
LEARNING TO OBEY
COLLECTION

JENNY PLUMB



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Jenny Plumb
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January Ice
CAMPUS LIFE - BOOK ONE

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January Ice

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Chapter 1

A blast of frigid air hit Jade as she opened the car door. She mumbled her thanks to the Uber driver and carefully stepped onto the snow-packed sidewalk. The newly forming bruises on her ass flared up with her shifting weight but then faded once she was standing. She stared at her cozy looking dorm less than ten feet away and simply couldn't go in. Instead, she turned her head toward the wind to feel the tiny ice pellets graze her face. The bitter cold matched her mood, and she started walking toward the center of campus, keeping her face to the wind. To hell with being safe. Being safe, sane, and consensual hadn't given her any happy endings.

Her sneakers slipped every few steps on the hard-packed snow that had grown slick from three days' worth of tread, so she stepped off the sidewalk into the less traveled grassy area where her feet crunched two inches into the dense white matter. She kept her eyes down, watching the footprints she made as she walked, and thought over her night.

Tonight, she'd gone to the monthly 'kink night' at a local sex club, and some of it had certainly been fun, but for the

most part, it simply made her miss her ex-boyfriend, Troy. She and Troy had started dating two and a half years ago, during high school, and had instantly connected over their matching kinky sides. Before they graduated, she was calling him Master. After a mind-blowing summer, full of kinky sex and emotional bonding, they'd tried to maintain a long-distance relationship while she went to one college and he went to another. But three months ago, in October, he'd broken things off with a text, like a pussy.

Jade grimaced at her own thoughts. If Troy had heard that disrespect, he'd have beaten her ass good. But he wasn't here, and he'd never be turning her over his knee again, because he'd met someone else. After he'd broken the news to her, she'd spent two months being seriously depressed, and she had struggled to finish the fall term of her sophomore year. But then, she'd gone home for Christmas break, and being with her family had restored her faith in herself, her future, and life in general. Now that she was back for winter term, she'd decided to put herself out there again, and a first step had been going to the club tonight. But now that she'd been, she wasn't sure she'd want to go again.

The club was about twenty minutes away from the campus, so she'd thought there would be plenty of other college students there. A few people were in their twenties, but the majority were middle aged. Most of the normal dance space had been transformed into a sampling area for a variety of kinks; spanking, caning, paddling, flogging, bondage, and rope were well represented with several stations. There were also some smaller stations for the more adventurous and extreme play like cupping, electric wands, and needles.

She hadn't been brave enough to try anything new and had stuck to impact play. At the first station, she'd talked to a man who was probably old enough to be her grandfather,

but he'd had a pleasant smile and the sort of confidence that comes with practice. He'd given her a short hand spanking over a padded bench followed by a couple of light swats with a leather paddle. The second station had been a woman in her early thirties who offered samples of a flogger. Jade still wasn't sure how she felt about having a woman top her rather than a man, but the sensation of the soft leather tendrils kissing her back again and again had been magnificent. The last station had been a man close to her father's age offering a large selection of toys for impact play. She'd had several whacks with all of them, including a few strokes with a heavy looking cane. The pain had built up perfectly, and by the time he was done, she was grinning like an idiot and high on endorphins. He'd been very kind and had tried to keep her there for some aftercare once her session was done, but she'd just smirked and told him she was fine before walking away.

In the moment, she'd told herself that she didn't do sub drops and that she could handle plenty of pain without feeling overwhelmed, but even at the time, she'd known she was lying to herself. The truth was that she simply didn't want a hug or cuddle from a stranger, because it would make her loneliness worse. But now she was regretting that decision. When Troy had left bruises on her, she'd always felt warm, happy, and proud to have his marks on her skin when she looked at them in the mirror the next day. She doubted she'd feel anything other than sore when she got the chance to look at the bruises that were forming. Maybe if she'd had that cuddle, she'd feel differently.

As she was walking, she ran into another sidewalk full of packed snow and realized she was a good three blocks away from her dorm. Stopping to take in her surroundings, she saw a shiny blue light across the street. It was one of the many 'emergency' stations interspersed throughout the

Northern Oregon University campus. The chest high yellow poles with big red buttons and blue lights were easy to ignore during the day, but the brilliant blue hitting the white snow with ice pellets on top shone through the dark. A tiny bitter chuckle came out of her as she wondered if a devastating break up could be considered an 'emergency'. Sighing, she turned to go back the way she'd come. The cold was seeping into her jacket, and her shoes were filled with melted snow.

