



The
Obedient
wife



Carolyn Faulkner

The Obedient Wife

By

Carolyn Faulkner

©2012 by Blushing Books® and
Carolyn Faulkner

Copyright © 2012 by Blushing Books®
and Carolyn Faulkner

All rights reserved. No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,
a subsidiary of
ABCD Graphics and Design

977 Seminole Trail #233

Charlottesville, VA 22901

The trademark Blushing Books®
is registered in the US Patent and
Trademark Office.

Faulkner, Carolyn

The Obedient Wife

eBook ISBN: 978-1-60968-617-8

Cover Art by Owlght Designs

This book is intended for *adults only*.

Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

WOULD YOU LIKE A FREE SPANKING STORY ON YOUR KINDLE EVERY MONTH?

That's right. FREE. And we're not talking about some short “throw-away.” Every month, Blushing Books gives our customers a novella-length story (typically five chapters and at least 15,000 words) completely free. You can always download our current month's story at our website, located at <http://www.blushingbooks.com>.

But we're offering an additional service for Kindle customers - we'll send the monthly free story directly to your Kindle device. You don't need to

do anything, pay anything or remember anything. Every month, a free story will just magically appear.

1. Email us at blushingbooks@gmail.com, and put FREE KINDLE STORY in the subject line of your email.

2. In the body of your email, you will need to provide your KINDLE's email address. Your Kindle email will end with @kindle.com. If you do not know your Kindle email, you need to log on to your Amazon account and find it under "manage my Kindle."

3. You'll also need to add blushingbooks@gmail.com to your permitted email list on Amazon

(otherwise your Kindle will not accept email from us.) If you don't do this step, you will not get the story. This is also found under the "manage my Kindle" section of your Amazon account.

Once we get an email from you, you'll be added to our free monthly story list. You'll receive one free story per month - but nothing else, no advertising, spam or any other unwanted content. And remember, if you prefer, you can always get the free story at www.blushingbooks.com.

**DO YOU NEED A TRIP TO THE
WOODSHED?**

Since 1999, Bethany's Woodshed has been publishing the best romantic and erotic BDSM and spanking fiction on the Internet. Before there were eBooks, there was Bethany's! More than a decade later, The Woodshed is Blushing Books exclusive preview site, and is still going strong delivering the best, original stories - now with two updates a week. We guarantee at least 40,000 words of brand new, professionally written stories each week - by all your favorite authors, plus at least 20 completed books when you join. Carolyn Faulkner, Maren Smith, Starla Kaye, Pagie Tyler, Joannie Kay, Abigail Webster, Sullivan Clarke, Fiona Wilde, Breanna Hayse, Korey Mae

Johnson, Melinda Barron, Loki Renard
... they're all here, plus many more.

Embrace the spank!

See the stories first at The Woodshed!

<http://www.herwoodshed.com>

Carolyn Faulkner

The words “spanking” and “discipline” have always sent a shiver up Carolyn Faulkner's spine.

She knows she's not alone.

Writing started as a way to explore her feelings. Soon short stories flowed from her pen featuring reluctant heroes taking the leading lady in hand, but always for her own good.

Today Carolyn is the author of dozens of books. She writes from her home in Maine, where she lives with her husband and leading man.

Visit her website here:

<http://carolynfaulkner.com>

Don't miss these exciting titles by
Carolyn Faulkner!

A Hard Man is Good to Find

To Trust Her Heart

Body and Soul

A Good Man

Chapter I

The text was short and sweet. It simply said *now*.

Unable to stop herself, Ginger looked around surreptitiously, as if someone else in the office could somehow have read - and correctly interpreted the meaning of - her husband's command.

Luckily - although she was in a cubicle like almost everyone else on the fourth floor of the mill building her bank had converted into administrative offices several years ago - hers was a bit away from everyone else, so no one noticed when she grabbed her purse and headed for the ladies' room.

Behind the closed door of the stall, she removed two silver bullet shaped items from where she'd hidden them deep in the recesses of what her husband liked to refer to as her "suitcase", positioning them exactly as she had been told to do this morning, as he had looked into her eyes sternly, holding her chin in place so that she couldn't help but gaze steadily the long way back up at him, her bottom lip actively worried between her teeth.

"Because you know that if you don't insert them, the entire floor is going to hear them buzzing in your purse."

Ginger had frowned. She hadn't thought about that. Not that she had been

planning to circumvent his order. .
.necessarily. But she wasn't much of a fan when he occasionally asked her to do things like this, mostly because she knew that he really wasn't asking. He fully expected that she would do exactly as she was told, and somehow, he always knew when she hadn't. Whether she had disobeyed in a big or the smallest way - and she knew he would point out to her, as he always did, that the size of the indiscretion didn't matter much to him - he was able to look into her eyes and somehow intuit just how obedient she'd been.

Or not.

And she had to admit that he was depressingly accurate.

Very depressingly, because, although she had been submissive to him practically from the moment she'd met him - to her considerable alarm at first - she was far from perfectly behaved, even almost a decade later.

In this he had been very right: there was no way she was going to take the chance that anyone at work was going to hear those two not so little metal capsules buzzing around - louder than any cell phone vibrated and clanging together noisily in the bottom of her purse. She knew her best friend Charlene would be like a bloodhound if that happened, and Ginger didn't feel like having to explain their presence to anyone - especially not to Charlene, who

could be a bit of a nosey body when she wanted to.

When she got back to her desk - after wondering with every step how she was going to get any work done with those things nestling intimately inside her; and they weren't even on yet - she texted him back "*done*," then put her phone back in her purse, where it lived while she worked. Her boss was pretty laid back about cell phones as long as you didn't spend much work time on them. And Ginger was enough of a type A that she barely ever saw Rafe, since she certainly didn't need to be coached to finish her work. She often completed her own and then offered to help others.

Ginger wasn't quite sure how she'd

lucked into this position, but, as unambitious as it sounded, she intended to retire out of it, if possible. It was the perfect job for her: people left piles of work on her desk and she mowed her way happily through them, mostly on autopilot, which freed her mind to think of anything else.

Luckily there wasn't anyone at work who was as attuned to her mind as Sean was or they'd be very thoroughly mortified by what they saw most times, she was sure.

Hell, she'd bet a year's salary that no one here would ever begin to guess that she was submissive to her husband. If anything, those who hadn't met Sean would probably think she was his

domme, because at work she was completely no-nonsense. She didn't spend her time hanging around the copier, the lunch room or in the bathroom, like most others did. Her breaks were exactly fifteen minutes long, her lunch thirty and not a minute longer. She hadn't missed a day in seven years, and she didn't intend to start. If there was something that she thought could be done in a more efficient manner, she shot the boss an email, and then let it go, never agonizing about whether her suggestions were implemented, although the majority of them had been.

Ginger had been offered multiple promotions and had flatly declined each one of them. She knew from previous

experience what management was like and refused to sign on for those headaches. They didn't need the money, and she didn't need the stress.

She'd been forbidden, anyway, for the latter reason. Sean had come awfully close to not allowing her to work at all, especially when the bank was going through a conversion - absorbing another bank - and her nice, pat routine had been thrown into a chaos of preparation, meetings, and thrice the normal workload.

But he hadn't - yet. He knew that she needed that social outlet. They tended - as a couple - to be quite insular and occasionally spent long stretches where they rarely saw each other. She'd

had a good-sized circle of friends before they'd met that had dwindled considerably once they'd become involved. Considering the lifestyle they lived, though, he was very careful not to let her to become isolated.

Of course, whether she was allowed to go out with friends was always predicated on her good behavior. She was, for the most part, very well behaved - almost too much so for his tastes.

Usually.

Of course, she, like any other human - female in particular, Sean often thought to himself - had those times when doing as she was told just seemed like an impossibility. On those days in

particular he was genuinely surprised by the things at which she balked - usually it was the most perfunctory of things. Oftentimes it was a longstanding rule - one that she'd never had a problem with before. Like making sure that the dishwasher was emptied in morning - or completely ignoring the bedtime he'd put in place for her.

Or denying him access to her body, as she had tried - unsuccessfully, of course - the night before last.

Sean wasn't one to drag out punishments - he preferred to take care of situations as they occurred. Sean preferred that there was as little time as possible between the unfortunate incident of misbehavior and the

correction thereof, although despite his best efforts, circumstances occasionally prevented the swift punishment of misdeeds.

Tonight, however, there would be no such reprieve - short of nuclear war.

As Ginger reached the next Visa dispute file folder and pulled up the spreadsheet to log it in, her mind already wandering back to the events of last night, she received a tangible confirmation that he had read her text: her entire lower body began to vibrate. Not violently, not uncomfortably.

Not uncomfortably at all, damn it!

Those little contraptions were wireless, of course, and she knew that he was holding the tiny remote to them in

his big hands at this exact second, dwarfing the tiny flat piece of plastic, yet manipulating the buttons as deftly as he did her body.

Ginger wasn't at all sure she could continue to work while he was setting her crotch ablaze long distance, and her mind's dwelling on the events of the previous evening didn't help at all.

She had been grumpy when he'd picked her up - the little sports car he'd bought her was in the shop. He knew it the moment he'd seen her stalk out of the building. She'd sent her purse flying into the back seat, nearly beheading him in the process, then slumped in her seat in glaring silence, barely bothering with her seatbelt.

So, contrarian that he was, he pulled into the first parking lot he could find and leaned over to her, dragging her into his arms. If he'd had a little less confidence in himself, or they'd been a newer couple, he might have worried and thought he had reason to reconsider their relationship.

They'd been together too long for that, and he knew that when she got quiet like this, it was always about work. Although Ginger was the tightest-lipped woman he'd ever been involved with, he would never allow her to ignore him, no matter how bad her day had been.

She didn't actively fight him. She'd long since realized that that was a complete waste of energy, and would

only get her into trouble. But she didn't wrap her arms around him like she usual, lying like a lump in his arms as he smothered her face with kisses and said annoyingly pleasant things to her in a Pollyanna-ish tone that he knew she detested.

“It's so good to see you! You're the only thing I've thought about since this morning. I could barely get any work done at all with visions of your lovely bottom popping into my mind at all sorts of inopportune times . . .”

Although Ginger knew that most women would kill to hear things like that from their man, she remained stubbornly silent and refused to respond to his kisses. But she also knew that he would

keep this up indefinitely until she acknowledged his efforts. They'd remain in this parking lot until she did so.

There was no such thing as out-waiting him, as she always had her parents. If she was stubborn, he was a million times more so, and she'd not managed to best him yet.

She'd also learned better than to try to manipulate him or back him into any kind of a corner. He made quite sure that she never liked the results of such machinations.

