

# Summer Scorchers

By

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## A Deceitful Trip

Ellie Peterson tapped her fingers impatiently on her living room windowsill and craned her neck to see down the road. Will, her husband, was due home any minute, and she wanted to make sure his dinner was cooking when he came in. There was never an easier way to get to a man's heart than through his stomach...or sex. Both worked equally well.

Suddenly, she saw his car approach. Like a bullet, she was in the kitchen. She turned the heat on the frying pan, and the moment Will walked in, she put the steaks on to sizzle. The luscious smell of meaty goodness filled the air.

"Mmm, something smells good. What're we having?" Will asked, walking over to her. He placed his hands on her hips and kissed her, his firm lips instantly sending shivers of desire rippling through her.

Ten years married, and she still got a thrill each time his lips touched hers. He was even better looking now than when she had married him.

"Your favourite, Steak Diane," she replied, smiling up at him.

"Are we celebrating something?" he asked, looking a little puzzled.

"No. I just thought you deserved something nice. You've been working so hard lately." She chewed her lip, hoping he wouldn't see through her ruse.

He frowned and looked around him. "The house is awfully quiet. Are the kids asleep?"

Ellie laughed. "No. They're with my mum. She's having them for the night so we can have a little 'us' time."

His eyes darkened and he pulled her against him. "Now that is definitely overdue!"

"Oh yeah, it sure is. Now go and have a quick shower. This will be ready in five minutes so don't be long!"

Whilst Will was upstairs, Ellie opened a bottle of red wine and laid the table for two. Stepping back, she admired her handiwork. It was perfect.

When Will came downstairs, he sat down at the table, and she slid a plate of sumptuous food in front of him. He exhaled slowly before saying, "That looks delicious!"

She sat down opposite him and poured them both a glass of wine before tucking into her

steak. After a couple of mouthfuls, she caught him studying her with a wry smile.

"It won't work, you know," he said calmly, spearing a piece of prime beef.

Ellie raised an eyebrow. "What won't?"

"This!" He pointed to his meal and his glass. "I can see right through you."

"I don't know what you're on about!" She raised her chin and tried to look affronted. Blast him. He always seemed to know what she was thinking or plotting. It must be the journalist in him.

"You're not coming, and that's final!" he stated.

"But..."

He raised his hand, stalling any further words. "We had this discussion last week. I told you, it'll be far too dangerous."

Ellie pouted. It was so unfair. Will was going to the Turkish capital to report on the civil unrest, and she wanted to accompany him so she could take photos. It used to be her job but since having Lauren, five, and Richard, three, she had been a stay at home mum. Now, she was ready to jump back in. Her mum was happy looking after her grandchildren in-between playgroup and school.

The only obstacle in her way was Will.

She took a mouthful of wine and tried again. "I took plenty of photos in Afghanistan. That was far more dangerous."

"And that was a long time ago...before we had children. Come on, Ellie, don't spoil the evening."

She sighed heavily. "I just want back in the game, Will."

"Well, start close to home then. Have you contacted Amanda?"

Amanda Levin was one of the editors at the Daily Post. Ellie had done a lot of freelance photography for her in the past.

"No, I haven't, but I will." An idea nestled in her mind and she perked up. "Yes, I'll contact Amanda in the morning and see if she has anything for me!"

\* \* \*

Later that night, whilst Will was asleep, she rummaged through the documents in

his case until she had his flight number and his hotel details. She was determined to go, one way or another. Hopefully, Amanda would need someone on the ground. She'd always praised Ellie's work and said she was one of her best photographers. Surely, she would jump at the chance for Ellie to help.

All she had to do was leave the day after Will left and arrive back home a day before him. Then he would be none the wiser. Anyway, so what if he found out afterwards? What could he do? Her backside clenched at the thought, knowing only too well, what it would mean, a very sore bottom for her. She shrugged. She had already made up her mind she was going, and if that was one of the consequences, so be it! Besides, she was pretty confident she could pull this off without him ever knowing. She smiled wickedly to herself before crawling back into bed beside Will. His deep, even breathing reassured her that he hadn't a clue what she was about!

\* \* \*

The next morning, when Will had left for work, Ellie dialled Amanda's mobile.

"Hello, darling. I haven't heard from you in months!" Amanda cooed.

"I know. I've been busy with one thing and another, namely kids!"

"Oh, I can quite understand. Quite wear you out...that's why I never had any."

Ellie smiled down the phone. "Look, I'm thinking of taking a trip to Ankara in Turkey to take some photos of the civil unrest. Have you got anyone out there at the moment?"

"Stuart Middleton, but he's just come down with some sort of gastric trouble. If you could take his place, that would be a Godsend, darling!"

She could hear the excitement in Amanda's voice.

"I'd love to."

"You've worked with him before, haven't you?"

"Yes. Many times."

