



**ARRESTED
BY LOVE**

Kathryn R. Blake

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By

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KRB

CHAPTER ONE

Tiffany Morgan did not need the officer behind her to yelp his siren just to let her know she needed to pull over. She could see the flashing red and blue lights reflecting ominously in her rearview mirror just fine. Thank you very much. With a wince, she slunk down guiltily in her seat. She'd wished and hoped for this, except now she'd wondered if she hadn't been just a little too rash with her plan.

Gazing into her side mirror, Tiffany could feel her rear end clench with dread as Officer Kyle Andrew Sinclair slowly rose out of his car and purposefully strode over to hers. Why couldn't he be like a normal guy and just ask her out? Why did he make her resort to these childish tactics just to get his attention? And dear God, why did he have to look so gorgeously edible in his dark blue winter uniform and cap? Her insides gave a little flip at the thought of talking to him again. All she could do was hope and pray he'd end up reacting as pleased as she'd envisioned him.

However, this wasn't the first time she'd gotten on the wrong side of the handsome, but very strict, officer-of-the-law. And it probably wouldn't be the last. Although, she'd much prefer being on his good side, she was eager to have him on any one of her sides--top, back, right, or left. Just having him next to her made her knees grow weak. He made her feel desirable, feminine and petite.

At five feet six, though not terribly tall, there weren't many men in town that could make Tiffany feel tiny and delicate. However, Kyle always could, and with nothing more than a crook of his finger and a single flash of his rich, dark brown eyes. They were hidden now behind those dark mirrored sunglasses that were so popular. Even so, she had no doubt they were thinly narrowed and scowling at her right then.

He tapped on her closed window. Swallowing, she pressed the button lowering the thin glass barrier that separated them. "Yes, Officer Sinclair?" she asked trying to make her voice sound innocent, yet sexy.

"I believe you should know the routine by now, Miss Morgan. License and registration, please."

"Yes, sir," she replied deferentially in an effort to ease his anger a little. When she'd gotten into trouble before, she accidentally discovered that it pleased him when she deferred to him as "sir."

Handing him the documents she had ready and available on the seat beside her, she watched as he perused them, probably just to make sure she hadn't let either of them lapse. That could get her in hot water with him, too. Kyle was a stickler for following rules and regulations, which was very unfortunate for her. Looking up at his stern features, she patiently waited for him to pass judgment.

He jotted something on the pad he held. No doubt her license number. He fully intended to give her a ticket, except she had other plans. If she had the nerve to carry

them out, that is.

"Did you realize you were going 45 in a 20 mile per hour zone? A school zone?" he asked in his official police officer voice.

"Yes, sir," she answered, knowing there was little point in denying it. She had been speeding on purpose in hopes she'd catch the officer's attention. The kiddies were all safe in school, so she wasn't being reckless, exactly, just speeding. Was it possible to barely break the law?

He pushed his glasses down his nose to glare at her straight on. "You knew you were speeding?" he asked, incredulity stamped on his rugged features.

"Yes, sir," she answered, looking up at him and giving him her best ingenuous smile.

Pocketing his pad along with her license and registration, he took a single step back. "Step out of the car, please, Miss Morgan," he snapped, his tone revealing a barely suppressed anger.

Closing her eyes, Tiffany swallowed for courage, then stepped out into the crisp January air as he'd commanded.

"Turn and place your hands on the roof of your car, please," he insisted, his hand on his gun.

Though she did as he ordered without comment, she thought he was really carrying things a bit too far this time. What was he going to do? Shoot her for speeding in a school zone? Frisk her for hidden weapons? She gulped as his strong hands did exactly that. She arched her back, unable to suppress a small groan at the impersonal, yet strangely erotic, pat down he gave her.

"Spread your legs, please," he commanded next, placing his knee between her thighs to ensure her compliance.

Though tempted to lean back and ride the firm thigh pressing against her backside, she restrained herself. His action hadn't really been necessary, since she had no intention of disobeying him, but now her panties were totally soaked through. She was only wearing a jacket and a short, tight skirt, having left her coat in the car, so it wouldn't have taken much for him to check her there, too. However, he was conducting his search in a totally impersonal manner. Damn him.

When he was done, he stepped back. "You may turn around now," he advised, anger still simmering just beneath the surface of his words.

Tiffany knew he hated it when she drove over the speed limit. He considered it reckless driving, which he refused to tolerate. She watched as he pressed his glasses back up his nose and took out his pad again.

"I'm giving you a ticket and recommending you attend mandatory driver training, this time, Miss Morgan." Though she couldn't see his eyes, Tiffany suspected they were simmering with spirals of fury about now. "What you knowingly just did is stupid, reckless and totally unacceptable," he informed her, his tone clipped and cool.

She gazed up at him through lowered lashes. That was her cue. "Um, officer?"

She saw one eyebrow arch above his glasses as he answered, "Yes?"

She wet her lips and provocatively gave her hips a little swing. "Perhaps we

could work something out, instead?"

Glasses immediately came down again. "Pardon me?"

She pointedly gazed at his crotch. The evidence that he found her attractive was blatantly obvious. "Perhaps, I could find a way to ease your discomfort, and you could forgive this small lapse of judgment on my part?" She deliberately ran her tongue over her lips just in case he hadn't gotten the message yet. Sometimes men could be a little thick.

If his eyes could physically glare daggers, she'd be one dead cookie by now. "Are you attempting to bribe me with oral sex, Miss Morgan?" he inquired silkily.

She gave him the most suggestive smile she had, then answered, "Among other things...."

"That's it!" he growled, yanking out his handcuffs and turning her so her face was smooshed against the very cold roof of her car. Before she could even say 'don't' he had her hands cuffed behind her back and was marching her over to his police car.

"Ow, Kyle. You're hurting me," she complained, struggling to match his long stride in her tight skirt and shiny black stilettos that she'd hoped made her legs look ten miles long. His grip on her arm lightened slightly, but other than that he was cutting her no slack. She made absolutely no attempt to resist him, since she already knew it would be useless. Besides, this was what she'd been hoping for, right?

"Get in," he commanded, pressing down on her head to protect it as he settled her none-too-gently, she might add, into the back of his cruiser. Then leaning in slightly with his head, he said, "You can just stew there for a few minutes and think about what you did while I decide what to do with you." Then he slammed the door.

That ominous little warning had Tiffany's backside twitching again.

Sitting obediently where he'd put her, Tiffany fumed--silently. This part had not been in her plan at all. She'd imagined him so overcome by his passion for her that he would sweep her up in his arms, place her on his lap, and then passionately kiss her. He was not supposed to slap handcuffs on her wrists, toss her into his car, then slam the door and lock her in.

Yeah, he might be a really handsome guy and all, with muscles a girl could drool over, but he was also a chauvinist pig sometimes. She was sorely tempted to stick out her tongue at him, especially since his handcuffs had effectively curtailed her from giving him the one fingered salute, which she'd also like to throw his way right now. It would definitely make her feel better.

Except he stood in the front of the car with his back to her now, so her infantile gesture would be totally lost on him. Scowling at his back, she scrunched up her nose and stuck out her tongue at him anyway, then groaned when he held up his index finger in response. One. Oh, God, that meant he was keeping count and she was in for it now. She slunk back against the seat and waited.