Sean brought her back to his front, those big, muscular arms of his wrapping all the way around her, holding her tight and silently conveying

both his unconditional support as well as the fact that she wasn't going anywhere until he decided to allow her to do so.

Ginger gave a long-suffering sigh and slumped against him.

“So what’s going on with that frown, hmmmm? Do I need to tell you to quit?”

“No!”

He’d known she was going to say that, but he’d asked as a way of reminding her that he was keeping that option very open.

Sean shrugged exaggeratedly, deliberately nudging his broad shoulder against her much smaller one every few seconds to annoy her into talking to him.

“Well? What’s up? Hmmm?”

Huh? Hmmm?” He emphasized each query with a kiss. “Is there someone I need to deck for you? Rafe, perhaps?”

Ginger knew he was only half-kidding. He would much have preferred that she had a female boss instead of one who was nearly as dominant as he was. “No, of course not. I just can’t seem to get ahead, you know? I bust my butt all day to clear out my inbox, and this afternoon Rafe comes around and fills it back up, worse than it was before.”

At this point in the conversation, Sean had learned, and wisely so, to keep his trap firmly shut rather than point out to his adorable wife the dichotomy of the fact that what she liked most about this job - that she was left alone to get piles

of work done - was exactly what she was bitching to him about. If he'd been younger, he might have jumped in and tried to help her solve her nonexistent problem with suggestions about time management - things she already knew and wasn't interested in hearing again.

He'd learned from his mistakes and simply hugged her even more tightly, reiterating in a low growl his offer to command her to stop.

His efforts earned him a sharp elbow to the ribs. "Cut that out! You are *so* annoying when you do that." But at least she was turning within his arms as she insulted him, cuddling more closely up against his side.

"Besides," he continued, "no one is

supposed to bust your butt but me.”

“No, you’re not!” she replied vehemently.

“I most definitely am, woman, and, if I recall correctly, we’re scheduled to have a talk before bedtime tonight, although I don’t think I’m going to let it go that long.”

“No, we’re not!” She knew she sounded like the petulant three year old he often compared her to, but Ginger hated bedtime - or any time - talks. They nearly always resulted in her sniffling her way to sleep, on her side, her roasted red bottom too sore to touch even their expensive sheets.

Well, truthfully, there was hate and then there was hate, but she wasn’t

interested in examining the fact that her body loved any and all of the attentions he lavished on it, even the more painful ones.

He might say “*especially* the more painful ones,” but she would argue that point.

Being spanked by him definitely qualified as the latter. Just thinking about it had her squirming against him, as if he'd already applied his hand - or her hairbrush or any of the other horrid implements he kept hidden about the place - to what she considered to be her overly generous backside.

He kept her clamped to his side as he pulled back out into traffic, giving her a glance that snapped her mouth shut so

quickly that her teeth hurt. Sean's patience could be limitless at times, when she really needed it, but this was not one of those times.

When they arrived at their good-sized cabin in the deep woods - which he had bought precisely because of its remote location - he preceded her into the house. That was always his custom, just in case of an intruder, a bear nosing around for food, or, even more likely, a raccoon doing the same thing. Sean was a cop now, and had been one in the military. That experience had made him obsessively cautious where her safety was concerned, and he liked to be the first one in, just in case. Ginger had thought it an interesting quirk when

they'd first begun dating, and now it just made her feel treasured, just as he always made sure that she was comfortable, temperature-wise, rather than adjusting the thermostat to his own preferences.

And she certainly did enjoy the view. Ginger was five-six or so, taller than most of her girlfriends. But he dwarfed her at six feet-two. He wasn't muscle-bound by any means; he certainly didn't spend hours - or any time at all, for that matter - in the gym, but somehow had managed to achieve a very appealing muscular definition. There wasn't an ounce of fat on him, despite attacking every meal she made as if it were his last. His all-time favorite food

was carrot cake - so much so that she always kept one in the freezer. He was the only person she had ever met that could keep something like that around and only have a slice of it occasionally. One two-layer cake would last him six months or so. If it had been a chocolate cheesecake - her favorite dessert - it would have been gone the same day she'd bought it.

But that was Sean. He had a tremendous strength of will - even divided as it was now between the two of them - because Lord knows she had absolutely none when it came to sweets. Of course, he wouldn't have *allowed* her to eat the whole thing. Sometimes he was no fun *at all*, and she felt she had to

have a girls' night in in order to get some of her own blasted cheesecake!

He was the most naturally self confident man she'd ever known. He never agonized over anything; he simply did what he thought was right. He was about as far from a slave of fashion as one man could get. He carried himself the same whether he was wearing a tux or nothing at all, and she had to admit that he looked equally good in either. His hair was extremely short - about a quarter inch all around, although on the rare occasions she'd been able to talk him into growing it a bit - which only meant to the point where it touched his collar and then he would buzz it all off again - it was jet black with a barely

perceptible wave that had her itching for him to grow it really long.

Right. Like *that* was ever going to happen.

When he wasn't wearing a uniform, he preferred jeans and golf shirts - a step up from just plain t-shirts that she had encouraged him into. Not nagged, of course, because she'd have ended up over his knee before she could complete the sentence if her voice ever took on that annoying, wifely tone, but just by complimenting him when he wore them.

Man, did he look good in jeans! Especially the well worn, butter-soft ones that were just on the verge of starting to come unglued at the knees and tops of the thighs. She consciously

stared at the reason for her enthusiasm every time she followed him obediently into the house: he had a fantastic ass. Unlike most guys, he actually *had* one. Most men's butts were flat as a pancake, their jeans hanging loosely over it until the material hit the backs of their thighs.

Not Sean. He had been blessed with a phenomenal rear end, and she was an avid admirer - not that he had come up short in any other pertinent areas, though, either. He was the complete package - everything she wanted and needed in every realm of her being.

Suddenly overwhelmed by how lucky she was to have such a man, Ginger caught him in the living room and

hugged him tightly, laying her cheek on his chest, where he always claimed it belonged.

“What’s this?” he asked, surprised. She wasn’t a clingy woman . . . okay, she wasn’t *usually* a clingy woman. But it was the wrong time of the month for it to be hormonally inspired. “Aren’t you a little early to try to wheedle me out of giving you your spanking?” he asked the top of her head before he kissed it.

Ginger looked up at him, tears sparkling in her eyes. “I just . . . love you. And I can’t believe I’m lucky enough to have you in my life.”

His kiss was so achingly tender that she almost couldn’t stand it, letting

her know that he felt the same way, and it only encouraged the waterworks that had already sent several plump tears down her cheeks.

Before she knew it, she found herself in his arms, being carried up the stairs to their bedroom. When they'd bought the house, it had had three medium-sized bedrooms, but he wanted them to have lots of room for his big furniture and huge bed, so their first renovation project was to combine two of them into one large master suite, complete with a dressing room and a large en suite bathroom.

Once there, he slid her front slowly down his, not caring a whit for the buttons that popped off her shirt and

tinkled against the hardwood floors during her descent. His mouth claimed hers feverishly, using the advantage of her already gaping shirt to literally rip it the rest of the way off her along with her bra, until he felt her ample breasts pressed against him as she mewled and rubbed like an anxious feline.

Ginger's hands were far from idle as they worked their way up his chest, under his shirt, slowly divesting him of it until finally he impatiently tugged the thing up and over his head as her hands found his face and she eagerly pulled his lips down to hers.

Few things in life had ever felt so good to her as his kiss - whether it was the light, delicate kisses with which he

woke her in the morning or this raw, fervent coming together of lips and tongues. He might as well have had his mouth on her clit, instead; every sensation he expertly conjured within her settled right there, where it always had, at the crux of her thighs, waiting impatiently for his sure possession and gathering strength in the meantime.

Ginger was shaking as she stood beneath his strong, ever curious hands. Sean knew that she wasn't necessarily cold, per se, but in this situation he always treated it as that, using the convenient remote to turn up the thermostat for just this room, then carrying her gloriously naked body to their bed, throwing back the covers to

tuck her beneath them, then, after mindlessly shedding what few articles of his own clothing that remained, he joined her there, wrapping the both of them in the warm bedclothes, despite the fact that he knew he was going to be sweating momentarily.

It was much more important to him to see to her comfort, rather than his own.

He knew, though, that he wasn't going to be able to keep his hands to himself. He never could with her, it seemed. His famous self control flew out the window when she was in his arms - hell, when she was within a ninety mile radius. He'd move heaven and earth to get his hands on her.

His stroking and probing, touching and twisting did nothing to assuage her tremors, but it wasn't until he looked down at her and she asked in the smallest, most plaintive of voices, "Please?" that he allowed himself to do what he had wanted to do every moment since she'd gotten into the car . . . well, since this morning . . . since he'd met her: full and complete possession, with his body slowly invading hers, reveling in each caught breath, every small sigh, every slight adjustment of her body - inside and out - to his very thorough invasion.

"Sorry," she whispered under her breath, immediately wishing she'd been able to stifle the habit, because he never

missed a trick with her. Ginger knew she was being loud, but she couldn't help herself. When they made love, every brain cell she owned went on vacation. She couldn't have correctly answered what two plus two was when he put his hands on her; time and familiarity hadn't lessened his effect on her - in fact, it had probably heightened it. She was less able to be on guard or even coherent with him, and he encouraged that loss of control, recognizing that it was something she needed, since she put herself under a lot of self-induced stress at work.

Sean thoroughly enjoyed her mindless abandon, and ate up every syllable she uttered, having long since

implemented a rule that she wasn't to stifle her responses to him in any way, and she certainly wasn't to apologize to him for her passion, as she had tried when they were first together.

He had been thoroughly appalled to find that she felt as if she had to apologize for what was a very natural thing, and - besides that - a huge boost to his ego.

Ginger's head flew back and forth on the pillow as Sean pressed himself slowly - excruciatingly slowly - within her, taking his time and deliberately torturing both of them, feeling her body give way to every thick, hard inch of him until he knew he couldn't take it any longer but he still forced himself to do

just that, maintaining the excruciatingly slow pace until the very end.

His low, guttural groan filled the air around them, electrifying it even more than it already had been.

When she raised her hips to him, locking her legs around the small of his back, he couldn't force himself to hold back any longer, and he began to plunge deeply, mindlessly, into her.

Ginger welcomed every thrust, her body craving his possession with an ache that threatened to rival her arousal, until he adjusted himself just a bit, rubbing that eager spot of hers, hurtling her over the edge to fly completely apart - and entirely safe to do so within his arms.

Her violent spasms pried the last bits of his control away from him, and he lost himself within her, as always.

She was the only woman he'd ever encountered that could do that to him - strip away every last shred of the iron-fisted control he maintained, wearing him down with her love and her luscious body until he was a mindless lump.