"Then leave everything to me. For now, you can take his place, and when he's better, you can work alongside one another. It'll be perfect! I'll get your flight booked and accommodation and..."

"Amanda," Ellie interrupted her. "This might sound a little odd but I have to work around my husband, you know, because of the kids. If I give you the dates I can go, could you

possibly book those specific dates?"

"Of course, darling. Leave it all to me."

"Oh, and don't book me in at the Sheraton. I've heard it's a no go zone at the moment."

Which actually translated as Will was staying there...and if he found out she was there, then her bottom was in a whole heap of trouble! She finished the call with Amanda and went to search out her camera equipment.

\* \* \*

A week later and Ellie arrived in Ankara. The town was buzzing with people. Amanda had booked her into a hotel literally only two buildings away from the Sheraton. It was smaller and hopefully less conspicuous. She had brought an auburn, shoulder length wig to cover up her blonde hair whilst she was there, so even if she did spot Will, he wouldn't recognise her. Not unless he got up close, and she didn't intend for that to happen!

She was in the room next to Stuart, and by the time she'd arrived, he was already feeling much better, although still a little weak. He was thrilled to see her and brought her up to date on what had been happening in Ankara.

After the catch up, she went back to her room and unpacked all her camera equipment before heading out onto the streets. It felt great to be back doing what she did best. She loved the thrill of getting a picture that spoke more than words ever could. She just hoped, this week, she would get several to impress Amanda.

\* \* \*

Two days later, Ellie was sorting her pictures out on her laptop when her mobile rang. Absent-mindedly, she pulled it from her pocket and answered it.

"Ellie?"

It was Will. Her eyes widened, and she hastily rushed over to close the window to block out the noise coming from outside. "Will! How are you?"

"What was that noise?" he queried. He must have supersonic hearing!

"Oh, just the telly. I've turned it off now." She chewed her bottom lip. Hopefully, he would believe her!

It seemed to work because he didn't say any more about it. Thankfully.

"How's it going out there?" she asked.

"It's worse than I thought. There have been so many clashes between civilians and the police. Some of the reporters have been hurt in the demonstrations. Wrong place, wrong moment."

"Are you okay?" she asked, her face worried.

"I'm fine, Ellie. Don't worry about me. I'm used to being in the thick of things and know when to take a step back or down a side street!" He laughed.

She relaxed. "I'm so glad you're okay. I'm worried about you."

"How are the kids?"

"Fine. Lauren drew a picture for you the other day. She misses you."

"Put her on the phone. I'll have a talk with her."

Ellie quickly improvised. "She's round mum's at the moment." Which wasn't actually a lie. They were with her mum! "I'll tell her you asked about her when I pick her up later."

"Why are they with your mum?" he queried.

"Oh, mum just wanted to have them round for tea. You know what she's like, and I have just had a lovely soak in the bath with bubbles and scented candles. A pity you weren't there to join me!" she added huskily.

"Oh, baby, you wouldn't stay in there for long if I were there!"

She laughed. "Ah, hon, only a few more days, and you'll be back home."

"Yeah, and you'd better be wearing that sexy little number you bought last month!"

"Of course!"

She heard him talking to someone else and then he came back to her. "Got to go, love. There's a standoff between the police and civilians right outside. I don't want to miss this. I'll phone again in a couple of days."

"Oh, okay. I love you! Stay safe!"

"Love you, Ellie."

And he was gone. Ellie rushed over to the window and pulled it open. Sure enough, there was a big group of people gathering. The riot police were in a line, their defences up ready for



battle. Quickly, she grabbed her camera off the bed and rushed downstairs to join them.

\* \* \*

Will recorded everything he could. He interviewed several of the civilians, getting their side of the riots and then managed to wangle an interview with one of the heads of the police department. Some of it sounded a little contrived, but he would put his own angle on things once back in his room.

Just as he was finishing, there was a sudden surge, as the crowd moved forward. Several rocks were thrown through the air towards the police, and what had started out as a peaceful demonstration soon turned to mayhem. The police retaliated, using water cannons and tear gas.

Will knew when to make an exit, and that was now! Quickly, he turned and headed for his hotel. It was one thing to report on violence, but another altogether to actually be caught up in it! He was nearly at the entrance when he saw a female photographer snapping like crazy.

If she wasn't careful, she'd be hit by the tear gas. He ran over to warn her but just before he reached her, a small crowd ran in front of him, straight for her. Before she had a chance to get out of the way, they had pushed her to the ground. She lay stunned for a moment, before rolling onto her front. Will helped her to her feet but before he had a chance to talk to her, she wrenched her arm out of his grasp and ran in the other direction. Puzzled, he stared after her. You'd have thought she would have stopped to thank him. How odd. Perhaps she thought he was one of the rioters.

Shaking his head, he made his way back to his hotel, forgetting about the auburn-haired woman altogether. He had some great material. All he had to do was edit it now and send it off.

