

Grace opened her mouth, suckling languidly on the leathered flesh of J.D. McGinnis' sunburnt neckline.

The man's dark, straight hair was layered, too long now for military standards, which he usually adopted.

The flowing red strands of the woman's hair fell about his face, which was turned, his neckline stretched slightly to allow the woman better access.

J.D.'s eyes were closed, his breath coming in irregular intervals of shaky release.

Grace was affecting him.

The knowledge sent a shiver of delight up and down Grace's spine. She wondered briefly how many others had taken this same route. She dismissed such thoughts as unproductive, concentrating on the issue at hand.

This wasn't half as bad as she thought it would turn out to be; her instincts telling her originally what J.D. wanted was a big mistake.

She had not wanted to risk their friendship, though her curiosity blinded her judgment in this instance.

After J.D. experienced a female, he discarded her. It was the way of things.

Maybe in his own way, the man was trying to tell her it was time he moved on with his life, and if that was the case, then to experience him was something Grace found she did not really mind doing.

But Grace was also young and vital in the prime of her life. She was well past the age of consent, in her opinion. If it had to happen, then her body was literally singing the melody J.D. McGinnis' virility composed.

An aching wetness hummed between her legs, spurring her on...willing her to lose inhibitions. To explore new territory and newer possibilities, regardless of the dangers lurking in the shadows.

She followed her instincts, her lips kissing a searing route directly down the center of the man's back. She smiled at the raised goose flesh her travels created as she went.

J.D. McGinnis was flesh and blood, after all. He had weaknesses.

The revelation astounded Grace.

She was suddenly determined to discover the depths of those flaws.

Grace halted her pastime, glancing at the sculptured perfection of the man's muscular body. Angry welts marred the otherwise pleasing surface.

Long white and red scars bespoke of a horrific episode in the man's life. Grace gently traced the elevated tissue of one particularly gruesome gash, her lips kissing the pain and memory away.

J.D. stiffened, his body tensing. He shied away from her touch, moving his body up and off the bed abruptly.

Grace started at the unexpected undertaking, hastily grabbing at the discarded robe at the head of the bed, covering herself modestly.

She felt the rejection acutely, the sharpness a stinging bite of reality.

The woman watched the man, her eyes wide, void of any censor or accusation for the present.

She mused about the inner demons he must be dealing with, but he had not wanted her touch, and that was the bottom line. Grace had to deal with the realism presented.

"...Wow." she breathed out shakily, trying to make light of a very dark subject. "Really?" the long tresses swayed with her woeful exclamation. Her laughter was forced and hollow.

Grace had wanted to believe she could reach the man somehow where others had failed.

She watched the rigidly controlled features, hoping for some softening...something she did not witness.

J.D.'s jawline moved tersely back and forth, his face a mask of placidity.

The robe was clutched to her breast, her knuckles white from the exertion. She sat in the middle of the bed, her hand propping her form aloft.

Grace stared at the ugly scars and welts on the man's back. Who had inflicted such torture? How had J.D. stood it? What brought him to the place where such brutality was the accepted norm?

The man simply stood, unwilling to face her, his mood undeterminable but clearly unreceptive to anything Grace could think to propose.

Grace obviously held no key to unlocking the terrible secrets harbored in the man's past, and without his authorization, there would never be anyway to reach his present...or him.

The tension between them was a tangible force in the room, which threatened to smother the woman with its intensity. She no longer wished to subject either of them to such a destructive force.

"M-Maybe we should try this at another time." Grace scooted to the edge of the bed, trying to hold the robe to integral parts of her body.

J.D. closed his eyes, his world turning a dismal gray. He had hurt her. AGAIN! It was the last

thing he had intended to do.

His anger boiled just beneath the surface, as it did on the best of days. He could usually control it. But, today, he found it too potent an entity. He turned on the young object of his ire.

“For God’s sake, Grace!” he spent his sudden fury. “This has to be on my terms! Don’t you see that? I can’t be...healed!” McGinnis disdained. “That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you! I can’t ever be...normal!”

Grace suddenly believed that statement. She had never seen him so...distraught, so...enraged.

“I’ve purposely kept you out of that fucking world, and here you are blithely asking to enter it?” the Marine motioned tersely. “Asking me to share it with you? To give you a God-damned tour of a place no woman should ever...ever have to see?”

Grace’s own temper flared. “Don’t you use that tone with me, ‘Rebel Without a Cause!’” she warned. “This isn’t just about you!”

She had a few things to say as well on the matter at hand. “I didn’t come to you, and I’ll be damned if my first time is a one-sided, ‘you just lay there, little Missy, while I get my jollies off’ type of thing!”

The man’s scowl increased two-fold for the response he was receiving.

“I owe you, sure, and I repay my debts, but there is no fucking law that says it has to be this exact moment!” Grace was pretty certain of her facts. “So, why don’t you just crawl back under whichever rock you slithered out from...”

“Don’t you fucking hide your body from me!” J.D. was looking for a fight, having noted the prim gesture.

