he'd go to great lengths to demonstrate what he wanted.

Dom was bigger and stronger than her. He was willing and capable of standing up to her hard desires.

"Do you really want to fight me, Jamie?"

"Yes." No.

"Then go for it. Give it your best shot. I'm the one who's got my dick shoved in your cunt. Although I'd wager to say it's my pussy now."

Jamie cried out at the possessive nature of his statement. Fuck yes. In a matter of seconds she'd gone from fear and humiliation to once again desperate for more of what he had to give.

He gave her a few seconds to let her decisions sink in before he pummeled into her all over again. Sweat coated her skin and created a slapping sound at every contact of skin to skin.

Every so often he angled his thrust so the head of his cock rubbed her g-spot. A move that robbed her of breath every single time.

"Make me come, baby. Tell me who's in charge and we can both come together."

His harsh tone caused by exertion made her muscles quiver. The gravelly demanding voice roughened up her senses and sent her careening to the edge. They were both getting close. His muscles were rigid against her backside and she'd never in her life been strung tighter.

Somewhere in the back of her mind she gave a fleeting thought to not making this easy for him. To fight the urge to give him anything and everything he demanded. At the height of her arousal she couldn't deny the excitement he gave her or the need swirling in her stomach, making her womb ache.

Dom moved the finger in her ass while he pounded his cock harder inside her. Small little flutters invaded her when he twisted his finger. For a fleeting second she thought he might have an alternate plan.

The hand he'd been using at the small of her back to anchor her in place moved between her thighs. He rubbed furiously at her clit. Rough and fast. The sudden friction sending her into orbit.

"Oh my—Dom!"

"Come now, baby. Squeeze my dick and make me come with you."

Jamie wailed at the pleasure coursing through her. The tingles that extended from her clit to every point of her body. Dom fucked her harder, drawing out her release into one long, over the top, massive contraction. Her screams disappeared into the sheets bunched in her hands as the heat of Dom's release warmed her insides.

When he finally quit thrusting into her, he bracketed her body with his arms and collapsed against her back. After the blood rushing in her ears subsided, Jamie focused on the sounds of their rough and ragged breathing. Eventually her heart rate slowed to normal and Dom withdrew from her and headed into the bathroom.

Jamie rolled onto her back and stared at the rough-hewn wood beam ceiling.

*What the hell was going on here?*



She knew nothing about the man she was fucking other than he had a thing for control and knew how to blow her damn mind. Focusing on simply taking a deep breath and holding for a few seconds she didn't notice Dom until he stood at the front of the bed with a towel in his hands.

Her breath whooshed out.

"You okay?"

She nodded. With the thick lump in her throat she didn't even want to attempt conversation. Dom nodded and proceeded to wipe her skin clean. The simple task of him caring for her again swamped her with emotions she didn't want. When tears threatened she squeezed her eyes shut.

"That was pretty incredible." The bed shifted next to her as Dom laid down next to her.

"Yeah"

Jamie found the long period of silence that followed to be surprisingly comfortable. If he'd tried to draw her out with small talk she'd have been ready to jump out of her skin. Instead he allowed the time she needed to recover.

In her past, sex had always just been sex. What she'd just experienced with Dom seemed so far beyond that. The control issue surprised her. And excited her.

"You sure you're okay over there?"

"Yeah, of course. Why?" She did her best to sound flip.

"You're breathing pretty heavy over there again."

Jamie held her breath. *Was she?* Color heated her face at being caught getting excited all over again from simply recalling some of the things Dom had said to her.

Warm laughter filled the small cabin. "You don't have to hide it. I think it's sexy."

She turned to face him. "You think my labored breathing is sexy? Seriously?"

Dom rolled in her direction and grabbed her around the waist. Before she could get away or say another word he had her pressed against him and tightly in his grasp.

"You enjoy being a smart ass don't you?"

Jamie opened her mouth to answer and he bit her bottom lip. A rough shot of pain taking her breath away.

"Some might call that mouth of yours a defense mechanism." He brushed his thumb across the bottom lip he'd just bitten.

*Oh god, what was he saying?* She didn't want to go into her past with Dom right now. Jamie squirmed in his arms, thinking to get some space between them. He tightened his grip and forced her to remain close.

