

# The New Arrangement Anthology

By

Sebrina Winchester

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# The New Arrangement

## Chapter One

Walking into her house, arms loaded with groceries, Danielle Stevenson almost tripped over the dog sleeping in the middle of the floor. Once again, she'd been so engrossed in her thoughts that it seemed as if she was on autopilot. Tonight was the night. She'd thought of little or nothing else for the last week. And tonight, come hell or high water, she was going to come clean with him.

Her hands shook as she first put away the groceries and then started dinner. Not sure how she was going to even put her thoughts into words, she ran several scenarios through her mind. And absolutely none of them even sounded good. In fact, several sounded downright insane. But she knew the time had come to talk to him about this. And she would not back down. She'd have to trust him. But that was the most troubling thing of all.

Looking down at her still sleeping pup, she shook her head.

"Ok, Riley, I guess it's now or never."

The lazy basset hound never even raised his head to acknowledge her. Attempting to ignore the running commentary going on in her head, she continued her preparations for the meal.

\* \* \*

Danielle sat across the dinner table from the man in her life and worried her lower lip between her teeth. A stunning redhead with cornflower blue eyes, she was often unaware (as she was now) of just how beautiful she was. The pounding of her heart had her flushed and almost breathless. As much as she wanted to continue, she wasn't sure that she could.

"Danni, what are you trying to say?"

She knew what she wanted to tell him, but the question really was, could she. She had met him only eight months before. He was tall, handsome, and charismatic with a wicked sense of humor. They had both fallen instantly in love. She had been divorced for three years before the fateful day he had walked into her life. She had really thought that no possibility for love existed for her ever again. In fact, she'd become somewhat jaded and doubted that real love even existed. Looking now at the man sitting patiently waiting for her to speak, she knew just how wrong she had been.

"C'mon, baby, you can talk to me about anything."

Even though they didn't have a long history together, in the short time they had been together, she'd known this to be true. He'd always had her back, in every instance. But in this situation, she wasn't so sure. Telling him this would result in revealing a huge part of who she was. It would make her more vulnerable than she'd ever been. And it might just cost her this relationship.

Confiding this in him would undoubtedly change everything. So why did she feel so compelled to tell him? Why was she so sure that she could trust him? Why couldn't she just leave the situation alone and go on as they had been? She knew the answer but simply didn't want to face it.

"Okay, Danielle, now you're worrying me. Please..."

"Really, it's all good. How about some dessert? Its cherry pie, I could even find some ice cream." She said it in an attempt to derail the freight train that this topic had become. Maybe she really shouldn't tell him this.

"No, I don't want any more food. What I do want is an honest answer from you."

He was looking at her with what she privately called the puppy dog look. It was one of the things she found so irresistible about the man. And something she was hard pressed to ignore. It was obvious that the small boy still existed within the man. She found that to be infinitely attractive. He gently took her hand in his, and she knew it was now or never.

"I had a different kind of relationship with my ex-husband." Now she was surprised when her love snorted.

"Yeah, I know all about that. You mean the kind where he was a narcissistic jerk who only cared about what he wanted and who didn't deserve you?"

She smiled at his defense of her, realizing that there was a lot of truth in the statement. But that was hardly where she was headed with this conversation.

"No, John, I meant in another way." Ignoring his look of puzzlement, she forced herself to continue as she was quickly losing her nerve.

"Last week, you playfully smacked my behind."

Now looking completely confused, John merely smiled. "Yeah, and I got to say, honey, you didn't seem to mind it all that much. Your response was hard to forget. But what does that have to do with any of this?"

Again feeling her heart pounding in her chest, she pushed on. "I'm trying to get to that, but this is complicated. You see when I was married before, I might have thought...no my husband maybe might have...no."

She was surprised when he leaned across the table and grasped her chin in his hand. "Tell me and stop beating around the bush. I want the whole story and I want it now."

Knowing that there was no way to do this easily, she just blurted it out. "My ex-husband used to spank me when I broke the rules."

She knew she would never forget the look on John's face as her statement sunk in.

"Excuse me, Danielle, I don't think I heard that correctly. Please repeat what you just said."