Grace had pulled the robe very much closer to her petite frame.

“I’ve earned the damned right to see it if any man has!”

“You want to ‘see it’?” Grace asked more than waspishly, jerking the robe from her slender body and tossing it aside angrily. “Look all you damned well please!” she held her arms out gracefully. “That’s all you’ll be doing this fine day!”

J.D.’s mouth fell agape at the incredulous sight presented, her actions taking him completely by surprise.

“Get...out!” Grace demanded, her finger pointing to the locked door, her voice raised effectively.

J.D.’s eyes traveled the beauty of her revealed form, all the anger, and stress he had been feeling turning to ash inside his suddenly dry mouth.

He stared, mesmerized, at the slender perfection before him, taking in the ample swells of her small but perfectly formed breasts and the soft curves of her hips.

Grace's long red curls draped the fullness of those lovely orbs, hiding the luscious mounds that only whetted a guy's appetite for...more.

J.D. felt his penis expand in empathy. He didn't even think to chastise it, so involved with the moment which was unfolding before his eyes.

The usually creamy cheeks, with their smattering of freckles across that cute turned-up little nose, were flushed an appealing pink now, Grace's emerald eyes flashing her temper.

She was a full head and a half shorter than J.D. McGinnis, but those shapely legs seemed to stretch into infinity now.

His hands itched to touch the smooth, velvety thighs. His gaze traveled slowly downward, across the taunt flatness of her stomach resting at the apex of her being. The carefully shaved Mound of Venus made a man's mouth water, the pink pouty lips enthralling J.D.'s senses.

He was used to women who did not...do that.

He enjoyed playing in the dark fluff of pubic hair most of his consorts possessed, for he usually preferred that type of female, but seeing Grace's clean, smooth rise made his blood heat dangerously. He wondered momentarily why she would do such a thing.

But he had too much on his mind to linger on semantics.

A fine sheen of perspiration suddenly beaded his forehead. His heart thudded loudly inside his chest. His loins were throbbing with a primitive hum, one he knew well from past experience.

A fire flared within the pit of his stomach, coloring the cool calmness of the man's normal reaction to any desperate moment.

Before he could think it through, he was blurting his thoughts. "I... want..." he managed to croak out a harsh whisper of confession. One his body demanded to be put to right. "To taste your pussy."

The rasping murmur shook the woman to her core, Grace's cheeks flaming scarlet. "OHH!" Grace stepped...his words had sunk in... the two steps separating them, her hand lifting, arching in a graceful swing toward his face, the sweet breasts bobbing erotically.

J.D.'s hand lifted swiftly, catching her wrist, his thick fingers curling about the small appendage.

He used the advantage of his height and weight to forward his momentum, turning the woman rapidly, depositing her slight form beneath his on the giving surface of the bed behind them.

A very disgruntled 'umf' escaped Grace's lips, the wind taken from her body.

The man lay his form strategically over her prone frame, his legs intertwined with the shapely ones, the cotton of his socks rough against her bare feet.

Grace's gaze rested on the dark mat of chest hair inches from her face, the muscular shoulders and width of the man obscuring her view. Even the ceiling had disappeared. All she could see was the hair-covered forearms and bulk of J.D. McGinnis.

She could smell his essence all around her. She lifted her attention, totally disoriented. She had never noticed the brown and gold flecks in his eyes. Or the virile outline of a five o'clock shadow over the full, artistic mouth.

His breathing was even and steady, the fingers that held her secure from movement inoffensively light in nature.

J.D. raked the beauty of that magnificent head of hair; all sprawled every which way across the pillow.

Such magnificence reminded him of a painting he had seen once hanging in a museum in Athens. The figure in that painting had haunted his dreams for years now.

Other priorities took his mind from the past, however. His present was much more alluring.

He felt the rising warmth of the very feminine form beneath him.

Grace's 'perfume' on this day consisted of a light coating of baby lotion and fragrant hair shampoo.

He wanted to lick her from head to toe.

Her breasts were creased to his naked chest, their fleshy richness plush and full, melding to his skin.

Grace felt the definite imprint of J.D.'s solid hardness against her thigh.

She had read such passages in her Romance novels. The reality of a living, breathing Alpha Male staring so boldly at her nakedness was nothing like she imagined such an eventuality might be.

Nothing could have prepared her for the shock of realism she was now experiencing.

She knew J.D. was holding himself in rigid check. She could feel the coiled tension in his body.

"You..." Grace sought in vain a way to extract herself from such a perilous situation. "Y-You just better let me up!" Her voice lacked any real conviction, granted.

"Yeah?" J.D. was going to call her bluff, she sensed. "What'd ya gonna do if I don't?" He flicked her body with a restless gaze.

“Kick you in the balls.” She attempted said feat.

J.D. moved slightly, preventing the action with a well-placed positioning of his lower body.

Grace flushed fully, feeling the rounded curve of his penis, which now rested directly into her canal crevice. And even though the slacks he wore, there was something primal in the action.

