

## Prologue

Waiting and dreading her impending discipline was bad enough. The fact that she was made to don the vaguely penitential “uniform” of the staid, drab smock made things even worse. To her, it seemed little more than a starched brown sack.

It galled her still that the discomfort of wearing such a dress was very much intentional.

She sat in the usual spot, on the varnished bench in the hallway outside the study, waiting for her appointment with shame and pain — and reluctant, embarrassing arousal. The slate gray tile under her plain low heels radiated a coolness that should have had her shivering, but her strange, ritualized dress, made from a heavy cloth with its unfashionably high neck, ensured trickles of nervous sweat meandered between her breasts, tickling the crease between sex and inner thigh. The scratchy fabric was made more so by the fact she was not permitted a stitch of underwear underneath. No women summoned for their periodic appointments with pain were allowed any underthings — unless such an accommodation was to feature prominently in her adjudicated correction.

The men who attended — and passed judgment — at the Accountings were ever inventive, as clever and diabolical as they were strict, taking pleasure in the ritual that was borderline sadistic.

“Provisional member” was what she still was, despite the fact she was anything but a new face at the neighborhood accountings. The shaming title — a concrete reminder that though she’d been welcomed into White Valley, she still wasn’t yet a full-fledged resident — rung in her head repeatedly.

Just because she wasn’t *technically* yet an official resident didn’t save her from being disciplined like one. Her naked buttocks twitched, knowing what they were in for in but a few short minutes.

She listened to the faint sounds coming through the heavy polished wood of the study door, closing her eyes at the frightful — yet arousing — imagery the sounds evoked within her.

Was that a woman? It sounded like... sobbing.

A loud thump made her jump, then a deep male voice rang out. It sounded authoritative, maybe even angry, but at the same time it was frustratingly muted, preventing her from making out any discernable words.

The hallway she sat in was so silent, almost funereal, her only company the chill-inducing song of feminine anguish and mortification coming from the other side of that door.

Her husband would be inside with them now, his eagerness to take her in hand every bit as intense as the twisted war of anxiety, lust, and fear of the unknown raging inside her.

If she had an ounce of sanity, she’d march from this house. Flee this strange, yet impossibly alluring town. Her hands were still cuffed, yes, but they were bound before her, not behind. Nothing stopped her from walking out the front door and simply getting the fuck outta Dodge.

The rhythmic slapping sound came again. She knew exactly what that was. And she knew that very same fate was in her immediate future. It was the third time she’d heard it during her interminable wait in her own personal Purgatory. Her bottom crawled as she heard the faint pleading, the female cries. The clear note of a shriek sent a shiver down her spine, gooseflesh breaking out upon her naked forearms.

Her pulse was frantic, her mouth as arid as a desert. Yet her nipples were so hard, she feared they’d be on prominent display, twin, impudent, shaming points tenting the front of the heavy starched fabric of

the humiliatingly plain dress. Her pussy was a seething, slippery mess, her thighs sticking together. There was a very real prospect she'd be adding a mortifying dark wet spot to the back of the brown sack they'd forced her to wear for her latest Accounting. Would they note it? Would they comment on what a dirty whore she was for being so excited at the prospect of her punishment?

*Accounting.*

The term was so... formal. Sterile. Yet, she knew what awaited her in that study was anything but.

*Submission. Force. Humiliation. Pain. Surrender.*

Why did those thoughts make her clit throb when they'd have sent any normal woman screaming for the hills?

The door in front of her opened, Von's towering form filling her field of vision. His eyes glinted as he smiled down at her, extending a huge, veined hand.

"Come with me, Mrs. Warren. We're ready to hear your case now. Your husband is waiting for you."

## Chapter 1

*Several months earlier*

The moment she pulled the car into her driveway, her stern husband standing on the front porch with his arms crossed over his chest, Lacey knew she was in trouble.

He took hold of the car door as she opened it, his glare pinning her in place.

“Wh-what?”

She tried to remember if she’d forgotten anything. If she’d neglected to follow any orders or dictates Troy had given. He’d been quite easy on her post-pregnancy, for which she was supremely grateful. For while carrying Hayden had been almost a dream, he’d been anything but during the first four months of his life. Raising children was hard!

“I think it’s time we talked about our arrangement, don’t you?”

“I... I’m not sure I know what you mean?”

Of course, it was a lie. She knew very well he was referring to their sexual dynamic. Lacey was a wife who’d gladly subjected herself to her husband — in all things.

Maintenance Nights.

Submission and discipline. Pleasure and pain.

“Upstairs, now,” he growled, standing aside to let her exit the car. “You know how I want you dressed. I’ll be up in five minutes.”

As if on reflex, she didn’t waste a single second protesting, fleeing through the front door and up the stairs.

She knew that voice, the twitch of muscle at the corner of his jaw. She’d missed that cold glint in his eyes that never failed to make her belly do flip-flops, her nipples grow tight.

He was back.

*Finally.*

Stripping off her clothes even as she climbed the carpeted risers, she leaned a shoulder against the doorjamb to the master bedroom, yanking off her low heels. Then she saw it.

The pale, varnished plane of her paddle laying upon the bedspread, like a viper waiting in the grass.

“Oh, my God, I don’t know if I’m ready for this!” Her voice was a strained squeak, but still she rushed into the walk-in, elbowing the door aside, rifling through the bottom drawer of her dresser. She found them, folded neatly, a symbol of what they’d had to put aside to welcome Hayden into the world.

And a symbol of what still waited, perhaps eagerly, to be picked up once more.

It was a uniform of sorts, something they’d alighted on one day as she’d been doing laundry. A tight, white tank top, and a pair of black lace panties, so brief they were little more than an afterthought.

But it was the additions to the clothing that still made her blush.

The tank top was snug indeed, not even coming close to covering all of Lacey’s breasts — especially now that she was nursing. In a stark red script, emblazoned across the curves of her bosom were the words:

*Property of Troy*

Printed on the back of the underwear, in block letters was:

**SPANK HERE**

As she pulled the clothes on, her face heated as she remembered the first time Troy presented them to her, telling her they would be her new “uniform” when it came to discipline. He didn’t even need to refer to the special clothing directly anymore.

They both knew what she was expected to wear when it was time for her to be disciplined.

Her hair held up in a haphazard pile by several pins, she allowed herself a moment to try to right the mess that was her long, dark locks; she hadn’t done her hair that morning, foolishly assuming this day would be just like any other. She stripped the pins out almost frantically, knowing the clock was ticking down — and with the knowledge he’d be at the door to the bedroom at precisely five minutes from when she’d been dismissed from the driveway.

When it came to the subject of spanking his loving wife’s ass, Troy meant every word he said.

She frowned at her reflection as she pulled down the snug tank top enough to cover her belly; she still wasn’t used to the faint pattern of stretch marks there. Fortunately, she had at least been fairly successful in returning herself to some semblance of the shape she’d been in pre-pregnancy.

Troy had told her he loved those marks, that they were a reminder of what they’d created together. Even though she’d never believe those words, she still loved him for saying them.

He was a hard man, a strict man — but not for one moment did Lacey ever doubt her husband loved her.

“I see it might be time for a refresher on the importance of following directions.”

She spun around, bringing her hand to her mouth. “I-I’m sorry. I—”

He shook his head slowly. “Bend over the bed, bad girl. We’ve got a few things to discuss. Then we can address your little disobedience.”

Swallowing hard, her hand splayed across her chest in a vain effort to slow her racing heart, she walked to the foot of the bed. Dropping to her knees, fresh heat flushed up her cheeks at the way the tiny thong seemed to split and showcase her ass, the black lace displaying and presenting bottom cheeks she still felt were much too big.

“Jesus Christ, I’ve been thinking about this,” he murmured from somewhere behind her.

She wasn’t sure if it was something she was supposed to reply to, but she couldn’t help herself.

“Thinking about what, sir?”

“Your ass. Mine.”

“It was... always yours.”

His deep laughter rolled over her as he moved closer, looming over her. “True — but not like this. Not like it used to be.”

*Oh, thank God.*

To this day, she still couldn’t make sense of the warring fear and lust that swirled within her as she contemplated — often on her knees — a punishment about to be inflicted upon her vulnerable bottom.

