



CAROLYN FAULKNER

Sinful

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By

Carolyn Faulkner

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Chapter 1

“Promise me you’ll fuck me hard when we get home,” she whispered while staring down at the table.

The spoon, with which he had been trying to sneak into her territory of the tiramisu they were sharing, clanged noisily down onto the plate, causing heads to turn, not that either of them noticed in the least. He was already standing, reaching for his wallet to throw down well more than twice what their bill was going to be and catching her arm on the way out of the restaurant, hauling her unceremoniously out of her chair in the process.

As he walked, he tried not to think about what she’d said – or the fact that he knew that, if he’d had enough control to tell her to lift her head, those cheeks would be at least as rosy as the ones she was sitting on right now. Or they wouldn’t even make it out of the restaurant before he threw her down and took her, right there on the floor in front of the maître d’, the waitresses, God and anyone else who cared to look.

It wouldn’t have fazed him in the least, but he knew his wife was a much more private person than that, so he only occasionally required her to stretch her wings in that vein, but this was not going to be one of those times – at least not to that extent, anyway. Now, laying her down in the back seat of their car in the parking lot was fair game, though, as far as he was concerned, although he hoped he’d be able to hold out longer than that, not that he would make any promises.

Despite the lightning bolt she’d sent directly to his genitals with that highly unusual, soft, throaty plea, Brandt Striker reveled in the journey, the anticipation – to his wife’s displeasure, sometimes. He had never been and never would be a ‘wham bam thank you ma’am’ type of lover. Fast, hot, dirty sex had its place occasionally – right now would be a good example, considering he was at full sail and she was obviously in desperate need – but he could nearly always talk himself out of it, delay it, even for the shortest time, just to heighten the experience for both of them.

Lita didn’t know what was going on in the big brain that lived beneath that ruthlessly tamed black hair of his, but she was willing to bet he was running several scenarios through it, weighing the pros and cons before settling on a course of action.

That was her husband for you. Impulsivity was his frenemy – and when he caved to it, she was usually the instigator. He never hesitated to surprise her – his proposal when they became engaged had come completely out of the blue as far as she was concerned, and yet she’d found out later that he’d been planning it for months, all the while maintaining his staunch stance that he would never, ever get married again. Flowers were nearly a weekly thing, whether they were an elaborate bouquet from a florist of her favorite amethyst roses, or a bunch of wildflowers he’d stopped to pick from their own property.

But she had been startled to realize over dinner, as she watched him devouring the dessert they were supposed to share, that they hadn’t made love in a week – more than that – which had to be some sort of record for them, and not a good one. They were always being teased by their friends about how, even after seven years of marriage, they could barely keep their hands off each other in polite company, and didn’t much bother any other time. But for the past few days they had been what he – having been in the military for a while – would have called OBE – Overcome by Events.

He had been the first to contract the stomach flu that was going around, and, generous sort that he was, he gave it to her only a day or so after he'd recovered. He'd done his best to ignore it when he had suffered – not that that kind of thing allowed much of that kind of attitude, regardless – but had hovered over her when she'd come down with it, offering crackers and flat ginger ale, amazingly gentle hands to massage weakened, sore muscles, and arms to wrap her in when the chills set in.

Then he'd had to do his one weekend a month at the base – since he'd moved into the reserves after being active duty for quite a while. Tonight was the first night they had been together – when they were both upright – in much too long, and she knew she'd tugged the tiger's tail by saying what she had, but it was nothing if not heartfelt.

The cool evening air didn't help to tamp down Lita's desire, in fact, the contrast only seemed to heighten her senses. She found herself installed in the front seat of his big red truck in record time, belted in, of course, with him slipping silently behind the wheel to guide them expertly into the traffic on I25 south, heading home at breakneck speed.

She was so wrapped up in her own thoughts that none of the passing scenery registered in her mind in the least. Her thighs were clenching rhythmically against the deep ache that had settled between them. He insinuated his big fingers not up there, where she wanted them, where she would have paid him big money to touch her, but rather slowly wedged them between her knees, forcing them to part for him. And she had to abandon her efforts at soothing herself without touching, knowing he wouldn't approve.

If there was ever going to be any easing of her desires, it was to be done by him, and him alone.

