

DR. DISCIPLINE

THE DISCIPLINARIAN
BOOK ONE



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
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advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

CHAPTER 1



CARRIE WESTON PULLED into the driveway of her two-story house and breathed a sigh of relief. It had been a long day at the office, and she was more than happy to be home, where she planned to stay for the rest of the night.

She was recently divorced, and her husband, a decent guy if he hadn't had a weakness for women, had bought her this house as part of their settlement. It was in the Old Town section of near downtown Chicago, a popular and family-friendly neighborhood that was a mix of well-kept traditional homes and three- and four-level newer contemporary builds.

Most of the buildings on her block had only on-street parking, so she was lucky to have her own driveway and single-car garage that opened directly into the house, something her ex had insisted on for safety's sake.

She pulled into the garage, gathered her things, and then entered the downstairs hallway.

Ah... home! She could almost feel the day's stress disappearing as she dropped the large bag with her laptop and a handful of papers onto a small bench and then went through to

the kitchen, where she poured herself a glass of red wine and carried it with her upstairs to her bedroom.

The first thing she did was kick off her heels. They were like so many other pairs of shoes she owned—the perfect look for her outfit but hell on her feet. She exchanged her navy suit and silk blouse for a loose-fitting pair of lounging pajamas and then slipped her aching feet into a pair of fur-lined mules.

Oh damn! She'd meant to bring in the mail before coming upstairs, so, mumbling to herself, she took her wine, padded back down the hardwood stairs and opened the front door. Her house had an old-fashioned front porch, complete with a porch swing and two comfortable chairs, and attached to the post nearest the front steps was a large mailbox.

It was amazing to her that email and other forms of electronic communication had barely made a dent in the number of items that were dropped into her physical mailbox on a daily basis, so she reached in and took out today's arrivals.

She carried the mail back in and started to rifle through it, but just then her phone rang, so she dropped the mail on a nearby table and pulled the phone out of a deep pocket in her lounge pants.

"Mom! I thought you were on your way to Florida tonight," she said as she settled herself on the beige linen sofa.

They talked for twenty minutes, just enough time for the mail to completely slip her mind, so when the call ended, she went back to the kitchen to rummage in the refrigerator for something to eat. She pulled out a few cartons of leftover Chinese—kung pao chicken, vegetable lo mein, and spicy shrimp—scooped it all onto a plate, and popped it into the microwave.

She considered briefly whether her red wine would be a good companion to Chinese but then shrugged off any doubts. She was no wine gourmet and had always been of the opinion that there was very little that red wine couldn't go with.

She was almost feeling human again, so with a smile of anticipation she carried her Chinese food and red wine back to the living room to eat while she checked out the TV.

It was going on nine when her eyes fell on the mail still lying on a nearby table. Not that the delay much mattered. In today's world she would have been alerted by electronic means if anything had been urgent. She leaned over and picked up the mail and then, glancing quickly through it, tossed most of it in a pile for the trash.

This looks serious, she thought to herself as she came to a legal-size envelope in fine quality paper. She started to slit it open but then suddenly stopped. It wasn't for her! It was clearly addressed to a Mr. Alden H. Fairfax, whose address was only one number different than her own, meaning it must be one of the houses across the street.

Sighing, she set the envelope aside. This wasn't the first time the new mail carrier had misdelivered mail, but until now it had always been neighbors receiving her mail by mistake. Now it was her turn to carry mail to a neighbor.

She glanced at the last two items in her hand.

"Damn it!" she exclaimed, annoyed as she found a second envelope also addressed to her neighbor. She thought briefly about complaining to the post office, but that would probably cause more trouble than it was worth. No one needs a mail carrier who has it in for them.

The new envelope was addressed to Mr. A.H. Fairfax, CLC, PD. She laid it aside with the other one for him but then quickly picked it back up again. CLC? PD? Neither one rang a bell with her, so she did a quick search on her phone but didn't find either abbreviation, at least not in the way that could be used in a title.

Carrie's friends sometimes kidded her about being curious, and she admitted that she did like to know what was going on around her. Her mother used to be blunter and often called her

Miss Nosy, but at least she wasn't blasé about life. She liked the dots to be connected and the various facts to fall into place, a trait that probably contributed to her being an excellent CPA.

Sighing once again, she turned back to the TV, not because there was anything great to watch, but because she was comfortable where she was on the sofa. She tried to get interested in a weekly news program, but her mind had other ideas. CLC... PD... what did they mean? Who in the world was her mysterious neighbor?

