

# Forever Wife

By

Carolyn Faulkner

©2013 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

Forever Wife

eBook ISBN: 978-1-60968-721-2

Cover Design by [edhgraphics.blogspot.com](http://edhgraphics.blogspot.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 Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

# Table of Contents:

<b>CHAPTER ONE:</b> .....	<b>5</b>
<b>CHAPTER TWO:</b> .....	<b>10</b>
<b>CHAPTER THREE</b> .....	<b>18</b>
<b>CHAPTER FOUR</b> .....	<b>24</b>
<b>CHAPTER FIVE</b> .....	<b>34</b>
<b>CHAPTER SIX</b> .....	<b>42</b>
<b>CHAPTER SEVEN</b> .....	<b>51</b>
<b>CHAPTER EIGHT</b> .....	<b>60</b>
<b>CHAPTER NINE</b> .....	<b>65</b>
<b>CHAPTER TEN</b> .....	<b>71</b>
<b>CHAPTER ELEVEN</b> .....	<b>80</b>
<b>CHAPTER TWELVE</b> .....	<b>90</b>
<b>EBOOK OFFER</b> .....	<b>94</b>
<b>CAROLYN FAULKNER</b> .....	<b>95</b>
<b>BLUSHING BOOKS</b> .....	<b>97</b>

## Chapter One:

“Thanks for the lift,” Liz said wearily. She tucked a strand of honey-colored hair behind her ear and offered what she hoped was a grateful smile. It came out more of a grimace as pain lanced up her spine. The two-hour ride through the rugged White Mountains of New Hampshire had been absolute torture, a result of the accident that had almost paralyzed her.

“You sure there isn’t someone I can call for you, girly?” the aging truck driver inquired. “It don’t feel right dropping you off here in the middle of nowhere, in the middle of the night.”

She shook her head firmly, forcing her lips to part in a broader, more confident smile. “This is my home. I’ll be fine.”

He hesitated, doubt written in the deep lines that creased his face. With a nod, he shifted gears and pulled off the gravel shoulder. He waved once, then disappeared around a bend within moments. As the red glow of his taillights became nothing more than a memory, Liz dropped her bag and her smile simultaneously. She put her hands on her hips, reaching around behind to try to rub at the ache. She leaned forward slowly, then from side to side. Nothing helped. With a deep sigh, she dug out the prescription pain relievers and popped one into her mouth, washing it down with the last swallow of lukewarm water the trucker had bought her at the last gas station.

Nothing was quite as dark as New Hampshire after sundown. The rugged peaks cast the land in shadow, the altitude mixed with warm air currents producing frequent heavy fog to block what little light the moon and stars might have offered, and the lack of street lights or yard lights further gave the impression of being lost in the middle of nowhere. It might have frightened a lesser spirit, but Liz drew comfort from the shroud of darkness.

It hadn’t quite been a lie when she’d told the trucker that this was home. Although her parents had owned a brownstone in Boston, they also had a log cabin on Lake Scrimshaw nestled deep in the Four-Thousand Footers not far from where she’d had the trucker drop her off. All her fondest memories were tied up in the log dwelling that was more mansion than cabin. Every Christmas had been celebrated there, as well as birthdays, anniversaries, summer vacations and any weekend that her dad could pull himself away from work. She winced when she thought of all the times she’d begged him to go to the cabin. Being an only child born to elderly parents, she had been a bit indulged and they never could say “no” to her. It wasn’t until both parents had passed away that she realized all that indulgence came with a heavy price tag. Her father’s business went bankrupt, leaving her not only orphaned, but penniless.

She blinked away the vestiges of tears and sniffed. At twenty-nine, she wasn’t exactly helpless. Shouldering her backpack, she straightened her spine and lifted her chin. She was a Shelburne! She would not only endure her present adversity, but she would arise from the ashes of her fallen dreams to become stronger. Whistling tunelessly, she struck off for the old cemetery that marked the entrance to Scrimshaw Drive... almost home!

The gravel driveway wound through the woods for about ten miles, with dozens of forks and off-chutes leading to various cabins and summer homes. Some had frontage on the pristine lake, but most had to use the public access beach at the very end of the long drive. Her daddy’s

cabin was one of the noble few. Skipping the first three forks, she took the fourth to the right, then straight past Nilsson's and Thompson's camps, down a steep, deeply rutted slope and over the rugged footbridge she had built from birch poles when she'd been an energetic and enterprising twelve-year-old. Surprisingly, it hadn't rotted out yet.

