

Double Fault

By

Lynn Forest

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Table of Contents:

Chapter 1	5
CHAPTER 2	14
CHAPTER 3	23
CHAPTER 4	30
CHAPTER 5	37
CHAPTER 6	44
CHAPTER 7	52
CHAPTER 8	63
Lynn Forest	73
EBook Offer	74
Blushing Books Newsletter	75
Blushing Books	76

Chapter 1

There were several homes with swimming pools in and near Benchstone Drive, where Toni and Eddie Simmons lived in the upscale section of the Chicago suburb of Evanston. And when those poolside parties were held where the finest of wines and exquisite hors d'oeuvres abounded, there were two female neighborhood residents who stood out from the other women in attendance.

Toni Simmons was one of those women. The red-haired beauty was meant for wearing a swimsuit upon her fair and freckled flesh. And her curvaceous figure included a set of buttocks that seemed to sway and bounce all the better in a bikini bottom.

That same set of buttocks seemed destined from the outset to play a major role in the marriage of Toni and Edward Simmons. While the couple were both outgoing and friendly, and both very attractive, Edward was as disciplined and focused as Toni was undisciplined and impulsive.

So not only did the exquisite set of buttocks on Toni enhance her attractiveness to Edward, it also became a focal point of how Edward was able to maintain some semblance of order in their household. For Edward was a man of significant, but not infinite, patience. And as much as he had loved Toni from the evening of their first date in college, he was also a realist, so certain agreements were made before the marriage.

Inside the Simmons home on this day, one of those agreements was coming into play, an agreement that involved the aforementioned set of notable buttocks.

Toni took a deep breath and bit her lip as she closed a dresser drawer and sat down on the bed. "Please, Eddie, ... no. I'm thirty-two years old." Her mind reeled in the emotions, fear and self-recrimination.

Edward Simmons leaned against the doorjamb of their large and elegant bedroom. After ten years of marriage, he was no less taken by the stunning woman he had married immediately after their college graduation. Toni sat on the bed nervously folding and unfolding her hands, and in spite of the tension of the moment, she was a beautiful vision in the short blue flowered sundress.

Edward closed his eyes and rubbed his temples. “You can’t give alcohol to a minor. I don’t care if she is your niece. I love for her to come and spend the occasional weekend with us, but not if this is going to happen.”

Toni’s expression turned flirtatious. She crossed her legs and hiked the already short dress up a few more inches. “Eddie, I don’t think I need to be spanked. I’m sorry... I think you should just let me make Mr. Pokey happy.”

He took another step closer. “Mr. Pokey would be very happy to come out and play, but you, my dear, are in need of a good paddling.”

“Come on, Eddie. After all, she is almost twenty. I didn’t think you would notice it was missing from the cupboard anyway.”

Edward crossed his arms and stepped closer to his wife. “Antoinette Simmons, I checked that very cupboard for a very legitimate reason. And you know what that reason is, don’t you?”

Toni looked away. “Yes, I know, because I did the same thing the last time she was here, too.”

Edward placed his hands on his hips and looked around at the elegant bedroom in the elegant house, then through the large bay window at the tennis court and swimming pool. It had all been paid for by the contracts and royalties from the music and songs he had written for countless major entertainers.

He had never objected to Toni’s desire to devote her time to volunteering for different charitable efforts. She was very civic minded and generous, and he loved her very much. She had simply never completely grown up. He had told her once after several years of marriage, that at times she seemed to think she was still living back in her prestigious college sorority house.

Edward took a couple more steps toward his wife. “I’m sorry, Toni, I know it’s been at least a year since the last time, but this was just too...”

Toni took another deep breath, and tears begin to form in her eyes. “When I agreed to this all those years ago, I guess I just thought it was a fun, kind of sexy thing for us to do. But Eddie... I can’t hardly take a spanking. I just don’t handle it that well.”

Edward sat down on the bed to her left, and then firmly took hold of her upper left arm. “You don’t have to handle it well. There’s no one else here, so you can yell and cry and kick as much as you want. But we both know it’s the only thing that really seems to work when you pull one of these grand stunts.”

