

INITIATING AMY  
HOTEL DOMINION BOOK THREE



MICHELLE PETERS

BLUSHING BOOKS

©2018 by Blushing Books® and Michelle Peters  
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.

Michelle Peters  
Initiating Amy

EBook ISBN: 978-1-61258-768-4  
Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

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.

## CHAPTER 1



The door to the executive offices of the Broadstone Hotel clicked shut. Normally, sitting at her desk, Amy wouldn't hear the door close. But after hours, late at night and with the offices empty, she could hear a pin drip. She startled at the sound. There was no one else in the offices besides her. All the lights were out save hers. She stayed after hours to catch up on the endless pile of paperwork that was threatening to take over her desk. Even more concerning to Amy was the door to the executive offices was supposed to be locked at this time of night. She tried to remember who was the last to leave, and whether or not she checked to see if the offices were locked before she settled into her late-night work. She could remember neither.

Amy sat motionless at her desk. She reached up and clicked off her desk lamp, the only light in the office. She began to wonder if she was hearing things? She craned her neck, listening for more sounds in the dark. Maybe she was hearing things. Working late always spooked her. The offices always seemed so secluded after hours, up on the third floor, away from the bustle of the constantly busy hotel lobby.

Nothing. No more noise. Amy breathed a little easier. Silly. The

door was locked. It was always locked at night. Must be the air conditioning.

She reached up to switch on her desk lamp once again. As her fingers touched the switch she heard a bang, then a scraping noise as if something was being dragged across the floor. It sounded like someone was moving furniture around in the other room.

Amy squeaked, looking quickly around her desk in panic and fright. She reached for her stapler and held it close to her chest. She slid down low, pushing her chair back, sliding under her desk, stapler clutched close for protection.

“Shh, quiet.” It was a man’s voice, coming from the outer office. She was right, there was someone there.

A woman laughed, abruptly cut off by the man’s voice again. “I said, quiet.” His tone wasn’t angry, but it was commanding. The woman stopped laughing immediately.

Amy heard the sound of moving furniture again as she remained hidden under her desk.

“What are you doing?” asked the man.

More scraping sounds were heard as the woman spoke. “Moving this around a bit. Don’t you think it looks better over here?”

“You’ve had too much champagne.”

The woman giggled. The scraping sound stopped. “You can never have too much champagne.” She giggled again.

“Just be quiet and come here.” The man’s voice was very loud now, and close. Amy cowered deeper into the recess of her desk. He was in the executive offices now, her office.

“In here?” The woman’s voice was loud now, too. She joined the man in the executive offices area.

“Didn’t you say you always wanted to have sex in the office?” he asked.

“Yes,”—she giggled—“my office. This isn’t my office.”

“Well, it’s an office. Close enough.”

The sound of a muffled slap resonated throughout the office.

Amy jumped at the sound, banging her head on the underside of the desk. She held her breath, hoping they didn't hear it. They did.

"What was that?" the woman said. "Did you hear that?"

"Probably just the air conditioning."

The sound of a slap rang out again. Amy was better prepared for it this time, remaining calm, but still not breathing.

"Yes, Daddy, yes." The woman wasn't giggling any more. Her voice became sultry, sexy, or at least what Amy thought sexy and sultry should sound like in a woman.

"Yes," she said, "yes."

"Yes what, baby? What do you want?"

"I want you to spank me. Spank me hard, Daddy."

Amy was breathing rapidly now. Was this really happening? Things like this didn't happen in the executive offices of a hotel. Amy pulled her legs up into her chest, holding them tight. She put the stapler down on the floor by her feet, leaning her head against the wood backing of her desk, trying to hear what was going on. She heard another muffled slap.

"There?" asked the man.

"No," replied the woman. Amy heard the sound of a zipper and the rustle of clothing being removed. "There."

Another slap, and a yelp from the woman.