"Let me go."

"Oh I will soon enough, but not right now."

What the hell was that supposed to mean? The warmth she'd been feeling for him moments ago gave way to heat. More specifically...anger.

"Don't do this," she pleaded.

"Do what? I haven't done anything." His hand slid from the small of her back to the top of her ass. He tickled between the cheeks.

"You implied that I'm being a smart ass in some sort of defensive move. That only means one thing. You want to know why," she seethed. His fucking had made her so horny it was damned hard to concentrate on being angry with his hand on her ass.

“It wasn’t meant as an insult. Just merely a segue into me wanting to know more about you. Like what brought you to the Marines.”

“Well, what about you? Why are you a Marine?” She barely managed the question before sucking in a sharp breath when the tip of his finger rubbed across her asshole. She was so sensitive there.

“I joined to keep myself out of jail.”

Jamie froze. What had he said?

She stopped struggling and looked up and met his gaze. The dark heat in his eyes almost distracted her from her questions. He had the kind of eyes that had a way of seeing too much. “Jail?” she croaked out.

“Yeah, don’t freak out on me now. I’m not some violent killer type of guy just because I have a thing for control. That has very little to do with my life back then.”

Their topic of conversation had turned serious but he continued to fondle her bottom as if sex was still the focus between them.

“Will you tell me?”

“What? About the life I needed to leave behind?” Finally his hand stopped stroking her.

“Yes,” she whispered. She didn’t want to break the mood but curiosity would eat her alive.

Dom loosened his hold on her and rolled onto his back. Staring at the ceiling, his eyes glazed and he started to look like he’d gone somewhere else. Memories maybe.

“It’s not all that remarkable. You’ve probably heard it a million times.”

Jamie settled onto her back, folded her arms underneath her head and stared at the ceiling again. Instinct told her not to say anything else. Dom needed the space to tell her whatever part of his story he was willing to share.

“Divorced parents. Mom had shitty and abusive boyfriends. Kids in the neighborhood either wanted to do drugs or deal them. Growing up like that can make it hard for people to get out. So many people I know either ended up dead or in jail at a scary young age.”

Jamie processed what Dom said. Her childhood had not been all that great but it wasn’t marred by illegal activity. At least nothing beyond the normal teenage shit. A little drug use, some occasional shoplifting and a few fights here and there.

“But you got out. That’s something.”

“Yeah, baby. It’s something.” He smoothed his hand down the length of her arm. A move Jamie couldn’t resist. She turned her face into his hand when he reached the top of her arm. Dom cupped her chin with his fingers and pressed his lips to hers. A slow, languid kiss of lovers sharing a quiet moment together. She tingled from the soles of her feet to the top of her head.

The man could kiss.

“What about you? What kind of deep dark secrets does Jamie hold inside her?”

“Not everything is meant to be discussed.” She paused before continuing.

“Sometimes people make mistakes that are better left buried.”

And she had some doozies. Like a husband.

“Fair enough. How about you start with something easy, like where are you from?” He nibbled on her shoulder.

“Florida.”

“Really? As in grew up there? I didn’t think anyone was actually from Florida. I thought it was just old people and tourists.”

Jamie pushed him away and punched him in the arm. “Now who’s being a smart ass?”

“Fine. Fine. Tell me more.” Dom went back to his exploration of her body while he waited for her to talk.

“It’s not all that exciting. Kind of like you said. My life was all too typical. Parents divorced when I was too young to remember. Both parents remarried and started new families and the daughter from the first marriage got stuck in the middle.” Jamie winced at the bitterness in her voice. She needed to stop this and pull herself together.

“And?”

Damn he was like a dog with a bone. “And I grew up. I did the typical crazy teenage things. Sex too early, experimenting with drugs and fighting with my mom. Pretty normal stuff.”

Dom’s hand paused on her hip. “So, if it was all so normal, how’d you end up in the Corps?”

“What? Everyone who goes in has to have some deep dark secret that made them do it?” Jamie laughed.

“My experience shows two things. Either it’s a family tradition or someone is trying to escape. I’d be willing to bet money that the woman who had sex with me on a stairwell in the middle of the night has something she’s trying to move on from. Kind of breaking the mold of where she’d been heading.”

