

Guarded
By
Susannah Shannon

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Chapter 1 - The Yearning Young Lady

The man's voice was calm, not unkind, but unyielding. "I will not ask again, come here." She knew what was coming and she dreaded it. He crooked a finger at her, and with trepidation she obeyed him. "Why am I going to spank your bare bottom young lady?" he asked.

"Because, I disobeyed you."

He nodded and maneuvered one of his knees in between hers. He pulled her close to him, pinning one of her legs between both of his. "Give me your hand," he ordered. He knew her, knew that she would try to reach back and cover her backside as it was being blistered. He pinned her wrist in the small of her back. He flipped her skirt up and tugged at her panties. Her legs being spread made it harder to skim them all the way down. The first spank was crisp and caused her to gasp. He immediately began to spank her vigorously moving from cheek to cheek. She was squirming and wriggling as the pressure between her legs built. The palm of a hand pressed and squeezed over her cleft. Her breathing overtook her and the orgasm rolled like a wave.

She rolled over onto her side feeling the cool night air on her face. Her breathing quieted, and as always, she slept alone in her bed.

Liza took a deep breath and tried to focus. She was trying to pick a screen name. Every single one she could think of was laughable. "Plspankme" No. "Naughtygrl" Absolutely not. "Wntsredbtm" Not even close. If she didn't do this now she never would. She typed "Mostlynicegrl" into the User ID space. She used the password she almost always used "ARTHIST90." She was in.

Spankworld had 300 guests in the chat room. Two-hundred ninety of them were men. Bess paused to read some of the chat when the private message requests began queueing up. One after another. Onelonlyguy and Silvertape and cityuser66 and assbeater all sent her messages. Slaveshaver72 and ASScrusher she blocked. Silvertape asked in his first message if she was into tape bondage. She didn't even know what that was. A few of the messages made her sad for the senders, "feminizedboy" wanted to know "what is it like to be female?" She hoped that person was just looking for attention. She scrolled on.

Someone named "milk19661" asked if she could see his cam. She wasn't sure, so she clicked on the camera shaped icon—suddenly she could see milk19661's uncircumcised boner being jerked back and forth. She clicked away. What the hell was she doing here? All right, she had not expected to be inundated with messages. She had expected that younger women would attract all the attention and that by putting her real age of thirty-five on her profile she could fly under the radar. She had been wrong. She ignored the ones who were clearly not promising. So footlicker71, BendoverI'mdriving, 5Wantsafatty, she ignored. She opened a message from Cantalever. "Hi... how long has it been since you were spanked and spanked and spanked until you kick your legs wildly and blush all over?"

Well, how to answer that? "Never, actually," she typed.

Cantalever decided that was his opening. "I sit in the chair. Bend your arm behind your back. And down you go, face down across my knees, your face flushed, your poise shattered... and now your eyes widen in shock as I, a total stranger, lift your skirt and, unthinkably, reach for the waistband of your panties..."

There was a lot that Liza considered saying beginning with, “But if we are here for you to spank me—why would I be surprised? Shattered seems a bit much doesn’t it?” She was thinking of a response when Cantalever apparently ran out of patience.

He typed, “You kick them to the floor and I stare at the crack in your naked bottom and the oh so moist shadow peeking up at me from between your kicking legs... Humiliating, isn't it? WELL, ISN'T IT? I begin rubbing your naked bottom with the very hand that is about to spank it... rubbing... rubbing... rubbing. OOPS! Didn't mean to touch you THERE.”

She couldn’t help it; she began to laugh. “Oops, someone at door, gotta go,” she typed.

OTKDR seemed more promising, she apologized for taking so long to respond to him.

“No need to apologize... welcome to the site. I hope you enjoy it here. The thing to remember is that everyone shares one common interest here... an interest in spanking. It's a good place to meet likeminded people. People who understand.”

“I’m not really sure what I am looking for.”

“That’s okay.”

“So have you spanked many girls?”

“I have. I’m a traditionalist, bare bottomed, over my knee, hard and fast hand spanking. Some girls just thrive when they are held accountable with a no nonsense spanking.”

Oh my. If she hadn’t been such a committed Yankee she would have fanned herself and considered getting a case of the vapors. “What does your name mean?” she typed.

“I prefer to put a girl Over the Knee and I am a Dr.”

“Makes sense.”

“So tell me about you, Mostlynicegirl?”

“Well, I am a girl and mostly...” Kizzie’s insistent barking drew her away from the screen. Liza tried to ignore him and couldn’t. Kizzie leapt like a Chinese acrobat, making enough noise to make every neighbor in the whole complex want to get Liza evicted. Damned dog.

“I’m sorry—I have to go—”

OTKDR was deep in a group conversation about the role of something called “submission rituals.” She was intrigued, but the barking was getting out of hand. Liza logged off and went to find a leash. Hard to imagine a life that needed a sheepdog less than the life she had built for herself. Her apartment was delicate and tasteful. Or it had been before the father she barely knew had left her seventy pounds of exuberant dog. Her early American Antiques were now either chewed up or locked in her extra bedroom. She had been relieved when Kizzie had been delivered to her door—she had expected an enormous sheepdog. She had pictured “nanny” from Peter Pan. The dog that was delivered was large, but not the slaving mammoth she had envisioned. All reassurance had faded when she had googled the breed. Appenzeller Sennenhunde, the rarest of the Swiss Guard dogs the internet had said. Not for the faint of heart, the internet had said. Must be an experienced dog owner with lots of space and unlimited time to thoroughly exercise the demonic canine, the internet had said. What it hadn’t said was how you got rid of the dog left to you by the father you hadn’t seen since you were a toddler. So, Liza and Kizzie were still struggling on together.