As he collapsed on top of her, Sean thought it was a damned good thing that Ginger didn't quite realize just how vulnerable he was in those moments right after an orgasm, or she'd learn that it was she who really ruled the roost. If she asked him for a Rolls, or a mansion or a lion cub during those first minutes afterward, there would be no way he

could deny her.

Chapter II

As usual, after they made love he kept her close to him. He wasn't the type to just roll over and fall asleep. Unfortunately for her, he also wasn't the type to forget anything, either - even the smallest of things.

“Was that a ‘sorry’ I heard you whisper a few minutes ago?” he asked pointedly, rubbing his hand lazily up and down her back as she rested her cheek on his chest.

Ginger sighed. Damn his good hearing! “Uh, no. Definitely not,” she answered, knowing he wasn't going to buy it.

“Nice try. So now you have two

spankings coming, and I think we'd better get right to them before dinner."

"NO!"

Not only did she not want to have a spanking before dinner, when she'd then have to sit on a sore bottom to eat, but she expressly didn't want one - much less two - when she'd already orgasmed. Somehow they were twice as bad then, for some reason. Probably something to do with blood flow to that general area, she guessed.

Sometimes sex made him mellow. This was not, apparently, one of those times.

The next thing Ginger knew, her cheek wasn't resting comfortably on the muscular chest that had been lightly

dusted with hair as if he had been made to order for her. Her sexy pillow had disappeared, and her head fell onto their pillow-top mattress instead.

“Hey! What gives?”

Sean didn't answer her. Instead, he leaned down from his position standing at the end of the bed and grabbed her ankle - gently, as always, careful of his own strength - and pulled her down to him, forcing her to adopt her least favorite position: on her knees with her head down, her bottom presented to him in a completely obscene manner that had her blushing and cringing at the same time.

“SEAN! No!”

Ginger tried to get of position, just

beginning to stretch herself out on her tummy a bit, but his fingertips at the small of her back were more than enough to remind her of what he thought about the idea of her not staying in the position into which he had placed her.

Sean noted her groan of sheer frustration, but she also tucked herself back into position. She damned well better have, or she'd facing three spankings instead of two.

“Now we'll address your unfortunate utterance while we were making love.” He started right in, spanking hard and fast.

Sean didn't believe in warm up spankings.

“What's the rule about apologizing

for all of those lovely grunts and groans and mewls and whimpers that you know I adore hearing?”

Damn the man! He spanked so hard that she could barely catch her breath, much less give him a coherent response, and he knew it, too, the snot, yet he didn't adjust his lecturing question and answer style one bit.

“I'm not . . . supposed to . . . suppress them . . .” she answered, sounding like a breathless starlet.

“Yes,” he agreed with a tremendous swat, “and when you do give voice to them, what are you expressly *not* to do?”

Ginger actually hung her head at his tone. Somehow, his scolding lectures

always drove away every last bit of recalcitrance in her body, leaving her completely penitent and submissive, even if he couldn't spank her at the time.

He never paid much attention to where they were when he delivered said lectures, either, much to her consternation.

“Apologize for them.”

“Correct. And why not, my love?”

His use of endearments made their discussion even more intimate, more loving, more achingly fulfilling for her. “Be-because I’m not to deny you any of my responses in any way, just like I’m not to deny you my body.”

“Very good.” Endearments and praise - welcome as they were to her

ears - hadn't lessened the force with which he brought his palm down on her upturned bottom, nor diminished the pace with which he administered those swats. He had already covered every gorgeous inch of her backside, and was easily working on round three. "And you're already in trouble for doing that, aren't you? You really don't want to be piling on any further misbehavior, do you, lovely?"

She panted, she groaned - it was downright impossible not to - she twisted as much as she could, but there was no relief from the descent of that big flat hand of his. "Y-yes, Sir - I mean, no, Sir."

It was a nice touch, calling him

“Sir.” She knew he liked it - having been an officer in the military - but hadn’t commanded that she call him that, preferring its spontaneous use rather than taking the choice from her. He loved hearing her endearments, whispering his name in a fevered moment, or even her just calling him “husband” far too much to limit her in that way.

Sean tugged her to his side, repositioning her so that she was parallel to the end of the bed instead of perpendicular, so that he could wrap an arm around her waist and take better control of her, physically.

This kind of move always elicited a whimper from her, because she knew that he was going to step up the level of

punishment - and he hadn't even begun on the one for her closing her legs night before last. That one was going to be another doozy, and he was probably going to transition right into it from this one.

Her bottom was going to fall off before he finished with her, before he allowed her to seek the ever present comfort and cosseting she found within his arms.

Instead, what she endured was the ignominy of having her very hairbrush used to spank her very own bottom. She'd been somewhat suspicious of his gift years ago, although it was a gorgeous piece, there was no doubt. Hand crafted, he told her eagerly.

Besides, she needed - and deserved - a good brush for her hair, which he had long since decreed should be as long as she could grow it.

But she knew he had ulterior motives, and it hadn't taken him long to put it to use in the manner he had really intended. Now the dreaded thing lived in one of the cubbies of their headboard, at the ready for whichever purpose suited him at the time.

He loved brushing her hair, but it seemed to her that he loved swatting her even more; far more often reaching for the brush to remedy problems that had nothing to do with bad hair.

She'd considered arranging for its demise, but hadn't quite mustered up the

nerve for it yet, although she did have several fantasies worked up about just exactly how she would make it disappear, and it wouldn't depart this world alone, that was for sure. There were too many other things that also needed to cease to exist.

Her loving, thoughtful, generous husband had given her a wonderful gift for their first anniversary. It was a jewelry armoire; one of those large jewelry containers that looked like a piece of furniture. He had a keen eye for what would look good on her and loved to give her pieces that caught his eye, be they cheap or expensive. She often found herself presented - quite unexpectedly - with a small wrapped

box at dinner or, his favorite - bedtime - or even occasionally while they were enjoying breakfast on the balcony just off their bedroom, overlooking a small yard and acres of virgin wood.

The armoire had been all set up in their room with a big bow on it. What he hadn't told her was that the primary reason he had purchased it was because of the hidden compartments on either side that were just big enough for things that had nothing to do with jewelry: the black leather tawse he'd bought even before they were married, a stray wooden spoon from the kitchen, a ruler, and several of his older belts.

Ginger had learned early-on in their relationship that that wasn't the

only place where implements would be hidden and, to her horror, he wasn't going to bother to hide some of them at all! Of course, he wasn't really trying to embarrass or humiliate her in front of her friends or family. Anyone, however, who knew the kind of relationship they had couldn't miss some of them - and didn't, she knew, because she heard about them later.

Right now all that mattered to her was the fact that he never hesitated to do one of two things to her, whenever he felt the need: spank or fuck, and unfortunately for her, he had deemed that she had earned a heaping helping of the former.

She always underestimated how

much having orgasmed affected the feelings she experienced when he spanked her so soon afterwards. It was as if he wasn't just spanking her butt, but rather her entire body, somehow. Ginger knew that being spanked aroused her, much to her consternation. She'd discovered that once she'd met him, anyway. Sean sometimes delighted - well, okay, *always* delighted - in proving to her that, no matter how vehemently she opposed a punishment, once he was done with it, she was sopping wet. There was no way of getting around it.

But having experienced orgasm, the rest of her body seemed to be even more attuned to what he was doing to her poor

backside than if he had simply brought her home and bent her over the back of the couch - which he had done before, multiple times, of course - or pulled over in a sometimes not-so-out-of-the-way spot to deliver her comeuppance in a more natural setting.

Oh yes. He'd had her leaning her still-clothed top half over the hood of his big Jeep while he methodically tugged her skirt or pants and panties down around her ankles to nestle atop her sensible work pumps. She knew he was careful not to pick too public a place, but this was the town in which she worked, and although they lived several towns away, she never stopped worrying about someone coming by who knew just

a bit too much about her . . .

And now, every loud, purging connection of the solid wooden, oval-shaped back of her hairbrush to her already trying-to-dance backside echoed not only in points a bit further south, as always, but all over her body, tightening her nipples and making her hair stand just a bit on end, all over.

The hick arm held her in place for her chastisement with little effort. The cracking sound of wood to flesh resounded within her - each deliberate, searing swat branding her even more firmly as his woman.

But damn, it hurt, too! She never knew exactly how he managed to set her skin afire so quickly and expertly -

except for raw enthusiasm, for which he never seemed to be lacking. Her entire bottom was evenly ablaze - a tribute to his expertise - leaving none of it neglected and none more well-roasted than the rest.

She had to admit that scenario had never happened to her. Sean was much too attentive to her to allow that. He had told her, often, how much he enjoyed seeing the flesh of her distinctly *untanned* rear end turning what he described as “a lovely shade of pink, and then successively deeper shades of angry red.” One thing was certain - none of her bottom felt neglected tonight!

She, of course, hit him whenever he decided to wax eloquent about the

horrible states in which he left her bottom.

The hairbrush was a particularly hard implement for her to come to grips with, since she didn't own any other brushes and she used it every day to tame her hair into submission; he used it to enforce her own submission. Somehow it felt as if her hairbrush was getting the best of her, and it was.

Unfortunately, this was just the first spanking. It was supposed to be a smaller one, just for having forgotten herself in the heat of the moment enough to have apologized.

But Sean took unusual things to heart, and he really hated it when she said anything denigrating to herself. She

knew him well enough that she should have expected that this wasn't going to be a walk in the park. None of her spankings were.

By the time he finally let go of her - to reach for something even worse, she was quite sure - she was quite certain that she could have fried an egg on her backside,. Ginger felt as if her milky white skin had been boiled or burned somehow, because his gift - such as it was - kept on giving. The initial horribly painful swats had a lingering effect that left her with rhythmic waves of pain that came and went in time with her pulse.

Just when she was trying - only somewhat successfully - to distract

herself from the condition of her roasted flesh, she heard the words she least wanted to hear - whether she'd been spanked or not.

“I want you to bring me the cane.”

He said it calmly, not nastily or angrily or even loudly - not in a manner that would inspire tears in the least.

Of course, that was exactly what it did, though. Ginger didn't just cry, she wailed. To hell with worrying about what the neighbors thought - especially since they didn't really have any.

Regardless of her angst she knew he expected her to obey him, so she climbed down from the bed as slowly as she dared, sneaking only occasional looks at him. He was standing there like

the unyielding mountain she often thought him, arms crossed over his chest, unabashedly naked.

And quite fully aroused, if she was any judge. As was she.

He didn't appear the least inclined to be lenient with her, unfortunately. Despite that fact, she could tell by the way the corners of his mouth were twitching that he was having a hard time not smiling at her comical slowness in heeding his command.

