

# ALL OF HER

by Carolyn Faulkner

*A  
Carolyn Faulkner  
Spanking Romance  
Classic*

  
Backside of Love  
.com

# All Of Her

By Carolyn Faulkner

---

©2004

By CFaulkner / BacksideOfLove.com

---

This work is copyrighted under U.S. law.

NO duplication of any kind, including  
(but not limited to)  
electronic, digital or manual duplication,  
is permitted, except for personal use,  
without expressed, written consent of the  
author (CarolynFaulkner@BacksideOfLove.com)

Violations of this copyright can be traced digitally,  
and will be pursued vigorously.

---

This work of fiction depicts *Adoring Discipline*, which entails one adult giving another the authority to punish them physically. Neither the author, nor BacksideOfLove.com, depicts, condones, or tolerates the inclusion of involuntary physical abuse in any activity depicted here. Adoring Discipline is a healthy, often therapeutic part of intimate adult relationships for those fulfilled by it.

For more information on *Adoring Discipline*, please visit  
<http://BacksideOfLove.com>

---

## Tableau of Content

CHAPTER I..... - 2 -

CHAPTER 2: SLIDER ..... - 8 -

CHAPTER 2: SUNDAY ..... - 29 -

CHAPTER 3: GUIDED ..... - 44 -

CHAPTER 4: PHONE ..... - 64 -

CHAPTER 6: STRIP ..... - 98 -

BACKSIDE OF LOVE ..... - 109 -

## Chapter I

All in all, it was a wonderful way to begin the day. “Wake up, darlin’. Time to get up,” came his usual gravelly, early morning whisper as it vibrated against her sensitive skin. Nate had buried his lips at the back of her neck, then slowly worked his way around beneath her ear, and over her delicate jawbone to her sweetly parted lips

Macy batted ineffectually at him as if he was an annoying, buzzing insect.

Nate watched her swallow, eyes still stubbornly closed, rosebud mouth just slightly open as she clung desperately to sleep. Although he didn’t mind getting up at the butt-crack of dawn, his woman out and out hated it, and had a definite tendency to be cranky in the mornings, not that he wasn’t in possession of just the right remedy for her grumpiness.

With exquisite care, Nate tugged on her shoulder just a bit, coaxing her to lie on her back, the light cotton nightie bunched around her waist as if framing the enticing bareness of her hips and thighs. His mouth went dry at the sight of her, laid out before him like a soft feminine buffet that was all his from appetizer to dessert. Nate couldn’t resist going right for the best stuff – the dessert – sliding his stiff, engorged self slowly into her welcoming warmth, sinking deeply into her unresisting body with a deep breath hissing

through his teeth at the unadulterated pleasure of feeling her glove-tight pussy stretching to welcome him.

Her low moan only spurred him on as he adjusted himself within her, settling in to the hilt slowly and easily, as if they had all the time in the world, arranging her legs further apart and pinning her to the mattress with his hips. Nate rose on his elbows and unbuttoned the front of the gown, peeling it away to reveal those ample roses and cream breasts, mouth watering as he bent to claim one ripe nipple and began to move himself within her with incredible attention to her every response.

Macy was waking slowly, her body already filled to capacity with his hardness, warm wet lips tugging insistently at each breast in turn, making her shiver and arch against him, tightening those sensitive buds within his mouth as she abandoned the possibility of sleep in favor of wrapping her legs around him, high up on his waist, opening herself to him even more as he began to rock in and out of her.

“Love me,” she mewled with aching need as she clenched at him internally, knowing how that always set him off, grinning at the guttural groan and involuntary shudder her movement wrestled out of him, with a bone deep satisfaction of her own that she could affect the big man on such a basic level. Out of a purely instinctive need to assure herself that his pleasure equaled her own, Macy let just the barest tips of her fingers slide up his smooth, broad back as she began to grip him rhythmically.

Nate’s head shot up, eyes locking on hers with a helpless, wild look. The breath exploded out of his lungs as his eager hips plunged in tempo with her own. “Wait-for-you,” he barely ground out against her lips, trying to hold himself back but not succeeding very well.

“No, baby, you don’t have to wait for me,” she assured him, knowing that he always had an overriding concern that she find her own ecstasy within his arms. Take me as hard as you want. I want

you to come inside me.” Macy reached down and cupped her breasts in her own hands, offering them up to him.

There was no way Nate could resist those two tempting nubs, but it wasn't much longer before he screamed her name against the mound of her breast and poured himself into her, just as she'd wanted, collapsing on top of her and burying his face in her neck.

This was one of Macy's favorite times – besides those when he was taking her to the heights of paradise with that evil grin of his that said maybe he'd let her explode and maybe he wouldn't. She loved how relaxed and vulnerable he was after they'd loved. Nate wasn't a man to show his vulnerabilities. They weren't allowed. He was a defender – of the nation – and protector – most often of her, but of anyone weaker than himself, which, considering his size, was most of the world. He'd seen a lot of very bad things in his formative years and during his time as a cop, and it had hardened him to a certain extent. Nate didn't trust easily, but when he did, it was with every ounce of himself, the same way he loved.

Much too soon for Macy, he lifted himself onto his elbows, quickly eyeballing the clock on her side of the bed, then laying his forehead between her breasts, covering her heart. “I don't want to, but we have to get up, baby.” It was five fifty-five AM. A scant five minutes before his alarm sounded, hustling them off into the start of another frantic day. Nate reached over and turned it off. He drew a deep breath, watching as the glow of the rising sun slowly bathed her in its warm light, highlighting the waves of soft, curly red hair that tumbled down from her pillows onto his, spread out beneath them like a molten copper curtain.

How had he ever gotten so lucky as to have found her? It couldn't have been something good he'd done while growing up, because truth be told, he'd been a juvenile delinquent. Using his size to his advantage, he'd set up quite a lucrative loan-sharking business when he was fifteen, for which he'd done his own enforcing, i.e. leg breaking. If his Mom hadn't happily signed him

into the service at seventeen, he was sure he'd be either dead or on a cellblock somewhere right now, just the like the majority of the other guys he'd grown up with. For damn sure he'd be the convict *in control* of the cellblock, but he'd be incarcerated nonetheless, he thought with an involuntary, feral smile.

The military had saved him, shown him a better way of life than his oft-drunk, struggling mother could ever have hoped to, harnessing all of that determination and stubbornness and giving him targets to shoot at and regular pats on the back for hitting them. He'd found something he was damned good at, and even ended up going back to school for his GED. Eventually, he'd done what most people who'd known him while he was growing up would have said was downright impossible - gotten a degree. Hell, he'd gotten three of them: criminal justice, sociology, and psychology, all of them specifically designed to get him where he'd discovered he wanted to be – a cop. For once, Nate wanted to be the one putting cuffs on a perp, rather than being the one *in* the cuffs. Through nothing but his own sheer determination, stubbornness, and perseverance, he'd done it, working sixteen and eighteen hour days between his regular workweek, school, and studying. He'd even been recommended for OTS by one of his old bosses, and had slowly climbed the career ladder as an officer, something he'd barely hoped for.

And now it was a reality, just like the reality of the small woman sleeping next to him, oblivious to his nocturnal musings. He'd awakened with a hard on, of course, but then that was his normal condition around Macy anyway. It was his body that had called his attention to her in the first place two years ago, and it was still pointing him relentlessly, insatiably in the right direction – into her warm, welcoming arms. Macy Devonne Taylor had changed his life almost as profoundly as the military had, only in a very different way. The Air Force had given a direction to his life, given him something to look beyond besides the next time he had to break someone's face for not paying back the money they'd

owed him. Extortion had come naturally to him, and at his size, he didn't often have to lift a finger. The military had been his saving grace professionally.

Macy, with her quick smile, bubbling laughter and close family ties had shown him what he'd been missing in his personal life. Her family was right out of Ward and June Cleaver – her parents had been married for a hundred years or so, *to each other*, and they still loved each other. In Nate's limited experience of marriage, that was an impossibility. They'd lived on the same street for all of Macy's life, and the kids all lived in surrounding towns. The family all chose to spend time together voluntarily – even aunts and uncles. Sunday dinner was at two every week, and the whole clan gathered to rib and needle each other mercilessly – the house rang with laughter and good natured arguments, puns and plays on words flew fast and furious even through the meal. It was something entirely out of Nate's realm, and for the first couple of minutes he'd been somewhat abashed, until he realized that no one was taking any of the jibes seriously, and each one was just an invitation to come up with a topper comeback.

Until Macy, one-night stands got the job done, barely in most cases, and he'd certainly indulged in his share considering the rampancy of his sex drive. He was no longer a randy teenager, though, and although variety had been the spice of his youth, the older he got the more he leaned towards wanting to have someone around that he knew – he wanted permanence . . . a wife and a family, maybe, one that was a lot more functional than his own had ever been.

An infinite parade of women could not replace the idea of having someone you liked – and maybe even loved - in your bed every morning, lying there all curled up against you in your arms, soft and vulnerable and just waiting for you to kiss and cuddle them awake . . .

Macy pouted up at him, holding him tighter – barely able to get her arms around his bulging shoulders - begging silently to be



kissed, which he did, then Nate rolled off the bed to yawn his way into the bathroom. Macy heard him turning on the shower, and almost rolled over and went back to sleep until it was her turn, but instead there was the sound of huge feet padding back to her, and the next thing she knew she was airborne. “No more sleeping, Macy Taylor. You don’t want me to have to spank you awake, do you?” he scolded firmly, divesting her of her nightgown and tucking her under the warm spray only to join her there seconds later.

At that threat, she instantly became wide-awake.

His slick hands on her well-rounded body as he washed her only made his baser instincts rise again. Macy playfully cupped him in one small, soapy hand, nipping his jaw as she teased, “Tough to keep a good man down, huh?”

Nate whimpered with a comically pained expression that had Macy giggling, which was his intention. If he didn’t create some sort of diversion, they’d never make it work.

Breakfast was Macy’s homemade cinnamon-nutmeg muffins and coffee. Nate had to strictly limit himself to one or, with all her good home cooking; he’d end up on the Fat Boy Program within a week. He arrived at work a half hour later, sated and ready to take on the world after several long, languorous goodbye kisses, and Macy’s naughty attempts to get him to agree to let them call in and spend the day in bed, which he’d quashed gently but firmly, and with a lot of reluctance he kept well-hidden from his woman.

## Chapter 2: Slider

**I**t was nearly four when Nate wandered into his office, leaving the door open as usual, tucked his briefcase into his closet then absently hit the button on his phone to hear his messages on speaker while he sorted through his mail and sank his muscular bulk into his comfy chair – but only for a second before he popped up again to get something he needed across the room.

“You’ve reached Lt. Col. Nathaniel Sheridan of the Security Police. I’m unable to answer your call right now. Please leave your name, number, and a brief message after the beep and I will get back to you as soon as I can.”

*Beeeeeeep.*

He should have known from the get-go that her low, sexy purr was going to mean trouble, but he was too busy at first to do anything about it. “I’m home all alone, big man . . . I’m waiting for you sprawled in our bed . . . naked but for a smile . . . my nipples are all pointed and achy – they miss you and so do I – “

Nate made an immediate and impressive dive for the phone, knocking over two chairs at the conference table and damn nearly injuring himself in the process.

“If you don’t come home soon, lover, I may have to let my fingers do the walking – “

With a growl that his playful girlfriend couldn't hear – but would feel later, he vowed to himself – he finally reached the phone and put the receiver to his ear, which cut off the speaker. Son of a gun, that woman was going to be the death of him yet! She needed a good spanking, and he was just the man to provide it.

“Sir, I have the reports you wanted.” Staff Sergeant Gallegos eyed the dead chairs with blatant curiosity on his way in, but wisely said nothing.

Nate took them from his NCOIC with a sharp “thanks” then tossed them onto his desk as the man left, but not before righting the two chairs. A huge breath of air bellowed out of Nate's lungs as he listened to the rest of Macy's little phone sex tease. “– while I remember what we did last night and this morning. Think you're up to another round, stud, or is all of this wet sugar of mine going to go to waste?” He heard her take a deep, languorous breath. “Mmmmmmm. When I think of the ways you touched me . . . and I touched you . . . ohhhhhh, Nate . . . please come home soooooooooon . . .”

He couldn't help it; he had to reach down to the button front of his cammies and make an adjustment or his dick was going to be permanently folded, spindled, and mutilated. Christ, he was so hard he was bullet proof – Macy could always do that to him. She was the wildest woman he'd ever met, sexually, only you'd never know it to look at her. His woman was much shorter than his six-two, only reaching about five-five if she stood on tiptoes. She would have said she needed to lose weight, but Nate just considered that she was very nicely rounded in all his favorite areas, or, as he was fond of saying just to get her goat, “more cushion for pushin'.” That always got him a sharp slap on the arm and had her blushing brightly, which, considering how uninhibited she was when he had her in his arms at night, he always found charmingly endearing. She didn't look or act like a sexpot; Macy kept her lustier urges for his eyes alone, and he wouldn't have it any other way.

She was a spitfire in bed, though, his Macy. Game for almost anything, but not when they'd first met. No sirree Bob. Nate was no hot under the collar eighteen year old – he'd passed that mark more than twenty-five years ago. But when he found a woman he wanted – and Macy definitely qualified with her long, wavy red hair and quick wit – he could, he admitted to himself, be slightly single-minded.

He'd wanted Macy since the moment they'd been introduced at a mutual friend's wedding, and had spent the entire reception talking to no one but her, shamelessly monopolizing her attention. Despite their instant rapport, though, she'd been noticeably reluctant to give him her phone number when the evening ended and they were practically the last people there. The bride and groom had long since left, but Nate and Macy were still chatting.

Nate had offered a less intrusive compromise and gotten her email address, knowing she could take the easy way out and give him a throwaway web mail addy, but he wanted something more than her name to go on and the bare-bones information he'd been able to glean from her during their too-brief conversation.

He'd had to sell himself to her to get the freaking address! "I promise I'm housebroken," he'd cajoled with a grin.

"Then get back on your papers," she'd shot back acerbically without missing a beat, making him laugh.

But he'd gotten what he wanted in the end – as always, she'd say. Nathaniel Sheridan did not give up. He was "the bulldozer of luv", according to Macy.

Nate had done some poking around, talked to some friends and had ferreted out the probable reason for her reticence - a prior failed married. According to those who knew her, she'd pretty much closed up shop since then. It had been almost four years and she hadn't been out on a date once – not for lack of offers, but more

because of self-preservation tendencies that ran almost to the extreme.

But he was not about to take “no” for an answer. Nate had emailed her that night, and gently bullied her into eventually chatting with him through an instant messenger program. She had him laughing like an idiot when he was alone in front of his computer at night. After a month or so of that, he suggested they meet for lunch, knowing it was considered by women to be a “safer” date – not that he couldn’t do to her at noon what he wanted to do to her all night long. Lunches had naturally led to dinners and movies as well as a phenomenally bad bowling date where her high score was something like a fifty-eight, but then she had been laughing so hard at her own inability to knock over those blasted pins – or at least the ones in her *own* lane - that it really couldn’t be counted against her.

Their slow beginning might have been hell on his perpetual hard on, but he had rapidly discovered that she was well worth the wait. Macy was smart and funny, and kind. The bowling fiasco, which might have made some women completely embarrassed, just had her in gales of laughter at her own ineptitude. She could, and did, almost too regularly, laugh at herself and the absurdity of life in general. Nate tended to lean towards a more solemn, somber demeanor, and considering what he’d seen in his career in the Air Force Security Police, it was no wonder.

Macy was his balance. His counterpoint, and he was hers. She was one of the smartest women he knew, but she had a bad tendency to neglect the practical until it rose up and bit her. Now that Nate was around – Mr. Practical in persona, he made sure she toed the line, balancing her check book, keeping her tank full of gas . . . He didn’t do these things for her, but he sure enforced the idea to her that she should be doing them for herself, and he didn’t hesitate from the beginning to take it out on her bottom if she didn’t. Nate took Macy’s health and well being to heart, even though she didn’t seem to, and if he thought she was being reckless

he put his foot down. And his hand down on her rump until it glowed a lovely shade of red.

Early on, though, he wondered if she wasn't the sexually disinterested sort, but if that were true how could she indulge in those hungry, kisses that singed his lips. Once he'd gotten her into bed, gotten her comfortable with him, nothing could have been further from the truth. She just took a little coaxing, was a little shy despite her outward personality, but the results of a little extra attention were phenomenal. Sometimes he felt like he'd loosed a tigress, but then he'd introduce something new, or she'd make an offhand comment about something that looked interesting to her, and even though she was the one who had instigated it, her natural reticence would come to the fore and Nate would have to spend a little time convincing her that it would be something great to try and that he was interested in it, too. Once he got her on the horse, so to speak, she ran with it, though, and occasionally he wondered if he would be able to keep up with her.

But she had not been easy to seduce by any means, not that that had been the only thing on his mind at first, but as the months piled up and their evenings were ending in what he rapidly found to be extremely frustrating, hot, wet kisses at her door, his genitals were ready to rebel against his level-headed, patient approach. The more he saw her, the more he knew her, the more he wanted to bury himself inside her.

His patience had more than paid off, though. It had taken him several long months to angle her beneath him – and even then she was so nervous she'd nearly shaken the bed apart beneath them. He liked to tease her that that first time he didn't have to do any of the work because she was so jittery she did it all for him. Nate grinned at the thought. Hell, she was so tight that night she was practically virginal, and his breath had fled his big body when he'd realized how hard she was going to clasp him even before she'd had her pleasure . . .

He had to forcibly yank himself back to matters at hand, which, unfortunately, did not include broad daylight wet dreams in his office about the naughty woman who was blatantly attempting to seduce him away from defending the country, although he was certain he could come up with an extremely suitable punishment for such a treacherous act . . . Nate sighed. He'd told her he'd try to be home by five or so, but he wasn't going to make it. He punched in their number, spanking the numbers on the keypad rather than her generous butt.

"Mistress of Pain phone sex – please push one if you'd like to be spanked, two if you'd like to be ridden like a horse - "

Forcing himself to suppress a chuckle, he growled, "What if this was the Base Commander calling for me?"

"Why would he call you here now? Does he question whether or not you work for a living just like I do?" It was a source of great consternation to Macy that he was never in his office when she called, and no explanation he gave her was going to set things right, as far as she was concerned. She took every opportunity to tease him about it. "Besides, dearest, there is the little invention called 'caller ID'? Must I always drag you kicking and screaming into the twenty-first century?"

Nate had a marked dislike for machines – computers in particular, beyond email and occasional chatting. Paper and pen worked just fine as far as he was concerned. This was another point Macy needled him with mercilessly. *Come to think of it, why was he with her again?* Nate thought wryly. *Oh, that's right, excruciatingly great sex.* "I'm not the one who's going to be kicking and screaming when I get home, Macy Devonne."

Oooohhhhh. That no-nonsense tone just made Macy melt into the carpet. Damn the man was dangerously sexy without even trying! "Oh, man, I'm shaking in my - " she glanced down at her feet before answering " – flip-flops. Uh-huh. Yessireee, Bob."

"Bob?"