Kizzie yanked her down the stairs. Liza used all of her weight to try to slow the dog down, to no avail. They careened into the parking lot and straight into the path of a moving car. Thankfully the car was pulling into a parking space, so it wasn’t moving very fast. Kizzie’s squeal of pain was horrifying. Liza screamed, and the driver hit the brakes. Kizzie was bleeding from the nose, but otherwise looked remarkably all right. Liza grabbed the blanket that was in the back of her car and wrapped the injured dog in it. The driver of the car appeared to be 600

years old, shrunken and frail. He wouldn't be any help. It took all of her strength to hoist the furry patient into her car, cursing under her breath all the while. She drove to the 24-Hours vet clinic, constantly checking in her rear view mirror to make sure the patient was still breathing.

Luckily, the clinic waiting room was empty. Liza had no faith in her ability to control Kizzie had there been other dogs, or God forbid cats, also waiting. It appeared that Liza had overreacted. By the time the receptionist called them to see the vet, Kizzie was able to walk back to the examining room. The vet was a young man with horn rimmed glasses. He consulted his clipboard. "Hi, Ms. Cox, I'm Dr. Reid. I'm going to follow you guys so I can watch Kizzie walk."

Of course the damned dog was fine. The vet prescribed some pain medicine and anti-inflammatories and suggested that Liza make an appointment with her regular vet.

"Actually, I don't have a regular vet, yet."

"How long have you had the dog?"

"Two weeks," she answered, thinking "*But it's been an awfully long two weeks...*"

"He's a beautiful dog. He's a rare breed; I've read about them, but never seen one before."

"Yeah well, he belonged to my dad and when my dad passed away he left Kizzie to me." To her horror she kept babbling, "I hadn't seen him in twenty years and then I hear that he died and he left me the rarest of the sheepdogs."

"I am sorry for your loss." He managed to look truly sorry. It occurred to her that he might be a bit more handsome than she had thought. "Wait, if you hadn't seen your father in years, how did he get the dog to you?"

"I got a phone call from a lawyer and two days later they delivered the dog to my door."

"Seriously?" He seemed shocked.

She nodded. "That was sort of my reaction, too."

"Wow. I'm guessing he didn't come in a Fed Ex envelope."

Despite herself she smiled. "No, apparently there are services that move pets."

He nodded and it occurred to her that although she had never heard of such things, a veterinarian probably had. She was an idiot.

"What did your mom say about your estranged father sending you this beast?" he asked, absentmindedly ruffling Kizzie's scruff.

Liza hated these sorts of questions; the truth would invariably make the other person feel pained and awkward. "My mother died a few years ago; she had breast cancer."

To his credit, he did not avoid her eye. "That sounds really hard. I am so sorry."

"Thank you," she said.

Looking to find a non-dreadful topic of conversation, he returned to Kizzie. "How are things going with the dog?" he continued.

"Awesome." She found it impossible to lie to his serious and kind face. "Actually, that's a lie. It's a disaster. He's chewed up my furniture. I can't control him on a leash and his barking is making my neighbors nuts." She was embarrassed by the way she had blurted all of that out. "Please don't tell me I have to get rid of him, because I just can't."

He had a nice smile. "I'm not going to tell you that. But we do need to work some things out. Do you have a yard?"

"No, I have an apartment."

"Okay, let's try a gentler leader. It's a sort of harness type leash that will let you control him on a leash better."

“I will try anything. I can walk him before and after work.”

“Well, Kizzie needs a lot of exercise.” He handed her some business cards. “These are some dog walkers, and also in there is a card for a doggie daycare.”

“I cannot believe I might be the sort of person who would ever have a pet go to doggie daycare...”

“Well, we do what we have to do. What sort of work are you in?”

She always dreaded answering this question. “I am in art restoration.”

She waited for the usual questions. “Are you a counterfeiter?” “Couldn’t make it as an artist yourself?” or “Can you make a living doing that?”

He said none of those things.

“Cool. Do you work at the art museum?”

“Part of the time. The museum has a contract with the university so I am there part of the time as well.”

“I read something about the team who restored the Sistine chapel when I was a kid.”

“Yeah, me too. I haven’t done anything that exciting. My specialty is early Colonial American art.”

“Like, hmmm...” He snapped his fingers. “What was his name—Benjamin West?”

She might fall in love standing right there in the clinic.

“Yes, like that. Museums from all over send their paintings from that period to be restored.”

“By you?” he asked.

“Yes, actually.” She was afraid that would sound egotistical so she quickly undercut herself, “My team, really.”

“Sweet,” he responded. He had a goofy grin, but he was handsome in a bookish, winsome way. Since she didn’t yet have a regular vet she took the number of his office to call for a follow-up appointment.

She was thankful that Kizzie seemed subdued when she got home so she was able to crawl into bed without the usual carnival of barking.