

THE GIFT OF DISCIPLINE

THE DISCIPLINARIAN

BOOK TWO



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Published by Blushing Books
An Imprint of
ABCD Graphics and Design, Inc.
A Virginia Corporation
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901

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eBook ISBN: 978-1-63954-354-0
Print ISBN: 978-1-63954-355-7

Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's
advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

CHAPTER 1



CARRIE WESTON HAD BEEN FASCINATED to learn that her neighbor, Dr. Alden Fairfax, was a professional disciplinarian. She wasn't sure exactly what that was, but she knew it wasn't the norm for her upscale Chicago neighborhood of Old Town, nor was it a traditional occupation for a well-educated Englishman with doctorates in both medieval English literature and psychology.

Carrie was spontaneous and outgoing and took life in stride, often with a glass of red wine in her hand. Dr. Fairfax was fourteen years her senior with a reserved, even stern demeanor and a definite bent to the academic.

Their worlds seemed far apart, and yet, as they got to know each other, a strong attraction developed. Carrie had never known her father and admitted she had daddy issues, something Alden both understood and knew how to address, but it was much more than that. Alden was completely captivated by his beautiful and fun neighbor, and their sex life was exciting on a level Carrie had never before experienced.

They both knew they'd found something special, and on a trip to London Alden proposed, and Carrie happily accepted. They were ready to make a life together.



“HOW WAS your first day back at work?” Alden asked as he and Carrie accepted plates of whiskey chicken from his housekeeper, Mrs. Ryan.

“My ring got me a lot of attention,” answered Carrie with a grin as she held out her hand with the beautiful contemporary solitaire Alden had slipped on her finger as they rode the Millennium Wheel in London.

Alden smiled. It gave him a tremendous feeling of satisfaction to see the ring on her slender hand. He was forty-eight and had considered himself a bachelor by choice, so it had come as a shock to realize he’d fallen deeply in love with Carrie Weston, his upbeat and much younger neighbor who had amicably ended her six-year marriage only a year earlier.

“You were declared swoon-worthy by one of my friends,” Carrie continued, still grinning, “and one of the assistants said you looked like someone from *Twilight*.”

Alden looked surprised. “I’m not sure that’s a compliment.”

“It is, believe me.”

They helped themselves to some of Mrs. Ryan’s wonderful soda bread, and then Carrie added, “Should I ask how your day was? Did you have a waiting room full of people who’d missed getting beaten?”

He frowned slightly. She continued to see the disciplinarian part of his work in a stereotyped and almost flip way, and efforts to dissuade her had not been successful. Of course he couldn’t talk about his individual clients, but what he did in his practice was so much more than simply ‘beating’ people. He knew that some of her comments were simply her breezy way of talking, but he wasn’t happy that she still had so little understanding of that part of his work.

“I did have a new client with a difficult background,” he answered. “I hope I can help her gain some balance and

perspective. She's never spoken with anyone before, so this is new territory for her."

The tiny smirk on Carrie's face told Alden that yet again her imagination was running away with her as she imagined some lurid course of treatment, so he changed the subject.

"I saw in the *Tribune* this morning there's a new 4-D show opening at the Shedd Aquarium this weekend. Shall we go?"

Alden still subscribed to the print version of the famous city newspaper and, in true English gentleman style, read it with his morning coffee. The aquarium was one of Carrie's favorite places in Chicago, so the announcement had immediately caught his attention.

Her eyes sparkled now as she heard the news.

"Sure! What's it about?"

Before he could answer, she was distracted by Chessie, her tiny five-pound reddish-brown toy poodle running into the dining room wearing a tiny bandana colored like the British flag. Alden had been less than wild about the purchase, but Carrie had blithely bought it anyway along with at least a dozen other scarves, tops, jackets, and colorful halters. One good thing about having a five-pound dog was that accessories cost far less than those for Great Danes.

"Lady Chessie has arrived," she announced with hand gesture. Then she laughed. "Maybe when she wears that scarf, she'll bark with an English accent."

Alden just shook his head. The bubbly can-chat-about-anything side of Carrie was a mystery to him, but one that he found fascinating. He'd never before been around such a personality, and it was part of what had first attracted him to her.

"You do realize that *you're* the ones with an accent, don't you?" he asked now. "Everyday usage in the American colonies started changing the Queen's English, as happened also in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and even other places."

“The colonists didn’t change the Queen’s English because there wasn’t a queen then,” Carrie replied, making a tiny face at him. “I’d think someone with two doctorates would know that.”

“Someone with two doctorates does know that,” he replied with a tiny edge to his voice. “I believe you understand the point I was making.”

Then he gave her a pointed look and added, “You’re in quite a mood tonight, Carrie. Perhaps Mrs. Ryan added a bit too much whiskey to the chicken.”

“Impossible!”



“IT DOESN’T REALLY WORK WELL either way,” said Carrie with a tiny frown on her face. “We didn’t think about this ahead of time.”

Alden looked vaguely amused. “Are you saying that if we had, you wouldn’t have accepted my proposal?”

Carrie glanced yet again at the sparkling diamond on her finger before saying, “You know that’s not what I meant.”

“We’re two intelligent people. I’m sure we can figure this out,” he said confidently. “Perhaps we should make a list of the pros and cons for each possible solution.”

Carrie rolled her eyes. “You make the list, and I’ll get us more wine.”

