

# His Little Miss

By

Carolyn Faulkner

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# Part 1

## Chapter One

Edmund Wainwright opened the door to his tidy little Victorian house and stepped inside, out of the cold blustery weather and into its warm confines. He removed his heavy gray overcoat and hung it on the hall tree, doffed his hat and did the same, as the tantalizing sounds of what was going on, on the floor above, drifted to his ears.

“Ow – oh – no – pleeaassee – Nanny – eeeek! Oh! Owwww!”

Something stiff and perhaps leather or wooden was thwacking away diligently at a soft, tender bottom that would soon be – if it wasn’t already and he doubted that it wasn’t – sore and swollen from its attentions.

His little wife, and he used the term loosely, was getting a belting, it sounded like. Or maybe a caning, but she wasn’t really yelping loudly enough for that. Perhaps her Nanny was using a ruler or a paddle. Already greatly aroused, within seconds, by the possibilities of the tableau he would be gleefully interrupting, he trotted up the stairs with undue haste to investigate, to cluck and moan, and verbally chastise the miscreant. Perhaps he’d even join in the fun.

The door to the Nursery where she received her daily lessons in sewing, mathematics, French, and comportment, was wide open and Edmund had to smile at that. Nanny Estelle was a mastermind of discipline. She knew how much his little Lacy hated the fact that, although she was over eighteen and a married woman, she was still required by her strict, stern but loving husband to study hard whatever subjects he and Nanny Estelle decided on. There was always at least one or two that she was guaranteed to have a horrible time with, such as math, and if she did not do well, Nanny Estelle still wielded the rod, or tawse, or another implement with a lethal hand, and on a frighteningly frequent basis, as her husband expected. With the door left open, all and sundry passing by could see the woman who should be the mistress of the house tipped bare bottomed over her Nanny’s lap or the spanking horse, that her doting husband had bought not long after she’d come to live with him when she was seventeen and a half, getting what Nanny called a “good dose”.

That was the scene that greeted his eyes as he paused in the doorway. Lacy lay over Estelle's sturdy lap – Estelle was not fat but she was almost brawny, having more upper-body strength than the average woman, Edmund guessed – with her rear prominently displayed towards him, as if Nanny had prepared this whole montage specifically for his benefit. If she had, then he thanked her heartily to himself, and would show a more physical representation of his gratitude later that night. His small wife's bottom, which was much more generous than one might assume on a woman of her delicate body-type, was well-raised. Her legs were nicely spread to reveal that wonderful bare pussy he insisted she have – and that her Nanny scrupulously maintained – those full red lips winking together and apart in a most enticingly involuntary but lewd display, giving him more than an occasional glimpse of even more private territory.

And they were wet! Each of those plump morsels was covered in her own spunk – how utterly humiliating for the dear girl, and how wonderful for himself!

Edmund paused right there at the doorway for a moment to bask in the sounds of the little darling's chastisement. He could hear Estelle grunting over her efforts and could see the sweat gleaming on her face as she worked that bottom over quite soundly. His little girl was fairly howling now, driven to incoherence and he wasn't surprised when he got a good gander at her red and inflamed cheeks. Those tremendous spanks must have smarted like the dickens, and her Nanny didn't appear to be anywhere near finished with her yet.

Not for the first time, Edmund counted his blessings that he'd seen fit to lend Lacy's wastrel father what was, for Oliver Hannaford, a considerable amount of money. Oh, he had assumed that he'd never see it again, given Hannaford's fondness for both drink and gambling, but they had been old school chums and Edmund had been in a generous mood, having won quite a lot himself that night. But, the next time he'd run into the chap, there had been no money forthcoming, of course. When Edmund had inquired about it quite casually, Hannaford had up and offered his daughter – in marriage, of course.

Edmund had spent a good deal of time avoiding just such an occurrence – matrimony, that is. He was a youngest son, although he was forty-three currently, and there was no great impetus for him to marry. His business and his investments were doing quite well, and he was a wealthy man with no ties to anyone. He did exactly as he pleased.

It was his pleasure that concerned him, however. His interests were well known by the genteel set, very few of whom agreed with his tastes. Prostitutes were, of course, available to all and sundry, and therein lay Edmund's distaste. He didn't want anyone's sloppy seconds, and even most mistresses qualified that way. He'd come to the point in his life, after a lot of footloose wild oats, that he wanted his own female. And he meant that quite literally.

He didn't really want a wife. Never had. He certainly didn't want an equal, not that any would or could ever be his equal. He would never put up with the kind of relationships that his brothers and friends had, henpecked by overbearing wives, each and every one of them. Edmund wanted a woman he could mold to his own particular, slightly skewed specifications.

And that was exactly what Oliver Hannaford had provided when he agreed to give his daughter Lacy to Edmund in consideration of the forgiveness of his debt. Of course, Edmund had met the girl prior to marrying her – he would never have acquired a pig-in-a-poke. They had a friendly dinner at Hannaford's tiny digs, and Edmund found Lacy to be eminently desirable on several levels. She was currently underage to marry at seventeen and a half, but he was able to persuade Hannaford to allow him to move Lacy into his own house the next week by promising to hire a duenna to act as chaperone for the six months prior to the wedding. She appeared to be quiet and demure, not loud or boisterous, and she really was quite pretty. Lacy only stood about five feet or so tall, and she was very slender and angular, as if she hadn't quite grown out of her adolescent gawkiness, although her breasts and bottom were delectably rounded, which he'd noticed immediately.

His mouth began to water as soon as they were introduced. She was perfect, and was of such a tender age that she well could have been his daughter, which was exactly what he intended to treat her as ... for the most part. He would have her if he had to kidnap her out from under Hannaford's nose. She was just right for him. And Hannaford had as much as assured him, in a roundabout manner, that she was entirely untried – in fact, Hannaford had never so much as allowed her to have so much as a gentleman caller.

