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RENEE  
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LADY  
MERIWYN'S  
PUNISHMENT

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# Lady Meriwyn's Punishment

By

Renee Rose

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# Chapter One:

Sir Conrad could not wait to bathe and have his way with his new wife.

After being gone a fortnight hunting with the prince, his body was tired, achy and hungry for touch. They'd arrived only a few hours earlier and Meriwyn had run to meet him, throwing herself into his arms, the musical sound of her laughter in his ear. She was his second wife, ten years younger and more beautiful to him than any lady in the kingdom.

She'd accompanied their new princess, Tova, to the kingdom as her lady-in-waiting. He'd been taken by her from the moment he first saw her, and immediately petitioned the prince for her

hand. The prince had granted it, after asking Meriwyn if she were willing. They'd been in the great hall, and the prince had summoned Meriwyn to his side at the upper table. Conrad had watched intently as she had bent her head to listen to the prince, then lifted her gaze to meet his eyes across the length of the table. She'd had a deliciously startled look on her face, her lips parted as they'd stared at one another, a silent communication running between them. Her cheeks had colored and she'd answered the prince without breaking her gaze with him. He could see her lips forming the words, "Aye, my lord," and he'd felt a surge of victory.

Thus far, she'd made an excellent wife, dedicating herself to him and his eight-year-old daughter, Anna, wholeheartedly.

Henic and Hunwald, his squire and page, pulled off his boots, unfastened his leather armor, and helped him out of his clothes. He stepped into the warm bath with a sigh of pleasure. A light tap sounded on the door and Meriwyn entered.

“I'll wash my husband, boys,” she said with an impish smile.

Even Henic at the tender age of ten understood what that meant and both the lads left grinning and waggling their eyebrows at him.

Meriwyn smiled a slow, seductive

smile and made an attempt to push her long sleeves back.

“Mayhap you should simply remove your outer dress,” he suggested craftily.

“As you wish, my lord,” she said in a knowing voice and her deft fingers began to unlace her bodice. The bodice fell away and the thin linen chemise beneath did nothing to hide her enticing curves. She knelt beside the bath and leaned forward with the washcloth, the stiff peaks of her nipples steeping the chemise.

“Let down your hair,” he commanded huskily.

She obeyed, unbinding her heavy, dark hair, which fell thick and wavy

across her shoulders. He sighed contentedly and settled back against the edge of the wooden tub, watching his lovely wife as she ran the washcloth over his weary body.

He enjoyed her ministrations for a while and then decided he could put it off no longer-- he needed to speak with her before he could do any bedding. While they were away, the princess and Meriwyn had disobeyed the prince and gone outside the castle grounds without guard. Of course, it was Meriwyn's duty to accompany her lady, so he hoped she was faultless in the incident and their conversation would be short.

“Meriwyn,” he said before the washcloth drew too close to his groin

and he'd forget his purpose. "Your lady is getting whipped by the prince this afternoon."

Meriwyn dropped the washcloth and stared at him with dismay.

"Do you know why?"

"M-my lord?"

"Do you know why she is being chastised?"

Meriwyn sat back on her heels and gazed at him, blinking. Then her shoulders slumped as she arrived at her conclusion. "Aye," she answered glumly, "For leaving the castle grounds."

"Aye. I know it is your duty to follow your lady wherever she may go, but you also knew it was forbidden."

Meriwyn's eyes searched his face.

“Yes, my lord,” she said quietly.

“I hope that you did everything you could to discourage your lady from disobeying her husband.”

Meriwyn's convulsive swallow and her delay in answering the question told him everything he needed to know. She was a spirited girl, quick-witted and full of opinions. Suddenly, he could imagine her not just following her lady, but encouraging her to disobey. He stood up, water streaming back into the tub. She brought a clean linen cloth and began to dry him when he stepped out of the bath. He caught her wrist as she dried his chest and looked at her with a raised eyebrow. “Meriwyn?”

Her face had paled. “Yes, my

lord?” Her big brown eyes were wide and round, standing out against her light skin.

“Did you encourage your lady to disobey?”

Meriwyn tugged at the wrist he had captured. “I had no idea it was a rule the prince meant to enforce,” she said defensively.

He had to hide his smile, because he truly loved her spirit, preferring a lively woman to a mouse any day. Instead he looked at her sternly. “Then you shall be chastised as well.”

“No!” she exclaimed and wrenched her wrist from him, stepping back.

He was surprised by her defiance-



- she'd been nothing but eager to please him since they wed.

She shook her head at him. "I don't need to be...*chastised*." She spit out the last word with a little shake of her head, as if to rid it from her tongue. "I understand what I've done wrong and I will not do it again."

He hid a smile. "It isn't up to you, Meriwyn. I've decided you *do* need a spanking and I'm going to give it to you."

At that, she whirled around and bolted for the door.

"Meriwyn!" he roared.

She froze and turned slowly to face him again, apparently not bold enough to defy his anger. She wrung her hands and abruptly changed her tactics.

“I'm sorry, Conrad.” She dropped dramatically to her knees and interlaced her fingers. “I beg your forgiveness,” she pleaded. “Please do not spank me.”

She was so clearly not contrite, desperate to try anything to get out of her chastisement, that he burst into laughter. She looked up at him hopefully.

“I could think of a use for you on her knees like that,” he observed lewdly.

She took a breath, the heave of her chest giving a little bounce to her ample breasts. “You think I do not understand you, sir, but I do.” She swallowed. “And I'm willing.”

Already aroused from the bath and the idea of chasing her around the room to spank her, his cock went rock hard.

Her eyes fell on it and widened slightly. *God's blood*. He should not-- he absolutely should not-- let her get out of a punishment by offering him sexual favors. Her eyes moved from his face to his engorged cock and her lips parted. His breath grew ragged and he felt his resolve melting...he simply could not resist. He stepped forward. Her small pale hands reached for his length and guided him into her opened mouth. *Oh God*. So warm, so sweet. He groaned. She licked and sucked tentatively, unsure of what she was doing. Part of him wanted to guide her, but the desire to observe and enjoy her unschooled attempt won out. She raised her eyes frequently to his face, looking for his

reactions and responding to his murmurs of approval.

As he grew more excited, he wanted more than she knew how to give. He considered taking her by the hair and thrusting into her mouth as he pleased-- she was taking this as her penance, after all-- but he didn't wish her to learn to dislike the act. He took her hand and showed her where he wanted it-- squeezing tight right at the base of his cock-- and then he gently guided her head in and out, increasing the tempo and depth. Her eyes widened and she looked slightly frightened, but she did not protest and he merrily found his way to completion, pulling out of her mouth to spill his seed on the floor in front of

her.

She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and stood up.

“Did I say you could stand?” he asked.

“No sir,” she said, dropping immediately to her knees again, her eyes fearfully questioning.

His lips twisted into a smile. “You may.”

She made a huffing sound and got to her feet with a stomp. “You toy with me!” she exclaimed indignantly.

He grinned. “Aye, my lady. But you'd best mind your tone or I'll reconsider my decision not to spank.”

She blushed and curtsied. “Thank you, my lord.”

She brought him his clothing and helped him to dress. When he finished, he sat down on a stool and patted his knee. “Come here, Meriwyn.”

She started to approach and then hesitated. Did he wish her to sit upon his lap or lie over it? He laughed openly when he saw her indecision, which made her cheeks grow hot. “Come here, I wish to speak with you,” he said firmly. She stepped forward, hesitatingly.

When she had drawn close enough, he reached for her, pulling her to sit. She gave a deep sigh of relief. He cupped the side of her head with one hand and turned it so that she was forced to look at him. Her eyes danced along

the collar of his tunic. "Look at me," he said gently.

She obeyed, lifting her eyes to meet his dark-lashed hazel ones.

"You are not to encourage your lady to disobey the prince. The next time she is chastised, you will be chastised as well. And you shall *not* distract me from my purpose a second time by offering me what already is mine to take."

"As I promised, my lord, I shall not make the same mistake again," she said in a rush. She didn't know why he found this so amusing, but it was decidedly better than his yelling, which had frightened her so badly she'd nearly wet herself.

He pushed her off his lap and gave

her bottom a pat. She felt her face flush again as she thought about that hand actually smacking her bottom in earnest. He quirked a knowing smile at her and stood up, giving the top of her head a kiss. "I need to check on things here at the keep, but I'll see you at supper," he said.