Ginger figured she had the timing about right by now; she knew just about how far she could push him.

She thought.

And then, as she turned to reach into his closet, to the umbrella stand that

had never contained an umbrella in its life, she realized just how wrong she was when he delivered five hard clandestine smacks, saying, “Honey, I would think that when you’ve been sent to fetch your cane you’d be much quicker about it, considering that - one way or the other - that rod is going to end up in my hands and the longer you delay, the more strokes can be added . . .”

She shrieked at that horrid pronouncement and whirled to give him the hated implement.

There was no “thank you” or praise for having been brave enough to do so. Instead he just said, “You know what position you should be in, don’t you?”

She did, but dreaded it fiercely.

In one corner of their bedroom was a vanity that he had surprised her with for their fifth anniversary. It was antique mahogany, an absolutely gorgeous piece with a marble top - which he knew she loved - a trifold mirror and volumes of deep drawer space on either side. As generous as the gift was, though, she knew that he was just eager to get her to organize her huge collection of perfumes, makeup, hair sprays, mousses and gels that daily threatened to take over their shared sinks area in the bathroom. His poor one bottle of Polo, toothbrush, toothpaste and floss hadn't a prayer against the sheer volume of her notions and potions, as he called them.

It was a thing of beauty, and the

only part of it she came not to love was the chair he'd bought to go with it, which had a generously padded seat. It was a straight-backed affair, and he put it to too many nefarious uses for her comfort.

She'd tried once to replace it with a very pretty low stool with a gorgeous tapestried cushion that could never be employed for any *other* purpose, but that had mysteriously disappeared during the day, somehow, and when she got home from work, the same chair was back in its usual spot . . . resurrected, somehow, from where she'd hidden it at the very back of her dressing closet. Sean had held her chin in his hand as he told her - in no uncertain terms - that the chair stayed exactly where it was.

Now here she was, draped over the back of it - yet again - a kinky sacrifice, and there he was, standing to one side of her with that horrible thing in his hand.

Not the fun thing, the awful thing.

Her fingers were wrapped around the edges of the seat cushion, her nails biting into the soft wood as she felt him put the length of that thing across her bottom- not as a stroke, but just to remind her of what was coming.

“Now. You closed your legs to me night before last, didn’t you?”

She desperately wanted to just nod, but he would not consider that an acceptable response. “Yes, Sir.”

“It wasn’t because you were sick or hurting or any reason other than you

got a wild hair up your ass and decided to see if I was paying attention, right?"

Well, she wouldn't have put it *quite* like that, but in essence, she supposed, he was right. She didn't have a very good reason for why she'd misbehaved like that. She'd just . . . wanted to. Sometimes when they made love, it was more than a bit overwhelming for her, and she had just wanted to stop the feelings that were flooding her body for a moment in order to gather together the scattered pieces of herself that tended to fly apart the moment he touched her intimately.

But now she most definitely wished she'd just allowed the moment to pass, especially since he began laying tracks

across her throbbing bottom the instant she agreed with him, each stroke leaving behind a scarlet ridge that she'd feel for quite some time - that would haunt her and make her consider her behavior a *lot* more carefully . . . for a while, anyway.

Her yips and yelps at the swats he'd delivered with his hands and even the brush paled in comparison to the full on groans, moans and outright screams when that thin but sturdy rod snapped across both of her upturned hillocks. Worse, she knew he that wasn't even putting a quarter of his real strength behind them, thank God. Somehow he always managed to walk that delicate line perfectly, so that she felt most thoroughly chastised but never crossing

into any area that might have smacked of abuse.

He was much too careful of her - much too attuned to her - for that.

Yet he did challenge her limits, and had proven many times in the past that she could take much more from him than she thought she could. It seemed as if this was going to be one of those times.

Of course, he lectured her throughout it all. They'd been together for so long that - if she'd been able to be the least coherent while over his lap or bent over this chair - she could probably have mouthed the words to most of them along with him, but of course that wouldn't have been the brightest thing to do, either.

“Didn’t I tell you from the first time we were together - practically from the moment we met - that you were never to close your legs to me?” he asked rhetorically. “Ever?”

He had and she had looked quite apoplectic at the idea. He had stepped up and taken control of her from the first, even when he probably wasn’t absolutely sure that that was what she wanted.

But he’d known, somehow, it was exactly what she *needed*.

Chapter III

They had met when Ginger had agreed to spend some time that summer - too many years ago to want to recall - at her girlfriend Charlene's family's camp on Tunk Lake. It was one of the few family camps that had been allowed to remain in existence when the state came in and turned it into a park. The lake was one of the coldest, cleanest and deepest in the state, and was never going to be any more developed than it already was, with the small state park beach and about five family camps well hidden along the vast shoreline, so much so that it looked completely undeveloped. Each camp had acres and acres of dense,

primeval forest between it and the next camp, so all were essentially completely isolated from each other.

It was a tradition among the families to name their camps, so Charlene's family had named theirs Upta, as in "I'm going upta camp this weekend. Wanna come?"

That exactly what Charlene had said to her when inviting her up. Explicitly detailed directions were given, coordinates laid down, and search and rescue teams were alerted as Ginger had a notoriously bad sense of direction. Just a few days later she found herself and her ancient Toyota chugging up Tunk Mountain, peering around anxiously at the gorgeous scenery

and trying not to miss any of the multiple turns her friend had mentioned.

When she finally arrived, she found she was not alone, and it wasn't her friend that greeted her but rather her brother's friend - Sean Aloysius Montgomery.

“Are you Ginger?” he asked, already taking the small bag she had packed out of the trunk of her car before she could make a grab for it.

Surprised - and not at all unpleasantly so - by the appearance of this gorgeous hunk of man, Ginger nodded. “Guilty as charged.” He was already headed into the huge log cabin, so if she wanted to see where her clothes ended up, she had no choice but

to follow him.

“I’m Sean Montgomery, Charlene’s brother Scott’s friend. Charlene is late, as per the usual Montgomery habit, but she - and the rest of the family - should be here before long.”

She should have realized her friend would be late and planned not to arrive when there was just one other person there - however sexy.

Charlie hadn’t said anything about her camp being quite this big, but Ginger would have bet it slept ten or twelve or more, and it was as gorgeous inside as it was out - homey but beautifully decorated in the brighter earth tones of deep turned-leaf red, soft oranges and varying shades of brown.

It was a picture perfect representation of how a camp *should* look.

He was already well ahead of her as she lagged behind admiring the house, but she caught up to him on the stairs and enjoyed the view from behind as he sauntered up them. “I’m going to put you in this room, where at night you can sometimes hear the loons calling to each other, and the sun will wake you up naturally every morning.”

“At *dawn*?” she asked, unable to keep the alarm from her voice. Loons at night were one thing, but dawn was an entirely different prospect.

That tickled him, apparently, because he almost giggled at her abject

shock and horror. She loved the sound of a big man giggling. “That’s generally when the sun rises, yes, Ma’am -”

Ginger’s eyes popped out even more than they had when she’d seen him. “Oh my God, you did *not* just ‘Ma’am’ me!”

A bright blush spread over that beautiful face of his - which surprised her somehow. He didn’t seem the type to blush. The rest of him, though, didn’t seem in the least concerned about her comment. In fact, he took a step closer to her, not in a threatening way, really, just a calm, assertive one.

“I meant it as a term of respect, not a comment on your age.”

His explanation wasn’t much better

than the original insult, but she let it go lest he continue to dig himself even deeper. Besides that, there was something about the look in his eyes made her not want to push him too much.

It made her want to jump him and pin him to the bed, but not push him.

He looked like the kind of man who'd be somewhat dangerous when cornered - or even challenged much, for that matter. He positively reeked of dominance, and she had a distinct weakness for that type of man.

A *distinct* weakness. She could feel the evidence of that fatal flaw dampening her panties as she watched him put her small suitcase on the bed.

“You’ll also have a lovely view of

the lake and the dock since you're on the front of the house. You're about as far away from the family room as I could get you, so the inevitable all night commotion shouldn't keep you from sleeping."

Her friend's family was big and notoriously loud and boisterous. Overwhelmingly so, sometimes.

Her personal concierge then disappeared, leaving her on her own to get settled. When she appeared downstairs, he was nowhere to be seen, until she wandered into the cavernous family room and found him surrounded by books.

Who came to camp to work or study? She wondered to herself, but the

question must've been in her face, because he answered it immediately.

"I'm taking the sergeant's test - I'm a cop - and I need to study, although Scott thought I needed some time off, so I'm here."

"Oh dear. A cop, huh? Is this the part where I need to confess to all my unpaid tickets?"

Sean, for his part, was thinking she was a brat who was much too big for her britches, and he'd never backed down from a challenge, especially one that involved a taming - and his impression of her, even after such a short time, was that this young woman could definitely use one. His palms fairly itched to deliver it, but he didn't want to frighten

her away by introducing the idea any too soon . . .

But then, what the hell.

“If you feel the urge, I’m here. But - a friendly warning - you wouldn’t have to worry much about the judicial consequences of not having paid them because the consequences I would deal out would be much worse.”

The excitement in the air around them crackled as Ginger stopped dead in the act of walking towards the sliding glass doors that led out onto a large deck and turned to look back at him.

Big mistake.

He’d quietly put away the books that had surrounded him, and he was now staring directly at her, with every

bit of concentration in his body focused on nothing but her.

Dear God, he meant that he would spank her! She knew it as surely as she knew that parts of her clenched as she made that discovery, parts that were making themselves as known as they could - drying her throat, quickening her breathing and making her desperately wish she could squeeze her legs together, but she was not about to do that in front of him.

Trying to lighten the mood, she laughed softly. “Did I say traffic tickets? I meant . . . uh . . . laundry tickets. That’s it.” She chuckled uneasily when he tucked his chin to his chest and looked at her from under

hooded brows.

“Really?” he asked softly.

“Because lying to me would get you into even worse trouble.”

“Because you’re a cop?” she asked, looking deliberately away from him before she drowned in those dark black pools of his.

“No, because I won’t stand for being lied to, Miss Ginger.”

That tone. It went directly to her clit and smothered it in innuendo and sexual energy until it practically burst forth on its own, without ever being touched.

Ginger tossed her hair in a nervous habit that was left over from when she had hair down to her mid back. Now

her glorious golden locks were cut in the same short pixie style she'd had as a kid, with a bit more attitude, and the move was definitely lost in translation.

“What do you do for a living, Ginger?” he asked, and she had the thought that he wouldn't be happy, somehow, if she decided not to answer him, but that was fanciful and frivolous. She didn't know this man well enough after only fifteen minutes or so to think that.

Or did she?

