

Unrequited Dom

By Carolyn Faulkner

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represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book
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of minors.

Chapter One

It was the same, uncomfortably familiar memory presented as a dream; the one that her body replayed for her almost perfectly from the events as they happened. Even years later, the dream left her panties soaking wet and the area they cradled literally throbbing from the memories that were so skillfully and vividly spun by her sleeping mind. And, as always, it left her unfulfilled and without him.

His ethereal voice, deep and dark as the night in which he appeared to her, still washed over her like the cold Maine surf on a broiling hot day, as it had at the time in real life. “Come here, Sugar,” that liquid, black velvet tone rumbled from deep in his broad chest, “I can see you still need to be reminded to obey me.”

In the dream, she was taken back to the events of the day before her twenty-first birthday, and she had graduated from college nearly a year early. Cash Daughtrey firmly believed in rewarding good behavior.

Unfortunately for her in particular, he also firmly believed in punishing bad behavior. He never seemed to take much interest in what anyone else did, but he paid extremely close attention to every single detail about Sugar, and had since the moment they had met years ago when she was a gawky, fatherless, adolescent girl.

Now, at twenty-one, but still very firmly under his thumb, which was right where he preferred her to be, he had caught her preemptively driving the vintage Corvette he was intending to give to her at the party she was having tomorrow to mark the auspicious dual occasions. The one he had expressly told her to keep her hands off until he’d given her the keys to it tomorrow night.

She knew what was coming, and even in her dream-memory she bit her lip in anticipation of the distinct discomfort she knew she would be experiencing in the next hour or so, hoping she could keep herself in check. Cash also didn’t believe in hurrying corrections. Luckily for her, they were the only two home tonight. Danielle, their stepmother, was out carousing, as usual, and Patty, the cook/housekeeper, was visiting her sister until tomorrow morning. The party was being catered, except for her cake which Patty herself was making, and she would do that as soon as she got home tomorrow so that it would be fresh.

Or maybe, on second thought, that wasn’t such a lucky thing. Sugar was beginning to think she would have preferred that there was someone else in the house, no matter how embarrassing it was that someone else might hear her cry, beg, scream and moan as he took her to task for being impatient enough to break one of his rules – any of his many rules for her.

It wasn’t as if they hadn’t heard it before.

He had extended his hand to her in silent command, as he was wont to do on occasions such as this, of which there had been entirely too many as far as Sugar was concerned, and, just as she had done in real life, her dream self hesitated for several long seconds before resigning herself to the inevitable and allowing her small hand to be engulfed by his big, rough paw. She could just run away, couldn’t she? She could refuse to give him her hand and stamp her foot and tell him no, that she was too old to be put over his lap to be spanked like a five-year-old. She could just turn and turn and walk – perhaps run might be the better choice - out of the huge garage complex and into the house.

However, he was standing in front of the only door.

Hell, she'd been telling him exactly that occasionally, when she just couldn't stand it any longer, since the first time he'd done it to her, and it hadn't made one whit of difference – at least not for the good. Instead, it had just caused that awful self-satisfied grin to spread across his face, the one that made her want to slap it right off, not that she'd ever had the guts to do it.

She'd certainly wanted to.

Then he'd chuckle softly and reach out and take her hand, no matter how hard she'd tried to avoid letting him catch her, even when she'd done her level best to back quickly away from him, he was much, much too fast for her and too damned big and too strong and too dominant . . . and . . . and . . . the list went on and on.

Cash Daughtrey was just too everything. One of the reasons she rarely tried to run from him was that she knew she had no hope of actually getting away from him for more than a few seconds before he caught up to her, and she knew from previous experience that the slow smile and soft chuckles were both lies. He didn't find any resistance from her in the least amusing. Quite the opposite, in fact. He would, once he had her in his lair – the big office that her father used to occupy and which he had taken over almost immediately upon moving into the house – inform her that her childish efforts at delaying the chastisement that he had already judged to be thoroughly warranted and necessary had only earned her more – and worse - of the same.

Sugar had clung to the idea that eventually, he would certainly decide that she would become too old for him to bend her over his knee, but that had never happened. In fact, the older she got, the stricter his rules – and the punishments he inflicted on her when she broke them - became.

Luckily, she was a naturally well-behaved girl not prone to being bratty in general, and she loved school. So far, he had only spanked her once, but the threat was always there. All he had to do was give her 'that look' at the dinner table.