The sound was of a slap on naked flesh, firmer, heavier. Amy wasn't expecting to hear the sound so close to her, so loud, so stimulating. She squirmed under the desk, squeezing her legs together. Her skirt rode up, her panties bunching between her legs. She squeezed her thighs tighter, feeling a warmth growing between her legs. Was this how Alison felt when she came across Warrington and Miranda in the car park? She understood now, understood what Alison was feeling at that moment, and why she couldn't look away, why she had to get closer, why she had to see.

Under the desk, Amy couldn't see a thing. She heard it, flesh on flesh, felt it in her core, but she needed to see. She needed to get closer. She thought about coming out from beneath the desk to get

a better look, but that was too risky. Her desk chair was in the way, and she would have to move it to get out. That wouldn't work, too much noise. Besides, she didn't even know where they were in the office. She could easily emerge only to be seen herself. And then what? No, best to stay under the desk.

Amy spotted the plastic cap that was fitted into the back of her desk, the one used to fill in the holes that allowed computer cords to run through. Could she do it? Could she poke the cap out, creating a peep hole for her to look through?

Amy reached a tentative finger up to push against the little plastic cap. It was wedged in pretty solidly. She pushed a little harder. It moved slightly, but still remained in place. Amy drew a nervous finger to her lips. They were right there, she knew it, she could hear them. If she could just poke the cap out she could see them, they would be there. But what if they saw the cap fall, then she would be caught. What then?

Amy was surprised to see how excited she was becoming. She wasn't sure if it was the risk of being caught, or was she just excited by the thought of seeing the couple that she so far only heard? Her rapidly beating heart told her it was both.

"Do it," Amy whispered to herself. "Do it." Realizing she was speaking out loud, albeit softly, she bit her lower lip.

She gave the cap one more forceful push. It popped out. Amy held her breath, afraid the sound of the falling cap would betray her, but it fell silently to the carpet below. She was safe, still unseen and unheard under her desk.

Slowly, cautiously, excitedly Amy shifted onto her knees, careful not to make any noise. She maneuvered so that she was now peering through the hole in the desk. She blinked rapidly, not believing what she was seeing. The woman was naked from the waist down, wearing only a pink, fuzzy sweater, and clogs. Clogs? Who wore clogs these days?

She lay prone over the man's lap, her ass positioned high in the air. Her face was hidden, long brunette hair falling over her shoul-

ders and face as she rested her weight on the arm of the chair. Her ass was a light shade of pink where she had been spanked. The pink of her ass matched the pink of her sweater. Her ass was eye level with Amy.

Amy couldn't see the man's face, the view from her peep hole limiting her range of vision. What she did see of him was his legs and body, his head and face just out of view. He had pulled out an office chair and was sitting in it with the woman draped across his lap. He wore a brown suit and very expensive brown brogues with red laces. As best as Amy could make out from her hiding place, and in the dark, he was slim and tall. He had taken off his jacket and draped it over the top of the desk beside him.

Amy had never seen a woman's ass from this angle before, naked and so close, nor was she sure she wanted to ever again. She shifted back into a seated position, pulling her legs back up to her chest. She began to tremble, and she wondered why. She wasn't cold. Surely, she wasn't afraid. She was excited.

Amy heard the sound of another slap, harder this time. She jumped.

"Ow, that hurt, ow," the woman cried out.

Another slap.

"Ow," a whimper.

"Quiet," commanded the man.

"But—"

"I said quiet." The man's voice was low and stern, but not menacing. That voice was doing something to Amy that she was not able to identify just yet, but it was doing something.

Suddenly the sound of rapid slaps in succession echoed through the office, three at a time, four more times, twelve slaps in total. Then silence, then one more slap, hard and loud. At first, when the spanking began, nothing was heard from the woman. But as it continued, after the first round of three, the whimpering began, rising in volume with each successive slap.