“Gonna need my balls in a minute.” He remarked casually, but there was something in those dreamy eyes that made Grace’s blush deepen systematically.

“Unless you’re planning on self-stimulation...” she managed through gritted teeth. “You won’t.”

“You make my mouth water.” He murmured contentedly. “You ever practice that particular pastime, Grace? Why don’t you share some details with me, hum?” His eyes dropped as he moved slightly; the exquisite breasts revealed.

He smiled slowly as the tiny nubs of her nipples responded to his stare.

“What kind of man are you?” The woman thought she had known, but his actions had placed doubts in her mind. Her expression was troubled, apprehensive suddenly.

McGinnis read her like a book, hurt by the panic and fear he read in those astonishing eyes.

“...A desperate one...maybe.” he would admit to the failing in this instance. “I didn’t mean for any of this shit to come down like it has.” He confessed wearily, his head lifting slightly, his eyes closing tiredly.

They snapped open, and he sought her out. “But, damn it, Woman...you make me crazy at times!” he grated the fact.

“You are crazy.” Grace suddenly realized the fact, her voice a mere whisper of its former vitality. “There is something terribly wrong with you.”

McGinnis laughed mirthlessly, his head lowering for a low beat. “Yeah.” He nodded minutely, lifting gentle eyes. “I know.”

Grace tried to read a weakening in that gaze, finding now.

“I’m going to kiss you now.” J.D.’s warm breath touched the edges of her mouth, his dark look making her tingle in places she didn’t know possible.

“No.” Grace breathed out her belief. “You are not.” She held his stare willfully.

“...Yeah.” J.D. prepared himself for the confrontation he knew would come. “...I am.”

His fingers tightened on her wrists, and he lowered his head...ever so slowly, painstakingly so, his eyes holding the emerald stones masterfully. “And then...” he whispered urgently, “I’m going to

fuck your pussy raw.”

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Grace tried not to react to the vulgar remark, but the images conjured up by the bellicose statement sparked her imagination to vivid life.

And, too, there was the fact that she was now surrounded on all sides by the very essence of a lethally attractive, very virile male.

J.D. McGinnis knew just what to say to a woman to pique her interest; his tone and inflection always just this side of indecent.

Grace was embarrassed to note she was just as susceptible to the sexually enticing proficiency he exuded as the next female.

She had never been on the receiving end of such blatantly seductive efforts. And now, she was having to fight the urge to allow him anything he thought to ask.

The man lowered his lips hypnotically, the grey/green eyes pulling her soul from her body. His intent was crystal clear. Grace managed to turn her head at the last second before his mouth made actual contact.

It had taken everything she had to refuse him access.

J.D. fought down his acute disappointment, his forehead placed alongside her temple, his lips pressing to her hair line. “Ahh, Baby.” He whispered his despondency. “Don’t be like this...I’m dying here.”

Grace doubted the sincerity of his words entirely. “Do you want to kiss me, J.D.?” she murmured softly.

“As God is my witness.” The man vowed sacredly, his mouth trailing lovingly along the side of her cheek line.

“I wanted to kiss you too, but you turned away.” Grace reminded evenly. “Remember?”

The man moved back slightly, shifting his gaze to the lovely profile.

He caught her reference, knowing he must soothe the pain he had inflicted before any real progress could be made.

Grace lay unresponsive. There was a barrier between them. She felt it as if a physical wall had been erected. She did not wish to cross over at this point.

Although it was no real hardship to lie beside a totally nude Grace Morgan, J.D. felt her aloofness acutely.

He rested his lips on her shoulder, closing his eyes wearily. He wasn't certain how to breach the gap between them. He turned his head slightly, nuzzling her nape. "What is it you want from me, Grace...what will suffice?"

Grace had no answers. Only questions his actions and conduct had raised in her mind.

The silence was brittle.

She wished he would just...go and leave her to some kind of peace.

J.D. sensed the gravity of the situation, setting his mind to his mission, unpleasant as it was going to be. He prepared himself, hating to approach the subject matter.

"Nothing will have it, hum. But you come into my world?" a sardonic laugh escaped the man. "You want a tour, Grace...is that what it will take?"

"I don't want anything from you." she realized. "...Nothing."

The man nodded curtly, his expression set. "Well, I want something from you." He knew as much just as he knew to get it...he would have to make sacrifices.

McGinnis hesitated. He had a choice to make.

He could walk away. This was his chance. To correct his previous error.

He never...ever should have come here.

Just get the hell up and... go, you weak-willed fucking bastard. Don't let a dame get to you like this!

Just...don't! You're better than this. You know you are!

The man's eyes closed wearily, and he lowered his head for a goodly while. Out of the quiet came his answers...

"...We had set up a parameter and held it for four days." He began without a preamble, his tone carefully devoid of emotion or sentiment. "It was the best of times, the worst of times." he quipped but then...sobered.

Grace scowled darkly, unprepared for such tactics on his part. What the hell was he up to now?