Jamie pushed away from Dom and jumped from the bed. “Jesus, Dom. What kind of pop psychology are you practicing? We just had amazing sex and now you plan to dissect my life? Fuck that.”

Jamie grabbed for her clothes and ran for the door. Suddenly the air in the tiny one room cabin stifled her. She was in over her head with this one. Tears pooled in her eyes.

*I will not cry. I will not cry. I will not cry.*

She yanked open the door and walked onto the porch butt ass naked. Not that it mattered out here. They were miles away from civilization. Not to mention she’d already been in the woods getting fucked. What was a little nudity now?

Before the door could crash closed, Dom pushed his way through. “Where are you going? Come back inside.”

“No.”

“Jamie.”

The command in his voice tickled her insides. Being freaked out by their conversation obviously didn’t mean anything when it came to her insane attraction to this man. Standing on the porch naked with Dom, Jamie couldn’t think straight so she shoved her legs into her shorts and pulled on her shirt.

“The sun’s going down. We’ll both get eaten alive by the bugs if we don’t go back inside. I didn’t bring any swamp juice with me either.”

Being from Florida near the Everglades she knew exactly what the night had in store for them. South Carolina swampland wasn’t all that different from where she’d grown up.

She glanced at the waning sunlight through the trees. Where had the rest of their day gone? In the morning she had a bus to catch. She had eight days before she was due to report to California and she wished now that she'd not bought a bus ticket home.

Her gaze dropped to the ground and the dirt covering the rickety porch, which in all actuality was no more than a haphazard slapping together of plywood and two-by-fours. Whoever owned this place didn't care much about their living arrangements while out here, only their privacy.

"I left to escape," she whispered in fear. Saying it out loud made it that much worse. "And don't ask me anything else about it because I'm not going to talk about it."

"Fine. I give. You don't want to talk about it." Dom reached for her, his hand hovering in her line of site. "Come back inside. I don't know about you, but I'm starving now. My friend left us some steaks to grill and if I say so myself, I grill a mean hunk of meat."

Jamie snorted. She couldn't help herself. Some of the tension eased from her shoulders. It wasn't his fault he'd hit a nerve. Ready to get back to where they'd been earlier, she placed her hand in his and let him lead her back inside.

He sat her down at the little table and set about making them dinner. True to his word, he unpacked a bunch of food from the refrigerator including two thick steaks.

"Guess you're going to have to go back outside and fight the monster mosquitoes in order to cook those," she mused.

"No way, baby. That's what George Foreman is for." He pointed to the oversized grill on the far counter she'd managed to miss.

Jamie smiled. Now that they'd both taken a step back from the touchy subjects of their past, they'd returned to an easy camaraderie. Now she could sit back and examine the man who'd bewitched her a little more closely.

He'd donned a pair of jeans before he got started and now she wished he hadn't. Watching a man cook naked for her would have been quite a unique experience. As it was she still got to admire his backside. The jeans molded to his muscular frame, hugging him in all the right places.

He had the finest ass she'd ever had the privilege to see, that's for sure, although the muscles and tattoos across his back drew her even more. Raw power bunched and flexed with every move he made, reminding her of what a truly commanding presence he had. She couldn't help but wonder if that's what had drawn her in the first place. Certainly he was good looking in a rugged, tough guy way. But he was far from what most would consider classically handsome.

In reality, what he represented was every woman's bad boy fantasy with his closely cropped hair the only concession to his profession she could see on the outside.

The deep tan of his skin hinted at either a man who loved the outdoors or a background that screamed foreign. She imagined Italian. Dark hair, dark eyes, tanned skin all in a tight over six foot tall package. It's no wonder she was falling for him so hard.

"Are you staring at me?" His head whipped around and met her gaze.

Busted.

"Maybe."



He approached the table with two plates piled high with food. Steak, potato salad, and sliced chunks of mango. The food looked delicious, she'd give him that. But all that admiration of his incredible physique had awakened an entirely different appetite.

"I don't think I'm hungry anymore," she whispered in a husky tone.

She swallowed, her throat suddenly dry. Spying the bulge at the front of his jeans she licked her lips. He had something else on his mind as well.

