



**A Soldier's Daughter**

~K. Lyn~

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# **A Soldier's Daughter**

## **Introduction**

A woman on her own, Macy is young, carefree, and ready to take on the world. Macy is also now free to feed her one burning desire. Known as the forbidden temptation, Macy's burning desire is shared by many young women who have come of age in the same part of the country as she. This forbidden temptation is Fort Riley, a United States army base, and housed within its fortress of secrets are men in uniform, men whose bodies attract young women like flames attract moths. Like many young women before her, Macy has long dreamed of being in the arms of a soldier, his strong body pressed firmly to hers, his kisses passionate, and his heart belonging only to her.

Young Macy has long been cautioned that Fort Riley is a place where only fools rush in where angels fear to tread, but to the daughter of a soldier, an army base means so much more.

## **Part One: ~Wild Child Daze~**

The city of Manhattan was about an hour's drive south of Macy Leonard's hometown. Home to a major university, Manhattan was well known for its scholars and for those young men and women in pursuit of that priceless piece of paper that would assure them a successful life, a college degree. Although the university town, with its storied college football team, was well known for its university, not much was said or known otherwise about the city of Manhattan.

To young girls such as Macy who had grown up not far from Manhattan and whose family members were proud alumni of no other university than the one located within its city limits, Manhattan offered so much more than a college education. Manhattan promised freedom from parental supervision, wild adventures yet unknown, and most importantly to Macy, this thriving university town was home to young men, lots of young men, and Macy had finally arrived.

Upon hearing the word Manhattan, in the minds of some there may appear images of skyscrapers, Broadway, episodes of Sex and the City, and the Statue of Liberty. But this is not Manhattan, New York. This is Manhattan, Kansas, proudly referred to by its citizens as the Little Apple as if that somehow connected it to the Big Apple on the East Coast, and the university within the Little Apple is Kansas State University. This university is an agricultural university, and in the minds of some it lacks the culture and prestige awarded to other universities of its magnitude. Its appeal may lie in its delicate mixture of scholarly professorial types with those who are often described as the down-to-earth folk.

Dotting the landscape that surrounds this home to higher learning is vast farmland that grows the cash crop for which Kansas is well known. Wheat is harvested every

summer following its long winter nap beneath a blanket of snow, and eventually finds its way into homes the world over in the form of breakfast cereals, breads, cakes, cookies, and so much more.

To be sure, the parent of a college bound senior could easily have visited Manhattan, Kansas, breathed in deeply, and exhaled a sigh of relief, assured that his or her daughter would be well cared for in this university town far removed from the oversized metropolises that eagerly awaited the youth of America to lure them into a less than idyllic exposure to adult life.

However, instead of a sign welcoming America's youth to the Little Apple, Macy Leonard believed that this quiet university town would have been better suited by a flashing red neon sign that read the all familiar, "Only Fools Rush in Where Angels Fear to Tread." As she thought about it, Macy realized that this was a sign perhaps better suited for the westernmost city limits of Manhattan, so that it would not be missed upon leaving the city.

This place where angels fear to tread exists a few miles west of the squeaky clean college town that is so well loved by its citizens and by its Kansas State University alumni. It is a place wherein lay a temptation which few young women, and perhaps a few young men, can resist. This place is a town of sorts, whose lures of decadence and deviance are so strong that at night it draws even the most prudish to its devilish delights. This place is Fort Riley, a United States Army base, and a very large one at that, home to the Big Red One, the 1<sup>st</sup> Infantry Division.

To a young girl, Fort Riley is home not only to an army base, but it is also home to soldiers, lots of soldiers, whose fitness demands have given these men the bodies that many young women are unaccustomed to seeing in their civilian lives. The soldiers stationed at Fort Riley are not boys such as those known to young girls like Macy. The soldiers at Fort Riley are men, with the bodies of men, and with the thoughts and desires of men. Macy couldn't wait to be swept into the arms of a soldier and dance the night away.

For a girl with raging hormones, a girl on the brink of womanhood, Fort Riley held more dangers than she was aware. And, like many young girls before her, Macy Leonard didn't care. She had to know what it was like to be with a soldier. In her mind, Macy had the perfect setup. Living in Manhattan during the daytime, she could live the life of a sweet innocent college girl, but at nightfall she could easily find a much needed outlet for the wild child inside of her. All she had to do was travel west of the city limits of Manhattan a little ways, and just west of Fort Riley was a town known very well to the soldiers who were stationed at the Big Red One.

Junction City, Kansas, had earned its well deserved nickname of "Junk Town" years ago. Prostitutes hung out on street corners, drug dealers were plentiful, and bars offering "girls, girls, girls" were everywhere. At night, Junction City was as much a city of sin as Las Vegas, Nevada.

When Macy had first moved to Manhattan, her mother had cautioned her about many things, but she had very strongly cautioned Macy about one thing in particular. In fact, Macy's mother had firmly stated to her, "You stay the hell away from those Fort Riley soldiers." Macy had no idea what the big deal was with the soldiers, but she hadn't known many, either. The soldiers she had known were soldiers who had served their country proudly in wars past, when the draft was in effect.

"But Dad was a soldier once, remember?" Macy had retorted.

"That's different and you know it, Macy. That was war time, and your father was a hometown boy."

Macy shrugged. What did she care? She had her sights set on a college boy, or she would have her sights set on a college boy in due time, that is. Right now, Macy was a long way from settling down with anyone. Macy wanted to have a good time. For the past three months she had been imagining the fun that she might have with one of the forbidden, a Fort Riley soldier.

A friend of Macy had moved to Manhattan a year ago and had bragged endlessly to Macy about her many soldier boyfriends, and that she had never been without a boyfriend since moving to Manhattan. According to Macy's friend, the soldiers were now lining up to spend time with Macy.

"I've told them all about you, Macy," she had said. Macy thought it all sounded very romantic.

Macy's parents had set her up in a two bedroom apartment on the west end of Manhattan. It wasn't a luxury apartment by any means, but it had plenty of room. Macy's parents had agreed to pay her rent for six months to give her time to find a job, and Macy had promised to take classes in the fall. But the first thing that Macy did after her mother had finally left her alone in her very first apartment was call her friend Marsha.

"You're finally here. I'm meeting Tony tonight in Junction and you have to come. Tony has told his friends all about you. They are dying to meet you, Macy."

Macy couldn't wait. "I've been ready for three months, Marsha. Let's go."

When Marsha picked Macy up, she couldn't believe how good Macy looked. "Macy, you are so thin and you're still cute."

Macy blushed.

"The guys will love you," Marsha exclaimed.

Macy was definitely cute. She looked younger than her nineteen years with her cute little figure, pretty face with sparkling blue eyes, and her long wavy blonde hair.

“I am so jealous, Macy.”

“Oh, please, Marsha. I wish I had your boobs.”

Marsha did have nice boobs. Macy had to admit that.

“Come on, Macy. The Big Red One boys await your arrival.”

Marsha giggled at Macy’s confused look. Then Macy remembered that the 1<sup>st</sup> Infantry Division was also known as the Big Red One. Marsha could make anything sound dirty.

Marsha stopped in front of a bar with a flashing neon sign that promised “girls, girls, girls.” There was a group of soldiers milling around outside. They looked nice in their casual, but definitely army issued pants, and well pressed shirts. Macy stared at the bodies of these men. Their biceps were huge compared to civilian men, their chests were broad but not freakishly broad, and Macy thought these men were perfect.

“Marsha, good to see you,” one of the soldiers said, and shook her hand.

Marsha giggled. Marsha was treated almost like a celebrity here, and Macy wanted to be just like her.

“When you get tired of Tony, you come see me, baby girl.”

The tall darker man was obviously hitting on Marsha and to Macy’s surprise, Marsha promised that she would do just that.

“Who’s your friend there, Marsha?”

Pulling Macy by the arm and nearly into the chest of a tall blonde soldier, Marsha introduced her to the group of men. “This is Macy. She just moved to Manhattan.”