“Well, you have to admit that ‘yessiree, Nate,’ doesn’t quite have the right rhythm . . .”

“I thought I *always* had the right rhythm, honey. At least, I did last night according to you. Don’t I remember you saying something like ‘Oh, Nate . . . Oh, God . . . Ohhhh-uuuuuhhhhhh-ahhhhhhhh, Naaaaaaaaaaaaattttte – I’m – I’m coooom - ’”

“Cut that out! Nate! Stop that!” she interrupted frantically.

He could hear her blushing seventeen miles away. She detested that he could almost exactly mimic how she sounded when he pushed her over the edge within the confines of his arms. . or on his fingers . . . or beneath his mouth . . . A shudder ran through his big body, and he had to make yet another adjustment at the prurient direction of his thoughts. “Perhaps I should start paying more attention to the caller ID, and then the next time one of your friends, or your boss calls you, I could treat them to my rendition of the sounds of your pleasure . . . “

“Don’t you *dare*!” He’d bet she’d still be blushing from that thought by the time he got home.

“I did get your message, and I’m quite certain that it had the desired affect.”

“Oh, did it, ya’ think?” she asked slyly.

Nate thought he could hear her stretching in the background, and all sorts of erotic images of her lying naked on their bed in various revealing positions paraded through his mind unbidden. He cleared his throat loudly. “Uhhh, yeah. Most definitely, although I had the messages on speaker, and I almost committed hari-kari getting to the phone . . . “

Macy laughed, entirely unrepentant. “Oh, c’mon. A big strrrroooong stud like you?” she teased.

“It was a highly inappropriate – “



“My word, you are sooooo stodgy!” And he was, everywhere but in bed – well, within the confines of the house, anyway.

Nate sighed. “Regardless. There are going to have to be consequences for that bit of naughtiness, I’m afraid.”

A shiver ran up her spine at his words, his deep, hot fudge tone. He heard the hiss of her sharp intake of breath. “Mmmmmmmmm. You promise?”

“Yes, Mistress of Pain. But the Master of Pleasure is going to be later than he’d thought – “

“Oooohhhhhh,” Macy whined. “But –!”

He could see that full lower lip pouting out sensually in his mind’s eye. “and he’d going to press three for ‘spank your butt good and hard’ then four for ‘tease you all night long and not let you come’ if you don’t behave yourself.”

Her sincere disappointment poured through the phone. “How late are you going to be, Nate?”

“Not too long, puddin’,” he soothed. “I’ll call you before I leave the base, and you’d better be ready for me when I get home, *or else*.”

“Yes, Sir,” she answered meekly, loving the way he made her slip into that somewhat submissive demeanor with just a look or a phrase. Her man was most definitely dominant, used to issuing edicts and seeing that they were carried out to his exacting specifications.

“Okay, well I gotta go. You keep the home fires burnin’, sweetie, and I’ll be home soon enough to, uh, stoke them up some . . .”

“Mmmmmmmmmmm . . . please, hurry, Nate.” Even if he was going to spank her, and since he’d said he would she had no doubt of it, she still wanted to see him – needed to see him.

“I will. Love ya’.”

“Love you, too.”

Macy Taylor hung up the phone and leaned her forehead against it. Sometimes she hated his blasted job, especially when it kept them apart, as it so frequently – and unpredictably – did.

She’d taken a personal day off work today, just to take a mental health break – although Nate had delighted in mentioning that he thought probably her mental state was beyond repair, which, of course, had gotten him smacked. Macy snorted as she began to sort through her bills. She might joke about being Mistress of Pain, and she did indeed smack him on the arm quite frequently because he was always making smart remarks, the pain, but there was no doubt in anyone’s mind about who was at the helm of their relationship. Nate had pursued her with a single-minded intensity that had been almost frightening at first.

Hell, his physical presence alone was enough to intimidate most men – two hundred and thirty five pounds of solid muscle topped by his usual unfriendly expression - would do that. If he hadn’t gone into ROTC and the Air Force, he could have ended up being a professional football player easily with his natural athletic prowess and his size. His hands were the size of plates, and if his feet were no lie then any woman he’d been with must’ve been ecstatic. He had a dark complexion that matched his personality, black hair and sharp, jet black eyes that never missed a thing.

~ ~ ~

When they’d met at Gail’s wedding, he’d made a beeline for her, and she couldn’t shake him off with a stick, not that she’d really wanted to. Once she got to talking to him and found out he possessed both impressive brawn and an impressive brain, they

ended up spending the whole time talking to no one else, until the place nearly closed up shop around them.

Still, she'd shied away from giving him her home phone number. Some people would have called it self-protection, but Macy knew it bordered much closer to paranoia. She'd kept herself pretty cloistered since her divorce, terrified of letting herself get involved again . . . of getting hurt again. Ted had done enough damage to her frail emotions for a lifetime, and she didn't intend to let anyone else close enough to do the same thing – or worse.

The destruction of her marriage had nearly done her in; Macy'd done what she thought was expected of her and devoted herself to her man, largely. When it fell apart, it nearly killed her. Her only savior had been the tight knit clan of family and friends who had crowded around her, offering solace as well as nagging her to death about getting back into the fray, but she hadn't been in any particular hurry to throw herself back into the dating frenzy. Besides, she was no longer in her slim, willowy youth, and all of the men her age were married, which gave her an excuse to sit home nights when her friends urged her to go out.

She'd vowed to them on more than on occasion, though, that she never intended to be at the beck and call of another Neanderthal man again in her lifetime. Radical feminism was the way to go, as far as Macy was concerned. A woman needed a man like a fish needed a bicycle, and all of that. She was an independent woman and she didn't need any man to complete her, or to have to pick up after and cook for . . .

*Right?* Sometimes, though, even independent, pseudo-radical feminists got lonely, didn't they?

But Nathaniel Sheridan wasn't going to take a polite refusal – any kind of refusal - lying down, anyway. He'd accompanied her outside since it was now well past dark, telling her that he'd never forgive himself if he didn't see her safely to her car. As they were walking, he'd smoothly switched his request to her email address,

and she had a gazillion of those, so she gave him her nondescript Yahoo address, which he wrote down on a pad of paper he'd produced from his jacket pocket, but she'd honestly never expected to hear from him again.

Instead, that evening a message had popped up that told her how much he'd enjoyed their conversation, telling her a little bit more about himself, and asking her some general questions about herself. From there he'd poked and prodded Macy into chatting with him online, then gave her his home phone and asked her to call him, suggesting that if she liked, for extra added security, she could always disable caller ID prior to dialing.

Macy didn't know whether he was mocking her reticence or not, but she didn't call him the next day after he'd given her his number, even though Nate had said he would be expecting her call. That night, when she signed into her chat program, he popped up as being online, and she'd gotten the feeling he was a bit peeved that she hadn't done as he'd asked. He was too damned used to everyone around him jumping at his least little peep, and despite the way the area between her legs clenched as he firmly chastised her in print, Macy was reluctant to just give up and join that crowd.

She might submit to him eventually, in bed, for fun, but she'd never do it willingly. Macy was shy - but she was no pushover, even for the man who starred in her steamy sex dreams every night.

~ ~ ~

It was a good two hours later before she got his short, almost curt call. Nate wasn't one to waste his breath talking when he could be driving, and he refused to own a cell phone. He wore a pager grudgingly because of his job, but especially since he'd gotten involved with Macy, he didn't want every Tom, Dick, or

Harriet from the office to be able to get him at all hours of the day or night. The Base had his home phone, his office number, and his pager. That was enough for him.

“On my way.”

“I’ll be waiting.”

They lived about twenty miles from the base - on the other side of town from where she’d grown up - in a small, cozy bungalow with two bedrooms, one was their large, cozy master bedroom, and the other a combination guest bedroom/storage area. Macy headed for their room and put on Nate’s favorite outfit out of all of the literally tons of lingerie she accumulated since meeting him. It was an ice blue number, slinky and sleek, that draped in low folds over her generous breasts and ended about two inches beneath the equally rounded curves of her bottom – both areas that Nate tended to favor whenever he was given the chance.

Nate liked to be in control in the bedroom. Hell, Nate would like to be in control of the world if the world would allow it, and things would probably run better if he was. Macy was generally in favor him taking charge behind the closed doors of the romantic sanctuary they’d created, filled with the biggest king-sized bed they could find, warm, country maple furniture, and lots of comfy, fluffy pillows for spending Sunday mornings in bed – and for sitting on when she had a sore bottom. The house was at the end of a dirt road, and it backed up to a heavily wooded area; it was wonderfully quiet and isolated, and in the evenings during the spring and summer they spent a lot of time relaxing on the big deck. She had just stepped out there to throw the ends of the bread to the birds when she thought she heard his behemoth truck roaring up the driveway, but before she could scamper back into the house, she turned and saw him staring at her through the sliding glass door in a smoldering, promising way that turned her loins molten.

A man Nate’s size in cammies was a sight to behold – he could never be disguised as a bush, he always said, but he tried for

a tree instead. He was almost too damned big, Macy thought absently, her eyes running possessively over her overachieving, type-A lover as he stood there expectantly with his hands on his hips. His shoulders were so broad she could barely get her arms around them when she hugged him, but she had never had a concern that he would ever really hurt her. Nate wasn't like that – she knew because she'd seen how torn up he'd gotten when he'd come home from a day where there had been a lot of domestic violence issues to deal with – it tore him up to see the condition of some of those women. He spanked her occasionally, yes, and it stung like the dickens, some times into the next couple of days, depending what she'd done and how serious an offense it was in his eyes. But Macy knew without a doubt that he would never, ever beat her.

From under a drawn brow, Nate caught her gaze pointedly, crooking his finger imperiously like he had a clear expectation that she was going to meekly obey his quiet summons . . . which she did, but slowly, letting him know she was taking her time. Nate got the door for her, stepping aside then pulling it closed as he caught her with an arm looped around her waist, hugging her to him while he pressed her back up against the door.

“What are you doing outside in that outfit, Macy honey?” he asked softly, then covered her mouth with his, ensuring that she couldn't reply until he lifted his lips only to move them to the almost painfully sensitive curve of her neck.

“Nothing,” she breathed, unable to stop herself from arching into him.

“You are enough to tempt a saint, you know that, don't you?” His hands had already sought and found what he wanted - confident that he wouldn't be denied access in any way - confirming his knowledge that she was bare beneath that frail blue slip of fabric as one hand closed firmly over the base of one breast, plumping it out towards his eager lips, while the other hand reached unerringly for that sweet delta of bare skin between her legs.

Macy's heart was beating so fast she thought that it would burst. God, the way this man made her feel was unbelievable – it was as if he had a direct connection to her lips and her breasts and her loins. They all went mad when he was around – and even when he wasn't - constantly demanding his attention.

But her mind lagged somewhat behind, somewhat alarmed at the fierce nature of their passion. It made her put up a token protest, made her hands interfere with the pleasure he was creating in her, trying to cover her pussy modestly and extract the swollen tip of her breast from his mouth.

When Nate looked up at her with that feral, narrow-eyed expression, she knew what he was going to do, and there was nothing she could do about . . . not that she really wanted to anyway.

Within seconds, Macy found both of her wrists pinned to the cool glass above her head by one of his paws. He wasn't hurting her in any way – Nate practically couldn't hurt a woman; his code of honor was now much too strong to allow him to injure someone weaker than he was. He was built – physically, mentally, and morally – to die protecting that which he considered his.

And little Macy Devonne Taylor was definitely *all his*.

Sometimes she needed reminding of that fact.

Nate thought it scared her a little just how synchronized they were sexually. She would put up a slight fuss when he did things to her – like probing her moist pussy - that he did on a daily basis, shying away from his heat and desire with a noticeably half-hearted protest as if she didn't want him even though he knew she did. His Macy was a tease, but an innocent one. At first, he'd backed away immediately when she did this, and then, as he got to know her and learned more about her wants and needs, Nate learned to love her past it – not to let her shrink from the fullest extent of what they could have together, not to let her talk him out

of loving her hard and often, until they were both wrung out from it.

The first time he'd disregarded what her hands and her mouth were saying and pinned her to the bed, bringing her off in a dominant yet loving manner, she'd fainted against his mouth in the throes of an overwhelmingly powerful orgasm. Although it had initially scared Nate to death, he figured he'd hit on something incredibly powerful for her.

He didn't think that no good husband of hers had touched her much. Nate knew only enough about Macy's ex to know that he hated the man for the suffering he'd caused Macy. Some of Macy's family had taken him aside the first time he'd met them and had given him a friendly warning about making sure he didn't hurt her. The stooge must not have had a clue what a smoldering siren lay next to him every night. Nate would just as happily put his fist through the idiot's face if Macy said the word or if the jerk ever had the stupidity to try to weasel his way into Macy's life again. Ted Franklin was the reason that Macy always seemed to be just out of his reach, just a step away with that protective mental reserve of hers, as if her upbeat personality was merely a shield she used to attract people yet hold them at arms length at the same time, keeping the depths of her heart and her desires protected – off limits even to him, the man with whom she shared the ultimate in intimacies - for the sake of her own self-preservation. The only time he knew he could break through that barrier was when he had her naked in his arms, or beneath him, writhing and begging for the release that only he could give her. Otherwise, there was a part of her that he knew she always withheld from him and it drove Nate crazy because he wanted *more* than all of her. He didn't want Macy to have any sort of reserve around him – he wanted her raw, uninhibited responses, not ones that had been filtered through some sort of mental sieve because she was afraid that he would hurt her like that scum-sucking bastard had.



The thought that there was something she wasn't sharing with him, that she was keeping away from him combined with the pictures that drifted through his mind of her in another man's arms made him see red, and he took his anger out on her nightie, ripping the spaghetti straps from their moorings and taking a step back to let it pool at her small, pink-toed feet.

"Nate – no – someone – will – see – " she was already panting loudly and Nate drank every breath in as she began to writhe sensuously while he held her anchored in place. There was no way she was going anywhere until he decided to allow it.

He nuzzled her neck gently, moving closer again to carefully subdue her struggles with his big body. "Sh-sh-shh, baby. You know that defense never works," he grinned evilly. "Who are you going to offend? The birds? The deer? Maybe a bear?" She whimpered as his mouth claimed a tight raspberry nipple and suckled hard, favoring its heaving twin with the same tender torment seconds later. "What do you say we shock the squirrels a bit?" he murmured without relinquishing his taut prize.

Still, she tried to dance away from his hand as it laid claim to her pouting nether lips. Nate slipped his middle finger between those wonderful folds, sliding casually over her clit with a delicate back and forth motion as her head jerked forward and her body arched in a violent movement that he wasn't sure was meant to discourage or encourage him. Not that he was going to heed her, anyway. Nate knew what he wanted; it was there waiting for him each and every time they came together whether passionately or lovingly or a mind-bending combination of both. His finger reached its goal seconds later as her creamy center baptized his hand with irrefutable proof of the strength of her desire for him.

Nate's mouth released a swollen tip to travel slowly up her front, lazily licking her collarbone and up the side of her neck while his index and middle fingers scooped her love juices onto her impressively engorged clit and began to rub teasingly over the top and sides of it.

“No, Nate, no!” she whispered just before his mouth claimed hers.

“Yes, woman. You know how I love to do this to you.”

And there was nothing she could do about it. Nate knew that that was a big turn-on for Macy - to be captive and defenseless while he pleased her relentlessly. Nate leaned a bit closer, keeping his hold on her wrists and her quivering pussy.

Macy couldn't draw a deep breath for the life of her. Nate did this to her every time – it was like touching a match to gasoline. She lost her mind when he was around; her libido had complete control of her body, using it for phenomenal, endless joy-rides while Nate took full advantage of the fact that, for Macy, “no” did mean “yes”. She adored it when he didn't let her talk him out of making her come. That she enjoyed being forced to orgasm - even against her will – was something that Nate had deduced too blasted early on in their sexual relationship. He'd gotten too damned good at it.

She could feel the rough material of his BDUs chafing the delicate flesh of her thighs and the moist points of her tender breasts that had already been brought to swollen, aching peaks by his eager lips and tongue. He was fully clothed in a uniform that only served to emphasize his masculinity as he towered over her and kept her wrists uselessly trapped above her head while his hands and mouth had their way with her nude body. That inherent vulnerability was just another subtle layer of psychological submission that added fuel to Macy's arousal.

His slick, knowing fingers pinched her clitty delicately, and Macy could not suppress a guttural moan. “No – Nate – no – “

“It's yes if I say so, Macy Taylor. You belong to me.”

Suddenly, he turned her around and unceremoniously bent her over at the waist, keeping her wrists securely in one hand. “Bend over,” he said in what she'd come to recognize as his command tone. Macy could hear him fumbling with his clothes –

“damned freaking button fly,” he muttered, as he was barely able to rescue his raging erection before his hips forced him to plunge and seek its natural shelter.

Nate quietly but firmly adjusted her position to suit him, making her bend forwards more, which exposed that lovely, cream-covered entrance, arranging himself so that he stood between her well-spread legs with only the head of his cock buried within her from that first thrust.

Even after almost two years, his size was such that despite ample natural lubrication she still could not accept him easily, not that Nate minded how she gripped him every time like a tightly clenched fist. He adored the way she had to consciously accommodate him, had to work and concentrate on what they were doing to accept him. He could hear every slightly distressed moan, every whimper - her very real fight to relax enough admit him into her body.

“Mmm, baby, that’s it. Let me in. This is the way we should always be – connected,” his own breath hissed hotly into his lungs as he felt her contract involuntarily at his words. “Almost there – I want to be in you to the hilt before I start to fuck you, Macy. Is that what you need, honey? A good fucking to settle you down and take the edge off? Even though you’re still going to get a spankin’ to remind you not to leave naughty messages on my voice mail?” he was less than gentle as he took a wrist in each hand, pulling back on them and pressing himself fully into her, making his own very intimate point about how he’d felt about her little teaser call.

Macy knew he hadn’t forgotten about that - but what wonderful consequences! God, he stretched her until she thought she was going to burst, and then beyond. Just when she thought he’d completely impaled her, he’d back away and push back in with his hips, settling another inch or so deep inside her. It felt so uncomfortable at first that Macy tried to wrench away from him, tugging futilely at her useless arms even though she hated the way

her movements made her breasts wobble as they hung beneath her, but he held her fast, murmuring, “Shh, Macy Devonne. You know it pinches a little at first then I make it go away. Settle down and accept me inside you. Relax and submit.”

Nate knew exactly what to do to help his woman come to grips with her submission. He reached around to her front, forcing her legs just a little further apart, and began to very deliberately tickle that hard pebble between her split, impaled lips. His girth had forced her not-so-little clitty out from its hood, and it was just begging for some attention from him.

As he very slowly began to plunge in and out of her, Nate simply laid his wet fingers on top of that eager nub, letting the natural motion of their bodies as he controlled them do the rest. He had her just where he wanted her, and she was going to come.

He could hear her panting as he increased the rhythm of his invasion by subtle increments, thus increasing the tempo at which he was pleasuring her. Macy was close; he could tell by those low, keening moans as he withdrew and the sharp little whimpers when he plunged himself back in. Macy continued to tug at her wrists futilely as he rode her relentlessly towards her end, fucking her harder and faster the closer he came to his own completion.