Less than three steps later, she heard a rustling off to her right side. Turning her head toward the noise, she saw a tall male figure in a dark hoodie barreling toward her. An instinctual scream came from her throat. She turned to run and slipped in her haste. She fell face first onto the snow and scrambled to get her feet under her body. The breath whooshed out of her lungs as she was crushed back into the snow. His entire body was pressing down on her, and she struggled fiercely to free herself. She tried to push herself up, to kick, to bite and scratch, but she was no match for his strength, and being face down put her at an extreme disadvantage.

"Get off me!" she screamed at the top of her lungs.

His ice-cold hands were under her jacket groping at the front of her pants. She heard distant yelling. A high-pitched whistle pierced the air, and then he was up and off her before she'd even ceased her struggles. She got in a solid kick to his shin as he was trying to run away. He grunted and stumbled but quickly righted himself and dashed off into a dimly lit area with several tall fir trees.

Then two women were beside Jade, helping her to stand and asking if she was okay before she'd even recovered enough to think straight. With their help, she walked across the street in a daze to the beckoning little blue light. When she got closer to the emergency stand, she could hear the

voice of the campus police coming from it, assuring the women that they were en-route.

The campus police had an amazing response time. Four minutes after the red button had been pushed, two men in uniforms were there. After asking a couple of initial questions, the older of the two men, Officer Petrelli, started following her assailant's tracks. The younger man, Officer Scott, began to take statements. The two women who'd come to Jade's rescue lived in Franklin Hall. They'd just stepped out of their dorms to make snow angels when they'd heard her scream, and they'd rushed to push the button. Once Officer Scott heard that, he'd shepherded the three women into the warm dormitory in front of them to finish taking their statements.

When the warm air from the dorm hit Jade, her knees started to buckle, but the officer's hand on her elbow helped steady her while he led her to the couch. He asked one of the other women to wake their Resident Advisor. Then he'd asked the R.A. to get Jade a blanket and some water while he called the campus trauma team to send over one of their counselors.

Jade had never considered herself weak spirited. She prided herself on being a strong woman with feminist leanings. Anyone who dared to call her lifestyle sexist would get an ear full. She knew what she wanted from a man. Screw anyone who didn't like it that she got off on a man taking control and giving her pain. But fifteen minutes after the attack, a nagging little thought kept going through her head. '*Fucking pansy*' replayed again and again because her knees were too shaky to stand, and her hand wasn't steady enough to get the water bottle they'd given her open.

After taking statements from the other women and sending them on their way for the night, Officer Scott sat down next to Jade with his notepad and said gently, "If you're ready, I'd like you to walk me through everything that happened, step by step. The more details you can give me, the better our chances of catching this guy."

She nodded and stared at her lap as she relayed her story, "I was at a club earlier tonight, and I got an Uber to take me—"

"What club?" he asked, interrupting.

Not wanting to say, she pulled her eyes up to meet his. "Why?"

"He might have followed you," he said as gently as possible with a sympathetic expression on his face, as if he didn't want to be the one to put that kind of paranoia into her head.

Looking back at her lap, she nodded. "I seriously doubt it, but sure, I was at Club Domino." She expected a horrified gasp or a grunt of disapproval, but the name of the club got zero reaction from the man. He simply nodded and scribbled the information down.

"Did anyone else ride in the Uber with you?" he asked.

"No, it was just me."

"Where did they drop you off?"

"Right in front of my dorm. I live in Monroe Hall."

"In front of Monroe Hall?" he asked, looking in that direction. "What happened next?"

"I..." she shook her head at her own stupidity and muttered, "... I guess I wasn't in the best emotional state, and I decided to take a walk. Alone. At night. In the snow. Like a moron."

"Hey," he said softly, "none of that, now. It's not your fault that this criminal decided to attack you."

She shook her head and said angrily, "I had my head

down and I was too involved with my own thoughts to even pay attention to my surroundings." She brought her eyes up to his again and said, "So yeah, it's a little bit my fault; not that he decided to attack, but that I gave him the opportunity."

His expression was more stern than sympathetic. "That kind of self-recrimination isn't good for you. This was *not* your fault. Is there anyone you'd like me to call for you? A family member? A friend? Your roommate maybe?"

"No, I'm fine. My family is asleep, and they live five hours away, along with most of my friends. My roommate and I aren't close.

He lowered his voice and said, "Someone from the scene? A Dom maybe? Or another sub?"

She gasped, shocked that he apparently knew tonight happened to be kink night at Club Domino.

When she didn't immediately answer, he added, "Anyone would be an emotional mess after being attacked, but if you had some kind of bad scene right before that..." he shook his head, "... well, I don't think you should be alone right now."

After a short period of wide-eyed staring at him with a stupefied expression, Jade slowly shook her head. Her chin started to tremble as she whispered, "I don't have a Dom anymore." Once the words were out of her mouth, they hit her heart like a hammer, and tears started to run down her face.

Officer Scott sighed and said, "What about another sub? A friend who would understand?"

