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In His Heart

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Dear readers,

This short is part of the Don't Tell series and takes place between *In His Command* and my upcoming second novel in the series *On Her Watch*. This story contains spoilers if you have not read *In His Command* first. (It's also very hot!)

Enjoy~

The moment Caspar walked down the hillside and stepped into the aisle, my mouth went dry. My eyes watered. I couldn't look at him. Not full-on. Not at that moment. His gaze bored into me, sending shivers throughout my body. And even though my ears burned, I stayed tuned in to little Callie, who animatedly talked to me, her wild red hair dancing in the wind.

I stole another glance at my soon-to-be-husband in his tight black leathers and crisp white shirt, the onyx-colored tie around his neck. Just one look was all it took for Caspar Cannon, former Alpha Elite Tactical Forces Commander, to make me gasp.

He grinned and then ducked his head. His clean-shaven cheeks turned a bright pink as he discreetly swiped his eyes. At that moment my heart flew into my throat.

The Chitamauga meadow was decked out in wintry white snow and beautiful red bows lit by candles in globes to safeguard them from the cool breeze, yet I felt none of the cold. Our friends gathered around us to celebrate our handfasting. The hundreds-strong crowd gasped right along with me when Caspar stepped onto the altar beside me.

"Goddamn," he said, staring at me.

When he snagged my hand and curled it against his palm, I heard Lizbeth titter. When he kissed me, I felt nothing but his hot lips, his even warmer love. He crushed his mouth to mine, and heat spread from his lips to my heart and several other places that weren't appropriate in front of a congregation of this size. I could've sworn the snow melted at my feet. My lover's dark eyes, his soft brown hair, his big manly body . . . it all swam in my vision like the kisses we exchanged, with the love we promised, when we gave forever to each other.

I remembered every moment, saving them all like the treasures they were. The beautiful earthy ritual of becoming wed and the words he'd said. "Through war and combat, in times of peace, I will be beside you. My heart, my love, my soul is yours, Nathaniel."

I grasped his wrist and the red ribbon surrounding it, tying us together. His name fell from my lips in a hush. I'd watched him from afar, wanting him for so long, and now he was mine. Euphoria filled me to bursting, the only outlet a broad smile and a quick nod of my head as I listened to his deep, husky timbre. I wanted to be wrapped in his arms already, committing myself to him in body as well as in these enduring vows.

He stared straight into me, so deep inside me. "With *everything* I am, I commit myself to you. All this I swear in the name of liberty, life, and our love. So may it be."

After the vows and the tears neither of us could stave off, considering the cruel and brutal journey we'd survived to be together, after we exchanged rings, I couldn't wipe the smile off my face. I couldn't shout loud enough when hundreds of red ribbons sailed across the horizon from each Freelanders' hand in a triumphant show of celebration and solidarity no one could take away from us. That January evening Caspar and I pledged nothing would come between us.

Not the revolution.

Not the decrees against love like ours.

Not my father or the Company he headed up.

Caspar was with me, he was in me.

As the candles burned low in our caravan, and our lovemaking finally waned—the red sash tithing us together safely stowed away in a carved wooden box—I nosed against his neck.

“What do you wish for now?” I asked.

Cas’s hand slipped down my chest. “Not a goddamn thing. I got it all with you, Blondie.”

“Me, too, Caspar. Me too.”

Except that wasn’t all . . . not that night . . . not for many to come.

The war might kill us, especially with my twin brother second-in-charge to the oppressive regime and our newest rebel, Lieutenant Lizbeth Grant, gunning for him.

* * * *

February, 2071, Chitamauga Commune

After a day of running through revolutionary plans with Darke, the head of the Chitamauga militia, I came across Caspar pacing back and forth beside our caravan, otherwise known as the Love Hovel. Snow crunched beneath his busy boots while he muttered to himself.

My husband had taken to training the militia in case the war came to us or in the very likely possibility that we’d have to move out to lay some whup-ass on The Company’s Corps regiments. A few days in the stables, mucking out manure, was enough to convince my Big Man he wasn’t all that down with shifting shit and he’d rather be shooting bullets. But it sure had been fun to watch him, shirtless, hot and sweaty and cursing, from one side of the barn to the other, about evil cows and horses out to get him.