He continued to drive as if he wasn't slowly – excruciatingly slowly – working his hand up towards the source of her anguished desire, and, as always, Lita couldn't suppress her responses to him. She wasn't *allowed* to, of course, but she was physically unable to as well. That was one thing that she had never managed to learn how to do with him. It seemed that the longer they were together and the better he got to know her, the less control she had over them, as well as a lot of other things that most women took for granted that he had also deftly taken out of her hands.

He deliberately hadn't told her to spread her legs. He liked the challenge of getting to her when she wasn't open for him, and it forced him to go even more slowly than he might have preferred.

She knew better than to try to sidle close to him, or to reach out to cover his crotch with her hand as she desperately wanted to. She was to remain still when he fondled her, with her hands in her lap or, in this case, on the seat beside her, neither discouraging nor encouraging him, because the bald truth was that he didn't much *care* whether she wanted him to touch her or not. He wanted to, and that was all that was required.

It had been a *very* hard lesson to learn, but he had been patient with her – in a manner of speaking. He had *never* failed to correct her when her actions displeased him in any way, no matter how many times it took. Brandt didn't get angry. He didn't yell or scream and he certainly never, ever berated her. Hell, she was much more likely than he was to run herself down, and he'd never tolerated that from her, either.

He was calm and almost eerily serene, but above all, he was ruthlessly consistent, and hawk-eyed when it came to her and his standards for her behavior. There was no 'getting away' with anything, even when they were first together. There were no reprieves, no bargaining, no bartering.

She had tried to seduce him out of a particularly bad punishment she was due early on in their relationship, and he had let her, very carefully making no promises, but allowing her to think that she was making points with him that would somehow magically alleviate the need for discipline.

She had been most sorely mistaken.

When she was done, he was very thoroughly sated; his gonads weren't harping in the back of his head about how much he wanted her, and he was free to take all the time in the world to teach her several very valuable lessons.

The side of his hand came in contact with her mons, cleaving it neatly, forcing those warm, swollen folds to make room for his dominating presence, settling himself directly against her clit for the long drive, letting her natural juices and the bumps and jolts in the road take care of stimulating her while he concentrated on getting them home safely.

No amount of whimpering, or Heaven forbid, whining – which would result in an immediate trip over whatever piece of furniture, car, fence, or knee was handiest – or moaning would get him to move his hand, no matter how close she already was to going over the top. Lita was expected to wait for permission before she orgasmed, and that was a rule she secretly chafed against, hating – but loving at the same time – that even that most intimate of decisions wasn't her own.

They were still miles from their house, driving down the straight, desolate highway, when he said casually, "Take your top off."

Although her hands went to the first button without thought and began to undo it, she couldn't stop herself from looking around compulsively, worried that someone else was going to see what she was doing. She knew that the fact that she hadn't overcome the stringent modesty her fundamentalist parents had instilled in her, even now, after all the time they'd been together, was the cause for the small smile he wore. This was hardly the first time he'd commanded her to do that, and it wouldn't be the last, either, she'd wager. She made short work of removing the filmy blouse. The bra beneath was a very pretty, lacy pink one – the only kind she was allowed, when she was given permission to wear one at all. Lita stopped there, hoping against hope.

"You know what comes next, my love. I really shouldn't have to tell you, now should I?"

That tone – the slight edge of warning it contained – had her nipples peaking painfully as she peeled the bra away, folding it neatly and laying it atop the blouse between them.

"Pull down your visor." He had found a mirror that covered the entirety of the sun visor on her side, which had the added benefit of allowing him to watch her quite closely as he drove. The hoarseness of his command betrayed just how caught up he was too. "Touch yourself, baby. Pinch those nipples like I would."

Her face a humiliating, neon shade of red, Lita did as she was told, trying not to let herself think about the inherent pleasure of what she was doing to herself.

Suddenly, she found her own hand brushed aside in favor of his as he cruelly grabbed her breast and squeezed its tender peak between the bottom of his thumb and the side of his index finger, using his grip to lift it forcibly up and away from her body, using it to encourage her to realize why he was doing what he was doing.

Moaning deeply, seconds from outright screaming, Lita straightened herself within her seat, assuming a much less hang-dog position than the shame of what he had her doing had inspired within her at first.

Brandt was a stickler for posture, especially in a situation he knew she found challenging, like this. He hated the fact that, although she would do as he asked, she hunched her shoulders,

rounding them, as if she was ashamed – not of her nudity or even the acts he compelled her to do – but of her own obedience to him.

