

Chapter One

Jade

“Fuck. You smell good.” Harris sneaks up behind me, places his hand on the small of my back as he pushes me inside my tent. I’m the only woman out here. The men all share a tent, while I choose to have my own. It may be small, but it’s mine. At this very moment, I’m thankful I chose to sleep on my own. I’m selfish, always have been. My upbringing made me this way.

I’m an only daughter who rebelled against her parents. They wanted a girly girl, but instead they wound up with me. Don’t get me wrong, I can be as girly as they come. I love the feel of silk across my soft skin, and the smell of lavender in my bath, or my nails and toes pampered.

However, when you grow up with four older brothers who played Army and you wanted someone to play with, then you played it too.

I could carry on for hours about how I became a soldier. There’s no time for it now. Right now, my pussy is throbbing, the need to be touched by a man and not my fingers has me spinning around and cupping Harris’s already hard cock.

"Don't fucking talk, and I swear if you tell anyone, I'll cut your dick off." He grabs my throat when I threaten his manhood. He knows I want this. I need this. Hell, it's to the point now that we're both distracted. I'm hoping this is like a bad itch that'll go away after we scratch it and oh fuck, do I ever plan to scratch it. He wants this as much as I do. I’m tired of playing games and hell, there isn’t time for foreplay, I’m wet and ready.

"Don't give me orders." His grip on my neck releases when our lips connect. Our hands both clawing at clothing with desperation and urgency. God, I want his dick inside me more

than I care to breathe right now. How did I turn into this desperate pile of disgrace? I'm like a crack whore waiting for her next hit. I just need this. Right. Fucking. Now.

"On your knees," he tries to order me to position.

"I'm not here to suck dick. I want the real deal."

"Oh. You're gonna get the real fucking deal. You should be worried about how you're gonna stay quiet when I pound that sweet pussy all night long."

"We don't have all night. I want you out of here before long."

"Look at you. Already trying to get rid of me. Don't you think you should wait until you've had a taste?" He bites my lip as he finishes talking. I watch him. The lights shining through the walls of the tent light us both up enough that I can see his perfect chest. I run my hands over his biceps and slowly down his arms. I've masturbated to the thoughts of this man many times. Having him in my hands is not a let-down by any means. He's perfect. Why does he have to look and feel so fucking perfect? I know him. The real him. He's a pain in my ass every fucking day. I could never do anything more than this right here with him.

We fight too much for that. He fights for leadership, while I fight for approval. I don't need approval from Harris, he's always treated me as his equal. There are some who don't seem to think a woman should be out here, dealing with day-to-day combat. Why I give a fuck, is beyond me.

He wraps his arms around me and fills his hands with my ass, lifting me until my legs are wrapped around his waist.

"Don't even think about sticking that in me without a condom."

"You're really sexy when you talk dirty." He's such a smartass. Why am I doing this again? Because I need dick in my life, that's why. I have built up aggression that I need to work out and he's the perfect candidate for me to take it out on. He won't expect more than this right here.

I slide down his body while he rolls the condom into place, practically salivating at the sight of him. Damn it. All those months of him bragging, and he wasn't really exaggerating. I guess I should be thankful.

"Get back up here. It's hammer time, Sweetheart."

"You really should stop talking." I don't even care that he's annoying me. I wrap my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist and let him begin to slide me onto him.

"Oh shittttt." He feels so good. In fact, he's the type I'll have to adjust for. He's gripping my hips and barely sliding the tip of him into me, just as I hear footsteps outside the tent.

"Captain Elliott. Report for duty." Who the hell is that? Who wants to die? Harris stills. His eyes widen.

"Who the hell is that?" he whispers.

"I'm busy right now." My words are a mumble as I pull my hips away from his and roll them forward, trying to get him inside of me. This is pathetic. Damn it.

The sound of the canvas opening shocks me. My heart practically shatters when a bearded man enters. His eyes widen slightly and I swear I see him smirk.

"I can see that, but you *will* report for duty immediately." His glare is snarky and he's demanding and arrogant as hell.

Without moving, I close my eyes and curse this man. Curse myself for falling victim to the weak bitch syndrome. I haven't worked my ass off for eight years to be taken down by two dicks in one night.

"I'll be right there." My eyes never leaving his face.