A lump the size of a grapefruit felt stuck in her throat. How she missed this place! She'd wanted so desperately to come here after her parents' passing, but it had been sold – a fact she hadn't been aware of until the reading of the will. Then she had learned the sad truth that Daddy had sold it years before, but with the understanding that he and his wife would live there, rent-free, for the rest of their lives. She used to wonder why anyone would buy a cabin they couldn't use, until she'd learned about the big plans the unnamed jerk had for the acreage that came with the cabin. Plans had been made to strip away the ancient pines and erect a swanky casino that would destroy the fragile ecosystem of Scrimshaw Lake.

Over her dead body!

And that was part of the reason why she had returned. Besides the fact she was homeless and had nowhere else to go.

She stood before the wide glassed entry of Camp Birches, the name her mom had given their summer home in honor of Bobby Frost's poem about the state tree of New Hampshire. It looked tired... as houses did when all their children had fled. No warm lights brightened the windows. No bouquets of lilacs and apple blossoms freshened the musty air from having been all closed up for the winter. It felt sad, and yet Liz grinned broadly for perhaps the first time in many months. No one was living here still!

She tugged the loose stone from the porch foundation and dug out the spare key. Yep – still there! No doubt the new owner wasn't even aware of its existence. Unless... unless he had the locks changed! Panic set in. Liz scrambled up the three steps of the porch and jammed the rusty key into the latch. It didn't fit! In her haste, she dropped it, but when she bent over to pick it up, her back spasmed. She couldn't stop the painful cry, but sank to her knees anyway and groped in the dark for the missing key. It didn't take long to find it. She rose cautiously and tried it in the lock again, turning it the other way.

It slid into the keyhole like it was just as glad to be back home as she was. It turned easily, and the simple door latch opened. No need for dead bolts or high-tech security systems here! Scrimshaw Lake was one of the few natural resources left in the area that hadn't been spoiled by tourism, agriculture, or logging. Liz held her breath as she crossed the threshold.

And then it happened. She got that all-over tingly feeling, like the magic of childhood that she always used to get whenever she came here. She felt it still, that special feeling of being completely and totally alive, free, unburdened by the pressures of the outside world. Tears coursed down her cheeks – tears of joy. She dropped her backpack again, dropped the keys, dropped the empty plastic water bottle, and knelt on the smooth floor of polished pine. Cautious of her injury, she bent down and kissed the floor of her old home as one would greet a long-lost friend.

"I'm back," she breathed. "I don't know how long I can stay, but I'm back!"

Overcome with childish enthusiasm, she quickly rose and dashed through the cabin, revisiting every room, every closet and cupboard, taking stock of what had changed and what had stayed the same, as she snapped on every light she could find. Luckily, the ignorant new

owner hadn't turned the utilities off for the winter, although the thick layer of dust told her that he hadn't been there in some time.

The living room was almost exactly the same! Same thick white carpet that was so soft, it practically swallowed up her feet clear to the ankles. Her daddy had complained profusely about putting a white carpet in a cabin, but her mom had very particular tastes when it came to decorating. The carpet had been installed when Liz was old enough to stop drinking from a sippy-cup, and from then on she and her daddy had been forbidden to wear their shoes when they came inside.

Liz quickly kicked hers off, then scrambled over the carpet, dragging her feet and making shadows in the super-soft resilient fibers, just as she had done as a little girl. The couches were the same – rugged pine construction with a green woodsy print fabric. The coffee table was a couple of bear cubs in various poses, a sheet of thick glass resting on their backs and paws. Dad's favorite recliner was gone, though. Liz blinked quickly, refusing to let tears of grief fall for the dilapidated antique Lazy-boy that had outlived its usefulness before she'd even been a twinkle in her mama's eye.

A white sheet was draped over the piano on the inside wall. Liz carefully removed the sheet, wrapping it in on itself to trap the dust. The old player piano smiled back at her, glad to be freed from its ghostly covering. Above the antique hung a massive life-size three-quarter portrait of her parents on their wedding day. How young they looked! And how happy!

She turned away, not yet ready to face her grief head on. Instead she resumed her inspection of Camp Birches.

The kitchen looked about the same, although the avocado appliances had been replaced with stainless steel counterparts. Liz tugged another sheet from the kitchen table and again from the massive table in the dining room. She set the wadded up sheets on the dining table. There'd be time to wash them later.

