



Sometimes
a spanking
is all
it takes....

Marla

A Lesbian Domestic Discipline
Romance Trilogy

LEANDRA SUMMERS



Marla: A Lesbian Domestic Discipline Romance Trilogy

By

Leandra Summers

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This book combines the three 'Marla' stories in one easy to read volume:

Marla: Learning the Rules

More Marla: Testing the Boundaries

Managing Marla: Needing her Guidance

Marla: Learning the Rules

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Chapter 1

"I said I was sorry," Marla said through clenched teeth, trying to keep her temper. Her eyes that often seemed grey in light flashed a deep blue. Skylar looked at her sharply. "I suggest you watch your tone Marla," she warned. "We explained the rules to you when you arrived." Her partner, Emma, laid her hand gently on Skylar's arm. "Marla, we understand this is difficult for especially as you did not choose to be here but as you are here you cannot break our rules and not expect any consequences. Let's..." She did not get to finish her sentence as Marla suddenly burst out, stepping forward, her shoulder length brown hair that normally framed her pretty face flying wildly, "Exactly! I did not choose this, I did not choose to have my passport stolen, I did not choose to get involved in any of this...this...this...crazy situation." Her chest heaved with frustration as she took a few steps back and then almost shouted, "I am a 37yr old independent woman, used to looking after myself and now I find myself in a house being told what I can and can't do." Her voice cracked on the last word and to her embarrassment she felt tears spring to her eyes.

"Oh honey, come here," Emma said. "I can see how upsetting this is for you." She pulled Marla into her arms and against her will Marla found herself shaking with sobs as she was held against a soft, warm, comforting body. "Let's all sit down in the lounge and chat about this," Emma continued. She looked into Skylar's brown eyes and shook her head slightly as she saw Skylar about to speak. She knew her partner well and understood that Skylar was not ready to let the rule breaking go so easily. Still this was the first time since her arrival that Marla had cried. "Skylar, make some coffee please and let's all calm down." She gently, yet firmly led Marla down the hall where they had been standing when Marla had entered the front door to the lounge. The lounge reflected the elegance of Emma's taste. Two cream sofas formed a sophisticated bay for a nest of small rosewood coffee tables inlaid with mother of pearl decor. Long cream curtains lent a subtle contrast to the white walls whilst cushions the colour of red poppies picked up the colours of the paintings on the far wall.

Marla hesitated a second then sank down onto one of the sofas. She hugged a cushion to her and looked miserable. "Marla," Emma said "we do understand how hard this must be for you, but you have been placed with us by the social tourist services department until your passport is found and your travel documents are sorted out. We explained the house rules to you and you need to respect those. If you cannot do that then you will have to face the consequences." Marla looked at Emma, "I am grateful that you took me in Emma, you and Skylar," she suddenly lowered her head and muttered, "although your rules seem ridiculous." She did not get much further as Skylar walked into the lounge, banged down a dark wooden carved tray with three china coffee mugs on it and pulled her up by the arm. "What did you just say Missy?" she asked crisply. "N-n-nothing," Marla stammered. "Skylar," Emma said "let's hear what Marla wants to say. However I suggest you watch your tone of voice young lady."

"You see that's just it-'young lady'-you are only a few years older than me and I'm not a young lady, I am a mature, independent woman," Marla burst out angrily, "being given a curfew, told when I should sleep or being scolded for not wanting to eat dinner or where I may or may not go--these are things for children. I am a grown woman on an extended visa holiday here. I was really enjoying myself here until I lost my passport." She finished abruptly and hugged the cushion closer to her body, feeling her lower lip quivering. "Enjoying yourself a bit too much I think," said Skylar, "You were out of control and that's why your passport and cash were stolen. You probably have never had any form of discipline in your life. It's about time someone took control of you. Do you mean so little to yourself that you don't care about keeping yourself safe?" Taken aback at Skylar's frank words Marla stammered, "I...I...I do care about myself."

"Then why were you found twice by the police, drunk, lying in the road, this last time with your passport stolen," Skylar retorted swiftly, her brown eyes flashing a slight challenge. Marla looked her not knowing how to answer. Emma and Skylar looked back steadily. Finally she answered "I was just, just-I-it was just fun-travelling I mean, trying to forget I'd lost my job and...and," she stopped tears

forming in her eyes. "Honey, you've been here 2 weeks now, moping around, not caring, just tell us what's upset you so much," Emma said. Her light green eyes looked compassionate. Marla looked at them both and saw only kindness and concern reflected back at her. "I lost my brother," she quietly. "I miss him so much that it hurts me. I...I wanted to forget I suppose. I thought travelling would help me forget but each time I would see someone like him it would bring the pain back. Drinking helped me forget." Sadness filled her heart and a sob escaped her. Skylar sighed gently and sat down next to her. She held the younger woman in her arms and kissed her hair. "Honey I'm so sorry," she said. "Thank you for sharing that with us. But do you think your brother would want you to not take care of yourself?" Marla gave a tearful laugh, "No, he'd be furious with me. He wanted me to finish my Masters Degree in Business Management. He was so proud of me. It was just him and me since I was twelve. We saw each other every week once we grew up." "Well, then," said Skylar smiling slightly "don't you think he'd approve of this chance you been given to help you get back on your feet?"

"I guess so," Marla said a bit more positively. Emma spoke up, "Marla, you know we care for don't you? I think we have tried to show you that in the time you have been here. You have touched both of us and we enjoy having you here."

"Yes, I know," Marla replied "and you've been so kind taking me in and helping me until all my paper work is sorted. It's just that I've not really--well not really--well I did not expect to have rules as a grown woman that I had to obey."

"Tell me Marla, in the time you've been here, have you had any episode of drinking until you pass out?"

"No," she reluctantly replied. "Did you want to drink?"

"Well no, actually I did not. Too busy following your rules I suppose," she added cheekily. "Oi, careful you," Emma smiled back teasingly. "Marla, whilst you are here under our care we will help you any way we can and part of that help means helping you to take of yourself, to value yourself and respect us."

"I...I...well...yes I know that," Marla rubbed her hand through her hair tiredly. "I know-I'm sorry I came home so late and was so rude. I was just-it was just- I was frustrated that's all." Emma and Skylar looked at each other, silently agreeing on what to do. "Marla," Skylar said "this will be your last warning to obey our house rules. I think you need to go to bed early tonight straight after supper as your emotions have tired you out. Tomorrow will be a fresh day and we will start again. But anymore attitude or disobeying of the rules will have consequences as of tomorrow. I suggest you read the rules we came up with together again tonight before you sleep. Okay?" Skylar's tone was even but firm. Marla looked at them both, hesitated, then rubbing her hand through her hair again she lowered her eyes and whispered softly, "Yes, yes okay." Emma and Skylar smiled at each other. Finally they seemed to have got through to Marla who had been under their care for the past 2 weeks.

Marla walked up to her bedroom after supper feeling tired and slightly bruised inside. Yet she also felt a sense of security and love around her. She genuinely liked both Emma and Skylar and especially liked their loving relationship which lent an air of calmness to their home. Both of them were attractive and Marla felt a slight sense of envy over their close, loving relationship. She bathed and then snuggled up into her bed. *They are good to me, I will try and follow their rules*, she thought drowsily, *but they best not treat me like a child*, part of her mind added indignantly before she fell asleep.

Chapter 2

The next morning Marla awakened to bright sun filling her room. She stretched her slim legs luxuriously, feeling like she had slept well for the first time in many months. The social tourist services department had brought her here as a safe place to stay until all her documents could be retrieved. Due to current global politics no one was allowed to travel until their documents were officially in order. Not having a passport was a real pain she thought. Thank goodness for social tourist services in most large cities that arranged places of safety. Marla knew she was lucky. Twenty years ago such services were not in place for tourists who lost their travel documents. Life was easier now she reflected even if it was a bit more restrictive. She got up and showered feeling a lot more positive and at peace than she had for a long time. Social tourist services had told them it would take a few more months to sort out her travel documents and she decided to use these months to sort out her future plans and just enjoy feeling happier. She bounded cheerfully down to the kitchen. Emma was standing at the cherry wood counter paring and cutting up fresh strawberries. Marla hugged her. "Thank you for your understanding last night Emma." she said.

"We want you to be happy honey," Emma replied. Casually she carried on "Did you get a chance to reread the house rules?" Marla blushed, "Um, no, I guess I forgot."

"Forgot what?" Skylar asked as she walked into the kitchen dressed for work in her black and red fire department uniform. She looked professional and very fit. "Marla forgot to reread the house rules," Emma said. "Make that the first thing you do after breakfast Marla," Skylar instructed as she took the bowl of strawberries her wife handed to her. She sat down and began buttering a slice of toast and looked over to Marla with an eyebrow raised when Marla did not immediately respond. "Yes, I will," Marla replied remembering last night's conviction to get her life back on track and accepting Skylar and Emma's help. "Good girl," Skylar nodded her approval. "Well, I'm off to work ladies." she said as she kissed her wife and headed for the door. "Bye darling, see you later," Emma replied kissing her back

lingering slightly as their lips touched. "Marla," she turned back briskly, "have you sorted out your tasks for today and rest of the week? I need to go to the office for my first client."

"Yes," Marla replied. "I have to go to the social tourist services offices for my weekly sign in and then I plan to contact the University I was studying with and ask about completing my Masters." Emma smiled approvingly at her. "Well done, honey. I'm proud of you. Remember your curfew please. We'll discuss a study schedule for you later this afternoon at 3 p.m. after you've contacted the University."

"A schedule?" Marla burst out. "I hardly think I need a schedule Emma, I am..." She trailed off as she noticed Emma staring at her steadily one eye brow slightly arched. "Um ok," she muttered sulkily. "Good," Emma said briskly as she walked out of the kitchen, her dark hair glinting as the sun caught it through the window. "By the way you might want to check that attitude of yours Marla. I don't want to see any of that when I finish work this afternoon." Marla blushed and nodded feeling a rush of irritation together with a little tingle in the pit of her stomach. Emma was a physiotherapist who worked from home and generally finished work by early afternoon. Marla made a mental note not to get home too early but just in time for 3 p.m. to make sure she had walked off all her irritation. She still found some of the rules unrealistic and thought that they had most likely been written to intimidate annoying tourists who were placed here into not making any trouble. *After all-whoever heard of an adult woman receiving a spanking?* Her tummy gave that sudden lurching, tingly sort of feeling again, which she was unable to identify and she mentally shook her head to try and forget about the troubling consequences written in the rules leaflet placed in her room.

Chapter 3

Marla left the house and walked down to the nearest streamline bus stop ten minutes away. The sun shone brightly which lifted her spirits. The gentle breeze blew her floral skirt against her legs and she breathed in, the small white t-shirt slightly lifting up. By the time she reached the social tourist services department she felt relaxed and greeted her allocated service officer cheerfully. Mrs Browning peered at her over her black rimmed glasses, informed her of the current progress, asked how she was getting on and reminded to obey any house rules that had been given to her. Marla agreed, careful not to let any frustration show on her face in case it was relayed back and walked out into the city. She decided to do a bit of shopping for personal items and browse one or two of the local museums. She used her bank card to withdraw some cash saying a private thanks that she had not had her card on her when she went to the bar the last time she got drunk and had her passport stolen.

