



Chapter One

Kaylee grunted as she pulled the chair over to lean her weight on. She did pretty well balancing on one foot, but after a while she started to get tired. Her cast started just below her knee, so she was able to lean on the edge of the chair and take some weight off her good leg. Scooting the chair over she reached for a spatula in the utensil crock, but sent a few more flying from the crock and clanging onto the counter.

“Where are you up to?” Matt's voice boomed from the other room.

“Nothing!” she called, her voice sounding strangled as she reached to straighten up the counter. She heard his heavy footsteps advancing and she sighed. She didn't need a babysitter.

“What are you doing?” he asked as he walked into the kitchen.

“Making a grilled cheese. Want one?” She aimed at sounding casual, not like a kid trying to get away with something. Sure he had told her to stay put, but she was a grown up and she knew her limits.

“I'll do it,” he said, advancing on her.

“No, it's okay. I got it.” Looking at the counter she had already collected the butter, bread, and cheese. She had even successfully produced the frying pan without falling over herself or tripping on her crutches, so the hard part was over. Turning the burner on under the pan, she tried her best to ignore

the slightly annoyed male taking up her space. He reached past her and turned the burner back off—apparently he would not be ignored.

“What part of call me if you need help don't you understand?”

“But I don't need help,” she protested, resisting the urge to flip the flame back on. She wasn't being petulant or trying to push his buttons, she was only hungry.

He growled in response and caught her chin in his fingers, forcing her to face him.

“Honest. If I felt like I couldn't do it I would have called you.” This is what she had been trying to avoid. Matt had work to do, she knew he had a deadline. He couldn't spend his entire day doting on her every need. Yes, it had seemed like a simple solution when she broke her ankle to spend the interim at his place. He worked from home, he would be right down the hall for whatever she needed. But she hadn't anticipated how serious he would take his post.

“No you wouldn't have. You're doing too much, you should be on the couch.” He reached past her, taking the butter knife and slicing off a pat of butter.

“You should be working,” she retorted.

He paused and lifted his eyebrows. She had his full attention again and her tummy did a flip. Most times she got pissed when he went all alpha on her. She knew she should be annoyed, she had started out annoyed, but it was the concern under the bossiness that got her. Ever since he carried her up the stairs to his apartment, all of the bossy sternness had been for her welfare. It left her feeling cherished, and more than a little turned on. If only he would do something about it.

He placed the butter knife down and kept his gaze on her, “Are you calling the shots now, little girl?”

Her mouth went dry as she lost all of her bravado. “I just—you don't have to, I mean... I hate bothering you.”

She was two weeks into the four to six weeks the doctor had doomed her to. It had been easier to follow directions at first when she was swollen and in pain. But now? She figured she could get plenty done on one foot and being forced to rest was driving her batty.

Matt's forehead creased and he looked pained as he scanned her body, her bad leg propped on the kitchen chair. “You aren't bothering me. I love having you here.”

And there it was again. The other reason why she had been resistant to stay with her serious boyfriend of two years, he was always pressing her to move in. It made her nervous. Things would change, wouldn't they? She bit her lip hoping he wouldn't ask her again. He had been pushing the hard sell right before she got hurt, and yes, it did make sense to have someone to help her. But that didn't mean she wanted this as a permanent living arrangement.

“Are you going to go put your foot up while I make your lunch?” he asked.

“No, you don't have to, really.”

Before she could utter another word his fingers were in her waistband. She grabbed the back of the chair, steadying herself as he yanked down her yoga pants. “Matt!” she protested as he bared her bottom.

His arm circled her waist, holding her steady while his other hand snatched up the spatula from the counter. Her protest fell on deaf ears and she was trapped between his body and the chair, unable to pivot herself with one foot out of commission. He brought the plastic implement down across her cheeks, eliciting a gasp from her lips.

He wasn't striking hard, she knew from experience, but he peppered her entire backside in sharp stinging smacks. The plastic was hard and unforgiving and left a surface sting much like a sunburn. He slowed his slaps and began rubbing the cool, smooth surface of the back of the spatula over her heated orbs. “Now are you going to be a good patient? Or do I need to take you over my knee?”

Kaylee drew in a quivering breath, trying to get her emotions under control. But much to her embarrassment when she exhaled, it was on a sob, and she burst into tears.

