

THE GENTLEMAN DOM



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BLUSHING BOOKS

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CHAPTER 1



He couldn't believe that he had her. He knew she felt the same way about him, but the difference was that he knew he was the one who was right.

Sometimes, like this morning, when he awoke early and went out for a run, then came back to shower as quietly as possible so as not to wake her up, he then slipped, naked, beneath the sheet. He pulled it off her, to watch her sleep nude, that glorious mane of red curls spread out over the pillow behind her like a banner. One hand tucked beneath a cheek that showed few signs – to his eye – of her age beyond the laugh lines around her eyes and mouth, which he treasured so, one slender leg bent and drawn up, their only pet sleeping tucked up against her namesake and occupying the very place where he most wanted to be.

Baldly, he acknowledged that he had certainly had prettier girls. Hell, randy sort that he was – that he *still* was, although only for her – he'd had his share of prettier *women*, too. Age had never been a barrier to him in the least. If he wanted a woman, he went after her, and he'd certainly had to do a job convincing her that he wanted her.

Not that he begrudged her the reticence she'd shown to him in

the least at the beginning of their relationship. He'd understood completely where she was coming from.

He hadn't let his understanding of her motives stop him, but he'd acknowledged them just the same.

But now, he had her, finally. No matter that, he'd won her more than two years ago – the excitement at the very idea of just being able to be in her presence – and now knowing that she was his – hadn't dimmed in the least. He still spent long moments nearly every day just like this, watching her and marveling at the very idea that he had won her and – to his sometimes overwhelming amazement – was managing to hold her attention – and, if he dared to believe what she said and there were days that he was less confident – her love.

And he'd vowed to himself that he was going to do everything he could in his inconsiderable – overall – power – but considerable sexual prowess – to keep her with him for as long as he could.

He'd even dared to hope that, one day, she might marry him and truly become his.

But he knew he was pushing it with that. That was more of a bucket list item or something he'd wish for in a daydream. Not likely to happen, but not *entirely* inconceivable, at least as far as he was concerned.

He'd never mentioned that particular dream to her, of course. He didn't want her going skittering off in a panic because of it. He'd mistakenly thought that, in becoming seriously involved with someone who was considerably older than he was, he'd be the one most likely to be flighty, to chafe against the constraints of a committed relationship, but he was wrong.

Geoffrey Alton Camden – Alt to his friends who were also fellow computer nerds, although ones not lucky enough in the genetic lottery to get his unconsciously artful, head full of shoulder length black curls and waves, bright blue eyes fringed by jet back lashes, and tall, lean body, nor his friendly, outgoing personality. Jack of no particular trades and master of none, either, except for a

particularly strong gift with computers, gadfly, and college graduate – by the skin of his teeth – but woefully bad student of anything except female anatomy and the likelihood of the Red Sox making it to the World Series in any given year. He found himself head over heels, storybook, fairy tale in love with a woman who was more than old enough to be his mother.

Hell, except for the fact that she had grown up on the other end of the country, she could, technically, have been his mother. He had never met the woman himself, although he was quite well aware of the fact that, with his involvement with her, he was treading very firmly in oedipal footsteps.

He watched her lips part in sleep on a particularly deep breath that she held for a long moment before expelling. While he did so with her, mesmerized by the sight of those beautiful lips, his mind recalled entirely too many images of the long length of him disappearing past them as he slid along a tongue that never failed to cup him lovingly, occupying well more than just her mouth. Not that she had ever balked at taking every scintilla of him with more real pleasure than he'd ever seen any female approach a blow job in his – granted – comparatively short life. The lascivious images that floated through his mind brought him from the perpetual semi-erectness in which he lived around her to full, aching mast, hips already automatically arching, seeking the warmth Taffy the cat seemed to be guarding from him.

Moving as stealthily as he could manage, Alt reached over her nearest leg and grabbed the cat, unceremoniously dumping her off the edge of the bed, then looking back at his love to see if he had disturbed her.

He hadn't. Sleeping Gorgeous slept on.

