



Cooper McKenzie

PUSHING
BOUNDARIES

Red Rose Publishing

Pushing Boundaries

By

Cooper McKenzie

Sequel to Behind Closed Doors

Dedication

To my talk Buddy

Thanks for pushing my boundaries!



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The Mozart ring tone on her cell phone pulled Alaina Rowen from sleep just as the alarm beeped. She rolled over and turned it off before picking up the small pink cell phone Gray had given her just before he'd left town for a week of meetings in Quantico, Virginia.

She didn't bother to check the display. She just flipped it open and brought it to her ear. Only one person had the number—Gray Woolphe, Marine Corps pilot, Cherokee healer and her man. "Good morning, Gray."

"Are you naked?"

The dark sexy voice, more than the question, sent a shiver of lust through her. At once her nipples beaded and juices pooled between her lower lips.

"Not totally," she whispered.

"Why not?"

"My boyfriend's out of town and I get cold without him sleeping all curled up next to me."

She smiled at his groan at the other end of the line. Gray had only been gone for three days, but these phone calls were becoming torture. Sex talk to start and end each day made her both love him and miss him more. She couldn't wait until Friday night when he returned home.

"What are you wearing?"

“A black thong and the black *Pirate Wench* tank top my super-hunk boyfriend bought me at the beach last weekend.” Hearing another groan Alaina’s hunger began to spiral. She slid her free hand across her chest to tweak her stone hard nipples through the tank top. It amazed her how Gray could make her nearly orgasmic just by talking to her. “What are you wearing?” she asked though she knew the answer.

“A smile and a hard-on that could pound nails through concrete.” His dark, deep voice gave her such a visual she couldn’t help but slide her hand down her body from her tit to rub between her puffy lower lips.

“Sounds painful. Stroke it for me.”

“Strip first.”

Dropping the phone to the pillow, she pushed off the thong, stripped off the tank and threw both scraps of cloth toward the hamper. Neither made it though at that moment she couldn’t care less. Picking the phone up as she laid back she whispered, “I’m naked.”

“Are you wet?” Gray’s voice deepened until it rumbled from his chest.

Alaina hesitated. She’d come a long way in the month since Gray had roared across the river into her life on her thirtieth birthday, but without his silver eyes gazing at her, she found herself backsliding into the repressed woman she’d been before. The woman who hid all of her sexuality under ankle length skirts and

Southern propriety when in public, concealing her wanton side behind the closed doors of her historic New Bern, North Carolina home.

“Touch yourself, sweetheart. Tell me how your cunt feels.” Gray’s voice softened, yet his words were a directive she would not, could not, fight. Since that first day her body had been his and he controlled her, body and soul. His dominant personality fit her more submissive one perfectly. In the weeks they’d been together he’d brought out her inner sex goddess.

Running one hand down her body, Alaina traced her lower lips then slid two fingers into her wet, open entrance.

“Talk to me, baby. How does your pretty pussy feel?”

“Hot, wet. I wish you were here to fill me up. I miss you so much.”

“I miss you too, baby, but it’s only another couple of days. I’ll be home the day after tomorrow and we’ll play all weekend.”

“Can’t wait,” Alaina murmured.

“Is your birthday toy nearby?”

“Uh huh.”

Alaina opened the nightstand and pulled out the neon green vibrator. It was this little sex toy that had brought them together in the first place. This had been her birthday present to herself and though it would always hold a special place in her heart, she had not used it since that afternoon. She hadn’t needed to. Gray had

been around to fulfill all her sexual fantasies and push the boundaries of her experiences.

“Slide it in, but don’t turn it on.”

She smiled as she thrust the imitation phallus deep into her wide open cunt.

“Mmmm, Gray....”

“Feel good?”

“Uh huh.”

“Okay baby, stay with me. Move it in and out slowly. In. Out. In. Out.” His voice growled in her ear and she kept time with him.

“Oh Gray, that feels so good, but I need it faster.”

In seconds she began to speed up, lust taking over the rhythm and dictating her pace. Gray’s groan told her that he was close as well. Her hand moved faster and faster until Alaina felt her orgasm gathering.

