

# The Obedient Wife

By

Carolyn Faulkner

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Published by Blushing Books®,

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ABCD Graphics and Design

977 Seminole Trail #233

Charlottesville, VA 22901

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Faulkner, Carolyn

The Obedient Wife

eBook ISBN: 978-1-60968-617-8

Cover Art by Owligh Designs

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## Carolyn Faulkner

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Writing started as a way to explore her feelings. Soon short stories flowed from her pen featuring reluctant heroes taking the leading lady in hand, but always for her own good.

Today Carolyn is the author of dozens of books. She writes from her home in Maine, where she lives with her husband and leading man.

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# Chapter I

The text was short and sweet. It simply said *now*.

Unable to stop herself, Ginger looked around surreptitiously, as if someone else in the office could somehow have read - and correctly interpreted the meaning of - her husband's command.

Luckily - although she was in a cubicle like almost everyone else on the fourth floor of the mill building her bank had converted into administrative offices several years ago - hers was a bit away from everyone else, so no one noticed when she grabbed her purse and headed for the ladies' room.

Behind the closed door of the stall, she removed two silver bullet shaped items from where she'd hidden them deep in the recesses of what her husband liked to refer to as her "suitcase", positioning them exactly as she had been told to do this morning, as he had looked into her eyes sternly, holding her chin in place so that she couldn't help but gaze steadily the long way back up at him, her bottom lip actively worried between her teeth.

"Because you know that if you don't insert them, the entire floor is going to hear them buzzing in your purse."

Ginger had frowned. She hadn't thought about that. Not that she had been planning to circumvent his order. . .necessarily. But she wasn't much of a fan when he occasionally asked her to do things like this, mostly because she knew that he really wasn't asking. He fully expected that she would do exactly as she was told, and somehow, he always knew when she hadn't. Whether she had disobeyed in a big or the smallest way - and she knew he would point out to her, as he always did, that the size of the indiscretion didn't matter much to him - he was able to look into her eyes and somehow intuit just how obedient she'd been.

Or not.

And she had to admit that he was depressingly accurate.

Very depressingly, because, although she had been submissive to him practically from the moment she'd met him - to her considerable alarm at first - she was far from perfectly behaved, even almost a decade later.

In this he had been very right: there was no way she was going to take the chance that anyone at work was going to hear those two not so little metal capsules buzzing around - louder than any cell phone vibrated and clanging together noisily in the bottom of her purse. She knew her best friend Charlene would be like a bloodhound if that happened, and Ginger didn't feel like having to explain their presence to anyone - especially not to Charlene, who could be a bit of a nosey body when she wanted to.

When she got back to her desk - after wondering with every step how she was going to get any work done with those things nestling intimately inside her; and they weren't even on yet - she texted him back "*done*," then put her phone back in her purse, where it lived while she worked. Her boss was pretty laid back about cell phones as long as you didn't spend much work time on them. And Ginger was enough of a type A that she barely ever saw Rafe, since she certainly didn't need to be coached to finish her work. She often completed her own and then offered to help others.

Ginger wasn't quite sure how she'd lucked into this position, but, as unambitious as it sounded, she intended to retire out of it, if possible. It was the perfect job for her:

people left piles of work on her desk and she mowed her way happily through them, mostly on autopilot, which freed her mind to think of anything else.

Luckily there wasn't anyone at work who was as attuned to her mind as Sean was or they'd be very thoroughly mortified by what they saw most times, she was sure.

Hell, she'd bet a year's salary that no one here would ever begin to guess that she was submissive to her husband. If anything, those who hadn't met Sean would probably think she was his domme, because at work she was completely no-nonsense. She didn't spend her time hanging around the copier, the lunch room or in the bathroom, like most others did. Her breaks were exactly fifteen minutes long, her lunch thirty and not a minute longer. She hadn't missed a day in seven years, and she didn't intend to start. If there was something that she thought could be done in a more efficient manner, she shot the boss an email, and then let it go, never agonizing about whether her suggestions were implemented, although the majority of them had been.

Ginger had been offered multiple promotions and had flatly declined each one of them. She knew from previous experience what management was like and refused to sign on for those headaches. They didn't need the money, and she didn't need the stress.

She'd been forbidden, anyway, for the latter reason. Sean had come awfully close to not allowing her to work at all, especially when the bank was going through a conversion - absorbing another bank - and her nice, pat routine had been thrown into a chaos of preparation, meetings, and thrice the normal workload.

But he hadn't - yet. He knew that she needed that social outlet. They tended - as a couple - to be quite insular and occasionally spent long stretches where they rarely saw each other. She'd had a good-sized circle of friends before they'd met that had dwindled considerably once they'd become involved. Considering the lifestyle they lived, though, he was very careful not to let her to become isolated.