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Kaylee's face crumpled and her shoulders heaved as she erupted into a crying fit before him. Oh hell, what had he done? Tossing the spatula onto the counter, he scooped her up in his arms and sat on the chair she had been precariously balancing on. She had been short with him since they woke up this morning. He understood her mounting frustration—he knew how independent his girl was. He had been trying to make concessions and not smother her every second of the day.

He hated seeing her hurt and in pain, if anything this injury had taken a bigger toll on him. He knew Kaylee was frustrated, but he was scared. This was exactly why he wanted her to move in, he liked knowing she was within arm's reach and that she was okay.

He felt like a jerk now—his impromptu spanking was supposed to make her laugh. Normally she enjoyed when he threatened to spank her. He knew his girl's buttons and spanking was a definite turn on. He hadn't meant to make her feel like he was really chastising her. What kind of an ogre was he?

“Babe, don't cry. Come on, I wasn't really mad.” He rubbed her back as she buried her face in the front of his t-shirt.

“I know,” she choked out. “I'm sorry, just ignore me.”

Why did women say stuff like that? How was he supposed to ignore her? “Did I hurt you?” Ice water ran in his veins. He was an idiot, why would he try to spank someone with broken bones?

She shook her head as she sniffled. “No, I’m fine, really.” She let out a sigh and rested her head on his shoulder. “I’m just frustrated, and now I feel stupid.”

He understood her frustration, in the two years they were together he had never known Kaylee to sit still. She was always on the move, even when they were cooped up in his apartment. Having to sit and rest was taking a toll on her, but he wasn’t about to let her get hurt anymore than she already was.

“I’m going to help you back to the couch,” he said, already standing and placing her upright.

“Okay,” she replied, the fight gone from her, she seemed defeated.

Setting her clothes back to rights, he handed her her crutches and followed behind as she made her way to the couch.

He made them grilled cheese sandwiches, found some chips that weren’t stale and fixed them a passable lunch. He turned on a movie and spent the afternoon with Kaylee even though he was concerned about his deadline. He would stay up late to make up for the time. There was nowhere else he would rather be at that moment.

They reclined on two separate couches, not much room to cuddle up when she had to keep her foot elevated. “Do you want to carry me into the bedroom?”

He quirked an eyebrow at her. It was edging into late afternoon and Kaylee was never one to take naps. “Do you feel okay?”

“More than okay. I want to show you how much I appreciate you taking care of me.” She batted her eyelashes at him. He knew what she was angling at, and even though she was injured, the look in her eye had him hardening—making him uncomfortable in his cargo shorts.

“I don’t know.” He’d been against any kind of fooling around since she broke her ankle, mostly because she had visibly been in pain and he was afraid she wouldn’t tell him if it got to be too much. Or what would happen when all her muscles tensed when she orgasmed? Would something get knocked out of alignment?

She gave him a pleading look, but he was already rising from the couch to collect her. It had been a rough two weeks having her in his bed beside him and not being able to do anything about it.

“I don’t want to hurt you,” he said, even as he lifted her into his arms and headed toward the bedroom.

“I’ll tell you if it starts to hurt,” she promised. He gave her a doubtful look and she laughed. “I will!”

He laid her down on the bed and had her shirt and bra off in no time.

“Do you want to finish what you started in the kitchen?” she asked, giving him a bashful look.

“No,” he said, remembering her tears, and not wanting to do anything that would make her cry again.

“I'm okay now. You know I like it,” she argued.

“You weren't liking it before,” he said, shaking his head. It had been stupid on his part and he was not about to lay a hand on her again until her cast was off.

“It wasn't because of the spanking,” she countered.

That may have been true, but he was still calling a halt to any of it until she had an all clear from the doctor. He ignored her arguments and kissed her instead.

He peeled his shirt over his head and started working on the button to his shorts. He helped her shimmy the shorts she wore down and over her cast. Once she was completely naked he grabbed a pillow and placed it under her injured foot. She rolled her eyes, but he gave her a warning glare, daring her to say anything. Instead, she pulled him toward her and kissed him again.

He settled himself between her thighs and slowly kissed down her neck. Her moans spurred him on and he sucked on one hardened nipple and then the other. Rocking against her, he felt moisture seeping from her silken slit. It had been too long.