“I need, I’m going, oh God, Gray!” She didn’t wait for him. Slamming the vibrator deep into her body once, twice and then again, she screamed as completion rolled over her like an avalanche. Tears she hadn’t been aware of began to fall.



Gray’s hand tightened around his granite hard cock as it traveled the length once more. As Alaina cried out her completion in his ear, pearly white fluid

erupted from the slit of his cock, covering his hand and belly. Taking several deep breaths his heart squeezed when Alaina's crying penetrated the sexual haze that fogged his brain.

"Shhh, baby. I'll be home as soon as I can." He murmured in a gentle, satisfied tone. "Your cries are so sexy when you come. It makes me explode every time."

She calmed as he continued to talk. He wished he could be there, to wrap himself around her, lay with her skin to skin, just breathe her in and be. But duty called and as a Marine he had to answer.

Since meeting Alaina, his focus, his desire for his future, had shifted. She had become so important to him in such a short period of time. He now understood how during times of war people could meet and marry within days then remain happily together for the rest of their lives.

He wanted that kind of future with Alaina, but she still had so many boundaries around her that needed to be expanded or taken down all together. He was just the man for the job and today it was time to expand another one.

"What are your plans for today, sweetheart?"

"I'm going to work on the quilt for Mrs. Jennings. I finished cutting everything out yesterday and today I'm going to start sewing. Why?"

"In the nightstand by the bed in my suite there is a present for you. I want

you to wear it until I call tonight. Will you do that for me?” Gray’s cock began to harden again at the thought of Alaina spending the day wearing his present.

“Okay, sure.”

“And wear that pirate top and those red panties that hug your butt, but nothing else with it.”

“Yes, Gray.”

“I love you.”

“Love you, too, Gray. Talk to you tonight?”

“You know it baby. Oh and Alaina?”

“Yes, Gray?”

“You are not allowed to come until we talk.”



After hanging up, Alaina climbed out of bed and pulled on the pirate tank top. She was tempted to stay in bed and play, but that would only frustrate her. Since coming into her life, Gray had become an integral part of her orgasms and she found that she didn’t want to come without him there, even if it was just listening on the other end of a phone call.

Opening her underwear drawer she found the crimson boy shorts he liked so much. Spending the entire day wearing only her underwear was new to her. Until Gray had entered her life she’d worked in her father’s insurance office as his

assistant and office manager. She was a certified financial planner, but her father still thought she was eighteen and barely capable of running the copy machine.

He'd demanded she wear demure ankle length skirts and tops that covered her fully, and in no way hinted at the sexual being beneath. Even on her days off if she had to leave the house she would dress to cover herself from neckline to ankles. Her father had raised her to be a proper daughter of the Old South, no matter how much she hated it.

She'd been miserable as she tried to live up to the image of a proper Southern woman of impeccable breeding from one of the oldest families in New Bern. At least in public. In private she stripped down and wore as little as she could get away with, which was what brought Gray into her life.

The first weekend they'd been together, Gray had taken her shopping and made her over.

Nowadays she wore short flirty skirts and form fitting tops or dresses that showed off the sexy woman she was. In the house she and Gray wore as little as possible. Panties and chemise were too many clothes. Gray preferred she wear one or the other though his favorite outfit was when she wore a ribbon in her hair and a smile.

Pulling on the boy shorts, she felt well covered. She might even be tempted to step outside the front door and get the mail from the mailbox, but only after

checking to see the coast was clear.

Padding from her bedroom, she headed to the suite of rooms he insisted on renting though he spent every night he was home in her bed. She opened the drawer of the nightstand and paused. It was empty except for her present that was tied up with a yellow ribbon.

“Oh Gray,” she whispered. “I don’t know if I can do this without you.”

Picking up the small purple butt plug tied up with a tube of lubricant, Alaina carried them back to her room. She grabbed the cell phone from her nightstand, scrolling through the numbers he’d programmed in until she found his cell. Hitting send, she waited, hoping to get the man and not just his voice mail.

“Do you like it?” he asked as soon as he came on the line.

“It’s a pretty purple.”

“Did you put it in already?”

Alaina remained silent, tears filling her eyes. “I’m afraid. Can’t we wait and do this when you come home?”