"We thought reinforcements were coming but, in the end..." J.D. settled himself more comfortably, raising half his body, his gaze settling on her face. "They never showed."

Grace kept her face averted, questioning whether she should be upset or just tell the guy, 'She wasn't buying it...not this time'.

"The Japs overrun our position that night. They came out of the jungle in droves, like fucking bed

bugs.” The man lifted his head, keeping the visions at bay with practiced proficiency. “...Our ammo was down to a few clips for the M-1s, and our supplies were totally depleted.” McGinnis’ voice had become abnormally quiet.

Grace slowly turned her head. There was something hauntingly eerie about the careful placidity of his ruggedly handsome face. The scar on the side of his temple was shown vividly in the dim light of the apartment.

“...We did what we could.” The man smirked slightly. “Which wasn’t much.” He sighed lightly, hesitating for a long beat.

His eyes were trained on something Grace could not see, she realized. Something not found within the confines of the room they shared.

“Afterwards...” the man continued finally. “They wanted Intel from us. Our strengths and weaknesses. They were a little adamant we answer their inquiries.” He lifted amused brows, but then...that amusement faded.

“That’s where I got the scars.” He motioned to his back. “I didn’t mind so much for me, but there was this kid.” He shook his head minutely.

“Straight out of OT school. Little bastard couldn’t have been more than twenty.” J.D. laughed mirthlessly. “He had arrived a week before we headed out on the mission. Our fearless Leader.”

J.D. thought back on how green the boy had been. And how fucking scared shitless. “A God-damned pup.” He disgusted.

“We gave him a hard time ...the son-of-a-bitch tried to actually take Command.” He smiled, showing strong white teeth.

Grace shifted her eyes, uncertain as to exactly where this narrative was headed.

J.D. never spoke of his time over...there.

She waited patiently, but it appeared the story was at an end. She pondered the moral. There seemed none that applied.

“I can still see his face, Grace,” J.D. stated with such simplicity the woman thought, for a second, he had started another tale. But it was the same one he had begun earlier. “...His eyes pleading for me to...help him. To...make them stop.”

Grace felt her heart break, tears welling.

“I hear his screams.” The noble brow furrowed deeply. A coldness settled into McGinnis’ eyes.

Grace shivered in its wake.

“There was nothing I could fucking do.” He had come to terms with it...or ...had he?

“...They come.” The man confessed; his tone so low she had to strain to hear it. “At night...they’re waiting for me.” He looked directly at the wide, large gaze, but Grace didn’t think he really was seeing her.

“They don’t understand how I made it out. And they’re right. I shouldn’t have.” He shrugged those stocky shoulders rather nonchalantly.

“...Isn’t life funny.” His brows knitted together. “Or ‘Fate’ ...maybe.” He altered his statement. “She picks one guy and bypasses another, sitting right beside the first bastard.”

He was amazed by the fact.

“I’ve seen it more times than I can count, and always...always...the fucking bitch passes me over.” The man sighed heavily, shifting his weight to a more comfortable position. “I hate her for that, Grace.” His eyes chilled yet again. “I don’t think...I’ve ever hated anyone more.”

“I don’t hate her, J.D.” Grace traced the prickly five o’clock shadow around his full lips with a tender trek of her finger. “I don’t hate her at all.”

The man’s scowl deepened, his thumb erasing the tear tracks from her cheeks.

“Stop it.” He growled gruffly. “I don’t need this shit.” But his touch had been gentle.

Grace swallowed the threat of more tears, her heart hurting for this man.

“You wanted to know why it’s hard to equate you with that time in my life.” J.D. continued. He leaned, his lips caressing her forehead almost paternally. “I don’t want to connect the two...ever. Okay?”

She nodded, swallowing the lump in her throat.

He lowered his head, claiming his reward, his mouth hungrily devouring her softly compliant lips.

His arms slid about her body, engulfing her petite frame into his massive strength, his embrace tightening securely while his lips systematically raped her straining senses.

Grace shifted, freeing her hands, her arms lifting about the man’s neckline. She arched her body to his, needing to feel closer to the enigma that was J.D. McGinnis.

J.D. felt her mouth flower under his strict guidance, her senses sparking to vivid life.

He had not wanted to share something so horrific in his life, but at this exact moment, with his arms full of a loving, giving woman, the soldier was ever so glad he had.

This is how he had hoped it would be with Grace beneath him, receptive and warm. Her lips tasted as good as he had always imagined. Sensual and soft, and she was kissing him slowly, languidly as if she had all the damned time in the world.

Her fingers worked magic in the hair at the base of his nape, sending shivers of delight up and down his arms. Each caress heightened his emotional state, and within moments, he was tense and ready for her.

J.D. shifted about restlessly, attempting to ease the strain his body was under, his rock-hard penis aching poignantly for the release he knew would be long in coming.

He shoved repeatedly against the heated surface of Grace's center of being, having spread her legs with his thighs. He strafed the tender flesh beneath his Army issue, hoping to alleviate some of the painful inklings inside his mind and body.