It had been much too long, but she knew it was not her place to pressure him, or to try to get him to bring that part of their marriage back. He would bring it back, when the time was right.

*Looks like it’s right now. Be careful what you wish for, Lacey.*

The bed dipped as her husband sat down. She knew better than to move her head from where it lay upon her folded arms. A quiet contemplation of her kneeling form was something she still remembered he loved — required — before any meting out of punishment. He loved her — and lusted after her — and nothing fired that lust more than looking upon her naked ass.

Regardless of the fact she may have found her backside a little too... generous.

“Stand up, girl.”

His words were quiet, but the firmness of his intent was unmistakable.

This was no time to dawdle or disobey.

Rising to her feet, she wrung her hands in front of her, unsure what she was supposed to do. Face him? Stay where she was? Hop in place on one leg?

When he slipped into his growly, disciplinary mode, she was quite sure she'd do just that, if he ordered her to.

"Stand in front of me." He reached out and hooked a big hand around her hip, yanking her close. She stumbled a little then stood before him, within the span of his knees. His gaze coursed at length over her form as she breathed in the pleasing scent of his cologne.

He said nothing as he regarded her, ratcheting up the tension by the second until she fluttered her hands at her sides, her heart pounding.

"Present, girl."

For a split second, she had to remember what that word entailed exactly, so long had it been since she'd heard the heated order.

Lacing her fingers together under the warm weight of her hair, she clasped her hands behind her neck.

"Good." His hand caressed the broad curve of her hip, her skin breaking out into gooseflesh. He looked up at her. "Cold?"

"N-no, sir. Just... nervous, I guess."

"You should be."

*Oh, God!*

"One of the things we need to talk about is how our lives are going to be, moving forward — now that we have Hayden. Have you thought of that?"

"Of course."

"And?"

"W-what?"

"What *are* your thoughts? It's okay to speak, girl. Your words are likely to have a direct impact on how your ass feels in the next few minutes, so I expect you to be honest."

Lacey shivered. "I-I wondered how long... until things would be back to how they used to be."

"You mean me keeping you in line?" He palmed one of her buttocks, giving it a meaningful squeeze. "I admit I've missed it even more than I thought I would. Did you miss having a hot, throbbing ass, girl?"

"No... but I missed that you"—she took a deep breath, trying to plow forward despite the embarrassment the words elicited within her—"sometimes decided that I... needed that. Sir."

"Did you miss your Maintenance Nights too?"

"Yes, sir."

It shamed her more than perhaps anything else — and Troy went to great lengths to explore the depths of shame with his wife. She not only missed them, she *yearned* for them. This despite the pain, despite the humiliation, despite the way he used her like little more than a walking, breathing sex toy. Or maybe it was because of all of those things.

She'd even *dreamed* of Maintenance Night once!

"Did you worry that having our son was going to change things forever?"

It was always the elephant in the room during her pregnancy — especially when Troy had begun to go very easy on her. There had been no difficulty setting it aside then; her pregnancy and the needs of her unborn son took their rightful place as foremost in her mind. But there was no denying it was always a thought, a whispered fear.

Maybe he wouldn't want her anymore? Could she still offer him the same deep submission she'd given him before she'd gotten pregnant? The fears of her body no longer being attractive to him were bad enough; ladling on her own growing anxiety that their dynamic was simply incompatible with being parents made things far, far worse.

"Haven't they changed? I mean... look at me."

“Oh, I *am* looking at you.” He hooked a finger under the bottom hem of her tank, and eased it up. Her breath caught in her throat as he pressed soft kisses to the pattern of pale stretchmarks decorating the gentle curve of her lower belly. “And what I see is a woman who’s never looked more beautiful.” His hands clasped her hips harshly. “And one who’s never needed to be spanked more than she does today.”

“Oh, God yes...” she murmured, closing her eyes, despite the pounding of her pulse.

“Look at me.”

Her eyes flying open, she met his stern, flinty gaze, the lust she saw there plain.

“Here’s the truth: things *have* changed forever.”

Her heart sank. “Troy, how can—?”

“Be quiet, wife of mine, or you’re going to get a spanking *before* your spanking. You understand me?”

“Yes, sir,” she whispered.

“As I said, things have changed — but not in the way you might think.” His hands stroked up and down her hips, his fingertips playing with the lacy edge of her panties. “Starting today, we’re going to be getting you back in line. I’ve been *far* too lenient with you. You need a tight rein, bad girl, and I intend to provide it.”

“Troy—”

“Unless you’re telling me no, you’d better keep those pretty lips zipped. Last warning, my girl.”

“I... I’m not saying no. Sir.”

“Good — then I expect you to listen quietly.”

She nodded, blushing, knowing he expected her silence.

“Maintenance Nights are now a regular part of your week again — starting Friday.”

Her heart squeezed so hard she thought it might stop — even as her clit immediately began to swell, her sensitive nipples instantly hardening to bullets under the tight fabric of her tank top.

*Careful what you wish for, indeed.*

Troy continued. “But since you’ve gone so long without the discipline that you’ve so sorely needed — and that I’ve so badly needed to provide to you — we’re going to be making up for some lost time, you and me. So, we’re going to be having a Maintenance *Week* for you, my dear. What do you think of that?”

Lacey was too stunned to even form speech. “I... what...?”

It used to take her days to fully recover from her Maintenance Nights before. How on Earth was she going to survive a whole *week* of them? Had he lost his mind?

“You’ll have seven different punishments, one per day. You can sort of think of it as us catching up as a couple again. What do you think?”

*How about a nice getaway, instead? Flowers?*

Who was she kidding? For women like her, bouquets and vacations were nice, but it was something else entirely that made her clit hard, that haunted her twisted, fevered dreams.

Despite the wording, she knew the man was not seeking her permission. He’d decreed it — and she’d endure it. Just as they’d both agreed years ago. Still, she had to say *something*.

“I... I don’t think I can take that, Tr — sir.”

“Ah, but I didn’t say they’d be in the same week, did I?”

“But... you called it Maintenance Week.”

He lowered his chin, a gesture that never failed to get her heart pounding faster — for it meant she was treading on thin ice.

*It makes your pussy wet, too. You’re insane.*

“You’ll have to pay off one punishment each week, over seven weeks. I think you can survive that, don’t you?”

She was only barely able to suppress a sigh. “Yes, sir.”

Though she knew it wouldn’t be easy, she knew she could do it. Yes, it was likely to be hell, knowing

how hard he punished when it came to normal maintenance nights, but a part of her was anticipating it with a mix of dread and dark lust.

“We’ll go over the details later. For now, just know — things are going to change, and that starts right now. Understand me?”

“Yes, sir.” She licked her lips, her mouth hopelessly dry.

“Turn around.”

“Oh, what? Okay...”

“What was that?” His hand gripped her thigh, his fingers like steel.

“Okay, sir!”

“That’s my girl. Now, do as you’re told.”

She spun around, then stood silently, feeling his gaze course over her flesh, the humiliating — yet strangely arousing — encouragement to take her in hand emblazoned across the seat of her panties. It was never easy for her to let him look at her ass, especially when he made her cooperate in her display of it.

But it could always be worse, and she knew it was about to be.

“Take them down. Slowly.”

Hooking her thumbs in the thin lace, she drew the fabric down her legs.

“Bend at the waist. Just like you’ve been taught.”

“Yes, sir,” she murmured, her face flaming. It shouldn’t have mattered; the man had seen, and touched, every millimeter of her body. But it was this way every single time.

And she knew he loved it that way. He took advantage of the fact that no matter how many hours she spent on the treadmill, no matter how strict she was with her diet, she always, always, felt like her ass was too big.

It helped that he obviously adored it, but it didn’t change the fact that she cursed her genes — even as she thanked God for bringing her a man who loved how she filled out a *pair* of jeans.

Straightening her legs, she dropped the panties to her ankles, trying to ignore the wetness of the gusset against her foot. She knew he could see the evidence of her arousal, smell her desire — and her fear of what he was about to do to her.