Marla lost herself in the local art museum. She and her brother had often browsed various art galleries and it made her feel closer to him. When she came out the shadows had lengthened and she felt mellow and relaxed. Passing a trendy little bar she decided one drink would not hurt and sat down with a smile of pleasure. Ordering a glass of white wine she looked around idly. A blonde haired woman with an enticing smile looked her way and held eye contact. Marla blushed and lowered her head. "Hey gorgeous," the woman said sauntering over. "Uh...hi," Marla answered. *Goodness she had missed this; this normality, this flirting, without feeling anxious or even a bit hung over.* "I've not seen you around here," the woman continued. Marla smiled and bantered back playfully. This was turning out to be a very good day indeed.

Chapter 4

At home Emma checked the time once more. It was definitely 3.10 p.m. She tried Marla's mobile number. There was no reply. She felt disappointed with Marla for missing her scheduled time with her as she had felt sure they had got through to her last night. Marla had certainly seemed much more positive and cooperative this morning. She paced a bit and fought the sudden feeling of wanting a cigarette. The feeling caught her off guard. She had stopped smoking ten years ago when she met Skylar. Skylar detested smoking and had helped Emma to stop. She winced at the memory of that help. She had only smoked once after that when her father had passed away and then had stopped knowing that neither her father nor Skylar would like to see her put her health at risk. Tucking her bobbed dark hair behind her ears she wondered whether they had been too strict with Marla last night. Logically she knew that they had not and that Marla definitely needed some boundaries in her life. *The same boundaries that Skylar gave me ten years ago* she thought. Although rebelling at first she had thrived on them. A small smile passed her lips as she remembered her wife laying down the rules for her. Sighing with frustration and worry over Marla she walked back to her home office and sat at the desk wondering if she should call Skylar and let her know that Marla had not returned. She dialled Skylar's number but then rang off deciding not to alarm her just yet and tried Marla's phone again. There was no reply.

Emma pursed her lips and decided to write up the notes of the patient she had a session with earlier. Later she would enter the data onto the electronic system and this would be relayed directly to the medical insurance department. She knew writing the notes was old fashioned but it soothed her and helped to think logically about each client's progress or lack thereof. As she opened her top draw to find a pen, she saw a box of cigarettes that one of her younger male patients had given her as his way of thanks. It made Emma smile with pleasure when she thought of his progress and how he had walked jauntily out of her office after twelve months of rehabilitation treatment for his damaged knee. He had looked back, laughed, called out—'Thanks Doc'—and flipped over his box of cigarettes to her.

She had caught the box, laughed back and then tossed them in the draw when she went back in. Almost hypnotically she took the box out and looked it. *I should throw these in the bin*, she told herself sternly. *Yes, definitely throw them in the bin*, her inner, sensible voice confirmed her initial thought. *Well, perhaps just one won't hurt, just one puff even. It will help me deal calmly with Marla when she finally does get home.* Pushing down the guilty feeling that arose as she took a cigarette out of the box, she went back the kitchen looking for a match. *You did agree that you would not smoke again, you promised Skylar*, her sensible inner voice continued. She shook her head trying to stop her conscience nagging her. She found the match box and looked at both the cigarette and match box. *Skylar is not going to like this*. Emma's bottom tingled as this thought went through her mind. Skylar had not disciplined her for at least six months now. *Well, what Skylar does not see, Skylar does not know*. With that last defiant thought she lit the cigarette. She inhaled deeply and let out a sigh of relief. The sigh turned into a cough. No, she was definitely not used to smoking anymore she thought. *I'll throw it away after a few more puffs*. She leant back against the kitchen counter and inhaled again, closing her eyes. She blew the smoke out lazily.

A sudden slam of the front door made her jump. "Emma, Emma, babe are you here, are you alright?" Skylar's voice called out. Her footsteps sounded urgent and heavy as she walked quickly down the hallway calling as she went. Emma looked around panicked and threw the cigarette into the kitchen bin. She ran the water in the sink and turned to open the kitchen window just as Skylar came in.

"Honey, what's wrong? There was a missed call on my phone from you. I called back but you did not reply." Emma realised she had left her phone in her office. She felt her heart racing as she said, "No, no, nothing is wrong, it's just that Marla..." she did not get to finish her sentence as Skylar said sharply, "What's that smell, it smells like something is burning."

"Burning," repeated Emma in horror as her mind tried to catch up with events. "It is burning...the bin...honey, stand aside," Skylar ordered pulling Emma to one side and lifting the kitchen fire extinguisher off the wall at the same time. She pulled the nozzle,

aimed and swept the extinguisher side to side over the bin. The smoke subsided and Skylar peered into the bin. "What on earth..." she said, "Were you smoking Emma?"

"Ah, I..." Emma cleared her voice finding herself feeling oddly abashed in front of her wife. She fell silent as Skylar looked her with a stern expression. "Skylar..."

"I'd like an honest answer please sweetheart," Skylar said steadily, her stern expression not changing. Emma felt embarrassed. It had been a long time since she had found herself in front of her wife like this. "I'm waiting," came Skylar's unimpressed voice again. "Um, well technically no, but yes, just a...a...few puffs. I was throwing them out. They were given to me by..." she found herself babbling. "I was frustrated about Marla not coming home and..."

"And so you decided to start smoking and set the house on fire," Skylar finished. "I think I have been neglecting your bottom for a bit too long Missy."

"Skylar..." Emma began panic filling her "Sweetheart I..."

"Go upstairs Emma" Skylar ordered cutting off her stammers, "we'll finish this in our bedroom and then we will discuss Marla."

"Skylar, I am sorry, I..."

"Now babe or I will help you upstairs." Looking at her wife's uncompromising face, brown eyes in a frown of displeasure, Emma turned and walked upstairs to their bedroom slowly. Skylar walked in behind her. "Take your trousers and panties off," Skylar said. Emma turned, "Honey..." she started to say. "Now or I will do it for you." As Emma reluctantly took off her white trousers and even more reluctantly her panties, Skylar strode over to the dresser. She opened the second draw and took out a large ebony backed hair brush. Emma eyes widened in dismay and a fair bit of indignation. Skylar had never just spanked her with a hair brush first. "Come here," Skylar ordered as Emma hesitated. One look at Skylar's thunderous face had her walking over to the bed where Skylar stood. For one mad second she contemplated running out of the room but Skylar pulled her firmly into an old familiar position. Her hands

touched the floor and her hips and thighs lay across Skylar's muscled thighs. Her upturned bottom felt exposed and vulnerable. "Why are we here Emma?"

"Well I...started a fire..." she said softly. "Wrong," came the retort and she yelped as Skylar's hand landed heavily on her bottom. "You are in this position because you did not discuss your frustration with me and chose to smoke. I will NOT tolerate you ruining your health deliberately," she said the last sentence punctuated with hard sharp slaps from her palm on Emma's upturned bottom. "And," she continued not letting up the spankings, "for throwing a lit cigarette in the bin because you knew you were doing the wrong thing and tried to hide it from me." Emma felt fluttery and angry and penitent inside. "I'm sorry," she tried. "You will be," Skylar replied. She lifted the hair brush and brought it straight down across Emma's sit spot. "Ow," Emma howled out loud. *Did spankings used to feel this sore?* "Skylar, stop-what if Marla comes back now and hears?"

"It will do her good to see that discipline is actually carried out in this house and what she will be in for," Skylar replied unperturbed. "Hold still," Skylar ordered her one hand on Emma's lower back and brought the hair brush down twice over the left cheek of the red bottom on her lap, twice over the right and twice right in the middle. Emma bucked upward and cried out, "I'm sorry Skylar, honey, please stop."

"I will stop when I feel you have learnt your lesson," Skylar said calmly and firmly. She brought the hair brush down again six more times and noted the deep red colour Emma's bottom was turning. Emma cried and yelped and struggled. Skylar did not let up and applied another ten hard spankings which left Emma gasping and sobbing and lying limply over her wife's knees. Her bottom throbbed and she felt a deep hatred for cigarettes. Skylar pulled her up and held her against her. "I will not tolerate you smoking Emma, do you understand me."

"Yes," Emma sobbed, "Babe I'm sorry."

"I know you are honey. I think perhaps we need to have a bit more regular discipline for you don't we?!" Emma looked at her and

despite her pain she smiled a bit, “I don’t think so.” Skylar laughed “We’ll see. Sweetheart, I hope u have learnt your lesson.” She kissed her wife tenderly and Emma leaned into the kiss. She wanted to feel indignant but her insides melted as she felt Skylark’s care and concern for her. The kiss deepened and Emma moaned in the back of her throat. Wetness was creeping between her legs and she leant back. “Hmm... maybe I should be spanking you a bit more often,” Skylar teased leaning over and letting her lips brush against Emma’s clothed nipples. “Oh,” gasped Emma, “Babe please—oh darn. We need to talk about Marla. I’m worried that she is not home.” She glanced over to the gilt clock on their bedroom wall and saw it was already 6.30 p.m. Skylar groaned and pulled her up. “You’re mine later tonight babe,” she growled softly. “And you’re mine,” Emma said tenderly back.

Chapter 5

When the blonde woman flirting with Marla at the bar looked at her watch, Marla suddenly realised that it was almost dark outside. Feeling like Cinderella, she gasped her apologetic goodbye to the startled woman and started to run back up to the nearest bus stop that would take her home. She sat on the bus cursing herself for stopping at the little bar. *Still*, she reasoned, *it's not even 7 p.m. yet. Maybe I can tell Emma my appointment was delayed.* She immediately dismissed that idea as government departments closed by 2.30 p.m. *I did deserve to relax a bit; I have been quite stressed out.* Something told her Emma and Skylar might not approve of her method of relaxation, as she had missed her discussion with Emma at 3 p.m. She walked slowly from the bus stop up to the house. She could see the lights on in the lounge and in the kitchen to the left of that. Taking a deep breath she decided to walk confidently inside. She was after all, a grown woman and she had not felt this relaxed for a long time. *Dam their rules*, she thought and trying not to feel nervous she opened the front door briskly. "Marla," Emma voice called out, "is that you? Are you alright honey?" She appeared in the doorway concern etched on her face. Skylar appeared behind her. "Yes, yes, I'm fine," Marla replied.

"Where were you Marla?" Skylar said. "Emma called me. You did not get home for your study schedule discussion and you never answered your phone." Marla looked at both of them realising she had felt so relaxed she had not even thought about her mobile phone and took another deep breath. "I decided to spend a bit of time chilling and relaxing," she said trying to look at both of them confidently. She cleared her throat. "I see," said Emma shortly. "What time was your session with me today Marla?"