Denying his physical need already felt like sublime torture. He drew in a longing breath. It was like an itch he just could not scratch.

Grace was not at this stage, however.

He knew he had a lot of preparation to do because she was still kissing him at that maddeningly unhurried pace that was killing him by degrees.

All J.D. wanted to do at this stage was to unzip his fly, extract his dick and shove it as far up that tight little hole as he possibly could.

He repeatedly screamed the reminder in his head. Grace was not ready for what he needed her to be ready for.

The man broke the moment and the kiss, extracting himself from the lethal influence of Grace Morgan's naïve, blundering attempts at seduction, which, in truth, was turning him on more than he had ever been before.

"...Let me get comfortable, Angel." He had to clear his throat in order to utter the hoarse explanation.

Grace blinked her confusion at the rapid change of affairs.

J.D.'s hands automatically went to his belt, unbuckling the metal square with hurried practice, his fingers reaching for the tab of his zipper.

Grace reached, her small fingers interceding, covering his hand, halting his actions.

J.D. removed his hands, allowing her to take over the job, his gaze a sensually erotic one. "I can't get this image out of my head." His fingers lowered, caressing the lips of her vaginal area.

He nuzzled her temple lovingly. The woman stiffened slightly, then relaxed fully. "Well..." Grace

strived for sophistication, her hair falling about her face as she worked on her task, obscuring the flush of pleasure his words had produced. "You've seen a few, so I'll take that as the highest of compliments."

She stayed perfectly still under his administration for fear he might stop the excruciatingly delicious pastime.

"You spoil the mood here, girl, and I'll beat the living hell out of you." He murmured lazily, his middle finger entering her canal in one slow, tantalizing thrust.

Grace closed her eyes, her breath coming in shorter intervals. "You and what army." She managed, just, her hand going to surround his thick wrist, hoping to persuade him to stop his handiwork.

It was difficult to concentrate on her own chore, her hand having wrangled its way inside the slit of his boxers, the slender fingers gently easing about his thickness.

His arms tightened, his hand filtering into her hair, his mouth kissing soft, gentle kisses along the crown of her head. He grunted his approval, his eyes closing to the rapturous torment.

Grace explored the warm, ample swell of flesh she had discovered, her thumb sliding over the rounded head of his manhood, rubbing the tiny drop of fluid about the slick surface.

"You are going to get yourself in trouble." He warned, his tone thick with involvement. But he did not once think of stopping her.

Grace felt the contour and shape of him with ever so carefully, trailing tenderness. She abruptly removed her hand, her expression becoming alarmed.

J.D. opened his eyes, totally stunned and disoriented. "...What?" he demanded an explanation, reading the hesitation in the pretty place.

The woman lifted troubled eyes. She was biting her bottom lip anxiously.

"WHAT?" the Marine snapped coarsely. My God, had she not liked what she had bared?

Grace stubbornly refused a reply, her sullen expression somehow blaming him.

"Grace!" the man thundered. "...WHAT??" J.D. had caught her intended escape, his hands going about her upper arms. "You tell me!"

She scowled darkly up at him. "It's too big!" she barked defensively. "It will...hurt!"

J.D.... relaxed. "You're a whacko." He laughed his relief. This, he could handle.

"No, Baby." He shook his head minutely, holding her eyes willfully, having seen her reaction. "Listen to me, Precious..." he soothed instantly.

“Don’t you ‘Precious’ me.” Grace squirmed restlessly, trying to bite his hand. He knew how to defer her anxiety, artfully dodging her attempt to maim.

“I know how to fix it.”

Grace stopped struggling for a beat, lifting a sulky pout.

“I can make you wet, and wet is a wonderful thing, Baby.” McGinnis hastily made his case. “It slides right in if you’re wet. No pain to speak of.” He lied fluently. “I know how to do it right; I will make you climb the fucking walls. You won’t even know it’s happening.”

Grace was not convinced.

“It’s just average, Baby.” McGinnis lied again, happy to do so. “On the small side, actually.”

Grace blinked. “...Really?”

“I swear.” Her fears were dismissed. “Hell yeah.” The man’s ego lifted by leaps and bounds for the innocently stated ‘praise.’ “It has to get hard, or a guy can’t enter...” he motioned. “You know.”

Grace glanced at the appropriate area, measuring the outline of his penis beneath the fabric of his slacks.

“But it softens once inside, and it feels pretty damned good.” the man would do what it took in this instance, having no qualms about any lie he must tell at this stage.

Grace was confused. “Charlie didn’t ...do that. I would have felt.”

“He did it.” J.D. sneered. The bastard. “He made damned sure you didn’t feel it...he just didn’t want to scare you, it being your first time and all.”

The fucking bastard, J.D., finished in his head.

“Oh.” Grace relaxed. “I knew that.” she adamantly stated. “I did!”

“Okay.” McGinnis shrugged her concern away, more than willing to compromise at this stage. “It’s a legitimate concern.”