He wanted nothing more than to bury himself inside of her, to feel her channel squeezing down on him. He wanted to pound into her, take her roughly and hear her scream. But he forced himself to go slow. Kaylee liked it hard and rough, could almost never come unless he was inflicting some kind of pain along with her pleasure. But there would not be any of that today. All he wanted to do was make her feel good.

Using his fingers, he opened her folds and then kissed his way down her belly. Lifting her hips up, she tilted her pelvis and whimpered. No wonder she was an emotional wreck, she was in a bad way. He licked into her, teasing his tongue over her nether lips as she panted out in a frenzied need. Pushing two fingers inside of her, he flicked his tongue over her swollen nub.

She cried out as he alternated between thrusting and sucking. Her thighs tensed around his head and she let out a scream. Keeping his fingers inside of her, he stilled his hand as her pussy tried to milk him. He eased up the pressure he had on her clit, but still teased it as her aftershocks shot through her.

Matt eyed her elevated leg with his peripheral vision. Kaylee twisted and moaned, fisting the covers beneath her. He kissed her inner thigh and eased his fingers out of her. Propping himself on his arms, he moved back up the bed. “Are you okay?”

She gave him a tilted grin, her eyelids heavy. “That's an understatement.”

“I meant your ankle.”

She opened her eyes all the way and glanced down at her leg as if she had forgotten all about the injury. “Yeah, it doesn't hurt at all.”

He narrowed his eyes at her and she giggled. Placing a hand on his chest she pushed him down onto the bed as she maneuvered to her knees.

“Actually, it felt swollen and throbbly all afternoon. But now, it feels so much better,” she said, working her fingers into the waistband of his boxers. He lifted his hips, allowing her to slide his last vestige of clothing off. “You're better than ibuprofen,” she said, right before her tongue darted out and licked the head of his rock hard cock.

He meant to stop her. She shouldn't be moving around so much. He put a hand on the back of her head to pull her off, but his body had other ideas and he ended up fisting his hand in her hair. She took it as a signal to keep going and slipped her moistened lips down his shaft.

Opening his mouth to tell her to stop—instead he let out a moan. He knew what his brain wanted to say, but his protests came out as grunts and growls as she bobbed her head up and down and worked her tongue expertly over his cock.

By the time his seed was spurting down her throat he forgot all about treating her like she was fragile. He pulled her to sprawl across his chest when she finally released him from her mouth. They laid like that for several minutes, until her breathing slowed. He allowed himself to doze off with her. It was going to be a long night.

Chapter Two

Heather grabbed the crutches from the back seat while Kaylee grabbed her grocery bags from the trunk. “Thanks again for taking me to the store!” Kaylee said, hugging her sister with one arm while she balanced on her good leg.

“No problem,” Heather said before handing Kaylee her crutches. “Can you call Matt to come down and help you? I'm going to be late if I don't leave now.” Her sister glanced at her watch. She was working the dinner shift at her waitress job, but had been nice enough to cart Kaylee to the store before she had to go.

“Yeah, he should be back by now. I'll call him, you go!” Kaylee said, reaching into her purse to grab her phone.

Heather waved goodbye and sped off down the street. Kaylee turned and looked up at the apartment building. She actually hoped Matt wasn't back yet. He had had a meeting earlier that afternoon and Kaylee was going crazy cooped up inside the apartment. She decided she was going to surprise him by making a nice dinner, but she needed some groceries. When her sister called to check on her it had been perfect timing.

Her cast was off now and her ankle in a boot. She was healing, but the bones were still broken and the doctor had warned her not to push herself too hard, to use her crutches and put limited weight on her foot for at least another two weeks. If she called Matt and he wasn't home then she was basically ratting herself out that she had left the apartment without his permission.

Kaylee snorted to herself. She didn't need his permission to do anything. He had been nothing but sweet and attentive since she got hurt five weeks ago, but she was a grown woman and she knew what she was capable of doing without him setting limits for her.

Tucking her phone back in her purse she slung it over her shoulder. Grabbing her bags in one hand, she propped her crutches under her and tried to maneuver herself into the building. She had to balance more weight on her bad leg than she meant to in order to get through the door. Once she got inside she leaned against the wall and assessed how it felt. A little uncomfortable, but no real pain. If she made sure to keep her weight off of it the rest of the day she would be fine. Maybe she would just leave the ingredients for dinner in the fridge for another night and order in take-out instead.