The soldier put his arm around Macy and slid it down her back almost to her butt. She felt like a child when she looked up into the soldier’s face.

“Glad you came, Macy,” he said, his deep voice a definite turn-on to young Macy.

“Thanks,” she said.

“Come on, Macy. Let’s go inside.”

Macy was relieved to escape the group of soldiers that had surrounded her outside the bar, and she was surprised at her own shyness. She had never been shy around boys, but these were men and Macy felt like a dumb kid in this town of grownup gentlemen.

The bar was filled with soldiers, but Macy noticed immediately that there were very few women.

“Marsha, are we the only girls here?”

“I hope so, Macy. Then all of these gorgeous soldiers will be ours.”

Marsha had no trouble buying beer in this bar. It was well known that anyone and everyone were treated well in the bars that catered to the soldiers. Marsha handed a beer to Macy and looked around.

“This place is full, Marsha.”

“Not quite, Macy. Come on.”

Marsha made herself comfortable at a table with two soldiers and two empty chairs.

“Hey there, Marsha.”

“Hi, Bob. This is Macy.”

Macy sat down next to a gentleman named Reginald. “It’s Reggie, for short,” he said.

Macy turned to the soldier who had already taken her hand in his. Reggie had dark eyes that matched his black hair and naturally tan colored skin. Macy’s small hand seemed even smaller as Reggie held it in his much larger hand.

“You are a beautiful woman, Macy,” he said.

Macy looked down quickly. She had never been called a woman before. This man was beyond her young girl imagination of a prince. He seemed so mature. Macy thought that he had to be at least twenty-five. He had an accent that Macy could not place, but that only added to his charm. She looked up at Marsha and her mouth fell open.

“Marsha!”

“Oh, sorry, Macy.”

The soldier and Marsha had been kissing the entire time that Macy had been talking with Reggie. Macy had no idea what to say next, and the soldier's look told her clearly that he was not willing to offer an explanation. Changing the subject quickly, Marsha pointed to the stage.

"Look, Macy. That's Bunny. She's really good."

Macy was eager to look at something other than her friend's soldier's icy glare, and she turned her attention quickly to the woman on the stage. The woman known as Bunny was pretty, but not model pretty, and she wore very little in the way of clothing. She certainly knew how to work the pole.

The soldiers hooted and hollered as Bunny slithered her sexy body up and down along the pole. She was not a good dancer, but the soldiers didn't seem to mind. What the soldiers saw as they watched Bunny was a girl willing to take her clothes off for their viewing pleasure. Macy watched to see just how much Bunny was willing to take off. Shouts of "Take it off, Take it all off tonight, Bunny" could be heard throughout the bar.

When Bunny was down to her bra and thong, Macy's soldier moved closer to her and placed one muscular leg firmly against Macy's slender leg. His manly hand was on her upper arm, his fingers very close to Macy's breast. He kissed her gently on the neck, and whispered in her ear, "You would look so much better up there than Bunny." Macy was not quite sure if that was a compliment or not, so she turned to give him a smile and as she did, he boldly kissed her on the mouth, his hold on her body so firm that she could not have gotten away if she had tried. She didn't try.

Reggie kissed Macy like she had never been kissed before. Reggie kissed her like a man kisses a woman. It was nothing like the awkward kisses of teenaged boys. Macy wrapped her arms around Reggie, kissing him the way he was kissing her.

When Bunny's time on stage was over, the soldiers cheered and clapped, and Reggie stopped kissing Macy to show the proper respect to the stripper by applauding her act also. Macy glanced over at Marsha who raised her eyebrows for a quick second. Then she smiled. Marsha leaned against her soldier, and Macy turned her attention to Reggie's lips once again.

Twin dancers were on the stage now, but Macy was too wrapped up in Reggie to notice them. He had ever so gently opened the collar of Macy's shirt and slid the straps of her bra down over her shoulders. His kisses were so passionate that Macy hadn't noticed that Reggie had unbuttoned two buttons of her blouse. The warm hand on her chest and the increasing passion of Reggie's kisses had caused the desire in Macy to grow. She had had a couple of serious boyfriends in high school, but she had felt nothing with either of them that even remotely compared to what she was feeling now. Reggie was a man. It was not until she felt Reggie's fingers on the warm flesh of the top of her breasts that Macy pulled back.

The unassuming soldier seemed confused by Macy's action. "You are so beautiful, Macy," he said, in the sexy accent that Macy still could not place.

Macy glanced quickly at her friend whose blouse was nearly off, her full breasts being pulled by their hard nipples into her soldier's mouth. Marsha's head was back, and she was moaning. Macy glanced around and saw much the same at other tables and booths. She had not noticed that more women had entered the bar, but they were obviously present now.

"Not here," she whispered to Reggie.

She realized that she was in over her head when Reggie smiled, kissed her lips again, and placed his open mouth over her ear. "I have a room rented for the night. It's upstairs."

Macy was confused. Had she led this soldier on in some way? Not bothering to button Macy's blouse, the good looking soldier held Macy's hands in his and with his thumbs locked inside Macy's back pockets he led her to the side of the bar. No one noticed as he opened the door for her and the two of them walked up the long narrow staircase to a hallway of rooms. Reggie unlocked the door, but Macy pulled back. "I don't think that I can..."

Reggie stopped her doubting lips with one of his perfect kisses, but Macy stopped him.

"Not here, Reggie. I just can't."

Not giving him a chance to speak, Macy ran from the room, nearly tripping on her way down the stairs, and ran back to the table.

"Marsha," she nearly screamed.

The soldier with Marsha's nipple in his mouth looked up, and Marsha slowly opened her eyes.

"What is it?"

"I'm ready to go, Marsha."

"Well, I'm not. Here, take my keys. I can get someone to take me home tomorrow."

Macy hurried toward the door of the bar, trying to dodge the hands of the many soldiers who tried to grope her on the way out. She had just made it to the car when she felt Reggie's hand on hers.



“Where are you going, pretty Macy? The night is young.”

Nearly in tears, Macy did not look up to meet the eyes of the gorgeous soldier. “The night is over,” she stated firmly.

Reggie kissed her cheek and placed his strong arm around Macy’s trembling body. “May I see you again, Macy?”

She looked up at Reggie, her eyes stinging with tears. “What?” she asked.

“May I see you again?”

Did the man not know what he had done? Macy was confused. What had he really done that had been so awful anyway?

“I guess so,” she said.

“May I call you?”

Macy hesitated to give out her number, but the dark eyes of the gorgeous soldier broke her resistance down quickly. She pulled a pen from her purse, but she had no paper.

“Here, my pretty Macy,” Reggie said, offering his open hand.

Macy stifled a laugh, and then wrote her number on the soldier’s strong hand. He lightly kissed his hand and then kissed the tear that had made its way down Macy’s cheek. He turned toward the bar and Macy watched as he walked away, his broad strong body perfect, his butt perfect, and for a moment she pictured the two of them in bed together making passionate love to each other.

Macy drove back to Manhattan alone in Marsha’s car, wondering if Reggie would really call her again or if he had thought of her as a child. Macy slept that night, dreaming of her dark and handsome soldier.

After Macy had driven away, Reggie joined Marsha and her soldier in the bar and turned his full attention to the action on the stage. Marsha’s soldier stopped his assault on Marsha’s nipples for the short time needed to ask, “What happened?” “Got her number,” Reggie said, and then moved to the other side of the bar.

Not knowing how close Marsha and Macy might be, Reggie thought it best to choose from the many women eager to “give it up” where Marsha could not see him in action. It wasn’t long before Reggie was escorting a woman up the same staircase he had with Macy, but this time he did not return to the bar for nearly an hour.

The next morning when Macy awoke, she thought again about the nice soldier she had met. I hope he calls, she thought. When the phone rang Macy hurried to pick it up. “Hey, girl, I just got home. What happened?”

“You just got home, Marsha?”

“Yeah, that was one hot soldier.”

Macy didn’t know what else to say. She wanted to ask, “What about Tony, your boyfriend?” but she didn’t.

