

Answering to Him

By

Dinah McLeod

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Chapter 1

The carpet was plush and kept me comfortable while I was on my knees. I had my finger on the zipper of his pants, toying with it, giving him a sly smile. I brushed my hand along his long shaft, grinning when he groaned in anticipation. I slid the zipper down slowly, the sound arousing me as much as it did him. I didn't have to look far to see his desire for me. His head was thrown back, his eyes were closed as he panted. Even after all this time, he was still hot for me. I reached inside and pulled his hard cock out of his pants, looking up at him through my lashes. "Are you ready?" I didn't have to ask, but I did, just to tease him with the sound of my sultry voice.

"I've been ready all day," my husband replied, groaning as I stroked him. "Ever since that hot text...you're so naughty."

An unexpected thrill shot through me at the word and my cheeks flushed. Thankfully, Oliver was so breathless in his desire for me, he didn't seem to notice. I had no idea what I'd say if he did. "Did you think..." I lowered my mouth and ran my tongue over the purple head, "...about all the *naughty* things I'm going to do to you?"

"Alicia," he moaned. "You are too sexy for words."

I felt my heart catch at the compliment, and I couldn't help smiling at him. "*Someone* is trying to earn brownie points."

His only response was a groan, as I'd been working my hand up and down his cock. I kept at it, increasing my speed every thirty seconds, until he was practically salivating. Only then did I lean down to take the full length of him into my mouth. Just as I parted my lips to take him in, I heard the sound of the door being thrown open, and I froze right where I was. *Shit*, I thought, dread filling me. That could only be—

"Mom?" Jonah's voice was smack-full of shock, with a little horror thrown in for good measure. "What the fuck?"

"Watch your mouth, young man," Oliver bellowed, tucking his rapidly deflating pecker into his pants and zipping them shut.

"Geez, dad!" Jonah exclaimed. "I come home and see you—"

"Why *are* you home?" I asked, finding my voice at last.

"Last period is free on Wednesdays, Mom," he sighed, as though he'd told me the same thing a million times before. For all I knew, he probably had. I really needed to start keeping a calendar.

"I've got work to do," Oliver muttered, rising to his feet. I locked eyes with him, silently begging him not to leave me alone to explain this. I could see the hesitation in the depths of his

cocoa brown irises, but then he shook his head slightly and turned away, pretending not to see my desperation as he walked out of the room.

“Close the door,” I instructed my slack-jawed teenager.

When he did, he turned back to me, his eyes staring at the staircase. I had no doubt that he wished he could escape me, like his dad had, and leave the awkward silence behind.

“Jonah,” I began haltingly, not quite sure what to say. “What you just saw was...your father and I...we enjoy a healthy marriage, and that isn’t limited to...”

“You were going to give him a blow job!” he practically shrieked. His face began to turn red and reminded me briefly of those bygone days when he had been a squalling infant.

Technically, I had been in the process of giving him one, but I wasn’t going to clarify technicalities. “Your dad and I are—”

“Mom,” Jonah interrupted, his voice somewhere between a groan and a bark as he waved his arms frantically, his voice displaying the same panic. “I get it, OK?”

I studied him for a minute. Each of his features was so familiar to me—the chubby cheeks, the freckles on his nose, the black hair he’d inherited from his dad that he wore long in front. I didn’t know how he could stand greasy strands of hair obscuring his beautiful blue eyes. He was still hanging on to some of his puppy fat—I blamed the video games; Oliver blamed the Cheetos—and the way he held himself, with his shoulders constantly slumped, made it look worse than it was.

I’d memorized every detail of his face long ago, but then, in serious moments like this one, his face changed completely, giving me a glimpse into the future and the man he would one day become. I felt my whole body still, my eyes glued to his face, trying to take it in, but just as quickly as it came it evaporated, leaving no trace behind to attest that it had ever been there at all.

“Ok,” I said, my voice no more than a whisper. I cleared my throat and then repeated, louder, “OK.”

“I’m going to my room.”

“Sure. What do you want for dinner?”