* * * *

Kyle was so angry with Tiffany for her deliberate recklessness that he feared he'd lose his temper with her. So, rather than tempt himself further by giving her a well-deserved scolding, he slammed his cruiser's door and strode to stand before the hood of

his car, where he crossed his arms over his chest and considered what he should do next.

She had absolutely no regard for her own safety. He knew that since the summer she'd turned ten years old and went swimming in the rain-swollen Pentucket river after her parents had wisely forbidden her to go anywhere near it. Though only seventeen and little more than a kid himself at that age, he'd managed to save her. Then, once he'd made sure she hadn't been hurt by the river's rough handling, he'd been angry enough to give her five hard swats on her pink swim suit covered backside that day. Afterwards, she was wailing as if he'd beaten her black and blue, so he'd just held her a bit and gently rocked her in his arms as he quietly scolded her for risking her life so foolishly until she'd finally calmed.

Then putting her aside, he ordered her back home to change out of her wet suit. He thought she'd run back to her Daddy and complain about what he'd done, but she hadn't. Instead, the very next day she'd actually started following him around like a pesky younger sister, remaining his permanent shadow until two years later, when he'd left and joined the army to train as a medic.

He knew she'd become smitten with him, since during those two years she'd occasionally try to get his attention, often by doing stupid girly things. Still, all it took was a sharp word or look from him and she'd promptly settle down and behave again.

Despite having a nearly constant tail on him, they really had very little contact with each other until she'd turned eighteen and he found himself rescuing her again. This time from a near rape by one of the cretins she'd been dating. Kyle had joined up with the police force by then, so he did the "right" thing by threatening the guy with arrest first, despite the fact he wanted to knock out a few of the idiot's teeth. However, some guys were just too stupid to live, he guessed, since this drunken lout didn't have the sense God gave a peacock to lay low.

As Kyle had leaned against the door of his cruiser and listened while the moron continued to spew epithets at him that should never have been spoken in a lady's presence, he merely kept an eye on his watch and waited for the second hand to swing up to twelve at which point he informed the imbecile that he was officially off-duty and clocked him one, knocking him out.

He'd gone to Tiffany then, who was still crying after her attack, and picked her up in his arms to cuddle and reassure her, despite his deep anger over her complete lack of judgment in the guys she dated. He'd discovered pretty quickly that she'd filled out quite nicely over the years, and he was attracted to her in a way that made it difficult for him to keep his distance, even though he was determined to try.

So, when she'd finally settled, he first made sure the loser hadn't hurt her, then he spent time talking to her. Okay, maybe he'd been lecturing more than talking, but she'd needed a good scare in his opinion. She could have been badly hurt if he hadn't "happened along." And that thought alone made him madder than a wasp with an agenda, as well as supremely protective.

Had she remained scared and tearful, he probably would have just escorted her home after he'd finished giving her a sternly worded warning on the perils of dating guys who had more body ink than brains. However, Tiffany took extreme umbrage over his

well-intentioned reprimand and began to tell *him* off for daring to lecture her. Then *she*, in a very unwise move on her part, started shouting some of the same filthy epithets the *dickwad* he'd just cold-cocked had dared to spout earlier.

Carefully governing his temper, and showing remarkable restraint, he'd warned her three times that she was treading water in dangerous places. And when she topped things off by hitting him in the chest and calling him a sanctimonious bastard, he growled that he had run out of patience with her. And without warning, he flipped her over, so she lay stomach down on his lap, pushed her panties down and administered fifteen good whacks on her bare bottom for insulting a police officer. He only stopped when she tearfully pleaded out an apology and promised to do whatever he said in the future.

After the punishment was over, he made her stay in position while he spread a medicinal lotion over her bright pink posterior. She was a very fair green-eyed redhead who bruised far too easily, in his opinion. Though the peppermint-scented emollient served to soothe and protect fair skin, it stung like the very devil when first applied to firmly paddled bottoms. God, you'd have thought he was killing her with the way she'd struggled, screamed, begged and cried. She carried on far worse while he was spreading the creamy liquid over her curvy backside than she had when he'd originally punished her, except his grip was unbreakable.

When the lotion's anesthetic properties finally kicked in, she calmed down and let him finish tending her, occasionally expressing her approval by giving soft little moans of pleasure. Unfortunately, he couldn't help but admire her round and now rosy pink buttocks as he continued to stroke her, and really didn't want to stop. When his erection grew too painful to ignore, he helped her turn back over so she could sit up, but he didn't let her go. He couldn't. She was simply far too delicious for him to release, and she wanted to be kissed.

Kyle was all too willing to give Tiffany anything and everything she wanted at that point. He kissed her deeply, surprising her a little when he pressed his tongue into her mouth. However, she quickly responded with equal fervor as he praised and complimented her between his kisses. She clung to him, pushing her small, though delightfully firm, breasts against his chest, and Kyle wanted so much more, despite his inner warnings against getting involved with a sexy, curvaceous troublemaker.

She was a warm armful that he enjoyed kissing and holding on his lap almost too much. Still, she'd had a harrowing day, so he insisted upon driving her home. She'd agreed in a suspiciously meek manner, which made him instantly wary. Tiffany was anything but meek. He finally understood the reason for her uncharacteristic subservience when she asked him to please not tell her father.

Kyle had agreed, somewhat reluctantly, primarily because he believed the older man would only be hurt to learn what had almost happened to his baby girl, and also because he felt he had already seen to her punishment himself--most effectively. Seeing her to her door, he gave her a final kiss and warned her to take care, since he'd be watching her carefully from then on. Then he'd left, vowing to put any wayward thoughts he had about romancing the stubborn little minx out of his mind.

Despite his efforts to keep his distance, Tiffany would occasionally end up

standing in front of him for something stupid or reckless she'd done. For some reason, he always seemed to be the one who'd catch her at her foolishness. If he didn't know that she really hated it when he punished or scolded her, he'd begin to suspect she was purposefully doing things so he'd catch her.

Though he was finding it harder and harder to maintain his distance, he always did his best to treat her like a very strict older brother. Reckless stunts, anything that put her life in danger, he dealt with swiftly and harshly, usually with her ending up panties down over his knees for a firm paddling. However, he never spanked her really hard or long, and would only use his hand.

She'd always cry a little and want to be comforted afterwards, and yet, over the last few months or so, he was beginning to think she wasn't taking his punishments very seriously. How could she, when he kept catching her doing stupidly reckless things far more often, the older she got? And her stunts, though usually not critically dangerous, were getting more and more serious.

Even so, he was sensitive to her tears and usually let her up at the first sign of them to give her a warm hug. He tried to limit the kissing, but found it extremely difficult when she'd catch him opened mouthed and mid-sentence. Because when Tiffany put her tongue in his mouth, Kyle had a hell of a time not reciprocating. If the stunt she'd pulled was merely stupid, he'd usually let her go with a simple scolding and a warning that if he caught her at it again, she'd be spending a much longer time over his knees.

Now, three years after he'd saved her butt from getting raped by an asshole, he'd caught her recklessly speeding--on purpose. And he was angry enough this time to give Miss Tiffany Anne Morgan's bare backside a lot more than a few light swats. Except Kyle knew if she agreed to the punishment he intended to propose that he would not be able to let her go this time. And though he wasn't a total *dickwad*, he felt, deep down, that Tiffany deserved someone better than him. At least he felt that way until he caught her, through the reflection in his glasses, sticking her tongue out at him.