“So, tell me, Macy, what happened? Reggie was hot, hot, hot, and he had the major hots for you.”

“I was feeling a little sick, you know, from all the smoke, but I gave him my number.”

“Oh, that is hot, Macy. Hope he calls.” Marsha yawned, and said that she hadn’t slept yet. “I’ll pick up the car later. Nightie night.”

Macy hung up the phone and lay in bed, thinking of Reggie, and hoping that he would call her.

## **Part Two: ~A Soldier in Prince Clothing~**

When Macy finally forced herself to leave her warm bed the next day, it was nearly noon. She rummaged through her clothes, throwing most of them on the bed, and pulled out her string bikini. The apartment complex had two pools, and Macy loved to swim. A few laps would do her good. She grabbed her towel, sunglasses and sunscreen, and headed out.

There were only a couple of guys at the pool when Macy arrived, and she made herself comfortable on her towel. Macy looked good in her bikini. A petite girl, Macy stood at five feet, five inches, with a slender body, small butt and slender legs, topped off with blonde hair and blue eyes. If there was one thing that Macy wished she had more of, it was boobs. That was another reason that she had been shy about being naked with the gorgeous Reggie. His body was perfect. He probably had a thick cock, too, and if he was such a good kisser, he had to be good in bed, too, didn’t he?

Macy’s eyes immediately popped open when she felt the warm hand on her thigh very near her crotch. She looked up at the man with the short black hair, and then politely removed his hand from her leg.

Undaunted by Macy’s action, the man sat down next to Macy. “Excuse me, Miss.”

Macy waited for the man to say something more. “Yes?” she said finally, after waiting an uncomfortable amount of time for the man to utter his next words.

“I am Giorgio Rolfini.” Macy stared at him. Was this guy for real? What a name!

“Fascinating, so are you a student, a professor?”

“No, Miss, I am stationed at Fort Riley.”

“Oh, I see,” Macy replied. Then she thought of Reggie. Was Reggie his real name, or had he made it up? She had heard that the soldiers made up outlandish names and often claimed multiple home towns so that they could do as they pleased and not get caught, but this guy had gone all out. “So, Martin, did you say?”

“No, Miss, I am Giorgio Rolfini.”

At least he had a good memory, Macy thought. We’ll see if he remembers his name in about thirty minutes or so. The man did have an accent, but Macy couldn’t quite place it. It was different from Reggie’s, which she still could not place.

“Where are you from?”

“My family moved to the United States from Sicily a few years ago. They live in California.”

Macy guessed that was possible, but why was he here? “If you are from Sicily, how did you get into the army?”

“I am a citizen of your United States, and I joined your army two years ago.”

Hmm, Macy thought. I guess he could be telling the truth. He certainly was cute with his brown eyes and dark and silver hair. Macy was a sucker for dark haired men, but was the silver from aging or were those blondish highlights in his hair.

Macy looked down at the man’s body. The man was gorgeous, all of him, and the only part that Macy couldn’t see was tucked inside of his swim trunks. The warm hand that had been on Macy’s thigh was on her hand now, and the gorgeous man wasn’t nearly as aggressive as he had been earlier.

“What is your name, Miss?”

“Macy.”

“Macy, would you like a tour of Fort Riley, or have you seen it?”

Macy thought about last night. She had seen one of the bars where the soldiers loved to play, so what could be the harm in seeing where the soldiers worked? Macy had been on base when she was little, but she did not remember it. When you grew up in the area, it was only a matter of time before you encountered something about the infamous Big Red One. Her mother's words still fresh in her mind, Macy thought about it for a minute, but the man seemed so sweet and so sincere that Macy melted.

"I would love a tour," she said, and then immediately wanted to suck the words back into her mouth. He looked so handsome, though, almost regal. Macy was drawn to the man, more so than she had been drawn to Reggie last night.

"Are you available tomorrow night, Macy?"

Macy nodded.

"I will pick you up. What is your apartment number?"

Macy felt a small knot in her stomach. What if the man was a fake, and what if he was a rapist or something? Do I really want to give him my number? She had already given her phone number to one soldier. Did she want to give her apartment number to another soldier? Thinking quickly, Macy gave the man Marsha's apartment number rather than her own. She would tell him the truth in time.

Macy watched as Giorgio walked away. She waited to see what apartment he entered. At least he was for real about that, but Macy was sure that he had said he lived on base.

When Macy left the pool, she hurried to check her phone messages, but there were none. Reggie is probably busy during the day, she tried to convince herself. Maybe he will call tonight. Macy went to bed that night with still no word from Reggie.

The next day Macy woke up wishing that she had said no to Giorgio's offer, but she had no way to contact him. She did not want to tell her friend Marsha that she had a date, and she couldn't believe how weird things had gotten in just a day. Maybe she should have followed her mother's advice and stayed the hell away from the Fort Riley soldiers. But the soldiers were irresistible to Macy, and they seemed so worldly and mature.

She called Marsha, but had no idea what to say once her friend picked up the phone.

"Macy, where were you yesterday afternoon?"

"Oh, I was at the pool."

“You missed a fabulous time last night. Tony and I went to Junction, and Reggie asked about you.”

Macy worried about Marsha. How many men was she making out with, and wasn't she worried about getting caught? Maybe she told every man that he was her only boyfriend.

“What did he say?” Macy asked.

“He wants to see you again.”

Macy said nothing for a minute. How could she go through with her date now? “Um, what are you doing tonight, Marsha?”

“We were just leaving, Macy. Tony and I are going to Kansas City for two days. Isn't that wonderful?”

“Sure, Marsha. That's great. You want me to pick up your mail for you?”

“Okay. I'll bring my key.”

Macy breathed a sigh of relief. At least for now she could keep her date a secret from Marsha, and she could keep her actual apartment number a secret from the soldier.

Macy was waiting at the door of Marsha's apartment when Giorgio arrived right on time. She hurried out the door, not giving him a chance to come in. The soldier named Giorgio had a very nice car.

“Is this yours?” Macy asked.

“Yes, it is,” he replied.

Macy was certain that the pretty car was a foreign model and it still had a new smell to it. She sat next to the door, as if that could assure her somehow of a quick exit. Here she was, doing the one thing her mother had warned her never to do. Macy was on her way to Fort Riley with a soldier. She tried to convince herself that this way was much better than meeting a soldier in a bar in Junction City.

The base was only a ten minute drive from west Manhattan, and Macy glanced nervously at the man she had just met yesterday. He certainly knew how to dress. He had shaved, and his cologne was not the cheap kind. He smelled good. He wore a very modest, yet tasteful shirt that was open at the top, displaying his black chest hair perfectly. Macy glanced down at Giorgio's feet. His shoes were spotless. He was wearing casual pants, and Macy suddenly felt like a slob in her jeans and pink button down top. The usually very talkative Macy was quiet. Being driven to who knew where, she was extremely nervous.

“Do you live on the base?” she asked.

“Yes, I have a home on the base. I will show you.”

Macy was even more uncertain about the man now. Why did he have a home? Was there a wife, too? And why was he at the pool at her apartment complex? Having grown up about an hour or so from Fort Riley, an army base was not all that impressive to Macy, anyway.

“I have an aunt in Junction City who taught school on base,” she added.

“I see,” he said.

Macy didn’t know if the man was quiet, or if he found her uninteresting. Maybe he still has trouble with the language.

“The base is bigger than most people think, or at least that’s what I’ve been told,” she added.

Giorgio pulled up in front of his house and turned off the car. “Come in, Macy. This is my home.”

Giorgio opened the door to his home and Macy slowly walked inside. He turned on the light as he closed the door behind them. Macy jumped at the sound of the door locking, but Giorgio’s warm smile put her at ease. She looked around at the small but very tasteful home. She had no idea that base housing was this nice. As she looked around, she realized that it wasn’t base housing that was nice. It was this soldier’s personal effects that were nice.

“It’s very nice,” she said.

Giorgio picked up a porcelain statue and held it out to Macy. “This was from my grandfather’s estate in Sicily.”