Nate had missed giving her her pleasure this morning, but he'd vowed to himself that this afternoon he was damned well going to make up for it, and he did, in spades.

Suddenly Macy stiffened, convulsing violently, and trying to stand up, but Nate wouldn't allow it, holding her down and making her stay in place, his fingers still dragging over that fiercely contracting tip, coaxing every last drop of the come out of her before he let himself go, hammering into her the last few strokes until he, too, stiffened, then exploded inside her.

Still, he kept her bent over until he'd completely filled her and drained himself, till the last pulse of pleasure leaked out of him and into her still contracting cunny.

They were both gulping air as they stood there, and indeed the squirrels that were contentedly munching on the bread she'd put out for them looked quite abashed at their lewd display . . . or was that envious?

Before she knew it, Macy found herself in their bedroom and over his knee, his paddle-like hand landing again and again on her defenseless bottom. He was holding her at such an angle, with his left arm around her waist, that when she reached back all she got was a handful of muscular arm. She was still flooded with bliss, but he was rapidly driving it away, replacing it with the painful fury of full-throttle spanks.

"No-Nate- stop!" she out and out wailed. This man could reduce her to a blubbering mass of either pain or pleasure at will, and she never much got a choice as to which one. If he thought she had misbehaved, her ass was grass.

"I told you there would be consequences, Macy Taylor. Next time, maybe this'll make you think twice about doing what you did today."

Tears spilled out of her eyes and flowed down her face, dripping down onto the comforter. "Please – I'm – sorry – I – won't – oooooowwww – stoooooop! I – won't – do – it – again!"

"You can bet your *bottom* dollar on that one, sweetheart," he responded cheerfully, continuing to punish her thoroughly, until her bottom was a bright cherry red. By the time he stopped, she'd given up trying to dissuade him from spanking her, lying over his knee moaning and jerking with each swat, sobbing and panting heavily.

Nate knew what she needed after a spanking, and he never failed to meet that need, turning her over gingerly on his lap and cuddling her, then arranging the two of them between the covers so that he could use his whole body to comfort her. He kissed away her tears; shutting her swollen eyes with his lips as he rubbed her back with a hand that occasionally wandered down to soothe her

bottom, but not often. Nate didn't much believe in letting a miscreant rub away the pain of a spanking. That pain was there for a reason, and he frankly didn't want it dissipating any too soon.

She fell asleep in his arms, exhausted and completely sated – physically, sexually, and emotionally, and entirely sure of her own safety within his embrace.

## Chapter 2: Sunday

Something was tugging at the crest of her breast ooooohh-so-gently, as if it didn't really want to disturb her sleep, but couldn't help itself. Her nipple was being wetly sucked into the eager caress of a broad, flat tongue which rasped lazily over the very tip of one sensitive nub, then left a wet trail to the other and gave it the same loving attention.

But Macy didn't want to wake up yet. It was supposed to be a lazy Sunday morning and she wanted to sleep in, dammit, but it looked like her Energizer bunny of a lover was interested in something a lot more active. That's what she got for getting involved with an confirmed early bird who went to bed with the chickens – well, not literally, she hoped – and woke at the crack of dawn . . . or rather the crack of Macy, on occasion . . .

Macy preferred to stay up late and sleep late when she got the chance. But someone wasn't helping her achieve that goal this morning – someone who knew that six o'clock came more than once a day, and who thought that getting up at oh-dark-thirty was a great way to begin the day. Hoping to subtly discourage him, she rolled away from where she'd been on her side, facing him and turned entirely away from him and his voracious mouth, presenting him with her naked back – not that presenting him with any naked portion of her anatomy wouldn't be perceived as an invitation to freely explore what he considered to be exclusively *his* territory,

anyway. Nate would have made a great caveman – he had the protective instincts of a lion, he'd be a great provider and could already hunt and fish, and he certainly had the possessiveness part down pat.

Discouraged he wasn't. When Macy concentrated – which she was deliberately trying not to do, she was trying to get back to sleep – she could hear him breathing behind her, and then she felt him skim his palm down her flank to cup the ample globe of one bottom cheek, squeezing it gently as one would a ripe peach, then moving on down her leg to the back of her knee – hitting all the spots he knew she liked as he touched her while she was only half-awake then followed those teasing caresses with his lips. He sought and found the soles of her feet, her Achilles tendon, that spot where thigh becomes butt, the dip at the bottom of her back, each scapula and the groove of her spine. They were all licked or sucked or at least wet down lavishly by his tongue, making her nipples peak that much harder as evaporative cooling chilled her skin slightly.

He finished at the back of her neck, sinking his teeth lightly into the side of it, like a sated vampire indulging in a mid-morning snack. Until then, Macy had almost been able to cajole herself back into that first stage of snoozing, but then she found herself rolled carefully onto her back and she just had to yawn and stretch regardless of whatever he was doing. “Arrrr-ghhhhh-arrgh-argh-arrrrrrrgghhhhh,” she groaned, flexing and contracting every muscle in her body, writhing and moaning in complete abandon in a full-body stretch that had Nate's eyes popping, although she couldn't see it since she consciously hadn't opened hers.

“Well,” he whispered wryly, “I hope that was good for you. You want I should get you a cigarette?”

It was not at all fair of him to molest her and make her laugh before she was even conscious, and she told him as much in her pouty, mumbled, morning way.



Nate grinned down at her in all her glory. He could barely believe that he could reach out and touch her anywhere, any time he liked, although he certainly took advantage of that freedom as often as possible – sometimes *more* often than was physically possible for him, but not for her. Macy had a seemingly infinite capacity for pleasure, and Nate adored that. He kept threatening to give her a hundred orgasms in one sitting, and Macy kept – unsuccessfully – trying to introduce him to the concept of quality over quantity. Nate still clung to the idea that if you could, why the heck wouldn't you want to?

“You mean I can't entice you, like this?” He dipped his mouth to a still-tight raspberry nipple, flicking it slowly with his tongue, over and over, watching her swallow hard as she tried to remain still and ignore what he was doing. He decided to be evil and set his fingers to lightly plucking the orphaned nub. Macy's hands automatically wandered down to try to reclaim the breasts he was softly torturing, but all that got her was the feeling of something metal around her wrists and the sound of an unmistakable metal *click-click* floating to her ears.

Her eyes flew open, no longer sleepy, as she felt her handcuffed hands being lifted over her head and attached to a hook that Nate had strategically placed in the their headboard. Before she could get a word out, she could no longer move her arms to protect herself. She knew from prior experience that tugging would do absolutely no good, as a matter of fact the first time he'd done this she'd been so diligent about trying to escape that she'd ended up with bruises that Nate was mortified to see around her wrists. Macy didn't give a damn whether anyone else questioned them, but Nate could not deal with the fact that she had inadvertently hurt herself.

So the handcuffs had been out for a while. He'd known being in the Security Police had to have come in handy sometime . . . even now when his job as Deputy Chief was more or less a desk job, he still wore them every day. But Nate wasn't about to put

Macy into them again – no matter how violent her orgasms were with them, and they were plenty violent – until he could find a pair that he'd keep for her alone that were padded, somehow. Seeing those dark blue marks on her ultra-delicate skin had set his teeth on edge, no matter how easily she said she bruised. He wasn't going to have it.

The Internet came to the rescue, but when he got the ones he'd ordered he still wasn't really happy with the amount of padding, so he added more before he used them on her. Macy had argued that she could just not struggle, but Nate was adamant, recognizing with unnerving insight how important that was to her. "Yes, but you like to fight me, don't you? You love it when I overpower you and take you and make you scream when you come?" which he did on an embarrassingly regular basis.

Macy had blushed a fire engine red, but had nodded in agreement.

"Well, then I'll make you some no-bruises cuffs."

And he had. They circled her wrists now as he coaxed her legs further apart and settled himself between them, laying his six-pack belly over her bare privates. "Na-te!" Macy's voice rose an octave as his big, strong hands gripped her breasts from the bottom, squeezing just a little as he massaged her and tweaked each nipple. "I think this is one of my favorite ways to have you, you know. All naked and bare in our bed, your interfering hands out of the way so that I can touch and take you any way I want." He slid off the bed just then, rummaging in her nightstand and coming up with something that she had suggested they try a while ago, but neither of them ever remembered it in the heat of passion.

Until now.

"No, Nate, no, you're not going to put that on me!"

The mask-style blindfold slid right down over her eyes and stretched around her head to hold it in place. It would be fairly easy to dislodge, so Nate issued a husky warning. "I don't want

you to wiggle out of that, Macy, or your cute little ass will pay for it, I promise.”

No answer. Her lower lip was pouting out so far it was a wonder he wasn’t tripping all over it.

“Answer me when I give you an order, Macy Devonne,” in a tone that told her she had best tread lightly and do as he said or she’d get a spanking anyway, just for being stubborn. Nate wasn’t used to anyone refusing his orders. It didn’t set well with him at all, and not answering was just as bad, as far as he was concerned, as an out and out refusal to comply.

“Yes, Sir,” she barely ground out.

She wasn’t happy, Nate knew, but he also recognized that this was going to crank up her already incredibly high sensitivity. She wouldn’t be able to see where he was going to touch her next, and that must’ve been driving her crazy. He dropped wet, smacking kisses on her everywhere he encountered in his slow trip back down to the juncture of her thighs – her trembling lips, shoulder, each taut tip, of course, her ribcage and somewhat rounded tummy, which was the bane of Macy’s existence but of no consequence to Nate at all, until he finally made it to where he had been, lying between those alabaster thighs of hers, looking down at her naked splendor.

He didn’t fall on her like a ravening beast. Nate liked to take his time loving her – and that’s just exactly what it was. He loved her with everything in him, every part of himself. Even after such a relatively short time together, he could not conceive of living without her, and was, in truth not far from proposing.

But not *quite* this minute. Right now, he had a sacred duty to perform. He needed to pleasure his woman, and Lord knew he treated all of his duties with the utmost seriousness, and performed each and every one of them – most especially this one – to the absolute best of his not inconsiderable abilities.

Macy could feel and hear him – he wasn't touching her anywhere right now, the bastard. Instead he sighed. She could tell he was looking at her, which he knew she detested because of her poochie belly, but he went right on doing it, completely disregarding what she – thought – and – what – she – wanted – “Mmmmmmmmm-mmmmmmmmm.” She couldn't draw a full breath. Nate had leaned forward and begun to pinch her nipples firmly between his wet fingers and his thumbs, the usual incredible ache multiplied by millions in intensity because of her two handicaps.

“Like that, do you, hon?” he murmured, increasing both the rhythm and the tension on her tender flesh until he had her panting from his ministrations.

“Uh-ummm- oh- yessssssssssss,” she replied.

“Good.” He scrunched himself down some more, so that his mouth was level with that beautiful bare pussy of hers. Nate used his thumbs to carefully part the seeping folds, noting that she was already swollen, her body readying itself to receive him. He could plainly see the honey leaking from between her inner lips as he crossed his fingers and presented two of them against her entrance.

“Uhh- mmmmmmmmmmmmm,” she mewled, her breath catching with each inch of those hard, unyielding fingers as he pressed them into her. Macy tried to close her legs, but it was much, much too late. Nate would never have allowed it, anyway, and now it was physically impossible to close them any way but around his broad back, which would only succeed in impaling her further on those ramrod digits.

When he leaned forward and covered the whole of her throbbing clit with his mouth, her whole body arched, pressing herself up against him so that he had even better access than he might have. Nate couldn't help but smile broadly since she couldn't see him anyway, never loosening his hold on her most

sensitive part, but rather taking advantage of the way her bottom had lifted clear off the bed to cup it with his free hand and hold it up to himself, sinking his hand even further inside her and causing all of those delicate nerve endings to riot as he loved her extravagantly with his mouth.

“Nnnn-nnaa-attee!” Macy was nearly sobbing with the sensations his lips and tongue created as he dragged them over and over that stiffened bud, washing it like a cat, rubbing it – not letting her avoid him until she gave in and submitted completely, surrendering her will to his.

“Yesssss, Macy, that’s it. Just lie there and let me love you, sweetie,” his tongue flicked over her slowly then he whispered in a gravelly, tense voice, “Concentrate on the way my mouth and my fingers are making you feel and just let go. I’ll always be here to catch you, honey. I love to watch you fly apart like you do. Don’t fight it. Come for me. Come hard.”

The tempo of the hand within her echoed his words as he plunged harder and faster while never letting up the delicious pressure he maintained with his soft, liquid mouth over her pleasure center. Nate knew she was close – very close, and not three seconds later she began to buck and writhe against him. Nate hung on for dear life, holding her as still as he could, but at these moments she was always so wild that she seemed stronger than her smaller build would imply.

Only when he’d milked every ounce of ecstasy from her did he replace his hand with his hard cock, carefully inserting himself while she was still blind and bound, unapologetically enjoying her helplessness and taking her for himself, very hard but still always listening for any sounds of distress. She was so much smaller than he was . . . it was always in the back of his mind that he might hurt her accidentally, and that was truly the last thing he wanted to do.

Since he had been impossibly hard since he’d awakened this morning, achieving his own climax took an embarrassingly

short amount of time. Seconds after claiming her fully, Nate arched above her as a huge shudder rippled through his big body and he plunged himself into her one last time.

For a long moment, the two of them simply lay there, drained and completely sated. Nate reached up and removed Macy's wrists from the cuffs, inspecting her skin thoroughly as he did every time he used them on her. Stretching as much as Nate's bulk lying limply on top of her would allow – which wasn't much – Macy murmured, "If I have to wake up, I'd like to always be awakened that way, please."

Nate chuckled low in her ear, kissing it loudly. "I'll try to remember that." He rolled smoothly to his side, taking her with him as if he never wanted to let her go. When he had her all settled into the curve of his body, spoon-fashioned, Nate put his mouth up against hers. He guessed there was no sense in delaying the inevitable. "Do you remember me telling you a couple of months back that I had submitted my Dream Sheet?"

"Vaguely," Macy replied, not really listening to him – she was too blissful to pay much attention to anything, stroking the back of his hand where it lay protectively between her breasts.

"Well, I got it and my choice of assignments back."

His words hit Macy like a ton of bricks. She'd never known anyone in the military before, and supposed she was guilty of avoiding the situation. For some reason, she'd never really confronted the fact that he wasn't going to live here forever. That he had to go where they sent him, and it seemed that they were intent on sending him elsewhere. Macy hadn't known a lot of change in her life, only enough to know that she didn't like it. Even when she was married to Ted, they'd lived just outside of town since both of their jobs were in the city.

She jerked in his arms, turning to confront him, her eyes wild, terrified of his answer but unable to stop herself from asking the question. "You're not being shipped to the Middle East, are

you?” The fingers of her small hand clenched and unclenched over his heart, as if demanding that they be let in.

Nate took her hand and kissed the palm as it closed over his mouth. “No, sweetie, I’m not, but that’s not saying I couldn’t be.”

As much as she wanted to lose herself in his arms again, the mood had been ruined for her. Macy rolled towards her own side of the bed, her movements jerky and unsettled. “I don’t want to talk about this,” she said adamantly, sitting up and reaching for the robe she kept laid out at the bottom of their bed.

But Nate grabbed her by the arm and pulled her back to him, not letting her succeed in resisting him, holding her tight but safe against him until she wore herself out and lay there in an obvious snit. “Now,” he began seriously, “I’m not going to let you walk away from me again, Macy, like you always do when I start to talk about the very real fact that I’m going to be leaving some time next year. Let’s get this straight: my hitch in Texas is almost up. I’ve been given three assignments to choose from.” Nate’s heart was pounding; he knew the next few minutes would determine his future happiness – whether or not Macy decided to go with him when he left. “You’ve never let me say this to you, but I want you to come with me wherever I go, which means that you have a say in where we end up.”

She tried to get up again, but he held her fast.

“Stop that.” It was as close as he’d ever come to yelling at her. His voice wasn’t loud, but was rather a deadly low pitch that made her more wary of him than she’d ever been. His hard arms closed around her tightly as he continued. “This situation is not going to go away, but *I am*, and I want you to be with me when I do.”

“No - “ Macy breathed, trying unsuccessfully to struggle out of his embrace.

Nate’s heart stopped, flat out cardiac arrest. *Had she just said no, she wouldn’t come with him?* “No you’re going to stay

here and let me go?” he clarified, each word ripped out of his lungs forcibly in a monotone.

“No’ I don’t want to be held like this,” she snapped back. “Lemme go, Nate.”

But he wanted to get this settled, and Nate didn’t hesitate to keep her right where she was. He wanted her as close to him as he could get, mentally, emotionally and physically – hell, he was inches away from just burying himself inside her, bringing her to the gates of paradise and forcing her to answer this question before he allowed her to obtain her pleasure. She should have been damned happy that he hadn’t done exactly that. “You’re staying right here until I get an answer, but I think I already know what you’re going to say.”

Macy snorted. “Oh, you do? Of course you do. The great Nathaniel Sheridan knows all. I forget.”

“Sarcasm is not helping,” came his calm, quiet response. Calm and quiet with him could be a warning of unpleasant things to come. If she didn’t straighten up and fly right quickly enough for him, she knew he wouldn’t hesitate to get out the paddle.

She hated it when he was right, and it seemed he always was. “Let me turn around. If we’re going to have this conversation instead of a nice lazy Sunday morning in bed, then let’s fucking do it right.”

Macy never used vulgar language – she always said it was the refuge of a small mind. His arms loosened enough in surprise that she could roll over and confront him. Their faces were inches apart on the pillow. Nate swallowed hard, trying to read her answer in her eyes, although he was pretty sure she was going to refuse him. “First, let me ask you some questions. What does my coming with you – or not – have to do with where you go?”

“I’ve been given three assignments to choose from – they’re all O-6 positions for a full-bird Colonels, so that’s good for my career. I could end up as CSP at whatever base I go to.”



Her usual frown appeared at his use of military lingo. “Please translate that into English.”

“If they’re offering me Colonel positions,” Nate explained patiently, “then they’re probably going to be looking for me to get promoted either on my first shot – which is below the usual promotion zone where only the most outstanding candidates are selected – or at least on my second shot, where I’m in the zone. I’ll hit below the zone just after they move me, and be in the zone mid-tour sometime, depending on when they convene the promotion board. If I make Colonel, I could possibly end up as the Chief of Security Police at whatever Base I end up at. Not bad for a kid from the wrong side of the tracks.”

“Not bad at all,” Macy said, and she meant it. She caught his eye. “I’m very proud of you, I hope you know that.” She leaned forwards and kissed him delicately on the forehead.

It sounded to him like she was kissing him off, quite literally. Nate’s stomach twisted harshly. “Thank you.”

He watched her take a deep breath. “You’re right. I have been avoiding talking about this, because I don’t like the idea of you moving away from me. I love you.”

“I love you, too.” Nate bent his head to hers. “But do you love me enough to come with me? That’s what it boils down to.”

When she lifted her head to him again, Nate could see the tears in her eyes. “I know – and I don’t think you have any idea what you’re asking of me or you wouldn’t ask it so blithely.”

His face hardened. “I don’t ask it blithely at all, Macy. Do you think this is something I do on a whim – invite someone to uproot themselves and become my camp follower?”