Of course, whether she was allowed to go out with friends was always predicated on her good behavior. She was, for the most part, very well behaved - almost too much so for his tastes.

Usually.

Of course, she, like any other human - female in particular, Sean often thought to himself - had those times when doing as she was told just seemed like an impossibility. On those days in particular he was genuinely surprised by the things at which she balked - usually it was the most perfunctory of things. Oftentimes it was a longstanding rule - one that she'd never had a problem with before. Like making sure that the dishwasher was emptied in morning - or completely ignoring the bedtime he'd put in place for her.

Or denying him access to her body, as she had tried - unsuccessfully, of course - the night before last.

Sean wasn't one to drag out punishments - he preferred to take care of situations as they occurred. Sean preferred that there was as little time as possible between the unfortunate incident of misbehavior and the correction thereof, although despite his best efforts, circumstances occasionally prevented the swift punishment of misdeeds.

Tonight, however, there would be no such reprieve - short of nuclear war.

As Ginger reached the next Visa dispute file folder and pulled up the spreadsheet to log it in, her mind already wandering back to the events of last night, she received a tangible confirmation that he had read her text: her entire lower body began to vibrate. Not violently, not uncomfortably.

Not uncomfortably at all, damn it!

Those little contraptions were wireless, of course, and she knew that he was holding the tiny remote to them in his big hands at this exact second, dwarfing the tiny flat piece of plastic, yet manipulating the buttons as deftly as he did her body.

Ginger wasn't at all sure she could continue to work while he was setting her crotch ablaze long distance, and her mind's dwelling on the events of the previous evening didn't help at all.

She had been grumpy when he'd picked her up - the little sports car he'd bought her was in the shop. He knew it the moment he'd seen her stalk out of the building. She'd sent her purse flying into the back seat, nearly beheading him in the process, then slumped in her seat in glaring silence, barely bothering with her seatbelt.

So, contrarian that he was, he pulled into the first parking lot he could find and leaned over to her, dragging her into his arms. If he'd had a little less confidence in himself, or they'd been a newer couple, he might have worried and thought he had reason to reconsider their relationship.

They'd been together too long for that, and he knew that when she got quiet like this, it was always about work. Although Ginger was the tightest-lipped woman he'd ever been involved with, he would never allow her to ignore him, no matter how bad her day had been.

She didn't actively fight him. She'd long since realized that that was a complete waste of energy, and would only get her into trouble. But she didn't wrap her arms around him like she usual, lying like a lump in his arms as he smothered her face with kisses and said annoyingly pleasant things to her in a Pollyanna-ish tone that he knew she detested.

"It's so good to see you! You're the only thing I've thought about since this morning. I could barely get any work done at all with visions of your lovely bottom popping into my mind at all sorts of inopportune times . . ."

Although Ginger knew that most women would kill to hear things like that from their man, she remained stubbornly silent and refused to respond to his kisses. But she also knew that he would keep this up indefinitely until she acknowledged his efforts. They'd remain in this parking lot until she did so.

There was no such thing as out-waiting him, as she always had her parents. If she was stubborn, he was a million times more so, and she'd not managed to best him yet.

She'd also learned better than to try to manipulate him or back him into any kind of a corner. He made quite sure that she never liked the results of such machinations.

Sean brought her back to his front, those big, muscular arms of his wrapping all the way around her, holding her tight and silently conveying both his unconditional support as well as the fact that she wasn't going anywhere until he decided to allow her to do so.

Ginger gave a long-suffering sigh and slumped against him.

"So what's going on with that frown, hmmm? Do I need to tell you to quit?"

"No!"

He'd known she was going to say that, but he'd asked as a way of reminding her that he was keeping that option very open.

Sean shrugged exaggeratedly, deliberately nudging his broad shoulder against her much smaller one every few seconds to annoy her into talking to him.

"Well? What's up? Hmmm? Huh? Hmmm?" He emphasized each query with a

kiss. "Is there someone I need to deck for you? Rafe, perhaps?"

Ginger knew he was only half-kidding. He would much have preferred that she had a female boss instead of one who was nearly as dominant as he was. "No, of course not. I just can't seem to get ahead, you know? I bust my butt all day to clear out my inbox, and this afternoon Rafe comes around and fills it back up, worse than it was before."

At this point in the conversation, Sean had learned, and wisely so, to keep his trap firmly shut rather than point out to his adorable wife the dichotomy of the fact that what she liked most about this job - that she was left alone to get piles of work done - was exactly what she was bitching to him about. If he'd been younger, he might have jumped in and tried to help her solve her nonexistent problem with suggestions about time management - things she already knew and wasn't interested in hearing again.

He'd learned from his mistakes and simply hugged her even more tightly, reiterating in a low growl his offer to command her to stop.