"Captain." He nods at Harris. "I'll see you in the morning." I watch the bearded man, who I can only assume is my new Commander, step outside the tent. I don't hear the sound of footsteps of him leaving, so I'm sure he's standing there making sure I don't take too long. *Shit.*

I slide down Harris with a new urgency. My pussy is begging to stay and finish what we started, but my heart and mind can't. I may have just fucked up everything I've worked so hard to do.

My clothes are wrinkled at our feet, so I rush for tomorrow's set, discarding my old ones as I move. Putting everything in place in record time, including my hair, I look at Harris one last time before I exit. My gut tingles thinking of the possibilities of how good he would've been.

He pulls my arm, drawing me close when I try to pass him. "Let me know what happens." His words are a whisper in my ear as he holds me close. Nodding, I leave him standing there half-dressed while I go meet my fate.

I step out into the warm night air to find him facing me. His glare causes instant guilt, and I know I'm in deep shit. I stand at attention and wait for him. Everything I've worked my entire life for is going to disappear. And for what? Absolutely nothing.

"Captain Elliott. Follow me." He turns abruptly and walks fast toward the only solid structure in sight. I follow him with a quick step until he closes the door to a back room in the headquarters building.

I stand in position, waiting for my verbal lashing, while he moves around the small room. His makeshift desk is scattered with papers and files like he's been studying for hours. I focus on my posture and try to keep the fear from showing on my face. My career is completely fucked, and I didn't even get to enjoy it as it went up in flames.

"On your fucking knees." His order surprises me. I've been disrespected as a woman many times along the way, but never like this, and especially not by a superior. I've always managed to prove myself to my unit, and the guys usually had my back in any situation that came up, even the ones who I know don't want me here.

"Excuse me, Sir." I'm desperately trying to shelter the rage boiling inside of me with my tone.

"I said. Get. On. Your. Fucking. Knees." My eyes meet his as I struggle with his command. Deep, dark blue, penetrating eyes dominantly sever into mine. What in the fuck?

"If you want to keep your position on this mission, you'll make me forget what I just saw you doing. There's really only one way I can think that you can do that." I'll never drop to my knees for this man. He can die trying to make me.

He's watching me as I process his words. That fucking smirk on his face makes an appearance again, and my hatred begins to grow.

"In fact, if you're good enough, I'll even let you pay the debt for your little fuck buddy, Captain Harris." Shit. I stand there with what I hope appears to be confidence, when in all reality, I'm dying inside. I can't degrade myself enough to beg on my knees for my position. I'm better than that. I know I'm done forever, but to defy Harris by not giving him the loyalty I know one hundred percent he'd have for me, isn't an option.

There's a very large grey area when it comes to sexual relations while on active duty. First, I could argue that we're truly not active at the moment. It's definitely something that's frowned upon with Officers; we set the mood for the entire squad, and the last thing we all want is everyone trying to fuck everyone else. Harris and I are both Captains, so it's not completely against the rules, but it's reason for reprimand, that's for certain.

"Unless you'd rather I report what's still going through my head. I mean, the images are burnt into my brain while I try to decide how to handle this raging hard-on you've caused." I don't move. I'm frozen in the position I've stood so many times, listening to the words that will change my life forever. I know this. I can feel that much.

He has a hard-on? For me? Jesus. What the hell is going down here?

He stops directly in front of me, his shirt bulging from the obvious muscles that are hidden beneath the fabric. That beard catches my attention again. It's one of the longest ones I've seen allowed in the Army, but then again, Special Forces has its own set of rules. He's older than I am, I'd guess by at least five years, maybe six. His eyes are demanding. I still can't look into them. It's as if he's trying to degrade me. This man is pissing me off.

"Captain. Don't leave me waiting." He stands proud as his eyes trace my body. This uniform isn't flattering in my opinion, but he obviously thinks otherwise. His stare has me aching all over again. My body betraying me in ways I can't express or begin to understand. Fuck, I'm confused all to hell.

I start to rationalize my options. I'm really not left with many. I can suck off my Commander and hope he holds his end of the bargain, or I can walk out of here, knowing my fate.

"CAPTAIN. ADDRESS ME WHEN I SPEAK TO YOU." The loudness of his voice startles me into a tighter stance.

"Sir, yes sir." He moves closer, inspecting me closely as he does. He walks all the way around me, close enough to inhale my scent if he wants to. Feeling him brushing my ass with his hand, I flinch and feel a burn from his simple touch.

"That's better." The breath from his deep voice hits my ear as he passes. He moves in close to my face when he finishes circling me. His inspection of my body is obviously over. I find myself cringing with the way I feel right now. My new Commander is a prick, and this is not exactly the best first impression for either of us.