"I don't see why I need to discuss my study plans with you," began Marla feeling the irritation rise in her, "I..." She did not get any further as she saw Emma take a step toward her. She felt her arm being grabbed, being swung around and felt Emma's palm connect with her backside. "Hey," she shouted, trying to twist away. Her cheeks turned bright red. *Was this kind, caring Emma? How dare she spank*

her, she was not a child, she was ... "Ow,ow," she found herself crying out before she could finish her thought. "Marla, you chose to deliberately disobey me," Emma said. "We were serious when we said you would start facing the consequences." Emma and Skylar looked at her steadily. Marla choked back an angry retort. She swallowed and stepped back. "Look, this is ridiculous, I'm sorry. I should have met you on time. I'm sorry Emma; please can't we just forget it. I'll meet with you now." Skylar shook her head, making her blond ponytail swing, "That's not the way it works Marla. We explained to you that if you chose to disobey the rules or not take care of yourself you will face the consequences." Emma nodded in agreement and said calmly but firmly, "Wait for me in the lounge Marla." Marla opened her mouth but nothing came out. She looked at Emma and Skylar's serious faces and her tummy lurched. She turned and walked into the lounge but stomped a bit on the way to try and hold on to a bit of her dignity. She turned as Emma came into the lounge and started to say "Emma this is ridic..." She got no further as Emma grabbed her by the wrist and firmly led her to one of the sofas. She felt herself being bent over the back of the sofa by a strong hand until her face touched the cushions. The position pushed her bottom out and she felt a tingle in her tummy as well as embarrassment and disbelief. She had a strange urge to cry, laugh and protest at the same time. Emma's thighs felt firm next to her top legs and heard Emma's clear voice telling her what she was being spanked for. Everything felt unreal up until she felt her skirt being lifted up and the air flow over her thighs and panty covered bottom. She started to protest and shriek and tried to push herself up. Emma's strong hand pushed her back down and her hand landed sharply on her bottom. The spanking sounded like pistol shots and kept time with Emma's scolding, "You need,"...slap...slap... "to" start...slap...slap... "following the,"...slap...slap... "rules young lady!" Slap...slap...slap... "Do you understand me?"...slap...slap... "Do you, do you?" Her hand landed twelve times in rapid succession right on Marla's sit spot. She never imagined a spanking would feel this sore. Marla kicked her legs and whimpered earning her another five slaps and a stern warning to keep still. A sob caught in her throat. "I'm sorry," she gasped. "Emma truly I'm sorry. I was thoughtless."

Emma paused, "This is only a gentle spanking Marla," she said, "next time I won't be so gentle." *Gentle, gentle—this was a gentle spanking!* Marla did not dare to think what a more severe one would be like. Emma added a further six hard, sharp smacks to Marla's bottom and then took her arm to help her stand up. "Look at me Marla," Emma said. Marla kept her head lowered, embarrassment and a strange relief combining in her. She felt a soft hand grasp her chin and lift her head. She tried to grab the hand but found her hand pushed back down and her chin held firmly. "I said look at me Marla," Emma repeated. Marla's eyes met Emma's who looked at her with a clear, direct gaze. Her voice was caring as she said, "Marla I know this will feel strange to you, but if you break our rules you will face the consequences and the consequences will not be as easy as this one." *Easy*, Marla thought, *easy?* Her butt felt on fire and her face flushed with shame. Still she felt surprised that Emma seemed unaffected and was looking at her with care. "Marla, neither Skylar or I will allow you to break any further rules or not care for or respect yourself or us. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Marla replied through gritted teeth. "I beg your pardon?" Emma's voice was crisp and sharp again. "Yes Emma," she replied meekly. "Good girl," came two voices simultaneously. Marla looked up to see Skylar standing in the doorway. Skylar walked over and hugged her. "Marla, do you understand what Emma and I mean now when we say you will face the consequences. We are not playing around and will follow through as explained in the rules." Marla looked at the two of them facing her, their faces concerned, caring and stern at the same time. She suddenly felt a sense of relief and security she could not explain or understand. She felt...looked after and as if she mattered in the world. She felt safe. Ignoring her burning bottom she hugged them both and whispered, "Thank you for caring. I'll do much better from now. I'll really try." Emma and Skylar hugged her back their eyes meeting over Marla's head. They had got through to Marla. Their expressions changed abruptly when they heard Marla mutter, "Still think this spanking thing is ridiculous though." Sighing amusedly, they led her back to the kitchen for a late dinner. Marla was going to be a challenge for sure.

The End. For now.

More Marla: Testing the Boundaries

By

Leandra Summers

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Chapter 1

Skylar sat on a high wooden backed chair alongside the breakfast bar, looking out toward the back garden. The grass was deep green and the sun shone brightly reflecting off the water in the small therapy pool that Emma, her wife, used for rehabilitation with some of her physiotherapy clients. A small concrete ramp with hand rails on each side ran alongside the pool. Emma's assistant, Neil was assisting a client to walk along it. Between this and the rest of the garden was a thick row of green and lavender coloured bushes. It created some privacy and separation between the house and Emma's home practice. The practice was thriving and Skylar felt proud of her wife and her commitment to her business. Emma worked until 2 p.m. every day. This was an additional bonus as it allowed them more time together in the evenings than when Emma had worked at a hospital practice. She smiled affectionately as she saw her wife come out and talk with the client. Her dark, bobbed hair was tucked behind her ears and Skylar could imagine her soft voice as she spoke to the client. Even dressed in her white work pants and loose top Skylar could see the outlines of her wife's body. As she bent slightly toward the client, Skylar noted how the pants flowed over Emma's buttocks. It was not that long ago that she had had occasion to discipline her on those exact pert buttocks. Skylar grinned thinking about it, remembering Emma's indignation. She turned away, pulling down the blind to ensure privacy for the client and sighed ruefully. *Another two hours before Emma finished work.* Skylar was off work on a very unaccustomed 'sick' day. Her whole team had been sent home due to an outbreak of measles in two of her team members. Although measles was uncommon in adults, one of her team had caught it from their child. She felt disgruntled. She had had measles as a child and felt she was probably immune. Emma had laughed at her annoyance. "It's not that easy having to follow the rules is it?" she teased her wife. The department did not want to take the chance of any of the other teams catching it. Skylar's blonde hair, usually tied up in a neat, sleek pony tail in keeping with her fire department uniform requirements, hung around her muscular shoulders. She felt restless being at home. Skylar

wondered how Marla was getting on at her weekly visit to the social tourist services department. She had been gone quite a while. She thought back to Marla's arrival one month ago after her passport and cash had been stolen and the initial adjustments Marla had had to make to living within the rules and boundaries at her and Emma's home.

As she was pondering this she heard rapid footsteps up the front path. The front door was unlocked and opened noisily. It banged shut and angry footsteps stamped down the hall way. "Marla," she called out, "is that you?" The footsteps immediately stopped and then continued, but without the angry stamping. "Um, yes," came the reply. Marla's pretty face framed by her brown hair, tentatively peered around the kitchen door. "What are you doing home?" she asked in surprise and with a slightly nervous look on her face. "I was sent home due to an outbreak of measles in my team," Skylar answered. "Never mind that. How did your weekly visit go? Not too well I take it?" she asked wryly. "Well, no," Marla reddened slightly thinking how she had slammed the door and stamped on down the passage. "Mrs Browning said the papers got lost and they restarted the process, so it's another delay."

"Are you unhappy here?" Skylar asked. "No, no...you know that I am very fond of you and Emma and grateful for your kindness," Marla said. "I just feel lost without my passport. I suppose it's just the 'red tape' that's frustrating." Skylar looked at her silently waiting. "Okay, I lost it a bit because until I get that all finished I can't sort out where I want to go next."

"What do you mean by lost it a bit?" Skylar tried to clarify. "Um, I... well nothing really." Skylar waited. She was not unused to Marla displaying her temper when things did not go her way. Her temper had improved over the past few weeks with their help though.

"Nothing really," Marla reiterated. "I might just go and shower, it was so hot out," she said edging toward the stairs. "Marla," Skylar said leaning back against the cherry wood kitchen bar, arms folded.

"Fine," Marla snapped. "Fine! I might have told the social tourist services department that they were incompetent. It was nothing really."

“And who exactly did you say that to?” Skylar continued. Marla grit her teeth. “Mrs Browning,” she replied. “I apologised and she said she did understand how frustrating it must be. So nothing to worry about.” Marla called out as she ran up the stairs. Her heart thumped a bit as she thought back to her encounter with her social tourist services officer. She had been quite rude. *But in all fairness I had a right to be. Imagine losing all my paperwork. How do you even lose paperwork when it’s a paperless system?* Finishing her shower she wondered whether to stay in her room, go out again or go and make some lunch. The decision was made for her when she heard Skylar call out, “Lunch is ready Marla. Please come downstairs.” Feeling a bit apprehensive she went downstairs dressed in causal cotton loose blue shorts and a pale blue t-shirt. Entering the kitchen she saw Skylar and Emma at the kitchen table, lunch set out. They both looked at her. Emma said calmly, but firmly in a tone she obviously expected to be listened to. “Marla, Skylar has told me about your frustration today. She has phoned Mrs Browning who explained the delay in your paperwork. She has also kindly said she understands your frustration. However Skylar and I expect you to go back tomorrow to offer a full apology.” Marla bit her lip in irritation. Seeing the glint in Emma’s eye and feeling the memory of a pain in her bottom she quickly nodded. “Yes, Emma, I will. Thank you for calling Skylar,” she said. Skylar and Emma looked slightly surprised and then smiled approvingly. Marla really was settling well. They looked at each other, each mirroring the other’s thought: *I hope this lasts.*

Chapter 2

“I wonder why Marla is so late. Her shift at the museum is normally finished by now,” Skylar said. “It is odd,” Emma replied, “she was lucky to get that part time post at the art museum. The department was good to arrange it for her. Perhaps she had to do some overtime, though she would have normally told us.” They started to eat supper but felt uneasy. They had grown very fond of Marla and were worried about her. Skylar’s phone rang. “Sorry,” came Marla’s voice. She seemed slightly breathless and bit too cheerful in the kind of way people sound when they are trying not to sound upset. “What’s happened Marla? Are you okay? We were getting worried,” Skylar said. “Yes, yes I’m fine .I’ll be home shortly.”

“Honey is something wrong?”

“No, no. Just going to catch the bus.”

“The bus! But you took Emma’s car this morning.”

“I know, I, I...well... there’s been a slight accident.”

“Accident, honey where are? Are you okay? We’re coming.”

Emma stood up and ran to grab Skylar’s car keys. “No, no, no need to come,” Marla hastened to reassure them.

“Marla, tell us where u are right now,” Skylar ordered.

“Um...at-at the police station. Just finishing up some paperwork,” Marla admitted. “Police station?! Is that the one near the art Museum?” Skylar demanded. “Yes.” Marla replied.

“Okay. Stay there, do not go anywhere,” Skylar ordered again. *Dammit*, Marla thought , *I do not need this right now* . When Skylar clicked off the call, she turned to smile pleadingly at the sergeant on duty and asked if she could sign the document admitting she had bumped into the car in front of her and would take responsibility for paying any damages. He said that would be the best course of action as the damage was minor and no one was injured. In a painstakingly slow manner he started entering information into the computer system. *Hurry, hurry, please*, Marla thought. She signed

the document and gave her address details and temporary number as given by the social tourist services department. Just as she turned to go, Skylar and Emma came hurrying through the door, their face etched with concern. "Marla," Emma exclaimed "Are you okay?" She hugged Marla and looked her over as if searching for any signs of injury. "Yes, yes, fine. No need to fuss," Marla snapped. "Marla," Skylar's voice cracked out. "Sorry, sorry Emma. I, um, I...just want to go home."

