

It's All About Love
A Domestic Discipline Anthology

By

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Sometimes...

Sometimes you make me laugh. Sometimes you make me sigh. And sometimes you make me cry. This is going to be one of the latter.

Alexis noted the way Ward's face tightened the second she told him about the speeding ticket. She was in big trouble, more than she would have been if she'd told him about the ticket last week when she'd gotten it. She just hadn't found the right time to tell him. In truth, she'd only admitted the problem now because tomorrow he would be paying bills for the month. He would see the check she'd written...the *large* check.

He'd muted the TV when she cleared her throat to get his attention before making the cautious announcement. Now he paused the football game he was watching and drew in a deep breath. Not good.

"You got a \$350 ticket for speeding?" His voice echoed frustration and disappointment. "Damn, Alexis, we've discussed this before. Your tendency to drive with a heavy foot."

"But I haven't gotten a ticket in two years," she protested. He knew she'd gotten two warnings since the last ticket and he hadn't been happy about them. He'd even spanked her soundly after the last one. So she'd been careful until....

His raised eyebrow cautioned her she should have left the matter alone. She didn't doubt that he too was thinking back to when he'd put her over his knee about that very warning incident. He seemed to be weighing what to say, again no so good. "Corner. Now." He nodded toward the hallway. "I'll deal with you after I've calmed down."

Oh, that was really *not* what she wanted to hear. "Can't we—"

His deep blue eyes narrowed and the telling vein pulsed in his neck. His patience level with her had reached a low. "Don't think for a minute that you're going to talk your way out of this spanking. Especially since you chose to keep this ticket a secret from me for a week. *A week!* Unbelievable!"

All thoughts of trying to find an excuse to appease him fled. It wasn't happening. She'd done wrong and she knew it. Her husband was a good man, incredibly understanding most of the time, loving. But they'd made certain agreements when they'd gotten married six years ago.

Agreements that included both of them following certain rules: no keeping things from each other, honesty, and never going to bed mad. Okay, sometimes they'd done that. Being mad didn't last long between them, though. She apologized when necessary; he did too.

An apology wouldn't make things right this time. Her shoulders slumped, yet she couldn't keep from letting off a little steam. She tossed the magazine she'd been reading onto the coffee table in front of her. "Fine."

She stood up from the sofa, tipped up her chin with as much dignity as she could manage, and walked past his recliner. Her hands were clammy and clenched at her sides. She was upset with him, but far more with herself.

"I'd better see that butt of yours when I get there." With that he turned his focus back to the TV and he unpaused the game.

His demand made her stiffen at the same time her face flamed, but she was wise enough not to voice a complaint. That would have made him jump up out of his chair and give her a bottom burning for attitude. Then he would have taken her to the blasted corner and put her there himself. Plus he would roast her bottom again when he was ready. One unpleasant session would be more than enough.

Alexis muttered in frustration and marched toward the master bedroom, disgusted with the day's sad turn of events. Of course, she'd known this would happen sooner or later. Her own fault. As she entered the room, her gaze went to the special corner her husband had dedicated long ago for these rare times when he felt an added punishment was needed. It was the only empty corner in the room, actually in the whole house. She'd made sure of that.

Her stomach tumbled with nerves as she unbuttoned her jeans, unzipped them and headed for her destination. She wiped her moist hands on her jeans before sliding them down to her knees. With a sigh of resignation, she pushed down her new black lace bikini panties as well. She'd bought them last week, before the ticket incident. And she'd saved them and the matching lacy bra to wear today, hoping that after the football game she'd have a chance to do a sexy little striptease for Ward. She'd hoped that would lead to...

She squeezed her eyes shut, huffing in irritation. Well, he'd be seeing her new Victoria's Secret undergarments, but not in a good way.

"Are you in the corner?" Ward called out, obviously in the kitchen, probably getting another beer.

She didn't like being put in this stupid corner with her clothes lowered and her bare bottom on display. She didn't want to answer him.

"Do I need to come check on you?" he questioned, sounding like he'd started down the hallway.

"No," she said loud enough for him to hear her. "I'm in the darn corner." What was wrong with her? Snapping at him when she was already in trouble. *Quit making your situation worse!*

Heavy footsteps on the wooden floor told her that he'd walked closer. She didn't have to turn around to know he'd stopped in the doorway. She could sense him, smell the familiar musky scent of his aftershave.