“No, I don’t.” Macy knew that he hadn’t been as serious with any other woman – moving in and everything – as he had been with her. Nate was an intensely private man who was almost as guarded about himself as she was, although she doubted that he

recognized that fact about himself. “It would mean giving up my career at the bank and moving away from my friends and my family . . . “

His jaw was clenched fit to break his teeth. Every muscle in Nate’s body ached with tension, waiting for the rejection he knew was coming, however gently she put it. “I know,” he answered grimly.

“And you want a decision right now?” she asked softly, wistfully, as if she wished he would relent from this course and let them go on in some sort of fantasy oblivion that failed to acknowledge the fact that he had a duty to go where he was told, and that within the next year, he’d be setting up housekeeping somewhere else.

“I do,” he ground out, wishing she’d just tell him “no” and get it over with, like ripping off a band-aid.

“And if I say no, then what happens?”

*Then I kidnap you and take you with me anyway,* he answered in his own head. That was certainly his first inclination, and what he wanted to do with every molecule in his body, damn the inevitable court martial. “Then it’s over. You’d be acknowledging that we have no future.”

A wave of nausea washed over Macy. She already knew how she was going to answer his question – his demand – but had merely been delaying the inevitable, happy to pretend that they’d always have this cozy little set up. But Nate wasn’t content to let things be. He liked things organized and planned ahead. Hell, it was still a year away, and yet here he was, pushing her for a response she wasn’t at all sure she was ready to give.

“And if I say yes?”

He couldn’t help it – his eyes lit up at her words . . . at the possibility that she might actually give up so much just to be with him. “Then we look over the choices and make our decision

together, with an eye to the fact that we want to be together on a more formal basis.”

Marriage. She knew that was what he was angling her towards, and she was going to fight it every inch of the way. “You see - that’s just it. If I said yes, and moved away with you, it’s like I’m obligating you somehow to go the whole route – engagement, marriage, two-point-five kids.”

Nate’s eyebrows rose. “Do you see me balking at that idea in the least?”

No, but Macy was – physically squirming within the confines of his strong arms. “No. But – “

He caught her chin and her eye. “I’m not the one in this relationship that’s got a problem with commitment, am I?” Nate let her squirm around the truth of that question for a minute, then brought her back to the issue at hand. “Stop stalling, Macy Taylor, and answer me: will you move with me when I go?”

She bit her lip, her eyes filled with tears. “Yes.” It was the barest of whispers, as if she couldn’t believe she was saying it herself.

Nate was already on to wondering how he was going to try to live without her - and whether or not he could arrange a kidnapping that wouldn’t result in a court marshal - when what she’d said began to sink into his head slowly. “Wh-what did you say?” he asked, barely able to swallow past the lump in his throat, his hands gripping her upper arms tightly.

“I said yes, if you’ll have me.”

“If I’ll have you – I – I – “

Macy couldn’t believe that the big man was speechless . . . and there were tears in his eyes, too. She half expected him to make love to her again, but Nate seemed almost beyond it, at least until later. Instead he kept her wrapped in a bear hug for most of the rest of the day, not allowing her out of his sight. They had

breakfast – Krispy Kreme doughnuts and Dunkin Doughnut’s coffee – in bed, surrounded by the sections of the Sunday paper as Macy leaned back against Nate’s side. While they read, he kept his hand on her lower tummy as if he wanted to anchor her to him physically as well as verbally.

He kept asking her if she was sure of her decision, which drove Macy nuts. By the end of the day, she finally snapped, “Do you want it in writing, Sheridan, or what?”

He’d strolled casually up to her at her outburst, his hands settling at her waist possessively. “I want it in blood. I want ‘Property of Nathaniel Sheridan’ tattooed on your cute little butt –” he growled, nuzzling her lips as he lifted her off her feet.

Macy wrapped her legs around his waist comfortably. She didn’t really like it when he picked her up as if she weighed no more than a flea – which was certainly not the case. But there wasn’t much she could do to prevent it, either. “No you don’t. Remember the time I told you I was going to get a tattoo on my arm?”

“Grrrrrrrrr. You’re right.” He’d had an apoplectic fit and told her in no uncertain terms that if she got a tattoo, then he’d personally take her to the dermatologist to get it removed the next day, and that she’d be sitting on a sore butt the whole time. He’d looked so angry at the prospect, that even though Macy really didn’t worry that he’d ever hurt her like that, she decided it was better not to rile him. She was just going to do it for a kick, and it didn’t matter that much to her. “Maybe I’ll just make you wear a bracelet with those words instead . . .” he was looking at her speculatively, and that made Macy nervous.

“What?” she looked at him out of the corner of her eye suspiciously. “You’re thinking. That’s always dangerous.”

“Maybe I’ll just put my ring on your finger and that’ll take care of the ownership problems.”

Macy frowned. “No you won’t.”

Nate pulled away a bit, his face dark. “If I gave you a diamond ring, you’d refuse it?”

Squirming was useless; he just contracted those iron-hard arms of his and she could barely move a muscle, although she wasn’t being hurt in any way.

“Macy Devonne, look at me and answer my question.”

He was getting awfully pushy . . . come to think of it, though, he’d always *been* pushy. Sighing dramatically, she replied, “You should be happy you got one profound decision out of me, Nate. Don’t push it.”

In answer, he put his hands under her bottom and began to walk with her past the kitchen where her grandmother’s solid oak dining room set sat wholly unused, for the most part, except for poker nights with the girls. With one sweep of his hand, he sent all of their bills and several assorted flyers to the floor, making room to deposit her at the head of the table – and not in a chair. Macy felt the cool wood up against her bare bottom as he plunked her down on the table, taking the chair in front of her for himself, his fingers already working busily at the buttons of her nightgown, his lips wetly following the path he’d revealed.

Perched where she was, was one of the few times she’d ever been able to look down at him. Macy’s breasts rose and fell, her already engorged nipples brushing against his knuckles with each breath.

“Maybe it’ll just take some convincing,” Nate whispered huskily, rising to push her back onto the unyielding wood as he split the gown the way he split her legs – wide, and helplessly.

But Macy was a stubborn girl, and although he soon had her writhing and moaning, his mouth gently assaulting the most delicate of tissues, she never gave in, he noticed.

That was okay. He could be patient.

Sort of.

## Chapter 3: Guided

“Mmmmmmmmm. Sam Elliott could eat crackers in my bed any day . . . “ Macy rhapsodized while chomping on a ranch-dressing covered baby carrot. It was their monthly poker game, where she and four of her best friends got together at each other’s houses and drank and ate and talked about who they wanted to sleep with, if they could have their pick of anyone, and whined about who they *were* sleeping with – boyfriends and husbands alike – or lamented about who they weren’t sleeping with. And, occasionally, they actually played a hand or two of penny-ante poker.

Nate was at work, of course. With the nation on high alert, sixteen and eighteen hour days were back to being the norm, as they had been when he was working his way through school. Only now he was twenty-plus years older and it was wearing him out.

One of her oldest friends, Samantha Keller, snorted indelicately as she gathered the cards from the last hand and gave them to the next dealer. “It ain’t *crackers* I’d want him to be eatin’, if you get my drift . . .”

While the rest of them hummed low in total agreement, there was one dissenter.

“EWWwwwwwwwww!” Amanda Bates was the youngest member of the group, and, surprisingly, she was the prissiest.

Sometimes, when she was feeling spiteful like now, Macy wondered casually if Amanda's poor sex-starved husband *ever* got to pry those slim, rounded thighs apart any other times but his birthday and their anniversary . . . Of course, she frowned to herself, she shouldn't really be saying anything considering that Nate had been so exhausted lately that she hadn't been getting much herself, which was highly unusual. Their normal seven to ten times a week had dwindled lately to one or two, if that.

Macy was trying to be patient and understanding, but Nate had created a monster. She was used to his hands on her all the time, to him reaching for her every night at least once, if not more, and now she was reduced to hoping he could stay awake long enough to finish the job when he managed to eek out some time for her. She wasn't concerned that he was fooling around on her or anything like that; heck, he was actually in his office when she called more often than he'd ever been. But it wasn't always easy to be supportive when she could see how worn down he was getting as the nation prepared for conflict and the Base was kept at Defcon 1.

Everyone else at the table was rolling their eyes at Amanda's disgust.

Susan shuffled one last time, then began to deal. "Ante up everyone. Five card stud, jacks or better, deuces wild."

"Someday you're going to dry up and blow away, Mandy, if you don't let loose and howl every once in a while," Carol Collins warned with a grim smile as she anted a dollar into the pot, late as usual.

"Well, I'm never going to let a man do *that* to me, no matter what you guys say. I can open," Amanda pursed her lips primly and leaned forward to throw a blue chip into the center of the table.

"Oh, crap, she's opening and I got bupkis," Macy grumbled, as those who thought they had any chance of winning

anted up. Reluctantly, she put in a dollar chip, wincing as she did so as if it was her last.

“*Letting* them is not usually the problem – *getting* them to do it can take some coaxing,” the matriarch of the group, Susan Kent, commented wisely, taking the deck in her hands and eyeing Macy, who was sitting next to her. “How many you want, honey?”

She winked and answered, “As many as I can get!” Laughter exploded around the table. “Oh, did you mean cards?” Macy asked innocently. “Two, puhleeze.”

“Uh-huh,” Sammie drawled. “I can’t imagine that with that stud in your bed every night that you’re needing any help in that other department.”

Macy took up the new cards she was given that unfortunately added nothing to the value of her hand. “I fold.” She threw the cards into the pot at the center of the table. “Wellll . . . he doesn’t need any *coaxing*, if that’s what you mean . . . In fact he’s usually quite eager to accommodate me in that particular fashion, and he’d damned good at it, too. He uses his mouth and his fingers and - “

“TMI!!!” Carol crowed, spitting a mouthful of beer back into her glass at Macy’s words. “Jeez, girl, you’ve come along way since Ted, when you would barely even think about such things without getting all scandalized like Amanda.”

Giggling, Macy batted her eyelashes. “There’s no such thing as TMI on poker nights, you know that,” she scolded, then sighed longingly. “Nate’s done a certain amount of remedial sex ed with me, and I’m much less inhibited than I used to be. Uninhibited is good.” She took a swallow of her screwdriver. “Besides, he’s been so busy lately, I’m feeling neglected.”

Sue arched a brow at her. “Down to only five times a night, are we?” she asked acerbically, which earned her a smack on the arm from Macy, who was sitting right next to her. “A-ha! Hit a nerve, did I?”



She cackled, only to be hit square in the face with a goldfish cracker.

“Hey, you guys better get back to work – you’re skewing the national average!” warned Carol, tongue firmly in cheek. She got a potato chip in her kahlua and cream for her trouble.

Macy’d head went up as she heard the garage door opening. “Speaking of the devil – “

Every other woman around the table eyed Nate appreciatively as he strode through the door in his BDUs, crossing immediately to where Macy was sitting to tip her chin up and deliver a long, passionate kiss as he tucked his hat into his back pocket, making it look like Macy was crying wolf.

“Doesn’t look very tired to me,” Susan commented under her breath loudly enough for everyone to hear as she blatantly checked out the tight masculine butt that was inches from her side.

Nate’s big hand came up to cup Macy’s jaw as she tried to pull back. He purposely deepened the kiss, his tongue teasing hers audaciously.

Silence reigned around them as everyone else held their breath in sheer envy. “Evan doesn’t kiss me like that any more,” Amanda lamented wistfully.

“Evan didn’t kiss you like that when he kissed you like that,” Sammie sighed. “That there is some serious heat.”

“Yeah,” Carol fanned herself. “It is definitely getting hot in here. Maybe we need to hose them off . . .”

When he finally ended their lip lock, Nate kissed her forehead gently, as if he was reluctant to let her go. “Hello, baby. I missed you.” His voice had that just-after-sex huskiness that sent shivers down Macy’s spine, and apparently she wasn’t the only one.

Somebody whimpered and got smacked for it, but not by Macy. She was too wrapped up in Nate’s obvious affection, not

that he wasn't normally affectionate. "Missed you, too," she answered hoarsely from a thick, sensual haze.

Straightening, he grinned broadly at the other women, as if just seeing them for the first time. "Evening, ladies," he greeted casually, and headed off down the hall to change.

"Mmmm-mmmm-mmm," Sammie's eyes followed his progress as he walked away from them. "Macy, if you aren't one of the luckiest ladies in the world to have that lying next to you at night!"

Macy blushed, even though she'd gotten a lot less easy to embarrass. "I know I am," she answered sincerely.

Nate reappeared as he pulled on a gray USAF t-shirt which settled slowly down over his tanned, lightly hairy washboard stomach, his hips hugged low by a matching pair of sweats. Every eye in the room settled on him ravenously as he strode to the fridge, completely oblivious to the attention he was attracting. He was much too intent on supper.

"I made you a sliced-meat sandwich, Hon, it's on the second shelf. Help yourself to some chips and beer or wine – whatever you want."

Another whimper. This time it was Macy that smacked Carol's arm.

He was still peering into the fridge as if he couldn't see the sandwich. As soon as Macy rose from her chair to go help him, of course, he discovered it. "Got it," he dangled the sandwich from his fingers in its plastic bag as if he'd just come home from the hunt with a kill.

"Want me to put a plate together for you?" Macy offered solicitously, stunning the group at the table into silence.

Nate smiled at her in a way that made her heart and her loins drip onto her shoes. "Nope. I'll find everything myself. You just have fun and pretend I'm not here. Win us lots of money."

When he'd gone into the living room to eat and watch sports, Amanda pounced. "What happened to not wanting to be at a man's beck and call ever again, Macy Taylor?"

"Yeah," Sammie and everyone seemed to agree. "He didn't have the chance to beck or call - you were falling all over yourself to help him. I guess the sex really IS great, huh, girls?" she suggested slyly.

Well aware of the fact that Nate could probably hear every syllable that was spoken, considering that the living room, dining room, and the kitchen all opened into one another, Macy tried to answer quietly, "The very, very, very, very, very best."

"What was that?" came a hard, inquisitive voice from the wilds of the living room, and she could tell his mouth was full of sandwich.

"Did you say something, dear?" Macy played dumb.

He appeared in the doorway, having left the food on the coffee table to lean against the archway, arms folded across his chest, and pin her with his gaze. "I wanted to hear your answer to the question Sammie asked you about the sex being great."

Macy face was a blazing bright red as she looked him right in the eye and answered calmly, "I said it was the very best I've ever had."

"Smart answer, and it's the best I've had, too, hon," he agreed with a deliberately slow, lascivious wink before he turned to lope back into the living room.

The evening broke up earlier than usual – everyone else seemed to be exhausted, too. Even so, Nate had long since gone to bed when Macy took a slow, hot shower, her own hands on her breasts and between her legs starting fires that she really didn't want to ignite. She could take care of things herself, but honestly, her orgasms were much stronger when it was Nate's thick, hard

fingers stroking her to pleasure, or at least if she had him guiding her with his strong, sexy voice.

Her body throbbing with unfulfilled need, Macy insinuated herself under the covers as carefully as she could, not wanting to wake him. She knew how wiped out he was, and didn't want to bother him with something so trivial. He needed his sleep, and so did she.

Her hands had other ideas, though, and before she knew it she was cupping her own breasts, squeezing them gently and very lightly rubbing their powder-slickened nubs.

A deep, masculine voice rumbled to her ears through the darkness. "Are your nipples all tight and achy?"

Startled, her busy fingers stopped plucking at the body part in question – and of course he'd hit it right on the button; they were, indeed, hard as little radio knobs and ultra-sensitive. "I thought you were asleep. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake you," she whispered. Macy didn't move, her fingers still surrounding her swelling flesh.

"That's okay." Nate turned to face her, then leaned over and gave her a quick peck on the cheek before relaxing back under the covers. "I'm sorry that lately I haven't been taking care of you the way I should be. And I appreciate that you've been extra specially well behaved and I haven't had to spank you lately. Are you horny, baby?"

Cloistered little Macy could sometimes still blush at language like that, especially coming from him for some reason and with a reminder of how he monitored her behavior and spanked her at will. Nate wasn't her first lover, of course, but there hadn't been many before him and her ex-husband barely qualified; Ted was not the most sexually interested person – especially not in his wife. Macy'd been raised fairly strictly, though, and any sort of sex talk had the effect of both turning her on and making her blush, a combination that Nate found enchanting. She'd overcome a lot of

that, especially with her girlfriends, but it was funny; she was shyest with the person in the world with whom she had the most intimate a relationship.

Macy fidgeted, her legs and arms moving restlessly. Nate had worked a backbreaking sixteen-hour day. He was beat, and she understood that. But her body had other ideas. “You’ve been taking care of me just fine,” Macy answered softly, wanting to reassure him. “But I can do it myself . . .”

“Hmmmmmm,” he sighed sleepily, and she heard him swallow. “But you know how much I love to watch you when you pleasure yourself, Macy Taylor.”

And he did – he’d certainly proven that on more than one occasion. Nate had practically had to show Macy how to do it, but once she’d caught on . . .

She only whimpered in response, her hands automatically taking up that sweet torture again, thinking about his head between her legs and arching as her fingers began to pull and twist those hard nubs of their own accord.

Nate rolled over only enough to touch one of the bedside lamps on to its lowest setting, wanting desperately to see what she was doing as well as hear those sexy moans. Then he rolled immediately back onto his side facing her, his dark eyes greedily absorbing how she plucked at herself gently.

Macy’s eyes were closed, her supple neck arched, breath already coming heavily just from this light teasing.

“Would you like a nice hot bottom to lie on while you touch yourself, hon?” he asked blithely, completely aware of how his offer would affect her.

She reacted exactly as he expected her to – they hadn’t done much sensual spanking – her butt always got warmed because she’d been naughty, except for the very occasional stray slaps he might apply when she was on top of him to spur her on in her

mission. “I thought you’d said I’d been good lately! I haven’t done anything to deserve a spanking – “

“No, not a painful spanking, a sexy one.”

Macy eyed him doubtfully.

“Turn onto your tummy, love.”

Macy delayed a little, but he was patient, waiting for her to acquiesce to his will, and, seconds later, she did, presenting him with the lovely line of her irresistible backside.

She started when he laid his hand on her closest cheek, cupping and squeezing a little. “Relax. This is going to feel good.”

Turning her head towards him, she clenched the bed sheet under the pillow. “Forgive me if I doubt you, but I’ve had enough spankings from you to know that – from the receiving end - they’re not at all pleasant.”

“Those are disciplinary spankings. An entirely different animal from this.” His hand peppered her bottom with gentle taps that slowly increased in intensity – very slowly. This was their only physical connection, and, much to Macy’s surprise, it did feel good – damned good. In fact it was making her leak down onto the mattress beneath her as he concentrated on her least favorite area, but the one closest to her creamy center- her sit-spot, but not neglecting any of the rest of her either. Macy couldn’t stifle a moan.

Nate grinned. “Toldja.”

When she was a lovely rosy hue all over, he stopped and told her to roll onto her back. Then he completely withdrew himself from the playing field, wanting her to continue exploring herself, which would tease him unbearably.