Ignoring my question, Jonah dropped his backpack at his feet, pulled the hood of his hoodie over his head and turned away. Normally, I’d call him back and demand he put his backpack where it belonged, but I wanted to get past this awful, embarrassing moment as much as he did. I watched his retreating back as he made it all the way up to the stairs. When he got to the top, he turned to face me.

“Mom, don’t you think you’re a *little* old for stuff like this?” The question was full of reproach and he didn’t wait for answer before he began to make his way to his room.

* * * * *

As much as I tried to dismiss it, his question stayed with me. I had never considered myself to be old before, or at least I never had, but that all changed later that night when I discovered my first gray hair. I pulled it from my head without so much as a wince and stared at it as though sheer determination would turn it from silver back to my normal honey blond. I laid it on the counter, shuddering as it left my fingers and bent down to get a closer look.

There was no denying it: I was indeed getting old. My son would be thrilled, I thought wryly, to learn that I'd stopped kidding myself and bowed to the wisdom of his words. I had only turned thirty-eight last month, but some days I felt more like forty-eight. Bit by bit, the person who stared back at me from the mirror each morning was becoming unrecognizable. Soon, my blond hair would be streaked with gray, and I'd get crow's feet under my blue-green eyes. I frowned at my reflection, but it only served to outline the wrinkles on my forehead and the laugh lines around my mouth.

With a sigh, I turned away from the seemingly innocuous piece of glass, and the rude awakening that it contained. Maybe this was what it felt like to have a mid-life crisis, I thought bleakly. Did women *have* midlife crises? I couldn't remember ever hearing about a woman going out and buying an expensive sports car or having an affair to ward off the inevitability of aging. All I knew for certain was that I felt the walls of my normal, humdrum life closing in on me and I was desperate to break free.

Ever since I could remember, I had been trapped by a single word: *spanking*. For some reason that I couldn't begin to explain those two syllables had a knee-weakening power over me. Every time I heard them, my stomach flipped in a way that was as exciting as it was puzzling. I could still remember, with vivid recall, a moment in the supermarket when, out of the corner of my eye, I'd seen a man yank his wife's arm, drawing her close to him. I'd turned toward the scene, wondering what was going on. The husband had bent his head, hissing in her ear, just loud enough for me, standing two feet away to hear: "You're getting spanking when we get home, young lady! Yes, I'm going to make sure you won't sit comfortably for a while!"

Although never one to enjoy my own parental punishments, I'd still felt my tummy launch into a series of startling flips that made my pulse speed up. I didn't understand it, but I felt my cheeks heat up with a mixture of embarrassment and excitement. Almost three decades later I could still remember the flush of anger on that man's face and the remorseful tears that had filled his wife's eyes. The memory still filled me with a sense of eager anticipation and unexplainable shame.

If ever I happened to be reading a book and happened to come across a spanking taking place, my body would jolt at the unexpected treasure, and I would read and reread the scene over and over again, memorizing the page numbers and savoring every word. I looked up the word spanking in the dictionary more times than I could count, and knew the definition by heart: *to strike especially on the buttocks with the open hand. See also thrash and whip*. Such simple words, and yet the emotion they inspired in me was profound.

It was a secret that I'd kept buried close to my heart, one that was never far from my mind. It had been that way for me for nearly twenty years—practically a lifetime. I'd not even fully understood it—hell, sometimes I still didn't—or known what name to call it by until college. I'd been a sophomore at the time, and one night I'd found myself alone in our dorm, since all my roommates had gone to a fraternity party. With three roommates, the opportunity for peace and quiet was hard to find, and I'd taken advantage of it. I'd gotten on the computer—back in the days of dial-up—and typed "spanking" into the search engine, checking the door after every key stroke. I'd held my breath after pressing "enter" and what had come up changed the world as I had previously known it.

Article after article, story after story...each one was written for people like me. *Spankos*, they called themselves. I'd whispered the word to myself, smiling as it left my lips. I found a chat room for like-minded people and ended up chatting with them well into the night, hurriedly logging off when my roommates had come stumbling into the room, drunkenly loud. It had given me a glimpse of a world I'd never imagined—a world full of people I had always secretly belonged to; a secret club that I had been initiated into. After that, I'd found myself addicted and dying to learn more. I snuck onto the computer every time I had a rare, priceless moment alone.

