

A woman is shown from the waist down, wearing black lace lingerie. The background is a dark, textured purple with faint, swirling patterns. The title 'BEHIND CLOSED DOORS' is written in a large, white, serif font on the right side. The author's name 'Cooper McKenzie' is at the top in a smaller, white, serif font.

Cooper McKenzie

BEHIND
CLOSED
DOORS

Red RoseTM Publishing

Behind Closed Doors

by

Cooper McKenzie

Dedication

*To Joan and Jen, friends and
believers*



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Behind Closed Doors

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Chapter One

Alaina Rowen closed and locked the front door with one hand while the other went to the waistband of her skirt. It had been a long day with little to show for it, except she was faced with a three-day holiday weekend and absolutely no plans. She set the mail and her purse on the four-drawer antique dresser halfway down the wide hall that made up the center of the historical house.

The plain brown box at the bottom of the pile sent a shiver of excitement through her as she released the band holding the end of her waist-length braid. She took a moment to unbraid the length of caramel gold hair as she kicked off the sensible black pumps she wore with nude colored knee high stockings. She stripped off the hose and tossed them down on the pumps as she wiggled her toes. How she hated stockings. She much preferred going without, but her father frowned on her wearing shoes without hose.

Looking in the mirror that hung over the hallway dresser she frowned at herself. “Alaina old girl, you have allowed yourself to be squeezed into a small sad box and unless you climb out really soon you will die an old maid working in a job you hate, for your father who didn’t even remember your birthday. He probably thinks you’re still a virgin, too. If he only knew that behind closed doors you are a

slut.”

Thirty seconds later, she tossed her ankle-length skirt and jewel neck T-shirt over the banister. She unhooked the ice blue corset she wore underneath and added it to the pile.

Wearing only the matching silk thong, she reached for the 10-foot ceiling and pushed upon her toes in a whole body stretch. She dropped back to flat feet and bent to brush her palms over her blood red toenails. Stretching muscles and tendons did nothing to ease the hungering ache that ran from nipples to cunt. The same ache that she carried each day as she worked up proposals, filled out forms, and dealt with clients as her father’s right hand in the family’s insurance agency. Being prim, proper, and efficient was a façade, but a well constructed one that no one ever seemed to look past.

After flipping through the rest of the mail which consisted of a birthday card from her dentist and one from her brother in Oregon, the cable bill and two postcards advertising pizza, she turned her attention to the package in a plain brown box.

Using her grandfather’s antique letter opener, she cut the tape and opened the box. Licking her lips in anticipation, she sorted through the invoice and ads to pull out her purchase - a neon green realistic looking and feeling vibrator. Her eyes widened and her cunt dampened in preparation. With fingers that trembled with

excitement she opened the plastic bag and pulled out the imitation cock with its supplied batteries and installed them. She twisted the base and smiled in hungry delight as it hummed to life.

Turning it off and carrying it with her, Alaina padded to the refrigerator. She pulled two bottles of beer from the six-pack she'd bought the day before and headed to the patio behind the house.

Tall, thick bushes shielded her yard from the neighbors' view and at this time of evening no one would be traveling the Neuse River that ran behind her property. New Bern, North Carolina was growing, but maintained a majority of its Southern charm, including rolling up the sidewalks at sunset. The warm air caressed her skin causing her nipples to bead and her cunt to dampen further. She set one beer on the café table and carried the vibrator and the second beer with her.

"Happy birthday, Alaina." She opened the beer with a swift twist of her wrist. Walking to the edge of the patio, she lifted the beer and toasted the river and the darkening blue sky overhead. "Thank you, God for blessing me with another year. My birthday wish is a good man to replace this." She held up the vibrator and waved it over her head.



Gray Woolphe adjusted the focus on the telescope until he could read the

lips of the nearly naked woman across the river. "...birthday wish is a good man to replace this."

"Ooo, she got herself a new toy." He shifted, adjusting his rapidly expanding cock to a more comfortable position.

Knowing what was to come, he reached for the buttons of his khaki cargo shorts. He stripped them off and tossed them to the floor of the porch outside his bedroom. His Marine green briefs and T-shirt advertising a Colorado ski resort followed. He had come to look forward to this evening ritual since the first time he had witnessed it the week before.

That first evening he'd been at the kitchen sink when he caught sight of what he thought was a naked woman across the river. He grabbed his mother's bird-watching binoculars and confirmed that the woman was indeed naked, though the glasses did little to clarify his view.

The next day he'd dug out his telescope and set it up outside the guest bedroom on the third floor. The telescope improved the view. Only once had he wondered if he could be arrested for long distance peeping, but the thought slid away when she orgasmed and Gray focused on his own self pleasure. He prolonged his ejaculation that night, timing it to her second orgasm before she disappeared back into her house.

She'd been late getting home tonight. Had someone taken her out for her

birthday? When she finally appeared on the patio in nothing but a tiny bit of pale blue at her crotch, his cock grew ramrod hard, reminding him that it really had been too long since he had enjoyed the intimate attentions of a woman.

Settling into the folding canvas director's chair he'd brought up from downstairs, Gray took a long draw on his beer before focusing his entire attention on the captivating view through the telescope's eye piece.



After her toast and birthday wish, Alaina drank half of the first beer. She set the bottle into the empty flowerpot that marked the edge of the patio at the top of the three steps that led to the lawn. Then she turned the vibrator on low.

Brushing the humming vibrator over one turgid nipple and then the other, she closed her eyes and let the vibrations shiver from tit to pelvis. She traced a line down the center of her chest and flat belly. With her free hand she pulled the thong to one side, uncovering her sex. Using two fingers to separate the outer lips covering her clit, she touched the vibrator to the erect and straining knot of nerves.

She didn't linger there long. It would not take much to drive her over the edge, but it was too soon for the first of what she hoped would be many, many orgasms that evening. She didn't think one for every one of her thirty years, but maybe a half dozen orgasms would relax her enough to sleep that night without the sex dreams that had haunted her for weeks. It would take the whole weekend

to mentally prepare herself for another year of living the duality of prim and proper Southern belle out in the world and sex starved wanton slut behind the closed doors of her home.