Toni squeezed her eyes shut and clenched her teeth as drops began to trickle down her cheeks. She kicked off her shoes, took a deep breath, and did not resist as her husband scooted several inches back on the bed and guided her across his knees. She held her breath as she felt the little sundress being shoved up on her back before the fingers of both his hands reached inside the waistband of her blue satin panties and lowered them down to her knees.

She knew well what was awaiting her, and knew from experience that it was to her advantage to simply stay in place and absorb the punishment. And when a loud *CRACK* echoed in the large bedroom, she made the same pledge to herself that she had made several times over the years, to never again put herself in a situation that would result in another spanking.

Once again, her husband's hand landed a shock of pain on the lower part of her backside. As had always been the case since the first time it happened, when she was twenty-three years old and a relative newlywed, Edward whacked her with as much force as his well-conditioned physique could muster. And the method was always the same: a hard whack, followed by a break of several seconds for her to fully appreciate his work, then another... and another until he was done.

Toni still could not believe how hard she always got spanked, although this was the eighth time it had happened in their marriage. When Edward had proposed that such discipline be part of their marriage, even before they were formally engaged, Toni had nonchalantly agreed, thinking back to the moderate corrections she had received as a child.

She had also found the concept to be somewhat arousing, but when she actually experienced it for the first time, she found out to her chagrin that she and her husband had two entirely different concepts of the nature of a spanking. She had never found it to be arousing or sexy. She only found it to be extremely painful and humiliating, and, she admitted to herself, an effective deterrent to her occasional acts of marital misfeasance. But not always. This day was one of those times.

Toni had been verbalizing the intense pain she was experiencing since the third whack of his hand, and after the eighth one landed, she broke into sobs. But another landed even harder, and she squealed from the sting. Her bottom was on fire when her husband gave her the tenth reason to think better of her actions.

“How could you have thought it was okay to give your niece that vodka?” *CRACK!*

“Eeeooowww! Ooohhh... I didn't think it would really do any harm.”

“But you know the law.” *CRACK... CRACK.*

“Ouch! Eddie, please... she’s old enough to serve in the military.”

“The one thing is not related to the other.” *CRACK... CRACK... CRACK!*

“Oooohoo hoo, Eddie, that hurts!”

“It needs to hurt. Do you know what kind of legal liability doing that opens us up to?” he asked, as he continued the spanking. “Eddieeeee... I promise I won’t do it again.”

“I think I have heard that before.” *CRACK... CRACK.*

Edward hesitated for a moment, resting his right hand on Toni’s thighs. “I just want you to think before you act. Okay?”

Another sharp crack echoed in the room, quickly followed by two more. Edward pulled up his sobbing wife’s panties and helped her to stand on her wobbly legs. He smoothed the reddish hair away from her wet face and leaned down and kissed her forehead as she rested her head against his chest.

He held her tightly until she had quieted some, his hands firm on her shoulders, and stepped back so he could look her in the face. “No more of this... please, Toni.” She took a deep breath in an attempt to calm herself, and then nodded slowly.

Edward sighed deeply as he maintained a firm grip on her shoulders. “I have to be gone for several hours for that meeting downtown. Did you remember?”

Toni nodded slowly while she rubbed her bottom. “Oh, yes... I had forgotten. Be careful. I know you hate that Chicago traffic.”

Edward stroked her hair, then leaned down so they could kiss. He ran his hand over her left cheek and intercepted the tears still streaming down her face. He leaned down and kissed that cheek before finally walking out of the bedroom.

As Toni watched him walk out of the room, she could not help but appreciate just how sexy and charming was the man with the sandy-colored hair and piercing blue eyes, to say nothing of a hard hand.

Toni walked to the window and watched as Edward walked from the house to his BMW roadster parked next to the tennis court. She gritted her teeth and rubbed her bottom as she watched him back the car away from the tall fence that surrounded the green court, and drive slowly down the curving, tree-lined driveway.

Still wincing from the pain, she paced the floor and rubbed her bottom for a few more minutes until she was satisfied that she was past the point of her voice revealing that she was in a state of physical distress. She walked downstairs to where she had left her purse on a coffee table in the plush living room, pulled out her cell phone, and punched in several numbers. “It’s me, I have to cancel. No, he went to his meeting, that’s not the problem.”

She closed her eyes and lowered her head and rubbed her bottom with her free hand. “No, sweetie, I could use some of you too, right now.” She managed to laugh. “In fact, I could use a lot of you right now. I just... I just keep having this sensation of being dizzy today. I even feel a little unsteady on my feet.”