“It’s very pretty. Your family must care a lot about you.” Macy knew her words must have sounded stupid to this mature soldier, but she was way out of her element here. She knew nothing about Sicily, and she knew even less about the man whose home she had so willingly entered.

“Macy,” he said, as he touched her shoulder.

“Yes?” she answered, her body jumping once again.

“Come with me,” he said, with a smile.

Macy didn't know if Giorgio was leading her to his bed or where, but she followed him without question. The polite Sicilian man led Macy to a tiny kitchen where the table had been beautifully set with what Macy was sure were China dishes. Giorgio smiled, and pulled a chair out for Macy.

"Thank you."

Without a word, Giorgio took his homemade lasagna out of the oven. "It's perfect," he said, waving his hand over the dish to try and force the aroma to his nose.

"It smells wonderful. Do you like to cook?"

"Yes, Macy, I do."

Giorgio's dark eyes met Macy's bright blue eyes, and Macy felt more than just a spark. She could stare into those eyes forever. Giorgio lit the two candles that had been set just as perfectly as everything else on the table, and he poured two glasses of red wine. Macy knew that soldiers made very little money, and she was dying to know how this soldier could afford to live like this. If his family has money, why would he want to live on an army base? Why would he want to join the army in the first place? His family must have a fortune.

Macy practically inhaled the homemade lasagna. It was better than any she had ever had. "This is too good, Giorgio. You should be a chef."

"My family owns restaurants," he answered.

Macy was too busy eating to think about Giorgio's family right now. She wasn't accustomed to drinking, but the wine was sweet and Macy drank two glasses before Giorgio suggested that she might want to stop.

"That was so good," she said, when she had finished her second helping of Giorgio's lasagna.

Giorgio stood, blew out the candles, and stood behind Macy, his hands on her chair. He leaned down and spoke softly, "Would you like a tour of the base?"

Giorgio's warm breath on her skin was bringing out a desire in Macy that she had not known existed until now. "Sure," she said.

Macy stumbled as she stood, but was quickly caught in the arms of the handsome soldier. Her petite body fell against Giorgio's very strong and sturdy body, and he held her while she gathered her composure.

Macy's face was red when she backed up and looked into the eyes of the man looking down at her. "Are you okay, Macy?"

“Yes, I’m fine.”

Giorgio took Macy by the hand and led her to his car. As they drove through the base, Macy noticed that Giorgio had no trouble getting past any of the security checkpoints. She wasn’t surprised at that since he did live on base and had the necessary emblems on his car. What did surprise Macy was that at the checkpoints, Giorgio was saluted as he passed through the gates. But maybe that was a sign of respect among the soldiers. Still, in the movies that Macy had seen about anything military, it had only been the officers who were granted this kind of courtesy.

Giorgio and Macy were not gone for very long, but when they arrived at Giorgio’s home once again, it was already dark outside. “Will you come inside with me, Macy?”

“Okay.”

Macy was so impressed with Giorgio’s manners that she would have followed him anywhere. He locked the door behind them, but this time Macy did not jump. She accepted the glass of wine that Giorgio offered her, and when he took the glass from her and held her in his arms, she accepted his lips on hers. He kissed her gently, yet passionately, and Macy wanted this man. He was so very different than Reggie had been last night. Yes, Giorgio was the soldier who would make love to her. He held her in his arms and waited for Macy to look at him. Macy had no idea what to do now. Giorgio was so sweet and so gorgeous. Neither of them said a word for the longest time.

“Macy, would you like me to take you home now?”

Macy did not want that at all. That was the last thing that Macy wanted. Giorgio held her close, kissed the top of her head, and then lowered his mouth to her ear. “Will you stay with me tonight, Macy?”

Giorgio’s Sicilian accent surged through Macy’s body, and his deep voice made her dizzy. The soft, “Yes”, was barely heard by the handsome soldier, and he placed one of Macy’s slender arms across his back and the other arm around his waist, as he held her on the way to his bedroom.

The bedroom of this soldier was even nicer than the rest of his house, with a chandelier light fixture over the huge bed. There were paintings on every wall, no doubt originals, and Macy was very impressed. The handsome soldier did not turn on a light, but instead left the door ajar to allow the ambience of romance to feed young Macy’s desire for him. He took Macy into his arms, leading her slowly backward to the bed.

When the back of her legs met the edge of the bed, Macy sat, her handsome soldier’s mouth feeding her hunger for a mature lover. Giorgio knelt on the floor and gently pulled Macy’s legs apart. He looked into her pretty blue eyes as he slowly



unbuttoned her pink blouse, his strong fingers warm on her chest. He slowly lowered the tiny straps of her bra over her shoulders and slid his hands downward along her back. Macy had never been seduced like this, and she swore that she would never again date guys her own age.

Giorgio slowly slid his warm hands back to the front of Macy's bra, having failed to locate a hook or snap in the back. His fingers slid lightly over Macy's breasts and hard nipples. The snap that joined the two cups of Macy's bra was unleashed with a single flick of Giorgio's thumbs, while his fingers gently caressed Macy's breasts. His deep brown eyes never left the bright eyes of young Macy as he slid her blouse and bra off of her slender body. Macy glanced down at her breasts and thought how small they looked compared to the large caressing hands of the soldier encasing them. He cupped the young breasts with his hands, and said, "Beautiful."

Macy was relieved. Her soldier didn't think her breasts were too small, so she wouldn't either, at least not tonight.

She leaned back, and Giorgio rose from the floor and scooted Macy's petite body onto the bed. He climbed onto the bed and kissed Macy on the mouth, and then he kissed lower until his hungry mouth held one of Macy's firm nipples firmly within. He slid his tongue over the hard surface, and Macy moaned in spite of herself. She had never moaned like that before, like a grown woman. She ran her fingers through her soldier's hair, and Giorgio moved to Macy's other nipple.

Macy opened her legs, and Giorgio kissed her stomach and then he undid her jeans, quickly running the zipper downward along its path. Giorgio stood, and he gently pushed Macy's jeans to the floor. He slid his fingers into Macy's lace panties just far enough to feel the wetness that he had expected to find waiting for him. His eyes on Macy's eyes again, he kissed his wetted finger and then he leaned up and unbuttoned his shirt, removing it from his broad muscular chest, and revealing a mass of black hair which disappeared inside his jeans.

Macy's eyes watched as each button undone revealed a little more of the sexy soldier's broad chest. When he had reached the last button, Macy's eyes could not miss the soldier's hardness. His fullness was pressing firmly against the cloth of his pants, and Macy stared at it, wondering if it was as big as it appeared to be.

Giorgio leaned down and kissed Macy's belly button, causing a giggle to escape the young girl's lips. He looked into her eyes as he removed her lace panties, the wet crotch a flashing green light to the soldier's hungry eyes. He gently bent young Macy's legs and spread her knees apart. Macy closed her eyes when the warm breath of her soldier met her flowing juices. She gasped when his mouth opened her pussy lips and she felt his tongue sliding between them as he captured her juices. "Ohhh," she moaned, not meaning to. She had never done this and the pleasures of oral sex were unknown to Macy, until now.

The experienced soldier slid his tongue deeply inside Macy, pushing into her as deeply as he could. Experience now told him that Macy was no longer a virgin, and Macy's gasps and moans told the army soldier that she had had few men. Perfect, he said to himself.

Continuing to play the part of the perfect gentlemen, he looked into Macy's eyes and asked, "Macy, have you ever...?" He let his words trail off as he awaited young Macy's reply. "Yes," she said. She did not want to admit that Giorgio would only be her second, and that she had only gone all the way twice before. She was too aroused by the soldier to risk him stopping now.

Giorgio smiled, and once more his hot mouth was on her very ready pussy. Macy's clit was just as Giorgio thought it would be, ready for him. His lips pressed firmly over it with smooth steady strokes, slowly at first, and then quickly, and Macy opened her legs more to this great lover. "Oh, oh, OH," she moaned.