She curtsied and then sighed when he left. By Our Lady, he'd meant to spank her. Meriwyn was shocked. Of course, husbands spank wives. This should not come as such a surprise to her. But she'd never imagined *she* would be subject to chastisement. And she certainly hadn't imagined the princess would be. She felt horrible for encouraging her lady to disobey and causing her to be whipped.



They'd both thought the rule was silly, and she'd told her no one would stop them with the prince away. No one had-- but apparently their excursion had not gone unnoticed.

Should she go to her lady now? She opened the door and walked down the hall to the prince and princess's room. The door was closed. She hesitated and then shamelessly put her ear to the door. She heard the sound of low voices-- both the prince's and her lady's. She turned and quickly retreated.

Her lady did not call for her before supper, so she waited for a glimpse of her in the great hall and watched when she emerged down the stairs with the prince. Meriwyn didn't

know what she'd expected, but she was surprised to see her lady nestled tightly against her husband, his arm draped protectively around her. Even when they sat at the high table they sat as if stuck together, his arm wrapping around her and stroking her arm and side. Her eyes were slightly red-rimmed and she certainly appeared subdued, but not sullen or angry.

At bedtime, she went to attend to the princess, helping her to undress. "Are you all right?" she asked anxiously.

"Why do you ask?" the princess queried, suspiciously.

"Sir Conrad spoke to me about our leaving the keep."

"Aye," the princess sighed. "My

lord was angry and I paid the price for it. I can tell you, I shall not cross my husband on anything for the rest of my life, if I can help it.”

“I'm so sorry, my lady. 'Twas my fault.”

Tova shook her head, “Nay, 'twas my decision.”

“Sir Conrad was going to chastise me for my part in it, but I managed to... well... talk my way out of it.”

Princess Tova gave her a rueful look. “Good for you.” She pulled up her chemise and turned around to show the purple welts across her bottom and the backs of her legs.

Meriwyn gasped in horror.

“Aye. But 'twas not the whipping

that was the worst of it, actually.”

“What do you mean?”

The princess looked thoughtful as Meriwyn brushed her hair. “I mean...having him angry with me was the worst of it. He was very disappointed and he scolded and looked frightening until I almost cried. 'Twas actually the punishment that made things right between us again.”

Meriwyn considered that. “I suppose it's nice to have a quarrel resolved so swiftly.”

“So thought I. By the time he finished chastising me, he was as tender and loving as could be. He didn't leave me to 'think about what I'd done' the way my mother had as a child. He laid me

upon the bed and held me in his arms, though he surely had much to do in the keep after being gone for so long. It was...nice. It made me sure I would not disappoint him again-- not because it was so horrible, but... more because he is a good husband.” she said. “Does that make any sense?”

*Not really.* “Of course, my lady.”

She mulled that over when she went to her own chamber. The princess's words matched what she had witnessed at supper. But she couldn't imagine feeling the same way. To be whipped so harshly.... she shuddered. She was absolutely terrified of it, and it seemed to be all she could dwell on. As she lay in bed and watched Henic and Hunwald

attending to her husband, her mind kept pulling her there. She observed Conrad's large hands pulling off his boots and imagined how they would feel on her backside. She eyed his leather sword belt and felt her heart pick up speed. She realized, with a start, that he must whip Henic, and mayhap even Hunwald. And Anna, his daughter. That thought filled her with dismay. She would have to try to protect the child.

Only when her handsome husband dismissed the boys and crawled onto the bed with a look that told her that their after-bath activity had not fully satisfied him, did she put it out of her mind. She watched his muscles ripple as he climbed over her and nudged her head to

the side, leaving a trail of kisses down her neck. She arched as his lips dragged over her collarbone, eager to have them settle a little lower. He chuckled and teased her nipple with his thumb until it stood erect, aching for his mouth. Only then did he slowly lower his mouth, sucking and nipping at it so she felt a corresponding tug between her legs. She sighed with pleasure, her fingers wending through his sandy brown hair.

“I missed you, husband,” she murmured.

“Mmm...I've been thinking about doing this since the moment I left,” he murmured. He moved to her other breast as one of his warm hands stroked down her belly and cupped her bottom. She

tightened her cheeks, thrusting her hips upward, eager for more. Conrad's hand slid around and found its way to her sex from behind. This time she thrust her hips backward. His fingers glided up and down her outer sex, dipping into her natural moisture and spreading it. She moaned in response to the exquisite pleasure of his touch.

Emboldened by her experience after the bath, she reached down and grasped his cock the way he had shown her, then pulled her hand down toward the head and back up again. Conrad made a growling sound and sprang into position to penetrate her. He rubbed the head of his sex over her silky slit and then pushed inside. She gasped at the



sensation – the burn of his large length stretching her passage, the satisfaction of feeling him within her at last. She wrapped her legs around his back and locked her ankles, pulling him tighter against her, deeper within her, but preventing him from driving in and out too forcefully because her hips were affixed to his. He rocked, still managing to thrust into her and she arched, moving her hips in rhythm with his, slowly releasing the grip of her thighs and allowing him to withdraw and plunge again and again. Her need for release built until she clawed at his shoulders and gritted her teeth, emitting her own low growl. Conrad slammed against her in an urgent rhythm until they both cried

out, climaxing, one right after the other. He smiled down at her as they both caught their breath.

Afterward, she curled into him, her head resting on his shoulder, one knee draped over his body, listening as his breath turned to gentle snores. She couldn't sleep-- her mind had slid back to the worry of his spanking her. It seemed so inconsistent with the man who had just made love to her. How could he hurt her?

She shifted in his arms and he woke, his snores stopping abruptly as he moved to accommodate her changed position.

“I never knew I'd be spanked.” she said into the silence.

Conrad opened one eye and gazed at her, then closed it and opened them both. He considered her. "You're afraid of it, aren't you?" he asked gently.

She was grateful that he did not laugh at her this time, and she nodded.

"You've not been spanked before?"

She shook her head. "Only a few swats as a child. Never with a strap."

He smoothed her hair back from her face, but said nothing.

"Were you going to spank me with a strap?"

"No. I was going to use my hand."

"The prince spanked Princess Tova with a strap."

"I'm sure he did," Conrad said.

Then he made a shrugging motion, which was really just one shoulder, since he was lying on the other. "It's just a sore bottom, Meriwyn."

The way her heart was beating in her chest said it was something far worse. "I don't want to be spanked," she said in a small voice.

Conrad smiled at her fondly and touched her nose. "Then you'll have to be an obedient wife, won't you?"

"But what if I make a mistake? How will I know how not to displease you? We only just met four months ago."

His mouth twitched a bit. "I won't spank you without giving you a warning first," he promised.

"But what about today? You'd

given me no warning.”

He raised an eyebrow at her. “You needed a warning not to disobey the prince? Our lord and master?”

She felt her cheeks grow hot. “No, sir,” she mumbled.

“I thought not.”

“Will you only spank with your hand?” she asked hopefully.

He regarded her for a long moment. “I will spank you as I deem appropriate, Meriwyn,” he said firmly at she felt her belly flip.

She had nothing more to say to him, then, so she rolled over to face away. He rolled her back. “Nay, woman, what are you doing?”

Her lips trembled, though why she

felt as though she might cry, she could not say. “Sir?” she managed.

He pulled her in closely against him. “You need not be afraid and you need not hide from me. Nothing's changed between us.”

She leaned her forehead against his hard chest and hid her face there. He was wrong--everything had changed.

## Chapter Two

The intensity of Meriwyn's fear of chastisement was amusing, but Conrad had sympathy for the anxiety she clearly was experiencing. The best thing would be to get her past her first spanking so she would know it was not such a terrible thing. It had been a mistake not to punish her the day before. And now he had promised not to spank without issuing a warning, which would only delay that first event further.

He would keep a close eye on her. Ideally, he could find some small infraction and give her the mildest of punishments. She would see it was not so terrible and would relax.

But it was difficult with a wife who was already eager to please and now was deathly afraid of being punished. Several weeks went by before she seemed to forget her distress and return to her more lively state. Finally, at dinner one afternoon, she truly did irritate him.

Anna had rushed in late, and the King and prince were already seated before she slipped into her place on the bench next to him at the high table.

“Where have you been?” he demanded.

“In the courtyard, learning to sling with Henic,” she said breathlessly.

He frowned. She spent far too much time out of doors with the pages,



when she should be playing dolls at the hearth. “Anna, it's time you stopped running around outside with the boys and spent more time with the ladies,” he said sternly.