His change of subject only diffused her nervousness to the slightest degree. “I work for the same bank that Charlie does, only not in the same area.”

“Charlene works with electronic

transfers, right? What do you do?"

It was interesting to know that you were the object of someone's attention, especially when that person looked - and acted - like he did. She was on high alert, despite his mundane questions.

"I process Visa debit card disputes."

"And do you like your job?"

She was staring out the window, trying to get her scattered, almost frightening reactions to him under control or she would have noticed that he had gotten up and was crossing the room towards her.

"I do. It's a dead end because my manager isn't going anywhere fast, but I like the . . . well, the rhythm of it, I

guess. I do it well enough that I get a raise every year, and I'm pretty much left to my own devices to get my work done."

"I'm glad. It helps to like what you do."

How had he snuck up on her like that - so silently? He moved like a cat! Still, when she turned to find him standing behind her, it was at a more respectful distance than she would have guessed by her rioting nerves.

Until he took those last three steps towards her. Why she didn't back away from him she'd never know. Because she didn't want to, she guessed. She wanted to step closer to him, but didn't at the same time, so he had taken the

choice away from her.

He'd be doing plenty that in her future; simply removing the choice, but she didn't know that then.

Nothing he did was alarming, in and of itself. Everything was calm and controlled, just like he was. First his hands claimed her waist, gently but firmly, as if she had tried to get away, he might well not have allowed her to go. Then, with his eyes locked to hers, he brought them gently, inexorably together for the first time, breast to chest, package to cleft, thigh to quivering thigh.

She wanted to say he was going way too fast. She wanted to push him away forcefully while saying an adamant, "NO!" like she'd been taught in

all of those self-defense classes she'd taken.

None of those were even possible now that he'd touched her. She felt lost and found at the same time, as if something deep inside her recognized something deep within him.

She felt as if she'd found her soul mate, and that more than anything made her extremely grateful when they both heard Charlene's car roaring up the driveway.

It gave her the distraction she needed to rip her eyes from his and take a step away from him. He didn't - as she'd thought he might - try to hold her there, but he didn't let his hands drop once she started moving. They fell away

from her only when she moved out of his reach, as if he wanted to touch her every second that he could.

When she took another step back, she felt somehow bereft, as if she'd made the wrong choice, until she looked up at him and he stood there, in all of his self confident masculine glory with a very small, almost imperceptible smile on his face.

“Go greet your friend. I'll be there in a minute.”

“You're not coming -”

He made a gesture towards his bulging crotch.

“Oh.” Now it was her turn to blush when she really didn't need to. It wasn't as if she hadn't seen a man with an

erection before.

“I just need a minute to . . . compose myself, then I’ll be right down.”

Ginger practically ran away from him, which was very unlike her. She wasn’t the type to give away so much about what she was feeling, but she couldn’t help it. If she spent another second in that room with him, she was either going to end up under him or - worse than that, somehow - over his lap.

She wasn’t at all sure which was better . . . or worse.

Her confusion must’ve shown in her face, because Charlene thought she was sick when she saw her.

“You sure you’re all right?”

Her friend must've asked her that several times, even in front of Sean, who appeared out of nowhere and grabbed the bags they were both carrying.

Of course, Ginger couldn't keep her curious eyes from wandering to the zipper of his jeans, which still looked as if it was under considerable stress, but she forced herself to look at her friend, instead, whose continued questions about her health were driving her crazy.

"I'm fine, leave it!" Ginger finally snapped. They were all gathered in the kitchen, trying to decide what to have for snacks with the inevitable pre-dinner happy hour. Tonight that would be steaks on the grill that Sean would cook.

"All right, all right! Don't be so

touchy! Jeez!”

“How about something easy - my parmesan and garlic dip with some salt and pepper chips?” She, for one, would be happy for the distraction of having to make her latest concoction - anything to get her mind off a certain person’s bulge. Ginger pulled one of the grocery bags she’d brought out of the cupboard.

“Well, none of us will be able to breathe on each other, but that sounds great.”

Although she could feel Sean’s eyes on her occasionally during the evening, he didn’t approach her again, and she kept her own eyes strictly to herself.

Well, maybe not strictly, but mighty

close to it.

Charlene's family was wonderful. She'd met several of them before, and they all went out of their way to make her feel like she was part of the family. They laughed, they talked, they ate continuously; snacks during happy hour, steaks and salad were nowhere near enough for them, so they sent some of the brothers down to the corner store for an ice cream run about eleven o'clock.

Ginger had just ducked up the stairs to use the facilities, since the downstairs bathroom always seemed to be ocupado. Of course, she ran into Sean there; apparently his room was right next to hers. That made her wonder about his choice of bedroom for her, but not for

long, since he had come out of his room in the worn denim cutoffs that clung lovingly to every muscular curve, with a beach towel around his neck.

Ginger stopped in the bathroom doorway, trying not to drool at the sight of him naked to the waist.

He gave her a calculating look, then said, against his better judgment, “I need to clear my head, so I’m going down to the water for a swim. Wanna come?”

Damned if she didn’t! She found herself nodding even before she’d even really thought of what kind of response she wanted to give to him, but by then she was committed.

“I’ll meet you downstairs by the

back door.” He then added, “Don’t keep me waiting.”

That sounded suspiciously like a command and she rankled, thinking up ways to delay, but if this man was as dominant as she thought, and perhaps even into spanking, that might not be the best idea.

Still, she wasn’t about to let him think he could order her around, so she took her time changing into her suit and retrieving a towel from the linen closet.

When she finally appeared before him, his look was *not* reassuring, as if he knew she had deliberately stalled, just to prove a point.

All he said was, “Follow me.”

She had never been to this lake

before, so she didn't know much about the lay of the land, and was relying on him to get her to wherever the best swimming hole was. Since they had a beautiful beach right in front of the house, she figured that wouldn't take much time.

She was wrong.

They had trekked for a good fifteen minutes before he finally said, "We're here."

It was a gorgeous spot. The sky was clear and the moon was full, and it was almost as bright as daylight out, although she was glad to see that he had brought a small lantern, too, which he left on shore. It illuminated a small sand beach where it was wonderfully quiet -

away from the loud sounds of the family playing poker and drinking - but mostly drinking.

It was the height of summer, and the water was quite warm. Sean waded right in, but then he knew what the bottom of the lake was like.

As if he sensed her hesitancy, he said, "It's a clean sandy bottom, no rocks or anything, and there's absolutely no seaweed or marshy grasses here at all. There are very few spots of that anywhere on this lake. If you feel anything plant like underfoot, it's just leaves or twigs from the surrounding trees. So you can walk right out, although it does get deep pretty quickly." He swam in a ways, and then

stood with the water up to his neck.
“Another step and it’s over my head.”

Ginger loved the water; had since she was a kid. She swam like a fish, only she hadn’t really ever swum at night. Her mom was the type who dragged her kids out of the water as soon as the sun started to set.

It was intoxicating, though, however cold, she thought as she made a shallow dive to wet herself entirely. It was so quiet - almost eerie - as they were serenaded by the crickets and the loons.

She floated on her back, dulling her sense of hearing, feeling as if she was in another world, with everything shaded silver and gold in the moonlight.

Sean watched her, as covertly as he could, as she floated there, staring up at the sky. She wasn't classically beautiful, but that was fine with him. He'd never gone for any woman specifically because of how she looked, anyway. And her hair was much shorter than he would have preferred. The color was gorgeous - and he didn't care whether it came from a bottle or not - but he preferred long hair on his woman - as long as she could grow it.

He'd even volunteer to brush it for her. When he found the right woman for him, he knew that hair care wouldn't be the only purpose he'd have for her hairbrush.

Ginger wasn't rail-thin, either,

which was another way he bucked the societal trends. He much preferred a woman who *looked* like a woman, and not a bean-pole. He liked well defined feminine areas, and he thought that most men did, regardless of what the fashionistas said.

She fit the bill most perfectly. Probably better than any other woman he'd ever met. He liked her bratty spunk, although it needed curbing, badly, and he was just the man to do it.

Sean had always been, necessarily, careful about how much of his interest in discipline he revealed to a woman at first, because some were completely offended by it, and he knew he had to tread delicately.

However, he got a vibe from Ginger that told him he was definitely on the right track. He'd had other instances in his life when he had to trust his instincts - life or death situations - and he'd always lived through them. If she rejected him, he'd live through that. But, damn, she was awfully close to perfect for him, and he'd never felt this way about a woman in so short a time.

It appeared that Scott had been right. Sean owed him a case of beer if this worked out. He knew that he wasn't the only one being fixed up this weekend; Charlene had been busy on her end, too, to get Ginger there. He could end up owing her a case - make that a bottle - of Grand Marnier for her efforts

on his behalf.

As he watched her, he realized that she was slowly drifting out towards the middle of the lake. Now, Tunk Lake wasn't the busiest of lakes, even in the dead of summer. It was tucked well out of the way of the usual tourist's radar, thankfully. That didn't mean that he was going to let her get in too much further over her head.

So he swam towards her, not wanting to frighten her but determined to get her to come closer to shore by whatever means necessary.

"Ginger?" he said as he put one hand on her waist, pushing her ahead of him back towards the beach.

Of course, as gentle as he had tried

to be, it was inevitable that he startled her out of position.

“Sorry. I just wanted to get you to come in a bit; you were starting to look like you were making a break for the opposite shore.”

“Oh. Thank you.” Embarrassed when she wasn’t sure why she should be, Ginger swam towards the light he’d put near their towels.

“Getting cold?” he asked solicitously when she hugged herself once she could touch bottom.

She shook her head. “No, not really.”

Sean kept a cautious distance, as much as he wanted to swim over there and take her into his arms. After a short,

only slightly uncomfortable silence, he asked, “So how many tickets do you have?”

She burst out laughing, and he adored the sound of it washing over him and echoing off the water. “As if I’m going to tell you! What am I, stupid?”

Suddenly he wasn’t a few feet away, but right in front of her, blocking her view across the lake and gaining her immediately and complete attention.

“No, I’m just your friendly local cop who’s trying to watch out for you. If you don’t pay those, you could end up with a big fine, and jail time isn’t unheard of . . .”

She bit her lip, looking alarmed. “You’re just trying to scare me.”

“No, I’m trying to get you to do what you should have done the first time you got a ticket: pay it.”

Ginger cocked her head to one side. “And what if I thought the cop was wrong?”

“Then you should have challenged the ticket and had your day - or days, assuming you think that all of them were undeserved - in court.” His tone conveyed his severe doubts about her innocence, for some reason.

“Of course they were all undeserved! I was only going seventy-five -”

“Let me guess, in a sixty five mile and hour zone?”

Ginger huffed angrily. “I was the

slowest car on 95! I was being passed like I was tied . . .”