\* \* \*

Ellie ran back to her hotel, her heart beating like a drum. Good Lord! How close had that been! One minute, she had been in danger from the crowd, and the next, Will had nearly found out she was in Ankara! She didn't know which was worse!

She made it back to her hotel in one piece and quickly unhooked her camera from around

her neck. Luckily, it had fallen on her when she'd taken a tumble, so it seemed there was no damage. She pulled out her SD card and put it in her laptop, letting out a loud sigh of relief when all of her pictures came up.

She sat down on the bed with a thump. That had been scary, and she had been lucky the crowd hadn't started on her. She'd heard from others staying in the hotel that several journalists had been caught up in the melee.

She leaned down and rubbed her ankle. It was sore and was already showing a bruise. She was just thankful that was all she had.

Tomorrow, she would be more careful. She threw herself back down on the bed and stared up at the ceiling. What would she have done if Will had actually recognised her? What would Will have done? She chewed her bottom lip, wondering if perhaps she had been a bit hasty in travelling out here on her own. It had never worried her before, but then she hadn't been attached to anyone, and she certainly hadn't had children. Now, everything was different.

Reaching for her mobile, she dialled her mum's number and spoke to Lauren. Richard was asleep already, and she didn't want to disturb him. Lauren chattered on excitedly about school and the delicious cakes grandma was baking for them. She sounded so happy. When she ended the call, however, Ellie felt a wave of guilt wash over her. She missed them much more than she thought she would. Will had been right; she should get a job nearer to home. After this experience, she decided that was exactly what she was going to do!

\* \* \*

Will lay his head back against the seat on the plane and closed his eyes. The last week had been an eye opener. Nothing you ever read or heard of at home prepared you for what you actually saw with your own eyes. It had been hellish. He had managed to send off several articles, which his editor had been more than pleased with so that had been worthwhile, but the clashes between the police and civilians had been hard to witness.

All he could think of now was how lucky he was to go back to his wife and children.

Suddenly, a commotion to his left made him look up. There was an auburn-haired woman at the end of the aisle, bending down to pick something up. It seemed she had spilled another passenger's drink, by the looks of things. These aisles were too damned narrow, he

thought angrily, the airlines trying to cram as many people as they could into a confined space. He couldn't blame them, he supposed. Fuel was expensive, and the more fares they received, the healthier the profit but, still, it didn't make for comfortable flying.

He turned to look out of the window and then frowned, looking back to the woman again. Was she the same woman that he had helped during the riots? Her hair was the same. His eyes fixed on her ankle. She had a tattoo. A very familiar tattoo. His gaze travelled upwards, noting her shapely calves, her pert bottom beneath a tight pencil skirt. Apart from the hair, every inch of that woman screamed out to him that it was, in fact, his wife. He stared at her hair. Could it be a wig? But it couldn't be Ellie? Could it? What in the hell would she be doing on a flight from Turkey? Especially when he had forbid her to come.

The sensible side of him told him that it really couldn't be her. A lot of women had tattoos on their ankles, although not many were Celtic symbols. The curious side of his nature urged him to find out for certain.

Rising from his seat, he made his way down the aisle. The woman was now directly in front of him, making her way back to her seat. Without making himself too conspicuous, he moved as quickly as he could, until he was right behind her, and then cleared his throat. He watched as her body suddenly tensed.

His instincts were now on full alert. It had to be her!

Taking a risk, he tapped her on the shoulder and asked, "Excuse me, but do I know you?"

Without turning around, she shrugged her shoulders and answered, "No, I don't believe so."

It was her voice. She was trying to put a different lilt to it, but he knew it was she. His blood began to boil, but in the confined space of an aeroplane, he didn't want to cause a scene. He placed his hand on her shoulder. "Look at me, Ellie."

Slowly, she turned around and stared at him. Her cheeks were flushed, and she looked as guilty as hell. And so she should.

"I can explain..." she offered in a hushed voice.

"I'm sure you can," he said quietly but firmly. "But not now. Not here. Wait for me in the luggage area in the airport. We'll travel home together and then you will explain everything!"

She closed her eyes for a brief moment before returning to her seat. Will made his way back up the aisle and took his seat. He had felt tired, now he felt like a tightly coiled spring. His

fingers tapped on the arm of his seat. Boy, did she have some explaining to do!

\* \* \*

Ellie retrieved her suitcase off the baggage carousel and stepped to one side to give the other passengers room to get theirs. It was so crowded that, so far, she had managed to avoid Will. She had thought about grabbing a taxi home and barricading the front door but that would only make things worse.

How in the hell she'd thought she would get away with it, she didn't know. The blasted plane she had originally been booked on yesterday had been cancelled, leaving her only option to take the same flight as Will! Her stomach had dropped as soon as she'd been told. Will always seemed to find her out one way or another when she did something wrong!