“Nay, Conrad-- she's only eight years old! Let her enjoy her childhood while she can. She grows restless when she's inside for too long.”

He felt his neck grow hot with irritation at being contradicted-- not only in front of his daughter, but at the high table, no less, for all the courtiers to hear. Indeed, Sir Gallohan and Lady Gwenyth, who sat across from them at the table, had stopped their conversation to listen with interest. “Who is the master here?” he asked icily.

Meriwyn's eyes widened as she realized her mistake. "Forgive me, my lord," she said, blushing.

He gave her a long stare before turning back to Anna. "Tomorrow you will stay with your mother," he looked pointedly at Anna, who nodded, "and the ladies."

Anna looked chagrined, but nodded obediently. "Yes, papa."

Sir Gallohan and Lady Gwenyth lost interest in the interaction and began to talk anew. Meriwyn fidgeted a bit beside him. When the meal was over and they stood from their places, he placed a hand on the nape of Meriwyn's neck and pulled her close to him, speaking directly into her ear. "If you ever

contradict me in front of my child or at the table again, you'll be spanked," he said firmly. "Understand?"

He lifted his head from her ear to gaze in her eyes.

"I'm sorry. It won't happen again," she said, her eyes filling with moisture. One tear escaped her eye and he caught it with his thumb and wiped it away before anyone could see.

"Don't cry. It will be all right," he said more gently. "Just don't do it again."

She shook her head quickly. "No, sir. I won't."

"Thank you," he said and released her, kissing the top of her head. "I'll see you at supper."

She bobbed a curtsy as he turned to head out to the field where the prince had them running drills with the soldiers. He returned before supper and Henic and Hunwald helped him out of his armor and into a clean shirt. Meriwyn entered the room, looking agitated. He dismissed the boys and turned to her, expectantly.

“Yes, my lady?”

She was pacing the room, twisting her fingers around each other. She stopped and took a deep breath. “My lord--”

He raised his eyebrows expectantly.

“You do wish me to be a mother to Anna, do you not?”

He felt a thread of tension travel through him. He understood immediately where this was going. “Of course I do,” he snapped.

She frowned at him. “Well, how can I if I am not permitted to speak my mind?” she asked shrilly.

He pursed his lips. “Meriwyn, I did not mean to imply that you may not speak your mind about Anna's upbringing,” he said.

She stamped her foot, clearly too worked up to take in what he had said. “I'm the one who spends more time with her! I'm the one who knows what she needs!”

“You are the one who is acting like a child right now, and you may

consider this your only warning. You will speak to me respectfully or you will find yourself over my knee,” he said evenly, though his ire was raised.

She pressed her lips together, the conflict between her anger and her fear of chastisement clearly warring in her countenance. A blush crept across her breast and up her neck and face and she bobbed the quickest of curtsies. “I’m sorry,” she mumbled so quickly it was almost unintelligible.

He looked at her with disappointment. The sound of the supper bell interrupted any further discourse. “We’ll discuss it later,” he said shortly and held the door open for her.

She flushed an even deeper red

and he noticed her lips were trembling as she passed him, though he guessed it was more from anger than regret. He said little to her at the light evening meal and then excused himself to make the rounds of the soldiers, checking to be sure all the guards were in their proper stations. When he finished, he climbed the spiral stone steps to landing at the top of the tower, where he could look out on the kingdom. He took a deep breath and sighed.

Meriwyn certainly was spirited. He was itching to spank that defiance right out of her, but with a new young wife, a more gentle hand was called for. It was his duty to correct her misunderstanding as quickly as possible.

She believed she could not provide her input to the raising of Anna and was acting out of anger at that injustice. It didn't excuse her disrespect, but it did make it understandable. He waited until he was sure he was no longer angry or irritated before he headed back to their chamber.

Meriwyn had been pacing in their chamber since supper. Conrad had not returned after his night rounds. It was because he was angry with her. She should not have stamped her foot and spoken so shrewishly to him earlier. He had told her that she would be permitted



to provide her input to the raising of Anna, though she didn't see how she was meant to do so. Still, she should have allowed him to explain, rather than attack him with her sharp tongue.

Mayhap he would not return until he thought she was asleep. Or mayhap-- her heart stopped in her chest momentarily-- mayhap he would find another maid to bed that night. The thought made her sick. This was how marriages were corrupted. She'd seen it happen growing up-- a woman turned sharp-tongued and bitter and her husband took his pleasures elsewhere. Her eyes filled with tears. What had she done?

She understood, suddenly, what the princess had meant when she'd said

that the prince's disappointment in her was the most horrible part. She stopped her pacing and stood still in her tracks, remembering the rest of Tova's story. That the spanking had not made it worse, but had resolved things between them. And she remembered how close they had looked when they came down the stairs together that afternoon. By Our Lady, what she wouldn't give to have that closeness with Sir Conrad again!

The door opened and her knight appeared, his face tired and somewhat saddened.

“My lord husband,” she said, taking a step toward him tentatively. “Please forgive me. I will accept your chastisement. I know I deserve it.”

A look of surprise flashed momentarily over his face and then disappeared and his expression turned blank. He crossed the room and sat down on the bed. She knelt at his feet to unlace his boots and when she felt his large warm hand on her head, she had to blink back her tears of gratitude. She washed and dried his feet and then sat back on her heels to gaze up at him.

“Come here,” he said softly and lifted her to stand. He pulled at the laces on her bodice. “Take off your clothes,” he commanded. Her heart beat faster as she obeyed, feeling more vulnerable under his watching eye than she'd even felt on their wedding night. Somehow, being undressed for a chastisement was

a very different experience than being undressed for his pleasure. She awkwardly removed her clothing and stood before him, naked, shivering in fear and humility. He made her suffer a moment, simply looking at her and she dropped her eyes to the floor, studying the graying hay that covered the floors and noting abstractly that it ought to be changed soon.

He reached for her and pulled her across his lap, her torso resting on the bed. His large, callused hand stroked her bottom, raising goose pimples of anticipation. When she felt the warmth of his hand leave her bottom, she held her breath and tensed for the first sharp smack. She jumped with the impact and

made a small cry. He took his time, applying slow, hard spansks so that the tingling sting of the last one was just starting to appear before the next one fell. She grit her teeth and held her breath, as if that would somehow help ward off the pain of his sharp slaps. After what seemed like an eternity, he paused and rubbed her heated flesh.

“Meriwyn, I am depending upon you to speak your mind about Anna's upbringing,” he said, but then started spanking her again before she could reply. She could hardly decipher his meaning, nor think how to answer while she was trying to manage the pain that he was creating all over her bottom.

“But you said--”

He spanked her even harder, interrupting. "I said you may not contradict me in front of her or others. You may speak your mind to me as oft as you like when we are alone."

"Oh," Meriwyn grunted, jerking in response to the steady slaps that were still falling on her sore bottom.

"Aye," he said, still spanking harder than ever.

"But it would be too late to speak to you in private-- you had already made your decision," she protested sulkily, turning her head so he could hear her. He paused the punishing slaps momentarily as she spoke, rubbing her stinging skin, but he began again as soon as she'd finished.

“I can change my mind,” he said mildly, a contrast to the harshness of his hand, which had started slapping again. “And I would not be ashamed to tell Anna that you've convinced me differently-- if you can.”

She wondered, fleetingly, how he was able to converse so easily as he spanked.

He continued, “It is not that a wife should not influence her husband, it is that it should be respectfully.”

His words sank in, and her remaining defensiveness cracked and then slipped away, lost in the confusion of following the explosions of pain on her burning backside. Mayhap she really had made a mistake. Something in her

released and she went limp on his lap, truly surrendering to his punishment. Tears stung her eyes, but she held them back, taking huge sobbing breaths. Then, miraculously, he stopped and pulled her to stand, facing him. His hands kneaded her sore bottom and she whimpered softly, her legs shaking. She wasn't ready to stand, much less to look into her husband's face.

He pulled her onto his lap. "Come, little wife. You're forgiven. And now you've put your first spanking behind you."

Embarrassed, she curled in tightly to him, the tears she had held back during the spanking starting to spill. As if he sensed it, he wrapped his arms



more tightly around her and murmured soothingly, stroking her back and hair. She clung to him, not wishing to ever lift her head and look him in the face again, feeling humiliated and vulnerable in a way she had not experienced before. She wanted to be angry with him, but she needed his comfort more than her pride. And the truth was that being spanked had not as horrible as she'd imagined, not that she would tell him so.