"You don't want to do this, Jamie. Not now."

Why the hell not? Her pussy ached for him.

"What?" She blinked. Not comprehending the warning in his tone.

He set the plates of food in front of her but she was definitely no longer interested. Her mouth watered for the man dominating her private space.

"What I need from you right now is more than you can give. I couldn't be gentle."

"Gentle? You think I need that? Haven't I already proven how far from soft I am?"

Dom threaded his fingers through her hair before clasping a handful in a tight, pulling grip. "Oh, baby you have no idea. If it were up to me, I'd have you gagged and bound right about now with a flogger in one hand and a whip in the other. My only goal would be your complete and total compliance."

Jamie hesitated. He'd already begun to reveal this side of him and she'd not run yet. But this... She had no idea what to say.

"Cat got your tongue?" He licked a path from her ear to the edge of her shirt.

Despite the fear of how far he'd push, heat suffused her pussy. In the morning she would walk away and likely never see this man again. A different kind of fear pierced her heart. Something she would drag out and examine later.

"Try me," she dared.

His eyes grew black at her challenge and she knew the second she'd won.

"On your knees, soldier," he commanded. Dom pulled her hair until she lifted from her seat to escape the pain racing across her scalp. Standing in front of him, she swallowed hard. She still had a safe word and she believed in his honor that all she'd have to do to stop things was utter the word red.

"I said knees." He pushed down on her head until she acquiesced and dropped to the floor. The hard wood surface bit into her bare flesh. This time the sudden awareness of the power he held over her didn't scare her but sent a shocking awareness straight to her core. Moisture flooded her cunt. Much more of this and her pussy would be dripping through her clothes.

The sound of a zipper sliding down drew her attention. In this position she was at eye level with his crotch and watching him unfasten his jeans with one hand threatened her sanity. Fierce need swept through her. Nothing else mattered other than what he did at this very moment.

Holding her breath, she stared. Without any underwear to act as a barrier she gasped at the sight of his heavy cock stuffed inside his pants. She moved to reach for him.

Dom withdrew his hips. "No, don't touch."

Jamie wanted to cry. With his pants shoved down his thighs and his massive cock aiming toward her face she wanted nothing more than to cup him. To tease him to release. To not allow her to do so was just plain mean.

“Open.”

Jamie parted her lips. Two fingers roughly slid between her lips and jerked her mouth open wide. “I said open.” His words turned mean. More fuel to her already burning out of control fire.

Holding her mouth open, he slid his dick between her lips. In one steady glide, he pushed himself to the back of her throat. Automatically, she started to gag. He was too big.

“Look at me.”

She lifted her gaze and met his dark eyes. The intensity she saw overwhelmed her.

“I’m going to fuck your mouth, baby. So be a good girl and take it.”

She moaned at his intent. Whatever he needed she would be the one to fill it. She should have closed her eyes. The intimacy of this was more than she could bear. But the feel of his cock forcing its way inside delighted her. She’d never been this hungry for a man’s need.

Staring into her eyes, he pushed more into her throat. Every time she started to gag he withdrew a few inches, giving her a few seconds to catch her breath and recover.

Her tongue swiped over the engorged crown and he reacted with a violent jerk, forcing her to take more of him.

“That’s it, baby. Show me how good you are at sucking cock. My cock.”

Once again his harsh words created a rising need inside her. The more he did and said the crazier she got. If she wasn’t careful right now, she’d find herself getting addicted to a man she couldn’t have. Not beyond this.

“You’re a greedy little thing,” he ground out through clenched teeth.

She was. And right now she wanted to take back some of the control. She clawed at his thighs until he hissed in reaction.

“And mean. Damn woman.”

Spurred on, she cupped his ball sac and rolled the globes between her fingers before applying a tight squeeze.

“You’re going to make me come,” he warned.

Good. She sucked harder on his dick until he decided he’d had enough. He gripped her hair with a tighter fist and began fucking her mouth. Just like he’d done with her pussy. She tried to suck or lick on him but he only quickened his pace in response. He’d given her a moment of control until he’d decided to take it back. Helpless now, she grabbed onto his muscular thighs and took the deep fucking.