When I'd met Oliver, I'd hoped that he might have the same, secret yearning inside of him. I tried to gauge it by slipping the "s" word into conversation whenever possible, and watching for his reaction. It varied from mildly interested, to not even registering. Still, he was a sweet guy. We liked a lot of the same things, spanking excluded, and he was easy to talk to. We had the kind of relationship of a couple that shared everything...well, almost. I trusted him completely, and when he proposed, I said yes.

The busy life of a wife and, three years later a mother, kept me on the run constantly. I was always cleaning up a spill or running late for an appointment. In the dark hours of the night, when I was too tired to even think about sex, I fell into dreamless slumber. It didn't leave much time for my secret obsession, and it was pushed to the back of my mind for a time, though not forgotten. No, it lived on inside of me, pulsing hotly and waiting for a time in which it might again make itself known.

I'd been dying to tell Oliver for years now, but I was so worried about what he would think of me. Would he laugh at me? Or worse, would he think I was a "freak"? I knew, even after all the people I'd chatted with over the years, that such fetishes often had a stigma attached. Would my husband share the same reservations? I didn't think it was worth the risk.

At least, I hadn't, for some time now. Seeing that gray hair changed something within me, though, like the final piece of the puzzle clicking into place. I'd spent the first half of my life without seeing the deepest of my desires fulfilled. If I didn't take the chance now, I might never. And besides, he was my *husband*, for heaven's sake! He wouldn't make me feel badly for something that was a part of me—I just knew it. I felt a sense of relief when I vowed to come clean with him, come what may. I was resolutely determined as I threw the hair into the sink and washed it down the drain.

Of course, my level of certainty and desire to "out" myself as a spanko waxed and waned throughout the rest of the day. At dinner, I forced myself to smile at my husband and son, neither of whom would meet my eyes or respond to my idle chitchat with more than mumbled replies. By the time Oliver and I headed upstairs for bed, I'd decided once again, that I wouldn't say anything. I was practically biting my lips to shreds in an effort to ensure they did not open of their own volition and betray me.

I fidgeted as I lay beside him, looking at him out of the corner of my eye every few minutes to see if he had somehow sensed the mighty struggle raging inside of me. Oliver, for his part, was so wrapped up in the book he was reading—"The Racketeer", John Grisham's latest—that I might as well have been invisible for all the notice he took.

"Ahem," I cleared my throat loudly. Oliver turned a page, oblivious to my stare. I cleared my throat again, more loudly, and received a brief smile for my efforts before he went back to the book in his hand. I sighed loudly. I kicked the covers off, glancing at him out of the corner of

my eye and waiting for some sort of reaction. What did a girl have to do to get some attention here?

“Are you OK?”

Finally, he'd *noticed!* “Well...” My heart hammered in my chest. “I wanted to, um, talk.”

Oliver set down his book, facedown so he wouldn't lose his page, and turned to me.

“Yes?”

Thump, thump. Thump, thump. I tried several times to make my lips work, but I didn't think I'd be able to hear myself speak over the frantic beating of my heart. Blood rushed to my face, and I found that I couldn't meet his eyes. This was *the* moment—the moment I'd been waiting for. So why was I struck dumb all of a sudden?

I opened my mouth, and the first thing that came out was, “I really wish you'd been there for me today.” I waited, nibbling my lower lip. “With Jonah.”

Oliver nodded slowly. “I know. I don't know what came over me, I'm sorry.”

“*You're* the one who's supposed to deal with stuff like that!” I exclaimed. “You know? That's a father-son conversation. Don't you think it's time you talked to him?”

“I don't know, Alicia. Maybe you're right,” he said thoughtfully.

“I know I am!” I screeched. Fear was making me harp, something I rarely did otherwise, and lending my voice the whine of an indignant, squawking bird.