He held her for a long time and then scooped her up and laid her in the bed, removing his clothes and curling his larger body around hers, whispering tender words. She woke in the morning to the feel of his hardened rod pressing into her backside and she pushed back in

encouragement.

There was no trace of pain from the spanking the night before, but emotionally she still desperately needed her husband. She needed to know she was still loved despite her mistake, that she was still respected despite the fact that she'd been bent over his knee for such a humiliating punishment.

Conrad's large, warm hands caressed her, igniting a restless heat. She reached behind her and pulled his hips aggressively against her bottom. Conrad chuckled but didn't press inside her. Instead he gently rolled her onto her back. "I want to see your face when I make love to you, Meriwyn."

She flushed but managed to look at

him and gave him a shy smile. He turned serious, though his fingers wandered between her legs and were stroking her in a way that made her breath catch.

“Please don't hide ever from me, Meriwyn. I'm your husband-- I'm the one person you need never hide yourself from.”

The heat in her cheeks seemed to be creeping across her neck and chest now too. She really did not want to talk about this. She wanted him to kiss her so she could close her eyes and give herself to him and forget about the awkwardness of the past night. Her eyes filled with unbidden tears. “What do you wish from me, Sir Conrad?”

He rolled on top of her, resting on

his elbows, stroking her hair back from her face. “Nothing. Everything. I want all of you. I want you to feel safe with me, even if it's when I'm punishing.” He stared at her for a long moment and though it was difficult to look into his eyes, she saw complete love there. She blinked. “Are you afraid of me, Meriwyn?” he asked softly.

She considered the question. Had she ever been afraid of her husband? Nay. It was just the spanking she'd been afraid of, and that had not turned out to be so bad, after all. She shook her head slowly, locking gazes with him.

His mouth quirked into a small, satisfied smile and he leaned over to kiss her, his fingers renewing their

exploration of her willing sex. She spread her thighs to invite his full pillaging and felt her heat rising as he slipped first one finger, then two inside her. She was making tiny whimpers by the time he finally pushed into her with his length, and she climaxed almost immediately, which made him chuckle with satisfaction. She gave herself to him with more enthusiasm than ever before and when she reached a second climax, moments after his, it was an explosion of pleasure. Afterward, she lay on the bed and watched as her well-muscled husband dressed, unable to move her relaxed limbs to do the same.

“It wasn't so bad,” she said.

Conrad turned and looked at her

incredulously.

She giggled, reading his mind. “I meant the spanking.”

He grinned and she realized he had known what she meant all along. He pulled his tunic on over his undershirt and leggings and bent over to kiss her. “I know.”

She went still. “What do you mean?”

He shook his head, smiling.  
“Nothing.”

“Was that not a real spanking?” she asked, stricken by a sudden fear.

He chucked her cheek. “It was a real *first* spanking,” he said, confirming her worries. “I’ll see you at dinner,” he said, moving toward the door.

“Conrad--” she said in a strangled voice, all of the post-sex languor disappearing as she sat up in alarm.

He merely gave her a wink as he shut the door and she stared at it, her heart pumping a renewed anxiety through her body. She should have known-- a real spanking would not be with just his hand.

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# Chapter Three

“Fare thee well, sweet wife,” Sir Conrad said, giving her another quick peck on the lips before he mounted to ride escort to the prince on an errand to the neighboring kingdom.

“Be safe,” she said fervently, in a low voice so that the others wouldn't hear.

He cocked a grin. “Never worry about me, my heart. I promise I will always return.”

She frowned. “How can you be so sure? Do not tempt God with your cockiness.”

He sobered. “You're right.” He kissed her again. “It's just that I've



always had the sense I would live a long life. But I promise I will be careful.”

She sighed with the small relief that brought her. “Thank you.”

Anna squeezed in for another hug, wrapping her arms around her father's waist. “I love you, Papa,” she said.

“I love you too, sweet cake. You behave and mind your mother.”

“I will, Papa.”

“Meriwyn, don't be afraid to take a strap to her bare backside if she does not obey.”

Meriwyn stiffened. “I shall not!” she blurted before she could help it. Then she bit her lip and looked worriedly at the man she should not have contradicted.

Conrad raised an eyebrow. “You shall not be afraid or you shall not whip her?”

She swallowed but could not seem to answer. She did not want to compound her mistake by offering the truth-- that she would never whip the child.

Conrad turned to Anna. “You may trust if she will not, I will correct the situation when I return.”

Anna gave him an impish smile. “You shall not have a reason to, Papa.”

He gave her a squeeze. “That's what I like to hear.”

He turned back to Meriwyn and gave her an indulgent chuck on her chin before he swung onto his mount. She

breathed a sigh of relief at his leniency and gave him her brightest smile, waving enthusiastically as they rode away.

Her belly was still tied in knots, though. Not only had she contradicted Sir Conrad in front of Anna again-- which he had forbidden-- but she had also revealed to Anna that she would not punish her, seriously weakening her authority with the girl. She walked slowly back to the castle, chewing the side of her cheek as her thoughts swirled. She was fairly certain she was safe with Sir Conrad. An understanding had passed between them and it seemed he had chosen to ignore her mistake. But she would have to stay alert with Anna. Aye, she couldn't let the girl get away

with anything now, or she would think her stepmother was weak.

But to beat the girl herself? No. She didn't have it in her. And she still intended to protect her from being whipped by her father, if she could help it. *She* hadn't been spanked much as a child growing up and she had not turned out to be spoiled...

She had no trouble with Anna for the first two days that Conrad was gone, but on the third day, as she was walking out in the courtyard to see what the child was up to, she saw her take a swing at the young page Redwald, hitting him square in the eye with her fist. Meriwyn

shouted and began to run toward them as Redwald launched himself upon Anna, tackling her to the ground and getting a solid strike to her face before he was pulled off by his older brother, another page named Ricbert.

By the time she arrived, Anna had struggled to her feet, her face flushed with rage, blood dripping from her mouth. When she caught sight of Meriwyn approaching, the girl grew wary, drawing back from her foe and smoothing her skirts nervously.

“What in God's name is going on here?” she demanded.

Ricbert was yelling at Redwald. “You can't fight a *girl*, you idiot! What do you think Sir Conrad's going to do

with you when he finds out you hit his daughter? He's going to whip you silly, that's what he's going to do!”

A look of fear crossed Anna's face at the mention of her father. Suddenly eager to make amends, she held her palm out to Redwald. “I'm sorry, Redwald. I shouldn't have hit you,” she offered.

Redwald recovered quickly from a look of shock before he pumped Anna's hand with a sidelong glance at Meriwyn. “I'm sorry, too. I shouldn't have called you that.” Both children turned expectantly to her.

Anna swiped at the blood dripping from her lip. “I'm sorry, Mother.” She shrugged. “We were just tussling a bit. No harm done.”

Meriwyn's heart was beating hard. This was one of those moments in which she could not allow Anna to underestimate her. She drew herself up. "If you cannot comport yourself in an appropriate manner, you *will* stay in the castle all day with the ladies!" she said tartly.

Anna's eyes were wide. She curtsied. "Yes, my lady."

"And Redwald, your brother is right-- it is absolutely unchivalrous to hit a girl, even if she did hit you first," she said to the boy.

"Yes, my lady," he said.

She folded her arms across her breasts and looked from one to the other of them, hoping she was making them

suffer a bit with worry. “Do not ever let me see anything like this again.”

“No, my lady,” both children agreed.

“Anna, we will discuss this more later. Redwald, if you give me your word that you will never, ever hit a girl again, then I won't tell Sir Conrad when he returns.”

Both children brightened at this news. “You have my most solemn oath, my lady,” Redwald said dropping to one knee.

“Thank you. Come, Anna,” she said, holding out her hand. Anna took it, looking up at her hopefully. “You won't tell Papa? Truly?”

She stopped at looked at her



sternly. “You'll be spending all of the morrow in the castle, spinning with the ladies.”

“Yes, Mother,” she said meekly.

Meriwyn squeezed her hand. She liked it when she called her Mother.

“But you won't tell Papa?” she asked again.

“Nay. I won't tell your father.”

“Thank you, Mother!” the girl said gratefully and Meriwyn smiled, feeling as though she'd handled things just right.