Even she admitted that it might seem nosy to ask her neighbor about it when she returned his mail, but then she realized she'd probably just put the two envelopes in his box and not even see him.

She'd only been in the neighborhood for a few months, and although she'd met a couple of her neighbors, she hadn't yet met anyone directly across from her. She'd seen different people coming and going, so she assumed the four-story modern red brick must be apartments.

She frowned slightly as the detail-oriented part of her brain kicked in, and she picked up the two envelopes for A. H. Fairfax again. Why weren't there apartment numbers on the envelopes? It seems like in a fourplex you'd want to identify your apartment.

She hated little loose ends left untied, but she forced herself to put it out of her mind and instead decided to go upstairs and take a long bubble bath. After all, tomorrow was another busy day at the office, and it really wasn't her problem if her neighbor didn't use his complete address.



I SWEAR I need a brain transplant! Carrie thought to herself as she pulled into her driveway the next evening. She had intended to put the mail for her neighbor in the car so she could just run it

over before she pulled into the garage, but of course she'd forgotten.

Frowning, she parked and went on into the house. She'd just take the mail over now, before she changed her clothes, and then she could forget about A. H. Fairfax and his mysterious designations.

She picked up the two envelopes and carried them across the street, but when she got to the mailbox next to the glass front door, she stopped, puzzled. She'd expected to see three or four different mail slots, and since she had no apartment number, she'd hoped there would be names on the slots, but instead there was only a single mail box similar to her own.

She hesitated. It must be the right place, because the street number was the one on the envelopes, but it was strange. Oh well, if the people who lived here were okay with sharing mail space, it wasn't her problem.

She was about to put the two envelopes into the box when she heard a man's voice behind her.

"May I help you with something, Miss?"

She whirled around, startled. She hadn't heard anyone come up the front walk behind her, but obviously someone had—a someone who was incredibly good looking. She found herself face to face with a tall man with piercing eyes and dark hair sprinkled with gray, a man whose expression she would almost describe as severe.

His speech was formal and had an accent that she guessed to be from England or another part of the U.K., and he was studying her intently as he waited for a reply.

"Sorry, I didn't know you were there. I got a couple pieces of your mail in my box by mistake."

Then she did a mental doubletake and realized she had no idea who this man was. There was no reason to assume that he lived here or that the mail was his.

"Are you Mr. Fairfax?" she asked, starting to feel uncomfortable under his intense gaze.

"I am."

"Okay, then these are for you."

She held out the two envelopes, and he took them with a curt, "Thank you."

"I'm Carrie Weston, and that's my house over there," she said as she pointed across the street.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Weston."

Carrie blinked in surprise. Not only did he have an obvious accent, but he spoke like an eighty-year-old man, which he most obviously was not. She would guess him to be in his forties, maybe late forties.

"How come there's only one mailbox for the whole building?" she asked, letting her curiosity get the better of her.

"How many would you prefer there be?"

Carrie shrugged. "I don't know, I guess one for every apartment."

"Then there is the correct number. This is a single-family residence."

"Oh. It's really big."

The look on Mr. Fairfax's face reminded her of the librarian in her junior high who was always slightly offended by students touching the books. It was obvious that her neighbor didn't welcome a discussion on the size of his home, so she started inching towards the stairs.

"It was nice to meet you," she said not quite truthfully. Her curiosity was happy to have met him, but her interest in making new friends in the neighborhood considered the encounter a waste.

"Likewise," replied Mr. Fairfax, although the tone of his voice cast doubt on his sincerity.

As Carrie reached the bottom step she noticed something she'd missed on her way up. On the front of a low post was a

handsome brass plate with the words Alden Fairfax, Certified Life Coach.

Certified Life Coach!

That was it! That must be the CLC after his name. Now if she only knew what the PD stood for.

She glanced back, toying for a split second with the idea of asking Mr. Fairfax, but the look on his face was still that of her school librarian, so she decided against it and instead walked back across the street to her own house. She wasn't giving up, though. Now that she'd met him, she was almost more curious than before.

When she thought of a life coach, she envisioned someone enthusiastic and personable, someone who could easily establish rapport with others. It was hard to imagine being motivated by the stern man she'd just met, so what in the world did the PD stand for?

Positively Dour? Permanently Disapproving?

She smiled at her own perverse sense of humor as she closed the front door behind her and kicked off her heels. She suspected that Alden Fairfax was not going to be the life of the next block party, nor would he be of any further interest to her.

She was right about the first, but very wrong about the second.