"We will honey, but first... what happened," Emma asked.

"Nothing...nothing, just a minor bump to the car. I'm sorry. I'll pay for the damage Emma," Marla said trying to walk to the exit door.

"Nothing, nothing?" an outraged voice said. "You call bumping into my new car nothing?" They turned to see an irate elderly man coming out of the sergeant's office. *Darn it*, Mara thought. "I said sorry," she said defensively. "It was an accident." *Cool it Marla*, she told herself, *that's probably not the best tone of voice to use. You were at fault, just admit it.*

"Sir," Skylar said politely, "Obviously we will pay for any damage if it was Marla's fault."

"If, if?" the old man said indignantly "Of course it was her fault. Anyone who texts whilst driving should be banned from driving permanently!" *Shit*, Marla said to herself. "I was not..." she began. "Texting!" two voices exclaimed simultaneously. Emma and Skylar stared at her as if they could not believe what they had just heard. "Marla, is this true? Were you texting whilst driving?"

"Yes, she was," the old man spoke again before Marla could reply. "I saw her in my rear view mirror. Head down, tapping away on that phone. Texting is not allowed, phones are not allowed in cars," he added. Looking like he was going to begin a long tirade, Skylar stepped forward. "Sir, I'm so sorry," she said. "You are right and if Marla was texting we will of course be making compensation to you. Marla," she said turning to her, "is this true? Were you texting whilst driving?" Marla turned bright red, she felt on the spot and like she was being treated like a teenager. She hesitated. *I suppose texting whilst driving was a stupid thing to do*, her conscience popped up

with . The officer said helpfully “We can check her phone records if you like,” Marla glared at him. Skylar held out her hand. “Give me your phone Marla.” Marla stared at her, hesitated again and then said, “It was just a short text. I was replying to Anna who had asked me out. I am not going to be made to feel...” She did not finish as Skylar grabbed her upper arm and said “Right. We will deal with this at home. Sir, I am sorry. Do you have the necessary contact details and documentation?” When he replied affirmatively, Skylar checked with the sergeant behind the desk if Marla had completed all the needed paperwork. She turned, still holding Marla by the upper arm and marched her toward the exit door. Emma walked next to them, disappointment radiating from her. Marla felt embarrassed and ashamed. She also felt quite irritated. *Anyone could bump into another car*, she thought. *True, but you only did because you were texting*, her smug inner voice told her. She got into Skylar’s car in silence. Skylar started the car and they drove toward home. “I’m sorry,” Marla tried, feeling the weight of guilt sitting on her. “We’ll discuss it at home Marla,” Skylar said briefly. Marla slumped back against the seat. Resentment filled her. It was just a text. She knew it was wrong, but for goodness sake, she was an adult woman and did not need to be told she was in the wrong. She shifted uneasily in the back seat. She had been settling down well in the past two weeks after her first few run ins with Emma and Skylar’s rules. The boundaries they had given her had helped her come out of her slump and start to see her life and possibilities more positively. She had reported to the social tourist services department weekly without missing even one appointment and had also found a part time job arranged by them at one of the local art museums. She was managing to stay within the rules set for her. Her drinking until she passed out was no longer something she thought of or wanted and she felt cared for and secure. The pain in her heart that had plagued her for over a year was easing. *And now she had done this ...* She sighed uneasily. Her bottom tingled a bit. *Please goodness, no discipline*, she thought. The rules leaflet placed in her room came back to her mind. She thought about Emma loaning her her car when she started working and the rules that came with it. *I am not a child*, she told herself trying to feel hard done by. She did feel guilty though.

She should not have been texting. *Okay, okay I'll admit it and apologise. Surely that will suffice?* Her heart beat faster as the house came into view. She felt a bit shaky. "Lounge please Marla," Skylar said. She opened mouth to say something, anything, but nothing came out. Marla walked into the lounge. Emma and Skylar spoke briefly before they followed her. "We need to be quite firm with her." Skylar said to Emma. "She is testing the rules and we need to help her understand that no matter what she does we will be consistent and follow through with the consequences." Emma nodded in agreement. They went to join Marla in the lounge "We are disappointed in you Marla. You know that when Emma loaned you her car we believed you would be responsible, but not only did you put your own life in danger but someone else's." Marla jumped up from where she had taken a seat. She felt unbearably guilty hearing Skylar say those words. "This is ridiculous," she shouted. "Yes it was wrong; yes I should not have texted whilst driving. But I am an adult who can choose how to live her life, even if that means texting whilst driving. I will pay the damages." She was conscious that she was shouting and her cheeks felt hot with frustration. Her courage suddenly left her. Her excuse was pathetic. She had endangered another human being's life. "I am sorry. I was wrong," she said miserably. Skylar looked at her. "Marla, what you have done is wrong as you say. Your attitude about it was even worse. This is about other people's lives and just as importantly, your own life. It seems you need a reminder to obey the rules." Skylar paused. "After this you will not be driving the car for a month."

"A month, that's crazy... fine, I'll catch the bus," Marla sighed dramatically. Her heart beat had settled. Catching the bus was no problem, if inconvenient. "And," Skylar continued, "you'll also be getting a spanking to help you remember that texting whilst driving is illegal. You are fortunate that you are getting away with a formal, documented warning from the traffic police."

"A spanking, no way!" Marla said, sitting down swiftly on the sofa seat she had just abandoned. "Yes way!" Skylar retorted. Emma, who was sitting opposite Skylar, looked at her steadily. "I suggest

you take on board our discipline Marla or you might not be sitting for more than just a day if you don't calm down."

"Calm down! Calm down! How can I calm down when you are threatening to spank me?!" Marla shouted. Her eyes moved to the door. Skylar stood up, grabbed her by the arm, pulled her up off the sofa and moved her firmly over to the dining room area. She pulled out a solid wooden armless dining room chair and sitting down, pulled Marla across her lap. Marla felt like the wind had been knocked out of her, even though Skylar had not been rough with her and the familiar tingly feeling she had felt two weeks ago entered her stomach. Her head had hung down, her one arm clutching Skylar's lower leg for support and her other arm tried to support her body on the floor. Skylar's legs felt muscled and unyielding. She found her bottom upturned and her legs trapped between Skylar's thighs. Skylar's one arm was tightly wrapped around her lower waist and she felt a sense of unreality. That sense ended abruptly when she felt her dress lifted and a hard, firm hand descending on her buttocks. Slap...slap...slap. "Ow. Stop," she shrieked. This hand was much harder than Emma's two weeks ago. "You do not tell me to stop," slap...slap...slap...came the swift retort...slap...slap...slap. Skylar brought her hand down hard, ten times on each buttock aware that she was spanking Marla much harder than she normally would have for the first time that she spanked someone. This was a serious offense and the brat really needed to learn a lesson. "Stop, stop," the said brat shrieked and squirmed and wriggled. "Stay still," Skylar ordered. She pulled down Marla's panties which resulted in even louder shrieking. Marla could not believe it. She felt humiliated and embarrassed. The air cooled her bottom for a few seconds. Slap...slap...slap. The feeling was almost unbearable on her bare skin. "Stop, please stop," she wailed. She felt tears to come to her eyes. "I will not stop until you have learnt your lesson," came the sharp retort. Slap...slap...slap, the spanking continued and Marla felt the heat throbbing in her bottom. She tried to move, to wriggle, anything to try to ease that pain. Skylar was very strong, she felt like she was held in iron shackles. Slap...slap...slap... the spanking did not let up. "If you ever do this again, I will be taking my belt to you, do you understand me, do you?!" came the firm, unyielding voice.

“Yes...no...yes...no,” Marla cried out in pain. “I mean yes, I...I’m sorry, I’m sorry Skylar, truly.” Her voice caught on a sob and tears poured down her cheeks. She felt penitent, upset and angry all at the same time. “I was wrong,” she said “I know it. I could have hurt someone else.”

“Or yourself,” Skylar said. She landed another ten hard spansks on Marla’s bottom and ten on the back of her thighs. Marla started crying in earnest. She stopped fighting and sobbed and sobbed. Skylar stopped. She let Marla lie for a bit. “I’m sorry,” Marla sobbed, “sorry.”

“I know,” Skylar said softly. She gently pulled her panties back up and helped Marla to stand up, smoothing her dress down. Marla winced as Skylar’s hand touched her bottom. Her face flamed red and she felt both sorry and ashamed. She tried to avoid Skylar’s eyes. Skylar walked her over to the sofa where Emma said gently, “Sit down.” Marla hesitated: her bottom felt on fire. “Sit down,” Emma repeated. She sat wincing and moving uncomfortably. “Do you have anything to say?” Skylar asked. Marla hung her head. “I’m sorry,” she said. “It was wrong; wrong and stupid, I was not thinking. I could have hurt someone or myself. Emma,” she said turning to her “I damaged your car, I sorry.”

“That’s okay Marla, but what you did is not okay. You will not be driving for the next month as Skylar said. You will catch the bus and if it happens again it will not only be Skylar taking a belt to you. Do you understand?”

“Yes, yes, sorry,” Marla muttered. She did feel bad. What she had done was stupid. Her bottom burnt and hurt and she longed to move. Her heart did feel a bit lighter though. I must make amends to the other driver she thought suddenly. Skylar held out her hand. “Your phone please.”

“My phone...why...what...?” Marla stammered. Skylar’s motionless held out hand showed no doubt she expected to be obeyed. Marla’s eyes flashed deep blue. As she hesitated, Skylar moved slightly. Marla instantly handed her phone over. “I will be keeping your phone for one week. Perhaps you will think about using it more responsibly

next time,” she said. Marla wanted to protest but did not. Her bottom hurt too much and she was not sure if she would get another spanking. “Fine,” she muttered, “fine.”

“I beg your pardon?” Skylar said one eyebrow arched. “That’s fine,” she said more politely. “I’m off to bed. I am sorry,” she said finally looking them both in the eyes. It surprised her to see them both looking at her with concern and no anger or dislike. “Marla, Marla,” Skylar said, “you still have not realised how much we care for you have you?”

“No, no, I had not realised,” Marla replied. She felt touched and also tinglingly inside. Emma hugged her and Marla hugged her back. She felt lighter inside and not so guilty. Marla wondered why she felt this way. She almost felt cleansed— *almost!* “Go up to bed honey, we’ll talk further in the morning,” Emma said.

Skylar and Emma looked at each other. “Do you think we got through to her,” Emma asked. “Yes darling, we did. Let’s talk about it later. I’ve not seen you much today.” Emma leaned her head against her. “We had a call earlier,” she said, “on the answering machine, from social tourist services. They were asking if they could place another person with us. A short stay this time; maybe a week? What do you think?”