She shook her head and folded her trembling hands, one over the other. This had been a terrible idea, and what the hell had she been thinking? "No, I just want you to forget it."

He shook his head adamantly. She was once again reminded of just how stubborn and single-minded he could be. Knowing there was now no other way out, she quietly dropped her head and repeated what she had just said.

"He used to spank me when I broke the rules."

She saw fury flash in John's eyes. "That bastard laid his hands on you! I'll find him and kill him."

Now she groaned and put her head into her hands, wondering why the hell she ever went down this path. "No, no, I didn't mean that he forced it on me. I sort of agreed. We had an agreement about it. There is even a name for it."

John looked even more incredulous. "What do you mean that you agreed to it?"

Again, she wondered how she was ever going to make this man understand how she felt. But he had such a puzzled on his face that she knew she needed to try. "We practiced domestic discipline in our marriage. That is, when he was interested in doing it, we did. It involved me being spanked for serious infractions of the rules."

He fired the next question back at her with lightning speed. "Was it a sexual thing?"

Even though she had made love to this man more times in eight months than she ever had in her marriage, she still felt her face flush. She looked away before answering his question. "The way it made me feel was, but it was punishment, and it wasn't erotic or even easy. It hurt and I often cried."

He grabbed her hands, his face a study of worry in his attempt to understand. "Then why? If you didn't want it..."

She empathically shook her head. "I didn't ever want the punishment spankings, but I was the one who suggested the arrangement. It made me feel safe, loved and cared for. It also helped me curb some habits that I had which I find myself doing again. The arrangement worked for me."

John was obviously trying to assimilate all she had told him. But even Danielle knew that it was a lot for someone to understand.

"I have some information which you may want to read, and maybe that will help explain it better than I can." Having said that, she stood up and walked to the bedroom of her apartment, returning with a folder of information, which she held tightly in her hands.

"It would just be better if you looked this over and then we can talk about it. I'll make some tea, okay? Unless you just want to forget I ever mentioned it." She wished that she had some idea of what he was thinking.

"Not on your life, baby, hand it over."

He reached for the proffered material, sent her a look with surprising intensity but headed for her couch in the living room. Her hands visibly shook as she made both tea and coffee. With nothing else to do to calm her nerves, she began cleaning up the dinner dishes. Within half an hour, he stuck his head into the small kitchen, startling her so badly that she actually jumped.

"I think you need to come into the other room, as a million would be a good estimate of the amount of questions that I have for you."

She sat down on the couch next to him, as nervous as she had ever been in her life. But instead of censure, he gave her a warm smile. "You really like this? I mean, it works for you?"

Now she felt her face flame with color. "Well I kind of, I mean I..."

He shook his head at her discomfort. "You have to open up and talk about this. You're going to have to be honest with both me and yourself."

Dropping her head, she quietly answered. "Yes, I do."

Now she could sense something beneath the surface that she couldn't quite identify. "Look at me, please. Do you want me to do this for you?"

She shrugged, suddenly wondering if that was exactly what she had wanted. "Well, it isn't just for me."

Apparently, she hadn't avoided things as well as she might have thought. "Don't split hairs here, Danni. Is this something that you want for us? Is it something that you need? Do you want me to spank you? And explain the difference between erotic and this kind of spanking?"

He was firing the questions at her so fast that she could hardly catch her breath. And he didn't exactly seem repulsed either. If anything, he seemed very interested. In fact, unless she missed her guess, he seemed almost excited about her revelation. It made her wonder about something.

"John, have you ever done anything like this?"

She wasn't sure if she was disappointed or relieved by his answer. "No, why would you ask me that?"

"Well, because you seem almost... I don't know, excited about this, I guess. I've read a lot about people who tell their mates and are met with disgust or suggestions that they seek psychiatric help."

He smiled at her, melting her heart a bit. "First of all, I am far from the average man, and then what's not to be happy about here? You have just told me that I get to have the last word all the time. Alpha male that I am, I would be a liar to say that doesn't appeal to me because it damn well does."

She felt tears prick her eyes as she realized, yet again, just how much she loved this man. But then she thought about what he had just said. She wondered if this was the blessing she thought it was. Her ex-husband had not really been all that committed to the concept of domestic

discipline. His approach had been hit or miss, to say the least. Did she really want this as much as she thought?