Giorgio held Macy's legs still as he forced her body to accept the climax that it was due. "Giorgio," she screamed, as her first orgasm shook her entire being.

As Macy slowly recovered from her climactic high, her body was screaming to be filled by her soldier. Giorgio was naked now, the head of his cock at Macy's nearly virginal entrance. She opened her eyes to the massiveness of Giorgio's cock ready to fulfill her womanly needs. He eased into Macy, his cock soaking up her juices. She gasped and closed her eyes as she relaxed her body to accept all of Giorgio. "Macy," he said. She opened her eyes. "You are beautiful," he added. Macy melted at his words. She felt like a woman as she accepted the manly penis of her mature soldier.

Macy felt her body begin to build to a second orgasm as the soldier's massive cock felt bigger with every thrust. The sexy soldier pulled Macy's young body to him as he plunged his hard cock into her wet pussy. "Oh, oh, OH," she screamed again.

The experienced soldier lifted young Macy's legs higher to make her cum a second time. She screamed, "I'm cumming," and the mature soldier moaned as he exploded full force into Macy's warm, wet, and very inviting vagina.

"Oh, that's the way, Macy. That's the way I like it."

Macy watched as Giorgio pulled her body onto his cock a couple more times until his release was complete. He lowered Macy's legs onto the bed and lay over her petite body.

"Oh baby, you know how to do it."

Macy stroked her soldier's short hair, certain that his words were meant as nothing less than words of love for her and only her.

Macy heard the heavy breathing of Giorgio and she knew that he had fallen asleep, although she had not planned on spending the night.

Around midnight Giorgio awoke and looked at Macy's young face. "Guess I fell asleep," he said.

The soldier pulled his penis out of Macy's pussy and quickly dressed. "I have an early morning. Guess I should take you home now."

Macy quietly dressed, and nearly fell asleep on the drive home. Giorgio parked in front of Marsha's apartment building, and Macy nearly corrected his choice of buildings when she suddenly remembered the lie that she had told him. He leaned over and kissed her lightly on the cheek. Macy had to know if she would see him again. She wanted to see him again, but did she dare ask?

"You can call me again if you want," she offered.

"Sure, honey, I'll do that real soon." He winked at her and ran his fingers across his short hair as he checked himself out in the rearview mirror.

Macy opened the car door and walked slowly to Marsha's apartment. She had planned to wait inside Marsha's apartment until her soldier had driven away, but she had barely gotten the key inside the lock when she turned to see the red taillights of the nicest car she had ever ridden in as her soldier lover drove away.

Macy walked quickly across the dark parking lot that separated her building from Marsha's. When she unlocked the door of her apartment it was after one in the morning, and Macy fell onto her bed exhausted.

Macy awoke to the sound of her phone ringing and thought that she was dreaming. When she realized the noise was real, she ran to answer it.

"Hey, pretty lady. I tried to call you last night. How about giving a poor working soldier a second chance?"

It took Macy a few seconds to sort out the voice, and then she realized that the voice belonged to Reggie. Macy tried to fight the urge to give in to Reggie, but she couldn't resist his charm. To a young girl such as Macy, the charm of the soldiers of Fort Riley was extremely hard to resist.

"Okay," she said, weakly.

"Can you come over to Junction tonight?"

Macy hated the thought of picking up a guy in a bar, but at least she would have her own car, so she could leave anytime she chose."

“Okay,” she said.

“Come on over at eight.”

Macy agreed, and hung up the phone. She spent the rest of the day on the computer searching for a job that she was at least marginally qualified for, but didn’t come up with much. There were a few part-time jobs on campus, but they didn’t pay much. Then she saw the ad, several ads, for dancers in Junction City. “No Experience Necessary, Great Working Conditions, and Tips Are Yours To Keep,” the sign practically screamed. Macy started to circle the ad when she stopped suddenly. One of the ads was clearly for the bar she had been in the other night, and she couldn’t believe the lies. The No Experience part she could believe, but Great Working Conditions – no way.

It was nearly five when Macy looked up, and she thought about getting ready to drive to Junction City. She wished Marsha were here. She hated going anywhere alone.

Macy poured herself a glass of water and then nearly dropped it when the phone rang next to her. Who the hell is that?

“Hello?”

“Macy, how are you? You must excuse my bad manners last night. I do not think so very well after a short nap. May I see you again?”

Macy was shocked. What the fuck should she do now? It was Giorgio. She swore she felt her clit twitch at the sound of his voice. She would much rather be with him than with Reggie.

“Okay,” she said.

“Do you like to dance?”

Macy loved to dance. “Yes,” she said.

“There is a dance at the officer’s club on Saturday night. Do you have a dress? If not, I will buy you one.”

How could a girl turn down an offer like that? “I have a dress. What time?”

“I will pick you up at seven, if that is a good time for you.”

“Yes, that’s fine.”

Macy hung up the phone and lay on her bed. Now she knew what she was going to do tonight. She was going to stay home. The more she thought about Reggie, the less

she wanted to drive alone to Junction City to meet him at some sleazy bar. She ignored the phone when it rang at eight, eight-thirty, and again at ten. She knew it was Reggie. Macy went to bed that night, dreaming of her Prince Charming, Sir Giorgio.

Macy awoke refreshed the next day after a much needed night's sleep. She called Marsha hoping that she would be home, but she was not. Macy was certain that she had said she would be home today. She pulled out the pretty black dress that she had been given for graduation. It made her boobs look bigger than they really were, and it made her look even more grown up. Her four inch black heels made her look tall and they made her feel sexy. She would look good for her soldier prince. She couldn't wait.

Macy reluctantly made a few calls about the part-time jobs at the university. They didn't pay very well, but Macy needed the money. She dressed in a blouse and slacks and drove to her family's beloved alma mater, Kansas State University. The university was relatively quiet, the calm before the storm of the onslaught of students for the fall semester, and Macy walked slowly across the campus that she had long dreamed of attending. Now that she was finally here, it seemed to have lost some of its appeal.

After speaking with a woman in human resources for longer than Macy had cared, the woman handed Macy two cards. "I'm sorry, but what are these?"

"You are to meet with the person listed on each card, the first one at two, and the second one at three."

"You mean for an interview, today?"

"Yes," the woman replied.

Macy was not in the mood for interviews today, but she couldn't back out now. Macy thanked the woman, and then looked at the first card. A job in the engineering school might be interesting.

When Macy entered the small office in the College of Engineering, a young man stood up quickly from where he had been seated on the edge of the desk, and shook her hand. "You must be Macy. I'm Mike."

"Hi," she said.

"Dr. Robertson will be back soon. He said to show you around. I'm a graduate student."

Macy dutifully walked beside the chatty young man, but it wasn't until he led her into the office where he and the other graduate students worked that she took a good look at him. He was cute, with a nice smile and dimples. He introduced Macy to his three office mates, all men, and Macy began to listen a little more to their collegiate talk. If

these guys were graduate students, they had to be at least twenty-two. They did seem a little more mature than teenagers, but not nearly as mature as the soldiers at Fort Riley.

“If you take the job, Macy, you will get to work with a really fun gang. We’re always having fun.”

Macy smiled. Mike seemed nice, though she couldn’t help but compare him to her soldier. Giorgio seemed so much more self-assured and worldly.

When the department chairman returned, Mike walked Macy to the man’s office, and said, “Good to meet you, Macy.”

Macy smiled, and entered the office of Dr. Robertson. The interview went well, and the job sounded fun. She would be working closely with the four graduate students, and her four hours a day could be worked around her classes. She left the engineering building feeling a little better.

The second job was definitely not what Macy wanted. It was in the library and she would be working alone much of the time. She tried not to seem interested, to hurry the interview along, but the woman just kept on talking.

Following what seemed like hours, Macy walked to the student union to get a much needed snack, and she walked right into Mike. “Oh, I’m so sorry,” she said. Mike steadied her with his hand on her back and Macy looked up at his big blue eyes.

“You okay, Macy? You seem a bit preoccupied.”

“I’m just a little hungry. I’ll be okay.”