“Hey, babe. Lemme guess. You’re still stewin’ about Lizbeth?” Crossing my feet, I leaned against the pretty red and yellow wooden contraption we called home.

His black scowl said it all, but of course he had to back it up with pissed-off words. Having been through thick and thin with Lizbeth, he was working himself up to an aneurism over her planned solo spy trip to Beta Territory in order to find out who had really killed her father. She was also tasked with bringing my brother back home . . . after she got into his good graces as a *cooperative* little Corps soldier with the aim of double-crossing him for war intelligence.

No sweat, she’d said.

Too bad my man was sweating it. And swearing. “I don’t fucking think Liz needs to get her stupid head shot off just because she doesn’t know how to stop shooting off her goddamn mouth. Going up to Beta to cross swords, butt heads, dig out info from your brother? Alone—”

“She has Farrow tagging along.”

“Oh great. *Aaaand* that makes me feel so much better, Blondie.”

When he called me Blondie, I hid a smile behind my hand. He usually did it only when he was hot and bothered—or all het up.

“She weighs what? Not even fifty kilos?” He snorted. “I could have *Miss Farrow* over my knee in a second, so that’s not a lot of reassurance.”

“*Hmm*. Is that what you’re into? A little light slapping?” Strolling up to him, I ran my hand up his arm to his neck. The vein in that strong column pulsed faster with my touch. “I could take care of that for you.”

“You’re the one who’s been with Farrow, you tell me.”

“Been with her? Honey, Lizbeth has more experience with our dainty double agent than me. I scrambled from the bed as soon as my ass hit it.”

“Honey?”

“Yeah. You’re mine.” I teased my tongue against the corner of his mouth.

His voice lowered as he moved into my caress like a giant tiger preparing to chuff in pleasure. “You’re distracting me.”

“I know. Terrible, ain’t it?” Leaning in, I skimmed my nose up to his ear. I took the leather band from my hair so it fell to my shoulders.

He mumbled *Blondie* before threading one hand through the strands and tugging. A moment later he pushed me against the caravan, wedging me between the wall and his large, hard body. He caged me in his arms. His knee pushed my thighs apart and stayed there, a suggestive touch against my aching erection.

His mouth brushed mine. “Horrible.”

He smiled into our kiss. Our hands skated over each other’s chests and backs, sliding down to cup asses and pull hard until our cocks rubbed with mind-blowing friction.

“You’re trying to seduce me.” Nipping the skin at my throat, he laid into me with a light bite.

I jerked against him. “Always.”

My seduction technique apparently needed a little brush up because Caspar released me after a final squeeze of my ass. Backing away, he sat on the steps of our caravan, where he

systematically plucked each and every petal from the tiny gold cups of the winter-flowering jasmine that vined around the stair railings.

“Linc won’t hurt Lizbeth.”

“How do you know what your twin’s capable of? He nearly had us killed on the way to the outpost.”

What did I really know about Lincoln Cutler, Commander of the Beta Corps? Not a whole hell of a lot. I hadn’t seen him in years. The night of our mutual proving ceremonies when we turned eighteen, an iron curtain—our father’s steel fist—had slammed between us. Linc capitulated easily, fucking a woman he hardly knew and gaining top marks. I turned tail and was run off. I couldn’t copulate with a woman, not ever, and definitely not in front of the CO’s bigwigs monitoring our performance. That was the night I saved Farrow’s virtue for someone else, the night I was excommunicated.

Our family had been split in two: me and our mother versus Linc and our father. Rice against Cutler in a civil war that had taken on InterNations proportions of rebels, Freelanders, and revolutionaries pitted against the Company and their military arm, the Corps.

The few times I’d seen Linc since, he’d been as cold as the urban territories. He was Father’s facsimile through and through. Seemingly. But I couldn’t forget the brother I’d grown up with, the other half of me who had been torn away. I could only hope he wasn’t as complicit in Father’s mind games and master plans as I’d always assumed. If he was truly a Company man, Lizbeth was headed into the danger zone, virtually alone.

I twisted a piece of early spring grass between my fingers and pushed Caspar over so I could sit beside him on the small stoop. “He always used to say he was my big brother.”

“Linc was born first?”

“By about a minute, but he never let me forget it, the asshole.”