A certain pecking order existed

among the pages of the castle, and those of the prince ranked higher than Sir Conrad's. Even so, there was a great deal of competition for Conrad's attention, as the prince didn't have as much time to spend training the boys as he did. They had left the pages behind for their excursion, bringing only the squires so they could travel more efficiently. A gaggle of pages awaited them at the castle gates when they returned.

Henic, his own page was there, but the others seemed to be hanging about him as well. He thought he detected a sense of guilty excitement. Something was certainly afoot. That evening, after he had greeted Meriwyn

and Anna, had a bath and heard from the steward, he sat down near the hearth and called to the boys.

“All right, what happened while we were gone?”

The pages all looked at one another. He could see an excited interest in most of their faces, which meant only one or a few were the guilty party, and the rest were eager to see what would happen. He swept their faces, looking for the boy who had trouble meeting his eye. Redwald. He had a swollen, purplish eye and a guilty look upon his face.

Henic stood at Redwald's elbow and nudged him. “Tell him,” Henic whispered.

Redwald's face reddened.

“Does this matter concern anyone other than Redwald?” he asked the rest of them.

“No, sir,” they all muttered after recovering from their surprise that he had guessed the culprit.

“Then leave us to speak in private,” he directed. The boys scattered reluctantly, stealing glances over their shoulders as they departed. “How does he *do* that?” he heard one of them whisper as they walked away.

“What happened?” he asked directly.

Redwald scuffed his calf-skin boot in the hay. “I hit a girl,” he mumbled at last.

“Pardon me?”

Redwald lifted his eyes. “I hit a girl,” he said miserably.

“Ah. I see,” he said, his interest sharpening. “Tell me about it.”

“It was Anna.”

Now it was abundantly clear why all the pages had taken an interest in Redwald's transgression. If he had not already seen Anna in perfect health he might have worried, but it was Redwald who sported the bruise on his face. “Tell me,” he commanded.

Redwald's ears turned pink. “We were practicing with the sling and we quarreled.” He lowered his eyes. “I called her a name and then...we fought.”

“Who threw the first punch?” he

asked with a sinking feeling.

“Anna.”

“I see. And then?”

“Then I knocked her down and hit her and then Lady Meriwyn and Ricbert made us stop.”

He rubbed his face, feeling more and more grim about the situation. Neither his lady wife nor his daughter had mentioned anything about the incident. “What did Lady Meriwyn do?”

“She made me promise to never hit a girl again. She said if I did--” the boy stopped abruptly.

“If you did--?” he prompted.

The boy shook his head. “I mean, she made me promise, so I did.”

“She said if you did... what?”

The boy scuffed his heel in the hay again. “Nothing.”

He gripped the boy's shoulders and gave him a shake. “Never lie to me, Redwald!” he growled. “A knight never lies to his master, nor should a page.”

He could feel the boy trembling under his touch, but Redwald raised his eyes bravely. “She said if I promised, she wouldn't tell you what had happened,” he mumbled.

“I see.” He sighed and rubbed his forehead. “Thank you for confessing your mistake, Redwald. I appreciate your honesty.”

“I beg your forgiveness, sir.”

“Aye, you seem sorry enough to me. I won't punish you this time, but if I

find you've been fighting with *anyone*-- boy or girl, you'll be whipped soundly.”

The boy sagged in relief. “Thank you, sir.”

He stood up and clapped him on the shoulder. “Make sure you keep that promise you made to my lady wife.”

“Aye, sir-- I will.”

He sighed and strode off in search of Meriwyn. He found her eagerly awaiting him in their chambers, her outer dress off, her long hair unbound and spilling over her shoulders.

Unfortunately, the activity that had been on both their minds would have to wait.

“Meriwyn.”

“My lord?”

“Why did you not tell me about the



fight between Anna and Redwald?”

Meriwyn's face grew tight. She drew herself up, her small hands clenched into fists. “Because I handled it,” she replied primly.

His temper flared. “*Handling it* would mean you addressed the problem at the time and then reported it when I returned,” he said. His voice had raised and Meriwyn took a step backward, her face paling, though her mouth was still set in a stubborn line.

“There was no need to report it if I'd already addressed it!” she declared shrilly.

“No need to report it? Who is the master here?” he demanded.

She took another step backward,

her mouth opening and closing once before she managed to speak. “You are, of course, my lord.” She flexed her clenched fingers. “I didn't know it would be so important to you, else I would have told you first thing,” she said placatingly. “I had other things on my mind...” she said, giving her hair a toss over her shoulder and turning on her bedroom eyes.

“Nay, woman, you deliberately kept it from me! You told Redwald you would not tell me if he promised not to hit a girl again. And now you've just made it far worse for yourself by lying to me. You will be punished for this.”

Meriwyn dropped all pretenses, showing real fear now. “I'm sorry,

Conrad,” she said quickly, still backing up, though he was not advancing upon her. “I just didn't want the children to be whipped. There was no real harm done.”

He nodded slowly. “You don't trust me to be a fair disciplinarian?”

She looked at him with wide eyes, which she eventually lowered without answering.

“I see,” he said sadly, sitting on the bed. “Because you think a whipping is barbaric? Is that it?”

She flushed and gave a tiny shrug.

“I did not decide to whip Redwald, nor do I plan to whip Anna, unless speaking with her changes my mind. You, however...” he trailed off, watching as one of her eyes began to

blink rapidly in a nervous tick. He extended an arm toward her. “Come here, little wife. Come and find out for yourself whether I can be trusted to discipline my wards.” He kept his voice gentle, having realized that showing his temper did little to reassure her that he was not a barbarian.

She blinked back tears now but did not move from where she stood. “Come, Meriwyn. You know you deserve it. You deliberately hid something from me and then you lied about it. Come to me now for your chastisement.”

Her foot moved and then stopped again. He could see the fear and the desire to obey warring within her.

“Meriwyn,” he said reassuringly. “It's just me.”

His words turned her insides to liquid. She met his eye then and their gazes locked. She saw compassion there, and love. The anger he had shown when he'd first come in was gone. He was holding an arm out to her, as if he meant to embrace her, rather than spank. She stumbled forward and allowed it to encircle her waist and guide her gently across his lap. She was glad he had not asked her to undress this time. Instead, he slid her chemise up himself, his large, calloused hand traveling up her calf and then her thigh, across the curve of cheeks he was about to strike. She held her breath.

His hand came down sharply and she made a little “oomph” sound.

She was relieved it was just his hand. “Thank you,” she said.

He spanked again and again. “For what?”

“Oomph. Using your hand,” she grunted.

“Ohhh. Sorry, little wife, but you will be getting the strap today as well.”

Panic welled up in her chest at that. What was he doing now, then? How long was this to go on? She squirmed as he continued slowly, methodically, creating an unbroken rhythm with the sound of her slapped flesh. He was orderly with where he placed the spanks-- first one cheek, then the other,

then directly in the middle, striking at exactly the juncture where bottom meets thigh and nowhere else, so that the intensity of the burn created in those places began to mushroom until she kicked her legs and whimpered, “Please!”

“I'm sorry, Meriwyn, but you earned this,” he spoke calmly through his slaps.

“Conrad! Oh!” She wanted it to stop. She was afraid of the pain. She was sure she couldn't take any more-- and he still meant to strap her! “Sir? Please!” she cried.

“Shh,” he said, stopping the spanking to rub her heated bottom. The rubbing brought immediate relief to both

her smarted backside and her panicked emotions. “You're doing well,” he soothed. She couldn't see how enduring the onslaught of his hand constituted “doing well” but she kept her mouth shut. His thighs felt firm and hard under her trembling body. He kept one hand wrapped around her waist, firmly holding her in place as the other stroked her sorely spanked bottom. She whimpered, wishing more than anything that it could be over.

His hand came down hard again, though, and she jumped, jolted out of her momentary reprieve. He began the spanking again at full force, and this time she did not submit to it-- she wriggled and writhed against his hold, trying to



free herself. This was too much-- he had no right to hurt her this way. At last he stopped and pulled her up to her feet.

She glared at him, furious. Her hair fell into her face and she didn't bother to push it back. She felt her lower lip tremble, so she bit it so he wouldn't see. She would not give him the satisfaction of making her cry.

Except that he did not look satisfied. She thought she saw pain in his eyes, which confused her.

He stood up and led her to the corner of the room, facing the wall. "I want you to stand here for a moment, Meriwyn."