"What's your decision, Captain?" His deep grumble is more than a whisper, but not easily heard.

"I haven't done anything wrong, Sir." The intensity in his face increases. He's pissed off, and I don't really know how to cool down this situation with words. I'm left with defending my actions and hoping for the best.

"That's subjective." I continue to stand with what little pride I have left flowing through my body, working hard to send the perception that I have more than is really there. "I can't have my soldiers constantly trying to get their dicks wet, or in this case, their pussy." That last word comes out in a deeper voice than the rest of them. *Why is that on the verge of sexy?*

"I assure you, I'm completely professional and you'll have no issues regarding me or Captain Harris." I mean every word I say. Truthfully.

"Ah.... Yes. I can trust that. Your legs wrapped around his waist and his dick shoved deep inside you. That's very professional. We could probably solve the nation's problems if we approached them with that mindset." He starts pacing in front of me, only taking three steps each way before he rotates to walk the other way.

I hate that I can't even argue with him. I hate that in the few minutes I've had with him, I've hated him and found him sexy as fuck at the same time. His demeanor demands respect, and it's obvious he feels I've disrespected him and will have hell to pay for my actions.

"Sir, we were in our own private quarters. The others aren't aware of our actions." He stops in front of me once again, his eyes flaring with anger.

"I could hear you. I heard him demand you on your knees. I heard the desperation in your voice before I ever saw it on your face." He moves in close once again. Why does this not get any easier? It's an intimidation move, I know this. I've been dealing with it for years; that's why it shouldn't bother me, but with him it does.

He lowers his head, letting his eyes trace my face. It's causing me to hold back a breath I very desperately need to take. He's too close. He's in my space. Maybe it's my guilt and the fear of what the consequences will truly be that are hindering my ability to cope with his intensity.

"I'm having you both removed from the mission." He rotates on his heel and walks away. "You'll be discharged, and I'll make sure your superior is very aware of the way you handle yourself as a Captain." The air leaves my chest in one long exhale. Did he not hear me? We did nothing wrong.

There it is. My worst nightmare. The exact thing I knew was possibly on the line when I started thinking with my pussy instead of my mind and heart. I love what I do. I've dedicated my entire adult life to this. It's not a job to me, it's my life.

"Sir. Permission to discuss in detail. Please?" Ugh. I'm not into being nice right now. I should have just shut my mouth and dropped to my knees.

"There's nothing to discuss, Captain. I'm here to make sure this mission is carried out without a single chance of flaw. If I feel you're in a relationship that will hinder your ability to function in that manner, I must remove you from the mission."

"It's not like that, Sir. It was just a..." I pause. How do I tell him it would have been just a quick fuck? That I'm horny and I need sex? Once I get my fill, I'll be ready to go for a while. I mean shit, there's so much stress and testosterone around me at all times, sometimes I just need to take it out on someone, then I'm good. My fingers can only do so much, for god's sake.

"Finish your sentence, Captain."

I swallow. Here goes everything.

"It would have just been a quick fuck, Sir. We won't let it interfere with the mission." His eyes narrow as he leans against the wall, like he's taking it all in. He takes his time thinking. I watch the smug look on his face while he processes the situation. He has me and he knows it.

I try my hardest not to look at the size of his arms bulging underneath his long sleeves.

"I guess this takes us back to where we started." The look of confusion on my face causes him to continue. "On your knees, Captain."

"How's that going to make all of this acceptable?" I ask while he pushes off the wall, slowly stalking toward me with a hunger in his eyes that almost equals the anger I'm fighting inside.

"I'm willing to make an exception to the rule in this case." He stands proudly in front of me once again, his eyes piercing through my sensitive skin, chilling me to the bone.

"Who's to say you won't out me, Sir?" I'm not dropping until he answers me.

"You have my word. I mean, you are the best in the squad, on paper that is. I'll have to decide if that's true for myself." It won't take him long to see that. I am the best.

My mind shifts back to the matter at hand. Why am I even considering? He's hot as fuck, so it's not like this will be complete torture; in fact, he has me wet just thinking about him

using all that intensity on me. I can only imagine how passionately he fucks. The curiosity has me moving toward him. Step by step I watch his face. His tongue traces his lower lip, slowly, tempting me even further.

"I can even promise your fuck buddy will not be punished for his actions in this."