His efforts earned him a sharp elbow to the ribs. "Cut that out! You are *so* annoying when you do that." But at least she was turning within his arms as she insulted him, cuddling more closely up against his side.

"Besides," he continued, "no one is supposed to bust your butt but me."

"No, you're not!" she replied vehemently.

"I most definitely am, woman, and, if I recall correctly, we're scheduled to have a talk before bedtime tonight, although I don't think I'm going to let it go that long."

"No, we're not!" She knew she sounded like the petulant three year old he often compared her to, but Ginger hated bedtime - or any time - talks. They nearly always resulted in her sniffing her way to sleep, on her side, her roasted red bottom too sore to touch even their expensive sheets.

Well, truthfully, there was hate and then there was hate, but she wasn't interested in examining the fact that her body loved any and all of the attentions he lavished on it, even the more painful ones.

He might say "*especially* the more painful ones," but she would argue that point.

Being spanked by him definitely qualified as the latter. Just thinking about it had her squirming against him, as if he'd already applied his hand - or her hairbrush or any of the other horrid implements he kept hidden about the place - to what she considered to be her overly generous backside.

He kept her clamped to his side as he pulled back out into traffic, giving her a glance that snapped her mouth shut so quickly that her teeth hurt. Sean's patience could be limitless at times, when she really needed it, but this was not one of those times.

When they arrived at their good-sized cabin in the deep woods - which he had bought precisely because of its remote location - he preceded her into the house. That was always his custom, just in case of an intruder, a bear nosing around for food, or, even more likely, a raccoon doing the same thing. Sean was a cop now, and had been one in the military. That experience had made him obsessively cautious where her safety was concerned, and he liked to be the first one in, just in case. Ginger had thought it an interesting quirk when they'd first begun dating, and now it just made her feel treasured, just as he always made sure that she was comfortable, temperature-wise, rather than adjusting the thermostat to his own preferences.

And she certainly did enjoy the view. Ginger was five-six or so, taller than most

of her girlfriends. But he dwarfed her at six feet-two. He wasn't muscle-bound by any means; he certainly didn't spend hours - or any time at all, for that matter - in the gym, but somehow had managed to achieve a very appealing muscular definition. There wasn't an ounce of fat on him, despite attacking every meal she made as if it were his last. His all-time favorite food was carrot cake - so much so that she always kept one in the freezer. He was the only person she had ever met that could keep something like that around and only have a slice of it occasionally. One two-layer cake would last him six months or so. If it had been a chocolate cheesecake - her favorite dessert - it would have been gone the same day she'd bought it.

But that was Sean. He had a tremendous strength of will - even divided as it was now between the two of them - because Lord knows she had absolutely none when it came to sweets. Of course, he wouldn't have *allowed* her to eat the whole thing. Sometimes he was no fun *at all*, and she felt she had to have a girls' night in in order to get some of her own blasted cheesecake!

He was the most naturally self confident man she'd ever known. He never agonized over anything; he simply did what he thought was right. He was about as far from a slave of fashion as one man could get. He carried himself the same whether he was wearing a tux or nothing at all, and she had to admit that he looked equally good in either. His hair was extremely short - about a quarter inch all around, although on the rare occasions she'd been able to talk him into growing it a bit - which only meant to the point where it touched his collar and then he would buzz it all off again - it was jet black with a barely perceptible wave that had her itching for him to grow it really long.

Right. Like *that* was ever going to happen.

When he wasn't wearing a uniform, he preferred jeans and golf shirts - a step up from just plain t-shirts that she had encouraged him into. Not nagged, of course, because she'd have ended up over his knee before she could complete the sentence if her voice ever took on that annoying, wifely tone, but just by complimenting him when he wore them.

Man, did he look good in jeans! Especially the well worn, butter-soft ones that were just on the verge of starting to come unglued at the knees and tops of the thighs. She consciously stared at the reason for her enthusiasm every time she followed him obediently into the house: he had a fantastic ass. Unlike most guys, he actually *had* one. Most men's butts were flat as a pancake, their jeans hanging loosely over it until the material hit the backs of their thighs.

Not Sean. He had been blessed with a phenomenal rear end, and she was an avid admirer - not that he had come up short in any other pertinent areas, though, either. He was the complete package - everything she wanted and needed in every realm of her being.

Suddenly overwhelmed by how lucky she was to have such a man, Ginger caught him in the living room and hugged him tightly, laying her cheek on his chest, where he always claimed it belonged.

"What's this?" he asked, surprised. She wasn't a clingy woman . . . okay, she wasn't *usually* a clingy woman. But it was the wrong time of the month for it to be hormonally inspired. "Aren't you a little early to try to wheedle me out of giving you your spanking?" he asked the top of her head before he kissed it.

Ginger looked up at him, tears sparkling in her eyes. "I just . . . love you. And I

can't believe I'm lucky enough to have you in my life."