J.D. noted the lush curls cascading down her breasts, gently placing the strands...elsewhere, his eyes taking in the soft swell of her mounds.

“A guy can’t look at something like...these and remain...unaffected.” his hand lifted the heavy fullness of her breasts, squeezing, kneading to his heart’s content.

Grace watched his handiwork. There was something disturbingly erotic about his hands on her

body. She looked away.

“You just lay down there, and in three minutes’ time, I’ll have you all wet and needy, just like you’re supposed to be.” He promised himself more than the girl.

“I don’t get...needy.” she took exception.

“Well, you know what I mean.” The man spread his hands on her hips. “I’ll prepare you properly, and then...it won’t hurt.” J.D. kissed her gently.

“...Like Charlie did?” Grace shifted interested eyes, her hands on his bulky shoulders. She liked the feel of the muscled flesh under her hands.

“...Better.” his tone was tight for the reminder. She shifted an unconvinced stare. “I’ll make you forget all about Charles Edwards, Baby.” It was suddenly the Marine’s one goal in life.

Grace was still skeptical. Charles Edwards was a pretty unforgettable guy in her book. J.D. sensed as much, reacting accordingly. He reached, his hands hooking just behind her knees, lifting.

“’OHHH!” Grace gasped for the rapidity of the move, which landed her on her back, legs spread around the man’s thighs, open and vulnerably exposed.

J.D. leaned, catching her mouth with his, the kiss a smolderingly passionate one. He worked his way slowly, tantalizingly down her body, trailing soft, languorous kisses into every fragrant nook and cranny he found on the scenic path.

His fingers massaging, caressing, exploring...each and every inch of the warm, smooth flesh.

He flicked his tongue into the artistic swirl of her belly button, his fingers easing between the fleshy folds of her vulva, gently stroking, his thumb playing teasingly over her nub of pleasure, his free hand playing with her breasts.

He listened until Grace’s breathing was labored and shallow, then maneuvered his body strategically.

He licked the light pink of her labia with quick, light strokes, his breath hot on the heated flesh.

Grace’s moans deepened, and she lifted herself for his pleasure, her hands clenching and unclenching on the cool sheets of her bed.

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J.D. McGinnis hooked his hands beneath Grace Morgan’s thighs, bringing her closer, his tongue pushing slowly into the wet tunnel of her vaginal canal. She smelled fresh and clean and tasted warm and deliciously sweet.

Grace writhed, her beautiful form fervently thrashing restlessly about as she tried to get the man to the exact spot he should be concentrating on, but McGinnis purposely stayed just outside the boundaries she seemed to crave.

The woman groaned piteously, her temper flaring incandescently. "There!" the woman positioned herself directly where she wanted him to 'touch.'

J.D. grinned, his tongue's very tip just barely flicking back and forth ever so lightly over the sensitive peak of urgency she had located for him.

He blew gently on the engorged tip, enjoying the long, drawn-out whimper of lascivious yearning his actions produced. Grace's thighs trembled visibly.

But McGinnis didn't think she had suffered quite enough just yet, reaching, his mammoth hands engulfing the swell of her breasts.

His fingers caught the stiff little peaks of her nipples, teasingly tweaking them between his thumb and forefinger. The sounds she emitted hardened his erection to pulsating intensity.

Grace's hands grasped his tattooed forearms, her head back; her eyes closed dreamily. She never wanted this moment to stop, and yet, if it didn't stop soon, she would go insane. Grace just knew it.

J.D. tested her lubrication with a gentle thrust into her opening.

Grace slid eagerly down upon the thick appendage, her own trembling fingers easing their way downward over the flat of her stomach.

J.D.'s hands pushed her intent aside, his tongue taking it from there, and in seconds, the woman had climaxed, her feeble outcry of ecstasy invading the man's soul.

He lifted fluidly, pulling his cock from the confines of his Basics, his upper thighs shoving her legs farther apart.

The man shifted closer, placing the head to her opening, shoving firmly upward against the taunt flesh of Grace's shield.

He watched the erotic sight, unable to tear his eyes from his pastime.

With his arm securely about the small of Grace's back, holding her from any form of escape, McGinnis pushed firmly against the resistance she offered.

He felt her stiffen as the layer was torn asunder with the insistent insertion of the large, bulbous head, which unceremoniously burst into the liquid lava of Grace's virgin cavity.

Grace cried out, the pain sharp and distinct, her body rebelling against such an invasion, her palms shoving against his strength.

“It’s done.” J.D. held fast, refusing to brook any nonsense, his tone soothing, patient. “Your old man was a loser, Grace...in all aspects of his worthless life.”

He closed his eyes, holding himself in check, fighting his instincts to shove deeply inside the hot, steamy little hole. The head of his cock hummed resonantly, wanting to explore more of the delectable depths it had breached.

He bit his lip hard and thought about the pain of the tattoo needles he had experienced so often in his life. He would have quoted baseball statistics, but he didn’t know any.