"Such a pretty ass," he said, a hint of yearning in his voice. "It's going to be a real shame to roast it."

"Not necessary. Really. I know what I did." She concentrated on not turning around.

"Honey, you're going to *thoroughly* understand why keeping a secret from me was isn't wise. That ass of yours is going to pay the price for your foolish decision." She heard him step back into the hallway and then stop. "I'll give you a half hour or so to think about what you did, to think about the spanking."

She grumbled under her breath, "I don't want to stand here so long. It's a waste of time."

When he suddenly walked up behind her, she gasped and knew he'd heard her. She heaved a regret-filled sigh.

"Stick that nose of yours right to the corner, Alexis." As encouragement, he put a hand on her back and guided her forward into position.

To her relief, he then walked out of the room, believing she would remain exactly as he'd put her. Standing like this was uncomfortable and made her eyes cross. She heard him padding barefoot back toward the living room, heard him start the game again. The Cowboys, his favorite team, was playing. This added situation with her was disturbing his plan for a peaceful afternoon. Her "peaceful afternoon" had disappeared too.

She sneezed, which made her bump her nose into the wall. This was ridiculous! She should forget about standing here. He'd never know if she moved. She could grab the book she'd been reading off the nightstand and read a few more pages. Maybe she could straighten the dresser top that really needed cleaning up.

Shifting from foot to foot, aware of the jeans hobbling her knees, thoughts tumbled through her mind. Why had she done as he'd told her to do? Why was she still standing with her nose to the corner? Why wasn't she getting dressed and going out grocery shopping like she'd intended to do today?

She heaved a breath of annoyance. Oh, yes, because she loved him and wanted to make things right between them again. She'd faced and survived other disciplining by him. She didn't like the experiences, but she'd agreed to this kind of relationship.

Uncomfortable in the position, she pulled her head back a little, but didn't move away. Like a parent who had an uncanny ability to know when their child had misbehaved in some way, Ward had an internal radar system that knew when she'd disobeyed him. Moving from the corner would be interpreted as disobedience. The last time she'd had a spurt of rebellion during the required "thinking time" hadn't ended well for her. Even now her buttocks quivered at the memory.

No, she'd better stay put.

But she wasn't going to stand here and rehash her error in judgment. And she wasn't going to spend time thinking about her upcoming trip over his knee. *No, no, no!*

The ceiling fan above her seemed to kick on higher, blew over her bare bottom. All too soon that cool flesh would turn warm, probably hot. He had said that he intended to "roast" it. What a seriously unpleasant thought.

Unable to stand still, she shifted again, stared at the corner where the walls met. *What is there to think about anyway? It's not like this is something new, like I don't know exactly how it works.*

Ward would stroll in here when he was good and ready. He knew how much taking his sweet time annoyed her, stubborn man. Then he would move the straight-backed chair he insisted on keeping in here to the middle of the room. He'd sit down and order her to come to him.

The scenario continued to play out in her head. Her stomach quivering at the memories.

She would mumble to herself about having been dumb enough to be in this unpleasant situation again. Ward would pretend not to hear her, but she knew he did. Then she'd face him, reluctantly. It always embarrassed her to go to him with her pants and panties wrapped around her knees, making her do this odd waddle.

“Are you ready for this, sweetheart?”

Alexis jerked in surprise, once more bumping her nose into the wall. The man could move quietly as a cat when he wanted to. “It can’t have been a half hour already,” she said protested. She *wasn’t* ready.

“I changed my mind about waiting.” As he always did, he moved to the special chair and carried it to his choice of spots next to the king-sized bed. “I’m calmer now.”

She waited until she heard the slight creak of the wooden chair as he sat down before she straightened and faced him. In spite of what he was about to do to her, she still felt the strength of her love for him. And she saw it returned in his eyes, along with regret for what he believed must be done.

He patted his denim-covered thigh. “Come here.” His tone held challenge. He always knew that she could choose the option of not obeying him, not accepting a spanking. So he waited, watching her with his intense blue gaze.

Just go. But it took her another second to shuffle toward him. The next difficult part of these punishments was making herself slide over his lap. But she did without hesitation.

The position wasn’t quite right, so he nudged her forward. He shifted her until her bare bottom was perched on his right thigh, convenient for him, uncomfortable for her. Then clearly thinking her panties were a tad too high, he shoved them farther down. She tensed.