As if he was reading her mind, he gave her a level look. "Too late now, sweetheart. You just said that you wanted this and needed this. From the small amount that I have read, it doesn't sound all that illogical to me. In fact, it actually sounds like a pretty good concept."

For some unknown reason, she was suddenly silent, literally unable to say anything at all. Why was it that she both wanted and didn't want him to grasp this concept? He sat staring at the literature on the table as if he could read it from afar. It crossed her mind that she wondered just how much of this he had actually absorbed. But she also knew he was one of the smartest men she had ever known, and if anyone would catch on instantly, it would very likely be him.

"So just how do we go about starting this thing then, Danielle?"

Of all the things he could have asked her, that one completely caught her unaware. "Say what?"

"Do I need to study it more or talk to someone or do I just start?"

She suddenly felt as if she had swallowed a lemon. "Umm, start?"

He crossed his arms and fixed her with a stern look, which she really didn't remember ever seeing before. He couldn't be suggesting that they just start. Could he?

"Well, you kind of need to know how to go about this, and it requires some knowledge." She felt her face flame again as she tried to answer his question without actually answering and putting her butt into danger.

"That's just a lie, Danni. I read something about an 'introductory discipline' in one of those articles you handed to me. It also said that we needed to agree on some rules. I think that I will decide what should be a rule and what shouldn't. And lying to me like you just did is breaking a huge rule. I think the best thing to do is just jump right in. I'm pretty sure I can get the hang of it."

She was positive he could get the hang of it, and that was precisely what worried her. "What? No, no just jumping. This thing is going to take lots of discussion and planning. It may be months before we're ready to attempt it."

"Bullshit."

She looked at him as if he'd sprouted an extra head suddenly. "What?"

"You just don't want to be spanked. I think this is not only a good idea, but a great one. Now come over here and bend over my knee, please."

She frantically attempted to find some way to stop the runaway train this had become and came up with exactly nothing.

"But..." Why the hell did he suddenly look so focused and unyielding?

"Now. And does this kind of thing need to be done on the bare, or what?"

Her heart hammered in her chest as she struggled to find some way to take control back. Finally, she could speak again. "Uhh, well, not necessarily."

For some unknown reason, she really didn't like the look on his face. It was as if he were trying to reason it all out. "Come over here."

She unconsciously took a step backward. "Like now?"

"Right now."

She cautiously stepped closer, only to be taken by surprise as he grabbed her arm and yanked her over his lap. While having him agree to incorporate spanking into their relationship had been her goal, she wasn't entirely happy with this.

Maybe it was the position she was currently in, or how it always sounded like a good idea right until the first swat landed. She was definitely close to a panic. But he was a first time spanker, more than likely it wouldn't hurt, anyway. The first time his hand landed, that thought abruptly departed.

"Ow, not so hard."

He appeared to be ignoring her, delivering an identical scorcher to the other side. "So let's play a game, Danni. Let's call it the truth game. It goes like this...I'll just continue to swat until I get to the real truth. Not the version of the truth that you planned on telling me, but the honest truth."

Before she could respond, he had landed his hand six more times and the sting was fierce. "Now, should we be doing this on a bare behind?"

She struggled with telling what he asked, but the pause must have been too long as the hand resumed. Within ten swats, she shouted out the truth.

"Yes!"

He pushed her to standing as he impatiently tugged down her jeans and panties. Putting her back over his knee, he started spanking again. It'd been a long time since she had been

spanked, and as she tried to catch her breath between blistering swats, she wondered what the appeal had been. Just as she felt tears begin, he stopped. Much to her horror, she heard him ask another question.

"Okay then, Danielle; is there anything else I need to know to do this right? Is there any other part of this actual physical spanking that I should be aware of? And just know that the wrong answer here or a lie isn't going to go well for you."

She wanted to tell him the truth, but suddenly, she was afraid. "Like what?" She struggled to move off of his lap, but he tightened his grip. "Like should I be spanking you with something? Like a hairbrush or a belt. It seems to me that would make it a bit harsher and maybe get my point across a little better."

