

**Warrington's Way**  
*The Dominion Hotel, Book 1*

**By**

**Michelle Peters**

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# Chapter One

Alison was early. This was nothing new; she was always early. She learned a long time ago that the old adage was true; the early bird does get the worm, especially in business. Alison didn't think that being a woman meant she necessarily had to try harder or be smarter to get ahead, but she did believe that if you worked hard, you would be rewarded.

Alison steered her grey Audi TT into the underground parking garage of the Broadstone Hotel, the hotel her family owned, and as Hotel General Manager, the business that she ran for her father. At least for a little while longer anyway. The hotel was up for sale, a move initiated by her father, a move that she did not support. She opposed the sale from the start, fighting her father on it all the way, their most recent conversation on the subject being yesterday. As she drove to work, she replayed a part of the conversation in her head.

"It's time Alison," her father told her. "I've had this hotel for a long time, bought it before you were even born, and now I want to retire, take it easy."

"And what am I supposed to do?" she protested. "The hotel is all I know. I grew up here, running through the hallways, getting in the way of the bellmen, being shooed out of the kitchen."

"You can retire, too," he suggested.

"I'm too young to retire," she said, and she was. In her mid-thirties, Alison was far from thinking about retirement. She was a business woman with a business to run. The hotel business was all she knew. She loved her job. Retirement was something to consider way off into the future, not today.

"Then go find yourself a nice man, settle down, get married, have kids." Her father was smiling at her, serious about the idea. He always said he wanted grandchildren.

Alison felt the conversation was unfinished. She wanted to make sure she got in early enough to pick up the discussion again with her father first thing in the morning, before all the meetings started and they both became too busy.

Once in the garage, Alison pulled into her usual parking stall. It didn't have her name on it, but everyone knew that it was hers. There was never any concern about it being vacant when she arrived, as she got there so early. It was on the lowest level of the garage, the level that always filled up last. She liked parking down there, as far away from the elevator as possible, in one of the darkest corners of the lot. Her father warned her not to park there, telling her it was dangerous arriving so early and leaving so late. You never know who could be lurking down there. Maybe that's why she liked it, the mystery of it, and the danger of it. She told him that she liked the long walk and the quiet elevator ride at the end of the day. It relaxed her, beginning the process of letting the day slip off her. He knew that she was lying, and he was right, she liked it for all the reasons he warned her about.

Alison swung her car around the corner, down to the last level. She drove a little too fast through the parking garage, but she was confident that there was nobody else down there. This level only filled up when the hotel was full, and she knew that the hotel was not full last night.

As she sped through the lower level of the garage, out of the corner of her eye Alison saw a black sedan parked halfway between where she usually parked and the north elevator. The sedan was tucked in between two pillars, a spot rarely used as it was tight and people always had difficulty getting into it, especially with bigger cars. Even the hotel valets avoided that spot if they could. Whoever drove the sedan didn't seem to have had any trouble though. Odd spot to park, she thought, with the whole level open.

Alison parked her car in her usual spot and got out. She clicked the button on the remote and her car beeped twice, signaling the alarm was set. Apart from the black sedan she saw, there were no other cars on this level. As she walked across the parking lot, she could hear the echo of her stiletto heels as she walked.

Click. Click. Click.

Slap!

Alison stopped walking, unsure if she heard what she heard. Was that a slap? Couldn't be, there was nobody there but her.

Slap!

She heard it again, this time the slap was accompanied by a whimper, a woman's whimper. Alison stood still, listening to the dead silence around her.

Slap!

She heard it again, with the whimper following.

Alison didn't know what to do. Was her father right after all this time? Was there something going on down here? Should she go back to her car, drive away, park on another level and call security? Don't be silly Alison, she thought, it's probably something as simple as the air conditioning acting up, or a door flapping back and forth. The slap she could rationalize, but the woman's voice? Where was that coming from? Was that pain or pleasure she heard in that whimper? That was not as easy to explain.

Alison began walking towards the elevator again. She saw the black sedan parked a short distance away. This time, she saw a man standing beside the car, although he did not see her. His head was down and he seemed preoccupied with something. She could swear there was no one there when she first came past the car, but there was definitely someone there now. She thought it odd that he stood at the passenger door of the car, the door open, standing between the car and the pillar. He was standing on the far side of the car, opposite from the direction that Alison was coming from.