His rules for her during high school in particular, were positively draconian, and although she chafed against them verbally to him – with which he was perfectly fine as long as she was respectful about it – she still minded them carefully so as not to be subject to any further chastisement.

When she turned eighteen, things had changed drastically somehow, as if someone had flipped a switch. Cash had called her into his study and asked her what her plans were. Sugar's eyes had widened. Everyone in the household knew she was going to college. She'd hardly made a secret of it. It had been all she had talked about for the past year. She'd gotten early acceptance at UVM, and that was where she wanted to go. Her good grades had earned her nearly a full scholarship, and part of her inheritance from her father would more than take care of the rest.

“But you intend to come back here on during your time off? You intend to continue living here?” he asked pointedly, watching her with that hawk-like gaze to which she'd never grown accustomed

Sugar's mouth had gone dry. “Y-yes,” she stammered, hating herself for sounding so weak and mealy-mouthed in front of him.

“Great! I was hoping you'd say that.” His smile seemed genuine, and he reached over the desk and cupped her cheek in his hand gently. “This is your home, honey. This is where you belong.”

Sugar got up, but as she turned away from him towards the door, she heard him sink back into the huge leather desk chair. “Just remember, though, Sugar, that even though you’re legally a woman now, you’re agreeing to stay here of your own free will. Which means you will still be expected to abide by *my* rules, and be subject to *my* discipline while you live under *my* roof.”

‘Haven’t I been already, technically?’ she wondered to herself angrily. Except that it wasn’t his roof, it was their stepmother’s roof. Everyone on the place had always deferred to him as if he owned it, but that was just the kind of man Cash was.

Danielle, Sugar’s stepmother, had never been much interested in dissuading anyone of that notion. All she wanted, once Warren had passed on, was to drown her sorrows and have a good time. As long as the money was deposited into her account every month, she was happy. Sugar had never gotten any help from Danielle regarding the way Cash simply took over raising her, even though it would have been much more natural for her stepmother to have stepped into that role. Danielle didn’t seem to have much interest in it, and Cash most certainly did.

Sugar wasn’t up to his weight by far yet and didn’t feel like correcting him right now.

However, his words did have their desired effect, halting her in her tracks, although she didn’t turn back to look at him, even when he’d continued in his low, gravelly tone, “Now the gloves are off.”

A sharp, downright uncomfortable shiver ran up her spine that tightened her nipples into painful peaks, although she didn’t want to give him the satisfaction of acknowledging it *or* him. However, she wasn’t even sure what he really meant by that, although she had an idea. Instead, she held her head high and walked out the door. At least she’d be away from him for the majority of the year, and she’d do her best to spend as many of her vacations as possible, elsewhere.

Sugar snorted to herself softly as she made her way to her bedroom. She had a crush on Cash from the moment she’d seen him. Most of her friends and nearly every woman he came into contact with, felt the same way. He was just one of those men that drew women to themselves without any effort on his part. He wasn’t model-gorgeous, far from it. Cash’s nose had been broken countless times from fights over the years; also from the fights and the many years working cattle alongside his father, his big body bore many scars. He had worked with his father from an obscenely- and probably illegally- young age, and didn’t need to fight or work with cattle any longer, but on occasion, he did.

Cash wore his masculinity naturally and unapologetically. He was chauvinistic, but not sexist, politely opening doors and having a “women and children first” attitude even as it applied to his female vice-presidents. He’d worked his way up from the bottom and had built his businesses from the ground up from the nearly useless bits his father had left him. He wasn’t at all afraid to turn his hand to anything anyone in the company did, and could probably do it better than those he employed.

He hadn’t had it easy as a youngster. His biological mother had died of alcohol poisoning when he was just a baby, which was why he never touched the stuff. His father had done the best he could to care for him, but Hollis Daughtrey had never been

anything other than an itinerant cowboy, dragging his son from ranch to ranch, working for a short time and then moving on as if the Devil himself was chasing him.

When he met wealthy ranch owner Danielle Hamilton, both their fortunes changed entirely. Years later, after Danielle was widowed by Cash's father, she met Sugar's dad, Warren Maillheux. Cash and Sugar were thrown together and expected to develop a brother-sister relationship when there was no blood between them and Cash ten years her senior.

