

TEACHING DISCIPLINE

THE DISCIPLINARIAN
BOOK THREE



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
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advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

PART I



Terri and Jake

CHAPTER 1



TERRI JACKSON SAT at her kitchen counter with a cup of coffee and some brochures for a new condo high-rise she was marketing. Her mind wasn't on her work, though, and she stared into space as she mindlessly stirred her coffee.

She'd been seeing Jake for two months now, and she really liked him. In fact, she knew it was becoming serious, something she'd avoided for the last six years. Jake was different from most of the guys she knew, so different in fact that last night she'd confided one of her deepest secrets to him. Maybe it had been the wine and low lighting, but something had made her unusually open, and now she was regretting it. How could she have shared something so private?

He'd been nice about it, but you could see he didn't really understand, and their good-night kiss had seemed almost perfunctory. Had she ruined everything? She sighed deeply.

She'd met Jake several months ago through work. There had been several suspicious fires on the site of a new high-end apartment complex she was helping to market, and Jake was an arson investigator who had come to speak with the apartment management. She'd immediately noticed his good looks, which

somehow reminded her of a firemen calendar, but it had been more than that. His authoritative manner of speaking made it obvious he knew what he was talking about, and later, when he'd asked her to go for coffee, she'd quickly accepted.

In the course of that first evening she'd learned there was a reason why he'd reminded her of the calendars: he'd been a Chicago firefighter for more than ten years, but when his older brother, also a fireman, was killed in a fire, his devastated mother had begged Jake to find another line of work. As a result, he'd gone back to school and now had advanced degrees in both fire science and forensic chemistry.

They'd talked for hours that first night and had seen each other regularly ever since. Jake was divorced, and his wife had taken their two daughters back to her native New Zealand, meaning he rarely saw them.

Terri shared with him her own history, her marriage in her mid-twenties and the son born two years later who had died from leukemia at age five. The devastation from that loss had damaged her marriage irretrievably, and a year after her son's death her husband left.

The pain of watching her son fade away had taken its toll, and in the years after she and her husband separated she'd shown no interest in meeting other men. In fact, she'd surprised herself when she'd accepted Jake's invitation with no hesitation and then spent several hours with him comfortably exchanging stories.

And now this. What in God's name had made her reveal such a personal thing to him last night? What was the matter with her anyway? She sighed a second time and wondered if he'd ever call again.



JAKE RICHMOND HAD SPENT the morning inspecting the scene of a suspicious fire at an automobile dealership, and now he was headed back to his office to study the mound of information he'd collected. He had no doubt the fire had been intentionally set, so the next step was to figure out who was responsible.

Now that he was away from the scene, he found his mind wandering. He'd been seeing a fantastic woman for a couple months now and was getting serious with her, but last night she'd thrown a wrench into the works, and he hadn't been able to get it out of his mind. Maybe he was just overreacting, but he was uncomfortable with the situation.

They'd been cuddling together on the sofa with an almost-empty bottle of wine, talking about small things and simply enjoying being together. He'd asked her half-jokingly what her biggest secret was, but her answer had completely thrown him for a loop.

"What?" he'd asked, frowning as he sat up a bit. Maybe he'd misunderstood what she'd said.

His reaction had immediately made Terri pull back, and she'd demurred with a hasty "Never mind."

"I want to know what you said," he'd insisted, so finally she'd repeated it.

"I think it would be sexy to have a man spank me."

"Okay," he'd answered, not fully understanding. "That hardly ranks as a deep, dark secret, though."

Terri took a deep breath and pushed on ahead. She'd come this far, so she might as well finish.

"I mean really spank, not just a little slap and tickle in bed."

Jake had been silent for a minute before asking, "What does that mean exactly—really spank?"

"You know, a spanking that's not a game and that really hurts."

Jake wrinkled his forehead. "Why would you want to be really hurt?"

"I can't explain it. I don't really want to be hurt, but ever since I was little, I've had this fascination with being spanked."

"Didn't you ever get spanked when you were a kid?"

"No."

"Well, I did, and I can tell you it's no fun."

Terri was sorry she'd mentioned it, so she shrugged and said, "Don't worry about it. It was a dumb thing to say."

"No, I want to know what it is you're saying. If you don't like pain, why would you want to be spanked?"

"I can't explain it. It's just something that's inside of me."

"Did you use to spank Brandon?" Brandon was her son who had died.

"No!" she replied, horrified. "It's only something about me, not about anyone else, especially not children."

Then she got a bit testy.

"Maybe you shouldn't ask someone what their deepest secret is if you're not prepared to hear it."

Jake had been silent a minute and then said, "I do want to know what's in your mind, but you took me by surprise, that's all."

Not too much later they'd called it an evening.

What was he supposed to think? In almost every way he was attracted to Terri. She was intelligent, sensitive, fun with a great sense of humor, and old enough to have experienced real life a bit. Not that he'd ever wish such a tragedy on anyone, but having gone through losing a son had forced her to come to grips with life beyond the fairytales.

And she was great looking. Usually he preferred tall blondes, but Terri was a brunette of barely average height, and her deep blue eyes had the hint of an upturn that gave her an almost exotic look.

And she wanted to be spanked! What was that all about?

He'd been around and certainly didn't consider himself either naïve or a prude, but she'd caught him off guard, maybe

because she'd said she wanted a 'real' spanking and not a bedroom game. Bedroom games he could understand, no problem, but the other made him uncomfortable, maybe because of his own childhood.

