

THE DISCIPLINE OF
AMANDA

THE DISCIPLINE SERIES, BOOK TWO



VICTORIA WINTERS

BLUSHING BOOKS

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CHAPTER 1



Laurelglen Palace, England, 1887

Amanda Vanderpoint, former New York City debutante and now the Duchess of Chaucer, sat at the writing table in her summer palace in the south of England. By all appearances, it would seem that, as an American, she had done quite well for herself. By marrying the Duke of Chaucer, she had become a high-ranking member of British nobility.

On this particular day, Amanda, the envy of young girls everywhere, was writing—not the sort of correspondence one would expect from the Duchess of Chaucer. Instead, a casual observer would be surprised to see the beautiful young woman dressed as a little girl and seated at a small school desk. On closer inspection, one would be even more surprised to see her writing, "I will not disobey my papa," over and over again in her daintiest hand.

"How many sentences?" a female voice with a Scottish accent asked. Amanda bit her lip in a futile attempt to keep

her tears from falling. She knew her governess, Nanny Ferguson, would not be pleased with her answer.

"A h-hundred and thirty-three, ma'am," she replied, pushing the paper forward so her falling tears would not wrinkle the page. The last thing she wanted was to be forced to start over because her nanny found an imperfection in her paper. Nanny Ferguson was a large, solid woman who wore her hair pulled back in a severe grey bun. She snatched Amanda's paper off of the desk and studied it.

"This is unacceptable, Amanda. See, there is a smudge in the tenth sentence. You are a disobedient little girl and your papa will not be at all pleased when he gets his evening report of your behavior. Instead of three hundred sentences, I want you to write five hundred, this very afternoon. You will begin again."

The tenth sentence? Amanda's temper flared as she literally saw red. Her nasty nanny had looked at the paper a dozen times and let Amanda keep going when she must have known all along that she wasn't going to accept it? Amanda's lips tightened into a thin line. She was weary and feeling petulant. It was past time for the afternoon nap she had become accustomed to. Writing "I will not disobey my papa" five hundred more times seemed an impossible task.

"I won't. I won't, and you can't make me," Amanda cried, rising to her feet to confront her nanny. This caused the delicate chair she had been perched upon to fall, its back making contact with the priceless rug underneath.

Nanny Ferguson raised one eyebrow and looked with disapproval at the small blonde woman standing before her who, by all rights, should have been the lady of the house but was kept as a small child by her husband.

"My, we are feisty today, are we not?" Nanny Ferguson asked, tapping her palm with the pointer she always carried.

Looking from the slender rod to her nanny's face, Amanda's eyes widened in dismay.

"As you well know, little miss, this outburst is unacceptable. You will pick up that chair and carry it to the center of the room."

Amanda was little in every sense of the word. She was barely five-feet-tall and had a dainty, albeit curvaceous figure. Her big blue eyes welled with tears as she watched her nanny reach one beefy hand up towards the bell pull.

"I'm going, I'm going," Amanda cried, picking up the chair and rushing to the center of the room but, alas, she was not fast enough. She was appalled to see her nanny give the bell pull a good hard yank. Instantly, a footman appeared.

"How may I be of service, ma'am?" he asked Nanny Ferguson. He did not bother to address the small woman dressed like a little girl standing beside her. The staff had been instructed not to take orders from the duke's new wife.

"Please tell his lordship that his presence is required in the nursery."

Amanda began to wring her hands. To have her husband make an appearance in the nursery was a most unfavorable circumstance. The same man who could drive her to heights of unimaginable ecstasy in bed at night was also a harsh taskmaster who expected perfection from his little wife.

Amanda waited, her knees shaking, as her displeased nanny glared at her. She desperately prayed for the floor to open up and swallow her whole. What would her friends and family say if they could see her now? Everyone had been so envious when she had married the Duke of Chaucer. Young girls on both sides of the Atlantic had followed the story and wedding photos printed in both the New York and London papers. Once the envy of all, what would they think if they could see her now? Dressed in a little girl's dress with a large bow perched on the back of her head above hair which had

been coaxed into long honey-blond ringlets, she knew she looked like an eight-year-old. She recalled visiting a fortune teller's booth at a fair when she was just that age. The woman had looked at her palm and told her that she could become anything she wanted if she were willing to pay the price. Was this the price of being a duchess—being kept by her husband as a little girl? If so, was she willing to pay it?