With an inward grin, he lifted his index finger to let her know he saw, and he'd just added one swat to his already mounting count. He saw her eyes widen and knew she'd gotten his message. Then he watched as she submissively slunk down in the back seat.

With a nod to himself, Kyle removed his glasses and hung them on his belt then opening the driver-side door he turned off his light bar, quietly shut the door, opened the back door and leaned in to gaze down at the girl he'd decided he needed to have in his life. Seeing she remained in her submissive pose, he said, "Well, Miss Morgan. It looks like you have a very important decision to make."

* * * *

Tiffany sat up a little straighter and gazed at him through slightly curious and very wary eyes.

"Here's what I propose," Kyle said leaning down a little closer to her. "You can either spend a night in jail for attempting to bribe a police officer.... Orrr," he paused for effect as she listened breathlessly for his next words. "Or, you can spend an indefinite amount of time with your panties off, your front side draped over my knees, and your

delightfully cute bottom spanked with two swats for every MPH you went over the limit, as well as an additional five for attempting to bribe me, and one extra for sticking your tongue out. I believe that currently brings us to a grand total of fifty-six swats," he added, one eyebrow arched as he awaited her reply.

"Fifty-six swats! Are you crazy? I wouldn't be able to sit for weeks if you did that to me. You must be a fucking pervert to even suggest such a thing!"

"That will be five more swats for swearing, young lady. And if I hear you say "fucking" again, I'll add washing your mouth out with soap to your punishment."

Tiffany clamped her lips together and glared at him. She knew from past experience that he'd make good on any threat or warning he gave her, so she had good reason to guard her tongue.

He gave his head a slight tilt. "Your little language slip makes it sixty-one now, and I await your reply."

"You can't be serious, Kyle," she said finally.

"You should know by now that I don't joke about anything that threatens your life or well-being. And reckless driving resides at the top of the list."

"I won't do it," she stated, her lovely green eyes sparkling with inner fire.

"That is your choice, of course. I'm sure your father will be heartbroken to learn his little girl has to spend a night in jail because she bribed a police officer with a blow job in a very unwise effort to avoid getting a speeding ticket."

"You wouldn't!" she spat back him.

"Oh, honey. I definitely would." He stood back, ready to close her door.

"Kyle!" Tiffany called, genuine worry in her voice.

He popped his head back in. "I'm going to give you five minutes to think about it. If you refuse to give me answer, I will assume you wish to spend the night in jail. Unfortunately, it will mean you'll have a record, and you'll have to be finger-printed, but I've heard the cots at the station aren't *too* uncomfortable."

"Bastard!"

He smiled. "The count just went up to sixty-six, honey, and I intend to start adding swats the longer you thwart me in this. So think carefully about it, Tiff. You have a lot at stake here."

"Argh!" Tiffany growled at him as he shut the door. Kyle smiled, then after checking his watch, he went back to stand in front of his car again.

When he'd flashed his lights, Tiffany had pulled off to a relatively deserted park area near the school. He knew he could dispense her punishment without attracting the attention of anything more than a few nearby birds and squirrels--no matter how much she screamed, begged and cried. And he intended to deliver every swat he threatened.

This time he wouldn't be dissuaded by tearful pleas or cries of pain. His darling girl was going to learn there were consequences for her reckless behavior and breaking the law. Although, admittedly he had been intrigued by her proposition.

Crossing his arms over his chest he chuckled over the memory of just how surprised she'd been when he stuck his tongue into her mouth. She would have been at least ten times more surprised if he'd let her do exactly what she'd suggested.

Checking his watch again, Kyle walked back and opened the door. "Your five minutes are up, honey. Have you made your decision?"

Watching Tiffany take a deep breath, Kyle was not all that surprised when she said, "Look, Kyle, I want to be reasonable about this--"

"I'm very pleased to hear that," he concurred agreeably.

"However, sixty-six swats is not reasonable by any stretch of the imagination."

He shrugged. "I guess this is where you and I will have to agree to disagree."

"It's ludicrous, insane and totally out of the question."

He leaned in closer. "Tiffany Anne Morgan, school zone speed limits are established for a purpose, and there are penalties for violating them. Severe penalties. What's worse is the rest of this neighborhood has a speed limit of 35. So, even if I were to discount the school zone violation, you were still driving ten miles an hour over the limit. In the middle of January. With patches of black ice covering the road. And that, my sweet, is totally unforgiveable and deserving of every swat I give you." When she opened her mouth, he raised a finger to let her know he wasn't finished, yet.

"Furthermore, since your five minutes are up, I'm going to add one swat for every minute you delay in giving me your decision."

"You're insane!" she spat back at him.

He tapped his watch. "Thirty seconds, sweetheart, and we're up to sixty-seven now. Tick tock."

CHAPTER TWO

Tears welled in Tiffany's eyes as she glared at him, but Kyle shook his head. "Though I find your tears distressing, they are not going to sway me this time. You are going to be seriously punished today, one way or the other."

"It's cold," she complained softly.

"Move over," he ordered, sliding in beside her and bringing the door to a near close. The backdoors on his cruiser did not have any handles, so he couldn't shut the door all the way, however, he could help make her more comfortable. Reaching down, he retrieved the blanket he kept in the car for victims and witnesses who would occasionally go into shock, and wrapped it around her shoulders. "Better?" he asked, using his thumb to wipe away a couple of new tears.

"How can you be so nice to me one minute, then threaten to beat me black and blue the next?" she asked with a sniffle.

"Trust me. You'll be sore, but there won't be a bruise on you."

Her head jerked up at that. "You plan to use that fire in a bottle stuff you have that's masked as a peppermint-scented lotion on me. Don't you?"

"It'll prevent any bruising," he told her, resolved to keep that from happening.

"I think I'd rather be black and blue."

He brushed another tear from her cheek. "You might, but I wouldn't. So, you're overruled on that one, too, I fear."

"You don't get two votes to my one," she declared, scowling at him.

He tapped her on the nose. "In matters that concern your safety and well-being, sweetheart, you don't get any votes at all."

Giving a wince and a tiny squirm, she asked, "Can't we negotiate on this?"

He shook his head. "Not this time, I'm afraid." He checked his watch again. "You're up to sixty-eight now, Tiffany. So, I suggest you make up your mind soon."

"I can't do it," she finally said on a whine. "I'd rather spend a night in jail."

He gently swiped his thumb along her chin. "I understand completely. I don't agree with your decision, even though I do understand it," he said, giving the door a small push to open it. "You will be allowed one phone call when we get to the station. I suggest you call your dad, first. He's going to be pretty upset by this, I'm afraid."

He started to step out and shut the door, when she cried, "Kyle!"

Turning back, he gazed down at her. "Yes?"

She crumpled upon seeing his resolved expression, then started to cry in earnest. "Okay. I'll do it," she finally managed to get out.

Arching a questioning eyebrow at her he asked, "You're sure?"

She nodded her head. "Could you at least unfasten the cuffs first."

He considered it for a moment. Having her cuffed would ensure she kept her

hands out of the way, but she'd struggle against them to get free, which could hurt her wrists badly. He gave a little circling motion with his finger, and she obediently turned her back to him. When he unlocked and removed the cuffs from her, she promptly covered her face with her hands.