His father had been 'a man's man' and believed in tough love for his two sons, meaning that Jake and his older brother Rob had been frequent recipients of harsh discipline. He was well acquainted with 'real' spankings, although in reality they were probably more beatings than spankings.

Then, when he was about eight, his father had started abusing his mother too, so after several months she took her sons and left. A divorce followed quickly, and the final custody agreement gave his father visitation rights but forbade him from physical discipline. It wasn't too long before his father took a job in the Middle East with an oil company and was rarely heard from after that.

Within two years his mother remarried, and her new husband became an excellent father and role model for the two boys. Jake was very fond of his stepfather, who taught him a lot about honor and honesty, self-discipline, and even how to treat women. Maybe his stepfather's influence was coming through now, but the idea of causing pain to a woman he cared about was very uncomfortable for him.

He and Rob used to talk about everything, and it was times like this that he really missed his brother.



THE PHONE BROUGHT Terri back to awareness, and she realized she'd dozed off in front of the TV.

"Hey, Terri. Do you want to go eat something tonight?"

"Sure," she answered, almost surprised to hear from Jake. She'd about convinced herself she'd ruined things for good.

"I'll pick you up about seven."

“Okay. Where are we going?”

“Where do you want to go?”

“I’m feeling very casual, so let’s go somewhere that fits with that.”

“Okay. You decide where you want to go. See you later.”

Terri breathed a sigh of relief. Since last night she’d thought about very little except that last scene with Jake, and she was having a tug-of-war with herself. One side thought she should never have opened her mouth, but the other side thought that if she and Jake were getting serious, she didn’t want to risk spending her life with someone she couldn’t share such a big secret with. Maybe the tug-of-war hadn’t been resolved, but at least she hadn’t scared him off.

She sighed and moved her thoughts to dinner. What did she feel like eating?



“ARE you involved in that big fire at the car dealership?” asked Terri.

She and Jake had decided on TGI Fridays and were sitting in a booth waiting for their food.

“Yes, I spent several hours there this morning. There’s no doubt it was arson.”

“The pictures on TV looked really bad.”

“The main showroom is basically destroyed. The one good thing about a car dealership is that it usually has a lot of inventory outside that’s away from a fire, at least in most cases.”

Terri’s face seemed to have a question mark on it, so he continued.

“A couple years back there was a really bad fire in a dealership in Chicago Heights. It was obvious from the beginning that it was arson, because someone had set a lot of the cars on the lot on fire.”

“Was it a competitor?”

“No, as I recall it was a family feud.”

He shook his head, took a drink of his beer, and then said, “I’m always amazed that people are so oblivious to consequences. I can totally understand being furious with someone, but taking revenge so that you’re the one who goes to prison hardly seems like a clever plan, at least to me.”

Terri laughed.

“Well, if everyone was that logical, you’d have a lot less work.”

“That’s true.”

They stopped talking while the server delivered their dinners—whiskey-glazed salmon for Terri and a rack of ribs for Jake. Then, as they did often, they swapped bites, with Terri giving Jake a strip of her salmon and him putting a couple of ribs on her plate.

“Have you given any more thought to your birthday?” Jake asked as they started eating.

“Not really. I guess there’s a part of my mind that thinks if I ignore it, I won’t really turn forty.”

“There’s nothing the matter with being forty.”

“Actually I can think of any number of things that are the matter with it.”

“Vanity aside, what?”

Terri paused. She’d already lobbed one grenade last night. Should she mention another? At least it might be a grenade, she didn’t know. Strangely enough, even though they were getting serious, they’d barely mentioned the topic. Oh well, what was that English saying about ‘in for a penny, in for a pound’?

“I’d like to have another child, and forty is getting awfully old for that.”

Jake looked surprised. “You’ve never mentioned that.”

Terri shrugged. “Well, it’s hardly a casual conversation tidbit.”

When Jake didn't answer, she went on.

"The thing is, by forty a woman's eggs are getting old, and the chances are a lot higher of birth defects. I don't think I could stand it if I lost another child."

Her voice wobbled slightly on the last words, and Jake reached his hand out and touched hers.

"There's always adoption. There are lots of children who'd love to have a mother like you."

"Maybe, but being forty or more might be a drawback there, too."

Jake looked serious.

"There are an awful lot of possibilities for having babies these days. It's hardly a lost cause."

"I guess." She didn't sound convinced. "Do you think about having more children?"

"With the right woman, yes, it would be nice, but the right woman can be very hard to find."

Then he squeezed the hand he was still touching and added, "Until now, that is."

CHAPTER 2



“YOU NEVER ANSWERED me about your birthday,” said Jake as he sank into the sofa in Terri’s living room. “Telling me you don’t want one isn’t really an answer. Is there something special you’d like to do?”

They’d come back to her house after dinner, and now Terri kicked off her shoes and sat down next to him.

“You’re determined to celebrate my dark day, aren’t you?”

“Absolutely. It falls on a Saturday, so do you want to go away for the weekend?”

“Where?”

“Wherever you want. We could go up to Lake Geneva. Have you ever been up there?”

“Not for a long time.” She thought a minute and then said, “That might be kind of fun. We could go out on the lake.”

“Do you want me to make reservations?”

“Sure.”

“Can you get away early on Friday afternoon so we can leave before rush hour?”

“I think so.”

“Okay. Now, what would you like for your birthday?”