“Oh sweetheart, don’t be afraid. You can do this. I want you to wear it today for me. Remember you said you’d do anything I wanted so we can expand your horizons and push your boundaries.”

“Yes.” Alaina untied the ribbon and picked up the plug. It seemed to grow as she held it.

“Now, what do you say?”

“I can do this.”

“What?”

“I CAN do this.”

“That’s my girl. Now talk to me. Tell me what you’re doing. Tell me how it feels.” Gray’s voice deepened, growing harsh.

“I’m holding the plug. It seems a lot bigger than it did a minute ago. I’m not sure it will fit.” Alaina opened the lube and spread some over the tip of the plug.

“It was the smallest one I could find. When I get home you’ll wear a bigger one and a bigger one after that. Soon I’m going to slide my hard cock into your sweet ass and take us both to heaven.”

Alaina began breathing high in her chest as she spread lube down over the sides of the plug. She’d read articles about how to use a butt plug and there was always an emphasis on using plenty of lubricant.

“I’ve got it lubed, Gray.”

“Take off your panties and kneel on the bed. Spread that sexy ass and smear some of that lube around your sweet rosebud,” Gray growled in her ear.

Alaina dropped the boy shorts. Hitting the loudspeaker on the cell, she laid it on the bed and then knelt, spreading her legs wide. She bent forward and reached behind her. Using one hand to part the cheeks of her ass she spread the

rest of the lube from her fingers around her tiny hole. Then she picked up the plug and positioned it.

“Alaina? Sweetheart? Talk to me.”

“I’m kneeling on the bed. I’m pushing it, oh Gray. Oh God, it’s not going to fit.”

“Keep pushing, baby. I know it burns, but push it all the way in.” Gray’s growl turned to a harsh grumble.

This was the voice that dominated, the voice pushed her to do and try things that were beyond her realm of experience. The voice that sent shivers through her and made her cunt drip just by asking her to be daring.

This task pushed her boundaries the farthest yet. Her breathing fast and shallow, Alaina pushed the plug harder. Closing her eyes, she moaned as the thickest part of the plug passed through the tight rings of muscle. A moment later the base nestled against her rosette and the plug was in place.

“It’s in, Gray. I did it.” She panted. Sweat coated her body, but she’d done it.

“How does it feel?”

“It burns a little and I’m getting horny. Can I come again?”

“No, baby. No coming until tonight. Then we’ll come together, I promise.”

Gray chuckled in her ear. “Now get up off the bed and put your panties back on. I’ll talk to you tonight.”

“If I live that long,” Alaina muttered after he’d already hung up.

She slowly straightened from the bed then reached for her panties. The burning in her ass eased, but the full, naughty, sexy sensation remained with her as she pulled them on and made the bed. By the time she headed downstairs for breakfast, her panties were soaked.

It was going to be a long day.



Gray turned off his phone and glanced at his watch. Did he have enough time? Not really, but it would only take a few minutes. He headed to the bathroom unzipping his uniform trousers and pushed his boxers out of the way. Fisting his cock, he stopped and stared hard at himself in the mirror.

He’d gained a few needed pounds since returning from Iraq the month before, but was still a lean, mean Marine green machine. Black hair was cut regulation short. His silver eyes glowed with his arousal, even in the too bright light of the white bathroom. Skin pulled tight, his expression strained from being away from Alaina and her delectable body. Phone sex was fine, but he needed to feel her arms around him, her soft skin rubbing against his as they shared their love for one another.

How could he get himself off while denying her pleasure?

“You can’t do this. She’s going to be horny and uncomfortable all day. Suck

it up, get yourself under control and get your ass to work. The faster you finish up here, the sooner you can go home and be with your woman.”

It took several deep breaths and plunging his rock hard shaft into a sink full of icy cold water to calm it enough to zip his trousers without fear of ripping the zipper apart.



By the time the sun went down, Alaina could barely walk. Wearing the plug shot her focus to hell. All she could think about was her lust.

Sitting to sew Mrs. Jennings' quilt pressed the plug deeper into her ass. Every time she moved, the plug shifted and sent arrows of electric need through her entire body. Five minutes after sitting down, Alaina rose again, panting and straining to control her body's reactions. She'd taken three cold showers then eaten every bite of chocolate in the house. Her tits were so hard that her nipples hurt and her thighs had remained wet nearly all day.