She dragged the vibrator from knotted clit to wet open cunt and back again. On the third pass, she pushed the head of the fake cock into her cunt and held it there for a moment, closing her eyes as the thrumming sent shivers through her pelvis. Her need grew to a fever pitch, her body demanding completion, but she tried to hold off. She pulled the cock out and traced up to clit and then back again.

This time when she reached the dripping opening to her cunt, she slid the cock in halfway, eased it out until only the head remained in her, then shoved it all the way in. Taking a deep breath she twisted the speed control to high.

Shivers radiated from cunt through torso out to her fingers and toes. Bringing her legs together to hold the vibrator in place, she threw her head back and soundlessly screamed her completion to the full moon overhead.

Chapter Two

Across the river, Gray's hand flashed up and down the length of his hard, thick cock once more as his balls clenched and orgasm rolled through his body. With one more pass of his fingers from base to tip, pearly white cum shot from his cock to land a direct hit on his T-shirt. He groaned as a second, third and fourth volley shot across the porch before he relaxed.

He returned his attention to the woman who was becoming the center of his daydreams and more than a few midnight dreams. A Cherokee healer by training since he could walk, Gray saw pain in the woman and that called to his spirit almost as hard as her knockout body called to his.

The wild streak he kept hidden from the world broke free from the iron control he had learned at the Naval Academy. He balled up his cum soaked T-shirt and reached for his shorts. No one should be alone on their birthday, especially not a sexy woman who appeared to hate clothes and seemed so alone.

Heading through his bedroom he grabbed a clean T-shirt from the dresser and shoved his feet into battered dock shoes. He stopped in the doorway to the hall, and then turned back for the box of condoms on the dresser.

Cal Roberts, his best friend and wingman, had given him the box containing

a dozen condoms as a “welcome back to the world” gift when they had returned from a six-month tour in Iraq two weeks before.

Gray raced down the stairs, but paused at the first floor landing. He looked to the front door, but hesitated. Driving the bridges across the Neuse and Trent Rivers and then weaving back through town would take too long. Instead he headed through the kitchen, grabbing the boat keys off the pegboard by the telephone. He slammed the back door closed and ran to the dock where he slipped the dock lines before starting the engine. As soon as the engine settled to a steady roar, he pushed the throttle forward and pointed the boat’s bow across the river. As he flew across the open water he pinpointed her yard and was pleased to see a dock extending into the river. Easing the throttle forward another notch, he tried to come up with a plausible, sane, and rational explanation for the lust fueled insanity he was about to commit.



As her hips pumped back and forth against the still thrumming vibrator deep inside her cunt, Alaina’s hands began to maul her breasts and twist her nipples until she rode a second orgasmic wave as powerful as the first. Breathless, yet still unfulfilled, she reached between her legs and switched the vibrator off, but left it in place. Reaching for the open beer, she lifted it to her lips and drained it. Feeling weak, she staggered to the chair by the table where she collapsed, gasping

silently as the cold metal touched her bare skin. Only then did she pull the sex drenched imitation cock from her body.

As she calmed and became aware of her surroundings, she heard a boat motor. Scanning the river she could see from where she sat, she pinpointed the sound to a sleek speedboat heading across the river at a fast clip. Not just across the river, but toward her.

Had someone seen her? Standing, she staggered toward the house on legs that were drained and uncooperative from her sexercise. She tripped as she entered the back door, but with some fancy footwork, regained her balance before she fell flat on her face. She only had a minute to dress before the boat would be at her dock, so she didn't bother with the corset. Her nipples beaded against the soft cotton shirt as she pulled it on.

She pulled on her skirt as she headed back down the hall. By the time she stepped out the back door, the man had secured his boat to her dock and walked toward her with long, unhurried steps. She crossed the patio, uncertain, yet thrilled, but determined to send him on his way as quickly as possible. It was her birthday and she had plans to spend the evening, hell the entire weekend, in as few clothes as possible while trying to tame the horny urges that were growing stronger and more demanding by the day. Dressed again, she shifted mental gears to return to the competent, efficient public persona of Alaina Rowen who always,

always remained in control.

She stopped at the top of the three wide stairs beside the flowerpot. Not sure what to do with her hands, she crossed them over her chest, but that pushed her unbound breasts up and together, rubbing her erect nipples against the soft fabric. Dropping her arms back to her sides, she clenched and unclenched her fists as she looked over the man coming toward her.

He was tall and broad and good looking with dark honey brown skin, though she couldn't tell if it was his natural coloring or a tan. His hair, cut in the high and tight style, identified him as a Marine, but she couldn't tell if the strands were black or dark brown. Cheekbones sculpted his face with a prominent nose and a strong jaw. He wore khaki shorts that hung on his hips and ended just below his knees. His black T-shirt advertised that he got his crabs from Dirty Dick's Crab House. As he returned her blatant inspection his eyes glowed silver. This was the kind of man she dreamt about each evening; her dark sex-craving side reminded her.

He looked healthy and in shape, but in a stark, hungry way that made her wonder if he'd had a home cooked meal recently. His curious, predatory expression made her wonder at his intentions as he continued until he reached the bottom of the three steps leading from the lawn to where she stood.

"This is private property."

“Uh huh,” he agreed with the smile that reminded her of a wolf on the hunt as he continued up the three wide steps to close the last few feet between them.

“Who are you?”

He stopped with only inches separating them. “I’m here to answer your birthday wish.”

He wrapped one arm around her waist and cupped her jaw in the palm of his other hand to lift her face to his. His lips brushed hers once before settling in for an extended stay.

Alaina lifted her hands to push him away, but when the tip of his tongue reached out and traced her lower lip; her arms inched their way around to his back instead. Her sensible public persona balked, while her bad girl private side jumped up and down screaming “Yippee!”

Giving over to her dark side, she parted her lips and extended her tongue in invitation. She hugged him tighter as she shifted against the long, thick bulge tenting the front of his pants and pressing into her belly. She tasted beer on his tongue and when she took a breath she smelled laundry detergent, clean male, and citrusy, woodsy cologne.