He loved it all — and she was thankful for it. Somehow, it always eased her fear, and heightened her own arousal, knowing her submission to him was a turn-on for her husband.

Knowing her pain was his pleasure.

His hand slapped her ass playfully. “No, don’t clench them.”

She forced herself to relax those muscles, though it was a certainty her punishment would begin in moments.

He fondled and smacked her buttocks, squeezing them until she hissed. He always knew what mortified her most. And those same things were usually what aroused *him* more than anything else.

Still, it was a warm-up, one she would appreciate later when she found herself crying out from the cruel blows of his paddle.

Holding her hips still, his voice lowered to a murmur. “Step out of them.” He held her steady as she did so, handing the panties to him as she knew he expected. He grinned up at her as he tucked them in his pocket. “I missed this part too.”

She wasn’t sure what he did with her panties, but he sometimes kept the ones he didn’t rip during her punishments. She was never sure what he might do.

He’d at least had the courtesy not to keep the expensive ones, but she had a feeling her underwear bill was quite a bit higher than most.

“Turn around and present.”

Facing him so quickly her head spun for a moment, she returned to her familiar position.

“Shoulders straight. Arms back. Tits out.” He slapped her thigh. “More. This is called *present* for a reason, my girl. Present what’s mine.”

Spreading her arms, she looked down at the floor, unable to meet his eyes. It wasn't expected at that point — and it wouldn't matter, considering she knew what it was he was gazing at.

His fingers combed through the thick delta of dark hair covering her mons, a tug at a curl here and there making her grunt.

“Might be time to trim this a little.”

She nodded, blushing anew. “Yes, sir.”

Though she kept her pubic hair quite neat, it was often not enough for her exacting military man husband. They both reveled in keeping her on a very tight leash — in all things.

His fingers splayed her labia, the air cool on her exposed sex. “Legs apart. Wider. *Wider*, girl.”

He drew a deep breath, sampling her scent, her face flushing hot once more as he growled his approval. “This cunt's been missing this too. Have you been dripping, thinking about it?”

There was no way she was letting him know exactly how *much* she'd missed it, how badly she'd ached for his touch, for his strictness.

“Yes, sir. I've... thought about it. All the time, lately.”

“Me too.”

He slicked back the hood of her clit, just touching the tip, her breath catching in her throat. She'd been forbidden from masturbating for the past two weeks, her first clue that the old Troy might be stirring in his lair, and as a result, she'd been aroused almost continuously. Her clit seemed to stand up at the mere scent of his cologne at that point.

“Ah, ahhh!” His finger circled her clit, her hips leaning against his touch of their own volition. He expected stoicism while he touched her, inspected her, but she wasn't sure she had the willpower to obey. She was much too starved of his touch — and his discipline.

Spreading her open again, he leaned close, breathing in once more. “*Fuck*, I love this cunt. It's so wet, so needy. What do you think it needs, girl?”

“You, sir.”

“That's right. It needs *me*, the man who owns it, the man who gives it pleasure.” His voice grew rougher. “And pain.”

Thick fingers glided within her, deep, deeper, making her rise up on her toes, the stretching sudden, but not unwelcome.

*No, not unwelcome in the least.*

“That's a girl, oh yes, you needed this so badly, didn't you? This wet cunt, dripping for your sir.” He pressed a kiss to her mound, her breath already beginning to come in pants. “Well, he's here now.”

*Oh... my God.*

Thrusting briskly, the sounds of her wet pussy around his fingers adding a particularly mortifying note to her surrender, he reached around and smacked her bottom. “Eyes on me.”

She obeyed, even though it was the last thing she wanted to do. It was easier to hide, to be the passive, submissive vessel for his lusts. To look upon him felt too much like a provocation for him to go still further.

But the worst part was that he might see the naked lust, the animal need in her own eyes.

He patted her mons gently. “Time to get you sorted out then, bad girl. A hot, aching bottom, and a well-fucked cunt should take care of the problem, I think. Over my knees.”

She practically fell over him as she rushed to take the familiar, but mortifying, position. His thighs were like tree trunks against her belly, the thick muscle as hard and implacable as his will.

He pushed her over further, until only her toes touched the floor, her palms flat against the carpet. “Legs open — more.” His hand cupped her pussy and she sighed. “Wider, Lacey. I want to look at your wetness while you're punished.”

She bit down her whimper, but complied, showing him everything, her legs trembling with tension.

“Good girl.”

Relief — and an embarrassing amount of pride — flooded through her at the words. They aroused

her and strengthened her all at once. That she knew he was pleased with her, regardless of the fact he was about to mete out a hard spanking, made it easier to contend with what was to come, his approval boosting her determination to behave, to obey, to *be* his good girl.

Even if it hurt.

*Or because it hurt.*

His palm crashed against her left buttock, and she froze in shock. He was never one for preliminaries, believing when it was time for punishment, then a punishment it would be. Yes, he enjoyed playing with her before, during, and after, but that was as much for his benefit as hers.

It was his rightful enjoyment of the plaything that was his loving wife.

She'd never have it any other way.

Biting off a short cry as he spanked her right cheek, she tried to remain motionless, knowing he was just getting started.

"That's right," he growled. "Very still. Take your spanking obediently — and quietly."

Then he began in earnest, taking up a firm, unhurried rhythm, his hard, callused palm stoking a fire in her ass, the temperature spiraling higher by the second. He alternated between cheeks, sometimes smacking high, other times hitting low, spacing out the blows to ensure the pain sunk deep. She knew he'd be watching her for any disobedience, any sign of trying to avoid her punishment.

But she was made of stronger stuff than that. No matter how badly her ass already burned — and it flamed hot indeed — she would show him. She would submit to him in all ways, in all things.

Taking up even harder blows, he concentrated several smacks upon the same spot, and with these, her will began to break, her high-pitched cries growing in volume with each heavy impact of palm on bottom.

He didn't allow that to deter him though; he never did.

Rather, he intensified the punishment, until they became a storm of spanks painting her entire ass. Finally, she lay panting over his thighs, mortified — and incredulous still — that no matter how badly the discipline hurt, once again, her body had reacted.

Though her legs churned slowly as she tried to process the pain, the motion only emphasized how hot and slippery she was between the lips of her pussy. A bead of her warm liquid was already meandering down the vulnerable flesh of her inner thigh. She hoped he wouldn't see it.

His fingertip scooped up the shaming evidence, and he leaned over to hold the glistening finger before her. His voice danced with playful mirth. "Bad girl. I must not be punishing you hard enough."

"No!"

"Quiet now," he murmured, palming the seething heat of her bottom. "I was thinking of going a little easy on you, but considering how wet your cunt is already, I think I'm safe to continue as planned. Any objections?"

She knew what the question was — a subtle escape hatch, a last chance to affect events.

It was something she'd never once done.

"No, sir. No... objections."

"Good." The cold, smooth wood pressed to her bottom, and she couldn't help but jerk, her buttocks balling into hard muscle. The paddle hurt so badly!

It was far from her first time, of course, but aside from the cane, it was the most fearsome implement he wielded.

And like the cane, no matter how many times she'd felt its cruel caress, she'd never get used to it.

"Ten should do, I think." He clutched her around the waist, pulling her closer, the firm — and strangely comforting — bulge of his erection jutting against her hip. "Be still, my girl. You know what I expect."

"Yes, sir," she warbled, her voice little more than a whisper.

The wood slapped against the very center of her cheeks, and she drew in a harsh breath, the burn sinking deep into already inflamed flesh.

“Oh God! I don’t know if... I can do this!”

He tapped the paddle lower down. “Shall I stop then?”

For a second, she thought about it, but dismissed the notion. She’d been through far worse. It was merely her fear at confronting the reality of what she’d been dreaming about for months.

Her husband finally taking her firmly in hand again.

“No, sir.” She leaned further forward as much as his strong grip allowed, hollowing her back and widening her thighs just enough. “I can do it.”

“You’re a good girl,” he said, the smile plain in his voice.

Before she had a chance to bask in those lovely words, the paddle impacted again across the lower curve of her ass, the humiliating jiggle of her cheeks almost as bad as the hot burst of pain across her flesh.