“Don’t those naughty nipples need to be pinched a little, Macy?” Nate questioned, barely above a whisper but with just the right touch of command in his tone, enough to make her shudder with it. He watched her body clench then release at his words, and

she wiggled and struggled a little in silent protest, but then she cupped her own breasts, index fingers and thumbs catching the engorged nipples to compress and pull them, milking them good and hard.

“Does that feel good, baby?” He was so hot he’d nearly lost his voice.

Her only response was a loud groan and more furious pulling and stretching of her engorged tits.

With the utmost gentleness, “Answer me, honey.”

Macy’s head thrashed back and forth on the pillow. Nate knew that part of what she was responding to was his voice – they had had phone sex when he’d had to go on TDY (temporary duty) and he had nearly been able to bring her off just by talking to her, telling her what he was going to do when he got a hold of her when they were together again. “Oooohhhh-Gooooodddd-yeeesssss!” she answered fervently.

Nate was having a hard time keeping his hands to himself, but he kept reminding himself that this was for her. “Dip your fingers down into your pussy juices – let’s see just how hot you’re getting.”

She almost balked at that, but after a few seconds her right hand wandered reluctantly down to her bare delta. Nate loved to keep her pussy bare – Macy refused to do it, but he’d discovered that if he volunteered to do the shaving himself, that she would lie still and let him take care of it for her. He adored eating her when she was clean as a whistle like that, and as his eyes helplessly followed the descent of that hand his mouth watered at the thought of how she’d react if he fit his lips over her swollen clitty right now  
...

Her fingers stopped at the top of her slit. “Just a little further down, Macy. We need to check and see just how much honey’s gushing out of you. I bet there’s a lot, from your spanking and your own hands.”

Panting, she whimpered, “No, I – I can’t do that. It’s dirty and naughty.”

“Mmmmmmmmm.” Nate knew she wanted him to insist, and he did. “No, baby, it’s not. That’s your pleasure place, and it’s not dirty or naughty for you to touch there as long as I say you can. And I want you to press your fingers between those wet, warm folds, all the way down until you find all that hot cream of yours.”

She did as he said, breathing more and more heavily as her fingers forced her pussy lips to open around them. Macy jumped and writhed, the extent of her raw sensitivity surprising herself as the flat of her fingers rubbed slowly over her distended button on their way to her moist opening.

“Bring me some of your cream, honey,” Nate growled.

Macy wet her fingertips just at her entrance, and brought them to Nate, who grabbed her hand firmly in their first contact this evening, pressing those damp fingers into his mouth and licking each digit clean eagerly as he hummed his approval.

Only when she’d been scrupulously cleaned of her own drippings did Nate release her wrist. “I think those nipples need to be pinched constantly while you pleasure yourself. I know how much you love that little touch of discomfort.” He surprised her by dropping two adjustable nipple clamps onto her slightly rounded tummy.

Intrigued against her will, Macy stared at the instruments of her own torture for a few long seconds. Then she complied – slowly, hating the moment when each set of jaws sank into her tender flesh, providing an all-over, continual pressure that was going to drive her out of her mind . . . and making her love it the whole time. When she looked down at her own breasts and saw her tips enclosed in those bare instruments of sensual torture, her genitals contracted, sending blazing fire all through her body.

“You look so sexy with those on. Getting punished just a little for your pleasure turns you on, right, baby? That’s why you



liked the spanking, too,” His words rasped over her skin, adding to her agitation. Nate knew that that concept was an incredible turn-on for her, and it certainly wasn’t dampening his own ardor one bit. He was hard as a rock and wide-awake, not willing to miss a moment of this performance.

Her little whimper made his hand shoot out to touch her, but then he stopped, instead stretching out next to her, nude, inches from her body, his head on his palm. Macy’s hand was posed at her crotch, as if awaiting his orders. “Pull those lovely lips apart with the sides of your hands, Macy, the way you always do when you make yourself come, but don’t touch your clitty yet.”

Another whimper at his words, but she obeyed him – it always amazed him when she did. Nate never really knew how she was going to respond to him. Sometimes submission seemed to turn her on so much, and other times she nearly raped him. “Oh, God, you are hot, aren’t you, honey? I can smell your heat from here.”

Macy nodded automatically, not thinking, not reasoning, just feeling – his breath drifting over her taut skin, the blood throbbing through her privates and forcing itself through those tightly compressed tips were almost enough alone to send her into spirals of ecstasy.

But she needed that extra *umph* of her fingers gliding slowly, teasingly over that most sensitive inch - just two or three times would do it - to send her plummeting off the edge.

“Dip down and get some of your wonderful cream, there, then bring it up to your clit. Use two fingers – I know how you like to use your index and your middle fingers.” Nate watched avidly as she arched a little, then her two wet, dripping digits settled over herself. “There. Rub yourself, honey. I want you to come for me, and I don’t want you to hold anything back. I want to hear every moan, every whimper, every sigh. I want to see you writhe while you touch yourself. Do it for me, Macy, let me see your pleasure.”

“Noooooooooooo . . . “ she whispered, although she was already doing as he’d said, unable to resist the temptation of her body a moment longer.

“Ohhh, yesssss, baby. You just keep stroking yourself, getting closer and closer and closer. But you have to tell me before you come, honey, or I’ll spank your little butt when you’re done for disobeying me.”

Macy was out of her mind with the sensations that emanated from her breasts and between her legs. Every time she arched or shuddered from the agonizing pleasure, her breasts wobbled and reminded her of the horrible presence of those unforgiving clamps, even though they weren’t that tight. Just the idea of them being there made them ache that much more.

Nate could hear her breathing change moments later, and knew she was close, but he waited for her to tell him, his eyes gliding over those beautiful globes with their pinched ends as she moaned and sighed for him, down to the gorgeous picture of her hands between her legs, her pussy spread open so that she could worry that nub while she groaned at her own ministrations.

“Nate – Nate - Nate – I’m - “

He knew he wouldn’t have long, so he immediately reached over and released the clamps, which sent blood and sensation rushing into her nipples, hopefully just about at the point where she came. He held his breath through her scream, as she jerked and arched and clenched her whole body helplessly in the throes of her orgasm.

As he watched her give herself over to ecstasy, Nate leaned over and latched onto her nearest nipple, suckling hard and adding to the growing fire of sensations that raged within her.

When her arms had fallen naturally to her sides, Nate gathered her against him, hugging her tight. “You came hard, hon,” he stated, with not a small amount of pride at his own part in

it. “I think we’ll have to do more of both of those kinds of attentions to your bottom.”

Macy was still trying to recover her ability to anything but wail incoherently. Her pussy was still contracting. She reached up and patted his arms, nodding vehemently. A few minutes later, he was still awake, and Macy became aware of an iron hardness pressing against her hip.

She turned in his arms, kissing him with every ounce of gentle feeling she possessed. “Thank you, Nate.”

Surprised, Nate caught her chin and answered her solemnly. “You’re very welcome, my love.”

“Now it’s your turn,” she threatened slyly, dragging a fingertip over his full lips.

“You don’t have to do that, Macy – “ he tried to reach for her, but she dodged him and went right for the heart of him.

“I know I don’t *have* to, Nate; I want to,” and he couldn’t discern an iota of insincerity in her tone.

As she wrapped her small fingers around his impressive length, Nate sighed raggedly. “Dear God I love the way you touch me.”

Macy’s self-satisfied grin lit up the room on its own. She reveled in how the big man responded to every sexual move she’d ever made. He always told her that she could touch him anyway she wanted and that he’d love it, but for some reason Macy was always slightly hesitant, as if she was perpetually concerned that she might accidentally hurt him.

As a result, her tongue was ever-gentle and almost excruciatingly kind and soft, enough so that Nate sometimes thought she was consciously trying to drive him out of his mind, but then he’d pry open his eyes and try to relax his tensed muscles as he looked at the rapt wonder on her face and knew that all she was trying her best to do was bring him pleasure.

Macy was extremely thorough and never grabby or hurried when she touched him, which was very refreshing. Sometimes, with other women, they'd poked or prodded at him like a side of beef, if they bothered to touch him at all, as if women were becoming as selfish in bed as men had been at one time. Although she could be somewhat timid, when Macy set her mind to giving Nate an orgasm, he knew she was going to blow him right out of the water, each and every time. Slowly. In her own good time.

If there were no other distractions or time constraints, she would do the whole thing up beautifully – warm room, soft lights, his favorite perfume all over her body so that he would smell it every time she moved, quiet, seductive music in the background. Macy adored massaging him with scented oils. Nate sometimes found some of the scents she chose to be a bit feminine for his tastes, which was understandable, but they both agreed on sandalwood as a favorite, and – hell – she could slather him in barbeque sauce as long as she kept touching him like she did.

She'd stretch him out naked on their bed, chewing on her lip in a charmingly tentative manner as she arranged him on his stomach at first, then started at the top of his head with dry fingers, rubbing his scalp and the back of his head, then she'd have him roll over only long enough to run those firm fingers over his face as if she was giving him a facial. Then a soft voice would cajole him back over onto his belly. Macy'd pour just a tad of warm oil into her palms and start where his regulation-short hair stopped, working every muscle she could find - well, almost – with both hands, rubbing firmly down his back, then down the back of each arm, the backs of his legs and the soles of his feet, only to arrive back at his butt, which she'd deliberately skipped entirely on the way down.

His rear seemed to be a great source of interest to her, and she spent a lot of time there caressing and molding and really gripping it hard, straddling his thighs with the heat of her center and putting her weight into it as she slowly worked her way up his

back, then tapping him to roll onto his back so that she could do his front.

But tonight there wasn't much time, although Macy still would not be rushed. She knew that a good hard come was the best sleeping potion around, and that he would sleep harder and better if he'd been completely relaxed by a knock-down-drag-out explosion. Nate lay sprawled in the middle of their big bed, one arm flung over his eyes, giving himself over to her in complete trust. In lieu of a full massage, which she would give him at a later date, Macy settled for running the very ends of her pink-tipped fingers over him from head to toe, and everywhere in between. Her nails were acrylic and blunt, but she was still extremely careful about varying the pressure around his most sensitive areas – his nipples and his groin. A finger trailed down the center of his face, down the side of his thick neck, over bulging shoulder and arm muscles on one side, then the other. As she warmed to her task, Macy settled herself over him, so that his already rampant cock lay within easy reach of the gates of paradise, indeed was wrapped lengthwise within them as she sank down on him.

Nate's breath hissed in over his clenched teeth as he moved restlessly, dying to grab her and hold those curvy hips still so that he could drive himself up inside her. Instead he reached up and grabbed a heavy wooden rail in each fist, not knowing how much more of this torturous pleasure he was going to be able to stand.

Macy followed her fingertip with her tongue, bathing her way down over every inch of his front, scrupulously avoiding three particular areas – his nipples and his cock. She sensitized all of him – down over his heavy thighs, his knees, his toes, licking his palms and suckling on his fingertips and thumb. But she gently rebuffed any effort he made to touch her back, putting his hands back on the rungs of the headboard. She liked being in control of him and in turn giving herself to him in this way, and his hands on her would only serve to detract from her complete concentration on him.

She returned to straddle him again, leaning down to take each of his nipples into her mouth to flick and suck at his tiny nipples. It had amazed Macy to find out that this big strong man enjoyed having his nipples played with – Ted hadn't let her near his breasts, not that he'd had much of a sex drive, anyway. But Nate always groaned when she played with him there, pinching and rolling and pulling him, as he was wont to do to her.

Macy could feel him arching up, seeking entrance to her body that she was not going to allow him this time. She had other plans for that steely hard length. She shinnied down him, first surrounding him with her breasts, rubbing them up and down the sides of his cock as she felt and watched his hips jerk. Macy could watch his arm muscles swell and contract as he gripped the headboard. "Ohhhhhh - Gawwwwwd – " he moaned. "Macy!"

"Hmmmmmm?" she asked innocently, moving further down to enclose his hardness within the warm wet confines of her mouth.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." She was going to kill him with what she was doing, and he was going to die a damned happy man.

Once Macy took him into her mouth, she didn't stop until he spurted against the back of her throat. That was one of the best things about her – she could be as single minded in pursuit of his own completion as he tried to be about hers. And for someone who hadn't had a lot of experience in giving oral gratification, she certainly was a natural.

Macy tried not to forget that there were other parts of him besides the heavy cock that slipped in and out from between her slick, wet lips. She used her hand as an extension of her mouth sometimes as she pumped herself up and down over him, but she also cupped that curious sack of his, very delicately rolling his balls and flicking her middle finger carefully right beneath them. This was sometimes enough to bring him off immediately, and she knew he was very, very close.

With her lips sucking him hard with each descent and retreat, her tongue gliding over and over the crown, she reached her free hand up to gently tweak his nipple and felt his whole body stiffen. “Christ – Macy – mmmmmmm-AAAhhhhhhhhhhhh.” She consciously relaxed her body as his hips pistoned his impressive hard-on in and out of her mouth while her tongue circled and danced over him, pulling and sucking every drop of him as she cupped and gently squeezed his balls.

Nate’s mind was pure Jell-O, full of blind pleasure, except for one thought: *Damn this woman was good!* She listened to what he said about what he liked and how he felt when she touched him here or there, and she remembered it, using it on him later to heighten the experience for him, not that it really need any help. Just being in the same room with Macy got him hard – hell, just thinking about her from a million miles away did, too.

He collapsed back onto the bed with a guttural groan, his entire body liquid with relaxation and satisfaction. Macy pressed a small peck to his cheek. “You should go back to sleep.” As much as Macy wanted to cuddle up against him and be held while they kissed and cuddled, she knew he needed to get to sleep, so she tried to roll away from him, but Nate wasn’t going to have any of that.

Lately, he had little enough time with her, so as she was trying to turn over, he hooked an arm around her waist and clamped it down – not tightly enough to hurt her, but enough that she couldn’t get away. “Where do you think you’re going, young lady?”

Macy squirmed at his tone but allowed herself to relax back against him.

“You can’t just use me and abuse me like that – “

“I can’t?” she sounded perplexed. “Haven’t I been doing just that for a couple years now?”

Nate sighed. “And Lord knows I don’t ever want you to stop, but I’ve been so busy lately we haven’t had much of a chance to cuddle and talk, either.”

Macy giggled at his outrageously pouting lower lip as she reached past him and touched out the light. “Ohhhhhh, poor baby!”

Nate snuggled her up even closer to him, kissing the top of her head where it lay on his broad chest. “That’s right. You only love me for my body – otherwise, I’m neglected and forgotten. I’m your sex toy – “

“You only hope!” Macy interrupted sarcastically.

He frowned down at her with a rare, playful grin, contracting his arm and cuddling her up against his side more. “That’s beside the point.”

Macy kissed his cheek. “You should go to sleep.”

“Yeah, I know,” Nate agreed, resting his cheek on top of her head. “I’m sorry I haven’t had much time for us, puddin’.”

“I miss you terribly, but I understand.”

“Thank you,” Nate said solemnly. “A lot of women wouldn’t.”

“Well, I can’t tell you that I’m not going to get bitchy and cranky about it in the future, but you have a very important job to do.” She sighed. “I feel like a nineteen forties wife keeping the home fires burning.” She hugged him tight. “But at least you get to come home at night.”

“Mmmmmmm. Yep, I do.” He rolled them over onto their sides, spoon fashioned. “We’ve gotta get serious about planning for the move, too. I’m going to have to rely on you do to a lot of it, since I’m going to be occupied.”

“My mission, should I decide to accept it?” she quoted *Mission Impossible*’s opening sequence.



His chuckle tickled her ear. “Yeah, something like that.”

“Okay, but I’ve never moved. You’re gonna have to tell me what to do – which you’re very naturally good at, by the way – and I’ll do it.”

“Wow! You mean for once you’re going to do as you’re told? Alert the press!”

Macy pulled a tuft of hair on his forearm in retaliation, making him jump. “I always do as I’m told . . . if I want to.”

“That’s about right,” Nate agreed enthusiastically, yawning.

“Go to sleep,” Macy prompted, snuggling her bottom cozily into his front.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“That’s what I like to hear,” she whispered impudently, just before he began to snore softly.

## Chapter 4: Phone

The Air Force, in its infinite wisdom had given Nate a choice of posts: New Mexico, Florida, or Alaska. Each had pros and cons, which, of course, Nate had very carefully laid out for her. Okay, excruciatingly carefully. Florida was closer to Macy's friends and relatives here in Delaware, in Alaska they could bank whatever she made and have a nice tidy down payment for a house when they came back in three years, and New Mexico had great food and Nate had already been there and loved it.

It was the down payment on a home comment that had made Macy's eyebrow meet her hairline. "You mean buy a house together?" she'd asked, automatically tensing.

Alert to her body language and mood, Nate leaned forward to put his hand soothingly on her knee where they were sitting cuddled on the couch. "Yes. I'm looking forwards to a long and happy future with you, unnerstand?" he asked, looking down at her in mock sternness. "And that definitely includes us buying a home and maybe evening having two point five kids, or at least trying like hell for them . . ." His hands slipped around her waist, but she was trying to draw away. He did not allow it, holding her still against her will.

"You want us to be married and everything." She said it with about as much enthusiasm as she'd have if he had announced he wanted them to jump hand in hand off a cliff.

But Nate wasn't backing down. "I thought I had made my intentions clear to you a couple of months ago – despite the fact that I knew it was going to set off all sorts of alarm bells in you."

“Yeah. They’re all ringing and blaring ‘get out while you still can, you fool.’”

Nate stiffened, prompting Macy to pat his knee. “I’m ignoring them as best I can, dear.”

“Good. So, do you have any preference as to any of these states? Any strong feelings for or against any of them?”

Macy pursed her lips in thought. “To me, Florida equals bugs the size of Greyhounds . . . worse than that, bugs that can *fly* that are the size of Greyhounds.” She shuddered delicately.

“But it also equals Disney and nice temperatures and summer year round . . . “

“Stop confusing the issue. Alaska. One word: bbbbbbrrrrrrrrrr.”

“Crisp, clean air, beautiful scenery, and – especially if we’re married and can live free in Base housing – there’s the ‘banking your income’ bit towards a house. Plus, no income tax – in fact, residents actually get money back every year because of the pipeline.”

She had stopped listening at one word. “Married?”

He knew there was no hope she'd let him just gloss right over that one. "Well, I was just mentioning the fact that if we were married we could use Base housing, which we wouldn't have to pay for, and then we wouldn't be spending any money on rent and we could save even more towards a house."

She leaned back into the couch cushions. “So, ideally, you’d like us to get married before we left for Alaska, to maximize the benefit.”

Nate put the paperwork he'd been showing Macy on the coffee table, turning to her with a very serious expression on his

face. “No, I thought you understood: I would have us get married within the next five minutes if there was a J-O-P handy in the house because I love you and I want you with me forever. I want my ring on your finger and I want to be able to roll over at night and roll up against you. Screw Alaska. I would marry you in a heartbeat, and I think you know that.”

She was withdrawing from him, subtly, physically and mentally, and he hated it – hated any distance between them. It happened every time the subject of marriage came up. It was like she had some sort of mental block against formalizing their relationship. Not for the first time, Nate wished he could have just five minutes alone with Ted Franklin.