The air suddenly went out of her argument as soon as he leveled that look at her. The one that said that she should have been a good girl and taken her punishment, because ten miles over the limit was still speeding.

“Don’t say it!” she warned, backing away from him in a very natural instinct at self preservation.

“Don’t say what?” he asked, his voice ultra quiet.

The quieter he was, the more nervous she got. “Don’t say that I should have just paid the fine when I got it because I was still breaking the law and no one else’s speed mattered but mine.”

“Sounds like you’ve got the jist of it yourself, young lady.”

It didn’t seem to matter where she swam, he was right there. Not touching her, but not not touching her, either.

Finally, she stood, only to realize that the water was only at her knees, and somehow she felt very bereft without its natural cover. She’d never felt quite that exposed in a bikini, but his big, blatantly dominant presence in front of her made her feel nearly naked.

When he stood, the water was only at his lower calf, and descending as he walked towards her; she didn’t like the look in his eyes one bit.

“So how many do you have, Lovely?” He stood in front of her, his

hands on his hips, looking very authoritarian, like he'd stepped out of her last night's wet dream.

Ginger wanted to take a step back - several steps back - but she couldn't, somehow. It was all his fault, she knew. She shook her head, her mouth clamped closed against any sort of accidental blurting of the incriminating facts not yet in evidence.

"Well," he said, taking another step closer, so that he was less than an arm's length away, "It doesn't really matter, anyway. Because having any unpaid ticket is cause for discipline."

Ginger's mouth went dry as her pulse went wild. "D-discipline?"

"Yes. As in having your pants and

panties taken down so that your boyfriend can spank your bottom.”

“I don’t have a boyfriend,” she confessed before she could stop it.

He smiled, and not in a good way. “Well, then I believe we can solve two problems with one spanking, then, can’t we?”

Chapter IV

“No we can’t!” Backpedaling in the water, on soft, wet sand, was not recommended for escape, and she would have ended up flat on her ass in the water if his hand hadn’t shot out to steady her. But he didn’t just let her go. His big hand remained clamped firmly around her upper arm; a hold which he used to guide her out of the water and onto the beach, where he hastily arranged their towels.

He arranged her in a satisfactory position to deliver a good, thorough spanking with amazing speed, as far as Ginger was concerned. She was still working on having been rescued from

falling backwards into the water, and then suddenly she found herself over his lap, her face practically planted in the sand until he tucked another towel there for her to lay her cheek on.

Not that she was going to take this lying down . . . metaphorically speaking. She wiggled and twisted and arched her back and tried to get leverage with her knees and dig her toes into the sand to rise up and get the hell out of this horribly awkward position, but five really sharp, very hard swats had her reconsidering her position in a hurry.

Not that anything she did seemed to help her cause in the least. One muscular arm tightened - just slightly - across her back, his fingers claiming her far hip

much more possessively than she was prepared to deal with at this point, and she found she could barely move, much less effect an escape.

Sean wasn't going to really take her to task for her tickets - yet. He didn't know her well enough to do the thorough job he wanted to, and water carried sound a little too easily for his comfort level, but this spanking would let him test the waters, and if a relationship did evolve, he would readdress the tickets at another time.

Sean began with what *he* knew were relatively mild smacks, to settle her down so that she would take her punishment more readily, but she twisted and squirmed - and expended not-

inconsiderable lung power. He said, “I was going to give you a short sweet spanking, but the longer and harder you protest, the more effort I’m going to put into it and the longer and harder it’s going to be.”

Ginger stiffened immediately. As much as she was into spanking - and she was . . . well, reading about it, anyway - the reality seemed a bit too . . . well, real for her all of a sudden. Her butt was already throbbing and stinging fiercely from just those few swats. She wasn’t at all eager to find out what the rest of the spanking was going to be like, but then she wasn’t interested in lengthening it, either.

Her brain wasn't, anyway. Her crotch - well, that was an entirely different matter. This position - submissive and vulnerable and inherently intimate, with her privates placed directly over that seemingly ever-present erection - had enflamed that area - almost as much as her butt cheeks. She could feel her most intimate parts swelling and aching, burning with his every word and move.

She'd never be able to deny that parts of her were definitely enjoying this. Hopefully, he wouldn't notice - and her entire body contracted at the thought that he might just go exploring to determine that before he let her up - but his palm lay over the entirety of her

bottom, as if claiming it for his own, tantalizingly close to where she desperately didn't want - wanted - didn't want - him to explore with those big fingers

It was a quick spanking - as his spankings went - just enough to feel her out on it, to gage her reactions before, during and after. He was very careful not to over-spank - this time - especially at first and most especially because she was right out of the water, and he knew that that made a woman's bottom even more sensitive, so he wouldn't have to spank her as many times to achieve the same effect.

But he also didn't want to just let her go with nothing, because that

wouldn't be how it would usually go - quite the contrary, so he had to be careful not to tip too much in either direction. He thought he had achieved just about the right level on everything.

Ginger, however, wasn't necessarily buying into any of it. In fact, he thought that he had made a terrible mistake and misjudged her at first. The moment he began to spank her again, she began to sob and wail so loudly that he was a bit worried that someone from the house might decide she needed to be rescued.

Apparently, though, that gang was just a bit too much in their cups, because no one came.

He finally let her up - feeling quite

proud of himself for resisting the considerable temptation of taking her bikini panties down - and not necessarily so that he could freely swat that beautiful bare bottom. Much to his surprise, she took a swing at him, and the woman packed a punch. Luckily, he was well trained in self defense. His hand shot up and caught the punch; she had broadcast her intentions from the moment her feet hit the sand. He used the leverage that gave him to tug her off balance; she had to plaster herself against him to keep from falling down.

That was when he finally did what Charlene had so rudely interrupted this afternoon: he bent down, just slightly, and made sure she could see his eyes as

his lips descended slowly onto hers in a kiss that was light at first, but grew rapidly out of control as he slanted his mouth over hers and his tongue made a bold foray between her lips.

The object of his affections, however, still had plenty of fight in her, despite the humiliating results of trying to punch him. She continued to pummel his shoulders with her free hand until his tongue met hers, and then she stopped struggling and stiffened, no longer fighting him but not acquiescing to the kiss either. He was undeterred by her lack of response, understanding her reticence in kissing the man who had just tanned her hide. He persisted, though, and eventually, slowly - most definitely

against her will, it would seem - she relaxed against him, and he knew she was as lost as he was.

She was the one who stepped back first, knowing the entire time that, if he hadn't allowed it, she would still be trapped against that nonstop body of his.

Ginger felt herself as close to tears as she'd ever been, and it wasn't because her bottom was still on fire from the spanking, although it most certainly was. It was more from being overwhelmed by what had happened between them - every minute of it. She wasn't used to moving so quickly with a man. She was an anachronism, and one of the few woman she knew who didn't routinely sleep with a guy on the first

date. Hell, she didn't sleep with them on the third or the fifteenth, either, if she didn't think it felt right to her, and she always let guys know upfront about that, so that they could back out of the date if they wanted to.

To her dismay, unfortunately the vast percentage of them did.

She hadn't even had the chance to tell him anything like that, and he'd already spanked her and kissed the breath out of her. She didn't want him thinking that anything was going to happen between them tonight, especially not in the house of her best friend's family.

Her lips were still tingling from his kiss, she realized, still a bit dazed from

it as her fingers touched her still-burning bottom absently.

Sean took a step towards her, though, and she backed up, albeit carefully, her hand out in front of her, saying, “No.”

He stopped advancing immediately, although he didn’t look as if he particularly wanted to.

“I can’t do this.”

“Can’t do what?”

“I’m not going to sleep with you tonight, no matter how much I might want to.”

That she wanted to was very good to hear - and he’d been locked and loaded since he’d first seen her. She thought he wanted to bed her tonight?

Where they would be literally surrounded by his friends?

“No, you’re not.”

His agreement with her was so firm and surprising that she forgot not to look at him - for her own safety and the safety of what little dignity she still had left - and met his eyes, parroting back to him somewhat mindlessly, “I’m not?”

Sean chuckled, and she recognized it as a sound she loved immediately. “No. What kind of guys have you been dating, anyway?” He picked up their towels, shook them off, and then decided she looked chilly and wrapped the cleanest one around her shoulders, leaving his arm casually around her waist as he guided her back to camp.

But before they got back, he stopped, turning her towards him and asked something she was as unprepared for as she had been for the spanking.

“So. Are you wet?”

She knew he wasn't asking about whether her suit had dried, but she wasn't about to answer such an impertinent question.

Instead, she huffed her way by him, and, of course, with her incredibly poor sense of direction that inevitably had her ending up in Nova Scotia, no matter where she was aiming, she stepped off the well-worn trail almost immediately.

Sean walked by her and casually reached out his hand to grab her wrist and pull her back in place beside him

before she got lost in the woods. How could he have known how likely that was when he didn't really know her at all?

Ginger was still fuming from the humiliation he'd heaped on her tonight, trying to understand why she was still so hot for him. Just before she reached the relative safety of the house, he stopped her merely by stopping himself and letting Ginger - who was following him very carefully with her head down - run into him.

He pivoted quickly and caught her in his arms before she could take a step back, still somewhat dazed by having slammed into that broad back, but she didn't have time to recover before she

found his hand at the back of her head, holding her still for another soul-shattering kiss that she couldn't seem to resist, no matter how much she tried to coax forth her intelligence, along with a strong sense of indignation.

That was damned hard to do, though, when she melted as soon as he touched her. But there was no need for him to know that.

Sean pulled back from her for a moment, making sure to catch her eyes in the moonlight, and tightening his arms around her very gently, but so firmly, that she soon realized she was completely unable to move. But before she could protest, as those dark eyes held her spellbound in the dark warm

night, she felt the hand that had laid claim to the small of her back, just above the top of her bikini moving around her hip, toward the front of her on the same level.

She should have been screaming for help. She could see the lights of the camp through the trees. Surely someone would come to help if she did. Ginger opened her mouth to protest, to call him every name in the book for molesting her like this, but all that came out was a throaty, shamefully sexy whimper.

Embolden by her response - however unwilling, he knew - Sean kept her eyes locked with his as his fingers very slowly, very deliberately began to delve beneath the pretty patch of

material that covered her mons much more modestly than most of the swimsuits he'd seen. His naturally longer middle finger was the first to reach those plump, swollen lips and split them - with excruciating care - inexorably in two.

She started at that stark intimacy and his arms tightened just the slightest bit more, carefully finessing and adjusting his hold on her, not wanting to be heavy handed about it in the least. He used just enough pressure to hold her still. Both of them knew he could employ more any time he wanted to, but didn't need to be overt about it.