Her hands found their way down his back into his shorts. She caressed the mounds of his muscular ass. The hand cupping her jaw drifted to her chest to palm her breast with a familiarity that made her cunt clench in response.

When he broke the kiss, they were both breathing hard. Alaina stared up at him, her eyes wide when she realized exactly where her hands were. She swallowed hard and blinked, but could not think of a single thing to say.

“Happy birthday.” He looked down at her with eyes that glowed silver in the growing darkness.

“Oh my.” She pulled her hands free of his shorts and took a step back. “Oh my.” Her cunt puffed up, her libido shifted into hyperdrive and the two sides of her personality were at war, whispering conflicting advice on how to get through the next few minutes. She took another step back, then another, not sure where she was going or why, but needing to put enough distance between them so she could decide whether she should slap him or apologize.

Chapter Three

Gray felt as stunned as the time in high school when he'd received a concussion from a line driven baseball. All at once he understood what his stepfather had told him about love coming to you when least expected. Too bad the woman looked at him with an expression of horror mixed with fascination as she backed away.

He matched her step for step across the patio.

"What's your name?" Maybe by holding a normal conversation his brain would climb out of his shorts.

"Alaina Rowen."

"I'm Gray Woolphe. W, two Os, L, P, H, E. Some Indian agent's idea of a joke a hundred and some years ago." He smiled, hoping he looked friendly and not as hungry as he felt.

"You've been watching me." Her words weren't a question nor an accusation, but a statement of fact.

Gray nodded. "When you wished yourself a happy birthday earlier and then wished for a man for your birthday, I thought I would make your wish come true. I'm not a masher or an ax murderer or anything like that. I'm a pilot for the Marine

Corps. I've been deployed overseas, but I start back to work at Cherry Point next week."

She nodded, but took another step backward. When her leg connected with the seat, she lost her balance and landed hard in the chair, her gaze still on his face. She looked stunned. She looked fearful. She looked as if she wanted to rip his clothes off and have him for dinner. Gray eased into the other chair as he sent a prayer heavenward that she would.



Alaina relaxed marginally as he shared a little bit about himself. He was a Marine which meant healthy and employed. "Would you like a beer?" All at once the manners her mother had drilled in her since she could walk kicked in.

"A beer would be good."

"Okay, I'll be right back."

She was not surprised when Gray stood as she pushed from her chair. She hurried into the house and retrieved another beer from the refrigerator. When she returned to the patio he stood where she had left him, his attention on the table.

She looked in the direction of his gaze to see what held his focus. When she realized it was the neon green vibrator, she groaned with embarrassment. Stepping forward she held out a beer without a word about the still glistening toy on the table.

“Thanks.”



He lifted his gaze from the vibrator as he accepted the beer. He waited until she sat in the chair on the other side of the small table before sitting himself. Looking at her, he took in her pink cheeks and embarrassment and then studied the rest of her. She was covered from neck line to bare feet, though he saw her nipples poking against her shirt. The blood red polish on her toenails gave him another clue as her fingernails were bare. “Why do you cover up such a knockout body? You should never wear clothes.”

“I work for my father. I don’t think he would approve of my showing up to work naked.”

“You don’t like your job. It makes you sad.”

She startled, raising her head to stare at him “Why do you think that?”

Gray drank his beer as he stared into her eyes. She was scared. Not of him, but of herself, of the wildness, of letting go and unleashing the slut she hid behind long skirts and proper manners. “I can see it in your eyes.”

“No, I don’t like my job. But I can’t do what I really want to.”

“Why not?”



His question stopped her for a moment. Why not? Because to quit her job and do what she really wanted took faith in herself and her dreams. Faith her father had erased from her psyche with endless lectures about being practical. Making her dreams come true also meant taking on the historical society and renovating the second floor of her family's hundred and thirty year old home.

She had inherited the family home from her grandmother five years before and she received money every month from her mother's estate, money she had been saving to pay for the renovations all at once. But it wouldn't take much to get her grandmother's suite ready to rent. Then she could use that money to pay for the rest of the renovations.

With a sigh she admitted, "I guess I'm scared."

"What is it you want to do?"

"I've thought about renovating the house and making three two-room suites so I could rent them out and take care of people. I'd also like to try and sell some of the quilts I design and make."

"A bed and breakfast? That's a lot of work for one person, isn't it?"

"Not a bed and breakfast. I'm thinking more along the rooming houses they had in old movies. A place where people rent long term and come together and care about one another like an extended family. I could offer breakfast and dinner family style. Problem is, I'm not sure I can get approval from the historical society

to make some of the changes I want to make since this place is on the historical registry.”

“I see only one drawback to your idea.”

“Oh?”

“If you’re renting rooms to people, you won’t be able to run around naked.”

“Mmm, yes, well, I don’t normally run around naked. It’s just that...” Alaina trailed off, not sure how to explain the hunger, the urges, and need for something more than what she had.

“I know what you mean. It’s just a wild itch you had to scratch?”

“Something like that.”

She felt Gray studying her, but couldn’t tell what he was thinking.

“I know you don’t know me, but I want to help you. But you’ll have to trust me. Do you think you could do that?”

Narrowing her eyes, she studied him then blinked and smiled. “As strange as this whole thing has been, I think I do trust you.”

“Will you take your clothes off for me?”

Taking a deep breath at the surprise of his question, she threw caution, good sense, and her father’s expectations, dictates, and standards out the window. Gray was hot and she was horny. “I will if you will.”

Chapter Four

“Same time, piece for piece?”

Alaina nodded and stood up. Gray stood and turned so they faced one another.

She released the button on her skirt as Gray pulled his T-shirt over his head. They hit the floor at the same time and she stepped out of the skirt then kicked it aside. When Alaina whipped her shirt off and dropped it on top of the skirt, Gray kicked off his dock shoes.

“Ready?” Gray asked as he slipped the button on his shorts and took hold of the zipper tab. Alaina hooked her thumbs under the elastic of her thong.