His kiss was so achingly tender that she almost couldn't stand it, letting her know that he felt the same way, and it only encouraged the waterworks that had already sent several plump tears down her cheeks.

Before she knew it, she found herself in his arms, being carried up the stairs to their bedroom. When they'd bought the house, it had had three medium-sized bedrooms, but he wanted them to have lots of room for his big furniture and huge bed, so their first renovation project was to combine two of them into one large master suite, complete with a dressing room and a large en suite bathroom.

Once there, he slid her front slowly down his, not caring a whit for the buttons that popped off her shirt and tinkled against the hardwood floors during her descent. His mouth claimed hers feverishly, using the advantage of her already gaping shirt to literally rip it the rest of the way off her along with her bra, until he felt her ample breasts pressed against him as she mewled and rubbed like an anxious feline.

Ginger's hands were far from idle as they worked their way up his chest, under his shirt, slowly divesting him of it until finally he impatiently tugged the thing up and over his head as her hands found his face and she eagerly pulled his lips down to hers.

Few things in life had ever felt so good to her as his kiss - whether it was the light, delicate kisses with which he woke her in the morning or this raw, fervent coming together of lips and tongues. He might as well have had his mouth on her clit, instead; every sensation he expertly conjured within her settled right there, where it always had, at the crux of her thighs, waiting impatiently for his sure possession and gathering strength in the meantime.

Ginger was shaking as she stood beneath his strong, ever curious hands. Sean knew that she wasn't necessarily cold, per se, but in this situation he always treated it as that, using the convenient remote to turn up the thermostat for just this room, then carrying her gloriously naked body to their bed, throwing back the covers to tuck her beneath them, then, after mindlessly shedding what few articles of his own clothing that remained, he joined her there, wrapping the both of them in the warm bedclothes, despite the fact that he knew he was going to be sweating momentarily.

It was much more important to him to see to her comfort, rather than his own.

He knew, though, that he wasn't going to be able to keep his hands to himself. He never could with her, it seemed. His famous self control flew out the window when she was in his arms - hell, when she was within a ninety mile radius. He'd move heaven and earth to get his hands on her.

His stroking and probing, touching and twisting did nothing to assuage her tremors, but it wasn't until he looked down at her and she asked in the smallest, most plaintive of voices, "Please?" that he allowed himself to do what he had wanted to do every moment since she'd gotten into the car . . . well, since this morning . . . since he'd met her: full and complete possession, with his body slowly invading hers, reveling in each caught breath, every small sigh, every slight adjustment of her body - inside and out - to his very thorough invasion.

"Sorry," she whispered under her breath, immediately wishing she'd been able to stifle the habit, because he never missed a trick with her. Ginger knew she was being loud, but she couldn't help herself. When they made love, every brain cell she owned went on vacation. She couldn't have correctly answered what two plus two was when he

put his hands on her; time and familiarity hadn't lessened his effect on her - in fact, it had probably heightened it. She was less able to be on guard or even coherent with him, and he encouraged that loss of control, recognizing that it was something she needed, since she put herself under a lot of self-induced stress at work.

Sean thoroughly enjoyed her mindless abandon, and ate up every syllable she uttered, having long since implemented a rule that she wasn't to stifle her responses to him in any way, and she certainly wasn't to apologize to him for her passion, as she had tried when they were first together.

He had been thoroughly appalled to find that she felt as if she had to apologize for what was a very natural thing, and - besides that - a huge boost to his ego.

Ginger's head flew back and forth on the pillow as Sean pressed himself slowly - excruciatingly slowly - within her, taking his time and deliberately torturing both of them, feeling her body give way to every thick, hard inch of him until he knew he couldn't take it any longer but he still forced himself to do just that, maintaining the excruciatingly slow pace until the very end.

His low, guttural groan filled the air around them, electrifying it even more than it already had been.

When she raised her hips to him, locking her legs around the small of his back, he couldn't force himself to hold back any longer, and he began to plunge deeply, mindlessly, into her.

Ginger welcomed every thrust, her body craving his possession with an ache that threatened to rival her arousal, until he adjusted himself just a bit, rubbing that eager spot of hers, hurtling her over the edge to fly completely apart - and entirely safe to do so within his arms.

Her violent spasms pried the last bits of his control away from him, and he lost himself within her, as always.

She was the only woman he'd ever encountered that could do that to him - strip away every last shred of the iron-fisted control he maintained, wearing him down with her love and her luscious body until he was a mindless lump.

As he collapsed on top of her, Sean thought it was a damned good thing that Ginger didn't quite realize just how vulnerable he was in those moments right after an orgasm, or she'd learn that it was she who really ruled the roost. If she asked him for a Rolls, or a mansion or a lion cub during those first minutes afterward, there would be no way he could deny her.