Suddenly, she saw him heading towards her, wheeling his suitcase behind him. She gulped. He looked far from happy. He stopped in front of her, and she grimaced. "It's not as bad as it looks."

"Isn't it?" he asked. "It looks pretty damn awful from where I'm standing!"

"Will..."

"Don't say anything until we're home."

She knew him too well to go against him, so resigning herself for what was to come, she followed him out of the airport lounge and waited by his side as he hailed a cab.

\* \* \*

Back home, Will rounded on her as soon as they were inside the house. "I can't believe that you actually defied me and put your life in danger!"

"Will, it wasn't so bad! Stuart Middleton was with me most of the time, and I made sure I was near policemen or other reporters. I'm not stupid!"

He raised his eyebrows. "No, you're not stupid, which is why you should never have gone there in the first place!"

Ellie balled her hands into fists with frustration. "I want to work again, Will. I love being a

mum but I also want, no...I need...something else to do! I really enjoyed this trip – being right in the thick of it. I took some brilliant pictures."

"You always take excellent pictures, Ellie. You're good at your job, but I don't want anything bad to happen to you. Take pictures here on your home turf – you have no need to go travelling abroad to dangerous locations. Our children need you, and so do I!"

A wave of guilt washed over her, and she slumped her shoulders. "I know you're right, but I just wanted to go!" She sat down on the sofa and put her chin in her hands.

He walked over to her and folded his arms. "So when I phoned you, you were actually in Ankara?"

She nodded.

"And the fighting that you said was on the television was actually for real?"

Again, she nodded. The more he said, the worse it sounded. She had played him for a fool.

He reached down and grabbed her arm, hauling her off the sofa, and sitting down at the same time, quickly placing her face down over his lap.

"Will! Stop! Please!"

Pulling up her skirt, his hand descended straight onto her bottom. He rained down several hard swats on her backside before saying anything.

"You conniving little madam! You plotted all this behind my back."

He spanked her hard for a good five minutes until Ellie was writhing in pain. It was unbearable! She begged him to stop.

He leaned down nearer to her ear. "Not yet – not until your bottom is burning uncomfortably. You lied to me, and that's unforgiveable!"

His hand began a steady rhythm, alternating between cheeks, until her bottom felt like it was on fire. She tried throwing her hand around to rub it better, but he just slapped it away.

"Please stop! It hurts!" she wailed.

"No way! You deserve this, besides which, it's supposed to hurt! I'm going to make sure you don't sit comfortably for a few days so the next time you think of doing anything so foolish, you might remember not to!"

Ellie's face screwed up with pain when another slap hit her sit spots. He meant business. His hand felt like an iron paddle. Why had she married a man with such big hands?

After several more very hard spanks, he finally stopped. He rested his hand on her bottom

and rubbed in slow circles before gently pulling her up to sit on his knee. She sniffled and buried her face in his chest.

"I'm sorry, Will. I got so caught up in the moment that I didn't think of the consequences."

"No, you sure didn't." He raised her face to look at him. "I want your solemn promise that you won't do anything like this again? Okay?"

She nodded. "I promise."

"Now kiss me! I'm half starved for you, woman!" he growled, before crushing his lips down on hers. She responded fervently. A spanking was bad, but the making up was awesome!

His hand slipped beneath her top and cupped her breast, her nipples instantly hardened on contact. His kiss deepened, demanding a response, which she easily gave. Desire filled her every pore. She had missed him!

Breaking the kiss, he lifted her up and turned her so she was lying over the arm of the sofa, her bottom in the air and her skirt over her back. She wiggled her perfect little bottom and shot him a wicked look whilst he swiftly undressed. Her eyes settled on his manhood. He was thick and hard for her. She grew wet with desire, her body trembling with anticipation, needing desperately to feel him inside her.

Grabbing one of her hips, Will held himself in one hand and guided his hard length over her slick folds, teasing her slowly. She pushed backwards, yearning for fulfilment, but Will held back.

"What do bad girls get, Ellie?" he growled.

"Punished!" she breathed throatily, her body on fire for him.

He gave her a hard smack on one cheek before burying himself inside her in one swift thrust. The sensation of both pain and pleasure made her gasp aloud. Will set up a steady rhythm that soon had her body soaring into the heavens, crying his name as her world exploded into a thousand stars.

A few moments later, she felt Will tense, his hands gripping her hips tightly as he gave into his own desires. He lay against her back, his hands caressing her soft skin until their breathing returned to normal. Withdrawing, he turned her around to face him and kissed her soundly.

"I missed you, bad girl!" He drew her up with one hand. "Come on, we'll grab a shower and go out for something to eat before picking the kids up and, Ellie..." He placed his hand

under her chin. "Did I tell you I love you?"

She smiled warmly in response, knowing he had forgiven her.