“But I’m not asking again – right now – because I know what your answer would be. If we live off Base in Alaska, that’s fine – as long as you’re there with me.”

A faint smile melted away some of the stark neutrality on her face. “You’re sweet.”

Nate brought the backs of her fingers to his lips, kissing them with absolute reverence. “No, I’m not. You’re worth waiting for, and I’m damned good at persuasion, if I do say so myself.” His wolfish smile of pure self-assurance at the outcome of his persuasive techniques put some of the leery edge back into her eyes, but then he kissed her and let the subject drop.

For now.

~ ~ ~

They ended up settling on New Mexico – the climate was great, Nate had spent some time there before and loved it, and it seemed a nice compromise between the extremes of Florida and Alaska. Nate was actually sent out there several times ahead of her – since she couldn’t finagle the time off of work. Lately, not only

had she lost him to working umpteen hours a day, he was in another state entirely.

Macy knew she shouldn't be grumbling, considering what other wives and girlfriends were going through. Their husbands and boyfriends were being sent a helluva lot further away, to do a much more dangerous job. It was unlikely that Nate was going to be killed in Albuquerque.

But she was grumbling and whining and being bratty to him when he phoned, which he did religiously every night he was away from her. Long about eleven, when he knew she'd be curled up in bed watching Emeril, he always called to kiss her good night long distance.

Tonight, though, she'd been so exhausted that she'd fallen asleep before he called. The Bank was making her do as much stuff as she could before they left; she was the head of the training department, and she could teach any class they offered, but since she'd been there for nigh onto a hundred years, the powers that be wanted her to do a corporate memory dump and get things ship shape, as well as training her replacement.

The phone jolted Macy out of a sound, dreamless sleep, making her heart bang against the wall of her chest violently.

"ello?" she mumbled, rubbing her hand over her face.

"I'm sorry, sleepyhead, did I wake you?"

God, his deep sexy voice went right to her clit, asleep or not. "Yeah. I'm wiped and I crawled into bed early to watch TV and wait for your call, but I guess I nodded off."

A huge, loud yawn sounded in his ear. "Awww, why don't I go then, and you can –"

"Don't you dare, Nate Sheridan!!" she whined in her most annoying manner. "You stay and talk to me."

“Don’t take that tone with me, little girl,” his warning tingled up her spine, making her conscious of the more sensitive areas of her body.

Macy humphed into the phone. “Please, Nate?”

“You’re a spoiled brat, Macy Taylor. Have I told you that lately?” he asked sternly.

She yawned again, unable to help it. “Am not.”

“Yes, you are. We’re going to have to take care of that when I get back, aren’t we?”

Macy was squirming at the thought of just what method he’d use to take care of it. “Nope. I’m fine.”

He decided not to push it right now, not wanting to upset her with the threat of a punishment when he wasn’t there to soothe her about it. “How’s everything on the home front, puddin’?”

She unloaded to him about what was going on at work, and how hard her family was taking her moving, and about how tired she was in general, and he did the same with as much of his own job situation as he could tell her.

“I hate being in a V.O.Q.\* without you.”

Macy grinned in the darkness and chuckled. “Isn’t that the title of a country and western song?” Nate proceeded to serenade her with an impromptu version of it, complete with atrociously twangy accent, making her dissolve into giggles. “But our bed is awful lonely without you hogging the blankets, too,” she teased. Somehow, during the night, her man, who pumped out heat like a blast furnace, always ended up with every inch of covers over him while she turned into a popsicle, lying exposed on the other side of the bed.

“I do not!”

“Do too – I’ve got the frostbitten toes to prove it! *And* you snore.”

“Do not!”

“Do too!”

“Grrrrr.”

Mmmmmmm. She loved it when he growled, and he knew exactly what it did to her.

“Got your nightie on, do you, there, punkin’?” he asked, deliberately deepening his tone, and he got a slow, high whimper for his efforts. “Why don’t I help you get back to sleep?” he asked, but then, he wasn’t going to let her deter him, regardless. He adored bringing her off himself, but this would do in a pinch. “Roll over and get the KY out of my nightstand, baby.”

“Arf,” Macy retorted sharply, but she did retrieve the lubrication. Phone sex with Nate was the next best thing to him being there. If he weren’t such a damned fine military officer, he could have had a great career in phone sex. Macy had suggested it as a viable retirement job, knowing that once anyone of the female persuasion had heard his particular gravelly growl through the phone lines, he’d have more clients than he could service – especially when he was still tending to her needs.

“Got it?”

“Uh-huh.”

He sighed into the phone. “Good. Put it somewhere where you can reach it, but don’t use it yet. Not until you’re told.”

Oh, God, he was going to be all dominant with her. That always got her so hot! “Yes, Sir.” Crap – it had slipped out so naturally – especially when he got that command aura about him.

“That’s good. You keep that up for the rest of our conversation, understand?”

She *hated* to call him “Sir,” and he damned well knew it. She didn’t answer him.

“Macy Devonne Taylor!”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Pull your nightie up over your breasts so that they’re all bare. Did I ever tell you how much I like your little gowns? They’re very feminine and innocent, but I know what lies beneath them. Is the room cool enough to peak your nipples yet?”

“They’ve been peaked since we started talking, Sir,” Macy admitted.

“Where are your hands, honey?”

Macy gulped. “One is holding the phone.”

“And the other?” he asked pointedly.

“Uhhhh – “

“Put it palm down on the mattress until I tell you otherwise, sweetie.”

“No – “

“Don’t tell me ‘no’, Macy. Do as I said.”

“Yes, Sir,” she breathed, obeying him reluctantly.

“Very good.” She could hear him shuffling things in the background. “Just making myself comfortable, here, so that I can take care of my girl.” Macy’s body suffused with warmth at his words. She liked being his girl. “Now, take that free hand of yours and pinch your nipples – alternate slowly, and pinch hard. I want to be able to hear your breath catch each time.” And he did – he could see in his mind’s eye exactly what she was doing, and it was driving him crazy. “That’s it. Now pull them out and twist them – each of them – good and hard, just like I do some times when you need it to hurt.”

Her whimper brought him to rock hardness beneath the covers. He had his own lubricant ready beside him, too, having known what he was going to do before he made the call. Nate threw the sheet and blanket off and dabbed a bit of KY onto the



fingers of his right hand, then he grasped himself and began to stroke.

“Are those naughty little buds of yours sore yet, honey?”

“Yes, they are!” she whined slightly.

“Mmmmmm. If I was there I’d be suckling and biting you just a bit – just the way I know you like.”

“Oh, God, Nate, you always touch me just right!”

“I’m glad, baby. Now, if you ask me nicely, I might let you put your fingers where you want them most . . . “

“Unnnnnhhhhhhh,” she moaned into the phone. “Please, Sir, may I?”

“Uh-uh-uhhhh,” he scolded gently. “That’s cheating, Macy. Ask me correctly or we’ll be here all night and you’re gonna have some very sore nipples.”

“Oh, um, ahhhh – Please, Sir, may I put my fingers between my legs?”

Nate closed his eyes, a small smile on his face as his hand rubbed up and down the thick column of sensitive flesh, cradling the head occasionally to tease himself, then stroking all the way down again, just like Macy did when she cradled him in her small hand, only he didn’t nearly have her delicate touch. “Yes, you may. Slowly. Wander down over your tummy from your breasts. That reminds me. We need to shave you when I get back. You’re bound to have stubble.”

“Yeah, and I’m getting itchy, too.”

“Poor baby – I’ll fix that when I get home, love.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Mmmmmmmmm, Macy, you are incredible.”

“So are you!” and she meant every syllable.

“Are your fingers there yet?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me where they are, exactly.”

Nate delighted in making her blush, and having her name intimate body parts was one surefire way. “My – my pussy.”

“Excellent, honey. Now put some KY on your index and middle fingers – those are still the ones you use, right?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Use your other hand to open up those beautiful pink lips of yours and expose your little clitty so that you can get at it more easily.”

Sometimes being a female was highly inconvenient, and phone sex was one of them. She had to shoulder the phone awkwardly between the side of her head and her shoulder in order to devote both hands to the pursuit of her goal. This was the only time she really ever considered that one of those head sets might come in quite handy.

“Tell me when your fingers are resting on top your clit, honey.” Thinking about what she was doing, about the exact way her hands would look as she brought herself off made him hiss in his breath. Christ, he already wasn’t far off, and he hadn’t even really let her touch herself.

He heard Lacy groan lightly. “They’re there.”

“Where?” he demanded softly.

“My fingers are on top of my clit, Sir.” She was beginning to pant and moan more.

“Okay, but you’re not allowed to rub just yet, honey.”

“Naaaateeeee pleeaassee!” she wailed at his restriction.

“No, baby. Wait until I tell you.” He knew how horribly swollen she would become at that pronouncement. Sometimes

denying Macy the thing she wanted the most in the world at that moment heightened the experience for her several fold.

“Oh – uhhhhh – “ he could hear her swallow hard. “Please – Nate?” it was a true whimper born of the aching lust he’d deliberately created in her.

“Ahhh, baby, tell me how much you want to come – I’m very close myself.”

“I swear, Nate, I want to come so bad – my legs are all spread and my nipples are still all tight and sore, and now my fingers are right atop my poor swollen clitty and you won’t let me move them?”

That was all it took for him – Nate groaned loudly several times and Macy could hear him panting frantically. “God I love to hear you come,” she whispered in his ear, making him moan again. She could see him convulsing with pleasure as if he was lying next to her.

A few long minutes later, when he’d composed himself, Nate very quietly encouraged, “Rub yourself, sweet. I want to hear you come, too.”

She wailed at his permission, almost as if just that had allowed her complete release.

“That’s my baby. I love it when your clit is all slick and my fingers slide all over it – better yet my tongue.” That brought a guttural groan from her lips to his ear. “I love watching you jump sometimes when I touch it just right, when you’re really sensitive, maybe a second come or a third.”

“Please please please?” she begged, unashamed.

Nate was impressed. “So soon? Are you sure you shouldn’t just keep rubbing until I say you can come? I think that’s what you should do, Macy Devonne. Just keep touching yourself in the way you like best. But don’t come yet.”

“Ahhh – uhhhhh – Naaaattee!!”

“Just a little while longer, hon. Don’t you want to come good and hard for me – like I just did for you?” he teased.

“No – please – I – can’t – “

“Yes, you can, and you will.” Nate mentally counted to sixty while bathed in the sounds of his woman trying to control her lustful tendencies. “All right. You may come now.”

It was as if a dam had let loose. Macy all but screamed her pleasure seconds later, chanting his name along with the most animalistic of sounds that originated deep in the back of her throat. Nate loved making her lose control like this. It was manna from Heaven.

Macy was blown away. Limp. Completely drained. She’d gotten that . . . disconnected feeling she had some times after a particularly hard orgasm. And she was going to smack Nate as soon as she saw him for making her wait!

She was still breathing heavily a couple minutes later. “Are you all right, Mace?”

“Huh-huh,” she barely got out. “Teeth are tingling.”

Nate frowned. Macy sometimes hyperventilated when an orgasm was particularly good. “Slow deep breaths, baby. I don’t want to have to call 911 for you from here.”

Macy laughed weakly. “No, you won’t.”

“Good. Feel better now?”

Unbidden tears filled her eyes. “I’m always better with you. I swear - you give me better orgasms than I do.”

She had told him that before, occasionally, but Nate never failed to be humbled by that compliment. “Thank you. I’m glad.”

They both sighed contentedly at the same time.

“Well, you should be going back to sleep, woman. And I could stand some shut eye myself.”

Macy pouted, although she knew he was right. “I don’t wanna. I wanna keep talking to you.”

“What happened to ‘yes, Sir’?” he smiled.

Her snort was heartfelt. “Sorry. That ended when I came.”

“Hmmmmmmmm. Lemme think about this – you’ll obey me and call me Sir as long as I don’t let you orgasm . . . “

“Stop that right there, Mister!! Don’t even go there,” Macy ordered in mock indignance.

“Would I do that to you?”

“In a heartbeat. I know you, remember?”

“Mmmm-mmmm. You sure do.”

“I love you, ya’ know.”

“I love you, too, baby. Now go back to sleep. I’ll call you tomorrow and I’ll see you in a few days.”

“Okay. Sleep well.”

“You, too.”

~ ~ ~

The next few weeks were a whirlwind of preparations to leave, attending parties in their honor including an official “hale and farewell” from the crew that Nate worked with, along with packing and goodbyes and work.

The goodbye scene when they finally left – their stuff had gone on ahead of them and they were driving his big truck and towing her small compact car – was monumental. Nate had had the forethought to pack lots and lots of Kleenex in the car. He knew that this was extremely hard on her, leaving her family and friends and moving out to a place she’d only gone to for a few days, just long enough to find an apartment that they could move into while they looked for a nicer place to rent . . . or, if Nate had his way,

own. He felt the full weight of her trust and love that she would do this with him when she tearfully kissed her parents good bye, then ducked into the truck quickly, saying brokenly, “Go now, or I won’t go at all.”

They cruised leisurely across the country on Route 40, stopping in Memphis and doing the requisite pilgrimage to Graceland, eating lunch at the Hard Rock and dinner at Corky’s for some fine ribs. The next morning they ambled a little further, taking their time. They were pretty compatible in regards to traveling together, they’d found, although she liked the heat up and he liked the windows down. He’d banned coffee at breakfast for her – her bladder capacity was bad enough, it didn’t need any help from something that would go right through her like that. Nate swore they couldn’t pass a rest area sign without it suggesting subliminally to her that she needed to go, and he teased her mercilessly about it, of course.

When they finally arrived in Albuquerque, they spent the night in a very ritzy hotel for a change – they’d been staying in moderately priced places along the way, but this one had a hot tub in the room, a heated indoor pool, and a wonderful king sized bed. Nate called the moving company to arrange for their stuff to be delivered the next day, then took Macy up the Sandia peak tramway, where they hiked just a little then had dinner at the High Finance restaurant while marveling at the incredible view.

That evening, they took a long soak in the hot tub, and Nate vowed that when they bought their own house, he would have one of these wonderful inventions installed in the master bathroom immediately, if not sooner. Macy was a bit surprised at how much he loved the tub – he’d even stopped at the local Kroger and picked up some bubble bath. If she didn’t already know how relentlessly masculine he was, she might worry at that, but he just seemed to enjoy bubbling away in it, his back against the tub and her butt up against his crotch.

“Well,” he prompted, “when are we getting married?”

Macy's response was to smack the knobby knee nearest her.  
“Cut that out.”

“No. If nothing else I plan on annoying you into it.”

She would have chuckled if he hadn't sounded so damned serious, and she hadn't known he *was* that damned serious.

*\*V.O.Q - Visiting Officers' Quarters*

## Chapter 5: Lonely

He was as good as his word – injecting the question in all sorts of unusual places. Into various conversations, on a slip of paper hidden on top of her yogurt in the fridge, as a note attached to a rose he left in her car.

But Macy was holding out. Not because of any sort of reservations about what he was feeling. There was no doubt in her mind that he loved her. And he'd never given her any cause for concern about his faithfulness, which was her own personal bugaboo, considering Ted's behavior during their marriage. But he'd never shown any signs of being a philanderer at first, either, and she'd been sure of his love also. How could she trust Nate? She didn't know where she'd ever get the backbone necessary to take that leap of faith, to really let him inside her in more than just a physical sense.

Nate, of course, had had a job to go to. Macy had to interview around, a process that she frankly detested. Nate was absolutely no help in that corner, considering that he was just as happy to have her waiting for him at home. He called her during the day when he could, and she had dinner on the table when he got home – he was all for keeping her home – and he kept threatening to make it “barefoot and pregnant”, but then he didn't have any control over that since she was the one taking the pills.



She took the first job that was offered, just to have something to do, but wasn't happy with it at all, and that was getting her down, along with the pain of the separation from her family and friends. The first month after they'd moved, their phone bill rivaled the size of the national debt because she was home all day and lonely for someone familiar to talk to.

When it had arrived, Nate's eyes had practically fallen out of his head. It was over seven hundred dollars. Now, he had absolutely no problems with supporting the both of them. None at all. It would have been fine with him if she never got another job. But this was something he was not going to put up with.

"Macy Devonne Taylor!"

She was in the kitchen, fixing them lunch, and that bellow sent a chill down her spine.

In a voice that wreaked of innocence, she asked, "Yes, dear?"

"Come into the den, please."

Oh, God. Now he was all calm and steady. That did not mean good things for the state of her bottom within the next several minutes.

He was behind his desk, bills piled around him. When she first saw him, he raised his eyebrow at her. "Would you care to guess what the phone bill was this month?"

*Gulp.* She knew it had to be pretty big from the look on his face, and also because she knew she'd been making more calls home than she should, in the middle of the day when the rates were the highest. "I have no idea."

"Just take a wild guess."

Hating the tension in the pit of her stomach this kind of confrontation always caused, she crossed her arms defensively. "I don't know. Three hundred?"

“Higher.” One soft word.

“Four hundred?”

“Higher.” Softer still. He turned his chair towards her and Macy knew she was sunk.

“You’re kidding?”

“Do I look like I’m kidding?”

“No. You look like you want to kill me.”

Nate sighed. “Never. No matter what the size of the bill.”

“So are you going to tell me or are you going to continue to play with me?” she asked bravely.

“It’s seven hundred-fifty-three-dollars and ninety-eight cents, Macy. Bigger than the both of our car payments together. And, when I look at the log of the calls, they’re being made while I’m at work.” Nate stood, crossing the room to take her in his arms.

Macy dissolved against him, letting him hug her tight.

Nate leaned a little away, and said, “I can understand that you’re lonely, hon. But that’s a whopper of a phone bill, and I don’t expect to see anything above a hundred dollars next month, especially since you’re going to be at work now all day.” He caught her eye sternly. “Am I making myself understood?”

She couldn’t believe that he was letting her off with just a warning and she was thoroughly appalled at herself at the size of the bill. Macy knew she’d been calling her mom and her friends too much, in particular, but she just couldn’t seem to stop herself.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl. Instead of calling them up and staying on the phone, make them get on the Internet and chat – it’s free.” He rocked her against him a little. “Okay?”

“Uh-huh.”

“I called them and found out that, as of right now, we’re at seventy-five dollars, but it’s only the first week of the month, so you’ll have to be on extra good behavior the rest of the month, won’t you?”

Macy nodded, pouting, and with good reason. She pretty much knew that, a month from now, she was going to be face down over his lap, or over the back of the living room couch, or wherever he found her when he got the next bill. Even with her new job, there was no way she was going to be able to wean herself from the phone in that short of a time. At least she’d be making calls at a cheaper rate than the middle of the day, that would help some, and she would be more aware of what she was doing and would definitely try to cut back . . . But Macy knew that she could predict the future well in advance, unfortunately, and she’d be willing to bet she was going to be getting a couple of good spankings out of this, at least until she got a job and made some friends that lived in the area. The phone was just so much more convenient than the computer . . .

She was painfully right. The next bill was better by half, but still well above the hundred-dollar limit he’d set. And Nate was not happy. He’d been working the usual twelve to fourteen hour days settling in, and he was less patient with her than he might have been in other circumstances. She’d gotten home before him and gotten the mail. The temptation to hide the bill from him was tremendous, but she resisted. A hundred dollar phone bill was a very generous limit, and one that – if they had been home in Delaware, she wouldn’t even have come close to overrunning.