Getting back into the car, he brought the door to a near close again and drew her back against his chest. "I don't like seeing you so miserable, Tiff. But even though it breaks my heart, I am not going to relent on this. I will be honest and warn you it's going to hurt. A lot. And you'd best think up a plausible excuse to tell your dad why you can't sit comfortably for a couple of days. However, I can also promise that your luscious bottom will suffer no lasting marks from this punishment. No marks at all, if I can help it."

"That's not very comforting, Kyle," she whispered, pressing back to get closer to him, so he wrapped his arms about her and simply held her until she'd settled a little bit more.

Then gently pushing her from him, he used his best police officer arresting voice and said sternly, "This is a punishment, Tiffany Anne. And as such I'm going to do my best to make it very uncomfortable for you in many ways." He lifted the blanket from her shoulders and set it aside. "Now, lower your undies and place yourself in the proper position on my lap. I'm not going to help you this time. You need to do it yourself."

She covered her face with her hands again. "I can't," she whimpered.

"Yes, you can." He turned her so she faced him and adopted a stern expression. "Underwear down. Now, young lady. Unless you want me to start adding swats again."

Tiffany's face immediately crumpled and she looked like she would wail again, but she held it together and, with great reluctance, slowly did as he'd instructed. When her bottom was bare, he leaned back against the seat and patted his lap. "You know the position. Take it now please."

She began to shake her head until he arched an eyebrow. Then, she let out a small sob and inched her way across the seat on her hands and knees with all the speed of a snail until her stomach was properly positioned over his lap. Once there, she lay down with her head resting on her crossed arms, and legs stretched out behind her. Kyle considered tucking her legs beneath his right thigh, then decided against further restraint at this time with the full understanding that it could well prove necessary later. Since he intended to make this a long and very painful session for his girl.

"Skirt needs to be raised above your waist," he reminded, arms at his sides.

After letting out another little sob, she shifted and squirmed on his lap until her skirt was raised and her bottom was completely exposed to him, then she lay back down.

She was being a very good girl, so he lightly rubbed her for a moment in order to get her to relax a little. If she could keep from tensing her muscles, the spanking wouldn't be nearly as painful or intense for her. However, he knew from experience that asking or expecting her to relax in that way was practically impossible.

Speaking in a low, soothing voice, he said, "You have a very pretty bottom, Tiffany Anne Morgan, and I hate having to be so harsh with it, and you." She let out a sigh that bordered on a sob, but he felt her relax.

"Good girl," he praised, then keeping to his word, he issued the command he knew would totally push her over the edge. "When you're ready, I need you to beg me to begin your correction."

"Kyle!" she protested, jerking her head up and tightening her buttocks with resistance.

He continued his gentle rubbing. "I'm sorry, Tiffany, but that's the way it needs to be. You recklessly endangered your own life--on purpose. Therefore, I need you to admit aloud, both for yourself and me, the reason you are being punished today, and beg me to administer a well-deserved and necessary paddling to ensure that you *never* exhibit such dangerous, juvenile behavior again." Though he didn't raise his voice, he made sure his tone grew sterner with every word he said.

That set her off as she collapsed back down on his lap and wailed, then tried to talk between her sobs. "I'm sorry, Kyle. I promise to never break the speed limit again, but please don't make me beg you to punish me. I can't. It's just too humiliating."

He didn't say anything for a moment as he continued to lightly rub her until she settled a little more. Then he asked, "Tiffany, do you accept that I only want you safe?"

She gave her head a little shake.

"Verbal acknowledgement, please," he reminded.

"Yes, sir," she conceded a little wetly.

"Do you know what it is that you did wrong, and what I am punishing you for?"

"Going over the speed limit?" she answered softly, beginning to relax again.

"No. That's not it."

"Driving recklessly?" she offered uncertainly.

"That's part of it, yes. And why do you think I consider that to be so bad?"

"Because I could get hurt. But Kyle, forty-five miles an hour isn't that fast. It's not as if I was driving ninety through the middle of town."

"Tiffany, are you going to argue with me about this now?"

"No, sir," she answered a little sullenly.

"Smart choice. Now given that I am concerned for your safety and feel you recklessly endangered your life with your shenanigans today, do you believe my punishment fair?"

She gave a little snort at that, and he responded with a light smack on her buttocks.

"Ow," she murmured, turning back to scowl up at him.

"That, sweetheart, was a love tap compared to what I'm about to give you. Now, answer the question, please."

"Truthfully, I think the number is more than a little harsh," she admitted, putting her head back down again.

Though Tiffany was no longer crying now, Kyle knew that wasn't going to last long. "Perhaps you do think it's harsh, but as I said earlier, the number is not negotiable."

She turned back to look at him again. "Yeah? Then what, in your opinion, is negotiable about this, Officer Sinclair?"

"From your point of view, absolutely nothing. However, since you seem to have

trouble grasping this, I will outline my reasons again. You deliberately sped twenty-five miles per hour over the limit in a school zone on ice covered streets. And you did this solely in the hopes of gaining my attention. Once you got it, you brazenly attempted to bribe me with sexual services in order to avoid getting a ticket. Just considering those things alone, sixty-eight swats on your bottom with my hand is light compared to what I ought to be doing."

He stopped and took a deep breath. Getting riled with her now was not going to help the situation at all. After a moment, he added, "No doubt you'll have a little trouble sitting for a few days, but given the alternative consequences of your action, if you had lost control of your car for even a second, I believe a sore bottom is a small price for you to pay." He waited for a beat, then added, "Now, I await your humble request for me to begin your well-deserved spanking"

She let out a small groan, then said, "I regret my childish behavior and reckless driving, Officer Sinclair. And ask that you please proceed with my punishment."

It wasn't begging exactly, but Kyle took it as permission to commence. Holding her firmly in place with his left hand, he began to count out each swat he delivered at a steady, firm pace. Though he took care not to hit her too hard or in the same place too often, his swats were heavy-handed enough that by the county of thirty his palm stung and her butt cheeks were bright pink.

Though she cried out in protest with every stroke, and squirmed and bucked a few times during the first twenty, she refrained from calling him any names out loud. However, he suspected she still did it between her gritted teeth.

He'd carefully laid out the rules of this particular punishment before, and she knew if she made any attempt to block his swats or insult him, he'd add one stroke as a penalty. However, when he called out thirty-one she sobbingly begged him to stop, and threw her hand back to protect her sore rear end.

With a shake of his head, he simply drew her arm up and out of the way, then repositioned her so that her legs were firmly restrained by his thigh.

"No!" she cried out, once she realized what he intended.

"You know the rules, Tiffany. You are being restrained more firmly now because you broke them, and you will receive one extra swat for moving your hand in my way." Then he grimly continued carrying out her punishment.

At forty she was crying so hard that her pleas for him to stop emerged as little more than sobbing burbles. A part of him felt bad for causing her this much pain while another part of him knew if he stopped now she'd think she could weasel herself out of trouble every time with just a few tears. He had to see this through to the end, though he did lighten the intensity of his strokes quite a bit. He knew they still smarted since his hand still hurt with every stroke he delivered, just not as badly.

At fifty she stopped begging for him to stop and just gasped for breath as she continued to sob, and he figured she was crying too hard now to form intelligible words.