Ginger was panting, her mouth slightly open, belying her response even

before he found the truth of it.

His intimate exploration of her was unhurried, even languorous by any standard, both of them blissfully ignorant that they could have been discovered at any moment. Or maybe because of it.

When the pad of his middle finger brushed her clit - careful to just glide over the very tip - she emitted another of those throaty mewls, nearly making him cum in his suit.

As tempting as it was to bring her off right here, right now, that wasn't his goal, and that curious digit pressed on just a bit further, to find evidence - long before he expected - that answered his own impertinent question.

She was decidedly wet. His finger

was literally drowning in her juices, and he allowed himself a small self-satisfied smile before withdrawing it altogether - however slowly - but still supporting Ginger as she seemed unable to do so herself. By the time he let her go, her hips were rubbing lewdly against the finger that was no longer there, instead finding an excellent substitute in his ever-present bulge.

She surprised herself by wondering - almost dreamily - why she had a problem with the idea of sleeping with him tonight . . .

He chuckled softly at the realization that she seemed physically incapable of supporting herself. He asked huskily, "Do you want me to carry

you?”

She recovered her senses almost immediately, thankful he couldn't see the deep blush her lewd behavior with him had inspired. She was so flushed she thought she might faint, but instead she replied, “No, thank you,” and tried to forge ahead, but again took an incorrect turn even though she could see their destination from where they stood.

Possessing an innate sense of direction, Sean teased, “Damn, woman, you're a danger in the woods, aren't you?”

Ginger huffed indignantly. “Oh, yeah, that's the way into my pants, genius.”

He didn't seem to be phased in the

least by her sarcasm. “I think I’ve already found that, now haven’t I?”

The fact that he was dead right wasn’t at all in his favor, as far as she was concerned. Not at *all*.

And now, here she was, ten or so years later, bent over the back of her own beautiful vanity chair, gripping the bottom of it spasmodically when the whistle ended and the stripe formed, then for several moments afterwards, until she had the next, fresher one to deal with, and they all blended together. All the trails across her bottom would, eventually, before he was done.

She couldn’t even count the strokes, and he hadn’t asked, as he

usually did. All she could do was allow her feet to dance in place and let the tears fall from the end of her nose to darken an increasingly larger spot on that lovely cushion until it stopped.

Which was at least a thousand years after it began, as far as she could tell; in fact, it was probably less than a half-hour. Eventually, he stepped away and tucked the cane back into its rightful place, although Ginger knew better than to just get up and walk away. Her husband definitely didn't allow that. She could get up when he came back and told her she could, which he was usually quite quick to do.

She couldn't just run away when he released her, either. When she rose at

his bidding, he tugged her into his arms and held her through the inevitable storm of tears. It was only when she *didn't* cry afterwards that he knew there was a problem. But that was on him, as almost everything else was about this portion of their relationship, and it was a heavy responsibility that he completely embraced - which made the guilt when he misread her that much worse.

Luckily, this wasn't one of those times. When he pulled her against him, she melted as he had intended, wrapping her arms around his neck as if she would never let him go. Sean held her tight and guided her to the bed; ever-mindful of her throbbing backside, he made sure she was comfortable on her side before

joining her. She had barely let him go enough to get her settled before she was again limp against him as soon as he lay down next to her.

He always held her for as long as she wanted, or until she fell asleep, whichever came first. When she was breathing deep and evenly against him - not long at all after they'd begun to cuddle - Sean gently extricated himself, set the chair back to its rightful place in front of her vanity and turned on the monitor on the nightstand next to her. Then he headed downstairs to fix them a healthy dinner.

The receiver-end of the monitor was portable, so he clipped it to his belt before tackling the contents of the fridge,

and he could hear every whimper and moan whenever she decided to change positions. It tugged at his heartstrings - and other places - but he knew he was doing what was best for her, as she'd admitted to him multiple times - some of them even not under duress.

. . . Well, none of them under duress, actually. He was always very aware that, although she was the submissive one, he could - would - only do this with her consent.

Dinner was eaten in bed. Sean was too much of a neatnik at home to allow much of that, but he knew she wouldn't be comfortable sitting at the dining room table or, as they more usually did, eating in front of the TV downstairs in the den.

So he gave her the all-out treatment, waking her with a dinner tray complete with a rose in a crystal vase and a bottle of good white wine. His offering was a largely vegetable and chicken concoction, with plenty of garlic, bay leaf and a little wine thrown in for good measure, all served over fragrant jasmine rice.

Ginger felt refreshed - if not pain-free by any means - by her nap, although if she had been in better spirits after the punishment, she would never have allowed him to maneuver her into going to sleep. Unfortunately, he had found that after a particularly severe punishment, she generally needed a nap - something which he had recognized

depressingly early in their relationship.

Dinner was a definite hit. Since he never followed a recipe, she never got the same meal twice, but the variations she'd tasted of this dish were all phenomenal, and she ate every morsel, then tried to invade his plate with her fork, which only got her a smart crack on the back of her hand for her efforts.

Once they had finished with his light dessert of fresh-fruit compote, he tugged her back into his arms, made sure she was cozy and comfortable then presented her with a box, all wrapped with a bow and everything. It wasn't her birthday or their anniversary or anything like that - she went through all of those things in her head very quickly before

deciding she hadn't forgotten an important event in their life together. They celebrated so many of them that sometimes it got hard to keep track.

But no, today wasn't the anniversary of the day they'd first met, or when they'd first made love, or when he'd proposed - which, being pure Sean, had been much more of a command than a proposal - or anything else like that.

She ripped the paper off immediately. She would never be one of those people who had the patience to undo the tape and try to save wrapping paper. It was there to be shredded, as far as she was concerned, although she did take the bow and stick it to the top of her head, as was her own tradition. At

Christmas she ended up looking like she was wearing a hat of bows.

Inside was a red velvet box, and she immediately thought of jewelry. He loved to surprised her with different pieces - some quite expensive when he thought they could afford it, others just pieces he might have found at a craft fair or seen her admiring in a jewelry store window.

Opened, it revealed two silver capsules, both the same size that looked like large metal pills. They weren't solid, she didn't think, but they had some heft to them.

“What are these?” She genuinely had no idea. He'd already gifted her with a set of Ben Wa balls that she had

tried to make disappear and had been dissuaded from doing so quite thoroughly when he discovered her plot.

In answer, he held up a small remote control and pressed the “on” button. The box began to vibrate loudly in her hand, startling her into throwing it away from her as if it was a cobra or a spider.

That was good for several minutes worth of riotous laughter - for him. He thoroughly enjoyed startling her, although she had succeeded in convincing him several years ago after a particularly annoying spate of practical jokes that she didn't find it in the least funny.

It had taken tears to do it, but she

finally managed to drive the point home, and he had been circumspect about practical jokes ever since.

When it happened naturally like this, there was going to be no living with him for a while. He was laughing so hard he was crying as he retrieved the two not so little fellows and proceeded, while still chuckling occasionally, to insert them inside her, giving her a chastising eye when she made as if to protest this intimate, mechanical invasion of her person. A hand, judiciously placed where it could rub the fresh ridges she still wore - and would wear for a while - from her caning convinced her that was not a good idea.

Ginger was definitely not laughing, but it wasn't because she was mad at him for startling her. Those things inside her had her full attention. He had deliberately seated them so that they were as close to against each other as they could be, so that she got double the effect.

Then he arranged her into his favorite position - with his eager mouth right at clit level, her spread legs hooked over his broad shoulders - with the remote nearby, set at medium until he had her begging for release in an embarrassingly short amount of time.

She was pleading so prettily that he couldn't resist, though, but not until he'd adjusted the speed of his two little

helpers to high, then re-insinuated himself between her legs. Sean knew her well enough that he could time her teasing just perfectly, to just the right point. And when she was within seconds of coming, he began to tug at the one in her bottom, pulling it against her bottom flower, forcing it just the slightest bit open as she came . . .

He informed her, with a wicked grin on his face and watching her spasm uncontrollably at his hands, that he was going to test just how obedient she could be to him, since she would be inserting these tomorrow.

At work.

Chapter V

Luckily he was feeling merciful - sort of - and she'd gotten his text late in her day, instead of at seven forty-five when she clocked in, which she knew - with him - was a distinct possibility. She really only had forty-five minutes or so of torture before he picked her up, and when she practically ran out of the building, she felt an inordinate sense of relief upon seeing his car. He'd parked well away from where everyone else was being picked up or dropped off.

When she got in, though, he deliberately placed his hand on her seat, so that she had no choice but to sit on it - she knew better than to balk. Ginger sat

where she was supposed to, lifting her skirt as she'd been taught so that his hand cupped her pussy without interference from underwear, since he hadn't allowed her to wear any today. And her sheer, barely-there panty hose were no protection whatsoever from his marauding fingers.

He wore a self-satisfied grin when his hand began to vibrate. Although she was usually a good girl, even now her obedience to his commands could be an iffy thing, especially when it required that she act on her own and in a way that she considered to be contrary to her best interests or comfort. That was okay with him - not that he'd ever give her that impression of course; but he never tired

of correcting her, and always managed, somehow, to find out when she had been naughty.

In the interest of getting her home as soon as he possibly could, he withdrew his hand, however reluctantly, bringing it to his nose so he could capture her womanly scent. “Tell me what it felt like to do what I asked you to do.”

“Embarrassing, especially having to insert them in the bathroom.”

“But you insert tampons while you’re in the bathroom,” he countered.

“Yes, but I don’t usually stick one up my butt,” she replied pointedly.

“Were you able to get any work done?” He pressed a kiss to the back of

her hand, not managing to sound very sympathetic.

“Not much.”

“Good. You work too hard, anyway. They owe you a helluva lot more than a half hour or so of daily down time.”

Ginger smiled, but it was strained. She was too close to orgasm - and had been for quite some time - although she knew she couldn't come. Those things were cruel and unusual. They brought her right to that peak, right at that spot just before all hell broke loose - aching and throbbing and yearning - and kept her there. She had had to constantly adjust her skirt, worried that there would be a big wet spot on her office chair

when she got up.

His car had seat covers, so there was no such concern now, unfortunately. Perhaps if there had been, she could have gotten him to give her permission to remove the little devils, although that was highly doubtful. He would reserve that pleasure for himself, and she had no idea when she'd be allowed completion. She wouldn't put it past him in the least to simply remove them before they went to sleep tonight, doing nothing towards a resolution for her in the least.

What if he left them inside her all night?! She couldn't bear to think of it. At least she'd know exactly what she would be dreaming of all night . . .

They made it home in record time, although she knew he hadn't sped once - unlike the way she would have driven. That was one of the reasons he was almost always the one behind the wheel when they were together. Her collection of speeding tickets were no lie, he'd found out early on.