“What do I think? I think we should discuss it tomorrow,” Skylar said leaning her head down toward her wife. Her lips touched Emma’s gently and she kissed her. Emma relaxed into her. Skylar moved lower nibbling her neck. “Babe, do you think we should...ow...” Emma broke off as Skylar nipped her neck. “Later, darling, we’ll discuss it later,” Skylar murmured. She moved back up to her lips, her hands wondering over Emma’s hips. Emma moaned softly and responded to her wife’s kiss, easing herself back along the sofa. She felt Skylar’s weight above her, her breath warm and tantalising against her lips. Her nipples sprang to life, feeling the heat of Skylar’s breasts lightly grazing her chest as she lowered herself. Skylar fit her leg neatly between Emma’s legs and they both gasped as their mons touched. Emma moaned and pushed her pelvis up, her legs opening, and thrust her hips upward wanting closer contact. Skylar

responded by pushing her hips down and using one hand to open her wife's shirt buttons. She roughly pulled her bra down so that her breast thrust up, nipples erect. Lowering her head she captured one nipple and suckled it. Emma cried out, lifting her chest, one hand grabbing the back of Skylar's head and encouraging her to take more, more into her mouth. Skylar's tongue circled one rosy nipple, then the other. The bra, trapped underneath her creamy mounds, pushed her breasts up and they felt so ready to taken. Skylar suckled each breast, licking and nibbling until Emma felt she could not bear it anymore. Impatiently she pulled Skylar's t-shirt off over her head: as usual when home she was braless and as her smaller, firm breasts touched Emma's larger, rounded thrust out ones Skylar cried out. Their hips ground together faster and faster. "Wait, I want to remove your trousers."

"Forget them," Emma said. Skylar's hand found its way under her trousers, past her panties saturated with desire and pushed up inside her. Emma came almost immediately. Above her she felt Skylar's hips thrusting as she came. Gasping, they lay together. "Babe, that was so fast," Emma said laughing. "Never mind," Skylar reassured her, "We have the whole night ahead of us."

Chapter 3

The next day saw a slightly subdued Marla come down for breakfast. Skylar was in good spirits as she had received a call from the Department Head giving the all clear for her team to come back to work. “You are such a workaholic,” Emma teased her, “most people would love a few days off work.” Skylar grinned back at her, cupping Emma’s bottom slightly as she passed her to sit down. Marla smiled despite wincing as her own tender buttocks touched the chair seat. *Emma and Skylar were so good together.* “So Marla,” Emma said “are you going to be okay catching the bus in to work?”

“Yes,” Marla said, “the stop is nearby. I am sorry you know, Emma.”

“We know,” Emma said “Let’s go forward from here. We have decided we’ll give you your phone back Marla, as it will not be safe for you to be unable to contact us for help if you need it.”

“Thanks,” Marla smiled. She had been certain she would not see her phone for the week. “I’ll be sticking to the schedule we agreed two weeks ago Emma,” she said. “I need to get on studying to catch up. I have two exams coming up.”

“Good girl,” Skylar nodded approvingly. She was not altogether pleased about Marla having her phone back, but she did agree with Emma about how Marla would need it for safety issues.

“I was thinking,” she added, “we have a week’s summer holiday coming up shortly. Should we go to the Lakes area? It will give you a chance to see a bit more of our beautiful countryside Marla. Could you get time off your part time work?”

“I don’t know, but I’d love to see the Lakes area,” Marla said. She had wanted to explore a bit more and this would be a wonderful opportunity.

“What about you, babe? Do you have clients booked that week?” Skylar asked turning to Emma.

“No, I booked the holiday off in my diary at the beginning of the year. Well, except for emergencies of course that can’t be planned for and Neil could handle that until we get back. He knows which hospital to

refer to,” Emma said. “It will be great. Should we ask Claire to join us?” Claire was an old physiotherapy friend of Emma’s and they spent regular time together. “Great,” Skylar said who genuinely liked Claire. They resonated well together as friends, both of them holding the same values and being dominant in their relationships. Claire had broken up with her partner two years ago. It would be good for her to get out and about a bit more, instead of just throwing herself into work. Emma smiled, knowing how much Skylar enjoyed Claire’s company. “I’ll phone her today.”

‘Great,” Marla echoed. Her heart sank a little. Claire was nice enough and very attractive. She was just a bit too much like Skylar. A bit too-strict . *Imagine holidaying with two Skylars*, she thought, slightly horrified, yet also a bit intrigued.

Chapter 4

Marla decided to spend some time finding out about the area they were going to visit and what could be seen and done there. *All in all not a bad start to the day*, she thought, after the blistering her bottom took the night before. She left for work her heart light and feeling excited. I must make amends, she thought, to that poor man. She decided to write an apology and also order some chocolates and a bottle of red wine to be delivered if she could get his address details from the insurance company. She realised it would not bring his brand new, undamaged car back, but at least he might know she was truly sorry. As she walked along to the bus stop she realised how she was really enjoying this city that for her, had just started out as just a holiday visit. The air was mostly fresh and not polluted like back home. Mountains framed the city in the distance and the city had an abundance of green parks and trees. There were even nature trails that followed the main river that ran lazily through the city centre.

She realised she was feeling a lot more relaxed and happier than one year ago. She had a job she really enjoyed, even though it was only part time. Working as art museum guide made her feel closer to her brother, who had shared the same love of art she did. He had chosen to study art as his major whilst Marla studied art as a minor subject and business management as her major. She remembered how they said they were perfect to go in to business together. Thinking of her brother brought sadness, but not the same numbing sadness she had first felt when she landed on Skylar and Emma's doorstep. *Eric might have died, but he is alive in my heart*, she thought. *The Lakes*, she thought, *brilliant, I bet there are some exciting activities there . Kayaking perhaps, sailing, hiking. I wonder if there is any paragliding?* The thought slipped into her mind that Skylar might not agree to her doing paragliding. She always seemed so concerned about safety. *Perhaps it is because of her career as a fire woman*. She put the thought aside and decided to concentrate on her day and do some research on the area of the Lakes.

Chapter 5

“Emma, babe, get a move on,” Skylar’s voice yelled up the stairs. “Okay honey, just give me ten minutes.” Emma looked at the case on the bed and all the clothes and shoes around it. *What should I take, she thought, and why did I leave this until the last minute?* She sighed. She was such a well organised person in her work, but very indecisive in her personal life. Skylar walked into the room “Come on...” she started to say “Emma, what the...you’re not even packed. Babe, get those clothes into the case, Claire is already here and we are only waiting for you.”

“Stop hassling me Skylar,” Emma said “I just need a few minutes.”

“Now Emma,” Skylar ordered, knowing her wife well. She would dither over what tank top would go with which shorts, what colour socks would match which hiking shoes. “You have five minutes Emma,” she warned her wife. “If you are not down at the car, then I will come back up and be packing for you.” With that threat she walked out, leaving Emma slightly panicked. Skylar’s packing would entail picking up the nearest items of clothing, flinging them in the case and making her leave without even her face creams. She stifled her irritation and started folding clothes. Five minutes passed in a few seconds it seemed, as Skylar reopened the door, shut Emma’s case which was not even full, picked it up and marched downstairs with Emma running behind her, toilet bag in one hand and running shoes in the other. Red faced she reached the car as Skylar was loading her case in the back. The boot of the off road car was neatly stowed with everyone’s luggage and all emergency equipment Skylar felt was necessary. Emma tried not to make a face as she noted her wife’s impeccable planning and packing. Flouncing slightly she got into the front passenger seat and turned to greet Claire who was already seated in the back with an excited Marla. Marla looked cute, dressed in a small tight white vest top and cut off denim shorts, her long, slim legs smooth and tanned. Emma smiled at them both. Claire smiled back at Emma, well used to her friend’s procrastination over packing and asked her how her practice was going. Claire was a natural dark red head with a dominant attitude to go with it. Her

green eyes were large and clear and full of good humour. She was as muscular as Skylar and Marla found her eyes drawn to her. She blushed slightly when Claire looked back. Claire smiled and asked her how she was doing. They had met a few times when Claire came over for dinner, but they had not spoken over much. *Goodness, Mala thought, she is quite sexy!* Claire's arms were bare and firm. They looked strong and feminine at the same time. *Get a grip Marla;* she told herself sternly, *you are not here to drool over Emma and Skylar's best friend*. She pulled her mind back to the lakes and day dreamed about what the week ahead would be like. In the front seat, Skylar drove with ease and Emma and Claire chatted about their respective physiotherapy practices. Marla suddenly realised that Claire was talking to her. She brought herself out of her day dream to focus her attention on what Claire was saying, which turned out to be asking if the car was fixed. Marla almost blushed and said yes shortly. Claire laughed. Marla had a sneaking suspicion she knew just what had transpired after she had bumped the car. Her bottom tingled and she shifted uneasily. Claire smiled again and patted her hand. "It's okay honey, we've all been there," she said, "and you seem to be sitting comfortably enough." Now Marla did blush. "Don't tease her Claire," Skylar said, "she learnt her lesson well."

"I'm glad to hear that," Claire said smiling teasingly at Marla. "We would not want a repeat would we?" Marla's head snapped up as she looked at Claire. *Was Claire flirting with her?* She blushed again and looked out of the window. "Nearly there," Skylar said. Marla gasped as they reached the top of a peak. The view was stunning. The lakes were a series of inland waters that were separated by mountains and fields. From this vantage point, five different lakes all of varying sizes could be seen. The sun and clouds reflected on the lakes' surfaces, creating images that changed as the waters moved with the wind above and currents below. The mountains were ragged in their beauty, some with steep peaks and one with a flat top almost as if it were a table. Hiking paths twisted and curled around rocky outcrops that at some points got lost in the armies of dark green pine trees that lined the sides of some of the mountains. The scenery was breath taking. It seemed an ideal setting for a fantasy scene *or perhaps a romantic setting*, Marla unconscious mind popped up with.

She blushed and shook her head to clear that disturbing thought. The area was best known for hiking but also sailing and kayaking where some of the lakes were linked to each other by small rivers that sloped downwards. Skylar stopped the car and they stretched their legs whilst taking in the immensity of nature around and below them. The silence seemed almost deafening. No cars, no people, just the sounds of nature. In the distance Marla could see a white waterfall on one side of a mountain. It tumbled and rushed downward as if in a hurry to reach the cool greenness off the lake below. Here and there she spotted flashes of red, orange and pink bushes. She wanted to hike immediately. Far below, by the lake nearest to them, she could see wooden cabins. They were well spaced, separated by trees. Setting off again, Skylar carefully wound the car down the steep single road that led to the cabin area. They found their cabin easily, having picked up the keys in the village, before taking the steep road that climbed into the mountains before descending again. Their cabin was large having a top and bottom floor. The front faced the lake, with a green lawn and shrubs that led down to the water. A mountain rose from behind the cabin and a dense area of pine trees stood in front of it, creating a wood one would have to get through before hiking up the mountain. The air was thick and shrill with the cries of cicadas and even though a car could be seen at another cabin further away, no human voices could be heard. The waves of the lake gently lapped the shore. *This is bliss*, Marla thought, *absolute bliss*. "Right," Skylar said, breaking Marla's blissful moment. "Let's unpack and then meet in the lounge to discuss some safety ground rules." Marla's head snapped up in disbelief. *Rules, rules on holiday!* She felt irritated. Looking sideways she saw Claire's amused eyes on her. She blushed and looked away. Emma said, "Come on babe, let's just get settled and into that lake for a swim." Skylar hugged her tenderly and ran her lips over her hair. "Rules first babe, swimming later." Emma pouted, then laughed. "Okay Skylar." They started unpacking the car.