The scent of sex and Dom assaulted her senses. He’d grown larger and more rigid in the last few seconds and she knew he was about to explode. The thrill of feminine satisfaction warmed over her. Yes, she had allowed him to dominate her, but in the end she felt powerful. His movements quickened and Jamie tried to open wider despite the now insistent ache of her jaw.

The tense, corded muscles under her fingers bunched tighter. On a final forceful thrust, accompanied by his strangled cry, hot cum shot down her throat. Somehow she managed to take it all. She wasn't about to give up a single drop of this man's essence.

This was the only vow she could make. If he wanted her, she would be his.

She'd barely finished swallowing when he pulled her up and turned her to the kitchen counter. Her butt landed with a hard thud mere seconds before he tore her shorts off.

"Are you going to ruin all of my clothes today?"

He laughed. "I plan to do whatever I want. How about that?"

A thrill shot through her. How his rough and demanding self managed to get to her this bad she didn't understand. Maybe she'd figure it out after he made her come fifty or so times.

"It will be my pleasure."

## Chapter Six

Dom pulled into the bus station parking lot and killed the engine. Jamie hadn't said two words to him since they'd left the cabin. He didn't blame her. He'd kept her up half the night and used her hard. A lot harder than he'd intended.

He didn't understand why she pushed his buttons the way she did. The need to dominate her plowed through his gut like a fucking freight train. Now he had to let her go.

A shot of guilt for what he was about to do stabbed through his mind. She'd be pissed but it was for the best. If he gave her even the slightest hint that there was something between them, she wouldn't accomplish what he needed her to. She simply wasn't ready for him.

"I guess this is it."

Her simple statement hung in the air like the unanswered question it was.

"Yeah. You don't have long before your bus leaves." He leaned over and popped the trunk. Might as well make this quick. Like ripping off a band-aid.

He jumped out of the car and unloaded her sea bag, placing it at her feet.

"Thanks for the weekend. It was fun."

His lighthearted comment had the desired effect. The look of pure shock that crossed her face pretty much said it all.

"I—I uh—"

He pressed his fingers to her lips, the need to touch her one last time killing him.

"Don't. We both knew what this was, so let's just leave it at that."

"But I—"

“No, Jamie.” Fuck. He knew this was the right thing to do. So why did it make him feel like such dog shit? “Don’t get me wrong. The sex was incredibly hot, but, babe, you need to grow up and experience some more of life. You’ve got to figure out who you are before getting yourself shackled to a man.”

“Excuse me?” Her anger felt good and it would make this easier.

“We had a good time, let’s just leave it at that. But...” He dug into his pocket and retrieved his card. No matter his best intentions to set her free he couldn’t leave her without a lifeline if she needed it. “Take my card. If you ever need anything, give me a call.”

“What? If I’m ever in town again and need to get laid. Is that what you mean?” She shoved the card back in his face.

Dom sighed. “Just take it, Jamie. You never know.”

She stared at him with tears swimming in her eyes for what felt like an eternity but probably was more like three minutes. When he refused to say anything else, she dropped the card and they both watched it flutter to the ground.

She bent to retrieve her bag, hoisted it over her shoulder and walked away.

Little did she know she walked away with a piece of his heart. One he doubted he’d ever get back.