She was convinced that he hadn't seen her approach, although Alison was afraid he may have heard her steps echo through the parking lot. She tucked in behind a pillar, although she was not sure why she would do such a thing. Now she was being silly, acting like she was in a cheesy late night movie. He was just a guy standing beside a car. Nevertheless, she peered around the corner of the pillar, trying to get a better look at him.

She could barely make out his features with his head bowed, but he was dressed very well. He wore a black, designer, pinstripe suite, a white shirt that was tight across his chest, the white crispness of the shirt in stark contrast to the color of his suit. His tie was magenta.

Odd, she thought, he's just standing there, looking down. Suddenly he raised his head and spoke.

"C'mere, c'mere," he said. In response, a woman stood up. The man took a step back so that she could stand in front of him, her back to Alison. The woman wore a chauffeur's cap, her hair tucked up beneath it. She wore a black suit jacket and a white shirt with a black string tie. She was slightly shorter than the man she was facing, but tall enough to block the man's face from Alison's view as she stood in front of him.

The man reached out and wrapped his hand around the bottom of the woman's face, cradling her chin in his hand. He cocked her face to the side, shaking it slightly, the motion shaking the hat off of her head. As it fell, it released a cascade of thick blonde hair.

The man was speaking again, this time quieter than the first time. Alison strained to hear, but could not. Alison slinked to the pillar in front of her, two stalls closer, trying to hear what the man was saying.

Click. Click. Click.

The sound of Alison's rapid footsteps echoed through the parking level as she moved from one pillar to the next. The man heard the sound, releasing his grip on the blonde woman's face, looking around.

Alison gasped. She ducked down behind the pillar, trying to make herself as small as possible, not wanting to be discovered but wanting to see what was going on. This was exciting. This was scary. This was what her father warned her about. She loved it.

Alison peered out again from her hiding spot behind the pillar to see the man was no longer paying attention to the noise. He was reaching up and weaving his fingers through the blond woman's hair. Her hair was so lush, so thick that his whole fist was lost in those locks. With his hand entangled in her hair, he pulled the woman's head back while lowering his face close towards her.

"Which way did you take to get here?" He was asking her a question, an expression of calm on his face.

"Down Cherry, across Pine and then up Broadway, sir." She answered him, looking away, no fear in her eyes.

Sir? She was obviously in his employ and not his lover, but who would want to be his lover if that's the way he treated you.

"And which way did I tell you to go?" he asked the chauffeur.

At first the woman didn't answer, still looking away. As she looked away, the woman's eyes fell upon Alison half hidden behind the pillar. Upon seeing her, the woman's eyes registered surprise. Alison immediately felt fear, the fear of being discovered, the fear of being pulled into this couple's circumstance. Even though the fear took her over, Alison couldn't look away nor did she try to hide behind the pillar. She simply held the woman's gaze.

The woman's expression changed from surprise to delight, and then she smiled. Was that what she saw, delight in her eyes? Alison was confused, how could this woman smile at this moment? This made no sense.

With a smile on her face and her eyes still on Alison, the woman replied to the man's question. "You told me to take Main straight through to Broadway, sir."

"Then why did you go down Cherry? Why did you disobey me?" The man was speaking casually, however there was a commanding tone in his voice.

All this didn't make sense to Alison. What did it matter what route they took? She knew both routes, and she knew that one took no longer than the other, depending on traffic. He seemed to be way too concerned about how they got here. They were here, wasn't that all that mattered?

"I thought Cherry would be quicker, sir."

"But I didn't ask you to take Cherry," was his reply. "Did I." It wasn't a question, but a statement.

"No." She was still looking at Alison when she said this.

He shook her head slightly with the fist that was still entwined in her hair. "No, what?"

"No, sir." She replied with a growing smile. "I guess I did a bad thing, didn't I, sir?"

He smiled and released her hair. "Yes, you did." He took a step back from her. "What happens when you do bad things, Miranda?"

"I get punished." There was excitement in her voice.