Emma and Skylar occupied the first master bedroom that faced out on the lake. Marla felt more comfortable taking a smaller room that faced out onto the mountain at the back. Its majesty took her breath away just looking at it. Claire occupied the room opposite hers that

had a view of both lake and mountain. She called out as she passed Marla's room and saw her staring up at the mountain. "Hope you not planning on climbing that alone, darling," she drawled, "it's too dangerous for a city girl like you." Marla whirled around indignantly, about to tell her she had plenty of experience in a gym of climbing and walking. She stopped when she saw Claire grinning at her. *Infuriating woman!* Claire laughed and went into her own room. Fifteen minutes later they met downstairs. Skylar reminded Marla and Emma to be careful, not to hike alone on the mountains and if going for walk around the lake flat lands to be sure to let either herself or Claire know. She added that they were not to take on any kayaking or other sports until she or Claire had checked that they were safe. Emma, used to Skylar and Claire's safety rules, merely nodded. Marla felt annoyed. No way was she going to be chaperoned her entire holiday. She saw Skylar and Claire watching her carefully, so she followed Emma's example and nodded in agreement. Claire spoke, "Marla, I know you might think that Skylar and I are being a bit over the top, but we are both experienced hikers and climbers. Two years ago a woman here went hiking alone and when the mist came down she got lost and fell. She was badly injured. We don't want that happening to any of us." Her voice was a bit stern. Marla bristled: she was under the care of Skylar and Emma not Claire. "Marla, Claire is talking to you," Skylar said. "We expect you to obey her as you would us. She is more experienced than any of us in this area. So whilst we are here you will follow her guidance as you do ours. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Marla muttered. *Yes, I understand that no matter how fun loving that red haired seductress looks she plans to spoil my holiday,* popped silently into her head. "I beg your pardon?" Skylar raised an eyebrow.

"Yes," she said trying to sound a bit more pleasant. "Good," Claire grinned. "Well Emma, you want to go for that swim?" Emma and Claire hurried off and Marla went and sat on the porch watching them as they entered the water. They looked happy and Emma looked relaxed. It was not that easy running's one's own business and this time off was a well-deserved break for Emma. Marla tried

not to stare at Claire's muscular, firm body. Her green boy shorts bikini showed her off her strong legs and her abdomen was flat and toned.

Marla felt more cheerful as Skylar came through, a beer in hand. They had requested the kitchen to be fully stocked before they arrived. "Honey, do you want a drink?" Skylar asked.

"I'll get one shortly," she said. "Skylar, you really love Emma don't you?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, yes, I do," Skylar answered, "I could not imagine my life without her."

"I hope I meet someone who loves me like that," Marla said. "You will," Skylar answered affectionately giving her a hug "You will."

Chapter 6

Later that evening the four of them sat outside, around a fire that Skylar had lit. It was warm but they had decided that a fire would add a cosy element. Emma had made a delicious meal and they sat with their plates on their laps. Marla felt content and relaxed. She looked at up the dark night sky and saw millions of stars. She felt someone watching her and looking back down she saw Claire smiling tenderly at her. "It's beautiful isn't it?" she said softly.

"It is," Marla answered all traces of her earlier irritation gone. "Do you see that star there?" Claire asked. "That is part of Orion's belt."

"You seem to know a lot about this area," Marla said interestedly. "Yes, I was born not far from here. These mountains are like coming home for me." Claire answered. Marla shifted closer. She had not realised that the sophisticated Claire had been born here. "I love coming here," she continued. "It makes me feel closer to my father. He died four years ago. We used to hike these mountains together."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Marla said, immediately thinking of her brother.

"Thanks," Claire said, "I heard you lost your bother."

"Yes, it was hard, we were very close. But Skylar and Emma have really helped me."

"That's good," Claire said. She reached forward to get her drink and her muscled arm brushed Marla's. Marla felt a slight electric shock and her tummy tingled. She looked at Claire who seemed oblivious. *Get a grip Marla; she was just reaching for her drink.* She sat back and looked out into the distance. Out of the corner of her eye she could not help noticing how the colour of Claire's hair glinted in the light of the flames. Claire looked at her and she blushed and lowered her eyes. *So sweet, Claire thought, so sexy as well with that brown hair framing her face, eyes so grey one minute and blue the next. I wonder if she knows how pretty she really is.* Marla suddenly jumped up startling them all. "I'm off to bed. I suddenly feel so tired," she said. "Okay, honey," Emma said, "sleep well. Do you have everything you need?"

"Yes, yes," Marla said and went inside.

“Is it my imagination or has she been looking at you all afternoon,” Skylar teased turning to Claire. “I don’t mind her looking.” Claire smiled. “Uh, oh, is there something going on here we should know about?” Emma said, grinning. Claire laughed and leaned back in her chair linking her arms behind her head. *Hm...was there something there, she wondered . Marla had been glancing at her throughout the day.* Upstairs Marla climbed into bed and lay thinking. *What was it about Claire?* She felt drawn to her. *Surely Claire was too bossy. Just like Skylar. But still, she was so sexy, so sure of herself.* She thought about how her green eyes danced with care and humour at the same time. Marla decided not to think any more and go to sleep. The mountain air was fresh and clear and she fell asleep almost instantly.

Chapter 7

The next morning Marla woke up early. She wondered what time the others had gone to bed. She felt rested and full of energy. The air was fresh and cool. Dressing as quietly as she could, she crept downstairs. She quietly opened the front door and found that she was not the first one up. Emma was outside on the patio, dressed in shorts and hiking shoes with a cute, little yellow top that set off her dark hair. She was sitting on a deck chair gazing out at the lake, drinking a cup of coffee. "Morning Marla, I was just up. How did you sleep?"

"Well thanks. I thought I might go for an early morning walk before getting breakfast. Would you like to join me?"

"I don't think we should," Emma said. "I'm dying to get out and explore myself, but I don't think Skylar and Claire would like us to go alone."

"We won't be alone," Marla said logically, "we'll be together." Emma laughed. "I meant without one of them. They know the area well."

"We won't go far," Marla coaxed. "Please Emma..." Emma hesitated, she did not want to disobey her wife but Marla was right: they would be walking together and they did not have to go far.

"Okay," she said, "but not too far. Apparently there is some wildlife in this area that could be dangerous." Marla bounced up happily. *Forget the wild life, she thought, we are on holiday.* "One hour tops," she said "it's early and we'll come back and make breakfast before those two lazy heads are even up." They set off, following a path that led alongside the lake away from the cabin area. The lake seemed at its best: fish jumping, the gentle breeze designing patterns on its surface, birds skimming its top. They talked as they walked and Marla found herself opening up to Emma in a way she had not before. Emma responded easily and found out that Marla was definitely not the prickly person she sometimes portrayed herself as.

After sometime she noticed that the lake seemed further away from their left and that they had climbed upward a bit without noticing. She

stopped Marla and they looked around. The cabins were way behind them. Up ahead was a forest of pine trees mixed with some trees they could not identify. "We best go back," she said. "Let's just continue to those trees. It looks interesting," Marla said. Throwing her natural caution to the wind, heady in the early morning sun and air, Emma agreed and they walked on. The ground got a bit rougher and the path started to rise and then descend. They reached the trees after another ten minutes. It was dark and cool underneath the trees and mushrooms huddled in groups around moss. They walked further in and Emma felt amazed. She had been to the Lakes before but had not seen this stretch of area. It was like scenery from a fairy tale, albeit the darker type of fairy tale, like Hansel and Gretel. "We best go back," she said reluctantly. After ten minutes of walking back the way they had come, the edge of the trees did not come into view. "That's odd," Emma said, "I'm sure we came from this side."

"Let's try this way," Marla said, "we probably just walked the wrong way because all these trees look the same." Emma felt uneasy. She knew Skylar would be worried if she woke up and they were gone. *Why didn't I leave a note*, she thought. Marla chewed her lip. The forest was confusing their sense of direction. She suddenly thought she could climb one of the trees which might give her a vantage view point, even if she only got up to the lower branches. With Emma's help she managed to get up into one of the more sturdy trees and after a few branches up she peered through the spaces in the trees and saw the top of one of the cabins. She shouted to Emma with relief and jumped back down. They started to hurry, aware that two hours had passed. As they reached the tree clearing they could see the cabins far in the distance. They hurried on. Neither of them had realised just how far they had walked. Marla looked at Emma who was biting her lip. "Emma, are you okay?" she asked. "I just hope that Skylar and Claire are still asleep. Skylar hates it if I go off alone or don't leave a note since that woman got lost."

"I'm sure they'll still be asleep," said Marla. "Anyway we just went for a walk." Emma did not reply. Marla did not know yet just how strict both Skylar and Claire could be. They slowed their pace and tried to get back to their original talk but it felt stilted. Suddenly they heard a

shout as they approached the cabin area and saw two figures hurrying towards them. Skylar and Claire managed to look both very worried and very unimpressed at the same time. "Where were you, are you okay?" Skylar demanded as soon as they were near enough to talk without shouting. "We were worried," Claire said. "You did not leave a note and it's 10.30 a.m."

"We just went for a walk babe," Emma said. "A walk? A walk alone? No note telling us what you were doing or where you were going?" Skylar said incredulously. "It was just a walk, Skylar," Marla said.

"We woke at 8.30 a.m. and could not find either of you," said Claire sharply. "You have been gone over two hours and left no note. Why are you all scratched?" she suddenly noticed Marla's arms and legs. "We...I...climbed a tree. We got a bit lost," Marla stammered.

"Lost! You walked so far that you got lost?!" Skylar exploded. She drew a deep breath in. "Come back to the cabin at once." The four of them walked silently back to the cabin. Skylar strode ahead as if she knew they would not dare disobey her. Once they got inside Skylar turned to look at Emma. "Did my talk yesterday about not going off alone mean nothing? You could have got injured or hurt babe."

"Darling, it did! I'm sorry we had you so worried. I was just relaxing..."

"You will be relaxing over my knee this holiday if this is how you are going to be," Skylar said, worry making her voice sharp. "Skylar, there is no need to..." Emma did not get to finish her protest as Skylar grabbed Emma's arm, undoing her belt that threaded through the top of her jeans with one hand, pulling it out and spinning her around, landed several crisp slaps with the belt on her bottom. "I was so worried! Don't you ever do that again. You did not even take your phone!"

"Ow,ow!" Emma shrieked instinctively trying to cover her bottom with her hand. Skylar must have been really worried and angry to use her belt she realised. She felt embarrassment flood her as she knew Marla was watching, yet she also understood her wife's concern for her. Marla stood still her mouth dropping open. *Skylar spanked her*

wife? The same wife that spanked her just two weeks ago! With a belt!

