



**MILITARY
DADDIES**

Captain
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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Prologue

"**T**here you are," Wolf breathed, tone deep and soft, soothing her even against her will. A big hand came up to cup her chin, keeping her eyes on him past the point that she would have chosen to, then lowering his hand, as if he knew she'd continue to stare mindlessly up at him even though she would have said that she didn't want to. He noted with pleasure how her skin took on a delicate pinkness at his words, his lips curving into a slight smile as he did so. "I knew you were in there, and I can't tell you how honored I am to see that part of you."

At first, he was still about a foot away from her—and even then, a fine trembling nearly overtook her, and her usually quick mind deserted her in favor of concentrating the totality of its attention on him as he took a step forward and completely filled her field of vision.

She had never been so excruciatingly aware of a man in her life, and she'd certainly had her share of them, and it had been that way for her—with him—since they'd met. None of the others had so unrelentingly invaded her consciousness and every other part of her being like he had. No, she'd been attracted to other men, but not bone deep, like she was to him. But it was so much more than mere sexual attraction with him, and that scared the ever-loving shit out of her, hence the trembling.

She had half a mind to call it off, to take a big step away from him, in

hopes of rescuing herself, from what, she wasn't exactly sure, but something. Being overwhelmed by him, she would have guessed, in every possible way. She didn't want to lose herself in him, and she was acutely aware that, with him, that was a distinct possibility.

Last night, she was drunk, but not blackout drunk. She remembered everything they'd said to each other—and was living to regret some of it at this very moment.

Indeed, her foot was already moving restlessly, as if waiting for the command that would take her out of his reach. Well, halfway there, anyway. She was dead certain, though—based less on what she knew about him, necessarily, than what she felt about who he was—that any sign of resistance on her part would be immediately respected.

But she couldn't quite bring herself to do that, to move away from him, even to save herself.

From that close quarters, the already familiar scent of his cologne—if that's what it was—wafted to her nose, along with what she was beginning to recognize as his own, personal, very pleasant scent. She could feel the heat of him already, even though they weren't yet touching anywhere, although if he moved so much as an inch, they would be, in very particular, very delicate places. Her body, her mind—her entire being—was becoming slowly accustomed to him, to his very blatant and unapologetic maleness, and she knew that she'd passed the point of no return with him long ago—probably the second they'd met.

There was nowhere she could look that she wouldn't see acres of beautifully defined muscles. As modest as it seemed, he might as well not have been wearing a shirt. As always, his posture was utterly correct, annoyingly broad shoulders back, spine impossibly straight, but somehow he managed to make it look natural rather than stiff and unyielding, as if every man should naturally exhibit such proud, natural carriage. She didn't know why, but she somehow found that characteristic unbearably sexy.

"What are you thinking about, doll?" he whispered, still not touching her, as if what he did next rested on her answer.

She could smell the coffee on his breath.

Wolf realized that she was shaking, and what he most wanted to do—surprisingly even more than fuck her at this moment—was to draw her into his arms, but he didn't want to presume, either. Ideally, he wanted her to come to him, to trust him enough to do that, although he wasn't sure that she was quite there yet, and it was pretty early on in their relationship for him to expect that. But he felt an undeniable attraction to her that was much more than merely physical.

And he knew that letting him see the little in the depths of her eyes was a huge step for her. He knew, even on such short acquaintance, just how guarded she was about that part of herself, and he was quite chuffed that she'd let him see that much of her—her real self, the one she'd kept tucked away and hidden from everyone else on the planet..

Even if the evening ended seconds from now, he would still consider it a tremendous honor, although he hoped she wouldn't want to leave him that quickly.

She took her time answering him, and he didn't try to rush her. He'd rather have a slow, honest, thoughtful reply than some deflective, dismissive quip or platitude.

She bent her head down for a second, then she brought her eyes bravely back to his. "I was thinking about the fact that I haven't been this nervous about a man standing this close to me in years. I'm out of practice." She smiled.

He gave her a lopsided grin. "I have to say, however old-fashioned it might make me sound, I'm not unhappy to hear that," he confessed, putting his hand out to her and feeling inordinately gratified when she didn't hesitate in the least to put hers into his, which he promptly brought to his lips. "You mentioned that your last relationship ended messily, so it had been a while since you'd dated."

A man who actually listened? Was he the friggin' holy grail, or what? she thought.

Fay nodded. "Yeah. And, honestly, I haven't much felt the lack. I wasn't really looking."

"I feel the same way. I haven't had a serious relationship in a while, either. I've been concentrating on my career, and being in the military, I've moved around a lot. I've actually volunteered to do so, and in a couple cases, I took unaccompanied tours so that maybe some married folks wouldn't have to do them."