“Ready.”

At the same time he lowered the zipper and allowed his shorts to drop, Alaina pushed her thong over her hips and released it to fall to her feet.

“Wow,” she breathed when Gray straightened.

It had been a long time since she had seen a naked man in the flesh, especially one as impressive without clothes as he had been with them. Gray’s skin glowed with a golden honey tone all over, though through his hips and thighs it was several shades lighter than his face and arms. As she had wished, his cock was

broader and longer than the green imitation she had been playing with.

“I know this is crazy, but I need you. Right here, right now.” Alaina’s legs turned rubbery and she sank to her knees, putting Gray’s cock in tasting distance. Before she could open her mouth and cover the head of his cock, he stepped back, pulling from her grasp.

When she looked up at him, he shook his head with a smile. “It’s your birthday.”

Alaina nodded, knowing this man could be trusted in all things, though she had nothing concrete to base her decision on. He helped her to stand and then to sit in the chair she had occupied earlier. Their clothes were in a pile at her feet.

Gray knelt on the pile and smiled up at her. Laying a hand on each of her knees, he slowly spread her legs while sliding his palms up the inside of her thighs. Soon her legs were spread to either side of his chest and his fingertips were brushing against her slick, pouting lips.

“Ooo.” She squirmed as his fingers brushed over her sex, his touch reawakening the hunger that had ebbed only slightly during the past few minutes.

“Mmm.” He leaned forward and his tongue replaced his fingers at the open coral pink entrance to her cunt.

His lips were hot, his tongue rough against her flesh and she felt an orgasmic tidal wave preparing to roll over her. Gray seemed to sense it and pulled back. He

eased her from the chair and settled her into his lap with her thighs straddling his narrow hips. “Still trust me?”

Alaina nodded. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and shimmied so her nipples dragged across his chest, causing them both to catch their breath as electricity shot from breast to chest to groin.

“Hang on, sweetheart, I think we’re in for a helluva ride.” With that he shifted her until his hard cock traced down her centerline from clit to the opening of her cunt. He lowered her until she sheathed him in a tight, slick fit as if they had been made for one another.

“Oh my.” Alaina shifted until he fully seated in her.

“I agree.” He kissed her as he slid his hands under her ass. He began to lift and lower her, setting a slow rocking rhythm.

The slow pace did not last long as their need and hunger rocketed out of control. Alaina moved faster and faster, arching her torso and throwing her head back. Gray kept her from falling back as he rose to meet her every down stroke. Taking a nipple into his mouth, he suckled and nibbled, sending them closer and closer to the cliff, until they fell over the edge of the known world together. Their mingled cries of completion startled a pair of ducks that were swimming down river and who flew away, squawking their displeasure.

Alaina lost herself and drifted for a few minutes. When her thoughts

cleared, she felt Gray below her, wrapped around her, and planted deep inside her body. For the first time in as long as she could remember, Alaina felt a soul deep peace and contentment.



“How soon do you think you’ll have a suite available?” Gray asked once he could think again.

“Well, I just need to clean out my grandmother’s suite and maybe paint it, but the others will take months to build bathrooms and closets and connecting doors, not to mention getting historical society approval. Why?”

“I have an idea that would be less work, less time and more money, if you’re interested.”

“What’s that?”

“To begin, you could rent me your grandmother’s suite, if it looks out onto the river.”

“It does, but I thought you had a house in Bridgeton.”

“I’m house sitting for my mother. They’re on a cruise and I needed a place to stay until I find an apartment of my own. As for doing renovations, you wouldn’t have to if you don’t want to.”

“What do you mean?”

“I know quite a few guys who would line up to rent those rooms as climate

controlled storage while they are deployed. All you'd have to do is put locking knobs on the doors. You could charge almost for a single room for storage as you could for the suite without the hassles. And you could make more money because you could rent each of the four bedrooms as individual storage units. You would be making more money and have more time for other pursuits." Gray brushed her hair back from her face. "You could also run around naked anytime you wanted."

Alaina stared at his chest as she turned over his suggestion. Rent out rooms for storage. It would be a perfect solution and she wouldn't need to get the historical society's approval to do it, either.

"Are you sure you want to rent the suite? You haven't even seen it yet."

"Yes, I want the suite, but only if I can redo your in-public wardrobe."

Alaina smiled. "You won't dress me in stripper clothes, will you?"

"No, though that might be an interesting sight."

"I'll do it if you'll dress like one, too."

Gray frowned, but knew he found the woman he'd been looking for; the woman who would give him a run for his money. The only thing he had to figure out was how to erect some sort of screen along the water to keep river traffic from seeing too much while they played naked games in the yard.

"Behind closed doors. I don't think the Corps would approve of me walking the streets nearly naked."

Alaina brushed a kiss on one cheek, then the other before tracing his lips with her tongue. “Thanks, Gray.”

“For what?”

“For making this a birthday I will never forget.”

Chapter Five

“Why do you hide your sexy self under all those frumpy clothes?”

They had just finished spectacular “It’s Saturday morning and We’re Still Alive” sex and her defenses were down.

Turning only her head, she sighed as she took in her very own Marine Corps pilot and Cherokee healer sprawled next to her on the king-size bed. His silver eyes glowed softly with contentment in the early morning sunlight that filtered through the lace curtains of the east facing windows.

The vertical lines between his coal black brows were more pronounced as he returned her with the most intense expression she’d yet to see him wear.

Taking a deep breath, Alaina decided to share the reality that she’d lived with most of her life. “My clothes aren’t frumpy, they’re... they’re... okay, maybe they are frumpy, but as a member of one of the oldest and most respected families in New Bern, I’m held to a higher standard.”

Without any real, believable explanation, she lapsed into the speech she’d received at least once a week since her sixth birthday party when she and Jimmy Ray Macklin had snuck away to make mud pies in the vacant lot next door.

Gray snorted as he lifted his upper body on his elbow to lean over her.

“That’s a load of shit you’re shoveling there darlin’. Does anyone really believe it?”