Her parents' bedroom would be on the ground floor, but Liz couldn't make herself go in there. Not yet, even though it would be better for her not to be climbing all those stairs. Instead, she marched straight to the wide, carpeted stairway. Upstairs were two guest bedrooms, one of which had been a playroom when she was a child, a bathroom, and her old bedroom. She was stunned to see that her room had not changed a bit! The new owner had done nothing to it! He had not even painted it, although she'd been a bit of a princess when she'd lived here. The walls were Pepto-Bismol pink with apple green trim. The bedspread was in matching colors with ruffles, lace and polka dots. Half a dozen stuffed animals kept watch from a mountain of pillows on her bed. The white bookshelves were filled with every horse novel ever written for little girls. Black Beauty, My Friend Flicka, the Thoroughbred series, the Saddle Club series, the Island Stallion, the Phantom Stallion, The Black Stallion, War Horse, Secretariat, and more. She had read them all, many of them more than once. Their spines were bent and broken, the corners of pages dog-eared, and some covers were sticky from pine sap from being dragged up into her tree house, or sticky with coke spills or even bubble bath. Her books had been well loved, if not well cared for. She ran a finger down the dusty spines now, thinking of her own damaged spine and how she could never ride again.

She shook herself, forcing away the dark thoughts. She owed the evil new owner of her summer home a special thanks for preserving her old bedroom. It was familiar, packed with a

childhood of the happiest memories. It would help her now as she strived to heal both body and soul. Suddenly overcome with exhaustion, Liz eased herself in between the precious stuffed toys, letting them surround and cover her as she snuggled down into the fluffy ruffly pink and green full-size bed that had once belonged to the happiest, most loved little girl in all New England.

\* \* \* \* \*

Vidar Gulbrandt tossed the letter aside and slammed a fist down on the polished mahogany desk in his corner office. Another local had turned down his generous offer to buy out their share of Scrimshaw Lakefront property. He had offered the guy nearly double the property's current value! What more could he want? With the money he would have made on the sale, he could retire some place nice and warm – Florida, or Texas, if he didn't care for humidity. Vidar remembered Edgar Holcombe, although not clearly. An aging widower in poor health and poorer financial straits, he lived alone in the rundown cabin at the lower-rent end of the lake. Edgar used to complain every winter about how the cold made his joints ache, and if he ever won the lottery he would buy him a one-way ticket south. So here was his chance! Why didn't he take it?

Vidar crossed the room to gaze at the architect's drawing of the casino resort he hoped to build. The foundation would be laid with local granite, just the way houses had been constructed in the past, although currently cement was generally used as it was more cost-effective. Then thick white pine logs were notched and laid in traditional fashion to try to blend in with the environment, rather than appear like a blister on the heel of the flagging economy.

He loved New Hampshire, especially the Scrimshaw Lake area. All his fondest memories were there – which was precisely why he had to do this. He just couldn't bear to return, knowing that the three people he cared about most in the world were dead to him. Mr. and Mrs. Shelburne had been the kindest, most loving mortals he had ever known. They'd welcomed him into their hearts and home and treated him more like a favorite son rather than the pariah he was.

And how he'd loved the daughter that came to them late in life! He had been named her godfather, and proudly held the precious infant during the religious ceremony, which was definitely one of the high points in his long life and one he had never thought to experience. They named her Elizabeth Dagmar Shelburne. Elizabeth, after the maternal grandmother, and Dagmar for his own beloved mother who had passed from this earth so long ago that he could barely recall her countenance. It was a lovely name, a beautiful name... and then in true mortal fashion, they had ruined it by calling that precious child "Liz"!

Not him. He had always called her "Beth".

Vidar clenched and unclenched his fists, giving himself a good shake. That road was closed to him now, there was no point in revisiting what could never be. He would go visit old Mr. Edgar Holcombe in person and find out what it would take to buy him out. Hopefully, when Camp Birches was bulldozed and six feet under the new casino, he would be purged of the painful memories.

"Karen," he called, pressing the button for his secretary's desk.

"Yes, Mr. Gulbrandt?"

“Schedule a flight to Portsmouth for me this weekend. I’d like to leave after my last meeting on Friday.”

“England, sir?”

“No!” He rubbed the back of his neck and he forced himself to calm down. “No, Karen,” he said again, more politely this time. “New Hampshire.”

“And when would you like to return,” she asked feebly, perhaps wary of incurring his wrath yet again. She was not incompetent. He was just out of control where this casino was concerned. He needed a vacation. And he would take one, just as soon as the deal went through.