Miranda turned her head to look directly at him when she said this, into his eyes. He raised his head to meet Miranda's gaze. Alison noticed his eyes for the first time. Even from where she stood, she could see that they were deep and blue. Dreamy. Dreamy? Did she just think that? And why was she still here, watching this spectacle unfold? But the more pressing question was why was Alison's breathing growing deeper? And why was this parking lot so hot all of a sudden? She made a mental note to speak to the chief engineer about the heat down here. It's a parking lot for Christ's sake, it doesn't have to be so hot.

"You get punished." Alison's stomach tightened when she heard him speak these words. Punished? Could this be true? I need to leave, she thought. But her legs wouldn't move, a mixture of intrigue and excitement holding her in place. She had to see how this was going to play out. Christ it's warm down here.

Miranda turned to move around from behind the car. As she moved around the side of the car Alison could see that she wasn't wearing any pants. She was naked below the waist, except for a pair of red lace panties, and black pumps on her feet. Miranda seemed not to be bothered by this. Alison now understood where the slapping sound had come from. Miranda's ass was as red as the lace of her panties. Alison understood that the slapping sound was him spanking her.

Spanking her. He spanked her. Did she let him spank her? Alison ducked out of sight back behind the pillar as Miranda began to move around the car. Alison didn't want to be seen by either of them now. She struggled to catch her breath. Christ it was hot down there.

The sound of a slap was followed by Miranda's deep whimper.

The knot in Alison's stomach tightened when she heard those sounds. She had to look, peering around from behind the pillar to see what was going on. She saw Miranda lying face down, spread eagle over the trunk of the car, her head turned sideways, looking straight in Alison's direction. He was holding her down with his left hand pressing into the small of her back, his right hand poised above her ass, ready to deliver another blow. When Miranda saw Alison peer around from her hiding spot, she smiled at her once again.

All of sudden it occurred to Alison that she was seeing this all wrong. Maybe it wasn't him who held the power here, maybe it was Miranda. She wanted this. She enjoyed this. She probably brought this on herself. Why else would she be smiling?

"Who's a bad girl?" he asked.

"Mmm, please, I am sir, I am a bad girl," breathed Miranda.

He brought his hand down hard on her ass, the blow forcing her forward up the trunk of the car.

"Oh, yes, please, yes, sir."

Alison couldn't watch anymore. Obviously, Miranda was enjoying her predicament. Alison withdrew behind the pillar, pressing her back to the cold cement, her rapid, deep breathing forcing her bosom to rise and fall inside her suit jacket. She wiped her damp brow and touched her trembling belly. Was she scared? Was she excited? Yes.

*I've got to get out of here. None of this is my business. I'll leave them to their game. I've got to go.*

Alison took a deep breath, trying to calm her breathing. She slipped her shoes off her feet, not wanting to bring any attention to herself as she made her retreat. There was another elevator bank on the south side of the parking lot. She would make her way over to that one, leaving all this behind. She thought about moving, but she realized she needed more time to catch her breath.

Slap!

Alison gasped at this last one, a curious tingling in her stomach.

“Go Alison,” she quietly whispered to herself. “Go.”

And she did go, briefcase in one hand, Jimmy Choo’s in the other. As soon as she was around the corner, the sound of the other couple—were they a couple? —receded.

“Oh yes, yes, harder.” She heard Miranda’s words trailing away in the background.

She reached the elevator and pushed the up button. As she waited for the elevator car to arrive, she reached down and put her shoes back on. She placed a hand on her chest to help slow her breathing. She inhaled and exhaled with measured breaths, finally getting her breathing under control. The elevator car doors opened and she stepped in. She pressed the button for the lobby, placing her briefcase on the floor beside her. She smoothed her hair, ran her hands along the cut of her jacket and her skirt, smoothing everything back in place. She slipped her shoes back on her feet.

As she rose the eight floors in the elevator car to the lobby, Alison did her best to compose herself, transitioning from voyeur to the hotel executive that she was. As the car doors opened onto the opulent lobby of the Broadstone Hotel, she stepped out, a wrinkle of a smile on her lips. As she stepped forward, she looked down to her feet and saw that she had a run in her stocking.