No wonder. She had been away at a business conference for a week, and he had worn her out last night practically from the moment he'd picked her up at the airport, only letting her out of his arms to sleep in the wee hours, regretting the loss of her – and feeling guilty about doing so – immediately and at the same time.

He moved his considerable length around slowly and carefully, keeping himself as relatively tightly folded as he could so as not to awaken her. Arranging himself so that his head was exactly where the cat had been positioned between her legs, his nose practically buried between folds that were already naturally separated by virtue of her position, he couldn't stop himself from taking a long, deep breath of her.

She smelled like sex, like an intoxicating mixture of their essences entwined and comingled within her, and, indeed, he had to bite back a moan when he realized he could see the remnants of his prior possessions of her – plus, evidence of her own natural excitement – still seeping from her body.

Even when they hadn't been involved in the type of relationship they had eventually settled into, once he had gotten her to understand – and beyond that, believe – in the beginning that he wanted more from her than just a casual hookup. And even before that, that he truly desired even just the hookup, if that was all she would allow him – she had never denied him her body. Not once, even though he was – by his own estimation – absolutely insatiable for her – more so than any other woman he had ever been with was. She was his crack, heroin and cocaine all wrapped up in one amazing, exciting woman, and if he had his druthers – and now he mostly did, when the outside world wasn't interfering – he'd be at her constantly.

He knew he should let her sleep, knew she was exhausted from having spent the week den mothering everyone at work who had gone on the trip with her and now even more so from submitting herself to his desires all evening and well into the early morning. But he just...couldn't keep his hands – or in this case, his lips and tongue – to himself.

He had to taste that wonderfully familiar, delicately musty bouquet that was his lovely Elle.

And Alt knew – knew it in his core – that she would have been upset if she thought that he had denied himself the use of her body

in favor of allowing her to sleep when she could sleep any time. Indeed, he would likely require that she do so later in the day, imposing a nap on her because he felt she needed it, whether she wanted to or not.

It was that self-sacrificing nature – her unfailing tendency to put others, especially him, first that had led him to suggesting that he take the upper hand in their relationship – that she let someone – him – take care of her, for a change.

It had taken no small amount of talking on his part. Along with some cajoling and a terrifying – at the time, because he worried she'd simply tell him to shove his chauvinistic platitudes and leave him altogether – amount of demanding, and some ignoring the protests she insisted on making that he knew were just what she thought she should say, rather than what she wanted to do.

There was no more of that allowed from her any longer, or the condition of her bottom would directly reflect his displeasure.

But right now, he was literally salivating at the sight of her, licking his lips, feeling the warmth of that soft, velvety apex surrounding him as he leaned forward to press his own lips over hers. His broad, stiff tongue glided over that pliable seam as it parted in silent supplication, leading him past the home he had found so often within her. To his great surprise and delight – it still caused her to gasp with each first, full thrust, as if she would never become accustomed – physically or psychologically – at the imposing size of him within her. That lovely flesh parted around his ever-curious tongue, offering a slick path to the jewel he most sought at the moment. Gently butting his head against her legs, causing them to part around him with a sleepy sigh as her thigh settled on his shoulder, the other neatly trapped beneath him, cradling his face and holding him in place quite naturally. Especially as his hands came up to cup her bottom, giving her nowhere to go even if she awoke suddenly and decided she wanted to.

Not that she'd be allowed to, but she sometimes chafed at the restrictions he imposed upon her, and he never knew when she was

going to balk, which added considerably to his excitement. Sometimes, when he thought she was most likely to object to his high handedness with her, she acquiesced quietly to his will, and other times, when he did or said something off-hand that he thought was nothing, he unwittingly set her off. Reining her in when she decided to fight him was one of his favorite things, and, with her, the amount of those experiences just kept growing.

At first, he simply lapped at her, as if she was a particularly excellent ice cream cone, slowly and deliberately dragging his tongue over that already engorged pearl of hers. Then swirling around it in a way that he knew drove her crazy, rewarded by her unselfconscious groan and the way she tried to arch herself towards him, within the confines of his arms.