"What is this?" her husband asked, standing in the doorway. Amanda lowered her head in shame but could not resist peeking up through her eyelashes at her handsome, commanding husband. He was tall and distinguished with dark brown hair that swept back off his brow. He had straight dark eyebrows above a square, handsome face and cut quite a dashing figure in his country tweeds. Nanny Ferguson bobbed into a curtsy and then informed her master of his little wife's sins. Lord Chaucer listened as if he couldn't quite believe what he was hearing. He raised one eyebrow and looked down with disapproval at his small bride.

"Amanda," he said, sounding for all the world like a disapproving father. "What is this Nanny Ferguson is telling me? You are refusing to behave and you have not finished writing your sentences? She tells me that you raised your voice to her and knocked over the chair you were sitting in." Before she could respond, Nanny Ferguson handed the paper Amanda has spent the better part of the day slaving over to her husband. He glanced at it with a frown and then shook the offensive paper under her nose. "Are you satisfied with your efforts? You were given one task to perform today. It has taken you half the day to turn out a substandard paper and now you must begin again. But do not despair, my dear, you will sit here all day, if that is how long it takes."

"Geoffrey—Papa—I mean," Amanda replied, finally finding her voice. She knew there was no point in calling her

husband anything but papa or sir; he would not respond, otherwise. "Please, Papa, please. I am not a child. I am a woman and your wife. I insist that you put an end to this nonsense and let me take my place at your side as the lady of the house. This is ridiculous," Amanda said, her anger surging again. But she grew quiet when her husband put out his hand and Nanny Ferguson placed the pointer in it. Her husband stared blankly at her as if she had spoken a foreign language he was not familiar with.

"Nanny Ferguson, you will prepare little Amanda for a bare-bottomed rendezvous with this," he said, grimly swishing the pointer through the air until it whistled. "I myself shall wield the instrument of her correction."

Amanda's anger died out and her heart began to race as she looked at the pointer with a sick expression. It was a cane, there was no other word to describe it. Since her wedding day, she had been spanked, paddled and tawsed on an all too frequent basis, but she had yet to feel the bite of the cane, although she had been threatened with it on several occasions.

"Please Papa, please, no. Not that. I am sorry. See, I am ready to begin writing my sentences again," she said, moving quickly towards the desk, but Geoffrey stepped in front of her. He pointed to the chair in the center of the room.

"Over the back, your hands holding the seat," he ordered.

Amanda felt as if she was made of jelly as Nanny Ferguson grabbed hold of her upper arm and marched her over to the chair. She did not dare resist as her nanny lifted her skirts and lowered her bloomers until only her bare bottom was sticking out behind her. She was bent over the back of the chair she had caused to fall and ordered to grip the seat tightly.

Amanda assumed the position and looked over to see her husband remove his jacket and roll up his sleeves. She began

to quake in fear, staring at the cane, as he once more picked it up and began to swish it through the air. Nanny Ferguson stepped forward and nudged her into position. She was arranged with her feet straddling the two back legs of the chair, her back dipped and her bare bottom lifted behind her. But that was not the end of it. Now, Nanny Ferguson began to pinch and heft her buttocks, as if to prepare them for what was to come. She tried to shake off her nanny's hands, which only earned her a slap on the rump.

Her husband spoke. "Amanda, you wish to be treated as the lady of the house and yet you continue to act like an infant. Until you grow up and become a proper duchess, you will reside in the nursery, seen to by your nanny and treated like the child you behave as."

Nanny Ferguson finished pinching and plumping Amanda's buttocks and said, "Do not go easy on her, my lord. Those plump little cheeks are begging for the kiss of the cane. Do not hold back from laying down the discipline she so richly deserves. She is well equipped to handle it."

"Quite so," Lord Chaucer agreed in a strangled voice. His little wife's derriere was exquisite, just like the rest of her. It was indeed exceptionally plump with a definite overhang. He decided then and there to introduce her to the joys of anal sex that very night. It would be quite jolly with her rosy cheeks spurring him on. It was a treat he had been withholding until the right time and the time had definitely come.

Amanda closed her eyes and grimaced, she knew that there was no escaping her fate. She heard the sound of the cane whistling through the air and then felt its bite as it sluiced into her cheeks, up and under, lifting the hanging part.

"Aaiiii!" Amanda squealed. She leapt to her feet and bounced up and down, holding on to her scalding nates, certain that a line of fire had been laid upon them. Even in

her misery, she had tried to keep her voice down, not wanting any servants in the vicinity to hear what was happening in the nursery.

"Amanda," her husband warned.

Nanny Ferguson looked on, shamed that her little one was showing poor form. "Might I tie her, my lord? She must learn that she has no choice but to endure."

"No, Nanny, Amanda must learn to hold her position," he replied.