“Excuse me?” Alaina tried to get offended when he called her bluff, but couldn’t get too upset, especially since she didn’t believe it herself.

“Bullshit. A heaping pile of it. I think you dress that way because you’re scared.”

“Scared? Of what?”

Though she wanted to make a run for it, she was too boneless to do anything more than lay there and have the conversation she had been avoiding since turning eighteen. That spring her father had steamrolled her into being his assistant and to work, live, and dress as he dictated.

“I think you’re scared of your father’s disappointment. Of what might happen if you unleash the slut you’re hiding under all those clothes. I also think that you’d really like to let loose the sexy, sassy person you keep hidden in this house. The one who runs around in scanty G-strings and plays with vibrating toys.”

Alaina couldn’t argue with him. He was right. Fear ruled her life. “How do I know how far to let go?” she whispered.

Gray smiled down at her with a sexy hunter smile that sent chills rippling through her and reignited the hunger they had satisfied less than ten minutes

before. He then laid his big, warm palm in the center of her belly, his fingers fanning up toward her tits and began to slowly circle.

To Alaina, the feel of skin on skin was the ultimate aphrodisiac. It didn't matter where he touched her. Just intertwining their fingers or rubbing the pad of his thumb back and forth across her palm caused her nipples to bead up and her cunt to flower in anticipation. Her hips began to shift in silent invitation as Gray leaned over and licked at the tit closest to him. Alaina felt his cock twitch against her hip as he suckled, teased, and played.

"Do you trust me?" His words were a deep growl as he spoke with her plump breast still in his mouth.

"Yes."

"Will you let me help you?" His tongue circled her areola and then brushed across the tip of her nipple.

"Uh huh." She rapidly lost the ability for speech as an orgasm began building, coiling itself in her middle like a snake preparing to strike.

Gray rolled away. "You need to get up now, shower, and get dressed."

"What? Why?"

"We're going shopping."

"Shopping? For what?"

"Your new wardrobe," he said leaning over the bed and kissing her once

more before heading out of the room. “You have twenty minutes.”



It was closer to thirty before Alaina descended the stairs. She wore a jewel neck pink T-shirt and a denim skirt that brushed her ankles, effectively covering her almost as demurely as a nun.

Gray, redressed in his cargo shorts and T-shirt, shook his head with a sigh. “Don’t you own anything that shows your knees?”

Alaina looked down, then back at Gray before shrugging. “They’re all like this.”

“Well this one won’t be for long.” Gray looked on the dresser in the main hallway and found the scissors Alaina used to open the mail.

When Alaina opened her mouth as if to protest, Gray touched a finger to her lips. “You agreed to my way.”

He waited for her to nod before kneeling behind her. She felt his hand start at her waistband, run down over her ass then back up again for a squeeze and a pat before continuing down her thigh. “Is this the back of your knee?” He poked her with two fingers.

“Yes.”

“Okay. Hold still.”

Alaina felt a tug on her skirt, then the brush of cold metal against the back

of her leg, several inches above her knee. She twisted, trying to see. “What are you doing?”

“Stop wiggling and turn left.” He swatted her once on her left cheek.

Alaina straightened and turned left as he commanded. As she slowly turned, she occasionally felt the scissors touch her thighs and Gray’s hand brush against her skin. His touch distracted her so much she didn’t care that Gray had just cut her favorite skirt in half.

Once he finished, he took her hand and helped her step out of the circle of material on the floor. Then he looked at her critically before raising the hand he held over her head and slowly twirling her around. “What are you wearing under your shirt?”

Alaina had to think a moment and swallow before saying, “an off-white camisole and bra.”

He nodded. “Take off your T-shirt.”

“Take off my T-shirt?”

Gray nodded and crossed his arms, waiting patiently. “Take it off or I’ll cut it off and then you won’t be able to wear it again.”

Looking at his serious expression, Alaina reached for her shirt. Before she could give more than a moment’s thought to it, she pulled the shirt over her head and threw it at him.

“Now the bra.”

Before she could argue that she never left the house without a bra, he frowned. She found herself reaching behind and releasing the hooks then working the bra off without taking off the camisole.

“Yeah, that’s more like it. Now you look less like a schoolmarm, but I almost wish you were wearing a bustier.”

As he laid the scissors back on the dresser, Alaina looked down to check out the change. The skirt that had been long and flowing now ended several inches above the top of her knee, becoming short and flirty. Her camisole covered her, but the deep V and spaghetti straps showed a lot of skin as well as her nipples, which were poking hard at the thin silk covering them. Looking in the mirror across the hall, the vision of the sexy young woman staring back surprised her.

Lacing their fingers together, Gray led her out the back door, across the yard to the dock where his boat waited. After climbing into the boat, he reached out and easily lifted her in. In minutes, they were flying across the Neuse River towards the dock of his mother’s house. After helping her out of the boat, he led the way into the house.

“Stay here and I’ll be right back,” he said brushing a kiss on her lips.

Before she could say a word he left, taking the stairs three at a time. Alaina turned and looked around, amazed at the simplicity and beauty of the house. The

great room encompassed the living and dining rooms, with the kitchen opening into it as well. The far wall's focal point was a stone fireplace flanked on both sides by bookshelves that displayed sculptures and pictures, as well as a rather impressive collection of books. The pictures drew Alaina and she found that most of them were of Gray. As a young boy riding a horse, as an older teenager at what looked to be a rodeo. In a Marine officer's dress uniform with a pretty blonde woman by his side in a floor length black gown. Before she could explore further Gray appeared, wearing a yellow polo shirt and black shorts.

"Still trust me?" he asked as she joined him in the foyer. They went down the staircase to a door that led to the garage beneath the house.

"Yes," she answered, though her stomach was doing a polka.

He led her to a burgundy Jeep Wrangler with no doors or top. Alaina smiled when she saw it. She'd always wanted an open Jeep like that, but her overprotective father discouraged it because he believed they were too dangerous for anyone to own. Before she could climb in he stopped her with a gentle touch on her arm. "Give me your panties."