Sugar's almost instant crush on the man who was supposed to be her stepbrother had continued until she became a woman. Those feelings - especially when, after that pronouncement and his punishments for the smallest of infractions, which only made her that much more uneasy about them - became something so wild that she did her level best to give him as few excuses as possible to chastise her. Time spent over his lap was an unbelievably humiliating experience- as she was a woman who was naturally very modest and who found it unbearably mortifying to be divested of her jeans and panties each and every time. However, when she realized that he was stirring feelings in her that she would much rather not confront, she almost feared herself more than she feared him, more than she feared his broad, flat palm . . . or the reinforced paint stick he used . . . or the paddle he'd found at a flea market that said "psychology" on it . . . or, one time, when she'd stayed out two hours past what she considered to be the positively medieval curfew that he had set - considering she was a legal adult - his own well worn leather quirt.

She had no idea how to handle the fact that, although he always left her with a bottom that felt as if there was no strip of flesh left unsinged by whatever implement he'd chosen, still she wanted more, somehow. More of him, she knew, but on a much more troubling level, more of the pain it seemed only he could bring her that was now mingled with a pleasure she didn't want to experience. She didn't know how to control those unwanted feelings. They made her supremely uncomfortable to the point where she'd made sure, for the last six months or so whenever she spent a rare moment at the house prior to graduating, that Cash was never given any reason to punish her.

That was not an easy task. until that night that she replayed over and over again in her dreams, almost word for word.

It had been a supremely stupid thing to do, and she knew it wasn't going to end well the moment she'd backed the big beastie out of the garage. Perhaps that's why she'd done it in the first place, but then Sugar didn't want to consider her motives too closely in any case.

Apparently her subconscious did, though.

But damn! that car was fun to drive! She was careful not to go too fast - although it certainly wasn't easy to keep her speed under control- that baby wanted to fly! Before she knew it, the car was doing ninety on I-20, and she knew that wouldn't work. It seemed to her that Cash knew everyone on every police force in the state, and she knew if she was pulled over it would be even worse for her than if he discovered she'd taken the car out for a joyride before he'd formally gifted her with it.

That would *not* be good.

She'd managed to avoid one pitfall, but not the other, because when she drove the beauty back into the last bay of the five-bay garage where it had sat for nearly a month, she knew, just waiting for her to claim it tomorrow night, the headlights had revealed his

tall, imposing form leaning none too casually against the frame of the only door attached to the house, his big arms crossed over his chest, eyebrows furrowed worriedly.

As the garage door closed automatically behind her, she found herself neatly trapped, watching him press the button that locked all of the garage doors.

Ever courteous, of course, he'd come over to open the car door for her and offer his hand, but then she knew that it wasn't really an offer, and once she put her hand in his, she wouldn't regain any control of her fate for some time.

Sugar made the fatal mistake of looking into Cash's eyes, and all was lost. His own were as black as coal, matching his thick, dark hair and, she was quite sure, the depths of his soul. "I've said this all along, but I'll say it again: you, my dear, need a keeper. All you had to do was resist just one more night, and the car would be yours to go out joyriding in. Instead, you took it out the night before, without even coming to me and asking if you could take it out early."

Actually, it hadn't even occurred to her to do that, she was surprised to realize.

He walked with her towards the house, reaching for the door, then turning to pin her with a look. "But then, that's exactly why you did it, isn't it? You need a good thrashing." Cash had to smile at her confused look. She was so afraid of her own feelings that she couldn't acknowledge them, even to him.

Or maybe because of him, he thought with a frown.

"You know where I expect you to go," he said in that terribly intimate, stern manner she'd become all too familiar with over the past few years. He patted her bottom and encouraged her to walk to the desired location as he made sure the house was locked and keyed in the system-wide security code.

When Cash arrived at his now thoroughly soundproofed study, she was where she knew he required her to be: her nose pressed in the corner nearest his desk. He liked her here, close enough that he could correct her with a sharp swat to her bare behind if she got fussy, which she often did, at least at first, until she realized that that just added to her discomfort. She stood, as he expected her to stand, with her jeans and plain white panties at her ankles, cute pink checked t-shirt ending at her natural waist and framing her bottom just perfectly. And, oh God, she loved it here, drinking in the scents that reminded her so much of him: leather, the faint, spicy scent of his aftershave, and just the slightest tinge of a horse and sweat mixture that was surprisingly intoxicating.