Amy scampered back onto her knees, looking through the peep

hole. She saw the woman squirming on the man's lap. Her ass cheeks were no longer pink, they were red and ablaze. The man was rubbing her ass cheeks with his open hand, first the left, then the right, seemingly to sooth them, to take away the sting. The woman moved her ass back and forth, both resisting and craving the man's touch.

Amy couldn't take her eyes off the sight of the woman's red ass, or maybe it was the man's hand that kept her transfixed. His hand was strong, with long slim fingers and perfectly manicured finger nails.

So that's what it looks like, to be taken that way, to have a man hold you down and take control. Amy had fantasized about it before, but it didn't look like this. This was far rawer, far more real than Amy ever imagined it to be. Far more exciting. Amy reached a hand down between her legs to confirm what she already knew. She was aroused. The dampness of her panties confirmed her suspicions. She wanted to reach around and give herself a little spank—yes it was lame, but she wanted it just the same—maybe to put herself into the situation or maybe just to feel a hand on her ass, even if it was her own. She seriously thought about it, but stopped. The couple might hear her and then what? Would the man come around, pull her out from under the desk and give her a good spanking to punish her for spying on them? Amy found the idea delicious, so much so she grew even wetter with the thought. Maybe she should do it, risk being caught, punished. The practical side of her—damn her practical side—stopped her. Discovery could be dangerous, best she enjoyed being a voyeur. It was safe, and ever so hot.

“Do you want more?”

Amy watched as his words made the woman squirm.

“Yes, sir, I do.”

“Ask for it then.”

“Please, sir, I want some more. Spank me. Spank me hard.”

The man spanked each cheek hard, once.



“Ow, yes,” squealed the woman, louder than before. “Harder please, spank me harder.”

The man complied, raising his hand back farther than before, three stinging blows descending on each of the woman’s cheeks. He hit her so hard Amy began to see his fingers on her, white outlines on her red ass. With each blow, the woman was rocked forward by the force, yet each time she brought her ass back to receive the next one.

After the sixth slap, the man stopped, pausing before caressing the girl’s ass. She moved her hips up and down, pushing back on his palm as if pushing the pain of each slap deeper into her.

“Do you want me, my pet?” asked the man.

The woman didn’t hesitate in answering. “I want you, Daddy. Can I have you now, please?”

“Go ahead then.”

Amy was rapt with attention as the woman slid her ass backwards towards her. The man’s hand remained on her ass as long as it could until it was out of reach. The woman continued to slide backwards until she was on her knees beside the chair, her back to Amy. All Amy could see now was the woman’s back, her pink sweater and her red ass as she knelt before the man. She heard the jingling of a belt buckle. The man raised his hips on the chair as the woman slid his pants and underwear down, leaving them to gather at his feet, hiding his brown shoes.

The woman raised herself up, swung a leg over the chair, straddling him. In the instant before she lowered herself down onto him, Amy saw his penis, erect and hard. Amy flushed, momentarily embarrassed and excited at the same right. Instinctively, her hand went to her moist pussy. Realizing she was not the one straddling the man, she drew her hand away, more embarrassed, more aroused than before.

As the woman guided him into herself, she released a long, low, satisfied sigh. She slowly slid herself down, his penis disappearing into her. After sitting on his lap moment, she began to slowly ride

up and down his shaft, breathing, sighing her delight, picking up speed with each thrust. He reached around, grabbing her by both of her ass cheeks, helping guide her motion.

Amy thought she should look away, to give them some privacy, but she could not. Her mind told her she should while her body told her otherwise. As much as she tried, Amy could not look away. She couldn't look away when she noticed how much the man's penis glistened in the dim light, wet with the woman's juices. She couldn't look away as the woman's body rose and fell faster, harder, her head tossing back and forth, her long brunette hair engulfing the two of them. She couldn't look away as he took his hands off her ass to push down on the top of her thighs, his back arching off of the chair, holding her hard against his body as his hips shuddered and shook. His exhale, the only sound he made as he came deep inside her, her body shuddering the very same moment. The two coming together.