We shared a brief chuckle and he drew me closer, laying an arm over my shoulders.

“He made breakfast for me every morning when we were growing up, after Momma left.”

“Good cook?”

“Probably about as bad at it as your sister had been.”

“The birthday cake from Erica . . . *Jesus*.” One of his hands smoothed over the grin on his lips.

“So if Erica took the wrong path, would you have just written her off?”

“You know I wouldn’t.” He clenched his jaw, staring off into the distance, likely remembering the sibling he’d lost to the plague as I’d lost mine to the war.

“Still don’t like it. Not one bit.” Grumbling, he peered at me.

“I know. Right now there’s nothin’ we can do about it.” I stood up and took his hand. Our wedding bands clanged together with an echoing ring throughout the quiet winter night. “But I bet I got somethin’ you like.”

Leaping to his feet, he followed me inside. The door shut, closing us into our small sanctuary where nothing could harm us.

I lit the lanterns and stoked the woodstove. His breath dragged deeper behind me when I yanked off my shirt. I turned to face my lover who’d snuck up right behind me.

“You make me insane. Can’t get enough of you.” His fingers twisted into my hair.

“Is that so?” I slowly lifted his shirt, kissing his tight, tan nipples.

“Yeah.” He gulped. With his head thrown back, he clutched my shoulders. A flush rose to the surface of his skin with every whisper of my soft whiskers against his chest and along the muscled sinews of his ribs. “Oh, yeah . . . *oh, damn.*”

I loved taking my big gruff man totally off guard, watching him blush, and listening to him stammer.

With the shirt discarded, I slipped both hands down his sculpted abdomen. “So maybe I can take your mind off everything else?” I strolled the backs of my fingers against his cock, the huge erection jumping inside his pants at the contact.

His hips kicked toward my hand. “You can do any damn thing you want to me.”

“Remember this?” I quickly twisted his shirt around his wrists behind his back. Moving in, I licked along his strong, square jaw. “In the woods when I let you fuck me raw?”

“*Fuuuck.*”

“You bound my arms in my jacket, and then ripped my pants down. I almost shot my load the second you touched my cock.” I tightened my grip on the shirt cuffing his wrists together. “Do you remember coming inside my ass, against a tree, Big Man?”

“Yes.” He might’ve been restrained, but he dipped his knees, getting our cocks right next to each other as he gritted his teeth.

“And I can do anything I want to you. Anything at all?”

“Fuck, yeah.”

“Fucking. Coming inside your ass. That’s exactly what I have in mind.”

If he strained his shoulders anymore, those big ropey muscles would break the bonds. I pounced on him, shoving him to the bed. I lifted his arms so they were above his head before

dragging off his pants. His cock slapped my cheek when I returned between his legs, and I laughed when it rubbed against my lips, my chin, my neck.

“That big dick all for me?” I hooked his eyes, running my hands down his body. I never touched the engorged length jutting from his groin and growing stiffer by the second.

Cas arched. Every muscle in his body gleamed in the candlelight. “Everything. All of me. Just touch me.”

Whispers of soft black hair brushed my fingertips from his pecs to his stomach, where rolls of muscles created deep shadows. I slipped down to fondle his balls, two heavy weights in delicious soft sacs.

“I am touchin’ you.”

“More, fuck!”

“I will. I’ll fuck you so hard you won’t remember anything else.”

He narrowed his eyes, watching me roam over his body, licking every place but the rigid cock throbbing between us. “Promises.”

“Here’s a promise.” I stood up to drop my pants. My cock stretched skyward. Bare before him, I stroked myself right over his panting mouth. “This is going in your ass tonight. Want it in your mouth first.”

His fist clenched. His teeth gnashed. His body reared up. “Don’t make me beg.”

“Oh, I won’t.” I grabbed his hair and speared his mouth with my shaft. “Suck me.”

Pleasure shocked my system when Caspar lifted his neck to swallow me down. Inside the close, wet cavern of his mouth, my dick became as rigid as a hot iron bar while I tried to stave off the orgasm rushing toward me. He sucked and slurped. He was loud, voracious, devouring me.

I slowly withdrew to drip precome on the tongue he pushed out.

Caspar was rarely submissive, not at all a bottom, and I got off on watching him take whatever I gave him. We were equals in all things, but tonight I needed to be in control, so he didn’t have to be.