And that was something he would definitely not tolerate.

He didn't release her poor, beleaguered nipple until she'd assumed what was, essentially, an 'attention' position, although she was seated – head up, shoulders back, chest out.

"Much better," he said, patting her breast.

Mindful of the fact that that little interlude hadn't relieved her of the need to continue doing as he'd asked, Lita replaced his hand with hers, although she was much gentler with herself in the aftermath than he probably would have been.

Brandt watched her closely in the mirror, loving the way she looked when she was pleasuring herself – all awkward and uncomfortable and embarrassed, even after all this time, yet he could see how her breath quickened throughout and those bright green eyes nearly rolled back in her head at points.

"Enough," he said a little more forcefully than he intended, reaching over to catch her hand in his and bring it to his lips by way of apology. "Why don't you pile the rest of your clothes here, honey, so I can see you in all your glory? No matter how casually it was said, or in what good ole boy tone, it wasn't a request.

Biting her lip, Lita reluctantly obeyed. This was something he knew she hated, yet he never hesitated to expect it of her, either. He took a lot of her concerns and desires into consideration – more than she expected him to at the beginning of their relationship, frankly – but he also required that, as long as it wasn't something that was going to hurt her physically, that she simply trust him and do as he bid.

She had never spent as much time naked in her life as she had since she'd been with him. He seemed to think she was allergic to clothes or something, and preferred her nude, especially when they were home together. Despite her stiflingly strict religious upbringing, once she'd broken with her parents' religion, Lita had taken a long moment to boldly assess herself in a full length mirror, long before she'd met Brandt, and had already catalogued a long list of things that were wrong with her – her thighs were too thick, her middle a bit too pouchy, her upper arms waved goodbye for minutes after the rest of her arm had stopped, and her breasts were just this shy of too big for her small frame.

She didn't know how he managed to look past the train wreck she thought of as her naked body. Brandt saw none of those flaws when he looked at her, even from the beginning, when no words of undying love that might have softened his gaze had yet passed between them. And she had learned from that first night never to enumerate the flaws she'd attributed to herself in hopes of trying to get him to see the light.

Lita was smart enough to remember, once she was sitting naked, that even though she was extremely uncomfortable, she did not want to have to be reminded a second time to keep her head up.

"Good girl."

The soft, rare words of praise were a balm that went a long way towards soothing fears she knew in her mind weren't necessary, but that she just couldn't quite seem to shake.

Despite the fact that they were pretty close to home, he still had her lift her bottom enough that he could secrete his hand beneath it, right where she didn't want it to be, but she knew she had no choice but to sit back down on it anyway.

So for the next ten minutes while they wended their way around the outskirts of the small town they lived near, then down their own long, windy driveway, he molested her relentlessly,

poking his fingers up into areas that had her wanting to flinch away, but, knowing better than to actually do so. She found herself intimately molested and breathless by the time the truck came to a halt.

When he pulled into the side lot that would eventually be a garage, he reclaimed his hand, making a production out of licking her juices from his fingers as if he'd just dipped them into the best tasting honey he'd every found. And as far as Brandt was concerned, he had.

Ever the gentleman in some unexpected ways, he lifted her down onto the driveway, adoring the fact that she was completely nude. He reached in and grabbed her things himself and thoroughly enjoyed the view as he patted a bottom cheek and pushed just a bit, guiding her to walk ahead of him into the house. It had taken him years to teach her, when she was nude, not to scamper in like a mouse that had been caught in the open. They were on acres and acres of their own land, and he had purposely had the house built smack dab in the center of it, which was one of the reasons that their driveway was so long. Their nearest neighbor was two or three miles away, and that was just the way he liked it. No nosy bodies to go calling the cops every time he had to thrash her, or he made her cum, which – to his great satisfaction – sometimes sounded remarkably alike.

And there was no possibility of anyone other than he to witness her fine perfection as she loped gracefully towards their house, her wavy, naturally blonde hair flowing down over her back to curl just below her bottom, giving him tantalizing glimpses of that which he coveted as she walked.

Catching up to her just as she made the door, he held it open for her, then closed and locked it behind them. He reached out to cup his hand around the back of her neck, beneath her hair, using it to bring her against him at the same time he not quite slammed her back against the nearest wall. “And when have I ever *not* fucked you hard?” he asked, lifting first her right, then her left leg high up on his waist, leaving her no choice but to depend on him entirely to keep her from falling, reaching down to loose himself just barely before ramming himself up inside her.