Unconsciously her own hand covered her bottom. Claire looked at her. Marla swallowed. "Sorry, sorry" she said quickly "We were not thinking." Skylar was now holding Emma tenderly who lent into her embrace, sniffing slightly. She nodded slightly to Claire who advanced on Marla. Grabbing Marla's arm she landed several hard slaps to her cotton shorts covered bottom. Marla gasped more outraged than hurt and shrieked "How dare you?! How dare you spank me, I don't even stay with you. I..."

"Enough Marla," Skylar spoke sharply. "Claire is our friend and is responsible for our safety on this holiday." Claire firmly and easily landed another several spanks on Marla's uncovered back thighs. This time Marla squealed out in pain. That firm hand on her bare flesh really stung. Turning Marla sharply back to face her, Claire held her top arms and said firmly, "If you disobey me or Skylar again on this trip you will face the consequences," Marla swallowed and looked down. "Look at me Marla," she said in a stern tone. Marla felt a strange, not unpleasant tingle in her tummy as well as excitement and embarrassment. This felt different from being discipline by Skylar or Emma. She felt heat coming from her body and small little jolts where Claire's strong hands held her arms. She looked up and then away as she met Claire's clear green eyes looking at her intensely. "Do you understand me Marla?" Claire said. "Yes, yes, I understand," she replied. Gosh, she wanted to stare into those eyes again. She wanted to be held, she wanted...she did not know what she wanted. Claire released her arms. "Good girl," she softly, "I don't want to have to tell you again." Marla stepped back. She nodded and said "I'm to get cleaned up." She fled the lounge and went into her bedroom, closing the door and sitting on the bed. *What's happening to me?* She should be angry and outraged with Claire. Skylar or Emma had a right to discipline her. But she could not get the image of Claire's green eyes boring into her, out of her mind. She wanted to drown in them as equally as she wanted to escape her firm spanking hand. *What was going on?* She knew only one thing for sure. *This holiday was going to be different.*

Downstairs Claire was sitting in a deck chair on the porch, arms linked behind her head. She had thought Marla was pretty and sexy. But she was unprepared for the jolt of desire that passed through her when she took her arms. Looking down into those grey eyes that flashed blue she had felt part of her melt. She wanted to protect her, kiss her and spank her at the same time. It was a long time since she had felt that about any woman. *This holiday was going to be different for sure.*

The End (For Now)

Managing Marla: Needing her Guidance

By

Leandra Summers

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Chapter 1

Marla stretched luxuriously. Her bed felt snugly warm and she huddled down into the cream and pink, rose sprigged cotton duvet. "Marla," a cheerful voice called out. "Time to get up. Your exam starts in two hours."

"Ug," she groaned, rolling over and pulling the duvet even more tightly around her. The bedroom door opened and the annoyingly cheerful voice came closer. "Marla," it said with a slight warning tone now added. "Coming, coming," she muttered sleepily. "If you miss that exam I think not only Claire but all three of us will be on your case," the voice said. At that Marla sat up and tried to smile. She did not need to start this day with any type of paddled bottom. She needed to be able to sit comfortably. Her shoulder length brown hair, that normally framed her face, stood out at all angles. "No need to drag Claire into this," she said. "I'll be down shortly." Emma laughed and withdrew from the bedroom. Marla looked so cute when she had just woken up. She could understand why Claire found her so appealing.

Emma continued back downstairs. She felt tired herself and wished she was lying snuggled up in bed. However she had a full practice waiting for her in just half an hour. Walking into the kitchen she bumped into her wife. "Morning babe," Skylar said, kissing her. "You were tossing and turning quite a bit last night. You okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine honey," Emma said kissing her back. She forced a smile. She did not want to alarm Skylar but she did feel tired out. Her physiotherapy from home practice had really taken off and she was, if she admitted it, overloaded. The end to her working day seemed to be getting later and later.

"You seem to be working a lot longer babe," Skylar said casually. "You know I'm really proud of you darling. But if it gets too much we are going to have to sit down and think about some alternatives."

"There's no need to over react," Emma snapped. "I'm coping really well and Neil is a great help." she finished in a calmer tone noticing how Skylar's gaze had narrowed. Skylar put her coffee cup down

and came over and kissed her. "Okay sweetheart. We'll see how it goes. I'm proud of you but it is not worth your health or constant tension at home if it becomes too much. I'm off to work. I'll see you this evening." She picked up her briefcase and walked out, looking smart and fit in her fire department uniform. Emma sat at the table and put her head in her hands. She felt bad, snapping at Skylar like that. She genuinely loved her work and all the clients. Working from home had allowed her to develop a more effective professional client/practitioner relationship and she genuinely cared about each one of her clients and their progress. She drained a cup of luke warm coffee and walked out to her physiotherapy offices at the back of the house.

Upstairs Marla still lay in bed. The mention of Claire had her blushing and wondering what was happening between them. The rest of their week long holiday in the lakes had continued without any further mishap after her and Emma's unsupervised walk and getting a bit lost. She had continued to feel an attraction to Claire and had blushed furiously when Claire had suggested that they go for an evening walk together. It was one of those nights where the air was clear and still, the moon was high and surrounded by millions of twinkling, bright stars. They had sat by the edge of lake and watched the moon and star light reflected on the calm, dark water. When Claire had leaned in to kiss her, Marla had willingly leant back into her embrace. She felt tingly all over just thinking about that kiss and remembered how she had felt that she would melt when those warm, supple, firm lips touched hers. Her body had felt on fire, her breasts had swollen and ached with need. Claire had pulled back and smiled tenderly at her. "Enough for now, little one," she had said softly. Marla wondered why she had stopped. Was it because she was not yet over her partner who she had left two years ago or was she worried because Marla was from another country? Marla knew her reissued passport was ready to be returned to her by the end of the month. The social tourist services department had placed her with wives Skylar and Emma until all her documentation could be sorted out. It had been harrowing having her passport and cash stolen, even though it had been of her own making. She realised she had lost her heart to this city and country she was in and did not want to

go back home. It seemed empty back there; no relatives and no job. Her old home seemed to lack the vibrancy and clearness of where she was now. She also felt very close to and secure with Skylar and Emma, even though their rules were quite strict. However it was those exact rules that had helped her get her life back on track. She thought back to Claire. For the rest of the holiday she and Claire had occasionally held hands and Claire teased her a lot. She was as stern as Skylar was and Marla was careful to follow Claire and Skylar's rules for the rest of the week. She certainly did not want to be on the receiving end of either of their discipline lessons again. Since coming home one month ago Claire had taken her out quite a few times. Marla felt very attracted to her and that she was falling for her. Part of her found Claire's natural dominance exciting and reassuring as she felt secure and cared for when she was with her. The other part of her felt annoyed and irritated. Either way, she thought, she felt she could not resist Claire with her long, dark auburn hair, her strong, firm body and her green eyes that seemed to see into her soul.

She shook her head and leapt out the bed. She must not be late for her exam. Neither Skylar nor Emma would be pleased. In fact she herself would feel disappointed if she missed it. Marla felt a lightness of heart. It felt so good to care again: about herself and life and other people. She dressed in one of her floral skirts and a silk cream blouse. After a hurriedly washed down breakfast of coffee, now very luke warm, and a bowl of cut fruit left by Emma in the fridge, she hurried out the door to her exam.

Chapter 2

Skylar sat at her desk. It was positioned so that she could look out over her team's department area. From here she could see what was going on and always be available. She thought about Emma as she settled herself for the day's work ahead. Her wife was looking too tired lately. She also was getting quite grumpy. Skylar had noted that Emma's practice day was gradually extending. Last night she had only closed at 7 p.m. She decided to see if Emma could work out a better schedule and if there was no change she would intervene over the weekend and make some suggestions for a change. Emma was not going to be allowed to risk her mental and physical health, no matter how successful her practice was. She decided to give Claire a ring to chat about it. In addition to being their best friend, Claire was a successful physiotherapist who shared a practice with an orthopaedic surgeon near one of the local hospitals and she might have some helpful advice. Skylar was also pleased about Claire's interest in Marla. It was about time she got back into the dating scene. She called Claire and they agreed that Claire would come over on the weekend. Before ending the call Claire casually asked how Marla was. Skylar grinned to herself and said that the brat was fine and was writing an exam today. Claire laughed and reminded Skylar that she knew about it as she had told Marla on their last night out she expected to put her mind to it and end up passing. Hanging up, Skylar got back to work.

She arrived at home 6 p.m. feeling pleasantly worked out. They had had one call out for a small fire at a local business and it went well. After work she had stopped at the gym. Walking into the house she was struck by how quiet and dark it was. "Babe," she called out. "Emma? Marla?" Walking into the kitchen she peered through toward Emma's practice rooms. The lights were on and she could see Neil the physiotherapy assistant working with a client near the therapy pool. This talk cannot come too soon, she thought. Neil's posture looked tired. He was the only assistant Emma had.

Washing her hands she decided to start dinner. Emma normally cooked dinner as she usually finished work earlier. She made a mild

chicken curry and salad and leaving the curry to simmer on the stove she went up to change. At 7.30 p.m. she heard the back door open and Emma came into the kitchen. "Oh, you've cooked dinner. Thanks babe," she said going over to kiss Skylar who was busy cutting up a crusty baguette loaf of bread to go with dinner. "I don't mind doing it when you busy or need a break, sweetheart," Skylar replied returning her kiss. "We are however, going to have a chat about the hours you are working and making Neil work as well." she added. "No need to chat about anything," Emma said her voice laced with irritation. "I have everything under control. Don't treat me like a child." She felt a bit tearful as she said this. *I must hold myself together*, she thought, *Skylar will think I cannot manage my own practice*. "Where's Marla?" she asked, changing the subject abruptly. Skylar raised an eyebrow but responded evenly, "She's not home yet. Has she texted you at all as I have no text from her? I have not tried to call her in case she had contacted you." Emma took out her phone. "No, nothing," she answered. "I hope she's okay. She was doing her exam today." Skylar frowned slightly. *Seems like I'll be dealing with two issues tonight*, she thought. She dialled Marla's mobile phone. It rang a long time, before a very giggly voice answered. "Hullo..."