“Take care of yourself,” he said, and walked on.

Macy turned to watch the nice looking graduate student as he left the building. Not bad, she thought. He was nice enough, but Macy’s young body wanted her soldier again.

Macy called Marsha again when she returned home, but Marsha still did not answer. Where is she? Did she run off and marry some guy?

Macy hated being alone and she wished she knew more people in Manhattan. She wondered what Mike, the engineer, did with his free time. She laughed when she pictured him studying for hours on end and enjoying it. She loved his dimples, but Mike was the kind of guy that Macy would settle down with one day, but not now. And who knew, maybe Giorgio was the man for her.

On Saturday, Macy decided to treat herself, and to treat Giorgio to the latest in sexy lingerie. She couldn’t wait for her big night with Giorgio, and she felt sexy as she

slipped into the tiny black thong and push-up lace bra that made her nipples hard. Her black dress fit her like a glove, though it was very tasteful and nothing showed, leaving everything to the imagination, that is, to Giorgio's imagination. Macy loosely curled her beautiful blonde hair and curled her lashes, applying just the right amount of mascara to make her eyes appear even larger than they were. She didn't want to wear too much makeup. Tonight she would be with officers. Officers were like royalty, weren't they?

Macy stepped into her black heels and admired herself in the mirror. She did not look like a child at all in this sexy little number. In this dress Macy looked like a woman. She sprayed just the right amount of perfume on her pulse points, and then she sprayed the air with two squirts of the same scent and walked through it. That left just the right amount of the scent to draw the men in, but not enough to be offensive.

Macy glanced at the clock and then realized that Giorgio did not know her correct building. Oh, no, she thought. She quickly filled her black clutch purse with the bare essentials for the evening, and hurried across the parking lot to Marsha's building. She had just arrived at the door of her building when Giorgio pulled up in his beautiful car.

"Someone is in a hurry," he said.

Macy turned just as Giorgio was stepping out of his car. She didn't know what to say to him, so she said nothing. He walked up to her and gently kissed her cheek. "Are you ready to go?"

Macy nodded, still in shock about how close she had come to being caught in a lie. Macy's soldier prince led her to his beautiful car, opened the door for her, and held her hand as she stepped inside. Macy watched as he walked around the front of the car. He was gorgeous in his dress uniform. He really did look like a prince.

"It's good to see you again, Macy."

Macy smiled, and tried to steady her breathing. He was perfect.

The officer's club was filled with men who looked as regal as Giorgio, and each with a wife or girlfriend on his arm. Macy felt as if she were at the prom, but at a prom for grownups. There were certainly no teenagers here. Here she was, dancing the night away with a soldier. Macy couldn't believe it. Giorgio's strong arms felt good around her tiny waist, and her blonde hair bounced and landed perfectly as she and her soldier prince swayed to the music and when he held her close to him.

Macy loved dancing so close to her soldier that she was pretty sure she could feel his erection start to grow. She looked up into his gorgeous eyes and he leaned down to kiss her. His lips upon hers felt even better than they had two nights ago, and she couldn't wait to go home tonight with Giorgio. He introduced her to two other couples, but Macy had hoped to meet his commanding officer. That could wait, she decided. Tonight she felt like a princess.

It was nearly midnight when Giorgio pulled up in front of his house. “Macy, will you stay with me tonight?”

“Yes,” young Macy wanted to scream. Yes, Yes, Yes. “Yes,” she said, softly.

The debonair Giorgio escorted young Macy into his home and they drank a glass of wine. His lips were on hers again, and Macy was being led to the love nest that the two of them had shared just two nights ago. She pulled her hair aside so that Giorgio could unzip her little black dress. He slowly ran the zipper down its track and smoothed his hands over her naked butt. His fingers played with the band of her thong, as he unhooked her bra with his mouth. She stood as he undressed her, leaving her in her thong and high heels.

“Beautiful,” he said. “Don’t move,” he added.

Macy dutifully obeyed, her firm breasts proudly displaying their eagerness for his mouth on their hard nipples. She watched as the gorgeous soldier undressed before her eyes, one regal article of clothing after another, until he stood completely naked, his body very clearly eager to take a lover.

Macy stared at the man’s cock so thick and so long, and her hands slowly reached for it. Giorgio placed his hands over Macy’s as she held his cock. Then he slowly removed the thong from Macy’s young body and waited as she opened her legs for him. He held her hands in his and then lifted her petite body onto the bed. She tried to push her heels off, but he stopped her. “Leave them on. It’s so much sexier that way.”

Macy smiled. She did feel sexier in the heels and just the heels. Giorgio pulled Macy to him, his strong arms around her thighs, and his mouth once again opening Macy’s pussy lips, his tongue preparing her body for orgasm.

Macy opened her body to her lover, giving herself freely to him. When his tongue entered her, Macy moaned and gasped, and her soldier prince brought her to an even greater climax this time as his lips and tongue found her most erotic of womanly places.

“Giorgio,” she screamed.

He kissed her mound and then he kissed upward until he reached her nipples. Giorgio could feel young Macy’s heart pounding beneath his lips and he waited for her eagerness to receive him once again. She thrust her hips, hoping to feel the thick head of his cock at her very ready entrance.

“You are perfect, Macy,” he said, as he pulled her body to his awaiting cock.



Macy opened her eyes to look at her soldier who was looking back at her. She opened herself to the thickness of his manly cock and she felt like a woman as she felt the thickness fill her once again. Giorgio wrapped Macy's legs around his waist and plunged his solid meat deeply within the tightness that he had remembered. "You know what I like," he said again and again, as he forced his cock as deeply inside of Macy as he could.

Macy watched as her mature lover groaned and climaxed deep inside her. He held her butt as his seed filled her. "Macy, you are so tight. You fuck good, real good, Macy."

Macy felt even more grown up knowing that she could please this mature man. Giorgio lay on top of her, pushing her body to the center of the bed, and wrapping his body around hers. Macy soon heard the deep breathing of her soldier lover as he slept on her young body. She wrapped her arms around him and fell asleep.

When the sunlight of the next morning began to fill the room, Macy opened her eyes. She looked around for a clock, but did not see one anywhere. The chandelier above the bed sparkled with the brilliance of the sun. Macy sighed. She could stay here forever.

When Giorgio awoke, he kissed Macy lightly on the lips. "My beautiful Macy," he said. He slowly leaned up and pulled his cock from the tightest pussy it had ever known, and kissed the top of Macy's mound.

"I must report for duty soon, Macy. I will take you home now."

Macy wished she could stay, but she understood a soldier's duty to his country. She slipped her sexy new lingerie back on her slender body and waited as Giorgio slid the zipper up on her dress. She wished he talked more, but Macy was sure that it was because of his not being as familiar with the English language as she that had kept him from being as chatty as she would have liked.

When Giorgio drove Macy back to Marsha's apartment building, Macy wanted to tell him the truth about where she lived, but he kissed her quickly, promising that he would call soon, and was off again. She walked just to the door of Marsha's building before hurrying across the street again. She opened the door to her apartment and spun around. Macy felt like a princess. Still tired from the long night of dancing and lovemaking, Macy lay down and slept until late in the afternoon.

When Macy awoke, she wondered if she should try Marsha again. No, she decided. She can call me. Macy had no interest in seeing Reggie again, either, and she wasn't too sure about Marsha's friends any longer.

On Monday morning Macy was offered the job in the engineering department. She accepted, of course, but wasn't thrilled to begin working yet.

“Could you come to the department today, Macy?” Dr. Robertson asked.

“Sure,” she said.

Macy assumed that there was more paperwork for her to fill out, but when she arrived on campus she was met again by Mike, the graduate student, who led her into his office.

“What’s this?” she asked.

“We told you we liked to have fun here. I did my best.”

Macy couldn’t help but laugh. Mike had made a cake that had somehow slanted to one side, and he handed Macy the first piece. Macy listened as the four guys talked endlessly about their courses and the university, and their plans for the future. Macy didn’t miss Mike’s more than occasional glances her way. Does he have a crush on me? How sweet. Memories of last night’s prince were too fresh in Macy’s mind for the young girl to be taken by the schoolboy glances of a college boy, even if he was a graduate student.