Even getting the mail was not as much of a challenge as she thought it might be. The clouds that had hung low all day opened up just before she stepped outside the front door. No one was in sight to catch her wearing only her sexy little bits out in public.

After a lonely dinner of chicken salad and steamed vegetables, Alaina locked up the house and retreated to her suite on the second floor. She tried to read, but

the erotic romance she'd started before Gray left just reminded her of her own situation. She flipped through channels on television, but nothing held her attention for more than a few seconds.

Finally she couldn't stand the sexual frustration any longer. She stripped off her wet panties and the pirate tank, and headed to the shower. Turning on the warm water, she adjusted the shower massage and then directed the pulsating stream of warm water to the aching bundle of nerves at the apex of her thighs.

She had never outright defied Gray in his dominant games before, but there was no way she could wait until he called. She needed relief NOW.

At the first touch of warm water against her clit, she flew. Every muscle in her body tightened and she screamed even as she doubled over in ecstasy.

As soon as the first orgasm retreated, she reached between her legs with her free hand and removed the plug. The empty feeling left behind made her hungry for more so she slid two fingers into her cunt.

It took three orgasms before her body and mind relaxed enough to think past the lust. By then the shower grew cold. After cleaning the plug she climbed from the shower and dried off, feeling almost as good as she had the afternoon Gray had left for his trip after having sex in almost every room of the house. Naked, she crawled into bed and closed her eyes, hoping to rest a little before Gray's call.

He would be disappointed when she told him what she'd done, but she had pushed her boundaries enough for one day. She only hoped he understood.

Reaching for his pillow, she curled around it and slept.



It surprised Gray to find the house dark when he parked his Jeep behind Alaina's sedan. They normally didn't go to bed for another hour. Had something happened to Alaina?

He let himself in with his key, locked the door behind him and then carried his suitcase to his suite. After unpacking and hanging up his uniforms, he stripped off his clothes and padded down the hall to find his woman.

Gray couldn't wait any longer. He had to have her, had to ease the erection that had been with him all day and was growing painfully sore.

Pausing in the doorway of her bedroom he smiled. Alaina slept curled up on her side with the covers pulled to her chin. She looked so peaceful and relaxed. But how could she be? How could she sleep with the plug still inside her?

Stepping into the bathroom for a towel in preparation for what was to come, he found his answer. The small purple plug lay on the counter by the sink, the tube of lube next to it.

His smile faded as he took a hand towel down from the drying rack. She'd worn it, but for how long? Just until she'd hung up the phone? Or longer? His cock

jerked at the thought of how he could punish his sweet Alaina for disobeying him.

He never wanted to hurt her, to cause her pain. That wasn't his scene, but as a dominating alpha male Marine Corps pilot, he had to be in control. With Alaina, that control came with the understanding that she could always say no, but she would at least try things his way.

Carrying the plug and lube as well as the small towel, he headed to bed. It was time to rouse his sweet baby for his welcome home party.



She woke to the feeling of warm hands tracing patterns across the bare skin of her shoulders. Taking a breath, she smiled.

“Gray,” she breathed.

“Hello, baby. Were you a good girl today?” Gray breathed in her ear as he curled closer around her back.

“What are you doing here? You’re not supposed to be home until tomorrow night.”

Alaina shifted back to press against him. She reached an arm behind her to wrap around his waist, hugging him as best she could. She’d missed him so much.

“We finished up this afternoon so I hurried home to my sweet baby.” She relaxed as he wrapped his arms around her, cupping breasts and brushing his thumbs over her nipples. His lips kissed their way from shoulder to earlobe. “Were

you good today? How's that plug feel in your sweet ass?"

Relaxed muscles stiffened as she remembered. She wasn't wearing the plug. She'd taken it out and then brought herself off three times before falling asleep. How would Gray take that news? She'd never openly defied him before.

"It felt strange. Good, but different. It distracted me so much I couldn't do anything today because I was so horny."

"Mmmm, that good, huh?" Gray nibbled on her ear, tracing the curve with his tongue.