The third blow landed still lower across the boundary between thigh and bottom, and she screeched at it.

“Easy, now,” he rumbled, the grip of his hand slipping down to wrap about her upper hip, pinning her in place.

Several hard strokes of the merciless paddle followed, all across the lower half of her buttocks, leaving them a quivering mass of flames. Finally, the dam broke, the tears streaming down her cheeks, wetting the floor between her palms, her fingernails digging into the carpet.

Finishing up with a final flurry of loud, agonizing smacks all over her tormented bottom, the wood finally settled, stroking the crown of her ass in slow circles, soothing and menacing all at once.

His big palm caressed her lower back. “Breathe. That’s my girl.”

She closed her eyes, inhaling through her nose, exhaling through her mouth, over and over, her strict husband cooing to her as he stroked her skin. Concentrating on her breathing always helped with the pain — and it distracted her from the strength of her arousal too.

“You did so well. I’m *very* proud of you, girl.” He pressed the softest of kisses to the upper curve of each of her buttocks, his stubble tickling her welted skin. His hand eased between her cheeks, the pad of his thumb gently touching her anus as his fingers played with labia sticky with her hot arousal. “Mmmm, I see some things haven’t changed. My horny little Lacey.”

“Please... sir.”

“Please what, my girl?” He pulled her up, forcing her to her feet to stand before him again, her knees trembling against his spread thighs.

She couldn’t help but look at the large bulge of his genitals, her mouth beginning to water. He’d taken to making her service him with her mouth quite often during her pregnancy, and it made her face flame to think of how she’d come to crave taking his penis between her lips, looking up at him as he pushed for the depths of her throat.

*Just because you love sucking his cock doesn’t make you a whore, Lacey. Not quite anyway.*

Though part of her might doubt it, might be horrified at the way she seemed to constantly think about sex when it came to her husband, she’d learned to ignore it. There was a freedom in her submission, a letting go of inhibitions, of fears, of doubts.

All that was left was obedience, and lust — and obsession.

With Troy, no matter what he made her do, she always dived in, no matter how much it might make her cheeks burn bright. In more ways than one.

He seemed to take particular delight in pushing her boundaries — even when she found it embarrassing.

*Especially* if she found it embarrassing.

She could see him considering it, his eyes burning with desire. Then he met her gaze, dropping the paddle on the bed next to him. “On your knees.”

*Oh, yes.*

Dropping to the carpet, her bottom on her heels, she laid her palms on either of his corded thighs,

reveling in the raw power she felt there.

“Take my cock out, girl.”

She practically attacked his zipper, the size of his erection making it difficult to draw it down for a moment. Then, slipping his boxers down just enough, his shaft sprung free, high and hard, the veins congested and throbbing, the purplish head broad and heavy, glistening stickiness already collecting at the tip.

Dying to wrap her hand around it, to hear his soul-deep groan as she stroked it lovingly, she nonetheless waited, like a setter at its mark, listening for the command of its master to set upon its delicious prey.

His hooded, dark eyes watched her for a moment, his lips tight, nostrils flaring. He loved to make her wait. She knew it was a quiet, subtle reinforcement of his command, of her submission to his will, her surrender to his every desire.

“Do you want to suck it?”

“Yes, sir.” Her cheeks flamed, but she didn’t look away from his intent gaze. There was no point in lying. They both knew the truth.

“Should I make you swallow every drop, or maybe I’ll come all over those soft lips of yours? I like how you blush as you lick it off.”

Looking upon her for long moments, the tension was almost unbearable.

But he surprised her, taking her hands and drawing her up. He clasped those hands in his, his thumbs stroking her delicate fingers. “Take off your top, greedy girl.” He let her go.

Confused at his intent, she stripped off the tank, folding it neatly, trying to ignore the soft sway of her breasts as she did it. They were already beginning to feel tight.

She’d need to pump again soon.

“Get those fingers laced behind your neck,” he barked. “Present properly.”

Almost yelping at the harsh note of his voice, she was instantly in the prescribed position, blushing anew at the way the pose displayed her breasts.

*You’re showing off a helluva lot more than your tits.*

He touched the achingly sensitive nipples, his other hand languidly fisting the thick shaft of his cock as she stood before him in compliant silence.

“You hurting yet? Been a while since you’ve done it, right?”

“Yes, sir. A little tender.”

“Oh, good,” he drawled, twirling his finger. “Turn around, dear. Show me that nicely spanked ass of yours.”

Reluctantly, she obeyed, keeping her fingers laced at the back of her neck, knowing he’d expect her to remain in that position until told otherwise.

His palm coursed over her martyred flesh, and she hissed as he tested the swelling of a couple of her welts, the pain there burning brighter.

“Much better with a red, hurting bottom. Sweeter, more compliant after a punishment, aren’t you, dear?”

She had no idea if she really was, but she sure wasn’t going to argue with him at that moment, lest he decide her lesson hadn’t been fully learned yet.

“Y-yes, sir.”

“We’ll need to keep you this way more often, I think.”

Before she could reply though, his hands clasped her hips. “Get that cunt open.”

Plunging a hand between her thighs, she splayed her soaked labia wide, biting her lip at the way her inner thighs were coated with her fluids.

Drawing her down, his voice was a harsh growl. “Guide it inside, then sit down on my cock. I want every fucking inch inside that wet cunt of yours.”

She reached back for his bobbing erection, Troy not doing anything to help her. This was part of her

submission, the acknowledgment that he would use her body in any way he liked. Her job was but to obey, to do as she was told as quickly as possible.

And just the thought made her pussy even wetter.

Grasping the veined, hot shaft, she pushed the big head of his penis between her labia. Her long, trembling sigh the only sound in the room as she sank down fully upon him, her soft thighs pressed to the hard muscles of his legs, his wiry pubic hair grinding against her flesh.

“Arms behind your back, holding your elbows. You break position and I’ll take a cane to this red ass of yours.”

“Yes, sir,” she whispered, though there was no need to answer the rumble of his voice. Strict obedience was all he required.

His hand clamped to her shoulder, squeezing it harshly as he held her hip with the other.

“Do you want to come, girl?”

*Oh, God!*

The question never failed to make her blush, even now.

“Yes, sir. I want to come... very badly.”

“Do you think you deserve to come tonight?” He began to thrust ever so slowly, and she took the inside of her lip between her teeth, the tight fit of his big penis moving inside her feeling so good it threatened to drive her mad.

“N-no, sir.” The plaintive sound of her voice only drove her embarrassment higher.

“And why is that?”

“Because... I’m being punished, sir.”

It was something they played with more and more, denying her a climax anytime she found herself subject to his discipline. Where once she could reliably count on coming — more than once — whenever Troy got after her, things had... evolved.

Another layer of control, it was an effective way of tightening his hold over her. Now, most of the time she’d ended her maintenance nights with her burning bottom pressed to her cool, bare heels, his heavy shaft plumbing the depths of her throat. Rather than a screaming orgasm, her appointments with pain often ended with a flood of sperm bursting upon her tongue — or sprayed across her face and breasts.

Though he did sometimes take mercy on her after a punishment, it was never something she could be sure of, her only recourse being especially obedient, especially shameless as she swallowed his cock as he stood over her.

“That’s right, you are being punished, aren’t you?” He slapped her hip. “Now, be a good girl and hold still while I fuck this cunt.”

For the next ten minutes, the quiet room was filled with the slap of flesh on flesh, interspersed with her harsh panting, the wet sounds of her sex being plundered by her avaricious husband, and his growls for her to squeeze his cock tighter.

Her breasts painfully bounced and wobbled as he fucked her — no doubt something he intended.

“I’m close. Squeeze... more! Squeeze that cock.”

She beared down upon it, whimpering at the way the hard head battered the entrance to her womb each time she was thrust back down upon his shaft.

“There you go. Good girl!” He groaned, his grip upon her tightening, as he thrust into her brutally, shaking her body with each impact of her bottom against his hips. “I’m... going to... come!”

He grunted as he held her down against him, his cock impossibly deep, his hips jerking against her, the hot bloom of semen filling her.