She swallowed hard, but reached up under her skirt and pulled down the ivory G-string and handed it over. As she watched wide-eyed, Gray held it to his nose and sniffed with an appreciative growl before putting it in his pocket. Then he helped her into the passenger's seat covered by a bright orange beach towel.

“Lift the back of your skirt. You don’t want to get it wet,” he said with an erotic grin. Once she settled, he ran a warm palm from ankle to knee to up under her skirt, stopping just inches from her dampening pussy. He growled softly and she watched his cock twitch to life behind the zipper of his cargo shorts. Tracing his hand back down her thigh, he released her then rounded the Jeep and climbed in the driver’s seat.

“Gray, I need my purse.”

“Not today you don’t. I’ve got your ID in my pocket in case you get carded, but other than that you don’t need a thing. Put on your seatbelt.”

Though Alaina wanted to argue about him spending money on her, being as close to naked in public as she’d been in many years distracted her. Gray read her expression and kissed her as he reached across for her seatbelt. “Stop thinking so hard. Relax and let me do this for you.”

As he drove the winding roads toward Highway 17, Alaina was surprised at the breeze that pushed up between her legs and under her skirt. Her pussy dripped and she had a hard time sitting still. As Gray turned the Jeep onto the highway heading north, Alaina closed her legs and tried to tuck her skirt down around her thighs.

“No, darlin’. Don’t do that. Open your legs. Let the wind caress you.” He laid a hand on her left thigh and pulled it toward him until her legs were wide apart

and her skirt barely covered her sex. He kept his hand there, running slowly up and down the inside of her thigh. His pinkie brushed her open, wet nether lips, sending her lust higher, but he moved away before she could peak.

“Gray, I’m...” Alaina broke off, unable to admit she was on the verge of flaming out.

“Horny?”

“God, yes.”

Looking over at her with eyes that glowed silver he smiled. “Touch yourself. Take yourself to paradise.”

Alaina paused, not sure if she could do as he requested. Yes, she had masturbated, using fingers and the variety of imitation cocks she’d collected. But she’d always been alone. No other man she’d been involved with had ever made such a request. And she certainly had never done it in a moving car while exposed to the world.

“I can’t,” she whispered, tears of frustration filling her eyes. She was close and he denied her that touch to push her over the cliff.

“Why is your first response to any challenge I can’t? You are a beautiful woman and you can do anything you set your mind to. Now say I can.” Alaina saw the bulge in Gray’s lap grow as he eyed her skirt pushed up high on her thighs. She squirmed and arched under his dark stare, feeling hot and horny and exposed.

Her hands clenched in her lap. "I can."

"Again."

"I can." She spoke in a normal tone, but the confidence wasn't behind the words.

"Louder."

"I can." She was a bit louder this time, with more feeling behind it.

"I can't hear you."

"I can," she screamed.

"Okay, now do it."

Looking at him, Alaina uncurled both hands. Lifting them to her chest, she took hold of her tits and massaged them through the silk camisole. Taking her nipples between thumb and fingertips, she plucked at them.

Her hips continued shifting, fucking air, her right hand trailed down her body until it reached the apex of her thighs. She faltered, but continued when Gray looked away from the road to her and nodded.

Her forefinger slid between her lips. As soon as it circled the knot of skin and nerves that is the birthplace of all orgasms, Alaina felt her entire body tense in preparation. Her finger pressed and circled and mauled an orgasm out until every nerve cell in her clenched with fulfillment. She screamed as her body convulsed with pleasure.

It took a long few minutes for her to recover enough to open her eyes and look up at Gray.

“See, I knew you could do it,” he said with a wide smile.

“Mmmm,” she responded, collapsing back against her seat and closing her eyes to recover.

Chapter Six

“Alaina, sweets, you need to pull your skirt down,” was the next thing she heard. Opening her eyes, she looked around and found they were slowing down for a traffic light. They had arrived at the edge of Greenville and were at a stoplight on a five-lane road.

Alaina tried to discreetly pull her skirt down, but her movement caught the eye of a woman in the sedan next to them. She stared in wide-eyed amazement as Alaina lifted her butt from the seat and slid her skirt down. Thankfully the light turned green and Gray drove away before the woman could roll her window down and say anything.

Gray drove to the large Colonial Mall and parked in the first spot he came to. After helping her from the car, he laced their fingers together and they headed for the mall.

“Gray?”

“Yes, darlin’?”

“I need to visit the restroom and clean up.”

“Not yet. I like the idea that you’re shopping for slut clothes while your body is still wet with your juices.” He released her hand to open the door, then ran

his hand up the back of her leg and under her skirt to pat her butt when she passed him.

“Gray! Behave!” She turned to scold him.

“Now what’s the fun in that?” He pulled her in to his chest, lowered his head, and kissed her until the fight drained out of her. Only then did he release her, wrap one arm around her shoulders, and turn her toward the clothing stores.

Three hours later, Alaina carried yet another armload of clothes toward yet another changing room. She had never enjoyed shopping, but Gray made it fun. Especially when he slipped into the dressing room with her and watched her change. At the first store he returned her G-string panties to her. With every clothing change, he caressed and fondled and drove her lust higher and higher.

She tortured him right back, shimmying her full breasts in his face and wiggling her butt as she pulled on slacks or jeans. She also brushed against him, cupping her hand over his distended zipper at every opportunity. She knew by his strained expression as he slipped into the changing room with her that his restraint had reached its limit.

He waited until she’d tried on all the clothes and they’d decided to keep two suits for work, and a shirt and flirty black summer dress that showed just enough skin to make Gray’s eyes glow. When she finished and reached for her denim skirt, he stopped her.

“Come here.”

She swaggered across the three steps that separated her from where he sat in the corner. He helped her kneel between his splayed thighs. Lowering his face, he groaned and kissed her like a man on the edge.

“I thought I could hold it together, but you are just so damn sexy. I need you now!” His words were hoarse against the side of her neck as his hands caressed her body down to cup the cheeks of her butt left bare by the thong.