“Enough.” I panted when the sight of him vigorously blowing my cock made my nuts tingle.

His eyes were wet, lips swollen. I fell on top of him, raising his legs with my arms. I kissed my taste off his mouth.

“I love you. I love you so much.” From nowhere, emotion overwhelmed me.

Cas’s arms folded over me. “I love you, too. Now suck my cock.”

“Such a romantic. I did candles, bondage; where’s the love?”

His laughter boomed around the small space. As soon as I untied his wrists, his hands lifted to my face. Seriousness etched his stern features. “I want you inside me. Moving.” He rolled his hips. “I need to feel you.”

My abs clenched. My balls lifted. My cock dragged a wet sheen across his stomach. “Roll over.”

He complied and I almost came at the sight of my big man spread before me on hands and knees. Wide musculature fanned from his shoulders to his trim waist. A thousand sculpted sinews shifted with each feather-light brush of my fingertips down his back to his ass. His ass was a goddamn work of art in itself. High, tight, and round. I kissed the divots at the base of his spine and licked two fingers I quickly worked inside.

He pumped back.

I splayed his legs wider and bent down behind him. His cock rose to his belly, his sacs were quivering, heavy. I rimmed his pink hole, loving the feel of him opening to my lips and tongue. I snuck down to suck his dick. He filled my mouth with thick hard cock, shouting when I pulled back to circle around and around the fat, bulbous crown. I lapped his balls and his perineum, making a wet pass across his pucker each time I inhaled his perfect scent.

Clasping his ass open, I pointed my tongue and pressed inside. Caspar reached one hand behind to drag me closer. His body rose to meet each liquid thrust as I feasted on his pure male magnificence, and he bellowed my name in constant guttural shouts.

Hastiness took over. I flipped him onto his back and lined up. He grabbed the lube, layering it on my cock. I had to hold the base of my shaft to slide inside otherwise I’d come the instant my head touched his ring.

I held his shoulder and he clasped my waist. “God, baby . . .” my long groan swelled over his rumbling growl when I breached his opening until the muscle clamped right below the flared tip of my cock, swallowing me.

Fully seated after a slow ingress, I stilled. My cock kicked inside of Caspar. He knocked his head back, squeezing his eyes closed.

“I love you like this.”

“Splayed out for your pleasure?” he rasped.

I withdrew only to begin again. “Open to me in every way.”

He curled his legs around my waist and yanked me closer. “Only for you. Only with you.”

There was nothing like being inside him. Knowing I touched the deepest reaches of his body, the farthest depths of his soul. Every exquisite lunge made me linger in his ass and languidly pull out to the very bulb of my cock until he panted, sweated, and begged me to nail him hard.

I paused one last time. "I'm gonna fuck you now."

I didn't wait for his reply but pushed all my weight against him, pounding inside him. Lubing my palm, I fisted his cock in time to my loud, wet assault on his ass.

"I can't wait for you to come." Words fled my mouth, whether they were a plea or a demand, I no longer knew.

Cas bowed up at the same time I grinded into him. His seed shot off between our bodies. Mine filled his ass. We clung together, desperate ecstasy joining our bodies as much as our hearts. Our lips met for slick kisses between gasping, grunting breaths.

Aftershocks had me spasming, my muscles shaking, and my mind spinning when he rolled me to the side and embraced me like a hot, living blanket.

I chuckled into his neck. "Do you feel this?"

"What, Blondie? The wet spot?"

I punched him on the arm before pulling a blanket over us.

Kisses trailed softly and sweetly across my forehead and onto my cheeks, down the bridge of my nose to land on my lips. With our legs tangled and left hands held between us, Caspar watched me. His eyes gleamed with the same kind of wonder I felt every time I looked at him and knew he was finally mine.

"Forget-me-nots," he whispered. The blue flowers were his favorites because they reminded him of my eyes. He kissed each eyelid with a gentle brush of his lips. "I feel everything with you, always. All those things I never knew I needed or wanted."

I raised our hands to kiss the glinting ring on his fourth finger.

"You are unforgettable." He brought me up to slide his mouth across mine.

Tomorrow we'd send Lizbeth off to the lion's den. Alone.

Tonight we'd hold one another until another dawn witnessed our love.

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