Mike, the perfect gentleman, walked Macy across campus to her car after the informal welcome party, asking about her classes and excitedly rambling about the new semester.

“Are you excited to be in college, Macy?”

“I guess so,” she said.

Macy unlocked her car door, and Mike waited until she was seated behind the wheel before closing the door for her. “See you in a week. Call me if you need anything before then.” Macy thanked him and drove away.

Macy had a busy week ahead of her. She had put off doing any of the things she needed to do to prepare for classes, and she still hadn’t heard from Marsha. Macy tried calling Marsha on her cell phone and let it ring several times. Then finally she heard a barely audible, “Hello?”

“Marsha, where have you been?”

“Oh, hi, Macy. We took two extra days and I am beat.”

“Marsha, can Tony do that? I mean, doesn’t he have to report for duty?”

“He called in sick, which he will definitely pay for, but he doesn’t care.” Marsha giggled, but Macy didn’t think it was funny. She was sure that Tony would be in big trouble. Had things changed since her dad was in the service years ago? Now Macy was

certain that she had made the right choice by not meeting Reggie at the bar. At least Giorgio was responsible. He had even gone to work on Sunday.

“I’ll call you later, Macy,” she said.

Macy shrugged. She knew Marsha was wild, but soldiers were supposed to be responsible and disciplined, weren’t they?

Macy pulled out her course catalog and began looking for possible classes to take. She found a few that looked interesting and then she came up with a couple more so that she would be a full-time student. She was lucky to have found the courses not full this close to the beginning of the semester.

### **Part Three: ~The Naked Truth~**

After she had enrolled on-line, Macy tried to find some information about Reggie on-line. She couldn’t find much about any of the soldiers at Fort Riley, and the fact that she didn’t know many of their last names didn’t help. Then she looked up the bar that Marsha had taken her to, and there were plenty of videos of the strippers. Macy stared at the girls, thinking how much prettier they looked on her computer screen than they had on the stage. She saw Bunny, the twins, and then she stopped on one photo in particular. It was Marsha!

Macy stared as she watched the video of Marsha taking her clothes off. When Marsha had taken off everything except for her thong, she slipped a finger inside the front of her thong and fingered her pussy while she stroked her nipples until they were hard. Macy was shocked. She had no idea. The shows were taped each night and anyone could watch them. Macy felt weird watching her friend. Oh, no, she nearly screamed. The video of Marsha was for the last two nights. Marsha had been back from Kansas City after all, but she must have stayed in Junction City. But where had she stayed? She didn’t stay above the bar, did she? How long had she been stripping? How much did she make? What other things did Marsha do for money? Macy had so many questions for Marsha that she didn’t know where to begin. But Marsha had lied to her. Why?

Macy’s blood seemed to freeze inside her veins when she thought about the comment that Reggie had made about how much better she would look on stage than Bunny? Had they been trying to get her to be a part of that type of thing? Macy clicked away from the video of Marsha, and looked out her sliding glass door. She could see Marsha’s apartment building, and she wondered now if there really was a man named Tony in her life.

When she returned to her computer, Macy did a search for Giorgio in the officer section, because now she knew for certain that he was an officer. She couldn’t find anything, but there were very few names that she could find. Everything is top secret, I guess. Anyway, Reggie was the sleaze, not Giorgio.

Macy had not heard from Giorgio for a week, but she knew he was busy. She wished she had his number. Why hadn't she thought of asking him for it?

Macy started her part-time job, and her classes seemed interesting so far. Mike was his usual chatty self, and Macy found that she enjoyed working with the four graduate students. They were all very nice to her and seemed to think of her as a younger sister, or so it seemed to Macy. Two of the guys had girlfriends, but Mike and another guy named Mitch described themselves as "still looking."

Three weeks into the semester, Mike asked if Macy wanted to see a movie at the student union, as a way of thanking her for working extra on a project with him.

"I don't know, Mike," she said. She wanted to see Giorgio again, and wished that he would call her.

"Strictly platonic, I promise, Macy," Mike teased.

Macy knew that Mike was not trying to seduce her. He had been a real friend to her, showing her around the university, letting her in on a few secrets to university success.

"I guess, thanks," she said.

Macy wrote her address down and handed it to Mike. When she got home that night, she thought about how easy it had been for her to give Mike her real address when she had been reluctant to give it to Reggie or even Giorgio.

About an hour before Mike arrived, Giorgio called. Macy froze when she heard his voice. "Hey, Macy. Sorry I haven't called. You busy tonight?"

Macy was shocked. She had missed him so much these past few weeks and she really wanted to see him, but what about Mike? She hadn't made many friends here yet, and she hated to say no to Mike who had become a true friend to her.

"I can't tonight, but how about tomorrow?" she said.

Macy listened to the silence on the other end, and then Giorgio finally spoke. "Sure, Macy, tomorrow. How about eight?"

"Okay," she said, wondering why he had taken so long to respond.

#### **Part Four: ~Expectations~**

Mike arrived right on time, and Macy enjoyed the movie at the student union more than she thought she would. There were a few students Macy had recognized from class who she talked to, and Mike was a real gentleman.

On the way home, Mike and Macy were talking together and Mike drove right past Macy's apartment building.

"Okay, I screwed up," he said.

"You sure did. I live back there."

Mike circled around, and Macy stared as she watched a good looking man escort a young girl from one of the apartments to his car. The man looked good in his military uniform, and Macy immediately thought of Giorgio. Then she felt her heart in her throat. It *was* Giorgio. She was certain of it. The young woman Giorgio was with could have been Macy, but her hair was red instead of blonde.

"You okay?" Mike asked.

"Huh?"

Mike parked the car, and Macy watched as Giorgio drove behind them, his full attention on the young girl seated next to him in the car that Macy knew well. She turned to face Mike, her eyes filled with tears.

"What's wrong, Macy?"

"Nothing," she lied.

Mike stopped the car and put his hand on Macy's forearm. "You know, Macy, you can tell me anything," he said. The tears streaming down Macy's face nearly broke Mike's heart. He planned to sit there as long as it took. He wouldn't let Macy go until he knew that she was okay.

She couldn't tell him, not Mike. He was the one person in whose eyes Macy wanted to be perfect. He thought she was sweet and innocent, didn't he? He would never speak to her again if he knew that she had been so stupid to fall for the lies of a Fort Riley soldier.

Mike gently caressed Macy's forearm and leaned his head against the steering wheel. Macy kept her head down, but Mike could see the steady stream of tears that fell from her eyes.

"I'm okay," she sniffed, and put her hand on the door handle.

Mike slid across the seat to sit next to Macy. He gently pulled her hand from the door handle and held it in his. "Macy," he said softly.

She looked up slowly and Mike released his tight hold on her little hand. She wiped her tear stained face and tried to focus on the kind eyes of Mike. He looked fuzzy through her tears, but she could see genuine concern in his eyes. He wouldn't have stayed with her like this if he didn't care. Giorgio had not stayed with her, not even after they had made love.

"I...I just...made a mistake, I guess," she said.

"Really? I've made a few of those myself."

His smile was heartwarming and Macy couldn't help but smile just a little. She couldn't believe that Mike, who appeared so perfect, could have made a mistake that came even close to the one that she had made.

"Not like this, Mike," she said.

"I don't know about that, kiddo. You may be surprised how many mistakes a man can make by the time he's my age."

"You're not old, Mike."

"No, but I am twenty-three now. That must seem old to you."

Twenty-three did not seem old at all to Macy. If Mike was twenty-three, then how old was Giorgio? He had to be at least thirty. When she thought of Giorgio again, the tears began to well up once again in Macy's eyes.

Mike wiped the lone tear from Macy's face. "You sure you can't tell me?"

Macy liked this guy Mike, but she couldn't tell him what she had done, could she?