With the two complete, the spell was broken. Amy was finally able to look away. She slumped down and fell to the side, banging her knee against the side of the desk. She stopped breathing for a second.

Amid the rustling of clothing, she heard the woman whisper, "What was that?"

Amy gulped, listening to the silence, the same silence the other two were listening to.

After several breathless seconds, he said, "Nah, nothing."

The rustling of clothes continued as Amy remained curled under her desk. She looked towards the peep hole but dared not peer through it again. She watched as shapes moved back and forth in front of the opening before disappearing completely, followed by the click of the office door.

They were gone. Amy remained motionless for another few minutes, struggling to get her breathing back under control. As she sat under the desk, images of what just happened played through her head. She found it difficult to slow her rapidly beating heart

and cool the warmth between her legs. Why was this? Why wouldn't she calm down? Amy knew why. She knew.

As Amy crawled out from under the desk, she knew.

"I want that," she said out loud as she moved towards the desk chair that was recently occupied by the couple. "I want that."

Amy pushed the chair back into place, sliding it under the desk that the man had draped his jacket over.

Amy sighed and turned away. As she did this she spotted a pamphlet on the floor, one that she had not seen before. She reached and picked it up. It was an advertisement for a ball. She read the headline:

*50th Annual Lover's Ball*

Amy wasn't sure why she wanted the pamphlet, but she did. She walked back over to her desk, dropping it on a pile of papers before pushing her desk chair back into position. She stood over her desk, looking at it, thinking something was missing, but not sure what it was. It then dawned on her. She pulled her desk chair out and looked under her desk. There it was, the missing item, the stapler still on the floor. She got down on her hands and knees, reaching under the desk to retrieve the missing item.

Amy placed the stapler back into place on her desk. She was satisfied now, everything was where it should be. She pushed the desk chair in again before moving towards the glass doors to the executive office. She reached up, clicked off the lights, and went through the door. She stood with her back to the door, waiting to hear the click of the latch. She turned and pulled on the door. It was locked.

"Hmm," Amy mused. "Odd."



BEFORE ALISON HAD a chance to take a sip of her morning smoothie she looked up to see Amy standing in the doorway to her office, coffee in hand.

“Smoothie,” Alison said, holding up her thermos.

“What happened to the girl who had to drink two cups of coffee before leaving the house?” asked Amy.

“She got pregnant and married Matt Warrington,” replied Alison. As if to emphasize the point, she lowered a hand and rubbed her bulging belly. Although small for being five months along, her baby bump was quite evident. “If Matt caught me with a coffee cup in my hand he would take me over his knee and...” Alison stopped herself, laughing.

“And give you a good spanking?” Amy finished her sentence for her. “Would that be so bad?” Amy laughed.

“Come to think of it, maybe I should let him catch me with a cup of coffee. Bless his soul, Matt, he’s so careful with me, so gentle. It’s been a while since he took me in hand.”

“He’s only thinking of the baby,” replied Amy.

“What about me,” Alison said in between gulps of her smoothie. “Don’t get me wrong, I’m very careful these days, everything I eat, everything I do, it’s for the baby.” Alison paused. She took another long drink of her smoothie rather than finish her sentence.

“But even a pregnant woman wants to be spanked once in a while.”

Amy said it and Alison punctuated the statement by putting the glass down rather demonstratively.

“God damn it, yes,” Alison said. “I deserve it. I need it.”

“Then just tell him.”

“I have, believe me, I have. But you know Matt. He won’t. He keeps promising me that once the baby comes, it’ll all go back to normal. I’m sure he believes that, too. What he doesn’t realize is that once the baby comes, there is no normal. Or rather, there is a new normal, and it’s nothing like the old normal.”

“I wouldn’t worry too much about it,” said Amy. “You guys will figure it out.”

“Yeah, you’re right, but you know?”

“I know,” replied Amy.

Alison poured more of her smoothie into her glass.

“What flavor?”