By the time he reached sixty, her bottom was bright red and she lay totally limp across his left knee. She wasn't sobbing, crying or making any sound at all. Worried he'd been too harsh with her, he lightened the intensity of his swats so much, the last nine

swats he gave her were little more than pats on her terribly inflamed butt.

The moment he delivered the sixty-ninth stroke he heard her give a water-logged sob of relief, which filled him with no little amount of relief in return.

She lay like a wilted flower on his lap with no strength left to move. Her butt was almost purple it was such a deep red by now and his hand was smarting pretty badly, too. So he suspected her nerves had shut down. When they reawakened, she would be in for a lot of pain. A lot. Unfortunately, the lotion he liked to use was going to awaken those sleeping nerve endings with the effect of an electric shock.

He vacillated for just about a second whether or not he should use it, except he didn't like the way her flesh was turning an even deeper maroon as he watched.

Knowing she was too weak to protest anything he did, he drew the bottle from his pocket, flipped its cap and poured a good-sized dollop of the lotion at the base of her spine, which he hadn't touched. She gave a small jerk and he knew it was due to the coldness of the liquid. He could have warmed it first with his hands to lessen the shock, but the cool temperature of the balm helped to ease the pain. Like an ice pack. After her brief movement, she tried to pull away as though she suddenly realized what he intended.

"No!" she cried. "Oh, God, please no! That stuff will kill me."

Pressing down on her shoulders, he said, "It won't kill you." However, the moment the lotion touched a sleeping nerve, Tiffany arched her back and screamed. She didn't buck or jerk, but held completely still, like it hurt too much for her to move. Then she screamed so loud his ears rang.

"Tiffany!" he yelled back so he could be heard over cries. "Count backwards from ten!" he ordered sharply. The counting would help distract her, and it usually took less than ten seconds for the lotion to provide ease once he had it completely spread over the area."

Except rather than count, she just continued screaming.

Realizing yelling wasn't getting him anywhere, he lowered his voice to a murmur, kept his grasp firm, and his touch light. "I know its hurting really badly now, Tiff," Another scream. "But this will help, I promise." A less frantic yell. "Just count back with me, sweetheart. Please." A sob. "Ten," he prompted and she repeated it after him.

"Good girl, stay with me here. "Nine, Eight, Seven, Six, Five...."

She dutifully repeated each number after him, though he didn't need to go any lower than five, for she lay down again with a sigh and relaxed completely.

"That's my girl. It's much, much better now. Isn't it?"

"Mmm." Was the only response he received from her, so he kept up a one-sided conversation as he continued to very gently work the lotion into her skin.

"I know this wasn't easy for you, and it certainly wasn't easy for me. Even so, I'm proud of the way you finally accepted your punishment, Tiff. You're a very brave girl, and you handled yourself like the lovely young woman you are."

She snorted at that, but didn't contradict him.

When the color of her buttocks had gone from nearly purple to a bright pink, he was satisfied the lotion had been properly dispersed, and though he loved rubbing her backside, and could do it all day long, he knew it was time for her to get back home. Her

parents would be worried.

"Okay, sweetheart. Let's get you up and dressed now, all right?"

She let out a disgruntled groan at that pronouncement.

"Yes I know you're finally comfortable and really don't want to move, but your mom and dad are going to be worried about you if you don't get home soon." He moved his leg and shifted her so she was lying flat again, receiving yet another groan of disapproval for disturbing her. "Up you go, sweetheart," he urged helping her rise to her knees. "Let's get your panties on first, okay?"

She shook her head. "Don't want to. It's gonna hurt," she protested with a pout.

Ignoring her he reached on the floor for her discarded underwear, then held them out to her. "Sit down, and we'll get these back on you."

"You're joking. Right?" she asked, staring at him in disbelief. "You really think I can sit right now?"

"Yes, I do. It's going to feel a bit like sitting on a really bad sunburn, but you can manage it."

She shook her head. "I don't think so, Kyle. This vinyl seat is really hard, and cold."

"Tiffany...", he warned softly, letting her know this was not the time for her to be arguing with him.

She winced then moved very gingerly. The moment her butt hit the seat she jerked back up and tears instantly filled her eyes. "Ow! Ow! Ow! Oh, God, it really hurts, Kyle!"

"You want me to try to put on more lotion?" he asked, but she quickly vetoed that suggestion with a vehement shake of her head.

Reaching over, he gripped her arms near her shoulders, then said, "There's not enough snow outside to help, and I don't have any ice, so we've got to do this on our own. I've got you and I'll help you down slow and easy, Tiff. Come on, sweetheart. You can do it. Besides, the seat's coldness should even help."

Though she managed to sit this time, she didn't hesitate to scowl back at him. "I really do think I hate you right now. You beat me to a pulp."

"Trust me, your lovely backside is nowhere near pulp. Now, let's put these on. Okay?"

She narrowed her eyes to glare at him, but allowed him to put her legs in their proper holes and pull her panties up to her knees. Then she just looked at him.

"Just a little more, sweetie. Raise your hips up. That's it." Despite her loud gasp and wince, he managed to slip her panties up over her hips. "Good girl." She gave him an even angrier scowl for that one.

"I must say, you're not acting very penitent, Tiffany Anne. I would think you'd be more apologetic to me now."

"Dream on," she muttered under her breath, but he heard her.

He reached for her again. "Come here," he said starting to lift her to put her onto his lap.

"No, Kyle. Oh, no, please. Oh, God! I really don't think I can...."

He very gently lowered her to his lap. She groaned, then softly said, "Ow." Claspng her face in his two hands, he leaned forward and kissed her, then drew back.

She looked at him uncertainly, then said, "More."

With a pleased smile he kissed her again and she let out of soft moan, then with a sigh rested her head against his chest.

"It doesn't seem to hurt as much when you do that. Maybe I could sneak you up to my room where you can just keep kissing me until I feel better. I'm sure my parents won't mind."

Kyle laughed at that. "Actually, honey, I think they might."

She sighed, content to be held, and he was content to hold her. He placed his chin on the top of her head and rocked her slightly.

"Ow. Ow. No rocking. Please, no rocking. Okay?"

He instantly stilled, then whispered into her ear. "I don't know if you realize this or not, but this punishment, despite its necessity, hurt me as well."

She snorted. "Yeah. Maybe. But not as much as it hurt me."

He turned her so she looked at him. "More actually, because I was the one responsible for causing you all this pain, and I receive absolutely no enjoyment at all in hurting you."

She scowled at him. "So, why do it?"

He pressed a light kiss on her forehead. "Because, it was something you needed very badly."

She shook her head and opened her mouth to refute him, so he cut off further words by kissing her deeply. It pleased and delighted him more than he could say when she openly and eagerly responded to his kiss.

When they were both breathless, he simply held her. He wanted to make love to her so desperately that he was positive his groin was causing him far more discomfort than her bottom was causing her. However, he knew giving into his desires in that regard wouldn't be wise for several reasons, the first being she was too sore to enjoy it and the second being that he wasn't about to deflower the woman he adored in the very uncomfortable back seat of a police cruiser.

Holding her to his chest, he attempted to get his own wayward needs under control while she rested with her head near his shoulder and toyed with the silver badge pinned to his uniform. Finally she looked up at him and said, "I don't get it, Kyle. Why would you choose to punish by hitting me if you don't like the thought of hurting me?"