"That was very nice of you," she complimented, but he just shrugged. He was even handsome when he blushed.

It occurred to him that as he held her hand, he could no longer feel her trembling. "Feeling less nervous?"

"Some, yeah."

"Good. I would hope that this would go without saying, but I know it doesn't, for some. And I also know that me saying it may or may not help you feel any better, although I hope it does." He squeezed her hand as he said, calmly and quietly, "But you are safe with me—all of you is."

She gave him a sidelong glance. "Why is it that I think you're telling the absolute truth about that?"

"Because you, little one, are a woman of exceptional intelligence and perception."

He got a chuckle for that, and Fay felt her body flooding with warmth at the endearment he chose to use for her. She'd waited all her life to hear a man call her that, and he'd done it without the slightest prompting from her. "Well, far be it from me to argue with you."

"Another wise decision," he complimented a bit gruffly.

The hand that wasn't still holding onto hers slipped lazily around her

waist, but he didn't use it to pull her to him, as she had fully expected him to do. But he did let go of her hand in favor of letting his other arm wrap around the other side to join it there.

Still, they remained a good four inches apart, and she was beginning to find even that miniscule distance too much. Now, though, it wasn't at all about wanting to step away from the hands that were barely touching her back, as it had been a few seconds ago, but rather about wanting to move into his arms, to be closer to him, to feel his hands make their way up her back as she pressed her front to his.

So she took a small step towards him but couldn't quite bring herself to do what she was thinking. That was as far as she got.

And when she did so, he went enticingly still, like a wild animal—a wolf, in his case, of course, she thought with a stifled grin—who's noticed that he's gotten a bit too close to a civilizing influence but can't decide whether to break and run or give in to it. As he stood there, Fay could feel those dark blue eyes landing on every one of her most sensitive spots as if it was one of his hands, instead.

She looked up at him, as if to gage his response to her closeness, and his lips met hers halfway there in a kiss that began very gently, but as his arms closed around her slowly, inexorably, bringing her up against him at last, it became much more passionate and possessive. When his tongue delved past her lips for the first time, she opened her mouth and found a hand at her mid-back, holding her in place more firmly than he ever had before, while the other buried itself in her hair, her short, soft curls wrapping themselves around those strong fingers as she tentatively allowed herself to yield to him even further.

Fay let that hand on her back press her to arch even farther into him, to the point where she was on her tiptoes, and then, suddenly, her feet weren't touching the floor at all as he held her there against him, his mouth, his hands, his very body gently demanding—and receiving—this first, small, delicious submission from her.

She squeaked when he began to walk with her still pinned to him, bringing the both of them to his living room—where they were last night—where he sat down and put her over his lap.

Her palms hit the soft upholstery as soon as she realized where she was, trying to lever herself up and out of that very vulnerable position, but he wouldn't allow it. He kept her right where he wanted her to be, with disheartening ease.

"Wolf," she began, trying to sound absolutely serious, as if she was trying to convince the rebellious other parts of her body—which was pretty much all of them at the moment—that this was not a good idea..

"Fay," he countered in the calm, slow tone she had come to expect from him. "Why are you trying to get away from me?"

He smiled at her loud snort. "Why do you think?"

"Are you worried I'm going to spank you?" he asked, the hand that was holding her so effortlessly still beginning to rub her lower back in a very soothing manner, one that easily became more of a massaging of her butt than her back. Both efforts felt incredibly good, but the latter made her much more aware of herself and those very sensitive areas of her body. She could feel her own arousal christening her panties.

Forcing her mind out of her own gutter, she replied, "Uh, yeah. Duh. That's usually what happens when one is put in this position."

The hand stopped its enticing ministrations abruptly, and she nearly cried out from the sudden loss of stimulation to ask in a manner that set her to that fine trembling again, "Have you done something that would warrant a spanking from me, little lady?"

He seemed alarmingly adept at addressing both her little and her adult side at the same time, making them both feel paid close attention to by him.

And it was his tone of voice that got the both of them even more hot and bothered. It was inquisitive, with a distinct edge that could very easily slide into scolding, and Fay found it impossibly arousing.

"No," she answered, much too breathily for her own peace of mind.

His hand began to brush over her nether cheeks again—which were covered by the soft, buttery fabric of jeans that had long since lovingly conformed themselves to all of her intimate curves—then stopped and asked in a much sterner but still smooth and unhurried tone, "Are you sure about that?"

"Yes, I am!" she answered vehemently, fervently hoping it was the truth.

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"I hope you are. Having asked you that question, if I found out that there was something you should have confessed to me, Fay, I won't be happy if I have to address it later."