"It was good for awhile, but then it got to be too much. I couldn't think. I couldn't read. I couldn't even sew on Mrs. Jennings' quilt. I'm sorry, Gray, I had to take it out. Please don't hate me."

Her tears surprised her as she pushed out of his embrace. She curled into a tighter ball, pulled her legs into her chest and wrapped her arms around them.

"Shhh, sweetheart, it's okay. I could never hate you. I love you too much. I just wish you'd called me so we could talk about it, but it's all right."

She heard him, but his gentle tone only made her misery worse. He shifted behind her, pulling her to lay on her back, then loosened her hold on her legs and straightened her body out to lay full against his.

"Shhh, baby, stop crying. You're going to make yourself sick." He rubbed one palm from tits to clit and back again in a gentle soothing circle. "I should have

known it would be too much. I'm sorry, baby." He kissed away her tears and gently soothed her until she stopped crying and lay quiet under his ministrations.

"I am sorry, Gray. I thought I could do it."

"When did you take it out?"

Alaina turned her head to look at the clock on the nightstand before turning back. "About two hours ago. I also came three times in the shower once I took it out," she admitted in a guilty whisper.



Gray stared at his woman, stunned by her answer. She'd left the plug in all day and hadn't just placated him this morning. She'd really done what he asked of her, putting in his gift and keeping it in all day. That knowledge sent another pulse of arousal to his shaft, sending his lust level to a new, painful height.

"Baby, you did well by keeping it in that long. I'm so proud of you. My cock is about to explode. I need to feel your mouth on me. Suck my cock, baby."

He watched with growing excitement as she traced her hands down his muscled chest and eight pack abs to the wet tip of his cock.

"Oh my, you are big and hard, aren't you? Does it hurt?" She moved lower on the bed as her hands traced his length, then his aching, tight balls. "Was it the thought of me wearing that plug? Or what you're going to do to me after my ass is all stretched and ready for you?"

“Baby, please.” Gray pleaded through gritted teeth. His hips began thrusting, pushing his cock toward her mouth.

“Okay, darling. Give it to me. Come for me.” She opened her mouth over his cock, swirling her tongue over the head once before closing her lips and sliding him deep into her mouth.

Gray closed his eyes and threaded his fingers through her hair. “Oh God, baby, I’m coming NOW.” His hips lifted only once more before his seed exploded from him.



Alaina eagerly swallowed his life juices then licked his cock clean. Once she was done, she kissed his tip before sliding back up the bed. “Feel better?”

“Not hardly, but at least now I can take my time loving you without fear of my head blowing off.”

She gasped, but didn’t protest when he rolled her under him and settled between her legs. As he began worshiping her breasts with his mouth and hands, she reached for the decorative box on the nightstand. It was a little metal box that held a healthy supply of condoms. She’d had the box forever, but only recently found the perfect use for it. Flipping the top off with her thumb, she grabbed a condom and opened the plastic package. She shifted against Gray so she could reach down his body and slide the latex sheath over his still hard cock.

“Mmmm, you feel so good,” he murmured as he kissed her neck and shoulders. He rubbed his cock up and down between her thighs. The blunt tip traced between her legs and up between her lower lips.

“Gray, please.”

“Please what?”

“Please fuck me.” Alaina whispered though she was tempted to scream her demand. When she realized what she’d said, her face flamed and her eyes widened as they met his. She never used such crude terminology before.

Gray’s head came up and he stared at her for a long few seconds before nodding. Without another word he shifted over her fully and plunged his entire length into her hot, wet core.

Alaina cried out in wonder at the heat and size, and how good he felt as he pressed against her cervix.

When he pulled nearly all the way out again, she whimpered in protest.

“Don’t worry, baby. I’m not going anywhere.” He slammed home again then began a fast pace, thrusting deep and hard.

Alaina loved it.

She quickly spiraled out of control as she met every thrust. In minutes she screamed her release and heard Gray’s roar harmonize with it as he followed her over the edge into bliss.

After dealing with the condom, they lay curled together in the bed, fully relaxed for the first time in days.

“I missed you.” Her words were soft and slurred, but she knew he heard them when the arm holding her close to his side tightened.

She barely heard him murmur, “Maybe next time you can come with me. Tomorrow we’ll deal with your misbehaving.”