"What?" she spit out, incredulously. She was not a naughty

child who should be made to stand in the corner.

“Aye. It's to give you a break from the chastisement and a chance to think about the position you're in.”

“The position I'm in? I am all too well-aware of the position I'm in-- I am standing in a corner!” Her shrill voice filled their chamber.

“Enough!” Conrad whirled her to face him. “You have tried my patience, Meriwyn, and now I have reached my limit. If you refuse to accept your punishment, you may sleep downstairs on a pallet with the serfs!”

If it had been his kindness that had caused her to rebel, his anger certainly had the opposite effect. Her knees went

weak and she whirled to face the wall so fast she saw stars.

Conrad sighed. "Thank you," he said heavily and moved away.

She didn't move or speak, but simply stared at the place where the outer stone wall met the wooden wall that served as a partition to their chamber. Her heart beat quickly in her chest as a tear slid down her nose. She had made a mistake. Several, really. And the last thing she wanted was an angry husband. She ought to go and beg forgiveness on her knees. Except she was supposed to be facing this corner. She should have said something when he'd barked. Should she say something now? Stay in her corner but tell him she

was sorry? Nay, she was supposed to be contemplating the position she was in. It was a cursed one, she knew that much. She couldn't contemplate much beyond the throb of her tingling bottom, her dread of the strapping she had coming, and her fear that Sir Conrad would not forgive her.

“Come here.” His voice was calm again. She turned and faced him. He sat in the same position on the bed, but this time had a leather strap lying next to him. She moved to stand before him, her thumbs worrying her pointer fingers at her sides. “Take off your shift.”

Her belly tightened and though she would not have thought it possible, her heart thumped even harder against her

ribs. She silently begged his mercy as her trembling fingers pulled off her covering. She pressed her elbows into her sides and hunched her shoulders, as if that would somehow offer protection from his burning gaze on her vulnerable, naked body.

He stood and she took a step back to accommodate his towering height.

“Sit,” he commanded.

She was confused. “Sit?”

“Aye.”

She sat nervously on the edge of the bed where he had just been, feeling the residual warmth he left behind. He picked up the strap and towered over her. She was completely confused about what he planned to do to her, which only

compounded her distress.

“Lie back and lift your legs in the air.”

“My legs?”

“Aye.”

She lowered herself to her back on the bed and raised her legs, only then realizing his intent. “Hold your legs back for me.”

Her breath entered and exited shallowly as she fumbled to obey him, completely humiliated by the position. Her bottom was fully spread and exposed to him-- but even worse-- her sex was as well, and there was no place to hide her face from him. He held onto her crossed ankles and lifted the strap. She gasped before he brought it down

smartly across her bottom. The pain screamed through her and her body jerked in response, her legs kicking against her arms, her bottom bobbing and tightening. He brought the strap down again and she cried out, her body jerking involuntarily. “Oww,” she moaned softly.

Again the strap came down. This time he looked at her face afterward. She turned hers sharply away from him, wishing she had some way of hiding it. The leather bit into her tender flesh again and she began to weep. He continued to whip her, pausing between each stroke so that the pain was fully reverberating before the next one fell. It was horrible-- not just the searing pain,

but the humiliation of it. She was not counting, but she guessed he had delivered a dozen or so strokes when he paused. “Do you hide things from your husband, Meriwyn?” he asked quietly. There was no malice or anger in his tone, but she still heard the warning notes.

“No, sir.” She shook her head emphatically on the bed through her tears. “Never. I will never hide anything from you again,” she sobbed.

She thought she saw his face soften, but he delivered another searing stripe across her raw orbs. “Do you lie to your husband, Meriwyn?”

Again she rolled her head from side to side. “No, sir!”



Again he brought the strap down on her unprotected bottom.

“Do you submit to his authority over you?”

“Yes, sir!” she gasped. “Please, Conrad! I’ll be good. I’ll never question your judgment again!”

He lowered the strap and looked at her. Through her tears, she saw pain in his eyes. “You do question my judgment, don’t you?” It was if he was just realizing it now that she’d put words to it.

“No! No, sir. Please,” she begged him, still sobbing, tensed and waiting for the next stripe.

He tossed the strap onto the bed, but did not release her ankles. He gave

her five hard slaps with his hand, which should have been a relief after the strap, except that her bottom was so raw and sore that even a caress would pain her. She jerked and sobbed. “Forgive me, Conrad. Please.”

He nodded, running his hand lightly over her burning cheeks, his thumb brushing her sex. “I forgive you,” he said grimly.

She blinked at him through her tears. She didn't believe him.

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# Chapter Four

He sat down on the bed beside her and pulled her onto his lap and into his arms. She did not hide from him this time. Instead, her arms wrapped tightly around his neck, choking him as her tears wet his neck. He rubbed her back and kissed her head. "I love you, Meriwyn," he whispered and she clung more tightly.

The spanking had not gone as he'd planned. He had intended to punish her gently-- to not frighten her, but rather, to show her that he was a fair and just disciplinarian. He wanted her to understand that she could trust him. After all, it was her concern with his meting of discipline that had caused their rift. Yet

she'd refused to bend to his will until he showed her his full dominance. Now she was so completely submitted to him he doubted he could pry her arms from him if he tried. But if his dominance made her even more afraid of his punishments, then it had failed its purpose. She needed comforting, but his instinct told him she also needed to him remain dominant, else her own pride would rise again and she'd feel humiliated and angry by the way he'd spanked.

He stood and carried her to the head of the bed, where he laid her down. She did not settle into the the bed, though, but sat up anxiously, the remnants of her crying still causing her to sniffle and hiccup. He pulled off his

tunic, then sat to unlace his boots. Meriwyn scrambled off the bed to do it for him.

“Nay, Meriwyn. Get back in the bed,” he ordered, pulling one boot off.

Her fingers worked the laces on the other boot. He stopped her by cupping her chin and lifting her face to his. “Obey me, wife,” he commanded, holding her eyes with a challenge.

She stared at him for moment, then swallowed and crawled slowly back into the bed.

“I’m sorry, Conrad,” she whispered.

“I’m not angry with you, Meriwyn. I told you that you were forgiven and I meant it.”

She started crying afresh and he laid beside her and held her to his chest, stroking her thick hair and murmuring to her. "It's all right. Everything is going to be all right."

After a time she quieted again and he brushed her hair back to try to see her face. "It takes courage to submit to your husband," he praised her. Her head came out of its hiding place against his chest and she blinked at him with her long wet lashes. The vulnerability he saw there tugged at his heart. He felt gratitude for the gift of her submission and with it came a fierce need to protect. She was his now more than she had ever been before and he absolutely cherished her. He traced her cheekbone with his thumb

and gazed at her with all the warmth of his love. As he held her gaze, the anxiety faded from her face and she settled her head down on his shoulder as if she were basking in the glow of his affection. Her eyes blinked slowly and then closed, so he traced first her eyebrows and then her delicate eyelids. Tomorrow they would not be so red.

He woke in the morning to the feeling of her hand reaching inside his leggings grip his cock, which stood up with a surge of approval. He groaned and reached for his beautiful wife, but she was already crawling down between his legs. He groaned louder when he realized her intention. Unfortunately, nature was calling. "Wait, love," he

grunted, rolling out of bed to use the chamber pot. When he turned back to her, he caught his breath. She was sitting up on the bed, still completely naked from her punishment the night before. Her cheeks had the flush of sleep and her hair cascaded over her shoulders in rich waves. Her ample breasts stared at him, irresistibly beckoning his hands and mouth.

He pulled his leggings off and walked back to the bed. “Actually, little wife, I’m not through with your punishment,” he said, his voice husky with desire.

Her eyes shot to his face and though her expression was wary, her nipples stood erect, showing she



understood the nature of the chastisement he had in mind. He crawled up on the bed, his hands automatically reaching for her breasts, cupping and squeezing as he pushed her onto her back. He straddled her and gripped a nipple between the thumb and forefinger of each hand.

“Now...let's review what we discussed last night,” he said, starting to squeeze the nipples. “Does a wife hide things from her husband?” he quizzed, maintaining the pressure on the hardened tips of her perfect breasts and starting to lift just a bit.

“No, sir!” she gasped, arching toward him to relieve the pull.

“Does she lie to her husband?”

“No, never.” Her eyes watered a

bit and he slowly released the nipples.