“It’s ok, Baby.” He weathered the broken sobs determinedly, his arms holding Grace comfortingly, his murmurs consoling ones. Was she crying because of what he had just done...or the other shit with her old man.

She was killing him, moving about like that. He could feel each and every contraction of her cunt. “...God, Grace!” he wasn’t above pleading, he found. “Cut it out!” he rasped distraughtly.

His fingers tightened on the velvet smoothness of her hips, his teeth grinding as he concentrated...focusing his intent.

“You said it wouldn’t hurt!” Grace hit his arm and shoulder area, then his chest. “You Puke!”

“Feel, Angel.” J.D. snapped right back, swallowing hard, refusing her escape. “Jesus!” he grated. “Look!” he forced her head and eyes down, his fingers gripping the back of her nape stoutly.

Grace gasped her shock, having little choice but to obey his command. The sight of their bodies joined so intimately developed pangs of desire within her heightened senses, the slight sting of awakening already subsiding, truth told, replaced by a much more clear, concise urge.

J.D.’s crisp, black patch of pubic hair surrounded the pink flesh of his organ, which was protruding slightly from her opening.

Grace’s cheeks flushed scarlet, but she did not look away from such an enticing sight. She could not. She held her breath, her eyes fixated upon the erotic view.

She could ‘feel’ the thick head inside her, and she seemed to vibrate now with an acute twinge of primordial need.

J.D., too, rested his gaze upon the spot where they joined as one, but every now and then, he would lift those mesmerizing eyes, connecting to her in such a disturbingly intimate manner that Grace was hard-pressed to meet those sultry stares.

The woman tried to key her body down, for her breasts heaved from the exertion it took to draw in a single breath; her skin felt like it was on fire.

She could hear her blood rushing through her veins; her heart pounded hard against her chest cavity.

J.D. moved strategically, and Grace panicked. “NO!” she was afraid the pain would return.

“Just an inch, Sweetheart.” J.D. pleaded persuasively; his tone tinged with a new-found desperation, his voice cracking with the stress of the moment.

“N-No!” it was stubbornly refused any sort of reasoning.

“One fucking inch won’t kill you, Grace.” The man eased forward ever so slowly because he had no choice but to do otherwise at this point. “Work with me here, damn it!”

Grace felt her cavern spread, whimpering her fear, but...she also felt...something else. Something...alien.

Besides the ‘alien’ that was inside her now, a thick, slick snake of a thing which slithered further and further down into her very being, making her want to surrender...to give in...to...comply.

Once started on the incredulous journey, J.D. found his ability to control his descent impossible.

Soon he had hit the apex of ecstasy, settling himself deep within the volcanic depths which quivered deliciously around his captured cock like quicksilver treks of molten fire.

He began to thrust, at first, short, leisurely little motions which somewhat relieved the agonizing pangs he was experiencing but then soon exasperated the futility of such meager efforts.

Grace had lain passively under him, her breathing unstable, her body tense, but then she began to respond to his kisses, and finally...she began to move.

His arms held her close, and the Universe clicked into place.

He had heard all the stories, heard the statements made by what he considered ‘saps’ about how a woman could reduce a man to a simpering pile of dog crap just by opening her legs to him.

He had never experienced that type of emotional ‘attachment.’ Always holding back, a reserve where any woman was concerned.

He had decided to be extra careful where Grace Morgan was concerned.

Keep the walls up, keep on guard. Be alert and vigilant. His defenses had crumbled like the Walls of Jericho. When it had happened, he had no clue.

J.D. reveled in this woman’s being. He buried his nose between those lush mounds, drinking in her scent, and knew beyond doubt he never wanted to leave this harbor of illicit, erotic yearning.

He increased the tempo of his thrusts, his abdomen pressing tightly to her flat stomach.

The soldier pinned her body to the mattress, seeking desperately to alleviate the demons fidgeting inside his mind. His breath was labored as if he had hiked twenty miles with a heavy pack; a fine

sheer of perspiration glistened his muscular frame.

He was having to work for his recompense, and he found he did not mind in the least.

The man had held off his own release, but he knew it was close...very much so.

He concentrated all his energies on that one objective.

Grace was a fast learner, having found priorities of her own. Her shapely leg wrapped seductively around his, the smooth silk rubbing enticingly against the coarse hair of his muscled calf, holding him close.

Her fingers played freely in J.D.'s crisp, curly pubic hair, her forefinger gently teasing the spot where he entered and withdrew from her body.

It bothered the man that he could not reach the depths he wished for penetration on the one hand, but on the other, the forced distance was driving him mad.

He knocked her hand away once, but she seemed to have some sort of affinity for the area, having found her way back in seconds.

J.D. had established a rhythm that suited him just fine, his powerful thrusts rocking her slight frame erotically.

He kissed her with all the passion she was evoking, his mouth rough and demanding on her sweet lips.

Grace held to his strength, riding out the emotional juggernaut, her entire being attuned to J.D. McGinnis' every wish.

She vibrated to his commands, which were no longer gentle and mild in nature.

