

WILLOW



Willow stood in the corner of her bedroom. Her hands in front of her, her fingers twisted in agitation. Her long, wheat-colored hair was in a braid hanging down to her hips, and her bright violet eyes shone with unshed tears. Her head was bowed in abject misery. How was it she was here again, and this time, there was no getting out of a spanking?

The last time, she had looked so pathetic that even her papa felt bad for her and let her go with a warning. The warning stated that the very next time she did not wait for him to go with her to the traveling sales wagon, the next time she bought anything from any of the many traveling sales wagons, without him, she was in for a hard spanking. Willow stomped her bare foot. Darn it; she had wanted those cast iron pans and they were so cheap. The man said he only had three left, so she couldn't wait for Lou. As soon as she had put the fire under them to make his breakfast, they had cracked. Having been made with inferior cast iron, they were worthless. That is where her papa was now, getting her money back. He had told her to undress and stand in the corner until he returned. A tear slipped down her cheek as she waited for him to

come home again. Suddenly, she heard the door shut and footsteps leading to their bedroom.

Lou stood in the bedroom doorway looking at his little Willow. He threw the dollar bill on the bed and walked over to her. Putting his hand on her slender shoulders, he turned her and, with a finger under her chin, lifted her face to look into her eyes. Her tears always tore into his heart. He had promised her a spanking, and a spanking she was going to get. He pulled her to the bed and sat her on his lap as he picked up the dollar.

"Another dollar into your piggy bank for the orphanage. Do you know that man was a criminal? Gabriel and I hauled him to the jail, and when we collect the reward, I will put our usual ninety percent in your savings and give you the ten percent for the orphanage. How many times have I told you that many of these men are using their wagons to outwit the law? They make enough money to keep moving. Do you know that he said he learned about the little nurse from one of the other wagons he had met on his way to town? All of the traveling salesmen know what a sucker you are. Do you know he could have snatched you as well as your money? A lot of these men are dangerous and yet you insist on buying their junk, instead of going to the mercantile."

Willow looked at her angry husband. "But, Lou, most of the time, they have much better prices."

"Because it is junk, Willow!" he shouted. He stopped to breathe, closing his eyes to control his anger. With a deep sigh, he got control of himself again, "Willow, we have more money than we will ever spend. You do not need to seek bargains. I will not have you putting yourself in danger for a few pennies. You are too precious to me. I have enemies who would pay some unscrupulous person good money to snatch you for ransom or to hurt you, to get back at me. I know I have talked to you about this. Am I not communicating this in the king's English, so you understand?"

Willow felt the tears fall and saw them drop on her husband's fingers. "I am sorry, Lou. I promise never to do this again,"

Lou shook his head. "No, Willow, not this time, I allowed you to get away without a spanking last time, and look what happened. You repeated your mistake, not a month later. You leave me no choice but to spank you hard." He looked into her eyes to make sure she understood why he was going to spank her.

More tears slipped from her eyes. "But, Lou, I don't want a spanking," she finally wailed into his shirt.

Lou gave her a hug before he continued. "Willow, do you trust me not to really hurt you? Not to leave any marks or to ever hit you anywhere but on your bottom or your thighs? Look at how much bigger than you I am. Do you think you could stop me from really hurting you if I chose to? I would never cause you serious harm. I love you more than my own life. That is why I need to make sure this spanking puts a mark on your mind to never do this again."

Willow nodded her head in defeat. "I trust you, Papa." She got up and put herself over his knees, laying the top of her body on the bed with her legs hanging down.

Lou put her where he wanted her, with her bottom in the center where he could get at it better. He gently rubbed her soft cheeks. It never failed to amaze him how smooth her skin was, how white it was and how apple red it would become. He reached over and gave Willow her stuffed bear, Winkey. So named because one of the eyes was missing. One of the orphans had given it to her. She quickly hugged it to her.

"Hang on to Winkey and don't let go, or I will have to hold your hands. I am going to give you twenty spanks. Ten for lying to me when you said you would not go to the tinker man again and ten for disobeying me."

Willow held tightly to Winkey and replied, "Yes, sir, but please, Papa, don't spank me too hard."

Lou chuckled. "Little one, you know you have no say in this. I have to make sure you never do this again."