Her clit throbbed, lonely, bereft as she felt his last spurts of seed, the aftershocks of his orgasm coursing through his strong body below her. She knew she was expected to sit still as he recovered, his breathing heavy and fast behind her.

“Jesus,” he murmured. “I... it’s been too long since I’ve done that. You were good — mostly.”

She smiled at that, her misgivings at not being able to come washed away by his playfulness. It was something else she was very glad to see again.

Finally, he pulled her back against him, his softening penis slipping from the clutch of her sex, leaving a trail of wetness along her thigh as he drew her close.

She turned to him, snuggling against his chest, loving being in his arms once more, loving even more being the focus of his lust. Most of all, she anticipated what was to come, relieved to once again be the subject of his attentions, his desires — both painful and pleasurable.

“I’m so glad you’re back, sir... but I still want to come.”

He laughed, stroking her hair as he kissed the top of her head. His voice was a rumble in his chest below her ear. “There may come a day when you regret those words, Lacey girl.”

## Chapter 2

Hunter elbowed the front door open, Hayden, wrapped in his favorite blue-striped blanket, cradled in his arms.

Troy set his coffee down, pushing his chair back from the kitchen table. “Hunt—”

Hunter put a long finger up against his lips, his dark eyebrows raised. “Just got him to sleep in the car on the way over.”

Troy lowered his voice to a whisper. “Where’s Sara?”

His friend didn’t say anything, but he didn’t need to — the roll of his eyes and the tightness at his jaw spoke volumes.

As if on cue, Sara sauntered in, the pale tan of her skirt clinging to her hips, her phone at her ear. Rather than hang up, she simply nodded at Troy, giving him a wan smile, and a little wiggle of her fingers in greeting. Without a single word, she walked out to the living room, dropping onto the couch, one leg folded under her, the woman’s voice barely audible.

Apparently, her conversation was more important than actually having manners.

Troy tipped his head toward the kitchen, and Hunter followed, bringing little sleeping Hayden with him.

Taking a seat at the table, Hunter handed over the bundled baby. “I hate to do it. Damn kid’s gonna make me want one of my own.”

Troy flicked a pointed look toward the living room as he sat down, his boy safe in his arms once again. “Be careful who you say that around.”

“Nah, she says she’ll wait until I’m ready.”

Troy lowered his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. “They say that, until the rubber mysteriously fails — or they forget to take their pill for a day. Or a week.”

“Jesus, Troy, she’s not that bad.”

Troy shrugged. “They never are — until that’s not true anymore.”

“Besides, we’d have to be fucking for that to be an issue, wouldn’t we?” Hunter took the mug of coffee Troy set out for him, spinning it on the battered plane of the table, looking over his shoulder toward his wife.

The woman was still engrossed in her conversation, gesticulating with her hand, lost to everyone around her, apparently.

“Wait a minute... you two aren’t *fucking*? What happened? Christ, when you two first met, she couldn’t keep her hands off of you. It was disgusting.”

“Thanks, asshole.” Hunter frowned, shaking his head as he looked down at his coffee. “I don’t know what happened. Drifted apart? Fuck, that’s so cliché.”

“You sound like a chick.”

Hunter held up his middle finger, but he grinned nonetheless.

Hayden stirred in Troy’s arms and he rocked him gently, giving Hunter a sheepish look. “We probably shouldn’t be cussing around him anyway — not that he can understand a word we’re saying.”

“The principle of the thing,” Hunter said, nodding, holding up his cup. “Agreed, my friend.”

They both looked out toward the living room then, Sara now reclined back against the couch, a long arm draped over the back, the position pulling her soft cable knit sweater tight across her breasts. Diamonds sparkled at the blonde’s ears, their lack of subtlety not quite matched by the giant rock on her finger.

He’d tried to warn Hunt about her. Troy had never had a good feeling about Sara. Beautiful, she might have been, but the woman was all about one thing.

And that one thing was Sara.

“Where is little guy’s mom, anyway?” Hunter smiled when he said the word.

Troy noticed his friend did that a lot when the subject was Lacey.

Looking up, Troy shifted Hayden to his shoulder, gently patting him on the back. The kid was still moving a little, but he was very close to nodding off once more. Sleeping baby was a lot easier for Dad to handle than screaming baby was. “She’s upstairs. Should be down in a minute.”

“Good.” Hunter sipped from his coffee, the steam wafting. “Wanted to ask you something — without the girls around.”

“The answer is no. I don’t like dudes.”

Hunter sneered. “Don’t flatter yourself, Sergeant.”

Troy chuckled softly, careful not to wake Hayden. “All right, what is it?”

“I... I want to tell her.”

“Tell her what? That you’re leaving her? That you like show tunes?”

It was Hunter’s turn to laugh. “Dick.”

Troy tipped his cup. “Pretty much.”

“I know that, what you two do? That’s... what I need.” Hunter breathed in slowly. “It’s what I *am*. I need to tell her. I *want* to tell her. See how she reacts, you know?”

“She kinky?”

Troy doubted it. He’d be shocked if Sara could peel herself away from the mirror long enough to try something adventurous.

“She’s vanilla, but maybe... if I tell her, maybe she’ll be curious. You know?”

His friend had been agonizing over it for months. Hell, he’d probably been thinking about it ever since Troy and Lacey admitted what it was they got up to every Friday night without fail.

It had been Lacey’s idea to tell their friend — for she was as much Hunter’s friend now as Troy was. At first, he wasn’t sure he was comfortable with it. There was something subversive, something appealing to keeping a little mystery about the fact he and Lacey were kinky.

Really fucking kinky.

“How did you guys do it? Did you both just... know?” Hunter watched intently. This meant something. It was no time to pitch him more shit.

There’d be plenty of time for that later.

“Lacey wasn’t sure what to think when I first told her what I wanted, what I expected. She just sort of shrugged and said okay.” Troy paused to glance out at the living room, needing to make sure Sara didn’t decide to walk in. This was information the woman did *not* need to know.

“We were always into the, ah, rough stuff anyway.” Troy kept his voice low, little more than a whisper. “Lacey loved the hair pulling, dirty talk, ass smacking stuff anyway. So, I guess it was a progression.”

“Lucky man.”

“Yeah, well, we sort of fell into it. One day, I just told her I was going to start running the show. I always had, but it was more just making a point of verbalizing it. Getting it out there. Head of Household, that kind of thing.”

“But you two... you’ve got a lot more going than that.”

“Perv.”

Hunter shook his head, his laconic grin showing he wasn't buying the bullshit Troy was shoveling out.

Troy didn't really mean it. Oddly, neither he nor Lacey had ever felt sheepish or weird letting Hunter in on their little domestic secret. It was actually better in a way — it gave them both someone else to talk about it with.

Troy knew full well what Lacey and Hunter talked about. Which was pretty much anything.

Any other man, and Troy would have put a stop to such a thing — and quickly. Intimate confidences led too often to... other sorts of intimacies.

But he trusted Hunter with his life — and vice versa. They'd been in the shit together. They both *literally* owed their lives to each other, several times over.

If he didn't know better though, Troy suspected Lacey had a reason for urging Hunter to tell his wife about what he truly needed.

Which was odd, because if anything, Lacey seemed even more dead-set against Sara being the right girl for Hunter. He'd seen the eye-rolls, heard the snide comments under her breath as Sara held court, boasting and droning on about her latest corporate conquest.

To Lacey's way of thinking, a guy like Hunter, a rough around the edges ex-Ranger and a silver spoon up her ass corporate lawyer like Sara matched about as well as oil and water.

Troy was always one to give people a chance though, and in the end, he just wanted his friend to be happy.

But he'd be a liar if he said he wasn't beginning to come around to his wife's outlook on the whole thing.

"Seriously, things just kind of... evolved. I don't think we even discussed things until I wanted to institute Maintenance Nights." Troy winked. "She was a lot more eager to explore than I guessed."

"Maybe Sara will be too?" Hunter's brow quirked as he looked off toward the living room. "All I can do is try."

*You could try and divorce her ass too.*

Before Troy could say anything, Lacey came bounding down the stairs, tying back her dark hair as she padded into the kitchen. Her gray t-shirt was a size too small, the University of Washington logo stretched over her full breasts. Her eyes met his, and his heart began a slow gallop, the heat in her gaze still quite evident.