"I'll make a deal with you, Macy. I will tell you my deepest, darkest secret, and then you tell me what brought on the sudden tears tonight. Deal?"

Macy nodded, and said a very quiet, "Deal."

Mike took Macy's hand in his and gave it a gentle tug. "A deal requires a handshake," he said, and Macy laughed just a little, in spite of her tears.

Mike's tone was serious as he divulged a secret that surprised Macy. "When I was a freshman right here in Manhattan, I met a girl. We dated the entire year and I was in love with her, or I thought I was. Then after the summer she did not return to college. She was from Indiana, and she stayed there. I tried to call her several times, but her parents would always say that she was not home or that she was busy. That entire first semester I had no idea what I had done to make her not want to at least talk to me. I was

miserable, Macy, really miserable. My grades sucked that semester, too. Then, at the end of the semester she called me.”

Macy looked up at Mike and saw a vulnerable sadness in his eyes. “What did she say?”

Mike pushed his hair back from his forehead, and continued his story. “She said that she was going to school in Indiana and to never try to contact her again. Of course, I asked why, and she said that I had ruined her life because I had gotten her pregnant and her parents had arranged for an abortion.”

Macy’s eyes were wide as she looked at Mike, and her mouth fell open. “What?”

“That’s right, Macy. But I had no idea that she was pregnant. We were always careful, well, pretty careful, and, most of the time,” he admitted.

Macy felt embarrassed listening to Mike talk about sex. He seemed so innocent. She would have guessed him to be a virgin. “But why did she blame you?”

“I don’t know, Macy. I guess she thought I knew, but I had no idea that she was pregnant. She must have been about two months along when I last saw her. Looking back, I would bet that she didn’t know either, at least not at the time.”

Macy studied Mike’s kind face. “Did you tell her that it wasn’t your fault,” Macy demanded, in defense of her kind friend.

“No, Macy, I just let it go. I’m sure she went through hell, and if it makes her feel better to blame me, then so be it. I just wish that I had known. Sometimes I think about it, too, you know, that I could have a four year old child now.”

Macy was still in shock. She couldn’t believe all of this about Mike, but she knew that he wouldn’t lie to her. Mike wasn’t like that. And, why would anyone lie about something so awful anyway? Macy sighed. “I’m sorry,” she whispered.

“Life goes on, kiddo. Life goes on.”

Macy lowered her eyes again, but Mike was quick to remind her of their deal.

“Okay, kiddo, your turn. What’s up? We made a deal.”

Macy looked out the window and thought about Giorgio and how he had had the nerve to be in her apartment complex with another woman. Then she thought about how hurt she felt and the tears came quickly once again. Mike’s soft hand on her forearm felt even more comforting to Macy now.

“I thought I knew someone, but I guess I didn’t.”

“Did you love him?”

Macy was shocked at Mike’s question. How did he know it was a guy that she had liked so much? “No, but I didn’t know he was seeing other people. I wish I hadn’t....”

Macy stopped herself from saying more. Mike can’t ever know that I went to bed with a soldier. He just can’t.

“You wish you hadn’t made love with him?”

“Mike!”

“What, Macy? Is it really so awful to talk about these things? Look, kiddo. Let me give you some sagely advice.” Mike lowered his voice and tried to sound much older than his twenty-three years. “No regrets, kiddo. Keep going forward. Regretting things you cannot do a thing about is a waste of time.”

Macy laughed at Mike’s attempt to sound like an old man.

“You’ve got a lot going for you, Macy. You know that, right?”

Macy nodded. She wiped her eyes and looked at Mike, no longer trying to hide from his kindness.

“Would you let me give you one more piece of advice?”

“Okay,” she said.

“Don’t try to grow up so fast, kiddo.” Mike winked at her, and Macy could feel her cheeks blush.

It was getting late, but Mike was in no hurry to leave this sweet young girl.

“I’d better go,” she said, after a long pause.

“You’re okay, really?”

Macy nodded.

To Macy’s surprise, Mike walked her to her apartment and waited until she had unlocked the door and turned on a light before he left.

“You going to be around tomorrow?” he asked.



“Yeah.”

“I’m going to call and check on you,” he promised.

“You don’t have to do that.”

“I know,” he said, and walked down the hallway.

Macy watched as he walked away, and then she sat in the dark for awhile, just thinking. She didn’t know if she would even bother to go to Junction City tomorrow. She didn’t know what she would do. Macy was too tired to stay awake for long. She went to sleep that night and slept better than she had in a long while.

When Macy awoke, she thought about the images of her friend, Marsha, and about Giorgio. Maybe if I stay in bed all day and don’t get up again until tomorrow, I’ll feel better. When the phone rang, Macy jumped. I need to get rid of that, or at least get caller ID. She let it ring for awhile, and then finally gave in.

“Macy, I tried calling you last night. Come to Junction with me tonight, okay?”

Macy just stared at the phone, listening to Marsha go on and on. She thought about how flighty she was now and how much she had changed, but then she realized that she really hadn’t known her that well in the first place.

“No thanks, Marsha.”

“Why the hell not? You’re being a little bitch, Macy. I took you to one of the hottest spots in Junction City and introduced you to some damned hot soldiers, and you acted like a baby. Whaaa, Whaaa.”

Macy was stifling her tears. Marsha was the bitch, and a liar, and a whore. Macy hung up on her friend in mid sentence, and she turned the ringer on the phone to the off mode. No more calls. That’s it. She just couldn’t take any more of Marsha.

Macy slid the curtain across her sliding glass door and tried to make the world go away. She had a paper due soon, so she turned her full attention to that. Macy turned her extra bedroom into a study and shut herself away. She worked for several hours, not watching the time, not concentrating on anything except her paper. She looked at the time. Giorgio would be expecting her soon, and for a moment she thought about meeting him. He was damned good in bed. But he should be good with as many women as he was probably seeing.

Macy took a leisurely bubble bath, not expecting to fall asleep. The pounding on the door to her apartment scared her out of her nap, and Macy felt truly frightened for the first time since moving to Manhattan. She grabbed a towel and dripped water all the way

down the hall to the door. Good, it was locked, she thought. She stood back, not wanting the person on the other side to know that she was home. Then she heard the voice.

“Macy, Macy, are you in there? Let me in, kiddo.” Macy could feel her heart in her throat.

“Mike?”

“Yeah, kiddo, you okay?”

Macy slowly opened the door.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” he said, when he noticed the towel.

“I...I was in the tub, and I guess I fell asleep.”

“Thank goodness. I’ve been trying to reach you all day. I said I would, remember?”

Macy had forgotten Mike’s promise, and then she told him about her friend and why she had turned her phone off.

“Hmmm, just because of Marsha?” he asked.

The heartache returned to young Macy, and she could feel the tears again. “I was supposed to see him tonight, and after he...I’m not going to see him again,” she said, her head down.

Mike sighed. Then he pulled Macy to him, being careful to keep the towel wrapped around her slender body. She wrapped her arms around the best friend that she had ever had, and Macy knew that Mike would always be there for her.

### **Part Five: ~Home Base~**

At work on Monday, Macy thanked Mike for “everything”, and told him that she had a surprise for him after work.

“Surprise, for me?” he teased.

“I just want to show you something.”

After work, Macy led Mike to the east end of the campus.

“Where are we going, Macy, for a hike?”

“No, just across the street.”

Macy opened the door to her studio apartment and grinned. “It’s half the size, but it’s right off campus. No pool, but no Marsha, and no... well, you know.”

Mike put his hand on Macy’s shoulder. “I know, Macy. I know.”

Macy moved into her studio apartment the next day with the help of her good friend, Mike, and his buddies. When she dropped off her keys to her old apartment, she drove through the complex on the west side of Manhattan one last time, stopping for a minute in front of the apartment of the woman who she had thought was her friend, looked up quickly and noticed the drawn curtain and no light. “Must be working tonight,” Macy mumbled, and drove away, leaving a chapter of her life behind her. “Guess it’s time to begin a new chapter,” she said, and turned left at the light.

**~K. Lyn~**  
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