She shook her head, angrily wiped the tears off her face, and tried not to embarrass herself with full on sobbing. "Only back home or online."

He ripped one of the blank sheets of paper out of his notebook and wrote something down. He handed it to her and said, "This is a friend of mine. Her name is Faith, and

she's a submissive. She probably was at the club with you tonight. She goes to school here, and she'd be happy to meet up if you need someone to talk to tomorrow."

"Thank you," she said sincerely as she took the slip of paper from him and focused her eyes on it while trying not to let more tears leak out.

"Look at me."

Unable to resist the gently stated command, her eyes met his.

"You either need to tell the trauma counselor about whatever happened at the club, or you need to call Faith tomorrow and tell her about it. Keeping it to yourself isn't an option. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir." The words had slipped out before she could stop them. She could feel her face heating up as she looked back down at her lap.

"Good girl," he said softly then focused back on his notebook. "Let's finish this up. When you decided to go for a walk, what direction were you headed?"

Getting back to the business of giving her statement seemed to help the tears stop, and she was able to answer without a hitch in her breath. "I'm not great with directions, but I walked across the courtyard and the little park in a somewhat straight line from Monroe Hall to Franklin Hall."

"And when did you first see your assailant?"

"I had just turned around to go back to my dorm. I was on the other side of the street from Franklin Hall, so maybe twenty or thirty feet away from that emergency call box. I'm not sure where he came from. It seemed like one moment I was alone, and the next, he was almost on top of me." She shook her head. "I guess he could have been hiding behind one of the cars parked along the street."

"Could he have been in one of the cars?"

"I didn't hear a car door open or close, and other than

the sound of the wind, it was relatively silent out there. I think I would have heard a car door."

"Can you describe him to me?"

She shook her head. "I honestly didn't get a good look at him; it was pretty dark out. I think he was Caucasian. Tall, thin, wearing dark jeans and a black hoodie. I didn't see any facial hair, and I think he was wearing a beanie under his hoodie, because I didn't see any hair."

"Did he say anything to you?"

"No."

"Can you tell me about the attack itself? Or if you'd be more comfortable, we could wait for the counselor to be here with you when you tell me."

"I can tell you now. It happened so fast, there's not much to tell. He was running toward me when I saw him, and when I tried to run, I fell. Then he was on top of me, smashing me down. He stuck his hand in my shirt and tried to undo my pants. That's when one of the girls blew her rape whistle, and he jumped up and ran. I kicked him in the shin before he got away. Probably left a bruise."

"That's good," he said with a genuine smile. "Which shin?"

"The right."

"Anything else you can tell me? Any unusual smells or sounds? Did he look familiar at all?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Did he say anything to you?"

"Nothing."

"Was he holding anything? A weapon of any kind?"

"No."

"Anything distinctive about his clothing? A logo on his hoodie maybe?"

"No, it was plain black. I'm sorry," she said, feeling frustrated.

"Don't be sorry, you're doing great," he said gently. "Can you think of anyone who might want to hurt you? Anyone you've had a fight with recently? Any angry ex-boyfriends?"

Her eyes opened wide, and she shook her head. The thought of it being a deliberate attack instead of a crime of opportunity hadn't even occurred to her. "You think someone targeted me?"

"I doubt it, but if *you* think someone might have targeted you, then you should tell me about it."

"I can't imagine anyone wanting to hurt me like that."

"Okay, I'll type up a report tonight." He closed his notebook and got one of his business cards out of his shirt pocket, wrote a series of numbers on it, and handed it to her. He pointed to the numbers and said, "This is your case number. It would be good if you could stop by the office here on campus tomorrow to read through the report and sign it. Sometimes, the next day, people will remember things that could be helpful. And you can also get a copy of the report for your records. But even if you don't come in, if you think of anything else that might help us identify this guy, call the station with this case number and give us the information."

The lobby doors opened, and an older woman with graying hair came in sporting a large black parka. Her eyes immediately zeroed in on Jade, and she headed her way. A tiny whine came out of Jade. She didn't want to go over the whole night with yet another stranger.

"It's okay," Officer Scott said gently. "That's Megan. I've worked with her several times before. She's understanding about the lifestyle. Nothing you say will shock or offend her. Talking to her will help." He tapped the card he'd given her and added, "My name and direct extension are on the other side. If you need anything, even just a friendly ear, you can call me. I work the graveyard shift most nights."

Before Jade could comment, he'd stood and greeted

Megan. While he was busy giving her a rundown of what they knew, Jade turned the card over and read the words 'Officer Daniel Scott'. She glanced up at his profile and tried to decide if he looked like a Daniel to her. He had dirty blond hair, green eyes, a slightly crooked nose that looked like it might have been broken once, and large shoulders. The words '*high school jock*' went through her head, and she'd bet he went by Danny rather than Daniel.