Hands, which had been cupping her bottom, squeezing none too gently, moved up to capture breasts that were so generous they overflowed even his large hands as he palmed her nipples while hefting their weight, forefingers and thumbs. Finding those raspberry peaks he knew better than his own, unfailingly gratified to find them at least as eager for his attentions as the tidbit he had captured gently between his teeth to flick the tip of his tongue over that now forcefully exposed bundle of excruciatingly sensitive nerves.

Her body jerked violently – although he easily used his youthful strength to keep her exactly where he wanted her to be.

"Mmm, Alt...what are you doing to me?" she breathed on a soft sigh.

His chuckle was decidedly evil. "Why, whatever I please, my darling, with that which I own."

He very nearly lost control at the way her breath sizzled into her lungs through her teeth at his words.

And he pleased to spend long, torturous moments bringing her perilously close to peak, then backing off a bit, sliding impossibly long fingers inside her as she clutched at his head, her fingers buried in his curls and clenching spasmodically within

them as he forced her to ride both his lips and his tongue at the same time.

"Please – *please!*" she begged breathlessly.

"Fuck – you know what it does to me when I hear you beg me, Elle," he growled, his hips jerking violently against the sheets, his body searching for that which his fingers currently possessed.

"Alton – Alt – you must – please – I can't – I can't s-stand it!"

She was the only person on the planet who could call him Alton and get away with it, because out of her beautiful mouth it always sounded like sex itself to him.

But, despite the fact that her level of experience far outstripped his, he was surprised and delighted to find that she was quite bashful with him. She blushed readily and often around him, and for some reason he couldn't fathom – and neither could she – she was quite reluctant to say the naughty things he adored hearing come out of her mouth. Luckily, he had absolutely no compunction about coercing her into saying them anyway – if she wanted to achieve her pleasure and avoid a spanking.

"Tell me what you want, sweetheart." The whispered command was made with his mouth pressed against her dripping cunt. "If you have any hopes at all of getting it."

He adored it when she growled – hell, he adored almost everything she did, and nearly all of it turned him on, too, even the most innocent of things. But that throaty, uninhibited protest of hers spurred him on. He knew her more than well enough that he could – and had – tease her for an inordinate amount of time, keeping her dancing – writhing – right on the razor's edge, which was just what he proceeded to do now.

Elle couldn't take it. She'd been too long without him, and Skype sex didn't cut it in any way, shape or form, and even last night hadn't sated her completely, it seemed. Her own fingers – which had long been her best ally against her own high libido – were distinctly dissatisfying now.

Only *he* could take her where she wanted – where she desper-

ately *needed* to go – with that low, sexy voice of his, hands that seemed to know her body better than she did, and his mouth was a perpetual orgasm waiting to happen.

She was within sight of the edge, perfectly willing to hurl herself over, but he wouldn't let her to get quite that close, the bastard.

And then he made as if to sit up, withdrawing from her completely. "Well, I guess you're not that interested –"

Elle almost screamed. If he had been wearing clothes, she would have grabbed hold of his lapels or at least his shirtfront, but he was as naked as she was, and she had to settle for tightening her fingers against his scalp, causing him to yelp.

Not exactly what she wanted, but at least he wasn't moving away from her any longer.

"Elle!" The hand that had been worrying her nipples came crashing down onto her behind instead, in swats that she knew would tattoo the outline of his big hand in carmine each time on her otherwise pristine flesh until each individual smack was indistinguishable from the others. She was made to chant her contrition – to no avail – while the spanking continued.

"I'm sor-ry – I'm so-rry – I'm sor-ry – I'm sorry!" she vowed in a frozen whisper, knowing she had put her own climax in serious jeopardy as her tears dampened the hair she had just pulled at the top of his head.

"Naughty girl," he chided in a tone she seriously hated because it meant that she had disappointed him, even as his mouth drifted back where it had been, which gave her a glimmer of hope.

"Oh, please, Alt – I'm so sorry – truly I am – I didn't mean to hurt you. I just wanted –"

"You were being a greedy girl, weren't you? Trying to take what you wanted rather than submitting yourself to me and accepting what I gave you as your due, weren't you?" Alt leaned back from her kitty a bit, so that he could watch her as his words – powerful and potent as they were to the both of them – sank into her mind,

seeing her face fall, and actually watching her submission wash physically over her.