Chastened, Amanda bent back over the chair she had caused to fall backwards onto the ground. The small chair had a short back and, in that position, her head almost touched the seat. She began to whimper; it was all so humiliating. Before her marriage, no one had ever laid a hand on her for her entire life. She had grown up spirited and free, full of sass and pride. Her parents had coddled and indulged her, treating her like a princess. The servants in her childhood home had scurried to do her bidding.

But now, here she was, bare bottomed and shamed, nothing but a punished wife being caned by her husband with her nanny looking on. Lord Chaucer took his position beside his child bride, only just nineteen-years-of-age. He ran his hands over her buttocks. He knew his little one would find this all terribly stimulating and he dipped his finger into the opening between her legs, not surprised to find a goodly amount of cream there. He knew all too well that, some place deep within, Amanda was stimulated by discipline. She craved it as much as she feared it, thus, as her husband, it was his responsibility to provide it as often as needed. He swished the cane through the air several times. He could see his wife peeking at him through the curls that fell about her face and saw her clench her cheeks tightly at the threat. He would not strike until she had relaxed.

Amanda hung her head in shame, she who had gone from

pampered American heiress to punished wife in less than a year. Her husband stepped closer to her, still swishing the cane and making it whistle. How awful it felt to be struck with the slender stick of wood. She knew it would be horrid, as she'd been threatened with it for so long but had never felt it until now. She clenched her buttocks in response, unable not to.

"Unclench," her husband ordered, one word, harshly spoken. Amanda did her best to relax her behind.

"Up on tiptoe, as if that naughty little bum was begging for the cane," Nanny Ferguson said. "Do not shame me by showing poor form, child. You know better."

Oh, she knew better, all right. Over the months since her marriage, Amanda had been upended over her husband's lap, laid across the hitching post in the barn, bent across the desk in her husband's study, and on and on and on. She well knew the proper form to take in order to receive the discipline her husband and nanny were so fond of dishing out.

"Now ask me for your next stroke," her husband said.

She turned her head to the side to look at him. Was he kidding? But there was no humor in his expression and so she managed to utter, "Two."

She didn't see her husband lift his arm, didn't hear the pointer whistle, but she certainly felt it connect with her tender backside. Amanda shrieked as if she was being murdered. She kept a death grip on the chair seat, however, knowing that she'd get worse if she let go.

Lord Chaucer and Nanny Ferguson's eyes met. Clearly, Amanda had been raised without benefit of corporal punishment. He had barely tapped her with the cane and Amanda was carrying on as if she was being burnt at the stake. Her British counterparts, those young women she had scorned so often at social occasions, had been spanked, paddled and caned throughout their formative years, both at home and at

school. His little wife yearned for nothing more than social acceptance. He knew she would not find acceptance amongst the gentry until she learned to behave as young women in England did, with humility and obedience. And if helping her to fit in took regressing her to childhood and raising her all over again as a British schoolgirl, then so be it.

"That was unacceptable, Amanda," Lord Chaucer said. "Back over the chair for a redo."

Amanda looked up at him, through the curls hanging about her face, with disbelief.

"How many total, sir?" she asked fearfully.

"It was six, now, it shall be seven," her strict husband informed her. "I have added a stroke for daring to ask the count." The duchess began to whimper at hearing this. Displeased, her husband added, "Unless I feel the lesson has not been learnt, then perhaps more."

Lord Chaucer stepped forward and examined Amanda's bottom. There were two faint pink lines across the middle of both cheeks. The skin was not abraded, there was no welt rising. He rubbed her sit-down spot, enjoying the feel of those velvet little cheeks, and then stepped back.

He lifted the cane and said, "Count, Amanda. British schoolgirls get much, much worse. If they can bear it, so can you."

Amanda accepted her fate, wanting to show her husband that she could take a caning like a true blueblood. She leaned forward even further, resting the top of her head on the seat. She wriggled herself into position, which caused her bottom to wave about, amusing her husband. Finally, she was in position, her back dipped and bottom raised and she bravely asked for her next stroke.

"Number three, please."

This time, Lord Chaucer struck the same, barely a tap, helping his little wife to build her courage and her stamina.

Amanda hissed but managed to keep her position, proud that she could hold her own in such trying circumstances. Her papa had often told her that upper crust schoolgirls in England were frequently paddled, tawsed and caned. She wanted to prove to him that she was as good as any of them. She quickly tipped up her bottom and relaxed the cheeks and then said, without prompting, "Number four."