“Good girl,” he said softly. He moved off her and rolled her onto her belly. The lower half of her bottom was well-marked from the strapping he'd given her, dark purple stripes giving evidence to the intensity of her chastisement. He stroked her bottom and she tightened her cheeks. He gave her the lightest of slaps. “None of that,” he warned. “For this chastisement, you must never tighten against me. You will take it like a good girl.”

Meriwyn lay seemingly frozen, listening to his words. He pulled one of the blankets out from underneath them and bunched it up, lifting her hips and stuffing it under. She made a little

squeaking sound. He gave her bottom another soft slap. “Lift this for me, Meriwyn.”

She obeyed and he slid his fingers between her legs, not surprised to find she was already wet for him. His cock hardened even more. “Mmm,” he purred as he stroked her honeyed slit, feeling it grow even hotter and more moist under his touch. He slid two fingers inside her, using his other hand to pull back on her hips so the angle was ideal. He searched her welcoming passage for the tissue that hardened under the tips of his fingers and when he found it, was rewarded with eager sounds from his wife. He picked up his tempo, plunging against that sensitive area as he pressed his

thumb against her back hole. She squealed in surprise and clenched her cheeks. He withdrew his hand to slap her sweet bottom-- two hard smacks that caused her to yelp and jump out of position. "What did I tell you?" he growled, pulling her hips all the way up so that she stood on her knees and elbows.

She made a little moan of protest. He caressed the red splotchy mark he had just made with his slaps and heard a soft "mmm" sound.

"That's right, little wife," he encouraged. He slipped his fingers inside her again and she immediately let out a mewl of satisfaction. He loved how expressive her sounds were. It was

easy to judge when he on the right track with her. He rested his thumb over her back hole to ready her before he pushed in again. She whimpered when he did, but did not tighten. "Good girl," he murmured. He pressed a little farther and her sex grew more slick and swollen. He worked both holes, penetrating first one, then the other alternately. Her cries grew needy, but he stopped and withdrew his fingers before she climaxed. "Not yet, love. Not yet."

He moved to mount her, parting her cheeks and dribbling a little saliva on the little flower he would soon be stretching wide. She tensed at the sensation, but didn't squeeze. He stroked both hands down her two cheeks,

squeezed and then pulled them wide. Meriwyn rested her head on her arms.

“Are your arms tired, love?” He nudged her back to her belly. The balled up blanket was still there, lifting her hips enticingly. The angle was perfect and he murmured soothingly to her as he pushed his cock into her small, tight hole.

She made a whining sound. “It hurts!” she protested.

He stopped pushing and reached around in front of her, making circles around her small nub of pleasure. “It's supposed to hurt,” he said with mock sternness. “It's your punishment. Now open to me.”

He slowly pushed deeper and she relaxed, allowing him. As he carefully

moved in and out, he kept his fingers working. Again her responses grew in pitch and intensity until they became a keening cry, but again, he scolded. “Not yet. Not until I tell you,” he ordered.

She groaned in protest and he picked up his speed, driving to his own delicious climax. When he reached it, he croaked as he spilled his seed, “Now, Meriwyn!” She cried out and spasmed, her muscles squeezing so tightly he had to withdraw. He collapsed on the bed beside her, catching his breath as he pulled her into his arms.

When they both had quieted, he kissed her tenderly. Then he drew away and looked into her face, and lost his breath. She was looking at him with

wide, shining eyes. It was a look of submissive adoration, as if he meant everything to her. Overcome with emotion, he kissed her again, more passionately this time, aggressively possessing her mouth with his lips and tongue. He pulled away and kissed her forehead, her eyelids and cheeks. Then he smiled down at her. “What say you, Meriwyn? Can you trust me to punish you fairly now?”

She blushed and started to turn her face toward the bed, but he cupped her cheek and held her in place. “Will you?”

“Aye, my lord.”

“Good,” he said smiling wickedly. “Because that was so pleasurable, I’ve decided I’m not through with you yet.”



She looked at him questioningly.

“After supper tonight, I want you to take off your clothes and stand in the corner to wait for your punishment.” He lifted his eyebrows with challenge.

“Will you obey, Meriwyn?”

She swallowed, but a small smile curled her lips. “Yes, sir,” she answered sweetly.

He chuckled and kissed her again, getting up off the bed. “Come, love, before we miss breakfast.”

Conrad waited until she was dressed before he opened the door to allow Henic and Hunwald in to serve

him. As they entered, Meriwyn realized with a sick feeling that from their customary sleeping place outside their door, they had mostly likely heard the morning's activities. Worse still, they had most likely heard her spanking the night before. As she felt her face get hot, she gave them both a severe look. Conrad caught it and also turned a stern face to the boys, as if warning them it was no time for the teasing looks they sometimes gave him.

Thankfully, the boys were suitably respectful. She hesitated at the door, feeling unaccountably shy about going out into the world without Conrad.

“Wait for me, love, and we'll go together,” he said, seeming to

understand. He took her hand in his large warm one and led her down the spiral stairs to the Great Hall. Her bottom was sore-- nay, it was throbbing. Well, the back hole where Conrad had just taken her was throbbing and the area where she sat felt achy and swollen. Sitting on the hard wooden bench for breakfast was going to hurt. She felt so strange, so different-- as if she was an entirely different person than she'd been the day before. She'd been punished and used hard by her husband, yet she felt quite loved. Indeed, he seemed careful with her this morning, as if she required his protection. She recalled the way she had seen Princess Tova and the prince that night after he'd punished her. She'd

stayed meekly tucked at his side, and he'd staunchly kept an arm around her.

She sat down as slowly and gingerly as she could manage without calling attention to herself and Conrad watched and then patted her knee under the table. It wasn't sympathy, exactly, but it was better than him gloating or finding it amusing. She looked down at his large hand resting on her thigh. That hand knew every inch of her body. A tiny shiver ran up her spine and she felt a throb in her sex thinking of it. She wondered what he could possibly have in mind for her tonight. It was odd how the idea of standing naked in the corner waiting for his instruction was now an arousing, rather than infuriating idea.

How much she'd changed in just one night.

He kissed her forehead after breakfast and bid her goodbye until dinner. She watched him leave, already missing his presence beside her. She spent the day spinning and weaving with the women, doing her best to ignore her sore bottom. By supper, she had little flutters of excitement in her belly about her further “punishment.”

Conrad smiled at her warmly when she joined him at the high table, but he grew serious when Anna appeared. It was the first he'd seen Anna since hearing about her fight the night before.

“Anna,” he said sternly. “I

understand you are responsible for that bruised eye I saw on Redwald.”

Anna's eyes widened and she looked at Meriwyn with an expression of horrified betrayal.

“Nay, it wasn't--” Conrad started to say, but Meriwyn interrupted.

“It wasn't right of me to hide things from your father,” she said firmly.

Conrad gave her a tiny smile but turned back to Anna. “What do you have to say for yourself, young lady?”

Anna flushed. “I'm sorry, Papa.”

“Why did you hit him, Anna?”

“He called me a tomboy and said I'd never have a husband because I'll never be a proper lady,” she said with quiet resentment.

Meriwyn guessed that remark had come close to a real worry for Anna. She would speak with the child later about it-- not all little girls love to sit by the hearth or weave at the loom. She didn't see any harm in Anna's interest in weapons and hunting. There would be time enough to prepare her for marriage in the years to come.

“Just because I bested him with the sling,” she added.

Conrad did not smile. “I don't care if he told you that your Papa's a pig's arse, you don't start fights.”

“Yes, sir,” Anna muttered, her eyes lowered.

Conrad said nothing, but just looked at his daughter for a long stretch,

allowing the tension between the three of them to build.

Anna lifted her eyes to his again. "It won't happen again, Papa, I promise."

Conrad sighed. "Be sure that it doesn't."

Relief showed on Anna's face as she correctly deduced that she was not going to be punished. "Yes, sir," she said enthusiastically.

"And Anna--"

"Aye?"

"Do not resent your mother-- it was not she who told me and she has paid the price for her deceit," he said.

Meriwyn went ice cold before a furious heat flushed through her limbs.



How dare he? To speak of punishing her in front of his daughter-- *at the high table, no less*-- was, well-- unforgivable. Inexcusable. He had demeaned her, lowered her to the level of a child, flaunted his authority over her. She was so angry she could not speak. She barely made it through the meal, though her unbearable husband didn't seem to notice. As soon as the king stood she leaped to her feet and departed the Great Hall as quickly as she could.