The way she arched back and caught her breath had him near to exploding within seconds. His cock expanded within her when she bit her lip, as if she had a hard time accepting him, when they both knew that wasn't likely. Although, she had managed to remain incredibly tight, despite his always frequent, always rampant – and rarely restrained – need of her.

He took her then, as purely for his own pleasure as he could manage, knowing that even that turned her on. Having finally gotten to the point where he trusted her enough to let her tell him if he was truly hurting her, he just let himself go and pounded himself into her. It was an absolutely primitive, primeval feeling he indulged in whenever he could, knowing that she was truly fine with it and, frankly, that she enjoyed every second of it – perhaps a bit too much for his tastes, since he liked to carefully orchestrate her orgasms.

He tended to dole out pleasure to her – who seemed to find it in absolutely everything he did to her – in droplets rather than waves, reveling in his ability to minutely control such a sensual creature.

When he came, he almost screamed, not being quite as vocal as she was, but unable to stifle himself as his entire body shook with it, even his thick, muscular legs trembling for several long moments afterwards as she kissed the side of his face where it was buried against her neck. “God damn, woman. You are going to be the death of me,” he barely got out, his breath still heaving out of his lungs painfully.

She just smiled down at him beatifically and ran her hands through what there was of his hair, as if that was what she had planned for him all along.

Not allowing her feet to touch the floor, he kept her in his arms as he walked them into their bedroom where he set her down gently, as if she was made of spun glass, in front of their big bed.

More affected by him than she appeared, Lita gazed up at him. She had been too involved to make a smart remark back at him when he'd finally responded to what she'd said in the restaurant that had gotten them both here, even though he was dead wrong. He didn't always fuck her like this. Frequently, yes, but he was about as far from a one trick pony as any man got, in her limited experience.

He was often as he was with her now, slow and deliberate, ever watchful for any sign from her about how she was feeling; so attentive, at first, that he almost put her off. And he didn't just want to know whether what he was doing felt good to her. He wanted to know how the rest of her felt, too, and had learned with annoying ease how to get right into her head with that black velvet voice of his until he could turn her on and off with a mere change of tone on one carefully delivered word, the bastard.

He worshipped her, outright, at times, and there was nothing that smacked of demand in his lovemaking in the least, as if he'd never so much as had the thought in his life. Brandt laid her on the bed, propping her head on a pillow the way he knew she liked, arranging her limbs comfortably, then straddling her – holding the majority of his not inconsiderable weight on his legs – and starting from the very top of her head, massaging gently, breathing deeply of the clean, almost coconutty scent of her shampoo, dragging his raspy fingertips gently down her face, outlining each feature with infinite gentleness and allowing his mouth to follow the same path. As he often did, he buried his face in her hair, then kissed every inch of her face, sealing his mouth to hers at the very end and chuckling at how eagerly she matched his passion.

“You are a greedy girl.”

That lower lip protruded cutely, although he nibbled at it quite severely. “You’ve been teasing me for hours!”

It came dangerously close to a whine and garnered a sharp look of warning, but she thought she'd gotten away with it until he reached up and punished the same nipple he'd clamped onto before.

Suddenly there was nothing in her mind, nothing in her life, except getting him to stop crushing her tender bit, and although her hand was already well off the mattress, she managed to stop it before it got her into any more trouble – like trying to manually pry his hand away from her, which would never come to any good, she knew. Screaming, crying, moaning, even begging wasn't usually forbidden. But actively trying to thwart him when he was punishing her? That wouldn't go over well at all.

Still he held on, even twisting his hand a bit further – just a bit. Just enough to let her know that he had seen her hand come up, and he maintained that excruciating grip until he saw it fall back to its rightful place on the mattress.

He let go instantly as soon as she surrendered to him completely, and she wasn't sure whether she had hoped for the right outcome when the blood prickled and tickled its way back into her flattened flesh.

“And I will tease you for as long as I please, Lita Johnson Striker. Why?”

“Because I am your submissive.” Not a millisecond's hesitation. Not in her mouth, her mind, or her heart. “I submit to you in all things and in all ways.”

His lips deliberately descended on her offended nipple, suckling it avidly, flicking it mercilessly, giving her no relief from the contrasting stimuli and smiling against her flesh at the way she arched up for more.

That was his Lita.

His woman.