But things were different out here, and her friends and her family were her lifeline to the familiar, especially with Nate working himself to death. So Macy resigned herself. This was not going to be a fun night.

He’d wandered in around eight, looking like the weight of the world was on him. Not quite, she knew, but the security of the Base was not small potatoes in the current political situation. Nate

took his job very seriously, as she took her own. He kissed her hello and hugged her, draping his arms around her as if it took more effort than usual and he barely had the strength. Macy wished she could will him some, but she did what she could and tried not to nag, making sure he ate well and slept as much as possible.

Her heart was trying to beat its way out of her throat as he changed into jeans and a t-shirt, then wandered into his den. She'd left the phone bill right on top of the stack of mail, where he couldn't help but see it. She heard the envelope being torn open, and then he reappeared in the kitchen, bill in hand to look down at her from underneath a dark, drawn brow.

"Wanna guess at it this time?" There wasn't one iota of humor in his voice.

"No," she swallowed hard. "Just tell me and punish me and get it over with."

"Three hundred and twelve dollars and forty-six cents."

His glare settled on her like a heavy wet cloak, forcing Macy to stare at the ground. She hated disappointing him. She detested it whenever anyone she loved was mad at her, Nate in particular. After a moment of dead, stifling silence, she raised her eyes to his. Macy took three steps towards him, standing directly in front of him. "So spank me."

"I intend to. Where are you in dinner preparations?" he growled, glancing about the kitchen.

"It's in the crock pot and all done – barbequed beef, just like you like."

"Good." With no preamble, his strong fingers latched onto her wrist, pulling her along behind him into the dining room, where Nate ordered her to pull her pants and panties down, then bent her over the back of one of the chairs, directly in front of the table where he'd laid her out to take her to Heaven so often she couldn't

count the times. Sometimes she thought he preferred to have her on that table than in bed, but her mind's pleasant meanderings were rudely interrupted by his harsh order.

“Hold onto the seat cushion – you’re going to need to.”

There was no implement around and she was wondering if he was just going to give her a hand spanking until she heard the *clink* of his belt buckle. Stark terror made her lower her head. He’d never used his belt on her before, just his hand and her own wooden hairbrush on occasion. His hand spankings hurt badly enough. The thought of the belt in his hands made her shiver and clench her muscles.

She was almost sick with the terrible anticipation of the first stroke, but when it lashed into her backside she found herself totally unprepared for it. Macy didn’t think anything in her life could have made her ready to handle the explosive sting as two inches of leather swung hard and cracked vigorously across her rump. He belted her quite methodically, stroke after vicious stroke, until he’d raised welts on every part of her bottom and the tender backs of her thighs.

He wasn’t even lecturing, just busily causing her to jump and yelp about every three to four seconds or so, not allowing her enough time between slaps to come to terms with the agony of one stroke before laying down another one.

Nate limited himself to twenty strokes – no less, despite her pleas and moans, the fact that she had been begging him to stop since about the eighth stroke, no more because he would never want to worry that he’d abused her in the least.

When he was done, he lay the belt on the table and helped her straighten. Part of him knew he should be stricter with her, and send her to the corner for a while at least, but he just couldn’t. He knew she’d been trying her best to obey him, and couldn’t fault her for being unhappy at having been dragged out here into the middle of nowhere.

So instead, he followed his heart and caught her to him, holding her tenderly like the treasure she was to him, kissing away the tears. “I’m sorry I had to do that, baby. And I appreciate the fact that you cut the bill in half. But I said a hundred, and I mean a hundred.”

She nodded against his chest, still sobbing softly.

He pressed his lips to her ear, whispering, “Please don’t make me have to do this again next month, sweetie.” Then he kissed her, letting all of his love show as his mouth slanted across hers.

They didn’t make it to dinner that night until around eleven, after their other appetites had been quite thoroughly satisfied.

~ ~ ~

Nate had been thinking – when he got the chance to think about anything but work. He’d decided to do something special for his brave little trooper, something that would cheer her up. So he organized a surprise for her, and sprung it on her on a Friday night when he was able to get off work unusually early and swing by to pick her up at the house.

She was in the midst of dinner preparations, of course, but he persuaded her to leave the chopped veggies behind by telling her that he was going to take her out to her favorite restaurant chain. Instead, though, they ended up at the airport.

Macy turned to him as they parked in the lot after going through an inspection of their car. “Why are we here?”

“I have some packages to pick up,” Nate answered mysteriously, “and then we’ll hit the restaurant.” He was the only one to get out of the car until he’d gone around to her side. Holding open the door, he bowed low. “Come on. I’m not doing

this alone – I brought you along in case I needed you to carry things.”

Macy slid out of the truck, hiking her skirt up nicely to Nate’s ever-appreciative eye, and sniffed. That was a complete ruse. Nate never let her carry thing heavy at all. She wondered just exactly what it was that he was up to. He donned sunglasses that made him look like a mob heavy, grabbed her hand, and dragged her into the passenger arrival terminal – not the package pick-up area.

Macy stopped just inside, refusing to go on. “Okay, just who are we picking up, smartass?” “Watch your language, woman,” he cautioned, softening the warning with an indulgent smile. “I don’t remember saying that the packages were people, did I?” He tugged on her arm, but she dug her heels in.

“I’m not taking one more step until you tell me exactly what’s going on,” she put her hands on her hips and glared up at him.

Nate’s eyebrow rose and his gaze hardened to an almost glare. “Then you’re gonna look awfully funny going down the concourse butt first when I throw you over my shoulder and carry you there.”

Damn him!!! He’d do it, too, with absolutely no sense of remorse, either. Sighing heavily, Macy avoided his hand and stalked off ahead of him.

The next thing she knew his big hand had claimed her bottom over the tight jeans she was wearing. “Don’t push it, puddin’. It could get very interesting if I spanked you in the airport terminal, now, couldn’t it?” He took her hand forcefully, holding it tightly but not in a way that would hurt her unless she pulled against his grip. “Now. You’re just going to walk along beside me like a good girl, aren’t you?”

She did, but fumed at him silently the whole time, her eyes throwing daggers in his direction every time he looked down and caught her staring up at him. “Nate, you have to tell me who we’re picking up! This is not fair!”

“No, this is a surprise for you. So shut up and accept it gracefully, woman.”

Macy humphed. It was lovely that he’d apparently arranged for someone to come out to see them, but she damned well wanted to know who the hell it was.

They parked themselves by the security doors for the gates, which was as close as they could get to them, and waited. Nate leaned up against a wall calmly, while Macy paced back and forth.

Finally, he apparently heard the flight called that he’d been waiting for, and he straightened away from the wall and began to scan the incoming crowd.

Macy did the same thing, not knowing who she was looking for. She figured it would probably be her Mom and Dad, but then she saw three familiar faces – Susan, Sammie, and Carol, her poker buddies!

Their reunion was loud and raucous, with lots of hugs and kisses, even for Nate, who tried his best to stand back and let them have their first time together in a couple of months, but he also gently herded them towards the baggage area before the four of them caused a major traffic jam.

Finally, they got the hint and started walking, following the signs that guided them there. But Macy hung back a little, her face flushed with happiness. This time she caught Nate’s hand and turned him towards her for a huge hug and a big kiss. She made him bend down so that she could press her forehead to his. “Thank you so much! What a wonderful surprise! I’m sorry I was so bitchy, but you know I hate to not know what’s going on.”

“Yeah,” he replied. “I know you’re a nosy-body . . .”



Despite her incredible happiness at seeing her friends, Macy couldn't just let that go by, so she smacked him hard, then kissed him again, whispering that she'd show her appreciation in a more physical manner tonight once they'd gone to bed. Then she trotted ahead to catch up with her friends while Nate indulged himself in one of his favorite views of her.

The next four days were among the most interesting he'd ever experienced. It was what Nate imagined living with a harem was like – well, without the sexual side. Thank God for the master bathroom was all he could think every morning and every time before they went anywhere en masse; there was always a serious traffic jam in the shared hallway bathroom, and once he had had to break up an out and out battle over a curling iron, thrown into the unusual role of peacekeeper between two good friends. Nate had sorted through things and they had obeyed his edict with surprising alacrity. He was frankly amazed that they let him ride herd over them – he got more trouble from Macy, who was definitely feeling her oats with her girlfriends here and was getting sassy. He'd found himself giving her lots of warning glances and gentle scoldings, but he didn't want to crush her good mood or lessen her rank within the pack by being too much of nitpicker about her behavior.

Once the girls had left, after days of breakfast, lunch, and dinners out, impromptu poker – during which the happily soused group, with the notable exception Macy, had tried to proposition him, or at least get him to join the game – which they were a little too eager to turn into strip poker. He hadn't had a decent night's sleep in three nights; those women could *talk*, and the volume of their voices was in direct correlation to how much booze they'd consumed.

And their conversations made *him* blush!!!

Both he and Macy favored open design houses, and the one they currently occupied had a great room that the kitchen and the dining room opened off of. He'd made the mistake of standing at

the kitchen sink one night, having a sandwich while Macy and the girls were in the living room, cackling happily away, and he couldn't help over hearing what they were saying – they were way past worrying about him hearing them.

“Oh my Gawd!” Carol's shrill whine floated to his ears – her generally high-pitched, nasal delivery accented by several mudslides. “Can you believe that idiot had the gall to take me to task for not ironing his shirts for him – “ she snorted rudely – “as if I have the time to do that for myself with three kids under six – and *then* he wanted sex!!”

Everyone's general tones of sympathy drifted to him. Nate raised his eyebrow as he bit into his triple-decker roast beef sandwich. What was wrong with wanting sex? He wondered.

Then he heard Macy's voice that was laced with more than a tinge of false humility. “Well, I'll never have that problem – Nate does all the ironing - ”

From the screams and shrieks and laughter that ensued, he guessed that she had been quite heartily smacked by all three of her friends.

Sammie finished Macy's thought for her helpfully. “And Lord knows you never turn him down for sex – yeow! That hurt – stop pinching me!”

“Let's face it, girls, what woman with a pulse is going to turn down what she has?” Susan breathed reverently.

Nate felt himself blushing to the roots of his short-cropped hair. He swallowed the last bit of sandwich, washed it down with swig of spring water, and headed into the fray.

“Speaking of the gorgeous devil . . .” Sammie commented as he crossed to where Macy was, deliberately without looking at any of the rest of them, like a heat-seeking guided missile. The intensity of his stare caused the other three women to take a sharp

intake of breath, as if they were startled at the blatant depth of feeling that shone in his eyes.

He squatted beside Macy, balancing on the balls of his feet and giving her a loving kiss, his big hand cupping her face in his palm with infinite tenderness. “I’m going to bed.” For the first time, he turned to include the rest of them in his gaze, which was just a tad stern. “Now, ladies. I’m glad you’re all having fun. But I’m the only one in the house that has to get up tomorrow morning and go off to defend the country. Please give me at least an hour of relative quiet. Once I’m asleep, I’m good to go. But give me that hour, at least, okay?”

Nate looked at each woman individually, compelling her to acknowledge his request, because he wasn’t kidding. He needed his sleep, and he wasn’t going to put up with any nonsense from four women intent on depriving him of it.

“Yeah, sure” and “no problem” were the most common, eager responses, but with these four he wasn’t at all sure that they’d be able to maintain their commitment for an entire hour. “Thank you. I’d appreciate it.” Then he rose and made a John Wayne exit, pulling Macy up from her seat on the end of the couch and folding her arms behind her to give her a searing kiss right in front of everyone. There was not a sound in the place through the whole thing except Macy’s labored breathing. She tried to tug her wrists from his strong fingers, but he would not allow it, carefully holding her in place, bending her back dramatically so that she had to rely on him to keep her from falling over as his mouth ravaged hers with tender finesse.

When he let her back up, the other women burst into spontaneous applause as they wiped the drool from their mouths, but at first Nate and Macy were oblivious to their wild approval. Nate had pressed his forehead to hers, their noses touching as he whispered, “I love you.”

Macy looked directly into his eyes a dreamy grin on her face. “I love you, too, you show off.”

Nate chuckled deeply. “Well, I just couldn’t resist you, as usual.” He gave her another soft, romantic kiss then patted her bottom and picked his way delicately back through the maze of sprawled women. “Remember ladies – it’s ten now. Please keep it down to a dull roar for about an hour, and then you can return to ritually picking the meat of your men’s bones.”

They all assured him – Macy most fervently of course – that he wouldn’t hear a peep out of them.

That lasted all of fifteen minutes. Nate lay in bed, with the door closed and Macy’s pillow wrapped around his head, but he could still hear them cackling away out there. He sighed heavily, not wanting to have to go out there.

The last straw was when someone turned on the stereo, and Steven Tyler’s raucous voice blared through the innumerable speakers of the home entertainment system for about a full five seconds before someone had the smarts to turn it down – probably Macy in fear for her butt.

Smart girl.

Resigned, Nate swung his legs off the bed and pulled on the sweats he always kept close for emergencies sake, stalking slowly out to the living room. They had apparently forsaken the poker and were playing a game of Life when he walked in on them, and Sammie and Carol were having a loud argument about whether a spin of the wheel counted or not. He marched into the perimeter of the room and stood there, hands on his hips, staring directly at Macy, whom he held accountable for the actions of her friends in their house.

Now, no one else in the room really knew what that stance of his meant, but then they didn’t really need to know the specifics – it was broadcast loud and clear for everyone to see: he was one pissed off male. Everyone fell completely silent at the look on his

face. Macy, who hadn't been the quietest herself, felt like he'd thrown a pail of cold water over her. Her bottom began to tingle, and not in a good way.

His jaw was set hard, and he barely moved his mouth as he spoke. Nate didn't yell and he didn't rant. In fact, he only said two things. "Ladies. I believe I asked you to be quiet for just an hour, just so I could get to sleep, and you couldn't manage *fifteen minutes*?" The last few words snapped out like the lash of a whip. At least they all had the courtesy to look sheepish. Macy looked like she was trying to melt into the floor where she sat Indian-style around the coffee table.

"Do *not* make me come out here again."

Macy's almost tearful, "I'm sorry, Nate," went unacknowledged as he turned and walked back down the hall.

"Wow," Susan shuddered. "That is one potent Alpha Male. What's he gonna do if we get rowdy again – spank us all?"

The rest of the women were tittering at that question, but Macy did a spit take of her screwdriver, turning an unbecoming shade of red and trying desperately to get them diverted back to the game before they realized just how right Sue was. He might not spank them, but he certainly wouldn't hesitate to take her over his knee. Nate would hold her directly responsible for how her friends acted in their house, and he had every right to. If he were having some of his buddies over to watch a sports event on a night before she had to go to work, she would expect him to keep them from waking her up every time their team scored.

They were at the very beginning of the game, so Macy busied herself arranging everyone's cars and getting them a pink peg for the driver's seat. Then she noticed that everyone around her was quiet and couldn't keep herself from glancing up.

What greeted her eyes was exactly what she didn't want to see: they were all looking at her in amazement. Carol spoke first in an awed whisper. "Nate spansk you?"

Macy felt like her face was on fire. “I – uh – he . . . “ She swallowed hard; everyone’s eyes boring into her with curiosity. Her shoulders rose and fell in defeat. “Yeah. He does.”

“That’s abuse. You could have him thrown out of the Air Force for that,” Susan announced, her back up with the thought that someone was beating her best friend.

“It certainly is *not* abuse in any way, shape, or form,” Macy whispered back fervently, fists clenched. “Abuse is fucking around on the person you supposedly love. Abuse is being with another woman on your fifth anniversary, like Ted was. Nate would never, ever takes his fists to me. Now, the palm of his hand every once in a while, when I’ve done something obviously wrong – “

Carol sniffed. “What? Like forget to serve him his breakfast in bed?” she asked sarcastically.

“No, like that night when I drove home from *your* party while I was half in the bag and ended up in a ditch, remember?” She had certainly deserved the atrocious spanking and hair brushing she’d gotten. She hadn’t been able to sit for about four days afterwards, but the look on Nate’s face when he’d found her after she didn’t arrive home was one she wished she’d never had to see. “And when I left one of those party candles on and it had started to burn a hole through the coaster I put it on?”

They all nodded. Those were pretty severe boo-boos that could have cost her her life.

Macy was panting with anger. “Nate could never seriously hurt me. He spansks me because he cares about me and my well-being.”

“It makes a great precursor to sex, too . . .,” Sammie threw in, a slight blush on her own face.

“Yes, it does.”

“Do you have all sorts of rules, or what?” Carol asked, her curiosity getting the better of her.

Macy shook her head. “No. Nate treats me like an adult – a responsible, intelligent adult. But when I don’t act like one, I – there are consequences to my actions.”

The other three women shuddered at the thought of that big man holding them captive over his knee and waling the daylights out of them.

“Yeow!” they all said at the same time, and it seemed to break the tension.

But all through the game, Macy was peppered with questions about the nature of her relationship with Nate, as if they couldn’t quite get over it.

“So, does he take you over his knee?” Carol seemed to be the most curious, but Macy noticed that everyone stopped playing until she answered.

“Sometimes. It depends. There are different types of spankings, you know, and if I’m rude to him in the kitchen, sometimes he’d just bends me over the kitchen sink and give me a couple whacks as a reminder . . . and his hand usually wanders to other areas, too.”

Susan perked up. “Spanking you gets him hot?”

Macy replied vehemently, “Oh, God, yes, but – “ she had to think about what she was going to say. “I think it’s very hard for him to discipline me when it’s a serious transgression, though. I wasn’t the only one in tears when he was done after that stupid car accident while I was drunk.” Nate had been shaking and shuddering at least as badly as she was when he’d finally gathered her into his arms after wearing his arm out on her butt.

“You are *so* lucky to have him,” Carol gushed.

But Susan was still a little worried. “I don’t know. He’s so much bigger than you are – “

Macy reached across the board and took Sue’s hand. You guys are some of the closest people to me. If Nate were beating

me, I'd have black eyes and broken ribs and bruises and cuts. In the time Nate and I have been together, have I ever had any of those things?"

Sammie shook her head. "Nope, you've put your back out a couple of times – I've always figured it was during sex, myself, no matter what you said," she commented with a sly grin, and found herself smacked by Macy for her impudence.

"And when I've been sick with my back or the flu or bronchitis . . . who stayed home and took care of me? Went out at three in the morning to get me more medication and brought be back Krispy Kremes? Stayed up all night with me in the ER that time I had an allergic reaction to those scallops?"

The answer every time was Nate. He was a fantastic caretaker, no one could doubt that, and one of his methods of taking care of her included spanking her when she acted irresponsibly.

Susan still wasn't convinced, but Carol and Sammie were, and they overrode her, pointing out that since Macy'd hooked up with Nate she'd been gloriously happy almost all of the time, in distinct contrast to how she'd been with Ted, which was totally miserable.

Midway through the game, Carol piped up with, "Well. If you're excruciatingly happy with Nate, and you've even moved to be with him, which surprised the hell outta the rest of us, by the way, to say nothing about making us miss you terribly . . ." Macy leaned over and gave her friend a big hug at her kind words. "then where are the wedding bells?"