When he tried to lift her into his lap, she leaned back, effectively breaking his hold. Then she reached for the waistband of his shorts. With a flick of her wrist on the button and a quick tug on the zipper, she slid her hands under both shorts and boxer waistbands. When he raised his hips to help, she eased them down to his ankles. At the same time he stripped off his shirt and dropped it to the floor. She slowly traced her way up the inside of his legs from calves to knees to thighs. The closer she got to his straining manhood, the slower she moved, until she stopped an inch from her goal.

“Oh baby, touch me,” he urged, his voice whisper sharp and tight as a bowstring.

Alaina smiled as she looked up past his long, thick cock to his clenching jaw and bright eyes. “Touch yourself. Take yourself to paradise,” she whispered just before leaning in and licking him from balls to the tip of his shaft. Tempted to pull

away when she reached the deep red head, the taste of musky, salty precum enticed her too much. “Never mind. I’m too hungry.”

Parting her lips fully she took him, sucking him deep inside her warm, wet mouth. As he filled her, one hand reached out to thread fingers through her hair. The other reached for her chest and played with a taut and needy nipple.

He didn’t force her or attempt to stop her, he just held on. Alaina took him deeper and deeper and smiled when she felt him jump and twitch as she bathed him. She felt his pulse against her tongue, fast and strong. At that moment, she knew she loved him. And that knowledge made her want to please him even more, even as her own orgasm billowed up.

She worked her mouth up and down his shaft faster and faster, sucking and swallowing, determined to drive him wild.

“Baby, let go. I’m going to come.” Gray dropped his hand to her shoulder, but she wouldn’t release him. Feeling him tighten up in her mouth at the same time her body clenched was too much. She increased her suction and took him even deeper, her nose brushing his belly.

A moment later, just as she felt the first spurts of his juices enter her throat, she touched one finger to her clit and leapt over the edge with him. Gray cried out as his hips surged and his seed continued to pulse down her throat.

Once he collapsed back into the chair, Alaina licked him clean before rising with a saucy smile, “Feel better?”

He groaned as he pulled her down onto his lap and kissed her. “God that was amazing. I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

She shook her head as she rubbed her silk clad body against his bare chest. “Are we finished shopping yet? I think you’ve bought me more clothes today than my entire wardrobe had before...”

He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her closer. “I want to buy you some more pretty panties.” He ran one hand down her body before one hand cupped between her sticky thighs.

“Why?”

Before he could answer, a sharp knock interrupted them. “Miss? Are you all right?”

Alaina looked at Gray with wide eyes before smiling. “Um, yes, I’m fine thank you.”

“You’ve been in there a long time.” The voice sounded skeptical.

“Yes, well, I’ll be out in a few more minutes.” Alaina stood and reached for her skirt as Gray redressed.

The sales clerk frowned when she saw Gray follow Alaina from the changing room, but the sale seemed to appease her and she didn't scold them about their nearly public sexcapades.

"Are you sure you don't want to buy new panties?" Gray asked as they walked past the Victoria's Secret shop on their way to the parking lot.

"Yes, I'm sure. I want to go home, take a bath and spend the rest of the weekend naked with my favorite Marine," she purred, leaning to brush a kiss on his cheek.

"Yes, ma'am."

Chapter Seven

Alaina woke Tuesday morning with a contented sigh as warm, hard fingers gently massaged her breast. She moaned when the hand moved to the other as he began to lay a trail of kisses down her shoulder to her neck. She angled her head to give him access as he kissed and licked his way to her ear.

“How about we just stay here and enjoy each other for about a month?” Gray’s sleep deepened voice sent shivers of renewed lust through her.

How could she still need him? They’d not been more than two rooms apart since Friday and she’d orgasmed so many times she’d lost count. They should be exhausted or sated or dead, but she felt her cunt dripping juice at just his touch. She also felt Gray’s shaft stirring to life as it pressed against her ass.

“Mmmm, that would be wonderful, but I have to go to work today.” She opened her eyes and stared at the digital clock on the nightstand, “In an hour.” Thought left her as Gray’s wandering hand eased down her body to slide between her sex slicked thighs.

She rolled to her back, spread her legs, and urged him over her all in one motion. He slid deep within her and she could feel fireworks igniting as she lifted her legs to wrap around his back. “Oh God,” she moaned as he pulled slowly from

her core. “Faster. Harder. Please!” she begged, lifting her hips in counterpoint to his thrusting.

It only took a dozen strokes for her to peak. He gentled the pace, but continued, reaching down and stroking her clit until she climbed again. This time he went over the edge with her, their cries harmonizing in the early morning.

He rolled them, still connected, so they lay facing one another as they came down from the clouds. “You are so beautiful. I am so glad I found you,” he whispered as he gently tucked a strand of hair behind her cheek. “I’ve been looking for you for so long.”

Eyes closed, Alaina heard him and her heart clenched, but she didn’t respond. No one ever called her beautiful and for just a moment she doubted his sincerity. His words triggered an earthquake in her psyche, causing her to question everything she knew about herself and about him. Knowing she would cry if she stayed here, she gently eased away and rolled from the bed. “I have to get ready for work.”

As she crossed the room, the first tears fell and burned her skin. She picked up her pace to the large bathroom.

“Alaina? Baby, what’s wrong?” Gray rose and followed her into the bathroom.

“Nothing,” she said as she climbed into the tub and turned on the water. She didn’t wait for it to heat up before flipping on the shower and squeaked in surprise when ice-cold water drenched her.

Gray surprised her when he climbed into the tub. When she tried to keep her back to him, he took her shoulders and forced her to face him. He frowned when he saw her stricken expression. “Alaina, what’s happened? What did I say? Talk to me, baby.”

“I’m not beautiful. I’m not special. I’m not anything. Just a woman who wears frumpy clothes in public and runs around naked at home, who doesn’t have enough backbone to quit the job she hates because she’s afraid of her father. I’m just a giant spineless chicken.” With those admissions, the last of the strong façade Alaina tried to show the world failed and she began to sob.