“Blueberry, kale and avocado.”

Amy scrunched up her nose, not seeing the attraction.

“No really, it’s very good. You can’t really taste the avocado or kale, it’s mostly just blueberries. Are you sure you don’t want some?”

“No thanks, I’m good with just coffee.” Amy took a sip from her mug.

“Well if you’ve got your coffee, then you might as well come in.”

Amy went in and shut the door behind her, quickly sliding into the seat across the desk from Alison.

“Closed door.” Alison’s face mirrored the intrigue that was in her voice. “My, this must be good. What’s up?”

“Do you remember who left the office last, last night?”

“Well it wasn’t me. In case you haven’t noticed, I can’t hang on that long anymore. I’m usually gone by five. Sometimes earlier. Why?”

“They left the outer door unlocked.”

“Not possible, it locks automatically. It locks itself after five. It’s programmed. Was it open when you came in this morning?”

Amy sat thinking for a few moments before answering. She dove right in. “I was working late last night, by myself here in the office.” Amy paused a long time. She could tell Alison was growing impatient for her to continue, she saw it on her face. “Someone came in when I was here, two people actually.”

“Did you ask them what they were doing?”

“Hell no,” replied Amy. “You know me, I’m one of the biggest chickens out there. No, I hid under my desk.”

Alison laughed loudly. “You hid under your desk?”

“Damn right I did. Good thing too. Alison, you won’t believe it.”

“I’m a hotel General Manager, there’s not much I won’t believe. I’ve seen a lot in this business.”

“They went at it,” Amy blurted out.

“What do you mean ‘went at it’? Like a fight?”

Amy shook her head no.

“Sex?”

Amy nodded her head yes.

“They had sex in the office?” Alison couldn’t believe it. “No.”

“Yes,” said Amy, a big smile on her face. She leaned forward over the desk, drawing Alison into her. “He spanked her.”

“He didn’t.”

“He did.”

“And?”

“And it was hot.”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“But it was.”

“Did you recognize them? Did you actually see them do it?”

“No, I was under the desk, remember? But I was able to poke out a little peep hole. I saw him spank her, but I only saw their bodies, not their faces. Besides, the lights were out. It was dark.”

Alison sat back in her chair. “Wow.”

“Wow is right,” replied Amy, sliding back into her chair again, taking another sip of her coffee. “I want that.” Amy began to think that this was her new mantra; I want that. She liked it.

Alison looked at her, puzzled. “You want what?”

“I want what I saw last night. I want a man to take me over his lap and give me a good spanking.”

“Amy, we’ve talked about this, the three of us, you, me and Miranda. Are you sure?”

“I am. I’m tired of just talking about it. Frank’s gone. He’s not coming back. I haven’t even spoken to him in months. So now it’s my turn. I want that.”

Alison took a sip of her smoothie. “I can’t help you there. And even if I wanted to, I couldn’t.”

“Why not?”

“I wouldn’t know where to begin, or who to contact. Don’t

forget, I'm still new to this myself. If it wasn't for Matt, I probably would still be in the dark about all of this."

Amy thought a moment. "You're right, I need someone with a little more experience with these things."



THE MID-MORNING SUN WAS BRIGHT. As Amy stepped out into it, it took a few moments for her eyes to adjust. Fighting through the glare, she looked across the parking lot and spotted Miranda's sedan, Miranda sitting in the driver's seat. Quick strides took her across the pavement. Miranda didn't see her coming, and as she opened the back door and slipped into the vehicle Miranda jumped a little.

"Oh, it's you." Miranda straightened her chauffeur's cap, sliding a few stray blond locks back under it. "You need to go somewhere?"

"No, I came to see you."

"Well isn't that nice," replied Miranda, sarcasm in her voice.

Amy sat silently in the back seat, trying find the right words. She stalled. "I wasn't sure I'd find you here."

"It's a pretty good bet I'll be here this time of day, mid-morning. The businessmen are at work and the tourist are at breakfast. It'll be pretty quiet now until lunch. What's up?"