When Hunter turned toward her, Lacey grinned, squeezing his shoulder. "Hayden wear you guys out?"

"Nah, kid's an angel." Hunter nodded toward Troy. "Your husband on the other hand. He appears to be stressed simply holding him. Better rescue the poor bastard."

Lacey scooped Hayden up, bending down to press her lips to Troy's cheek. She paused a moment to whisper into his ear. "*Nothing* sexier than a man holding his child."

Her teeth nipped him, and his cock instantly sprang back to life.

Lacey's eyes flickered as she saw who was sitting in the living room. "She been on that thing the whole time?"

"Yep, important call, I guess." Hunter winced as he said it.

"Hmm, leaving her man to wait for her." Her voice took on a quiet sing-song tone. "Not good!" Pursing her lips, she padded out to the living room, standing in Sara's field of vision to get her attention. She waved, giving Sara a saccharine smile as radiant as it was forced.

The bewitching Lacey sauntered back toward them, her expression carefully neutral.

"She needs to learn how to take care of her man," Lacey whispered as she passed by. "I'll go up and tuck the little guy in. If I don't come back down, it means he was hungry." She waggled her eyebrows at Hunter as she fingered the neckline of her top.

Troy chuckled at his friend's blush.

She was wearing black yoga pants, and both men shamelessly watched her go. Troy was certain

she'd intentionally put an extra sway in her hips as she walked toward the stairs.

*My good girl.*

"Ready to go, honey?" Sara stood at the threshold to the kitchen, tapping her phone with one long painted fingernail.

Hunter's head snapped around, and he cleared his throat. "Uh, yeah, sure." Standing, he cocked a thumb at Troy. "You up for a beer tomorrow after work?"

"Can't — meeting up with an old buddy from the service. How 'bout later this week?"

"That works."

"You men and your *beer*. I'll be in the car." Sara strode toward the door, then she glanced back at them. "Nice to see you again, Troy."

He tried not to grind his teeth. "Bye, Sara. Thanks again."

Waiting until the door closed behind her, Hunter sighed. "Maybe I'll, uh, hold off on my little idea. I don't think she's ready."

"Too engrossed in work?"

"Among other things."

Only through Herculean effort was Troy able to suppress a scowl. The woman was hardly ever home, and her husband was agonizing over something that might change everything about their marriage.

*Or blow it apart.*

Hunter smacked him on the shoulder, winking. "Thanks for letting us watch the kiddo. Love that little guy. See ya."

Troy watched Hunter's truck pull out of the driveway, then he closed the front door. He could sense his silent wife at the top of the stairs.

"There's something wrong there. I wish Hunter could see it."

He sighed, rubbing the back of his neck, still facing the door. "And what's that?"

Troy was certain he could gather quite a comprehensive list, but it wasn't his place. His job was to support his best friend.

A tinge of anger could be heard in Lacey's voice. "She's not right for him."

## Chapter 3

The call from Von had been a surprise. What the gruff former squad machine gunner had to say to him was even more of a surprise.

Troy had picked the park across the street from his downtown office. The day was sunny but cool, one of the best things about early autumn in the Pacific northwest. Pounding out one last text message to his boss, he'd found a bench facing toward the interior of the park.

The fountain was one that consisted of sculptures with water jets shooting up from ground level nozzles embedded in a broad brick expanse. Amazingly, despite the temperature, kids were still bravely running through the arcs of water, laughing and screaming as the frigid display soaked them.

A long, jacked up pick-up with a battered contractor's rack in the bed pulled to the curb just down the street. Emblazoned on the passenger side door was a decal.

### Ellison Companies

"Well, shit," Troy mumbled, smiling to himself, slipping his phone into his pocket.

Discharged at roughly the same time — Von had served several tours in Iraq, while Troy had spent most of his combat duty in AfPak — the two of them had gradually lost contact. They'd been fast friends in boot, and had managed to get assigned R&R at the same time more than once, even though they were based in different theaters.

He watched the man move up the brick sidewalk toward him. He was wearing a red ballcap, with *Ellison Co* on it, a weathered, tan Carheart jacket hanging from his broad shoulders. Von was slenderer than he'd been in the service, which made his great height even more dramatic. His face was dominated by a brown beard flecked with gray at the chin, his eyes scanning the park to his left as he walked.

"You forget how to eat once they kicked your ass out of the service?" Troy extended a hand and Von took it, shaking it hard. "You gunners never were too smart."

Von grinned, his eyes glinting. "How you been, sarge?"

"Sit down, asshole." Troy scooted over on the bench. "Gonna frighten the kids with this big tall scarecrow motherfucker standing there on the sidewalk."

Folding his lanky frame over, Von took the offered seat. "Nice place here, I gotta admit. Little busy for my tastes, but not bad."

"My how things *haven't* changed. Still the hayseed. Where'd you end up, anyway?"

"White Valley."

Troy scratched his chin. "You'll need to clue me in on where the fuck that is."

Von tipped his head toward the east. "Other side of the Cascades. Little out of the way place — but to men like us? It's paradise, sergeant."

"Oh? I'm not really a fan of small towns, but I can't say I've ever lived in one."

"You keeping busy?" Von's dark eyes scanned him up and down. "Engineering treating you well, looks like."

“You drive six hours to shoot the shit on jobs? We have LinkedIn for that, you know.”

Von chuckled, looking down. “I actually have a couple vendors in Portland I need to meet with today. Thought I’d jump across the river and pay a visit while I was around. I’ll get right to it though, since I know you’re a busy man. I’d like to have you come out and visit us sometime. Meet the wife, show you around.”

“You fooled some woman into *marrying* your ass?”

Von held up a hand, a gold band catching the sun’s rays. “Five years.”

“Jesus, poor girl.”

Von laughed. “I can’t argue with that.” His expression sobered somewhat. “I mean it though. I think you should come see our sleepy little town sometime. Might find something — or a lot of things — you like there.”

“Cow tipping ain’t my thing, Von.”

“Oh, we spend most of our time having fun with much more interesting creatures.”

“Such as?” Troy glanced at his friend, Von staring off across the expanse of the park, his gaze a thousand miles away.

“Such as women.”

*Interesting.*

He knew Von was cut from the same cloth he was; they’d swapped plenty of stories in boot. You could tell who was into what pretty quickly when forced to spend every waking hour with the same people for six weeks.

“I’m listening.”

“What if I told you that we have a... unique way of life there? One where the, uh, balance of power isn’t so balanced. Traditional roles — and then some. It’s all accepted, whatever it is — within reason — and protected.”

“Stepford Wives shit, is it?” Troy smiled. It wouldn’t surprise him, really, considering the things Von had told him in the service. The man was fairly hardcore, probably even more than he was.

“I wouldn’t say it goes *quite* that far... but it’s not exactly politically correct, that’s for sure.”

Troy didn’t say anything, instead, listening to the laughing kids, the sounds of the hum as the pumps below the street level expelled the water into arcing jets that seemed to dance in the air before returning to Earth. “You know, I think it might be time for a road trip after all. Sightseeing is good for the health, isn’t it?”

Von leaned back, resting an elbow on the side rail of the bench. “You could bring Lacey too. She’d... yeah, she’d fit in. Very well.”

“We still talking metaphorically here?” Troy narrowed his eyes, fixing Von with his gaze. “Not sure she’s ready for that.”

“Then just you. All you need to do is see what it’s about. Think about it.” Von stood up, offering his hand, a white card caught between two fingers. “You call me when you’re ready. In the meantime, have a look at the site on that card. Will be interesting reading, I promise.”

Troy took the card, shaking his head. “I knew I should’ve sent your call to voicemail.”

Von grinned, his white teeth showing prominent canines, his eyes glinting in the bright sunshine. “Taking my call might be the best thing that’s ever happened to you, sergeant.”

## Chapter 4

The letter trembled in her fingers as she held it. Letters were never good.

She'd found it neatly folded on her pillow when she'd woken. Troy had been long gone, wanting to go in early to get as much done as possible before the weekend.

And undoubtedly to enable him to come home early to take care of Maintenance Night.