Gray pulled her into his chest, forcing her to lean against him as she let out all the hurt. As she released all the pus-filled emotion she’d lived with for so long, he swore silently that he would do anything to make her happy. He’d fallen in love with her while spying on her through his telescope, and knew that this was the woman he would spend the rest of his life with.

“Oh baby, don’t cry. It’s going to be all right, I promise. You ARE beautiful. You ARE special. I’m just sorry no one else sees that. Actually I’m not because I

like the fact that you're mine. I'm not going anywhere. I'm not letting you go," he murmured as he rubbed her back and tried to console her.

It took awhile before Alaina stopped crying. Eventually she calmed and stood in his embrace with her arms wrapped around his waist. He felt shudders go through her as she recovered, her forehead resting against the center of his chest.

"Gray?"

"Yes, baby?"

She sighed and nestled even closer into his chest. "Nothing, just Gray."

"Okay, sweets."



She felt him kiss the top of her head before he slowly eased back and reached for the soap and washcloth. He washed her gently, but effectively and then wiped the cloth over himself. It wasn't a shower like the one they'd shared Saturday where he'd ended up sitting in the tub with her riding his cock like a piston. This gentle time of caring confused her, but she didn't question it.

She let him bathe her and then dry her and even allowed him to choose her clothes: a pink bustier under a pink chemise with a lacy pink G-string under her new gray suit. The jacket showed off her curves and the skirt ended mid thigh, showing off her well formed legs. When he saw her pull out black ballet slippers he made a face. "Tonight we'll go shopping for shoes. That sexy outfit needs heels."

With a smile Alaina reached into the back of the closet and pulled out a shoe box. “Like these?” Opening the top she slipped on black pumps. The heel was tall enough to look sexy, but not so high that she wouldn’t be comfortable wearing them all day.

“Oh, yeah, darlin’. Exactly like that.” He stepped closer and kissed her lightly, but stepped back before lust carried them away.

Twenty minutes later, after coffee and toast for breakfast, Alaina paused at the front door. “I’m scared, Gray. How can I go out there looking like this?”

Gray laid his hands on her shoulders and looked deep into her green eyes. “You are beautiful and sexy and strong and smart. And I love you. Now go out there and show the world what you’ve been hiding behind these closed doors all this time.”

Chapter Eight

Gray's declaration of love still echoed through her when Alaina walked into the office, five minutes late. For someone always fifteen minutes early for work, this was a momentous occasion.

"You're late," her father called from his office.

"Sorry," she called back as she turned on the computer, turned off the answering machine, and prepared for the day.

"Bring me my schedule for the week and Hep Anderson's file."

Alaina also picked up several letters left over from Friday that needed his signature before she could mail them and a pad to take notes on. With everything piled together, she walked in. After sliding the file he'd requested and his schedule in front of him, she took her customary seat across the desk from her father, carefully balancing the pad and letters on her knees while wondering if she could cross her legs without exposing anything.

"What the hell are you wearing?" Her father slammed down the phone and glared at her.

"A suit. I bought it this weekend."

“It’s too short. Take it back. And put on a proper shirt. I can see your underwear,” he ordered as he opened the file and began to flip through the papers inside.

“No.” Gray’s reassurances echoed through her thoughts, giving her the courage to do what she should have done ten years before.

“Excuse me?” He looked up and scowled at her.

“This is a perfectly acceptable suit and I’m not going to take it back. I’m a licensed CFP, Dad.”

Her father glared at her for another moment, then looked down at the paperwork before him. “Get out of my office and don’t come back until you’re dressed appropriately.”

“Are you firing me?” She stood and placed the paperwork she held on the corner of his desk.

“If that’s what it takes. You are a member of...”

“Yes, I know, a member of one of the most respected families in New Bern and as such am held to a higher standard. Guess what, Dad. I don’t care. I’ve worked here because that’s what you wanted. I dressed the way I did because you wanted it. Well, I’m sorry Dad, but I’m tired of trying to make you happy, because no matter what I do, it’s never good enough. Goodbye, Dad.”

Before he could respond she turned and walked out of his office. After retrieving her purse from her desk, she left. Her heart pounded, though she wasn't sure whether with excitement or fear. She'd done it. She'd quit her job.

She climbed in her car and drove away without a backward glance. She made it home, though she had no recollection of the drive. After turning off the car she sat and then the shaking started. She'd done it. She'd quit her job. What would she do now?

"Oh my God," she whispered as her door opened.

"Alaina?" Gray knelt beside her and touched her face. His fingers felt so warm against her skin.

"Oh my God," she repeated.

"What happened? You've only been gone twenty minutes. Are you all right?"

She blinked and turned her head to look in his eyes. Those silver eyes she'd dreamt about. Those silver eyes that could turn her on with a glance. "Gray, I love you."

"I love you, too, baby."

Alaina unhooked her seatbelt and climbed from the car, forcing Gray to straighten and step back. Looking up at him she smiled. "My father hated the suit and told me to change into my old clothes. I said no. He threatened to fire me..."

When she didn't say anything further, Gray took one of her hands into his own and lifted it to brush a kiss over its back. "And?"

"I told him I liked my new suit, hated my job, and quit. What am I going to do now?"

Gray smiled at the note of amazement in her voice. "Why don't we go inside, take off our clothes, and talk about it? I'm sure that together we can think of something."

Alaina laughed at his comically overdone leer and then turned toward the house. "That sounds like a very good idea. If nothing else, I can always go to work for one of the other agencies in town."

"No way." Gray opened the front door for her then followed her inside, closing and locking the door behind them. "From now on you're only doing things you love."

"Like loving you?"

"Yeah, like loving me." He swept her up in his arms and carried her to her bedroom, where they celebrated her newfound freedom.

The End

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Author Bio

Cooper McKenzie always thought she had been born a hundred years too late, but has come to appreciate air conditioning, computers and other conveniences of modern day living. She enjoys the slower pace of New Bern, North Carolina as well as the history and small town community found there. In addition to dreaming up her next story, Cooper enjoys reading everything from children's books to vampire romance, singing in her church choir and needle-weaving. She loves to hear from her readers at copermckenzie@ymail.com

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