She felt the first pangs of guilt as she made her way to the elevator, huffing out a breath as she pressed the call button. Jostling the bags to her other arm she leaned one of her crutches against the wall as she tried to get herself balanced and situated.

The elevator dinged as it arrived at the ground floor and she hustled inside, pressing the button for the fourth floor. As the doors slid closed she realized one of her crutches remained in the hallway. Cursing she hit the button to open the doors but the elevator already jolted upwards, leaving her stranded with one crutch.

"Shit," she muttered under her breath. Wanting to cry out of frustration and an overwhelming feeling of helplessness, she closed her eyes for a few seconds to decide her next steps. She was debating whether or not she should get the groceries into the apartment—her mind on the ice cream she purchased that had to be melting—or ride the elevator back down to rescue her forgotten crutch. The doors slid open on the fourth floor to a very serious looking Matt.

"Hi baby!" she said, infusing as much cheer into her voice as she could—even though her good leg ached and her bad ankle twinged and she wanted to scream defeat at her failed trip to the store.

Matt's hand shot out, holding the doors open, as he scanned her up and down. "Where were you?"

He was mad. He didn't get mad often, but when he did it unnerved her. His mouth set in a thin line and his jaw twitched as he reached to grab the bags from her hand. "How did you get to the store?" he asked as he looped an arm around her waist and pulled her from the elevator.

She hopped on one foot and dragged her crutch behind her. Opening her mouth to assure him she was fine and that her sister had helped her, he stopped their forward momentum, his hand tensing where he grasped her hip.

"Where the hell is your other crutch?" She was wrong, he hadn't been mad before, he had been annoyed. Now he was mad, her belly flipped at his tone.

"Downstairs," she said, forcing her tone to be casual. She tried to think quickly for a reason of why she would have meant to do that. Like she left it there on purpose and would go back to get it, something that would make sense.

"Unbelievable," he muttered, more under his breath than actually to her. She heard the crinkle of the bags as they fell to the floor and she let out a yelp, dropping her remaining crutch as Matt hoisted her into his arms.

She meant to argue with him, to tell him to put her down—but he carried her down the hall with such determination, his eyes narrowed into slits— she could only hang onto his shoulder to steady herself against him as he stomped toward his apartment.

Twisting the knob, he kicked the door open and then placed her on the couch with more gentleness than she anticipated. "Stay," he said, pointing a finger at her and glaring until she nodded. He ran a hand through his hair and let out a growling sound before he spun on his heel and slammed the door behind him.

She moved around on the couch, slipping some throw pillows under her foot. She could feel that it was swollen inside the boot, so she elevated it as best she could. Pulling her purse from her shoulder she fished out some ibuprofen and reached for the bottle of water that rested on the table beside her. She heard Matt trudging back up the hallway before he came back through the apartment door.

He had her crutches in one hand and the bags in the other. Leaning her crutches against the end of the couch, he glanced in her direction but didn't meet her eye before he stomped back out of the room. She heard him putting the groceries away, cabinets opening and closing, rustling in the freezer. More guilt weighed on her chest, she had been trying to do something nice and take some of the chores from Matt and instead she had worried him and given him more work.

He came back in the room and still wouldn't meet her eyes. "Matt," she said, not knowing what she meant to say. If she knew the magic words to get the wounded look off of his face she would have used them.

He ignored her and started working the velcro straps on her boot. When he got it open he gently lifted her leg and slid the boot out from beneath her. She looked down at her foot, it was swollen and red. It got like that when she left it down too much, or overdid it during the day. The familiar stabbing pain over her fracture was back, but it didn't feel any worse than it had in days past.

"Were you walking on it?"

"I—" she started, and she wanted to lie, but the look on his face told her he wouldn't believe her anyway. "A little," she admitted, thinking about getting ready that morning, she put more weight on her leg than she should have in her haste to be ready for her sister. Then while they walked around the grocery store, her good leg had started to get tired so she put more and more weight on her bad leg. Then finally, there was just before, getting into the apartment building. She had put more weight on it today than she should have and hoped she didn't overdo it.

"Kaylee." Her name came out as a growl as Matt grumbled something and walked into the kitchen again. She heard him speaking and knew he was on the phone but she couldn't make out what he was saying.