As if he thought she was going to run away from him, he came around and helped her out of the car, then guided her into the house and straight up the stairs to their bedroom - do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars.

He was vibrating nearly as badly as she was with anticipation. He just loved stimulating her by remote control, knowing how prim and proper she was

at work. He had thought of nothing else all day but had resisted the urge to turn it on too early. He didn't want her losing control of herself at work and, if last night was anything to judge by, those little things packed a wallop. Sean was eager to discover the results for himself. She was nude in front of him - his preferred state of dress for her - practically before they'd made it into the house.

Not that that was necessarily unusual. He had, on occasion, taken her in full daylight, up against a tree on their heavily forested property or on the grass of their small front yard . . . he loved the sight of her gloriously naked form in the sunlight, and her hesitancy - her modesty

- on this point never failed to delight him. It didn't seem to matter how many times he pressed her past her comfort level to obey him, making sure she was most generously rewarded for it; it always popped right back into place the next time he had a taste for taking her in the great outdoors.

Now, though, they were standing at the end of their big comfortable bed, his hand already between her legs, just cupping her. Sean watched Ginger's eyes literally roll back in her head at the waves of pure pleasure those two little helpers brought to her - nonstop for the last hour and a half or so.

For his Ginger, it wasn't just those godawful things buzzing away inside

her. The biggest part of her response to them was that his command to her to do it. Submitting to him got her hot, and having his hand claiming bold possession of the tenderest parts of her only served to amplify what she already felt.

It was him - not the gadgetry - to which she responded. That ultra-intimate level of connection that the muggles - vanillas - would never, could never really understand. Over their years together, she had voluntarily exposed herself to him - and sometimes he had laid her open himself in testing her limits, as well as setting a good number of them for her, provided a completely safe place in which she

could be his to an extent that often left her breathless and tearful.

She had reveled in almost every bit of what they'd explored, but that was because the basics were there: submitting to him had her at the boiling point from the beginning, and it was always what her responses came down to. His voice, his manner, his innate dominance turned her on more so than any contraption ever could or would. It was him. He was the key to her . . . everything.

The center of her world was standing there holding what was - for the moment - the center of her world. Ginger could barely scrape together a coherent thought and absolutely could

not prevent herself from grinding against that firm hand of his. It was so big that its presence there automatically forced her to spread her legs a bit to accommodate him, but then he used his own leg to sweep hers open even further - as if she was a perp he had up against a wall - forcing her to grant him access to that which he coveted.

That which he owned.

They had never had any sort of formal ceremony to acknowledge that side of their relationship. They didn't need it. It just was. More than domestic discipline, but less - or rather different - than what either of them had seen online, she knew she could trust him not to ask anything of her that would be detrimental

to her in any way, and yet he managed to think of things like this that tested her, stretched her emotionally and intimately and physically in ways she could never have imagined before they met.

She'd been his - in this bare-bones, deeply committed manner - for longer than she would ever admit, not wanting to encourage him that much, but he wasn't wrong when he insisted that it was true the moment they met.

"You were a good girl today," he whispered huskily against her neck, nibbling just below her ear, feeling her shudder all over at the compliment. He was always very supportive of her, but compliments were doled out sparsely, so as not to lose their effect, she surmised.

“Was it hard to do?”

“Yes,” she whispered baldly, answering him more slowly than usual because it was just that hard to concentrate on talking. “It’s just so . . . public, you know? The stalls have those doors that have the half inch gap around the doors - just enough that, if you look at all, you can really tell who’s in the stall and what they’re doing.”

“Was there someone else in there when you went to insert them?”

His lips weren’t the only part of him that was busy as he interrogated her. His fingers had boldly spread her lips wide apart, settling heavily onto her exposed clit but very carefully not moving at all after that, as if he knew

just how close she was - and she was sure that, somehow, he did.

“N-no,” she mewled, lost in his touch, eyes closed, her cheek resting against the bulge of his bicep for support. Sean liked to get her to talk about how doing what he commanded felt to her, but Ginger knew she wasn’t up for his usual voyeuristic explorations. She was quite literally seconds away from flying apart.

As if he sensed just how close she was, he suddenly stepped away from her and Ginger let out a mournful cry at the sudden loss of intimacy - and stimulation.

“I want you on the bed, with your legs spread. Now.”

She hurried to obey, worried about where this was going to lead.

He had turned to stand looking down at her from the end of the bed, arranging her close to the edge, legs splayed obscenely.

“Touch yourself. I want to watch you cum,” he commanded.

That was a surprise. He didn't usually like her to masturbate - she was prohibited from doing so without his permission, and he almost never gave it. He liked the idea that her pleasure came from him alone.

His unusual order had her flustered, since this was such a rare thing, and he was standing in a position where he would be able to see every bit

of the action, how her hands began to wander slowly past her waist, using the fingers of her left hand and the outer edges of her ring and pinky fingers of her right to hold herself open to him - quite lewdly displayed - as her middle finger dutifully dipped down to wet its tip in the veritable fountain of her own dew, then began to swirl around her already severely swollen and distended clit.

She was at such a sensitive point that even her own touch had her jackknifing from the sheer raw sensations.

Sean was still fully clothed, although he had already freed himself from the confines of his jeans and underwear, springing forth a good eight

inches away from his fly, long and thick and already dripping with pre-cum. He slathered himself with lubricant - some from a clinical tube and some by reaching down to press two thick, hard fingers deeply inside of her, pushing the invader that was already there just that much further inside her, with no preamble whatsoever, while she touched herself - causing his prim little wife to issue a guttural groan at his unexpected invasion.

He didn't linger. She was to pleasure herself on her own - with no help from him. Well, none but those ever-present balls that he revved up to their highest notch. This had her gyrating madly before him, nearly

sending him over the edge before she got there seconds later, her body already so primed that she went off like a rocket, long golden locks ebbing and flowing against the background of the pale pink comforter, as if he was watching Venus herself writhing with pleasure in front of him.

And she was his Venus.

When he screamed with his own completion, spurting onto the tops of her still busily frigging fingers, she was coming loudly to her second completion, and didn't show any signs of stopping.

He stood there as he tried to catch his breath, marveling at her, wishing male anatomy allowed for such feats of sexual prowess as achieving ten or so

orgasms at a clip without so much as breaking a sweat.

As he climbed into bed beside her, tugging her up to his side from where she had collapsed into an incoherent lump at the end of the bed, holding her tight as she shuddered her way back down to Earth within the safety of his arms, still marveling at her whole-hearted response to him and her infinite capacity for pleasure.

He'd admitted his envy of that component of being a woman - and only that component. He was too much of a man to covet much of anything else about being female. Ginger had tried to explain to him that it was wonderful, but - at least as far as she was concerned -

that it really was a law of diminishing returns. Her first orgasm was always the best. When she was single and able to bring herself off any time she liked, she still stopped at about five orgasms, simply because her body became progressively more and more sensitive, to the point that there really wasn't much of an explosion or culmination - just more, less satisfying, muscle spasms.

But as many times as she reiterated that point to him, he still found himself endlessly fascinated by just the mere possibility of long strings of orgasms he knew he'd never be able to have.

For him, unfortunately, they'd met too late in life for that - not that he'd done much of it even when he was

young. He figured he could count on one hand the number of times in his life that he'd been able to cum twice in a row, and the instances had diminished considerably the older he got - even with the love of his life.

But Ginger was another matter.

Even now, he couldn't keep his hand from wandering down between them to let that curious finger of his part her lips and find the little nub of flesh he'd been seeking. He knew that sometimes, when she'd cum a lot, she needed it fast and furious to get there again, and sometime she needed it slow and very, very light.

He went for light first, and was rewarded by a deep groan.

“Noooooooo,” she whispered raggedly, but she knew better than to close her legs to him.

“Oh yes, Lovely.” He buried his face in the curtain of her hair, breathing deeply of the perfumey scent of her shampoo. “You know how much I love to make you cum.”

“But I just . . . !”

He didn't answer her almost complaint, just continued to avidly read her face and every movement of her body, but mostly her eyes, which she locked with his while he made subtle adjustments to the pressure and speed of his bold caresses after adding a dollop of lube to his finger and replacing it, right where it had been, and picking up

the thread of her arousal as if he hadn't missed a beat.

“You know I'm going to have to do that to you again, don't you?”

“Do what?” she asked. Arousal made her deeply stupid.

“Have you go out in public wearing your little friends.”

“Public?” she parroted back to him, trying for alarm but not quite reaching it through the layers of pure arousal he was conjuring in her.

“Yes. I think the next time we go have dinner with my parents you'll be humming along the entire time.”

She wanted to argue with him - well, as much as she ever could. She wanted to protest - loudly - and do her

best to change his mind, but every bit of her body was tensed and readying itself for the orgasm he was hurtling her towards and it couldn't be bothered to spare her the brain cells necessary to do that.

All she got out was a soft, "No," but it sounded more like she was protesting his caresses than his devious plan.

"Oh yes, my love. You're going to be sitting at the Olive Garden," which was his parents' favorite restaurant, "in one of those maroon and wood chairs with the wheels, and I'm going to have the remote in my pocket. You'll never know when I'll goose the level, and you're going to have to cope with it,

somehow, without letting them catch on, of course.”

She knew he wasn't just talking. The things that Sean often wondered out loud somehow managed to really happen most of the time.

She could see that these little things needed to go the way she tried to get the Ben Wa balls to go. Only this time, she needed to succeed.

Lord knows she didn't want a repeat of that punishment.

After a little while of torturing her with visions of being embarrassed in front of his parents, he finally allowed her the last orgasm of the evening, and it was one of the hardest she'd had, no thanks to his embarrassing threat.

Although it was early, he had her tucked in and asleep not long after, until the bedside phone rang, waking her up.

“Who is it?” Ginger asked, opening one bleary eyeball to stare up at him. Phone calls at night were rarely about anything good, in her experience.

Sean grinned down at her like the Cheshire cat. “It’s Mom. She wants to know if we want to go out to dinner tomorrow night.”

Both eyes opened comically wide in alarm and she made a desperate grab for the phone, but he held it well away from her as he spoke.

“We’d love to, Mom. Where do you want to go?” As if he needed to ask.

Ginger held her breath, already

knowing her fate for tomorrow.

“Olive Garden? Sure! Ginger will be positively *vibrating* with anticipation.”

Blushing Publications thanks you wholeheartedly for your purchase with us!

There are plenty more stories such as the one you've purchased from Blushing Books! Visit our online store to view our might selection!

<http://www.blushingbooks.com>

This book is intended for adults only. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as advocating any non-consensual spanking

activity or the spanking of minors.