She listened again for a moment. “Yeah, I’ll make it up to you. I promise.” She listened again to the voice on the other end of the conversation. “And I love you, too.”

As was her habit over the past several months when she finished a call to or from her lover, she would turn the phone off and look around as if someone were watching her. She understood why: she still loved Edward, and felt tremendous guilt over her affair.

But Marcus had captured her attention the past November at the tennis club, when Toni was forced to play tennis indoors by the typically harsh Chicago winter. The up-and-coming attorney had seen Toni practicing her serve by herself when he asked if she would like to play.

After introducing themselves, they engaged in some lighthearted but spirited tennis, and Toni could not help but notice the muscular and athletic body of her new friend. And after they were finished and engaged in casual chat afterward, Toni could see by watching his eyes that her husband was not the only man who greatly appreciated her appearance when wearing her short, pleated white tennis outfit.

The conversation did not go very far, let alone to the point of arranging for a tryst. But as they shook hands and said goodbye, Toni had made a mental note of her arrival time at the club that day.

She went to the club at the same time the next day, but there was no Marcus Beauchamp to be found. But on the following day, they encountered each other once more. They played once again, and the chat afterward led them to become a little more familiar with each other. That was when Toni learned that Marcus made it a point to interrupt his work schedule three days a week

for the exercise he felt was so vital to his well-being. He would then return to his upscale office suite in Evanston for the rest of his work day, one that often extended into the evening.

It was the third occasion of Toni meeting Marcus accidentally, on purpose, when he asked if she would care to go out to dinner with him sometime. That was when Toni revealed to him that she was married, but not that she had been unable to get him out of her mind since they first met.

The next time they saw each other, each could tell that the other was somewhat tense and apprehensive, but as they chatted after their practice and Marcus casually bounced the ball up and down for the benefit of bystanders who may know one of them, he asked if she would like to see him in spite of her marital status. Toni did not answer at first, and Marcus simply slipped her his business card and told her to call him at any time if she decided to go forward.

Toni spent several days arguing with herself, while trying to maintain an atmosphere of normality around Edward. When they made love, her husband was pleased with her elevated level of passion and response, not knowing that as he brought Toni to climax, she was closing her eyes and pretending to be with someone else.

The next day, sitting in her car outside a shopping mall, she made the call. It would be simple enough for them to arrange: the attorney was frequently out of the office attending meetings, often giving his secretary instructions to text him rather than call.

As for Toni, Edward never questioned her about her whereabouts, knowing that her interests were varied and admirable. In addition, his work often took him outside the house, or caused him to seclude himself for hours at a time when finalizing a new song or music score.

Marcus had no spouse to be concerned with, so he and the breathless Toni made a date to meet at his condominium in an exclusive, gated community in Evanston. He had given Toni the numerical sequence to enter on the security gate, and when she arrived, her fingers shook so badly it took three tries to get the gate to open.

It was a Saturday morning, and Edward was once again in the city negotiating a contract with the agent of one of the rising stars in popular music. He was then going to meet some friends for a game of poker that would last all afternoon, so Toni would have no concerns regarding time.

She drove slowly until she came to a rather large duplex, half of which served as a home for Marcus. As he had suggested, she drove around to the parking spot in the back. She turned off the engine, and began to scold herself for her intentions, and just when she had decided to restart

the car and drive away from her mistake, the back door to the condo opened, and Marcus stood in the door barefoot, wearing khaki shorts and a Chicago Cubs tee-shirt.

Her breathing shallow and rapid, her pulse racing and her stomach suddenly feeling as if she may vomit, Toni slowly reached for the door handle and pulled it toward her. Slowly, almost painfully, she pushed the door open and emerged from her Cadillac. She stood beside the car for a moment gazing at the man who awaited her, while he drank in the vision of the beauty in the white shorts and sandals, beneath a silky dark blue blouse.

He opened the door wider as an unspoken act of encouragement, and Toni began to walk toward him, but almost as if she were in slow motion. As she entered the open door and walked past him into his home, Marcus looked around one final time to see if anyone was observing them. He then turned and closed the door, and reached out for her.