She swallowed hard, her buttocks tightening. What she read on this letter was likely going to confirm how those buttocks would be feeling later that night.

Opening the letter, her hand went to her face as she read. She nibbled on her finger as she learned her fate:

*Lace,*

*I know you've been wondering what you're in for during Maintenance Week, so I thought I'd take mercy on you and give you an idea — for part of it. Read carefully. I'll expect you to memorize this — or else.*

*Week #1 — spanking and flogger for your ass and thighs*

*Week #2 — tits*

*Week #3 — anal punishment*

*Week #4 — cunt*

*Week #5 — the cane*

*Week #6 and #7 — I can't give away all the surprises, can I?*

*Each week, you will be in your uniform, in the bedroom, kneeling at the foot of the bed. If I require additional preparations, I will text or call you.*

*You may expect to be used after your discipline, or I may choose not to. You may not expect to be allowed any orgasms during these punishments, though the decision is ultimately mine.*

*These punishments will be meted out regardless of what shape you're in from any other discipline you've earned during the week. So, I'd advise you to be a very, very good girl for the next couple of months.*

*Lest you think I'm being too harsh, know that you will be required to rest both Saturday and Sunday following your discipline. You are not to cook or do housework (or work of any kind) during this time.*

*Failure to follow these directions will mean you require additional training.*

*You've gone far too long without a tight rein, and you've suffered for it. That's at an end, my girl, trust me on that.*

*We are going to take your submission to a deeper level, you and me. You need it, and I want it.*

*I'm very proud of you, and I love you.*

*Troy*

“Oh, my God,” Lacey said through fingers clamped across her lips. The fabric of her T-shirt felt like sandpaper across her sensitive — and now very erect — nipples. Her heartbeat had quickened as she'd read the letter. It was something she'd expected. She knew Troy took great pleasure in making her anticipate — and dread — what was coming to her.

It was never easy for her — but few things turned her on more.

“Jesus, I thought you were past this?”

She walked to the bathroom and sat on the toilet, propping her chin on her hand, deep in her thoughts. In approximately twelve hours, her ass was going to be a seething, agonizing mass of welts. Tears would be soaking her face, her voice hoarse from her cries and her pleas.

And just the thought of that had her pussy wet already.

Hiding her face in her hands, she went over all the things she needed to get done that day before Troy got home.

Before her date with pain and pleasure began.

\* \* \*

As she knelt at the bed, she went over her day, hoping she hadn't forgotten anything.

She'd nursed Hayden, sighing at the relief of the pressure in her breasts, then got him dressed in time for her Mom to pick him up. A quick shower, and jumping into her “uniform” followed — and then it was but a waiting game.

She'd even laid out the flogger on the mattress, hoping such a deviation from her instructions was okay. He hadn't specifically ordered she lay out the implements for him, but she hoped he'd be pleased.

Just the knowledge that that length of leathers waited on the mattress next to her made her want to cringe from it. It was perhaps one of the less intense implements in his arsenal, but it was capable of raising a level of heat in her flesh that few other things could. And he was quite capable of using it on her for a very, very long time.

The door opened downstairs and she curled over the bed, laying her cheek on the cool comforter. Her hands were clasped at the small of her back, a silent offering to be bound if her husband should choose to do so.

Several minutes passed, her ears keyed in to the muffled sounds from downstairs, her thoughts a storm of fear, lust, mortification, and excitement. Would it hurt more than the spanking she'd received

just last week? Did she want it to?

Her pussy was on a continuous burn, a slight throbbing that had lasted most of the day as she anticipated what was to come upon the arrival of her stern — and wonderful — husband. The fact he'd prohibited her from masturbating unless given permission only exacerbated the frustrated arousal.

Then there came the familiar *clump-clump* of his heavy boots on the staircase risers.

A change in the air pressure upon her bare arms heralded the arrival of her husband — and her disciplinarian.

“Were you a good girl today?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Touch that pussy at all?”

Did it count when she was in the shower? Taking extra long to clean between her legs wasn't technically disobedience, was it?

“No, sir.”

“Good.” He was silent for a moment. “Ready for your punishment?”

“Y-yes, sir.”

“Then say the words.”

Drawing a slow breath, she closed her eyes as she said the words, her face heating. “Please may I have my spanking, sir?”

“Of course, you can, bad girl.”

She shivered.

He loomed over her, reaching for the flogger. “I don't remember instructing you to set this out.”

“I-I'm sorry, sir. Just thought you'd appreciate it.”

His lips brushed against her hair. “I do.”

She smiled, even though her heart was already jack-hammering in her chest.

Something heavy dropped on the mattress beside her, and she stiffened. It could only be one thing.

“Take down your panties.”

With trembling hands, she obeyed, leaving them bunched at her bent knees.

“I'm going to spank this ass until it's bright red. Then we're going to see how that bottom of yours — and your thighs — color up under the flogger. Understand?”

“Yes,” she croaked, heart in her throat. This was going to be awful.

*So, why are your juices running down your leg already, slut?*

“On your feet, girl.”

She rose on unsteady legs, but didn't face him yet. Strict obedience was what he expected on days like these. She'd already been running risks as it was by setting out the flogger for him.

Then she spied what she knew had been placed on the bed. It was a wedge cushion, upholstered in deepest black. She'd dubbed it “The Ramp,” a moniker that never ceased to make Troy laugh.

But the wedge cushion was no laughing matter to her — for it meant one of two things: either her ass was being punished, or it was being fucked.

Often enough, it had been both.

“Turn around.” His voice had taken on a sterner note.

*Oh, shit.*

Looking up into his eyes, she saw it there — the predator. The conqueror.

It only made the heat bloom hotter between her thighs.

Not saying a word, he rucked her tank top up rather than making her take it off. Bunching the fabric across her upper chest, her milk-heavy breasts projected below it. He bounced one of them in his palm, grinning at her. “Still sore?”

“Not so bad... nursed Hayden before Mom picked him up.”

Troy studied her breasts for a moment, then took both in his hands, giving them a firm squeeze. She moaned, the sensation arrowing straight down to her clenching womb deep in her belly.

“Oh, God,” she whispered.

“That feel good then? Not hurting too much?”

“I-it hurts, but, don’t stop. Please.”

With a wolfen smile, he kneaded them again, harder, her breath whistling between her teeth.

It was a pleasure that was difficult to understand, impossible to resist. Ever since she’d given birth, it was as if her breasts were overtight, threatening to burst. Nursing only offered temporary relief, and if she found herself aroused — which seemed to be almost all the time now — it only made things worse. Yet the sensation of his strong, hard hands manhandling her swollen breasts was something that always, *always*, made her sex clench tight, her labia already slippery with her juices — even if such handling did sometimes hurt.

“I can’t wait to go to work on these big tits. Mmm. But not now.” He kissed each upturned nipple, giving them a little tweak before meeting her eyes. “Lay over it, sweetheart. Quickly now.”

Troy took hold of her shoulder, giving her “help” she didn’t really need. Lacey twisted in place, and settled over the familiar — and dreaded — firm cushion. He took hold of her hips, lifting them, adjusting her position to his exact specifications.

His hand cracked against her thigh. “Spread your legs.”

She instantly complied, stretching them toward the corners of the mattress.

Though no restraints could be seen when she laid over the wedge, such an order usually meant he intended to bind her ankles to the bed.

But this time, he left them free. It would make it that much more difficult to comply when he was painting lines of fire across her ass.

“Good. Hands toward the headboard, stretch as far as you can.”

It made things so much harder, this cooperation. Somehow laying herself bare this way was even more difficult than being trussed up, helpless against whatever he intended to do to her next.

“You’re already wet, bad girl.” A finger eased up her split, the tip just inside her burning labia. It tapped her anus, leaving wetness there. “Such a horny little slut.”

Her cheeks flamed hot. “I-I’m sorry...”

“It’s okay. I think I have what that pussy needs.” He stood next to the bed, laying a hand across her lower back. “What do you say?”

Being forced to ask for her discipline was almost as difficult as enduring it, and yet her womb tightened at the low rumble of his words, at the enforcement of his will upon her.