The two of them had gone back to Carrie’s house after dinner and were sitting in her living room discussing how best to combine their living now that they were engaged. Their houses were directly across the street from each other but were very different in style. Alden’s was a four-story semi-contemporary rebuild which was divided into two distinct parts, with the lower two floors used for his counseling, life coach, and

disciplinarian practice, and the upper two floors his private residence.

Carrie's house was a more traditional two-story single-family home, spacious for one person but not nearly the size of Alden's home.

Since their relationship had begun, they'd gone back and forth, sometimes being one place and sometimes the other, but it was nothing permanent, and they also spent time away from each other. Now that they wanted to move in together, suddenly the differences became large.

Alden's four-story was perfect for his purposes as long as he was single, but if Carrie (and her little fluffball Chessie) moved in with him, the privacy of his clients could easily be compromised as the entries to the two parts of the building shared a downstairs foyer.

Carrie's house was of course only a living space, which would be fine, but besides being smaller than Alden's, it also wasn't as well designed. It was attractive and comfortable but typical of a casual thirty-four-year-old woman who'd lived there less than a year. Alden's home, on the other hand, was luxuriously furnished. A great deal of planning had gone into making it an English gentleman's home, one that Carrie had once claimed would be perfect for a Rex Harrison movie.

Carrie liked having ground floor access for Chessie, and she enjoyed sitting on her front porch, both things that Alden's upstairs residence lacked. He did have a front porch that could be easily furnished, but since the front door served both the business and personal parts, the problem of client privacy would arise again if Carrie was settled into a porch chair with a book and some wine as clients were coming and going.

This was going to take some serious thought.

"Perhaps I should speak with my original architect," Alden suggested. "It shouldn't be too difficult to completely separate the entrances at my house."

“But the house part is upstairs,” answered Carrie. “I like being downstairs. I’m a porch sitter, and Chessie likes the backyard now that I’ve put a space for her there.”

“Maybe the architect will have some ideas we haven’t thought of.”

“I hope so.”

He patted his leg in invitation.

“Why don’t you come sit on my lap?”

“Are you cold?” she answered with a playful smile.

She was only teasing him, though, as she loved being with him. When she’d first met him, she’d thought he was awful—cold, stern, intimidating—but as she got to know him, she realized there was a very different side to him too, and his first kiss had totally rocked her world, immediately relegating all her prior relationships to that of mere boys. He was simply the most exciting man she’d ever known.

She came over and sat down on his leg, and he pulled her closer to him and kissed her.

“It makes me very proud to see you wearing my ring,” he said as he held her against him. Then suddenly he sat upright and added, “I just remembered something I’ve been meaning to ask you. Why is your last name the same as your mother’s? Did you not take Jeremy’s name, or did you change back after the divorce?”

“I changed it back as part of the decree,” she answered. “I figured I might get married again, and I didn’t want to have a long string of names.”

Carrie’s divorce from her ex, Jeremy, had been amicable, and he remained someone she could call if ever she needed help.

“What was his last name?”

“Waters.”

Alden knew Jeremy’s family was in real estate development,

and now his eyes lit up in recognition. "I've seen that name all over town."

Carrie nodded. "They're a busy little group."

"Are you still in touch with his family?"

She made a tiny face. "If we bump into each other or something really big happens, but we're not actually friends. I don't think his mother has forgiven me for wanting a divorce from her little prince."

Jeremy had many good traits, but he also had a weakness for women, and Carrie had decided it was a situation she didn't want to live with. Interestingly enough, Jeremy understood and had been very generous in the settlement, including buying her the house in Old Town.

"Are we going to sleep here tonight?" asked Carrie, snuggling against Alden's chest.

"Is that what you want?"

"Well, it gets to be really silly to keep crossing the street. We should make a schedule and then stay in one place on any given day—dinner, sleeping, the whole bit."

Alden knew she was just talking, but the idea had merit, and it would certainly help Mrs. Ryan plan.

Suddenly Carrie laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"I'm just wondering if any of the neighbors have turned us into a drinking game or a neighborhood pool."

Alden looked puzzled. "What are you talking about?"

"You know, watching us crossing the street all the time. Do they take a drink every time we cross, or is there a pool with people guessing how many crossings on any given day?"

Alden shook his head. This was the Carrie who was endlessly fascinating to his staid self.

"I doubt that the neighbors find us that interesting," he answered. "It would require someone watching all the time."

"Some people are curious."

Alden smiled. "Who might you be referring to, Miss Nosy?"

He would never use a term like that on his own, but Carrie had told him that her mother used to call her Miss Nosy when she was young because she always wanted to know everything that was going on, a trait she'd carried with her into adulthood.

"A lot of people are curious about their neighbors," she replied and then gave a guilty little smile and added, "Remember that brochure about your practice that I found?"

"Yes."

"Well, after I read it, I used to look out the front window a lot. I was really curious about what kind of people were coming to your office."

He looked less than pleased. Having her in the vicinity of his arriving and departing clients would definitely not work well.

"Your mother had you pegged," was all he said now.

"In another life I was probably a news reporter."

He looked amused. "When we were at the aquarium, you told me you were a sea creature in another life."

"I have a lot of former lives," she answered with a tiny laugh. "Oprah said you keep coming back until you get it right, so I must be a slow learner."

He pulled her close and kissed her blonde hair. "You may be many things, little one, but a slow learner is not one of them."