Even though Sugar called them "granny panties", her underwear were the only type of undies he allowed her to wear. He refused to allow her to wear what he considered to be obscene underthings, such as thongs and the like. Cash didn't know how he knew it, but plain white cotton underwear was what he liked, and was the only thing he allowed Sugar to wear in his house.

She would have received far worse if he had seen a thong atop her jeans instead, but she knew better than to get caught wearing that. It wasn't as if she didn't defy him while she was away, she was just careful to dispose of what she knew he would consider inappropriate underclothes before she came home. It was an expensive habit, but what else was she going to do with them? She liked frilly underthings, but she wasn't willing to pay the price she knew he'd extract from her if he caught her wearing something he didn't like.

She also knew better than to put it past him to check.

It seemed to her now that as she was an adult, he decided that he had to clamp down on her even harder than he had when she was growing up, which he did, unhesitatingly.

The problem that Sugar was having was that she knew that she should have rebelled more strongly than by just buying frilly panties when she was away at school. She should have been planning to live somewhere other than the ranch to get out from under his ultra-watchful eye.

Instead, she found she craved the structure and stability he provided for her. She detested every ever-loving minute of every punishment, but, to her horror, she found herself replaying scenes from previous sessions with him in the dark of the night, when she was alone, her roommate spending the night with yet another lover.

She couldn't rebel. No one had ever quite measured up to Cash, and she was beginning to doubt anyone would, especially considering that she tortured herself through all three years of college with nightly wet dreams about those horribly intimate punishment sessions.

It was going to be much worse for her if he was suddenly going to become insightful and realize that she had taken the car without his permission in a subconsciously rebellious act designed to get him to thrash her. As she was barely able to deal with the idea herself; she certainly didn't want him thinking about it at any length.

As usual, he didn't immediately turn his attention to the matter at hand. There was work piled up on his big mahogany desk, as always, and Cash believed that naughty girls needed to spend a certain amount of time considering their misdeeds while crammed tightly into the corner with their bare bottoms sticking out, ankles tethered together by the jeans and panties they wouldn't be needing for the rest of the evening.

If he had anything to do with it, and he had *everything* to do with it, she wouldn't want to pull anything back up over her bottom by the time he got through with it, anyway.

Sugar was doing her level best to stay still, although it wasn't easy. No one on the internet mentions that standing with your nose in the corner is just damned uncomfortable! As soon as you're not supposed to fidget, that's all your body wants to do, especially her feet, which definitely objected to being hobbled by her jeans. So she began to do that "naughty girl" shuffle, that she knew, sooner or later –

Crack!

Sooner, apparently, Sugar thought wryly, quickly sucking in her breath through her clenched teeth, desperately wishing she dared to reach down with one of the hands that was neatly folded at her back and rub that neatly singed spot. She knew, without having seen him, of course, that he had swatted her without even taking his eyes off the contract or whatever he had been reading.

He'd taken care to make sure that the corner she was standing in was that convenient for him to chastise her during corner time. He seemed to think of everything.

Damn him.

Yet he had never taken things that one step further, the step that she literally ached for every night she was alone at school, even more so when she was alone in this house with him. She knew he was just a door down from her, as he had taken over the

master bedroom suite when Danielle announced she no longer needed it; as she spent so little time at the ranch.

Sugar had spent much time with him in the past three years naked from the waist down; and although his fingers couldn't help but brush some very sensitive spots on occasion, she never felt that he hesitated as if he wanted to probe any further, as if he wanted anything more than simply to punish her, to teach her to obey him.

Sugar wasn't at all sure that she could be happy with just that from him any more. She was rapidly realizing that she wanted everything from him that she could get, as much as it frightened the bejesus out of her. No one but he would suffice, as no one knew her anywhere near as well as he.

That was why she had never really been tempted by the young college bucks who had come sniffing around her. She wasn't a beauty queen, nor was she a crone, but she knew she was average-looking at best; better when she bothered to doll herself up. Those times, frankly, were few and further between, mostly because Cash hated when she wore makeup, and preferred her in jeans. He hadn't even allowed her to wear makeup until she was eighteen, and then he banned it entirely from the house, much to Danielle's disgust.

The next swat caught her entirely unaware, searing the identical place on the other cheek, even though she hadn't moved a muscle, which she pointed out to him in a supplicating tone.

"Yes, but you were thinking about moving your hand down, and that kind of thinking needs to be discouraged."

How had he known? The man was a mind reader, and not the good kind!