She moved slowly toward him, and then allowed him to embrace her. Suddenly the embrace was mutual, and they began to kiss intently before Marcus took her by the hand and led her to the kitchen, where there was an island complete with bar stools, and a selection of wine and other spirits awaiting.

“Toni... would you like a drink?”

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath and pointed to one of the decanters. “I think I need a strong one.”

Marcus poured her a glass of sherry, then poured himself one as well and sat down on the stool next to hers. “Nervous?”

Toni took a sip of the sherry. “Terrified.”

He set his glass down and began to reassuringly fondle her shoulder. “No pressure. This doesn’t have to go anywhere. If you want to leave right now, I would understand. It’s easy for me... I’m single. So, I understand if...”

Toni took another small sip. “I don’t want to leave... there... I said it. But I am scared. I’ve never done anything like this. And I love my husband. It’s just that...”

“Just what?”

Toni reached forward with a shaky hand and placed it on his knee. “I know this is wrong. But ever since I first saw you, I...” She withdrew her hand and looked down.

“So what do you want to do now, Toni?”

She stepped down from the barstool and with her own trembling hand she reached for his. “I want to do what I came here to do.”

Marcus looked at her with his deep brown eyes beneath his curly brown hair that offset his tanned face. He stood up, then scooped her up into his arms and carried her out of the kitchen and into the hallway. He kissed her as they made their way down the hall, before he stopped outside a room where the door was slightly ajar, and shoved it open with his foot.

As she was being carried toward a large bed with the covers already turned back, Toni looked at the high ceilings and the glass block walls adorned by abstract paintings that separated the bed from the rest of the room, including the Jacuzzi tub that was already filled with water from which steam was visibly rising.

Toni felt herself being lowered onto the bed, and as Marcus lay down next to her, all thoughts of turning back were gone. After kissing and stroking for a minute, they began to undress each other, and as more and more of Toni’s light and freckled flesh was uncovered, Marcus felt his desire building.

As Toni felt his hands stroking her bottom and thighs, and his lips descended to suckle her breasts, she found herself in the thralls of feelings she had not known since she and Edward were newly married. She lost track of herself, of time itself, in their frantic petting and stroking. Before she even realized what was happening, Marcus had rolled her on top of him, and upon inserting him, she began to passionately rock back and forth, slowly then briskly until she cried out in her climax.

After she had a minute to fully experience the pulsating spasms encouraged by his hands kneading her bottom, he gently rolled her onto her back and resumed their lovemaking. It was not something that Toni was used to, and as his longevity became evident, her passion began to build in anticipation. Finally, after several more minutes of thrusting such as Toni had never experienced with her husband, she cried out again in her ecstasy, while he also found his climax.

Once again, Marcus moved onto his side and brought her on top of him again. That was how they stayed for a while, laughing, caressing, and expressing mutual appreciation for what they had just experienced.

Marcus then got up from the bed, took Toni by the hand and led her to the swirling tub. They sat down and embraced, and continued to kiss and stroke while the soothing water rushed around and between them.

The warm water and the aftereffects of their lovemaking had made them both slightly drowsy, but after a while as they began to kiss and caress once more, Marcus arched his eyebrows and nodded his head toward the bed. "I could use some more."

Toni laughed and put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "And you can have some."

Toni felt another rush of anticipation as she watched Marcus step out of the tub and extend his hand to help her out. He picked up a towel from a nearby table and began to dry the creamy and freckled flesh of his new lover, who then took hold of the same towel and began to pat him dry.

Once again, Toni felt herself being scooped up in Marcus's arms and carried to the bed for another session.

While driving home from Marcus's condominium, Toni would not allow herself to think about what had happened. It was not until she had driven home safely, made her way to their bedroom and stripped off her clothes and headed for the shower that she allowed herself to accept the reality of what she had done. As a shower washed away tears of remorse, Toni had to accept an unpleasant reality about herself: she was going to do it again.

She would go back to the same condominium, to meet the same man. They would romp around in the same bed, and enjoy the same swirling warm tub. She would take no chances of going out with him in public. She at least owed that to her husband.

And that husband began to think not only was everything well, it was getting better. There was no mistake that Toni had become more ardent in their lovemaking, more animated in her motions, subtle and otherwise. He did not know her imagination and yearning was being heightened by her thoughts of someone else.