He looked at her then, and could see that she was very serious in her question. "Well, first of all, I don't consider a good-old-fashioned spanking to be the same as hitting." He received yet another snort in reply to that statement. "And even though I don't like to cause you pain, I also felt that you needed a physical nudge today to prove just how serious I am about you obeying our traffic laws. I expect you to be much more circumspect and careful from now on. That means--no speeding," he commanded, giving her upturned nose a slight tap.

She wrinkled her nose, but respectfully answered, "Yes, sir."

He gave her a nod of approval. "Good girl. The point is that I believe I only did what was absolutely necessary today for you to learn and remember this lesson. You aren't going to forget it very soon, are you?"

Her eyes widened and she gave a vehement shake of her head.

"No, I didn't think you would. However, if I'd not been so firm with you, the impression I left wouldn't be quite so lasting. Would it?" he asked.

He watched as she carefully considered that for a moment before she said. "Perhaps. But it wasn't really necessary for you to make your impression permanent, was it?"

He chuckled at that, pleased that she wasn't nearly as cowed by the experience as he feared she'd been earlier. Then he regarded her more soberly. "Tiffany Anne Morgan, I would like to go out with you. Officially. On a date."

Her eyes opened wide at that and her small pink tongue came out to wet her lips. He groaned inwardly as he considered all the ways he'd like to play with that tongue, and pleasure her with his. He watched as she considered his suggestion for a moment, then with a sweet blush tinting her cheeks, she said. "I think I'd like that, too."

He raised one eyebrow. "Considering it was the initial reason you were speeding in the first place, I am probably undoing all the good I did with that spanking by encouraging you in this way." When she merely gave him a sexy smile in reply, he groaned and kissed her again, then quickly put her aside, careful to place her back very gently on the seat, before he stepped out of the car to adjust his increasingly confining trousers. Looking back, he could tell by her expression that his brusqueness had unsettled her a bit. Then again, if they continued the way they were going, he feared he would do the very thing he was struggling so hard not to do.

She pointedly gazed at his crotch and said, "From that tent in your pants I'd say it was pretty obvious that you are attracted to me in some small way...." He grimaced at her use of the word small, but let her finish. "I'm clearly willing, so why push me away?"

Leaning back into the car he stretched out his hand to help her out as he said, "I'm not pushing *you* away as much as I am attempting to exert a little control over *myself*."

She accepted his offer of help, then asked in a small voice, "Don't you want to make love with me?"

"Oh, honey," he answered drawing her close. "You have no idea just how much I would love to do that. But this just isn't the time, or the place. So, would you like to go out on date with me this Saturday?"

At her pleased nod, they set the time he'd pick her up, then he carefully walked her back to her car.

CHAPTER THREE

Kyle treated Tiffany like a princess for the next four and a half months. On their first date, he came to the door in a finely made suit carrying a corsage, which he gave to her. Tiffany didn't think men still gave women corsages, and yet it was such a romantic gesture that she felt like she was going to her high school prom with him.

He acted so old-fashioned and formal that even her father was secretly amused when Kyle promised to have Tiffany home no later than eleven o'clock. Tiffany wanted to remind him she was twenty-one years old now, and her parents actually did let her stay out past midnight without grounding her, but she held her tongue. Something told her, given the way he was acting, that he'd scold her for being disrespectful if she said something that sarcastic.

For their first "official" date together, Kyle had selected A Night in Paris as their restaurant. It was one of Tiffany's favorites, since she loved French cooking. Though she usually shied away from it when going out on a date, because of all the garlic. However, if they were both eating it, perhaps it wouldn't be so bad.

Afterwards, he took her dancing at the Regency Ballroom. The establishment pretended to be an American Almack's, but the kids who ended up there usually took over the music by 10 P.M. and bribed the live band to drop the waltzes and go for something a little more contemporary.

Kyle actually frowned when Tiffany started gyrating to *What's Love Got to do With It*, then he reluctantly joined her. He was a little stiff at times, so Tiffany was determined to loosen him up. She wanted him to kiss her tonight, not just give her a peck on the back of her hand, which was far more likely if all they did was waltz together.

Even so, there was a lot to be said for slow dancing. She rested her head against his firm chest, her cheek pressed a little above his heart, and wrapped both her arms around his broad shoulders. She loved the way his shoulders looked sharp and disciplinary in his uniform, however, she practically drooled over the way his silky suit draped his upper body, as though it had been made especially for him.

Holding her close, almost in a cuddle on the dance floor, he handled her gently, but with the firm assurance of a man who knew how women liked to be touched.

He danced with both of his hands resting at the small of her back, and his arms securely wrapped around her waist. Not so tightly that she couldn't pull away if she wished to, and yet with enough pressure to let her know he was there and he would and could protect her if it became necessary.

Those same hands had severely spanked her just a few days ago. She'd appreciated their firm strength then, but now she luxuriated in the way they rested against her, just above the area he'd so thoroughly punished when he took her over his knee. His firm domination combined with his gentle handling had her panties soaked so badly, she was afraid she'd end up embarrassing herself.

When he'd determined their date was over he took her home, gave her a warm and sexy kiss at the door, then waited until she was safely inside and said good-bye to her parents before he turned and left.

Even though Tiffany really didn't want to admit it aloud, she realized she'd fallen head over heels in love with Kyle from the first time he'd spanked her, when she was only ten. Once she realized he intended to paddle her, she'd been angry and outraged over his domineering stance and attitude. She wasn't his little sister, and he had no right to handle her so strictly.

She'd wailed and cried, and even threatened to tell her Daddy about his mistreatment of her. Except she wasn't that badly hurt. Only her pride was. He'd clearly cared enough to risk punishing her for having needlessly endangered her life. And even though the spanking was painful, his cuddling and reassurance afterwards almost made the punishment worth it. Enough so, she'd occasionally test him to see if he'd do it again. Much to her surprise, delight, and occasional dismay for her very sore backside, he'd see to it that she had trouble sitting down if her actions could have proved hazardous to her safety or well-being.

He was clearly a dominant, alpha male, which greatly annoyed her at times, especially when he thought it necessary to lecture her. But it was those same protective traits that attracted Tiffany to Kyle. Okay, not so much the lectures, perhaps, as much as it was his quiet strength and demonstrated ability to look after her. She'd felt the power beneath those muscles many times when he'd protectively carried her out of harm's way as if she weighed nothing.

True, she wasn't exceptionally heavy, but she wasn't a light weight by any means, either. However, it was the lengths she was willing to go to just to get his attention that usually got her into serious trouble with him.

Except now that they were actually dating, Tiffany no longer had to go to those extremes to get Kyle's attention. He gave it to her unstintingly. When they were together every bit of his attention was focused on her, as if she was the only other person in the world. It was a heady feeling, and a little embarrassing at times when he'd probe her with personal questions because she was acting bratty, cranky or out of sorts.

In the four and half months they dated, he hadn't spanked her once. Possibly because she hadn't given him a need to. When she hurt from her period, he'd confirm the reason for her snapping at him with quick efficiency, then comfort her with lots of kisses and a warm hand on her tummy to ease the cramping. It usually worked better than Ibuprofen.