Amy couldn't stall any longer. "I need your help."

"Sure, with what?"

"Can you introduce me to someone? You know enough people." Miranda knew what Amy was getting at. It wasn't the first time they were having this conversation. Miranda's voice lowered as she slid back down in her seat. "I'm not going to do it."

"Why not?" Amy sounded frustrated.

"We've been through this before. Remember your last encounter? Remember Racocco? Remember how he drugged you in the bar and took you to his suite. If it wasn't for Tony breaking in, who knows what would have happened."

"Yeah, I know, but it's not always going to be that way, you know that. That was a freak, one-time thing. They're not all like Racocco."

"I don't know if you're ready for a dominant relationship yet. I don't know if you'll ever be ready for one."

"C'mon."

Miranda straightened up in her seat, looking back at Amy.

"Amy, I love you. Really, I do. But you're too trusting, too naïve. I'd feel terrible if something happened to you."

"That's why I want you to introduce me to someone. You can spot the good ones."

Miranda slid back down in her seat, looking forward again. "I don't know. I went on a date with Racocco myself, remember? And look how that worked out. I get it wrong sometimes, too."

"You got out of it."

"Tony got me out of it. Just like he got you out of it. It could have got nasty."

"But it didn't."

"Still. Not doing it. Besides, you're married."

"That's done."

"Get divorced then."

Amy ignored that comment. "So, are you going to help me or not?"

"Nope."

"Thanks for nothing." Amy huffed, pushed open the sedan door, got out and slammed it hard.

Miranda didn't bother moving, slumped down in the driver's seat, hat pulled forward. Casually, she pushed the button on the driver's door that automatically rolled down the window. "You're welcome," she yelled back at Amy.

Miranda watched Amy as she crossed the parking lot, disappearing into the hotel. She reached for the cell phone that sat on the passenger's seat beside her. She dialed and put the phone to her ear.



“Hey, it’s me,” she said into the cell phone. She listened briefly before saying, “It’s time. She’s ready.”



AMY STORMED BACK into the hotel, frustrated. She strode across the lobby and pushed the elevator button, waiting for the car to arrive.

“Fine,” she said, “fine, I’ll just do it myself then.”

“Do what?”

Amy was unaware that she actually spoke out loud, let alone that someone was standing beside her. She was startled by both the voice and the presence of someone else. She looked up to see Lance Ackermann, the hotel’s head of security, standing beside her.

“Oh, Lance,” she said, somewhat embarrassed. “I didn’t see you there. Sorry.”

“No, that’s fine. I get that a lot. It’s part of my job, sneaking up on people.”

“Were you sneaking up on me?”

“No, but I have a soft walk. I often go unnoticed.”

This was true, Amy really hadn’t noticed too much of Lance these past few years.

The elevator doors opened and Amy entered the car, Lance following. She pressed the button for her floor, and he his. The door closed and the car moved. Still a little embarrassed, Amy looked first up to the dial as floors ticked away, and then down to the floor.

Then she saw them, those same brown brogue shoes with red laces. Amy flushed and looked up at Lance. Lance smiled at her, unaware. Amy flushed even more. Was it possible? Lance? It would make sense. He has keys to every door in the building.

The elevator doors opened, and Amy stepped forward to leave. She stopped herself, turned and looked back at Lance. “Have you always worn those shoes?” she asked.

Lance raised his left foot to show his shoes. He smiled. “No,

they're new. Do you like them? I'm not sure about them. They're a little flashy for me. Usually I just wear boring black. Thought I would change it up. What do you think?" He looked at Amy and smiled. "Are the laces too much?"

Amy smiled back, really noticing him this time. "I like them." She stepped out of the. She reached back and held the door open. "And the laces"—she smiled—"nice touch."

"Sometimes you've got to change it up," he said.

"Yes, you do." She removed her hand and watched as the elevator door closed.