Several minutes later he walked back into the room with a bag of ice. "Keep it up and ice it the rest of the day," Matt ordered, placing the ice gently on her ankle. "The doctor said—"

"You called my doctor?!" Kaylee cut him off, incredulous that he would intervene this way. Was he tattling on her? Reporting in her bad behavior?

"Yes," he said calmly. "I was five minutes away from hauling you in to get more x-rays just to make sure you didn't hurt yourself again."

"Matt!" she yelled, pushing herself to sit up.

Placing a hand on her shoulder he eased her back down. "I figured I was overreacting and the doctor said everyone heals at different rates. And that if your ankle was supporting your weight, then it was okay for you to push yourself a little."

Kaylee didn't know what to say, was he actually telling her that her little excursion today had been a good thing?

"He wasn't concerned about the swelling and said it should go down in a few hours," Matt finished, dropping onto the loveseat across the room.

She felt a weight lift off her chest. Matt seemed more at ease, the pinched look of concern diminished. "So you aren't mad at me anymore?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm pissed. What were you thinking sneaking out while I was gone without so much as a note?" he retorted, the heat coming back to his tone.

"Sneaking out?" she shot back, pushing herself up again. "I didn't realize I was a prisoner. I thought I was an adult who was free to come and go as she pleased!"

"So you didn't think I'd be freaked out when I got home to an empty apartment?" he asked. "And you just didn't tell me because I would have been totally fine with it?"

She glared back at him and crossed her arms over her chest. She wouldn't admit that he was right. She was the one that had been wronged here and she wouldn't let him flip this around.

He got up off the couch and stormed past her. "Matt!" she tried calling him back, but he just slammed the door to his office behind him. Leaving her to stew in her own thoughts.

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Kaylee blinked the sleep from her eyes, she must have dozed off on the couch. The living room was quiet, but she heard movement from the kitchen. She shifted herself to sit up and glanced down at her foot. The ice had been removed, Matt probably took it back to the kitchen, and the swelling had gone down—she didn't even feel any pain anymore. She stretched her toes and tested a few rotations of her ankle and was happy that she didn't even get a twinge of pain.

"I made you tea."

She looked up to find Matt standing beside her, a mug in his hand. "Thanks."

He placed the mug down and then walked to the end of the couch to survey her foot. He lightly touched her toes, sending a shiver down her spine. "It looks a lot better. How does it feel?"

"Good. Better, a lot better than before," she said, relieved that he was speaking to her and making eye contact again. She hated when he was mad. "See? No harm done," she added, trying to cement the fact that her adventure for the afternoon hadn't been ill advised. Despite the fact that she was as surprised as anyone that she hadn't hurt herself.

Matt sat down in the loveseat across from her and gave her a raised eyebrow look.

Feeling his eyes on her, she tried to ignore him as she blew on her tea. The silence seemed to hang between them. Heaving out a sigh, she finally looked over at him. "What?"

"I'm glad you didn't hurt yourself, but I wasn't mad about that. You're right, you know what you can do and how much to push yourself."

"So why are you still annoyed?" She could tell he was just by the way he was looking at her.

"How would you feel if you came in expecting to find me and then had no idea where I was?" he asked. "I was worried, and the fact that you completely disregarded that still kind of pisses me off."

She looked back at him, unsure of what to say. She knew why she didn't call him. She could make up some excuse that she hadn't wanted to bother him at his meeting, or that she really didn't think of it. But they were both untrue—she had been afraid he would tell her no. And that reason sounded awful even to herself. She had been afraid to have a conversation with him? To hash things out and have an adult discussion? Heat suffused her face and she put her mug down, suddenly too warm to drink a hot beverage. "I'm sorry," she said, even though it sounded lame and didn't seem to be the right words to appropriately right the situation.

"Are you?" he asked.

She narrowed her eyes at him, was he doubting her? "Yes, I'm sorry I worried you. That wasn't right, I should have at least told you where I was going."

"Yeah, you should have," he agreed.

That irritated her, couldn't he just graciously accept her apology? Where was he going with this?

"Do you know the first thing I thought when I couldn't find you?" Matt asked as he got up and collected the boot he had left beside the couch.

"What?" she said.

She lifted her leg at his prodding and he carefully refastened her foot back into the boot. "That I should spank your ass for making me worry."