The longer they dated, the more Tiffany wanted Kyle to make love to her. Except he was insistent on being a gentleman about it. He'd kiss and even pet her until her toes curled with pleasure, but he wouldn't consummate their relationship by claiming her virginity. Though he clearly wasn't a prude about sex, since he most willingly gave her many orgasms--sometimes with his very talented lips and tongue, and even more often with his long, probing fingers.

Tiffany wasn't a total innocent. She knew from the erection he almost constantly sported that he desired her. She also knew for a man to remain as erect as a flagpole, and

not do anything about it, could keep him in a very uncomfortable condition. But no matter what she did, he refused to cross that final barrier to penetrate her. What's more, he became a trifle testy over the subject when she attempted to push him on it.

Finally, she offered to ease him with her mouth, and after giving her a look that showed he remembered her offer a few months back, he relented. He wouldn't ejaculate into her mouth though, however much he may have wanted to.

After going out every Friday and Saturday and seeing each other on Wednesday night for four and a half months, Tiffany finally confronted him when he refused once again to make love to her despite her pleading. She was horny, and though his fingers felt wonderfully soothing against her most intimate place, she wanted more. She wanted him and she let him know what she wanted by pulling his hand out of her panties when they were necking in the backseat of his car, and said, "What exactly do you want from me, Kyle Sinclair?"

His expression of surprise at her sudden attack was priceless and would have made her laugh if she hadn't been so frustrated with him. "What do you mean?"

"We've been dating, and necking and petting, but we aren't moving anywhere. You never take me to your place. We just sit in the car, fondling and getting each other so worked up until I am ready to scream." His eyebrows arched up at that because she had actually screamed a couple of times when he'd pleased her, except that wasn't her point. "So, what is it exactly that I am to you? Just some girl you can pick up and play with a bit on the weekends? Or do I mean something more to you?"

His eyebrows came low and together, a sure sign he was beginning to lose patience with her. "What do *you* think, Tiffany?"

Yeah, he was angry. Then again, so was she. She wanted more, but he seemed happy to just keep doing what they were doing until they were in their shawls and rocking chairs. "The point is Kyle, I no longer know what to think about what you want out of this relationship, which is why I am asking you."

He sat up straighter then, and looked down at her. Their height difference was just enough to make her back down anytime he used it in a slightly intimidating manner. And the glimmer of anger that currently shined in his eyes, had her immediately slinking back down in the seat and lowering her gaze to the floor. She was such a coward when he displayed a little muscle, because she knew the power behind those arms and the firm strength of those hands--intimately.

Finally, he reached out and tilted her chin up so she would look at him. "So, tell me, my spoiled little rich girl. Do you think you could live on a cop's salary?"

That got Tiffany's attention right away. Was he asking her to marry him? She thought for a moment, then answered with a touch of asperity, "This isn't the early twentieth century, Kyle. I do work, and make a pretty good salary myself."

"That's nice, honey. But, do you think I'm going to want you to work after we get married?"

Tiffany thought her jaw dropped to the floor with that question. "This is the twenty-first century, Kyle. Don't you think it's time you crawled out of your dark little

cave and came into the light of women's equality?"

He bent closer, and his eyes were so intently focused on her, she felt like he was seeing into her mind. She immediately shrank back from the simmering anger she saw reflected in his gaze. Tiffany wasn't scared he'd hurt her. Not really. But her tightly clenching bottom definitely respected the dominance he held over it. "Do you want children, Tiffany?"

Puzzled, she gave a slight shrug. "Yeah. Someday. Maybe after a few years."

His eyes remained fixed on her face. "How many?"

"Um, kids?" she asked more than a little uncertainly. At his nod, she said, "Two or four, I guess. I hadn't really thought about it."

"Well, I have, little girl. It is all I have been thinking about lately, and I do not want you working and trying to raise my kids at the same time." When she opened her mouth to refute his possessive pronoun, he added. "I've seen what double-duty like that does to women, and I do not want that for you. But I do want kids. Lots of them. If you only want four, I could live with that, even though I'd really like to have a lot more. So, I'd like to start as soon as possible." When her eyebrows rose at that, he gave her another nod. "Yes. Perhaps now you understand. I earn around 60K a year. That's nowhere near the 250K your dad probably makes. For us to maintain a household with children, we would have to scrimp to save pennies. Cut costs where we could. If you want to work until you're pregnant, I'll let you. However, the moment your doctor confirms your pregnancy, I would expect you to turn in your resignation and concentrate on taking care of yourself for our baby."

That was the second time in under five minutes that Tiffany felt her jaw drop. Keeping her thoughts to herself, she beleaguered the fact that she'd fallen completely for a stupid, dominant, alpha male who appeared stuck in the Stone Age.

Though his gaze had not shifted from her face for a second, Tiffany knew him well-enough by now to realize he was waiting for her to process what he'd just said. She pulled away slightly and straightened her back.

Dropping his hand from her chin he asked again, "So, do you think you could live on a cop's salary?" Then waved that question aside and asked, "Do you even think you could manage to live on a budget?"

Tiffany honestly didn't know how to respond to him. She was furious he thought he could be so high-handed with her, expecting her to simply roll over and let him do it. However, it also pissed her off to acknowledge that he could and she would. But to have him think she couldn't be as fiscally responsible as he was, irked her to no end.

Not sure which bothered her more, his high-handedness or his low opinion of her, she replied to the one that hurt her pride the most. "Look, Fred Flintstone, I'm not Wilma. I can work and take care of a family at the same time. As for managing my money, I can live on whatever budget you give me, and have money left to spare."

He looked doubtful at that statement, and she really couldn't blame him. She'd never had to actually control her spending before. If she wanted something, Daddy gave it to her. Not a ringing endorsement for financial conscientiousness by any means. And being the smart-assed male he was, he took her up on her challenge by telling her if she

could live for one month on the amount of money he set for her, and at the end of that time actually show him how she had saved the remainder of her salary, without going to daddy for help, he'd ask her to marry him.

As a proposal, it sucked big time.

Kyle decided that Tiffany should be able to manage on \$150 a week. She didn't have to pay for food or rent, so the money was meant to cover her lunches with the girls, and whatever other fripperies she wanted. He considered it more than generous. Except for Tiffany--the dollar figure he'd set was a supreme challenge. Used to spending more like \$500 a week, this budget of his put a major crimp in her lifestyle.

So, sitting down in her room, Tiffany made a list of what she considered to be her essential weekly expenditures: the hair salon, nail salon (manicure and pedicure), one pair of new shoes that usually went on sale during her one afternoon a week at Burman's Department Store, where she also dutifully purchased her make-up, perfume, lacy lingerie and at least one new outfit.... Oh God. Even if she stopped there, she was already twice over her \$150 a week budget. So, what to trim back? She decided most of her curtailed spending would have to come from her Burman's trip. The rest were simply too necessary for her to give up without feeling she was letting herself go.

Still determined to at least try to meet Kyle's challenge, she watched her spending carefully only to discover that the first week she'd tried to manage her money, she ended up spending \$50 over her supposed allotment. Feeling like she failed Kyle in some way, Tiffany cried about it, but was totally honest with him when he asked.

"I'm sorry. I really was trying," she sobbed out against his chest as he held her close and rubbed her back.

"It's all right, Tiff. Don't cry, honey. I'm not angry." Then tilting her chin up, he kissed her until she finally settled down and stopped weeping. "I don't expect you to be perfect. However, I do expect you to take this test seriously, that is if you seriously wish to marry me. So, perhaps you can redouble your efforts and spend only \$100 next week."