*The End*

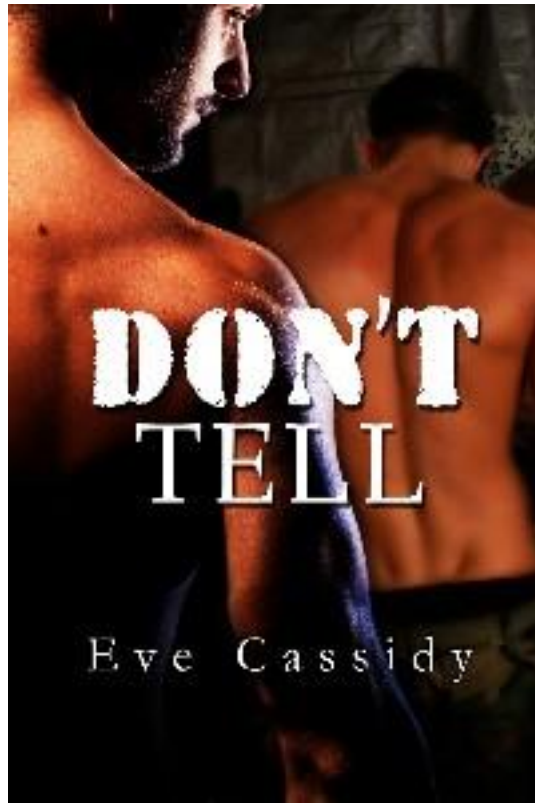
## ***ABOUT EVE CASSIDY***

Eve Cassidy was born and raised in the South but her adventurous spirit has led her to various places around the world thanks to her time in the military. That experience gave her an eye opening education about a variety of cultures and the people within and it was then she discovered her interest in the dark and erotic that now weaves it's way into her stories.

Now as a full-time writer she has returned to her small hometown in the South where she spends her days in front of a computer writing steamy and often kinky adventures she hopes readers will enjoy as much as she does. You can reach her by [email](mailto:evccassidy@gmail.com) at evccassidy@gmail.com.

**If you enjoyed ON YOUR KNEES, SOLDIER, you might also enjoy:**





## **DON'T TELL**

By Eve Cassidy

For Jeff Ward, keeping his sexual preference a secret from his platoon was of utmost importance. But being celibate was never in his plan. So when tension and frustration are at the breaking point he takes some advice and heads out of town for a quick chance to blow off steam.

On the brink of super stardom, Finn has sworn off getting involved with anyone. Especially the tall, muscled Marine that just walked into the pub. He has a career to think of and he'd already been burned once by the infamous 'Don't Tell' policy of the Corps.

Despite their differences, one song later both men realize some rules are meant to be broken, sudden lust can't be denied and random encounters aren't always as random as they seem...

***Warnings: This title contains graphic and explicit language and m/m sex.***

### **EXCERPT:**

"I see you found my haven."

"Yeah, it's nice out here. Peaceful and quiet." Jeff pushed off the railing with his hip.

“Aww man you have no idea.” Finn grabbed for the beer Jeff held out to him and took a long pull. “Don’t get me wrong, I love the music something fierce, but at the end of the day I’m grateful to have a quiet place to relax.”

Finn grabbed a seat in one of the lounge chairs and crossed his legs. He’d removed his shoes and there, relaxing with a beer, suited him to a T. Probably as much as singing on stage did.

“You seem to have found what in this world makes you happy. That’s quite an accomplishment.”

“Mmm, hmm.”

The light in Finn’s eyes shifted; instead of contentment he recognized longing. That shouldn’t have caught him off balance but it did as he set his beer down on the table and took a step toward him.

Another step forward and he stood at the end of Finn’s chair. “Are you done with your beer?”

“Yeah.” Finn passed it to him.

When their fingers brushed, the simmering arousal between them sparked, heat rushing to his groin. They’d been tiptoeing around each other since they left the pub and it was past time to up the game.

He placed the bottle on the table without breaking eye contact and sucked in a deep breath of air. Nothing was going to slow his pulse now.

Straddling the chair, Jeff bent and slid his fingers along the seam of his shirt. "As much as I like your house, I can't get other things off my mind."

"Such as?" Finn's voice sounded harsh.

He freed one button from its hole and moved down to the next. "Touching you, kissing you, getting inside of you." His fingers continued their path until the shirt hung loose. His hands pushed the edges apart and off his shoulders.

"I've been waiting for you all night."

"Good." Jeff leaned forward, his lips capturing Finn's. He kissed him hard, his ability to be gentle fleeing fast. His tongue plunged inside the warm cavern of his mouth sweeping and touching everywhere he could. That husky voice when he sang made his dick pulse till he'd damn near crawled out of his skin.

Even better, the voice came with an entire package. Beautiful body, soulful eyes and a mouth he wanted wrapped around his cock as he fucked into him.

Finn moaned low and deep, the sound shooting through him, fanning the flames higher on his need. He stroked across flat, ridged abs sprinkled with a soft downy hair bumping up against the waistband of his jeans.

Finn wrenched his mouth free. "Too many clothes," he whispered breathlessly as his fingers pulled open the buttons on his pants.

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