She widened her eyes and studied his face—not at all sure if he was serious or not. Sure, she liked spanking, but Matt had only ever spanked her before in fun. If he was serious and really upset with her this could be a totally different thing. Her belly flipped and moisture seeped from her pussy even though she was still unsure of the idea.

Apparently he wasn't waiting for her to decide because with her ankle safely encased in the boot he lifted her from the couch. Sitting on the middle cushion he pulled her into his lap. "Tell me if your ankle starts to hurt, and try not to kick—I don't want you to hurt yourself."

She looked down at her foot, as if trying to process what he was saying. Wait, what was he saying? "Babe?" he asked as he tilted her chin up with his finger.

"Okay," she squeaked out. Because what else was she supposed to say?

He placed a soft kiss on her lips and she closed her eyes. But then a second later he pulled away and she was face down over his knees. He tugged her shorts and panties down in one motion and that was when it hit her that this was actually happening.

“Wait!” she yelled at the same time he smacked her naked ass. “Ahh!” she shrieked from surprise as much as the sting.

Matt had angled her so that her upper body lay on the couch and she tried to keep her hands tucked under her. But the more he spanked, she began to think he would never stop. She tried yelling for him to stop, she tried apologizing, she tried screaming his name—nothing worked and her ass was on fire. It had never hurt like this when it was for fun, well it had, but it had been bearable and she knew she could stop him. She panicked and threw her hands behind her, but he just caught up her wrists and seemed to strengthen his slaps. Where had he learned this?

“It hurts!” she finally wailed, she was on the brink of tears and squirming wildly to get away.

Matt stopped and released her hands. “What hurts?” he asked, concern lacing his voice.

She looked at him over her shoulder and narrowed her eyes at him. “My ass!”

“Oh,” he said, wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling her closer to him.

Oh. That's all he had to say?

“I thought you meant your ankle. Well, babe, your ass is supposed to hurt. Try not to yell so loud, we have neighbors.” With that he went right back to paddling her ass.

She pushed and pulled against him again and cried out a few more times. But eventually she just sagged in defeat. He was never stopping, she resigned herself to that fact. She had created a monster. A dominant, hard handed, spanking monster and she only had herself to blame. Her shoulders shook as she heaved out a sob, feeling very sorry for herself.

Matt finally stopped, he ran a hand over her heated globes and then slid his fingers between her thighs. She felt them glide through her sticky wetness. “I think you liked that,” he observed.

“I didn't,” she pouted. Because she hadn't, right? But now that he had stopped spanking but still held her immobile across his knee she didn't feel so powerless anymore. She felt something else. And she squirmed against him in an entirely different way.

He pushed her shorts and panties completely off, tugging them to get past the boot, and then he lifted her to straddle his hips. He caught her in a kiss and cupped her punished ass as she leaned forward, returning his kiss with fervor.

Breaking off she kissed down his jaw and gyrated her hips, grinding her pussy onto his cock. He remained clothed, but he was rock hard beneath her. She popped his button open and slid his zipper

down. Using her hand, she guided him to the her entrance and then slowly sank down. Matt groaned and rocked her against him, urging her to move her hips.

With her weight pushing her down she felt him deep within her. She moved slowly at first, wanting to tease him. But as his moans grew more insistent, the need within her grew as well. Soon she was moving up and down on him at a frantic pace. Matt was meeting her every thrust, tilting his hips up to slam into her further. She reached her peak quickly, calling out his name as she clenched around him.

She felt his cock jerk inside of her, seconds before his hot seed emptied within her.

Collapsing against his chest she tried to catch her breath.

“Move in with me,” he murmured.

She pulled back to look at him. “I’m still afraid it will change everything.”

“Things are definitely going to change,” he replied.

She cocked her head to the side, not knowing what he meant.

He squeezed her ass in his hands.

“You’re going to spank me?” she choked out.

“Only when you deserve it.” He leaned in to kiss her. “And when you need it.” He nipped her lower lip and dug his fingers into her ass. “And when I want to.”

She giggled in response. “Promise?”

He didn’t reply, but he switched their positions pushing her onto the couch beneath him. He pulled the rest of his clothes off and tugged her shirt over her head. Once he started kissing down her body she had almost forgotten she asked a question. But that was as much of a promise as she needed.

The End