Lord Chaucer hid his smile. He knew that he must increase the severity of the stroke; it would not do his little one any favors to let her think a caning was nothing much. He did not move his arm much more than he had the first three times but he added an extra flick of the wrist. Amanda screeched. She was rubbing her thighs together now, which caused her buttocks to jostle. Lord Chaucer felt his trousers grow tight as he looked upon his little wife's gyrations. The part of her anatomy that he intended to visit his attentions upon later that night was winking at him. As she writhed and jostled, while still holding position, her cheeks moved to and fro and her little bottom hole came in and out of sight.

"Hold still, Amanda," he breathed. He rubbed her bottom. She now had three faint pink lines and a darker pink one. As he rubbed, he could not resist tapping her bum hole. "Shh," he whispered. "You must bear your ordeal with greater fortitude, little one. And then, tonight, a reward, I think," he added while continuing to tap away, making her aware of his interest in that part of her anatomy.

Amanda was uncomfortably aware of the part of her anatomy her husband was worrying. It was her most private opening. Why was he touching it? She wriggled back and forth, trying to shake off his finger, which only earned her a slap on the hindquarters.

"Stop that nonsense, Amanda. I am your husband; I will touch you wherever I please." Just to drive home the lesson, he allowed his thumb to work its way inside her tiny hole up

to the joint. He left it there for a while. Amanda gasped and turned her face away from her nanny, too ashamed that she could see what was happening. She had no sooner relaxed around the intrusive digit and settled back down than her husband withdrew his thumb and moved to her side. He began tapping at her again with the cane.

"The count?" he asked.

"S-six, sir."

"You naughty minx, you well know it is only number five. I'm afraid we must now begin again."

"No, Papa, no, please," Amanda begged. She had already had four and feared that she could not bear much more. Her back caved in, which caused her buttocks to jut out as she turned to look at her papa. But he was not standing there looking back at her, instead, he had moved behind her and struck before she was prepared. This one really stung, Amanda's head bobbed up and down as she held onto the seat with a death grip.

"Five," she managed to say, knowing the stroke would not count if she had not said the number. "Please, Papa, please, Papa, no more," she wailed. "It stings so very much."

"Can you bear two more?" Geoffrey asked, as if he truly wondered.

"No, Papa, no, I cannot," Amanda sobbed piteously.

He stepped up to her head and said, "Lying to your papa? I believe you have earned six more."

"Six?" Amanda cried, her eyes enormous. "No, Papa, no."

Lord Chaucer decided to be merciful and finish the discipline quickly. He set a hand on his little wife's lower back and then struck rapidly several more times with more force than he had previously used. He used the cane to paint train tracks upon his little wife's posterior, leaving red lines from the top of her cheeks to the top of her thighs.

Throughout the fire being laid down upon her bottom,

Amanda had let out one long screech, no longer caring who might hear. Finally, her papa lifted his hand and stood back. Panting, she writhed upon the chair, trying to come to terms with the mounting pain which only seemed to grow after the cane had stopped falling.

At a nod from his lordship, Nanny Ferguson stepped forward and lifted Amanda to her feet. The little miss threw back her head and howled at the top of her lungs, stamping her feet on the ground. They stood watching until she had finished and turned disbelieving eyes to her husband, or rather, to the long, thin pointer he was holding. Her hands were trembling as she tried to pat her buttocks, which felt as though they were swelling to enormous proportions. The pain was continuing to build; no one had prepared her for that. She was led on buckling knees to the corner by her nanny. There, she was arranged facing the wall, her hands behind her, each clasping the opposite elbow which held up her skirts, exposing her shame to the room. Lord Chaucer smiled, her arms perfectly framed her buttocks which still jiggled and danced as she hopped on tiptoe trying to come to terms with the correction she had received.

Nanny crouched to inspect the damage up close. "Quite impressive, my lord," she acknowledged with a nod. The ladder design starting at the top of her buttocks and continuing to the bottom, there were several welts, but the strokes had been laid down evenly. "The little miss won't be sitting comfortably while doing her sentences, that is for certain," she added. She looked up at Lord Chaucer who was as interested in the sight of the girl's bottom as she was.

"She is finished for today. She can do her sentences tomorrow," he said, within Amanda's earshot. Amanda sagged in relief, pressing her forehead against the wall. Nanny walked him to the door as he gave the rest of his instructions. "Let her bathe, dine and rest and then have her

brought to me at the witching hour," he ordered before turning to leave. Then he stopped and turned back, whispering to the nanny, "A cleansing, as well, a very deep one," he added before departing.

Nanny Ferguson turned to look at her small charge. She suspected the young miss had a very long evening ahead of her. An early dinner and then a nap were definitely in order before she was prepared for her papa's attentions.