Tiffany took that warning to heart.

When she totaled her money for the second week she discovered she was \$100 *over* budget, which when added to the \$50 last week put her \$150 over for the month so far. Tiffany just couldn't face Kyle and tell him she'd failed again. His disappointment in her would eat away at her self-esteem and make her feel terrible. From his reaction last week, she suspected he wouldn't get angry, but he would give her a lecture on the necessity of frugality as well as suggest she didn't seriously wish to be his wife. And that was one lecture she didn't want to hear. So, she gathered up her mad money stash, to see if she could make it up that way. When she discovered only \$75 in her envelope, she knew that wouldn't work. Realizing there was no hope for it, she went to see her father.

"Daddy, Kyle and I are conducting a little test."

"Yes, I know, pumpkin. He told me."

"Well, Burman's had a sale on this cute little dress that I really, really loved. So, I got it, and now I'm over budget--again."

"Gee, that's too bad. I suspect Kyle's going to be very disappointed with you."

Yeah, she knew that, too, which started to make her cry.

"Come here, pumpkin," her father said, opening his arms to her. "Shh. There's no need to cry about it. I'm sure Kyle will understand, though he may insist you take that dress back."

"But, I can't do that," she wailed. "I've already worn it on one of our dates, and accidentally spilled some wine on it."

"I see," he said patting her back. "The problem is, pumpkin, I think Kyle has a very good point. It's past time you learned to manage your money. Daddy won't always be there to bail you out when you get into trouble."

She looked up at him with tears streaming out of her eyes. Her father had never refused to give her money before when she needed it. And now when she needed it the most, he was going to back Kyle. "But, Daddy, I'm afraid."

Her father looked concerned. "Of what, pumpkin? Are you afraid Kyle will hurt you in some way?"

"No. I'm afraid he'll say I'm too irresponsible now for him to consider marrying me. And that means I'd have to live with you and mom--*forever*." Hugging her father she gave another mournful wail.

She could feel her father's chuckle as he hugged her. "I really doubt Kyle would be that strict with you, Tiffany, and I think you owe it to him to be completely honest."

She nodded. "I've got two weeks to make it up, Daddy. I'll be really careful. Can't you help me out just this once?"

Patrick Morgan sighed, then reached into his pocket. "You know how much I hate seeing you unhappy, don't you? And though I really think you should face Kyle with the truth, I will help you. But just this once, Tiffany. And I expect you to make up the difference over the next two weeks. Understand me?"

"Yes, Daddy," she said very submissively as he handed her the \$100. Her father really was a pushover when it came to her needing something, though Tiffany still loved and respected him. Reaching up on her tiptoes, she kissed his cheek. "Thank you, Daddy. I really, really, really appreciate it." Then she smiled at him, so he shook his head and gave her chin a little pinch.

"Yeah, I know you can wind me around your little finger, pumpkin, but I don't think Kyle is going to be that easy for you to manipulate. And though I'm sure he loves you very much, he could get really angry with you if you lie to him about this," he warned her as he gently wiped away one of her tears. "I'm not totally blind to your shenanigans, darling. And from what I've noticed, after a few of your interactions with him when he obviously felt you needed a bit more than a scolding, I really don't think you want to test him on this. Men are funny in that way. They can forgive a lot. However, a lie is something that is very hard for them to excuse."

"I know that, Daddy," Tiffany said, loving her father for his concern.

"Good. I caution you to tread very carefully on this one, darling. I don't want to see you get hurt, but I have to say I'd back whatever punishment Kyle thought you deserved if he caught you in this lie, even though I'm partially to blame for it. So, think carefully about what you really want to do here, Tiffany."

"Yes, sir, " she answered knowing he was right, except she really didn't think she had any other choice. Kyle was such a stickler about certain things that he could refuse to marry her until she could pass his test. Unfortunately, given her record over the past two weeks, Tiffany doubted this was a test she could ever pass. And she didn't want to lose Kyle over something so trivial in her mind. However, thanks to her father, she was back in the black again. Though she couldn't say she was proud about what she was doing, she did feel it was somewhat justified. After all, even after they got married, Daddy would be around to help them if they needed it, despite what he'd just told her.

So, when Kyle asked how she'd ended up that week, Tiffany lied, then felt extremely guilty about it. She'd never actually lied to Kyle before. About anything. So, she found herself avoiding his direct gaze as much as possible. From the way he gently asked if she had something to tell him, Tiffany was pretty sure he suspected she wasn't being entirely truthful with him. However, when she smiled and assured him everything was fine, Kyle told her how proud he was and then showed her his appreciation in a far more tangible way. Tiffany went to bed that night still a virgin, but a very happy virgin.

The next week, despite her best efforts to make up the difference, she was still \$25 over budget, making her \$175 over budget for the month so far. Angry with herself for her lack of success, she simply dipped into her private stash. She didn't mind losing the money, it was the potential of losing Kyle along with his respect that bothered her.

Then she gave herself a pep talk. One hundred seventy-five dollars was not a tremendous amount. She'd worked really hard to come down from her usual \$500 a week expenditure. If one looked at it that way, she'd done a pretty good job of managing her money after all. Feeling more than a little pleased with her progress, she put her failure out of her mind.

However, this time when she lied about her week's activities, she felt even guiltier given the way Kyle effusively praised her. She got so upset with herself over her deceit, she almost failed to come when he used his oh-so-talented tongue to bring her to orgasm. She could tell by the way he carefully regarded her that he was suspicious something was up. Usually Tiffany practically came when Kyle just crooked a finger at her. So, for her not to go totally limp after he'd pleased her was not only unusual--it was unheard of. Seeing his frown, and wanting to avoid any questions, she brightened her smile and pretended all was right with the world.

When, by the end of the fourth and final week she was short again, she was feeling thoroughly depressed and cried in her room for her failure. Her overage wasn't very high this week, only \$35. But when added to her deficit, even that small amount put her \$210 over for the month. And that made Tiffany feel sick to her stomach. Though she was able to make up the difference again with her private stash, her accomplishment felt hollow. She'd failed Kyle, in a sense, and had made things worse by actually lying to him. Except she was in too deep now to tell him the truth.

When she told him again that she'd met his requirement, he drew her into his arms. "I'm so proud of you, Tiff. I thought it would be much harder for you than it was, but I had every faith that you would try your best. So much so, I got you this."

Dropping down on one knee, he held up a small velvet box for her to open.

Tiffany winced. Pretty sure she knew what she would find inside, she opened the box and looked down at the most gorgeous engagement ring she had ever seen, because he had bought it for her. Feeling more miserable than ever, Tiffany handed the box back to him and promptly burst into tears.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kathryn R. Blake lives in southwest Ohio with her husband, who cooks, grocery shops and does the laundry so she can write. She enjoys reading romances almost as much as she enjoys writing them. *Arrested by Love* is her third published book, but it is not the only one with spanking in it. Most of her books, published as well as works in progress, contain dominant alpha men who believe in protecting the women they adore, but are not above putting them over their knee when they feel it's necessary. None of these men would ever abuse a woman, and would willingly kill anyone who did.

If you are interested in learning more about Kathryn, please visit her website at www.kathrynblake.com or send her an e-mail at krblake@kathrynblake.com. She loves to hear from readers.