"Yes, Sir," she answered dutifully, honest contrition plain in her tone. Her body remained taut but still, as if awaiting his judgment about her errant behavior.

This – this right here – was what he loved the most about what they had together. The sex was phenomenal and he loved her to distraction, and he knew that she felt the same way about him, but this right here – that proud head bent, her breathing slowed from the ferocity of before, her entire demeanor concentrated and focused completely on him – where it belonged – and patiently, complacently awaiting his direction.

Her submission to him – and her love of him – was of equal weight to him; he could no longer do without either of them.

"Put your hands behind you," he ordered softly, and she obeyed immediately, although there was no answer for her in it.

Her slender wrists were trapped, held in place by his free hand and yanked down just a bit more than she would have naturally, giving her no choice but to arch her back to alleviate the slight discomfort the awkward position created. "There's my good girl," he complimented, his tone deliberately deep and firm, watching her entire body flush with the almost childish compliment, seeing her trying to bow her head even further, turning right and left, but there was nowhere – no way – to go to hide the embarrassment he so effortlessly conjured within her.

He spoke to her as a father spoke to a cherished but spoiled child, but with his mouth pressed against her clit and his fingers again hammering into her. "Now, I'm not going to tell you whether I'm going to let you come or not because you misbehaved. But you must tell me when you're close, Elle. Do you understand me?"

"Yesss, Sirrrr!" she cried, her head already thrown back, hair pooling on the bed behind her, her body immediately brought back to where it had been, as if the punishment interlude had never been. "Oh, Sir, I –"

"So soon?" he asked, almost scolding, making her tug futilely at her wrists as he left off her just a bit, removing his fingers from her dripping cunny and replacing them with his tongue instead, those already moistened fingers finding their way to knock at that little pucker of hers.

"No – Sir – please!"

Why she protested every time about something he knew she adored he would never know, but he'd never allowed it to stop him, and he wasn't about to start now.

He didn't prepare her in any way. She was grateful that he had crossed one finger over the other, which he didn't always do. But he wanted to occupy her bottom. And there was nothing she could do to stop him. And that helplessness, he knew, only added to her already unbearable excitement.

She mewled, begged, panted, and moaned, but those fingers ended up knuckle deep within her – and then began to fuck her there at *least* as vigorously as they had her quim.

Elle couldn't help it. It might have been how she'd always wanted to be treated, but it was unbearably embarrassing to her that she even wanted such a thing. And her body *absolutely* did, so much so that she could have an anal climax much more readily than a vaginal one.

And he knew that, as he plunged and twisted those fingers in an alternating rhythm that drove her out of her mind.

"Alt – Alt – I-I'm – ahhhnn..."

To her great surprise, he didn't stop. Instead, he suckled her clit even further into his mouth and had his way with it as surely as his fingers were having their way with her, feeling the strength of her muscles gathering around him. "That's it, baby. Be a good girl and come for me. I'm not going to stop until you do – until you obey me."

If her hands had been loose, she might have bitten her fist to keep herself from being as loud as she was, but she wasn't given the nicety of that option.

The combination of everything he was doing – to and for her – not the least of which were his carefully chose words – made her throw back her head, pressing her slit into his face while his fingers followed her movements. He brought her to dual climax as she screamed uncontrollably and followed every animalistic, uncontrolled, uncoordinated movement, never easing up, never allowing her a second's respite until she could do nothing but collapse – completely spent – in his arms.

As much as he knew she wanted to burrow into the warmth and safety of them, Alton excused himself apologetically to go see to himself, reappearing as quickly as he could to gather her into his arms and lift her off their bed. He settled with her on his lap into the big overstuffed rocker that was tucked into one corner of the room by the window to simply hold her. She was often quite fragile afterwards and holding her close – holding her very tightly to him and whispering reassuring things – could often belay a storm of emotions that made her feel uncomfortable, thinking it annoyed him no matter how many times he reassured her to the contrary.

And he would quite happily spend the rest of his life doing just that, if she would let him.