"Oh no. Not you guys, too."

"What?" everyone clamored. "Has he asked you already?"

Macy's lips pursed in a frown. "He's been asking me since before we left."

"Well?"



“No-no-no-no-no.” There was nothing indefinite about Macy’s chant.

“The next time he asks you, you had damned well better say yes! Are you crazy? He’s perfect for you! Get married! Live happily ever after! Have you seen the way that man looks at you? Snatch him up! Quick! He’s got a great job, and even if he does smack you on the butt every once in a while, he’s prime meat!”

Macy frowned at Carol’s vehemence. “When did you get to be my Jewish mother, hmmm? I’m not in any hurry to take that plunge. Been there, done that, have the emotional scars to prove it.”

Sue leaned back against the couch, eying Macy shrewdly as she bit into a chip. “Do you think he’s going to cheat on you just because Ted was a sleaze?”

“I can’t trust my own instincts about men, guys. Ted was proof enough of that, and I – I don’t want to be hurt again,” her voice faded on the last few words. All of the women reached over and patted her.

Sammie commandeered her hand, saying baldly, “Fine, then don’t trust your own judgment. Trust ours. We like him – “

“I want to go on record as saying that I have reservations about a man who spans you, but besides that he’s great,” Sue raised her hand and interrupted Sammie rudely.

Sammie glared at Sue. “Your objection is duly noted. Now shut the hell up while I’m trying to convince Miss Reluctance 2003 to get married to the man of her dreams.” She turned her attention back to Macy. “Those of us with taste like him a lot. We’ve seen how he cares for you, and none of us has ever seen him so much as look at another woman, even when you’re nowhere around. And as soon as he sees you walk into a room, his feet are already moving towards you. It’s like he’s drawn to you compulsively. And his eyes – that man loves you, Macy. The next time he asks you,

you'd damned well better take him up on it or we'll kick you in the butt ourselves!!!"

Macy stuck her tongue out at the lot of them, then got them back into the game, thankful that the diversion worked.

That night, as she crawled into bed, she mulled over what everyone had said about Nate. They were right. None of her friends had liked Ted because he'd been smarmy and weasely from the beginning, and they had had no problems telling her exactly what they thought of him. But she'd married him anyway, and lived to regret it.

But no one – family member or friend – had ever had a bad word to say about Nate. Her parents adored him, and her friends frankly lusted after him.

Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. Perhaps she would have to give the idea of marriage with him some more serious thought. Until this point, she'd really just blown the idea completely off, refusing to confront it in the least, or give the idea any consideration. She'd been badly hurt, and wasn't going to leave herself open again.

But with Nate marriage would be an entirely different proposition – she knew that just from living with him. He came home at night – voluntarily, and without complaining that he would prefer to be out with the boys, and without having stopped at a bar first, as if he needed to fortify himself to be able to deal with her. And her friends were right – she'd never had any hint that he'd been interested in anyone else – much less ever actually been unfaithful to her - and her radar had been quite finely attuned to all the signs from living with Ted.

He liked being with her. Yes, he liked to watch football and baseball, too, but he was home while he was did it, not at some sports bar somewhere. Sometimes he even corralled her into watching with him, patiently explaining the rules of the game for her each time, because Lord knew she forgot them in between. Not

that it was such a hardship for Macy to be cuddled tight to his side all afternoon, and it was a wonderful compliment that he wanted her there with him, and was trying to share something he enjoyed with her.

Maybe she'd been a little too hasty . . .

Well, she'd see what happened. Maybe he wouldn't ask her again.

Right. And maybe pigs would fly . . .

## Chapter 6: Strip

“Strip,” he ordered casually, sitting down on the end of the bed as if he was a sultan and she a concubine sent to amuse him sexually or die trying.

Macy snorted and balked. For some reason, his blatant order struck her wrong. “I certainly will not,” she replied in her best no-nonsense voice, the one that sent underlings scurrying to do her bidding lest they incur her wrath.

But Nate had no such concerns, since their relationship was much more the other way around. He gave her another five seconds, long enough to divest himself of his shirt, then stood and grabbed the front of her dress, tucking his thick, rough fingers into the silky bodice of her slip dress and giving it a quick yank. The material slunk down her lush body in an instant, pooling atop her uncomfortable stiletto heels. The only thing that remained between the two of them was a pair of pink French-cut lace panties and the arms she held over her breasts, and he wouldn’t even allow her their meager protection, lacing his fingers with hers and tugging until she stood directly in front of him while her raspberry nipples stiffened to taut points under his indulgent stare.

*What was it about this man that all he needed was to be within a ninety-mile vicinity and her normally sharp functioning brain became just so much tapioca?* Macy wondered irritably. And her body – *her body made Benadict Arnold look loyal!* When Nate so much as walked into a room, every nerve she owned went on red alert and screamed “take me, I’m yours” – and it didn’t

matter whether they were at a restaurant or in his office at the Base or their own cozy bungalow. Her heart didn't just go *pitty-pat* when he was around, it went *ka-thump, ka-thump*, immediately and diligently pumping blood to all of the areas she'd just as soon forget about, especially when they were dining with his boss.

It was his first day back from a long T.D.Y.\* assignment in California, and he'd been gone for two very, very long months. Phone sex just wasn't cutting it any more, and they wanted nothing more than to fall into a bed together – or any reasonably flat surface, anyway. But the CSP wanted to take Nate out to dinner to celebrate the fact that he'd made full-bird Colonel below the zone, and the only day he had free was the day Nate came home. Even then, it was cutting it close – they barely had enough time to come home from the airport and change to meet the boss and his wife at a very chic restaurant.

Dinner was fantastic – the food and the conversation. Nate got along really well with his boss. Col. Ryan Jennings and his wife looked like they'd stepped off a recruiting poster. Nate was quite certain that they were not playing footsie beneath the table like he and Macy were, as desperate as they were to touch each other in any way after more than sixty days apart.

But food and talk were not what Nate wanted. He smiled and charmed his way through the meal, though, all the while wondering if his sport coat was going to be able to cover the enormous proportions of his erection when he stood up. The meal took forever, and the drive home was conducted at a steady seventy the whole way, not wanting to have to explain to the nice officer why his hand was so wet, and with Macy not helping the situation any by dipping her head into his lap to blow her hot breath through the fabric of his dress pants and jockeys onto his cock.

"You are going to pay for that, little girl," he warned gruffly, barely able to keep the car on the road with what she was doing with him.

By the time they got home, she'd long since freed him from his pants, and it took some fancy re-arranging to get himself back together enough to get them to the door. They'd ended up in the bedroom, barely, with him eying her like a steak after a five day fast as she stood there before him, denuded by his own hands after she'd out and out refused his order to strip herself.

"Tsk, ts. Disobeying me is another mark of punishment you've earned . . . mmmmmm . . . you're going to be really frustrated before I let you come, aren't you?" he whispered threateningly against the roses and cream skin of her shoulder as he bit it gently.

His words made her clit jump; a tiny whimper bursting uncontrollably from her lips and flying directly to his flexing cock. Dear God, he wanted this woman in the worst way, and it didn't seem to matter how many times he'd had her before, the longing returned seconds after each culmination as if it had never been sated and never would be.

But he would happily die trying to satisfy the both of them.

Nate lifted her and deposited her gently on their bed. She'd changed the sheets – he could still smell the clean outdoors on them as he arranged her the way he wanted her, on her back, hands palm up by her head but not bound. No, this was not a time for leather and buckles.

It was a time for pure torture, of the most loving, painfully pleasurable kind.

He met her eyes, soft but stern. "Don't move, baby. I mean it."

And the worst thing was, she knew he meant just that.

Nate knew that – beyond a few select spots – she hated to be licked, but loved to be touched. So it was his index and middle fingers that trailed up and down that velvet skin, watching the goose bumps form behind him wherever he went – over delicately

rounded shoulders, inner wrists, rounded hips and flanks. He could see that her eyes were clenched almost as tightly closed as her hands were in an effort to obey him and stay still.

He was not making it easy. Deliberately.

Macy shivered as he separated her legs more, hinting at where his hand should eventually end up, feeling the cooler air invade her intimacies as surely as his fingers did. Nate stretched out half on top of her, his hand buried against that warm delta like a kitten seeking the shelter of his mother's side, only it wasn't shelter that Nate was seeking – it was pleasure. Her pleasure. Her response.

His mouth sought and found a crested nipple, tugging and bathing and flicking languidly while his fingers wet themselves in her cream and began to torture that swollen, sensitive flesh of hers.

“Nate – Nate!” Macy couldn't breathe, couldn't think – and literally couldn't see straight when she opened her eyes. He did that to her routinely – she couldn't focus her eyes when he pleased her, all of her concentration turned inward, focusing on the way his hands and lips played her, coaxing her to within sight of the mountaintop but not allowing her to attain the summit. “Oh my God, Nate – “

“Feels good, hmmm?”

“Oh – yes – Nate - I – oooooooh – what the hell are you doing?” she yelped, finding herself turned unceremoniously onto her stomach just at the point when she'd figured she'd be finding the ultimate ecstasy.

“Massaging you.”

“But I don't wanna be massaged. I wanna come!” She knew she sounded like a four year old, but, dammit, she wanted – needed – the release only he could give her.

Nate smacked her bottom sharply, five times to each beautiful cheek, just barely pinkening them. “Put your arms by

your head,” he ordered, and Macy obeyed slowly as his still wet fingers began at her feet and rubbed and caressed her – each individual toe – then up the backs of her calves and thighs, over that slightly sunburned butt and up her sleek back. Despite her protestations, she loosened wonderfully under his ministrations, groaning as she let his strokes soothe her tired, tense muscles.

He didn’t miss a spot – covering her back and then down her arms, turning her over in that liquid, relaxed state to lay her out the same way as before, repeating his caution not to move as he parted her legs merely by insinuating his broad shoulders between them.

“Pleeeeeeeeeaaaaaassssse, Nate, please!” Macy begged, feeling no shame at all. He was just lying there, looking at her and licking his lips. The longer he laid there, the more honey she dripped down onto the sheets. Her pussy was throbbing, and for the longest time he didn’t do anything about it, merely watching her become more and more agitated, his gaze occasionally drifting to catch hers with a small smile.

“Now, didn’t I just say that you needed to be punished, Macy Devonne?”

She couldn’t keep her hands still any longer. If he wouldn’t help her, then she’d help herself, Macy thought defiantly, reaching down to put her hands where Nate would have said they never belonged when he was home, expertly gathering her own moisture on her fingertips, and surprised that he was going to let her go through with it when she found both of her wrists caught in his strong hands, one pressed into the mattress on either side of her hips. “Naughty, naughty, Miss Taylor. What have I told you about that?” he growled, his lips vibrating their way onto her clit as her hips bucked.

Macy knew that she was going to die from it when his mouth finally claimed her tiny prize. Her ears were pounding and



she felt faint. But then he lifted his head seconds later, looking up at her to grin evilly.

He had something small in his hand that he dropped onto the middle of her tummy. It was a black velvet ring box that he flipped open to reveal a good-sized diamond solitaire set in yellow gold.

Just before his mouth claimed her again, he murmured, “Marry me, Macy.”

She couldn’t believe what he was doing – he was sexually teasing her into agreeing to marry him! His lips – his tongue – oh God, his tongue – was worrying her little button mercilessly, making her hips arch up to offer herself to him more fully, despite the fact that she was mad as hell, her gyrations knocking the ring and box off onto the mattress.

Nate replaced it on her stomach, then pretty much removed himself from the playing field and looked up at her again while his fingers pressed themselves to her with the utmost gentleness. “Marry me, Macy,” he repeated firmly. “Give me your answer.” He was awfully close to saying “and it better be the right one or I won’t let you come,” but he figured that was kind of implicit in the situation.

“Nate!! Don’t – you can’t - “ The “don’t move” rule had flown out the window long since, as far as Macy was concerned, only she wasn’t at all sure whether she should be moving towards or away from him at this point.

His head was already wandering back down towards her pussy, those fingers prodding their way up inside her inch by steady inch, so that she would be full while he suckled her jewel enthusiastically – Nate knew that always drove her crazy.

“I’m quite sure I can,” he answered, damnably neutral, “and that I expect an answer before I let you explode all over me.”

Macy was frantic. “Nate – nooooo!”

“Is that your answer?”

“NOOO!”

“So then you’ll marry me?” That long tongue of his licked up and down over her stiff peak, just once before he glanced up at her.

She was caught. She wanted release more than she wanted anything else at this point, but Macy knew Nate well enough to know that she wasn’t going anywhere or getting anything resembling satisfaction until she gave him her decision.

“If I say yes, you’ll let me come?” she ground out, trying to convey to him how unhappy she was that he was doing this to her.

Nate stopped everything he was doing, his face deadly serious. “I’ll take a ‘yes’ from you any way I can get it, Macy. I want you as my wife. I want to be able to do this to you any time I want. I want you to have my babies and end up over my lap for being naughty until we’re ninety and I don’t know what to do with you once I get you there.

“Marry me, please,” he asked softly. “I love you so.” Macy’s heart convulsed as surely as she knew her genitals were going to in a moment. “Yes,” she whispered, closing her eyes on the tears that came. “I – love – you – too.”

“Thank you, Macy. I’ll try to make you happy.” Nate replied humbly, taking her with his mouth, encompassing her in the warmth of his lips and placing the flat of his tongue directly over her clit, feeling it jump and avidly watching her try to accommodate and assimilate the fact that she was finally going to get what she’d been wanting for so long.

It had been all buildup, and it only took him about five seconds to bring her to a screaming, bucking conclusion where her whole body shook and danced beneath his mouth and fingers. But then something happened that he hadn’t expected. Nate had blithely thought that he’d be able to move up to her lips and kiss

her tenderly, slip his ring on her finger and maybe even make love to her – he was certainly more than ready to do so.

But Macy apparently had other ideas entirely. She scooted agilely out from under him and ran to the bathroom before he could catch her. Practically before he'd realized she was gone, the move so surprised him.

The hair went up on the back of his neck when he heard her sobbing as if someone had just ripped out her heart. In a millisecond he was out of the bed, standing at the door. Now, he respected a closed door as much as anyone, except when the woman he loved was bawling her eyes out on the other side. Nate put his big hands on it, as if he could transmit comfort to her through it.

“Macy, are you all right?”

No response except more sobs.

“Macy!” more sharply than he'd intended, but she worried him. He could hear her tears descending into a frightening, keening wail, and, not for the first time, he thanked God for the fact that he'd removed the lock on all of the doors as soon as they'd moved in, much to Macy's disgust. Nate barged into the bathroom, rushing to where she was scrunched down on the cool tile in a miserable-looking huddled mass.

But when he squatted down and reached for her, she ducked away. Nate frowned, and reached again, with the same result. He proceeded, with not one twinge of conscience, to bully her into a corner that way, where she couldn't get away from him. Then he plopped down close enough to her that she was literally wedged between him and the door to the linen closet, and lifted her onto his lap, cradling her against his chest, one arm around her waist in case she got some hair-brained idea about trying to escape his gentle embrace, and the other cupping her wet cheek as she continued to cry.

“Go ‘way,” she pouted through tears.

“Not likely, hon. Did I hurt you? Was that it?” he asked, tenderly kissing the top of her head, almost dreading the answer because, if that was the case, he had absolutely no idea what he’d done and guilt would wrack him for months about it, even if she said she was perfectly fine.

But she shook her head vehemently, and he relaxed a lot. “Did you get a cramp?”

More head shaking.

“All right.” Nate’s brow furrowed, and he took a step back in the path of his interrogation. “Are you okay physically?”

Macy nodded this time.

“Then this is emotional.”

A very very small, hesitant nod.

Nate hugged her tightly, rubbing her back soothingly. At least he’d diagnosed the problem, almost wishing it had been something physical, because he could have dealt with that better – more directly. Instead he realized his butt was beginning to hurt from the hard floor, so he rose with her in his arms – despite Macy’s loud protests and struggling – and carried her to their bed where he installed her first then followed immediately, easily forestalling her attempt to climb out the other side merely by parting her legs and plunging hard and deep into her.

Macy yelped, but she had no choice but to accommodate him, and within seconds the slightly painful ache was gone.

Nate gathered her legs over his elbows, putting her into an even more submissive position. “Don’t do that again,” he breathed between panting thrusts. “You scared me to death, running away from me like that.” His eyes drifted closed, and Macy reached up to flick his tiny, hard nipples, helping him along his way.

Nate’s eyes snapped open as he felt her teasing touch. “God, Macy,” his lungs bellowed, “I love you.” Nate shuddered

over and within her, and Macy was suffused with awe that she was able to bring such pleasure to the big man.

He collapsed onto her, then rolled to his side, taking her with him, as if he didn't want to let her get too far away from him. Warm lips pressed to her temple as he tried to regain control of his breathing, without much success. He twisted away from her suddenly, then back, grabbing her left hand and slipping the ring onto her finger quickly, as if he didn't want to give her a chance to reconsider.

"There," Nate sighed with satisfaction. "You're mine. Don't forget it. And now the world knows it."

It was a beautiful ring, she had to give him that - a little bigger than she might have picked out herself, but gorgeous nonetheless. Tears welled in Macy's eyes yet again. "Thank you. I'll try to be a good wife to you."

"Oh, you will be," Nate nodded sagely, hugging her. "That's what the paddle and the hairbrush and my belt are for - in case you misbehave."

"Uh huh." Macy didn't sound terribly concerned, and he was glad for that. She turned in his arms so that they were spooning, and shortly he heard her breathing become slow and regular.

For the first time since meeting Macy Taylor, Nate felt truly secure about her. He knew that now that he had his ring on her finger, she was truly his. He'd make sure it was a damned short engagement. He wanted her wearing his name as soon as possible, too.

He wanted all of her, and he would settle for nothing less.

*\*TDY – temporary duty.*

---

End

**All Of Her**

©2004

Carolyn Faulkner / BacksideOfLove.com

---

## Backside of Love: the *Intimacy of Authority*

<http://BacksideOfLove.com>

Dearest reader:

Are you... *there* yet? ☺

If these sorts of loving, unyielding attentions are the stuff of fantasies you thought you could never share, then please join Carolyn and her husband at their *Backside of Love* community.

There we explore the profound sorts of romance which include the giving of *authority* to your trusted Other, structure and *consequences* for behavioral control, and sexual *intimacy* winding through it all.

Come over and join our community forum, library and magazine devoted to the common threads which weave through lifestyles like BDSM or D/s, Domestic Discipline, and Intimate Ageplay: trusted *authority*, firm-but-loving *punishment*, and the *sexual* intimacy that those things spark.

Which label you put on your needs isn't the point: It's finding the absolute most fulfillment possible from exploring these *Intimacy of Authority* themes.

--Carolyn and Unka Bobby (her "Daddy" and husband)

---

If this has piqued your interest, then please be sure to ask about Carolyn's other classic works in this genre:

**Jake Ryan's Woman**

**Blood From A Stone**

**Embraced**

**Love Will Find A Way**

**Priceless Love I**

*...and over 70 other adventures!*