Dear God. He was barely touching her and she was having to try to keep her mouth closed, because she was already breathing so raggedly and wanting to moan obscenely, and she didn't really want him to know that, for some reason. It wasn't as if she hadn't spilled her guts to him earlier. She knew she had. But still, something told her that it wouldn't do to let this man know just how easily she could fall completely and utterly under his particular, very potent spell.

He didn't need to be given any more power over her, although as she turned her head to look up at his classical profile, she was pretty sure that he already had much too much, and that by the end of the evening, he was going to have a lot more of it, anyway.

Chapter 1

The intercom on his desk buzzed loudly.
"Yes, Sgt. Jimenez?"
"Your eleven hundred is here, sir."

Wolf made sure his finger was off the "talk" button when he sighed loudly. He hadn't been looking forward to this meeting, and now that it was here, he was much less enamored of the idea.

There was nothing to be done about it, though, now that she was heard—not that he would try to duck out of this interview. That would be a cowardly act, and that was anathema to his personal code of ethics, so he straightened himself in his chair, cleared his throat, and focused his attention on the situation at hand before pressing the button again and saying, "Send her in, please, and thank you."

The door to his office opened seconds later. Staff Sgt. Connie Jimenez held the door open as the woman he had been dreading meeting entered the room. "Captain Wolf Roberts, this is Ms. Fay Walters."

He rose, of course, coming out from behind his desk and walking towards her, raising his hand in order to shake hers, but

he didn't really get that far, not once he got his first look at her. Wolf was a confident, practical, take charge man who prided himself on getting results, traits which had gotten him from being a second louey to captain in record time, always having been promoted above the zone.

But none of those traits did him the slightest bit of good once he got a look at the face of the woman he expected to be his adversary during this meeting.

He'd never put much stock in the idea that someone could be struck dumb—especially not him. Most people who knew him—his family and good friends in particular—would swear he was constitutionally incapable of keeping his mouth shut sometimes. And he also didn't believe in love at first sight, or really any of that romantic stuff some people got all sappy about.

Oh, he certainly treated the women with whom he'd been involved very well. But he'd never felt his heartstrings tugged when he had parted ways with any of them. Granted, that was partly by design on his end, but still. And with just one instance of his eyes settling on her, he felt them being not just tugged, but rudely yanked. No woman had ever left him thunderstruck.

He couldn't claim any of those things any longer.

This woman—just looking at her, just meeting her eyes—he felt as if someone had landed a roundhouse to his solar plexus. He felt hot and cold at the same time, and as if he wanted to throw up and orgasm simultaneously.

Fay watched the exceedingly large man approach her, then stop and stand completely still while he stared at her, his right hand remaining some of the way up—as if he intended to offer to shake hands—and his mouth somewhat as if he couldn't get out what he wanted to say.

With a raised eyebrow, she reached out and took his hand, shaking it politely even though his never really got to the point of shaking back, then letting go when she met the bright, intelligent blue eyes that hadn't moved from her face. "It's very nice to meet

you, Captain Roberts. Thank you for eking out some time for me."

He stood there for another few seconds, then literally had to force himself to move. "Of course, Ms. Walters. It's nice to meet you, also. Please," he motioned to the chairs in front of his desk, "have a seat. Make yourself comfortable. Can I get you anything? Coffee? Tea? Milk? Juice?"

"No, thank you, Captain. I just have a few questions I wanted to ask you, then I'll get out of your hair."

What there is of it, she thought to herself. What was it with military men? Weren't they allowed to have any hair at all? It seemed that every single soldier she'd met since moving to Albuquerque—and with Kirtland Air Force Base being a large part of the city's economy, there were always lots of them around—was either just bald altogether or was sporting some alarming variation of a buzz cut.

And Captain Roberts was no exception. Perhaps his was due to his excessive height, though. Less oxygen all the way up there probably contributed to the lack of hair. What was he, she wondered, being entirely too distracted by trying to figure it out. Six-two? Six-four?

Whatever height he was, that, combined with his overall enormous size might have made him an intimidating and imposing figure to some, she supposed. But not her. The bigger they are, the harder they spank—

Where the hell did that come from? She'd never had a thought like that in a work situation in her life. She didn't cross streams, she didn't co-mingle people, activities, or even thoughts from one area to another in her life. Never the twain shall meet and all that. She didn't want to end up going to a play party and seeing her boss, or, indeed, anyone with whom she worked, or any of her friends, for that matter.

Ew. No thank you.

But there that naughty little thought was, and as soon as it came into her mind, it refused to leave! And she'd just gotten here! Fay was not looking forward to spending the next however many minutes with a large percentage of her mind wondering what kind of Dom the man who was sitting in front of her might be.