"Move!" his thrusts jolted her body with each robust stab he offered, McGinnis' tone exacting, the breathless whisper thrilling Grace no end. "Take me there, Baby." he snarled erratically.

Grace reveled in the almost savage intensity of his penis as it slithered deep inside her, stabbing over and over with deliciously heated lunges.

He filled her to capacity and beyond, the solidness of the man melting her incandescently.

She followed her instincts and the dictates of her own body, moving enticingly against the passion of his powerful form.

J.D. felt the tension build to unbearable intensity, prolonging the emotions as long as humanly possible, knowing his denial of his own body's needs would maximize the jolt of release when it came.

The giant wave built to a crescent of strength, threatening to engulf him with its drowning grandeur.

J.D. did not fight the sensation but welcomed it gladly.

A kaleidoscope of multicolored hues exploded behind his closed lids, and a sharp, violent streak of lightning imploded inside his cock's tip, its strength traveling throughout his entire system in a matter of milliseconds.

It shook his body with its omnipotence, quavering his magnificent frame with its capability.

He could not stop a heartfelt growl of appreciation from escaping his throat.

His fluid shot from the slit of his cock, washing Grace's aching fissure with soothing heat.

J.D. had meant to withdraw at this stage. It was the furthest thing from his mind suddenly.

His body slowly, painstakingly, was returning to its former vitality.

J.D. never wanted to leave such an inviting home. Never.

McGinnis was perfectly content to lay upon the fragrant, warm little body until the next Coming of the Messiah.

He turned his face, his lips caressing the slender little neckline in open affection. He encompassed the slight body in his arms, his hands gently combing through the lush strands of red curls on either side of her face, massaging Grace's scalp lovingly.

His body fused with hers still; the quiet, serene feeling that had washed over him after the last twitches of completion had left his body was still very much a factor in his state of being.

But the woman had other ideas.

"You're too heavy." Grace was squirming and pushing against his chest, wanting out from under his weight.

He lifted himself accommodatingly, seeking out the flushed little features. "You have no romance in your soul, Woman."

Grace made a face and pushed harder. "Yeah, whatever...get off me."

He sighed, moving enough to allow her a slight escape, but his arms held her close, and he just had to curve his body to her warmth, spooning to the succulent frame lovingly, his mouth searching for and finding her lips.

She even struggled out of that romantic moment, glancing down for his arm was securely fastened over her breast area.

“Eww.” She made another face, her head dropping back into the pillow. “I’m all messy.” She threw him an accusatory glance.

“Comes with the territory.” J.D. grinned lazily, his eyes boldly appraising on her more modest ones. “Take the good with the bad, kid.”

“I’m no ‘kid’.” Grace reminded fretfully, wondering already at her ‘performance.’ She knew he was accustomed to more experienced, worldly partners.

“No.” McGinnis agreed quietly. “You are not.” His smile had softened.

Grace lay still, her mind active.

“So... like...” she wondered how to put it delicately. “It was...okay?” the green eyes darted to his serene ones.

“Never doubt your abilities, Grace...in any area.” He propped his head into his hand, his gaze a steady one. “But certainly not in the ‘pleasing a man’ category.”

She felt a little better.

“All I really did was just...lay there.” She needed more ‘input,’ her insecurities where this man was concerned running deep.

“It was the way you...lay there.” He held his smile. “Which is a fucking lie to begin with.” He remembered well the constant squirming and exploring and... withering.

“You know what you did to me.” His deep tenor thrilled Grace no end, as did his quiet stare. “I showed you in every way I knew how.”

The woman didn’t ‘know,’ but the words had soothed her ego somewhat. She put a stray tendril behind her ear. “Oh...” she breathed easier. “...ummm.” no words came.

J.D. could not stop touching her, his fingers trailing over every part of her body with gentle, light strokes. His eyes followed the path taken, loving the satiny feel of her flesh beneath his calloused palm.

He traced the taunt plumpness of her breast line, the flat surface of her stomach, the sculptured plains of her shoulder blades, and the delicious pertness of her nipples. All of which Grace allowed passively.

He lay next to her, just drinking in the essence of that which was...Grace Morgan.

There was no other place J.D. wanted to be, but he knew he should not tarry any longer. To stay would only bring more heartache when it was time to leave.

His fingers lifted a red curl, pressing the fragrant fluff to his lips, allowing himself to come down naturally from the exhilarating high they had both just experienced.

Grace lay quietly beside him, her eyes closing and opening at frequent intervals.

“You sleepy, Baby?” he murmured softly, for J.D. found himself in such a stupor, wanting to snuggle to her and close his eyes. To drift off into a world where he could feel her nearby.

She snuggled to his chest, sighing lightly.

“...You can’t sleep.” The truth brought a dark depression for J.D. McGinnis. One he was loathe to deal with.

“Why not?” Grace muttered, drifting in a very pleasant place.

“Because you have that dinner with Ellis in an hour’s time.” The man quietly stated, knowing his time with the woman was at an end.