I watch him as I contemplate my move. Is this a test to him? Is he testing my dedication to this team and my career? Is he really willing to let me do this?

I swallow my pride and begin to kneel before him. This won't be for me. This is for Harris. He takes a slight step back and unzips his fatigues. He pulls out his very large cock, and I close my eyes, open my mouth, and I take him in as far as I can. He allows me to take my time for a few seconds before he takes a hold of my head and fucks my mouth with multiple precise thrusts, hitting the back of my throat each time.

He pauses, lifting my chin so that our eyes meet.

"Why did you go to your knees? I had such faith in you. With that record of yours, I didn't peg you for a little whore."

With his cock still in my hands, I lean back, making sure he can see my mouth as the words leave it. "Don't forget who's in control right now." I squeeze his hard-on with both hands, because fuck if it doesn't take both to cover it. "Don't ever underestimate me, Commander. I'm not afraid to do the work to get through my mission." And right now my mission is to keep my ass out of trouble. "Don't for once think I'm doing this for you."

His grin is challenging. "Get up." He lifts me up, faster than I intended, and has me turned around with my back flat against his chest. His hands move over my clothes, teasing my breasts, pinching my nipples along the way.

"I'm not beneath fucking you to prove a point." His voice is even deeper now.

"I'm not either." I try to stand strong, attempting to hide the nerves twisting through my body. He grips my neck with one hand, squeezing a little tighter than I'm prepared for, and I hate my body for loving that.

He slides his fingers between the buttons of my shirt, letting them explore my sensitive nipples. They don't lie to him. Hell, they're practically begging for his touch.

"You'll have me thinking about these bare tits every time I see you. I'd advise you to be more prepared the next time I see you."

My body shifts with his statement. More prepared? How can anyone be prepared for something like this?

He pulls my face to the side and grumbles near my cheek. "Address me when I talk to you."

I force out a quiet "Sir, yes sir" before he releases the grip on my throat.

His hand slides down the front of my body and into my pants, slowly going straight for the part of my body that's still sensitive. I'm practically crawling out of my skin with all the desire flowing through me. I want to not crave his touch. I want to not anticipate the moment when he will actually touch me there.

He finally slides his fingers over my clit, putting the perfect pressure as he starts to unwind me, making me absolutely insane as I fight my orgasm. It's not like he's doing anything different than I can do to myself. His strong fingers have me moaning inside. However, it's in this moment that the anticipation is killing me. The waiting to see what he'll do has me at full attention with all of my senses on alert.

"Look how quickly the control changes." My skin chills with his words. The depth of his voice continues to surprise me in the otherwise silent room. He has me on the edge with his touch, and I feel my body shift even closer to him, begging for that fall.

"What would you do if I stopped?" I shake my head, hoping he doesn't punish me that way. The irony of me thinking he'd be harsh if he stopped when just a few minutes ago I felt the reprimand of forcing me to kneel to him was horrible, isn't lost on me.

"Please, Sir."

"Oh. Now you beg." He slips a finger inside me, pulling it out, and then sliding in two deep into my wet, hot core.

"Yes, Sir." My reply drifts off because he thrusts his fingers inside me, rolling his hand deep to reach my G-spot. He holds his hand tight against me while his fingers move deep inside. I feel him exploring me, and I begin to crave so much more from him.

"Pants off." I move fast at his command, fumbling, letting them fall to the ground at my feet. He pushes my back until I'm bent over the table, then moves my feet apart with a tap from one of his. I brace myself against the cold metal and files, my aching breasts sizzling when they meet the coolness of the desk. My body prepares for him, while the sound of the condom wrapper fills the room.

Nothing could've prepared me for him though. His size is unlike anything I've had before. His rhythm is serious and demanding, and I love every fucking second of it. His grip on my hips will for sure bruise me, but in this moment, I'm ok with any marks he wants to leave on my body.

He fucks me relentlessly. I orgasm twice before he grips my shoulders, pulling me even closer to him so he can pound into me hard enough to bring his own release.

Exhaustion spreads through me. I've waited for this feeling for what seems like forever, and it was so fucking worth the wait.

He slides out of me, steps back, and bends to pull up his pants. I edge my way off the surface of the desk and catch a glimpse of the tattoo on his leg. It's massive. He has me curious, but I don't dare ask.

He straightens his clothes before he moves for the door. "Don't let me catch you fucking anyone else. Report for duty in the morning." Closing the door, he walks right out of the room, leaving me naked and confused all to hell.