“OK...” He drew out the word slowly, arching a brow at me. “I will talk to him. Is that all?”

I folded my arms across my chest and shook my head. With a last probing look, Oliver turned away, setting his black, square-rimmed glasses back in place before turning back to his book. “Still think you should have talked to him before now,” I muttered. I felt him stiffen beside me, but I couldn't shake the desire to keep pushing. What was *wrong* with me? I never tried to start fights, but the feelings bubbling inside of me unable to be find release were making me irritable.

“Are you OK, Alicia?”

I wasn't. Of course I wasn't! I was getting ready to tell him my deepest secret, and the fear that he would reject me was unbearable. “I'm fine,” I snapped. “I just wish I didn't have to do *everything* where our son is concerned!”

Oliver set down his book with a sigh. I could see that he was about fed up with me. Yet, I waited, watching him to see what he would do. “I understand you're upset with me for leaving you to deal with Jonah. I shouldn't have, and I'm sorry. I was embarrassed.”

“I was embarrassed too,” I huffed.

“I know, babe. And I really *am* sorry, but it's over and done with, Alicia. I told you, I will talk to Jonah. But I have to be the one to decide when it's right, OK?”

I muttered something that may have been assent, or may have been a mutinous grumble, but my husband, easy-going as always, chose to think the former. With each passing moment I grew increasingly anxious. I couldn't just sit here! I had to *say* something. But I could feel my resolve deserting me with each second that ticked by, draining out bit by bit.

Steeling myself, I vowed to get his attention another way. I leaned over and kissed his forehead. I could see his lips tilt upward in a smile, but he must have thought that was it, because he kept his eyes focused on the page he was reading. I moved down and nibbled his earlobe.

When I still got no reaction, I leaned down and bit his shoulder bone, ever so gently. It was my go-to move to get his attention, and finally, Oliver set down his book and turned toward me.

I flushed at the lust in his warm brown eyes. I wasn't a huge fan of glasses, but Oliver's black rims seemed to frame his eyes just perfectly, making them stand out. He kept his short black hair trimmed neatly, and had strong, prominent features. A high forehead, a long nose that ended at the bow of his mouth. He had such full, tempting lips...when I'd been in college, staring at them had made me lose track of time.

The most attractive thing about Oliver was his voice. His voice was always soft, his words having the tilt of a southern accent, though he vehemently denied its existence. There was something that underlined his words—a quiet authority, it seemed to me, that perhaps encouraged me to think he would be the kind of man who liked to spank a girl.

I started unbuttoning his aqua plaid shirt, feeling the warmth of his eyes on me. Once open, it exposed his wide, large shoulders, a chest full of black, curly hair, and a stomach that was almost completely flat. He joked occasionally about needing to hit the gym, but I thought he looked great. He could pass for a man much younger than his forty-two years.

“What's gotten in to you?” he asked, clearly pleased.

All I could do was smile wanly. Our sex life had been less than stellar over the last few years, though I couldn't quite put my finger on the why of it. I still found him attractive, and I knew he felt the same. Now that Jonah was older, we had more time for each other—despite the incident earlier in the day. There was just something missing between us... although I suspected I knew exactly what that “something” was. Still, I didn't have any room to complain—Oliver was a good husband, who worked hard to provide, and was a terrific father to our son. I knew I should just be grateful for what I had.

He leaned in to kiss my neck, but I pulled away. He responded by sliding the strap of my top down my arm, leaving my shoulder bare. Normally, I loved the feel of his warm mouth tracing kisses along my body, but tonight I couldn't relax. I pulled away from his embrace and turned my back on him. Nonplused, he began scratching my back. Normally, it was my favorite thing and could soothe any mood, but tonight it just irritated.

“I'm not a dog, you don't need to scratch me like one,” I snapped.

That got his attention. “What's the matter, honey? Seems like nothing is making you happy tonight. What can I do?”

I turned back around to face him, unsure of how I'd answer. “Have you ever thought about spanking me?” The words just popped out. As soon as they'd escaped my mouth, I felt myself freeze. I looked at Oliver—did my panic show on my face?