While he adjusted her to his satisfaction, she hoped he wasn’t in a talkative mood, like when he made her lie there in that humbling position and lectured her. Again. Not that she ever really listened then. No, her thoughts at that point were focused on “Will I be able to sit tomorrow at work?” or “Can I get out of being put to bed early?”

Her bottom clenched and her stomach knotted.

“Don’t tense up,” he warned.

Like she could control that automatic reaction without some serious concentration. “I’m not.”

His hand smacked the lower curve of her buttocks. “You are.”

“Okay, give me a second.” Now she focused on relaxing, which was hard to do considering her position.

When he assumed she was ready, another swat landed square on the middle of both cheeks. He had perfect aim with that one first real spank. The “attention getter” as he called it.

She almost reached back to cover her bottom. If she did that, he would grab her hand and hold it for the remainder of the spanking time. And she would get additional smacks for having done so. She kept her palms planted on the rug.

Would he give her a warm up spanking first, before he got serious? Sometimes she wanted that. Sometimes she just wanted it all done with as soon as possible. Right now she was wishy-washy about that.

“Remember not to kick or squirm too much,” he instructed, tucking her close to his body.

When she didn’t respond, he settled his hand over where he’d just swatted her. “What happens if you get too out of control?”

Heaving a sigh at having to explain, she said, “You will smack my upper thighs. Which is really unpleasant.” It was sometimes hard to do, but she intended to avoid that added element.

He grew stiff and she knew the “lesson learning” was about to begin. She sucked in a breath and held it, then squeezed her eyes closed once more. When the next smack landed, she bit down on her lip. Dang, that had been a hard one.

“If you get another ticket—or a warning,” he said sternly, sending three bottom busters down, “I’ll be using the paddle.”

That she really hated. “There won’t be another one, of either,” she gasped, praying she could keep the vow.

“If you keep another secret from me that affects us both...” He let that warning fade away, finishing it with a half dozen brisk swats that resonated around the room.

“I won’t!” she gritted out, tears stinging her eyes. He hadn’t given her an excessive amount of spanks yet, but the ones he had weren’t meant to be forgotten.

“Okay, no more lecturing. Time to turn this sweet ass good and red.” He tucked her against him again from where she’d managed to wriggle away.

His erection pressed against her hip and knew a second of desire. But that disappeared as the spanking went on, becoming more intense. It had been months since he’d done this and she was out of practice at controlling her movements. Her bottom stung, felt ablaze. Before long she couldn’t keep from squirming and bucking to get away from the burning swats.

Because of her reaction he kicked the heat up on the next few smacks. Enough that she gasped out, “I promise! No more tickets! No more warnings!”

His hand rested on her burning bottom. “And?” he prompted.

“No more secrets,” she sobbed out. “I meant it!”

He gave her one final swat. “I’m holding you to those promises. Or else…”

He had decided she’d had enough and he relaxed beneath her. As he usually did, he sat there all nice and calm. He let her collect herself before she would get up. He gently smoothed his hand over her burning bottom. Sometimes he would tell her that it was over and that she was forgiven. This time she knew it without being told. Now all she had to do was forgive herself for being so foolish.

When her sobs had quieted, he helped her off his lap, standing too. She wiped at her tears and he leaned down to give her a kiss. She kissed him right back.

After a second, he eased her away, love darkening his eyes. She knew what he wanted, the same thing she did. But the timing wasn’t right yet.

“I’ll go finish watching the game.” He cupped the side of her face. “You can stretch out on your stomach for a while. Get the rest of your poor-me crying done with.”

He knew her well. She did like to have some time alone after a spanking to hug a pillow and let her pent-up feelings of pain and regret out. Eventually she would welcome him to their bed and into her body. She smiled up at him, at the man who spanked her and loved her enough to do it. This was just a minor bump in the road of their marriage.

“You can fast forward through the game,” she suggested, glancing at the impressive bulge beneath his jeans.

The spark in his gaze told her he’d already been thinking that way. Then he scooped her up and put her on the bed, jeans and panties still wrapped around her calves. This was still part of the punishment, the feel of them in that position being a reminder of how she’d been turned over his knee and spanked.

As she settled into place, knowing he was staring at the bottom he’d reddened, she gave her bottom a little wiggle.

He sucked in a breath at her daring and then gently placed a hand on her heated butt. “I’ll expect to find you naked when I come back,” he said in a husky tone.

Most definitely. “Yes, sir,” she teased back. “I’ll be naked and eagerly waiting.”