She paced their chamber, her anger growing by the minute. She felt like the worst kind of fool for accepting his punishment like a meek little mouse the night before. He had treated her

abominably. She glared at the corner where she'd stood with her bare bottom facing him. She would die before she stood in that corner for him again! What was she to do? Last night he had suggested she sleep downstairs with the serfs. Well, she'd rather do that than submit to him ever again.

“No help tonight, lads,” she heard Sir Conrad say in a jolly voice to Hunwald and Henic. Right. He believed she'd be standing naked in the corner waiting for him. She glared as the door opened and he came through.

He may not have noticed at supper, but he was not a fool now. “What is it, Meriwyn?” he asked, a cautious look on his face.

“You may stand in the corner yourself to see how you like it, but I will not be treated that way!”

“What's happened that has you upset?” he asked.

Stubbornness made her loathe to explain her temper. “Never you mind,” she snapped. “And don't worry-- I won't stay here to offend. I'll be sleeping with the serfs, as you suggested.” She headed for the door, but he blocked her path, folding his arms across his chest and looking as immovable as an ox.

“Nay. You'll sleep where I tell you to sleep, Meriwyn,” he said quietly. “Why are you so angry?”

She darted quickly around him but he caught her arm as she passed. She

twisted around in his grasp.

“Meriwyn-- stop! I'll hurt you.”

She turned and glared at him.

“Aye, you have no problem hurting me, do you?” she hissed.

He released her arm as if stunned by her words. “Nay, I meant *else* I'd hurt you--” he said, but she was already headed out the door.

He did not call after her, nor did he ask the lads to stop her. He wasn't about to create a scene in the castle that would set tongues to wagging. He followed with swift, long strides and did not grab her when he reached her side.

“That wasn't what I meant and you know

it,” he said in a low voice, matching his strides to hers.

She spared him a quick glance. “I know nothing,” she said coldly. She skipped down the steps and through the Great Hall. He made his face look perfectly calm as he followed. She reached the front doors of the castle and said, “open, please,” to the guards.

They looked past her for his confirmation. He nodded reluctantly. The doors swung open and she barreled out into the chilly night air. He doubted she knew where she was going. She followed the wall of the castle to the end and turned when it did. Here, where no one would see them, he closed the distance between them and caught her

around the waist. Not unexpectedly, she struggled wildly against him. “Stop,” he said calmly and firmly. He said nothing more and did not move at all, simply held her until her limbs stopped flailing and she sagged in his arms, panting for breath.

He could not think what had changed her so drastically. He prayed it was not that her thoughts had twisted around her punishment. But it seemed like more than that. “What did I do?” he asked softly, turning her in his arms to face him.

She stared at him defiance and weariness battling in her face. “How could you?” she said in a voice that cracked. Tears began to spill down her

face. He wiped them.

“What did I do?” he asked again.

“You made a fool of me in front of Anna,” she said, her entire jaw trembling with emotion.

Understanding swept him, though he was confounded by her level of distress. “Meriwyn,” he crooned. “Meriwyn, no. I’m so sorry. I did not mean to...embarrass you.”

She lifted her wet lashes to gaze at him, her lower lip thrust forward.

“I did not wish her to resent you, thinking you had told me after you promised to keep it a secret. But if I had known how upsetting you would find it, I never would have spoken.”

The lower lip became more

pronounced and he wanted to smile at her adorable pout, but he refrained.

“How will she ever accept my authority if she knows I'm reprimanded in the same manner she is?”

“Meriwyn, we're all reprimanded in the same way as others who are both above and beneath us. Everyone answers to someone around here, save the king, who answers to God. The squires and the pages know I answer to the prince and it does not weaken my authority with them. Knowing I am your master does not mean that Anna does not need to heed you.”

The trembling in Meriwyn's lip had slowed, along with the rate of her tears. He dried them again.



“Regardless, I apologize. I never intended to humiliate you or weaken your authority in any way.” She leaned her full weight against him and he kissed her forehead. “Come back up to our chamber, Meriwyn.”

She allowed him to lead her back to the castle door and up to their chamber. The boys eyed them curiously as they passed, but knew better than to say anything. He shut the door behind them and began to strip off his clothing. Meriwyn followed his lead, but slowly, as if reluctant to crawl in bed with him. He removed all his clothes and walked to the corner and placed his nose in it.

He was rewarded with a giggle. He looked over his shoulder at her with

puppy dog eyes and she giggled again. “Tell me, lady, when I may come out.”

She began to laugh fully, then, as she walked toward him and took his hand, tugging him out of his penance. He lowered himself to one knee. “Forgive me?”

Her eyes filled with tears but she laughed. “Aye, my lord. Forgive me my pride.”

He lowered his head and nuzzled her ankle, kissing the inner knob of the bone there. He traveled higher, kissing the inside of her calf and then her knee, his hands roaming along the outsides of her legs, sliding her shift up as he went. When he reached her inner thigh he flicked his tongue a little as he kissed

and heard her gasp in response. “Sir Conrad,” she breathed.

“Yes, Lady Meriwyn?” His voice was gravelly with desire. He continued his journey upward until he was grasping the round curves of her bottom in his hands, his tongue parting the lips of her sex. Her knees locked and her legs went rigid.

“My lord!”

“My lady,” he murmured before plunging his tongue deeper into her folds, mining the tang of her natural juices.

She made a repeated noise somewhere between an “ah” and an “uh” with a little cry at the end. He used his tongue to ring the little bell of pleasure

at the top of her sex before penetrating her welcoming entrance. She grasped his head, holding his hair and rubbing herself over his face, still making the little pained cries of pleasure.

“Please?” she began to plead, growing more frantic. “Please? Conrad!”

He thrust two fingers inside of her and she clutched at his hand, her muscles tightening around them as she cried out in her climax. He waited until her body sagged with relaxation and he threw her over his shoulder as he stood, carrying her to the bed with her bottom in the air. He gave it a sharp slap before he tossed her down onto it. She made a squealing protest.

“Aye, listen, you.” he said, rolling her to her belly and holding her there. He brought his hand down with a loud crack. “Don't ever make me chase you through the castle again,” he said, spanking away. She gasped and wriggled as he spanked, but he continued with his lecture. “If you are angry with me, you will speak with me about it, in private and respectfully.” He stopped spanking and rubbed her pink cheeks. “Understand?”

When she didn't answer he rolled her back over quickly. The last thing he needed was another rift to form between them. “Meriwyn?”

She looked torn between pouting and conceding. He pressed on,

“Meriwyn, you will never be punished for your feelings, but you can't run away from me like that.”

“What if I just needed time alone? To think?”

He narrowed his eyes. “Is that how you felt tonight? Or did you want me to give chase?”

Her cheeks colored prettily.

“I thought so,” he said. “Don't try that again, or you might end up getting your spanking out in the castle for all to see.”

Her flush deepened and he leaned over and nibbled at her lips with his. She didn't move at first-- accepted his kiss, but didn't return it. He slid his tongue between her lips, teasing her,

gratified when he felt her arms loop around his neck and her lips begin to answer his. He pulled away.

“I love you,” he said at the same time she said, “I'm sorry.”

They laughed together. “Me, too,” he said.

“Me, too.”

He smiled at her. “Good, because I'm going to have my way with you now,” he said, rolling his hips so that she could feel his erection pressing between her legs. She giggled and parted her thighs to welcome him.

Meriwyn grasped her husband's cock and pulled it aggressively toward

her, arching her hips to meet him. She needed this now, more than anything. She was feeling such an exquisite mixture of emotions that she could not sort them all out. But it didn't seem to matter-- Conrad was looking at her with so much love it nearly made her weep. She was humbled by the graceful way he'd accepted responsibility for offending her and though she felt chastened by his admonishment for the way she'd overreacted, he clearly had already forgiven it. He was a perfect husband. She did trust him-- completely-- even to punish her.

She closed her eyes as he slid into her, letting the sensations carry her away. Conrad's lips found her neck, and



then she felt his teeth nipping her just a bit and he continued to plunged in and out of her. She rode the waves of pleasure, sailing into the place of no thought, only love and pleasure and the uniting of two bodies into one.

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Lorraine Smith prize for literary criticism. She spent thirteen years in technical writing before she found a way to incorporate her deepest darkest spanking fantasies into fiction and express a part of her that longed to see the light. She is now passionate about supporting others in accepting and exploring their kink, whatever that may be.



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