He spread his full lips in a wide smile, his eyes lighting up as he did. “Spanking you? For foreplay?” I wasn't sure how to respond, so I just smiled tentatively. I felt the butterflies in my stomach take flight when he patted his knee. “Well, come on over here.”

I suddenly felt incredibly shy and couldn't make myself meet his eyes. Still, I slid toward him, inch by inch, hardly daring to hope that this was real or would fulfill my pent-up fantasies. When I felt my knee brush against his, I looked up, seeing Oliver grin at me before gently taking my hands in his. With a tug, he pulled me over his lap and my heart began dancing crazily in my chest.

He put a hand on my ass and began moving it in circles. I was wearing powder blue silk sleep pants to bed, and the sensation of his fingers through the rich fabric made me arch my back, encouraging more of his caress. I turned my head at the sound of his chuckle, wondering if it had begun, just as I feared. “Honey, you’re spread out like a cat in heat,” he said, wonderingly. “How long have you been wanting me to do this?”

I blushed hotly at the question, unsure of how to answer, or if I even wanted to. Maybe all those fears had been right—maybe he really was just going to laugh at me. The thought stung so much that I felt tears come to my eyes. Before I could work up the courage to reply, I felt it: his hand came down, once, twice, on my bottom. He paused, waiting for me to react, but I couldn’t say a word. I closed my eyes against the tears, feeling the warm tingling in my cheeks.

It was only a few more seconds before he smacked me again, and again. His hand landed a little harder the next time, and a moan escaped my lips. Oliver immediately pulled me upright, into his strong arms.

“Did I hurt you?” he asked, his voice full of concern.

My insides had been boiling, turning to jelly with each firm spank, and I couldn’t find the words to answer him. Instead, I leaned forward and kissed him hard on the mouth. He returned my kiss, and when we pulled apart, we were breathless, like a couple of horny teenagers.

“More?” he asked. The word was warm and husky with desire that mirrored my own. I nodded, and was upended over his lap as though he’d done this many times before. When the slaps started again, they were slower, almost like he was teasing me, but they packed more of a wallop.

Each one had me squirming over his lap, and though I tried to keep my lips closed, my pleasure was audible. When I felt him stop and shift his weight, I turned wide, lust-filled eyes to him. “Don’t stop,” I pleaded in a small, little-girl voice I almost didn’t recognize as my own.

“OK, then. Let’s get this thing out of the way.” Oliver slid my pants down, giving him access to my panty-clad behind. I flushed deeper when I remembered that I was wearing white granny panties. As much as I’d hoped and prayed throughout the day for this moment to come, I’d never really expected it to happen!

He began again, still taking his time, delivering slow, hard spanks to my behind. I was practically purring over his lap. To my surprise, I felt his hand on the waistband of my panties only seconds before he slid them down. I shivered as the cool air kissed my newly bared bottom, feeling as if I were dreaming. This time, the smacks he put on my cheeks were fast and stingy. It did unimaginable things to my body. With each impact, I felt a smarting sensation, but somehow, knowing he did this out of love or desire, or both, made it feel incredibly sexy.

I was starting to feel a bit sore when Oliver flipped me over on to my back. Without a word, he set me on the bed and leaned over me. I inhaled deeply, taking in his sandalwood cologne and the hunger in his dark eyes. For a moment, it felt like my heart stopped. God, how I wanted him!

He pounced on me, nibbling my lip, kissing it, so amorous in his need that he was rougher than usual. I responded eagerly, feeling his urgency in every possessive touch of his fingers. I tilted my head back so that he could kiss my neck. He attacked the delicate flesh immediately, with such passionate kisses that I wondered if I might get my first hickey in almost

fifteen years. As he was pressing his lips to every inch of skin there, I was pulling his shirt off. As soon as he was free of it, my hands went for the zipper on his pants.

“When are you going to stop wearing jeans to bed?” I asked, my voice breathy as I giggled.

“As soon as you remember to take them off me, like this,” he replied before biting down on my neck and making me gasp.