Alaina woke the next morning with a smile that encompassed her entire being. Gray was home and they had three days together before he had to report back to the base. Rolling over, she found herself alone in the big bed. But the empty space next to her was still warm, so he hadn’t been gone too long.

The butt plug and lube on the nightstand drew her attention. She idly wondered if Gray had ever had such an experience. Maybe it was time to push his boundaries a little. With a mischievous grin, she rolled from the bed.

After putting on the silk robe hanging on the back of the bathroom door, she put the lube and plug in the pocket. She checked his suite, finding it empty she headed downstairs.

When she reached the bottom of the stairs she heard a thud and a crack then Gray muttering softly. She followed the sound of his voice to the kitchen door. Gray stood in the middle of the room, naked, holding two halves of a cereal

bowl in his hands.

“You okay?” She asked softly when he just stood there and studied the broken edges.

“Yeah. I set it down on the counter and it broke neatly into two pieces. I’ve never seen such a thing happen before. I’m sorry.”

“Those dishes either break neatly into two pieces or shatter into million pieces the size of sand.” Alaina crossed the room to him. “I woke up and you were gone.”

Gray tossed the broken bowl into the trash before turning and wrapping his arms around her. As he lowered his head, his hands pulled open the robe so she could feel his skin against hers. “I was going to bring you breakfast in bed.”

“I’d rather have you in bed for breakfast,” Alaina murmured against his lips.

“That can be arranged, too.” Bending his knees he slid his hands down her back to cup her ass. Then he straightened, lifting her easily.

Alaina wrapped her arms and legs around him and held on tight; amazed that even after only a few hours of sleep Gray had the strength to carry her from one end of the house to the other. When they reached her bedroom, he sat on the bed and shifted her to sit across his lap.

“Let’s take off your pretty robe. It’s just going to be in the way.”

He brushed the robe off her shoulders then lowered his head and kissed her

senseless. Before she could catch her breath, Alaina found herself laying across his thighs, ass up.

“Gray? What are you doing?”

She struggled, but he held her in position with one strong hand wrapped around her side, his arm a solid bar across her back. His other hand smoothed over the cheeks of her ass, sending prickles of lusty heat through her.

“Shhh, baby. We’re going to get your punishment out of the way first. I’m spanking you not because you took the plug out and gave yourself pleasure, but because you didn’t call me so I could share in the experience. That’s why I gave you the phone, so we can call each other anytime, anywhere and talk. Understand?”

“Yes, Gray. Ouch!”

The first pop of his hand against her left cheek surprised her more than it hurt. The second pop on her right cheek was harder and elicited a squeak of protest.

By the fourth slap she squirmed in his grip, trying to get her clit close enough to rub against Gray’s leg. A touch, any touch, to her needy slit would send her flying, but Gray held her firmly in place. Several more slaps drove her need higher and higher.

She felt his cock pressing into her side and knew he wasn’t unaffected by this interlude either.

It took a moment before she realized he'd stopped spanking her. Instead, his hot, thick fingers smoothed over her flesh, caressing her cheeks. Then he parted them and she could feel his gaze on the treasure hidden in between.

"You are so beautiful," he murmured.

One finger traced the length of her cleft, pausing to press gently against her puckered back hole before continuing on and sliding full length into her wet, open pussy. He pulled it out before sliding two in.

"Mmmm, it appears you like being over my lap."

"Gray, I need you. Please." Alaina began to struggle again, but Gray kept her where she was.

"First apologize."

"I'm sorry, Gray. Next time I'll call. I promise."

Alaina gasped when he flipped her over and cuddled her into his chest.

"That's all I'm asking. I love you, sweet baby. I never meant for you to be so aroused it was painful. Forgive me?"

At her nod and smile, he slipped a hand between her thighs. His fingers found her clit like a laser guided missile found its target. In three heartbeats she screamed as she came. As she did, she felt his hips jerk under hers and his hot, white seed spurt across her hip.

When she came back to herself, they were curled together in the middle of

the big bed.

“Gray?”

“Yes, baby?”

“Have you ever worn a butt plug before?”

“What are you thinking?”

“I was just thinking maybe it’s time to push your boundaries a little, too.”

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 coopermckenzie@ymail.com

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