“Please spank me... sir.”

“And why?”

She pressed her forehead to the mattress, her words muffled against the soft covers. “Because I need it, sir.”

“Yes, you do.”

His big palm smacked her ass, the fingers seeming to mold to her flesh for split second before pulling away. The sting began immediately, though the disquieting vibration of each smack never failed to stir the desire between her legs. Taking up a steady, deliberate pace, spanks came down upon her ass, the crack of each blow making her flinch as much as the heat growing upon her flesh.

“You’re clenching, dear.”

It was a reflex she’d never seem to be able to train herself out of. She tried to ease the tension in her body, visualizing herself as flowing over the wedge, a being more of energy and emotion than flesh and blood. It worked.

“Good girl.” He stroked her ass, the thick fingers testing the wetness at her sex before pulling away again. “Nice and hot already. Poor Lacey. I love it.”

Two more smacks followed quickly, one to each cheek, the force of them shaking her entire body. He pressed her to the cushion more firmly, the rumble of his deep voice more raw emotion than coherent thought. She turned her head toward him, her eyes immediately alighting on the hard bulge between his

thighs, the black slacks he wore to work clearly showing the outline of his thick cock, pressing urgently against the fabric. She watched his face as he spanked her, the way his eyes glittered as he looked upon her helplessly presented bottom. His lips quirked into a smile as she moaned for the first time, a particularly harsh smack catching the undercurve of her left buttock, sending it bounding, the tender flesh there roasting hot.

“Felt that one,” he murmured. He glanced down at her then. “Hide your face, bad girl.”

Mortified, she looked away then, her blush burning against the coolness of the covers. It was humiliating to be admonished like that, but like everything else he did, it only seemed to turn her on more. She couldn’t explain it — didn’t *want* to explain it — but it was undeniably true.

Before he was done with the spanking, her hips were waving, her whimpers continuous, her eyes pricking with hot tears. Her entire ass was throbbing, burning before his big, callused palm stilled. Squeezing and caressing his flesh, the deep sound of his wordless murmurs of pleasure helped her center herself again.

He paused and her heart pounded still harder in anticipation of what was to come.

The leather falls caressed her flesh, tapping against her thighs, her bottom, even the wetness of her sex. Over and over, it played over her skin, slapping gently at first, then increasing in intensity. Soon, the leather was smacking her with a loud *schlack-schlack-schlack* that seemed to crowd out all sound, all awareness but the stinging of her flesh.

Her pussy was almost as hot as her bottom, and she pushed back, wanting desperately for him to touch her again. She cried out as the tips of the falls caught the soft lips of her pussy, the white-hot flashes of pain making her squeeze her cleft tight.

“We’ll get to that cunt of yours on another day, greedy girl. Keep that ass still, and take your discipline obediently.”

She whimpered into the mattress, her blush flaring again.

The flogging commenced in earnest, her cries continuous as the leather coursed up and down the backs of her thighs. He gave her ass several hard, searing strokes — then scourged her thighs all over again. Before he was done, the tears were coursing freely down her cheeks, her cries pleading, desperate, forlorn, wordlessly imploring him for mercy she knew she didn’t ever want him to grant.

Then it was done, and she panted over her cushion, her nose wet, her eyes burning, her cheeks awash in tears. Her bottom felt as if it were being stung by thousands of tiny pinpricks, the heat in her flesh overwhelming, her thighs throbbing and burning like twin beacons of anguish.

“You’re doing just fine, girl. Nice and red and hot. Those sweet thighs are going to be sore tomorrow.” He pinched one of her welts and she drew in a sharp hiss. “Good pattern here. Next time, I think I might take a few pictures of these.”

She gasped at the idea — but not out of horror. Not entirely, anyway. It had been something else they’d discussed, a sort of visual documentation of her journey, of her increasing submission to his will — and his desires.

Was he considering revisiting it?

Both of them feared the ramifications of photos and video; everyone was well aware of how such a thing could go sideways — and quickly — in the digital age. It required its own unique level of trust, and at the time they’d first discussed it, they’d decided they weren’t ready, no matter how much the idea turned both of them on. And it definitely did. She’d secretly come to terms with the fact she had an exhibitionist streak almost as strong as her masochistic one. What was contradictory about it was the level of embarrassment she felt at the mere thought of it. How could it mortify her so powerfully, and yet make her clit practically throb at the idea?

*You could put a therapist’s children through college with all the baggage you could talk about, you know that?*

“What do think of that, Lacey-girl? How would you like to be ordered to do it? To send me pictures of this bottom as the marks bloom and darken?”

“I... I don’t know.”

His fingers slid between the lips of her pussy, plundering deep, curling within her, making her groan. “Nervous? Or turned-on?”

“Both, I think.”

“You can trust me, Lacey.”

She knew it in her heart, and in her mind, but it was a level of objectification they hadn’t explored. Yet.

“I know, sir.” She drew a long breath. “It’s just... it’s so embarrassing. I’m... hideous.”

She could feel his displeasure, but he didn’t smack her ass as admonishment. “You know you’re not to speak negatively about yourself. Look at me, bad girl.”

Reluctantly, she met his gaze as he stood over her. But rather than anger in his eyes, she saw mirth, and pleasure, and affection. It made her smile.

“You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen, and best of all, you’re all mine.”

“Thank you, sir.” Her eyes brimmed at the sweet words, and she longed to reach for him. But it was forbidden during a punishment.

“I’m going to let you in on a secret. But you have to promise you can’t tell anyone I told you.”

“Of course.”

“When you brought Hayden to the office last week? The guys could not keep their fucking eyes off you.”

“W-what?”

She remembered how uncomfortable she felt walking down the long line of cubicles. She’d dressed in a long black skirt and sweater, both feeling tighter than she liked. But she wasn’t about to deprive Troy the pleasure of showing off his first-born baby boy to the guys he worked with.

“When I took Hayden around? Half the time, those assholes were ogling *you*.”

“Oh Troy, you... you don’t have to say that.” She pressed her eyes closed, unable to look at him.

“I... I’m gross.”

“Men don’t mentally undress a girl who’s ‘gross,’ dear. They just don’t.”

“Well...”

“Believe it.” He pressed a kiss to her tear-soaked cheek. “You’re gorgeous, but unfortunately for the horn-dogs I work with, you’re *all* mine.”

She giggled against the covers. “You mean you wouldn’t want to share me?”

“Not with them.”

*Wait... what?*

“Come here.” Troy helped her up, sitting down on the bed and pulling her into his lap, cradling her in the strong sanctuary of his hard, muscular arms. “You’re such a good girl, you know that?”

“Thank you, sir.”

Tilting her chin up to him, he kissed her, lovingly, softly at first, then, as she clutched to him, he took her mouth, drawing from her a lost moan as his tongue tasted hers. In that silent, darkened room, he kissed her, tasting of her devotion and surrender, imprinting his ownership and love upon her with every languid caress of his lips.

He held her head to his chest then, his voice a deep rumble at her ear. “Sara is jealous of you. But you can’t tell Hunter that.”

“W-what?”

“I can see it in her eyes. The way she looks at you.”

She’d seen it too, but she’d dismissed it. Lacey thought the woman was gorgeous — far above her level. She’d chocked it up to Sara feeling sorry for her, more than anything else.

And yet, despite the woman’s beauty, there was a serious problem with her. It was who she was married to. She and Hunter were just about the worst match she’d ever seen.

“I was serious, sir. About what I said earlier this week.”

“I know you were.” He leaned back, looking down at her. “Got something else you want to say?” She bit her lip, unsure if she had the self-control not to blurt out exactly what she was really feeling.

“I just... he deserves better. I’m sorry, but he does. Somebody who would take care of him. A woman who... *gets* him.”

“Have any ideas for women who’d fit that bill?” He smiled as he said it, but his gaze was keen, watching her closely.

“I don’t know...”

*Oh yes, you do. You’re going to have to tell your husband about this.*

Just not yet.

“Give him a chance. Maybe he can get Sara to come around.” He hugged her close then, tucking her head under his jaw. “If he doesn’t, well, he’ll find that girl eventually.”

*Unless that girl’s been there all along.*