As soon as I slid his jeans off, pulling the boxers down along with them, his cock sprang forward, long and hard. Just the sight of it made me melt. I reached out a finger to stroke his hardened manhood, and the minute I touched the swollen head, the feel of his silky skin made my panties dampen with desire.

“God, Alicia,” he groaned, sounding almost fierce. Before I could take him in my hand, he reached over and pushed me down on the bed.

I felt my heart leap into my throat. I’d never seen him like this; my husband was always so steady and mild-mannered, and while I loved him for it, seeing this man that was practically wild for me was thrilling beyond words. We came together as though we were the cats in heat my husband had teasingly accused me of being. I clawed my fingernails down his back and saw him grit his teeth as he groaned.

He pounded into me, hard, each thrust desperate to find release. I could hardly catch my breath as I lay underneath him; desire had turned my insides to mush, and with each thrust I felt myself flying higher, and higher, exhilarated at the pleasure and terrified of following all at once.

“I can’t take any more,” I gasped. “Please, Oliver.”

Normally the perfect gentleman, my husband would have stilled and rolled over at once. The man who had replaced him, who had delivered more pleasure to me in one night than I’d ever had before, shook his head. “Come with me.”

“Oh, please,” I groaned again. “Please.” Even I didn’t know what I was begging him for—I could hardly speak with the heat in my body that was willing to tear me apart to find release. Maybe he knew I was saying, *Stop, you have to stop before I come apart*. Maybe he knew, but he didn’t heed my pleas.

The thrusts came closer together, even harder than before, and I rode each wave out, clutching his sweaty arm. I closed my eyes and saw colors dance before them. This must be what it feels like—my body was racked with orgasms. This must be what it feels like to die from pleasure.

* * * * *

My head swam and everything around me felt strangely fuzzy. Where was I? The fog in my mind seemed to lift for a moment, and I felt myself over Oliver’s lap, my robe flipped up, my bottom bared with my panties around my thighs. This had happened before...hadn’t it?

“I told you I would talk to Jonah,” Oliver was saying, his voice unusually stern.

“I know, but—”

Smack. Whatever I might have said was cut off by a resounding smack to my bottom. “What are you doing?” I squealed.

“Giving you a spanking,” he replied mildly. “I thought you liked it.”

I detected the wry edge to his voice, and I kicked my legs, fuming. “Not like this, and you know it!” I hollered at him. I felt Oliver shifting his weight, and before I could pull free, he’d trapped my legs under one of his, making it almost impossible to move.

“I’d watch that tone of yours, dear.” With that, he proceeded to pepper my bottom with fast, hard spansks. The burn of each one just increased my anger.

“What is wrong with you?” I spat out at him.

“Nothing is wrong with me, Alicia. I am trying to teach you a lesson. You don’t need to nag me, honey. When I say I will do something, I will do it. And I said I was going to give you a spanking, so you better settle in. You won’t be leaving for a while.”

The slaps continued to rain down, one after the other, until my bottom warmed beneath his palm. I could feel how much it hurt, so I could only imagine how red it looked. When the tears came, spilling hotly onto my cheeks, I felt my anger melt away. I *had* nagged him about talking to Jonah, and I had been surly with him.

I didn’t even realize he’d stopped until I felt his hand resting on my sore fanny. I’d been crying too hard to take notice of anything other than how miserable I felt. When Oliver helped me off his lap, I saw the familiar love and concern in his eyes. He brushed the tears from my face with calloused fingers, and tilted my chin up when I tried to turn away.

“Do you feel better now?” he asked softly.

How did he know? I wondered, staring. When he cleared his throat pointedly, I nodded. “Yes, sir.”

He seemed pleased by the words, though they came as a shock to me. I’d never called a man “sir” in my life! “Let’s not have to have this conversation again, OK, baby?”

I opened my mouth, about to “yes, sir” him again when I was cut off by the piercing sound of the alarm. I looked to my bedside in confusion, reaching over to shut it off. It didn’t work, and the shrill alarm seemed to get even louder, until it was almost deafening.