"Jade," he said, "this is Dr. Megan Stryker. She's going to sit with you, while I go check on my partner. Don't go outside until we give you the all clear. We'll want to escort you back to your dorm and make sure your room is safe before we leave you for the night."

"Yes, sir," she said and then immediately added, "Officer Scott," because they were now in mixed company.

Megan sat down next to her as Officer Scott walked out the door speaking into his walkie-talkie to reach his partner.

Twenty minutes later, Jade decided Officer Scott had been right; Dr. Stryker was helpful. The older woman had immediately offered her hand to hold. The human contact instantly had a calming effect on Jade's nerves. Then she'd helped Jade get her water open so she could have some sips and explained that her shakiness was simply a side effect of shock. She'd gone over all the things that people who are attacked might feel in the days to come and what to expect logistically with filing a report and seeing a counselor. She'd tried to convince Jade to go to the hospital so someone could check her over and gather any forensic evidence the guy may have left, but Jade refused. Just the thought of explaining her bruising to a doctor was exhausting.

By the time the two policemen came back, Jade felt less shaky.

Officer Petrelli said, "I'm sorry, but it's a bit of a dead end. I followed the suspect's footprints to the edge of campus before I lost them on the plowed street. I never did see the guy, and the couple I ran into during the search hadn't seen anyone else all night."

After that news, Jade took a card from Dr. Stryker and promised to set up a follow up appointment. Then both officers escorted her back to her dorm room, casually flanking her as they walked, which made her feel safe. Officer Petrelli kept up some small talk about the weather. He couldn't wait for tomorrow, because it was supposed to warm up and rain.

Once they got to the third floor, Jade asked, "Can I go in first? I'm sure my roommate is asleep, and I don't want to scare her to death. She's already a bit skittish as it is."

Officer Scott nodded. "Go ahead. Leave the door open a crack, and let us know when she's ready."

Jade went in, walked over to her roommate's bed and said, "Marilyn?" When that didn't wake her, she touched the other girl's shoulder and gave it a gentle shake.

"Jade?" Marilyn said with confusion as she woke up. "What's going on?"

"Try not to freak out, okay?" Jade said.

Those words instantly made Marilyn sit up, and her eyes scanned the dim room. "What's wrong?"

"When I came home from the club, someone attacked me."

"What!" Marilyn reached out and grasped Jade's hand. "Are you okay? What happened?"

"I'm fine," Jade assured her, even though she was still on edge. "He didn't hurt me, just scared me a little. But right now, the cops are here, and they want to do a really quick sweep of our room. It's just a precaution. We know the guy

ran the opposite direction, and I'm sure he's long gone by now."

Marilyn's eyes darted to the door, the window, and then back again, clearly more frightened now than before.

"Are you ready for me to let the cops in?" Jade asked.

Marilyn scooted so that her back was against the wall, nodded, and pulled her covers up to her chin.

Jade thought it was silly to cover up since the other woman was wearing a long-sleeved flannel pajama top, but then she didn't know Marilyn all that well. Thanks to the University's online matching system, Marilyn was the perfect roommate for Jade. Neither one of them had shared much in the way of personal information with the other. They were respectful of the other person's space, they held similar hours, they had similar views on cleanliness, study habits, and personal privacy. Jade liked Marilyn well enough, but she didn't pry into the other woman's personal business, because she didn't want Marilyn prying into hers. The other woman knew that Jade had been going out to 'a club', but she hadn't asked any specifics, and Jade hadn't offered any.

Jade went to the door, flipped on the light, and let Officer Scott come in to check the window, under the beds, and in the closets before giving them the all clear. Once the cops left, Jade spent half an hour reassuring Marilyn that she was fine before the other woman finally went back to sleep.

Jade put on her pajamas and climbed into bed. She knew she should be exhausted, but her body wouldn't relax. She looked over at her roommate to make sure Marilyn was asleep and then stuck her fingers into her panties. A quick orgasm would help her sleep. Thoughts of Officer Scott ordering her to tell someone about her evening at the club had her coming hard. She'd bet money that once Officer Scott was off duty, Danny would be able to give a damn fine spanking.

As she came down from her orgasm, a hint of guilt started to grow in the back of her head, because she hadn't told Dr. Stryker what had happened at the club. Frowning in the dark, she lectured herself internally. The logical side of her brain said that Officer Scott was *not* her dominant or her Master, and he had *no right* to tell her what to do. Then the submissive side of her brain helpfully pointed out that she hadn't actually disobeyed yet, because she could call Faith tomorrow. Rolling her eyes, Jade turned over to get her sore ass off the mattress and finally found sleep.