She stopped cold, not wanting to answer at all now. He could sense her reluctance to answer, and he jumped on it. "Let me rephrase that. Is there something that you usually get spanked with?" She still remained silent, until he started landing swats hard and fast.

"Okay, okay, stop, there's a paddle."

His hand stopped in mid-strike. She actually lowered her head onto the couch cushion and cried, knowing full well what that admission meant, and what he intended to do about it.

"Go and get it."

She stood, bottom blazing, feeling embarrassed about all of this. He patted her bare behind in a warning manner. She attempted to return her panties and jeans to their proper places, but he shook his head in warning.

"No, you don't. They stay down. No go."

Feeling miserable already, she went to retrieve the dreaded implement, wondering how, one minute, he was clueless and the next, completely in charge.

When she returned to the room, she noted that he was standing by the side of the couch. Taking the small paddle out of her hand, he looked it over, turning it side to side in his hands. He nodded to her and pointed with his other hand to the arm of the sofa. She bent over it, not wanting to at all, but also not wanting to disobey him any further.

"Now, rule number one will be no lying. Especially when I ask you a question point blank, such as, do I need to do this on the bare? Another one you lied your way out of was the question about the paddle. I think ten swats for each falsehood should cover it."

Before she had a chance to stand upright and protest, he brought the paddle down hard on first one side and then the other. She yelped at the blazing sting. Trying to get away from the intense punishment, she felt him land the next two on the back of her legs.

"Come on now, Danielle, don't make this worse. Just accept it and let's get it done."

Crying, she nodded as she felt him place a re-assuring hand on the small of her back just as the next twin set of swats landed. She sobbed, begging and pleading her way through the paddling until, finally exhausted, she just gave in to the discomfort and wailed. After what seemed like a lifetime, the paddle stilled.

"What was that for, Danni?"

Oh God, how could he expect her to answer when she felt completely undone? This had certainly not gone how she'd expected at all. He tapped her sore bottom with the paddle to help along her answer.

"Come on, baby, you know. Just tell me."

He rubbed her back, and she sobbed her answer into the stuffed arm of the sofa. "Because I lied."

He pulled her to standing and turned her in his arms, holding her tightly. "That's right, angel, and it's all done now, and I forgive you. From now on, you will tell me the truth, no matter if it gets you spanked or not. Understood?"

She nodded and sobbed into his chest, not quite sure what had happened here. This was certainly domestic discipline. But this was not even close to how it had been done in her past. But she felt loved and protected. If she were being honest, she would have to admit that she even felt safe. She just didn't think that her ass would recover anytime soon.

"So, Danni, does that answer your question? The one about if I might like to think about spanking you when you misbehave?"

She noticed he said it with eyes absolutely twinkling and couldn't stop her answer. "Smart ass." She said it under her breath, and he grinned even wider.

"What did you just say?"

Not liking the edge to his voice, even with the grin, she backpedaled. "I said I love you, but are you sure you want to do this?"

He turned her around and checked out the damage he had done to her now sizzling behind. "Did I seem unsure?"

Shaking her head no, she looked into his eyes.

"Good then, I think this is going to work out just fine. I will do some more research however on the subject. Come and sit with me for a while until you feel better."

He sat her down on his lap and she put her head on his chest. They really didn't talk much, he just spent time comforting her until, finally, she heard his stomach grumbling. "Are you okay now, sweetie?"

She nodded, allowing him to give her one more kiss before she stood and headed for the kitchen to get dessert. She didn't fail to notice that he immediately made a grab for the information that was still on the coffee table. When she returned a few minutes later, he was still engrossed.

"Hey, babe, we need to talk about maintenance spankings, reminder spankings and different types of implements. Have you ever stood in the corner before? Because to me, I think that might just help your stubborn streak and the way you always have to get your own way."

She looked with real horror at her boyfriend. "But what if I've changed my mind about all of this?" She was surprised when he reached over and swatted her sore behind again.

"I don't think you get a vote anymore. Six months, and then if you are unhappy, we will sit down and discuss it. Okay?"

She shook her head in agreement and sighed, wondering exactly what she had just gotten herself into. And one of her grandmother's favorite sayings came to mind. When she had been a little girl, her Nana had always told her to be careful what she wished for. And for once, she should have listened.