With that, he began, starting out easy and not too hard but increasing the intensity and the speed. The sting and burn turned

to heat. It flowed down to her woman parts, which confused Willow, but she accepted it. The heat began to build until she began to wiggle her bottom and try to get away from it, her arm loosening around Winkey. But a word of "No" from Lou and she again hugged her stuffy tightly again. Her face was in the blanket as she began to softly sob. He was relentless continuing up and down her bottom, left, right and then down. The heat burst into a flame sometime between ten and fifteen. The fire on her bottom danced with his hand. She was sobbing hard now and kicking her feet.

Lou stopped at sixteen. "Only four more, Willow. On your sit spots, and they will be harder to bear. Then we are finished.

She was sobbing too hard to talk so she nodded, and he finished with four of the hardest spanks, all on her sit spots, to remind her every time she sat down that she was not to go alone to the traveling sales wagon, or the tinker man as they were sometimes called.

He gently lifted her to sit on his lap, careful to put her red-hot bottom between his legs and not on his scratchy jeans. He put her head on his massive chest and rocked her, crooning soft words of love and forgiveness. He watched with a smile as her little thumb crept towards her mouth, her bear in one arm. Just as it reached her mouth, he gently pulled it down and waited. A split second later, the "Na!" he was waiting for came, and the thumb went back into her mouth.

She was an exceptional nurse, professional, intelligent and caring. Lou felt so lucky he had found someone who needed him to be her papa—to take the load off her small shoulders sometimes, and to keep the many people who would take advantage of a woman like her away. She had no defenses against people who would use her. She was raised in an orphanage and had no comprehension of how people really were. Many were good, hard working people, but he also knew some who just liked to take advantage of the weaker.

Sometimes, like when she lost a child in the clinic not long ago, she just needed a papa. He had found her that day when he came

home, curled on the bed, crying her heart out. He picked her up and rocked her in the rocker and just held her until she fell asleep. Only then, did he put her to bed.

Lou had the urge to be a papa from an early age but never found the right woman. He had waited for his little Willow. He had a dream one night when he was younger of a little girl just like her. He knew he would find her because his dreams usually came true. Maybe it was his photographic mind playing tricks on him. He wasn't sure why, but they did.

Yep, he was a lucky man, and he knew it. He also knew he and Gabe had many enemies who would think nothing of hurting or killing anything they loved for revenge. They had put many men away in their lives. The prisons were full of dangerous men Lou and Gabe had sent there.

Lou was six-foot-five, with brown hair and whiskey-colored brown eyes. Many men feared him and with good reason. Some had seen their own death in them. The same with Gabe. His cold blue eyes could strike terror in any man. He was a master of disguises and human behavior. He knew what little tells meant. He could tell with great accuracy if someone was lying, just by actions.

They learned at the knee of Hawk and Samuel to be the best Pinkerton men the government had. They commanded a great respect amongst judges and law enforcement.

Lou started lunch while Willow slept, just sandwiches and milk. He went to wake his wife. Sitting on the side of the bed, he brushed the stray hair from her cheek before he gave her a gentle kiss.

She turned to her back to look up at her husband before she remembered her sore bottom. With a moan, she turned off to her side. Her hand went up to him to pull him down for kiss, but he stood.

"You know the rules, little girl. No pleasure after a spanking." He chuckled at her as she began to pout.

"I made you a sandwich. I have to go to the sheriff's office for a conference with Gabe. Something is going on that we need to

know about. Samuel and Hawk will be there, also. I will be done before supper, so why don't I meet you at Kayla's, tonight? We can dine with Gabe and Missy."

"But Lou, I need you now."

Lou patted her bottom before leaving her without answering her.

As soon as he left and she heard him locking the door, her hand went under the blankets. If he wouldn't take care of her needs, she would do it herself. It wasn't as good, but what Lou didn't know wouldn't hurt him. Her hand went to her sopping pussy, gathering her juices. She found her love button, as Lou called it, and began rubbing up and down, her fingers slippery from her own juices. Harder and faster until she felt the tightening inside—her muscles tightening in anticipation. Her head was back on the pillow, her mouth open, emitting moans. Finally, the explosion she expected, the stars she reached for. She lay on the pillow, a smile of complete satisfaction on her face. She laid in bed a second more to catch her breath and to give her heart time to slow back to normal. She got up and walked to the water bowl to clean herself before she again dressed. Then she walked to the kitchen with a huge smile on her face. Yes, her bottom still hurt some, but all was right in her world. She ate her sandwich standing up. When she was finished, she decided to make Lou his all-time favorite apple pie for dessert. She had plans for her husband, tonight. She daydreamed of all the things he could do to her. Lou never allowed pleasure after a spanking, but that night was always amazing. He more than made up for it.