During dinner, Edmund had questioned the girl gently, drawing her out, trying to detect any faults he could. But she was polite and charming and smiled easily, and seemed to be fairly well-spoken. Hannaford had despaired of the fact aloud that all she seemed interested in doing was reading.

But Edmund had raised his wineglass at her in salute. “There’s nothing at all wrong with educating young girls, Oliver. As long as it’s the right kind of education for them, and they don’t get too uppity about it.”

Lacy had been installed in his house in less than a week from that night, with Hannaford being given every assurance that Wainwright would not press himself on the girl until they were well and truly married, and that was something that Edmund was entirely prepared to do. He found the idea of having her in his house and beginning the process of molding her into the girl he wanted her to be quite titillating, and he fully intended not to lay an amorous hand on her until they were married on the day of her eighteenth birthday. He didn’t need or want the authorities after him, and everything would be entirely above board.

After her eighteenth birthday, then she would truly belong to him, in every sense of the word, and he would do with her entirely as he pleased.

That week had been spent in some flurry of activity by Edmund. He needed a governess, but the ones that he had interviewed would not take the position, not that he had truly sensed that any of them had really understood what he wanted anyway; they all assumed that their jobs would be over in six months’ time, when he wed his bride.

But they were entirely wrong in their assumptions. That was when Edmund felt that Lacy would need a governess more than ever.

Finally, he had had to depend on some acquaintances who knew of his particular tastes, and that was when he had stumbled on the gem that was Estelle LeTourneau. Estelle had come to her interview in a severe black suit, which Edmund had found eminently practical for someone of her station, despite the fact that her station in his house would be a little different than it might be in other houses.

They dispensed with the social chit-chat almost immediately and got down to business, as Edmund preferred. He ran a finger over his still coal-black mustache. “I want to make sure that you understand me fully, Miss LeTourneau. My fiancée will be coming to live with me in a few days. She is a very young, sheltered girl of seventeen and a half. You can understand, therefore, why I require the services of a chaperone while we live here together unmarried.” Estelle was shaking her head in agreement. “The unusual part of this job, however, is not the chaperone component. It is the fact that I would require much more from you than merely the role of duenna.” He stood and paced to the window. “I am an old fashioned man but also a man of the

world, Miss LeTourneau. My wife-to-be is a motherless, unopened flower who has not been very well provided for in her early years. She needs to be guided and taught about the finer things in life by a woman older than herself.” He turned to face Estelle. “A strong, strict woman who can take her in hand and mold her to my ideals, almost a nanny, as if she were a much younger girl. Do you follow what I’m saying, Miss LeTourneau?”

“I believe so, Mr. Wainwright,” Estelle had been informed of the gentleman’s tastes, and they ran along the same lines as her own. “You need a woman who can act not only as a chaperone, but also as a governess to your fiancée, am I correct in paraphrasing you?”

Edmund felt a surge of excitement. She was the first interviewee that had come this far in the process, and she seemed to have grasped exactly what he wanted.

“Would I – as the child’s governess, despite her somewhat advanced years to have a governess – be given full charge of her, within your parameters, of course?”

He sat down and leaned forward, towards the seated woman. “Let us speak plainly, if we may. Are you, perhaps, asking whether or not you would be expected to reprimand my wife-to-be?”

“Yes, Sir,” Estelle did not mince words. “I could not take the position unless I knew that, aside from your word, mine was law to the girl, and that you would fully support my discretionary use of liberally, thoroughly applied corporal punishment whenever I deemed it necessary.” Estelle was warming to her subject. “Wife or no, she could not be running to you for comfort or commutation of her punishments.”

Edmund rocked back in his chair, his dick hard as a diamond. “I do believe, Miss LeTourneau, that we are in complete agreement on that matter.” Estelle nodded. “I also want you to know that this is not a temporary assignment by any means. I fully intend to employ you for the rest of my wife’s life. I cannot always be with her, and I do occasionally go away on business. It would never be my habit to take my wife with me, but I would need to know that her need for strict discipline and stern love were seen to while I was away as well as at any other time.”

“That’s exactly what she’d get from me, Sir. Strictness, lots of paddlings and canings, good, wholesome food with not too many spices, early bedtimes, naps in the afternoons – and mornings if she’s fussy. I can teach most subjects, and within the first day or so I’ll do some overall assessments of her strengths and weaknesses. She should be educated in a variety of



subjects, a few that she's likely to succeed in and one or two that will be good and hard for her – most of them quite proper and ladylike. But the ones that are harder for her - those'll generate most of the discipline, unless she's the unruly sort.”

Edmund frowned. “I don't believe she is. Her comportment when I met her was that of a gentlewoman, but with marked lack of the higher social graces that I'm sure you can address.”

“Yes, Sir.”

He cleared his throat. “Let me assure you that I have no hesitancy whatever about the use of physical chastisement applied to her bottom in any way you might see fit. However, I want it clearly understood that I have no interest in breaking her spirit. She is a young, tender shoot and I would have her bend to me rather than snap in two.”

“Understood, Sir.”

Edmund stood, offering his hand with a broad smile. “I do believe I've found the right woman for the job, Miss LeTourneau. When can you start?”

The sturdy woman stood, and Edmund realized how perfect the situation would be just from the physical end of things: LeTourneau was probably close to six feet, and next to her, Lacy would look even more like a reed thin little girl.

“Estelle, Sir, please, and I can be at your house tomorrow, if that meets with your approval.”

“Splendid!” They shook hands, and Estelle left Edmund to muse over his find.