"Marla, is that you?" Skylar asked. "Yes" the slightly slurry, happy voice came again. "Where are you? Do you know what time it is Marla? Emma and I are worried about you. Did you finish your exam?" Skylar asked. "Yes, yes Ma'am," Marla's giggly voice replied. "It went so well, I...we... decided to celebrate...I..." The phone went silent with muffled sounds in the background. "Hullo, hullo, Marla," Skylar called out. "Hullo, this is Natalie, a friend of Marla. We were writing the same exam. Marla's a bit..., just a little bit tipsy. I am bringing her home in a taxi." a new voice said. "Thank you Natalie, but I think we should fetch her," Skylar said. "No problem," Natalie said breezily, "I'll have her home soon." The call ended abruptly and Skylar was left staring at the phone. She turned to tell Emma what was going on and saw her wife lying with her head on the wooden kitchen table, sound asleep. *This was going to be along evening*, Skylar sighed. She dialled Claire's number and explaining the situation asked if she could come over. Claire immediately agreed

when she heard about Marla and said she'd be there within fifteen minutes. Skylar placed the phone down and gently shook her wife awake. "Come on honey," she said. "Let's get you upstairs, washed and into your pyjamas. I'll bring you supper in bed. Tomorrow we are going to have a long talk." Emma groaned slightly and shook her head to try and wake up. "I can bath and feed myself Skylar," she said tossing her head slightly. She yelped as she passed Skylar and a stinging swat landed on her bottom. Skylar took her arm gently and said firmly, "I will help you upstairs honey and tomorrow we will talk. If we need to 'talk' tonight that can be arranged." Emma felt slightly ashamed. She was tired and she felt overloaded but that did not mean she should take her temper out on her wife. They walked upstairs and Skylar ran her a bath. She sank into the warm water and almost fell asleep. Looking at her Skylar felt equal measures of tenderness and concern. *This is it*, she thought, *Emma has to make some changes soon*. She helped Emma from the bath and whilst Emma changed into her pyjamas she went down to fetch her some dinner.

Just as she reached the bottom of the stairs she heard a car draw up. There was a lot of giggling and whispering going on once the car doors had opened. Opening the front door she saw a pretty, blonde haired woman helping Marla to walk up the stairs. Marla was walking well, but was definitely a bit tipsy. As she went down to help her, Claire's SUV drew up. Marla turned to see who it was. "Oh shit!" she exclaimed, "Bye Natalie, thanks for the celebrating," she said hastily to her friend and started up the stairs. "Wait one minute Marla," Skylar said, grabbing her arm and holding her fast. "Natalie, thank you for bringing her home. Are you okay to get home yourself with the taxi you came in?" Natalie seemed quite sober, if a bit giggly. "Yes, yes, thank you," she said. She disappeared back into the taxi and it took off. Claire strode up to the door where Marla was trying to disengage herself from Skylar's grip. "Go inside and wait in the lounge Marla," Skylar demanded. Marla suddenly did not feel as tipsy or happy as she heard Skylar's serious voice and looked into Claire's stern green eyes that were boring into her. "Go and wait in the lounge," she repeated. Marla opened her mouth, closed it and walked off to the lounge. Skylar and Claire walked into the kitchen.

Skylar explained the latest development. "You go and see to your wife, Skylar. Take her up her dinner. I will deal with Marla." Claire said. "Thanks Claire," Skylar smiled. She got a tray of dinner ready whilst Claire strode off to the lounge.

Claire watched Marla from the lounge door. Marla was not sitting down, but slowly pacing around the nest of rose wood coffee tables. She turned indignantly to say something. The words froze on her lips when she saw Claire standing there. "Where's Skylar?" she asked her voice sounding slightly shaky. She found it difficult to breathe staring at Claire's green eyes. Her lips were so full and sensuous she wanted to throw herself at them. *Steady on, steady on*, she thought, *get a grip Marla. You've just shared a few kisses and dates*. Claire advanced into the room. Without speaking she pulled Marla onto the sofa next to her. "Marla," she said looking directly at her with an unwavering gaze. "Where have you been? Have you been drinking?"

"I ...well, not drinking as such..." Marla tried to explain. *Gosh she was so gorgeous: those green eyes had yellow flecks in them...* "We just went to celebrate after the exam."

"And what time did the exam finish?" Claire persisted. "Um...about 3 p.m." Marla said. "So...plenty of time for you to let Skylar and Emma you were going to be home late?" Claire said in a maddeningly even tone. "Well...well...I am an adult who just happened to finish an exam. I think that deserves a bit of a celebration without having to explain myself to everyone," she replied in an annoyed voice. "Really?" Claire said. "How much did you drink at this celebration and who were you with?" Marla coloured a bit. She felt a bit guilty even though, she thought, she had nothing to feel guilty about. "Natalie," she said. "She is taking the same Master's degree, I am. She's just a friend," she hastened to say. "I'm glad to hear that," Claire said, "else you would be getting a spanking not just for coming in late a bit tipsy and worrying everyone, but for carrying on with someone else whilst you are going out with me." Marla's heart jumped, "Spanking... spanking...going out with you," she stammered. "Yes," Claire said her eyebrows arched, "or do you not call dating someone going out with them?" Marla's heart hammered

faster now as she looked into those green pools. “Yes! Yes, I do, I was not sure...sure...but I...I mean...yes, yes, we are going out. Natalie’s just a friend...I don’t want you to get the wrong impression Claire,” she finished up her stammering. “Good,” Claire said. “Now let’s deal with your lateness and not informing anyone.”

“I only had three beers,” Marla said suddenly, as if worried that Claire would think she was a total alcoholic. Claire smiled, “Honey, I can see that you are not drunk. A bit tipsy, yes; and I’m glad your friend brought you home safely. You caused stress for Skylar though by not saying you’d be late and she is very worried about Emma right now. I also don’t want you getting out of hand. It seems to me you need a bit of discipline.”

Marla jumped up, knocking her knee on one of the small rose wood coffee tables. “Shit! Ooh-sorry, but that hurt.” she exclaimed. She had planned to jump up, stride confidently from the room and tell Claire she was not the boss of her. Her bottom was already tingling. She could not forget the strength and sting of Claire’s hand back at the cabin on holiday. “Sit down Marla,” Claire ordered. Marla hesitated. She felt bad about worrying Skylar but she also felt she was entitled to come in late. *Perhaps you should have texted then to say that you were going out and would be late home*, her irritatingly, saintly inner voice popped up with. Ignoring her inner voice, she half shouted, “No, no... I am not going to...” The breath was swished out of her as Claire grabbed her wrist and pulled her down over her lap. She pulled up her skirt and not even warming up, pulled Marla’s silk panties down. Her ankles were trapped by them and she shrieked out.

“I am disciplining you for going out and not informing Skylar or Emma you’d be late and worrying them,” Claire said in a calm, firm voice over the shrieks. Marla felt embarrassed as she lay with her bottom in the air and her head down, yet she was also highly conscious of Claire’s firm thighs under her hips and the scent of her perfume. She felt Claire’s hand rest on her bottom and she longed for that hand to caress her. She wriggled a bit experimentally. The hand disappeared and suddenly came down with a whoosh of air. It connected with the back of her thighs right where her thighs met her

bottom and Marla shrieked again. She forgot about the caressing. ... Spank, spank, spank..., the hand came down ten times. Marla cried out though she tried to bite her lip. "Ow, ow, stop it Claire. How dare you?" she gasped. "I dare, because I care about you Marla. I dare because Skylar and Emma are my friends and I won't have you worrying them. I dare because"... spank, spank, spank..."this is something you seem to need to keep you from trouble." The hand continued spanking over the back of her thighs. Marla felt tears roll out of her eyes. She never knew how painful that area was to be spanked. "You have no right...what...you care for me..?" The words suddenly pierced her conscious mind. "Yes you silly goose. I care for you. Marla...I love you." Claire said. She spanked each buttock soundly and Marla did not know if the breath was knocked from her due to the pain or the incredible words Claire had just said. *I love you...She loves me...* Her mind could not keep up. She tried to lie still and sobbed out, "Claire, I'm sorry, sorry. Please stop." Claire stopped. Her hand lay still over Marla's buttocks, a heat came from it. She moved her hand tenderly over her bottom. Marla gasped, she felt sore, but that firm hand was now so sensual, so tender. The hand moved a bit lower and Marla gasped again. The hand was removed and Marla felt oddly bereft. Her panties were pulled up and she found herself sitting on Claire's knee. She felt very shy and blushed. "Talk to me babe. What's going in that head of yours?" Claire said. Her eyes met Marla's grey/blue ones that flickered with emotions. The blue eyes dropped. Claire put her hand under Marla's chin. "Babe..." Marla tried to hold her composure. She felt two very conflicting emotions; totally over whelmed by Claire's admission and slightly annoyed by the spanking. She also felt aroused. She shifted on Claire's lap. "Did you...did you.... say... you loved me?" she immediately lowered her head again. Claire laughed and kissed the top of Marla's head. "I did." she said. "Marla, look at me," Marla looked up again. "Do you feel the same?"

"I...I... yes, yes I do Claire. I do. I was not sure how you felt about me. I thought maybe at the lake when you pulled away you did not find me attractive." Claire drew back in surprise. "I am very attracted to Marla. You are very sexy and sweet; a combination I find hard to resist. But Marla, when I love someone I love them and only them. I

go all the way. And that includes me looking after them and keeping them secure. Do you understand what I'm saying?" Marla nodded, and then shook her. "I think, well, I'm not sure. Do you mean you like to spank your partner?" Marla asked. Now Claire laughed out aloud. "No, well that is a part of it. No, Marla, I am the top in a relationship and I expect my partner to obey me. We are equal in our relationship but I will always make sure my partner's is safe and secure and does not harm herself in any way. I will help her to make the best of herself and of us as a couple together. Like Skylar and Emma." Marla nodded. She knew that Skylar and Emma lived in a domestic discipline relationship. "So my babe, do you think you can live like that?" Marla leant against Claire and thought that although she had been irritated with Skylar and Emma's rules she had done much better in her time with them and was back to caring about herself and others. She felt much happier than she had for a long time. She felt secure with Claire thinking back to the cabin and how she had made sure Marla was always safe. *Am I a submissive person? Well, maybe not totally submissive, but I do like the security of knowing there is someone keeping me on track. Besides Claire is so hot. I love her.* This sudden thought surprised her. Sure she was attracted to Claire but she did not realise what it had turned into. "I can," she said, "well I think I can. To be honest," here she lowered her head even further." I have felt so much happier in my life having some boundaries."

"I know my love, I know," Claire said. "I could see it in you the first time we met. You need someone to look after you and help and discipline you if you get a bit off track." Marla suddenly hunched herself even further down, "But...but..."

"Yes?" Claire said amused. "Is it supposed to be...I mean...am I supposed to, well, feel a bit aroused?" Marla asked. Claire laughed. "Sometimes," she said, "Yes with your partner sometimes. That was not what I was aiming for tonight though! Alright you, enough for one night. Let's get you into bed. We'll talk tomorrow." She helped Marla to stand. Marla looked at her. She leaned her head in for a kiss and Claire kissed her back. It was long and deep and tender. She pulled back for air. "Upstairs my love," Claire said, "into bed. I need to

check on Skylar and then I'll be back tomorrow." Marla looked at her. "I love you Claire," she said and ran up the stairs. This was the most amazing day ever, burning bottom aside.

Chapter 3

The next morning Emma sat up abruptly in bed. She jumped up to rush to down to make breakfast and get to work. She felt slightly disorientated. Beside her Skylar grunted and turned. "Babe, what's wrong?" She asked sleepily. "Got to get to work, it's already 7 a.m." Emma said. "I overslept." Skylar opened her eyes and peered at her. "Emma," she said "It's Saturday. Come here, get back into bed." She lifted the edge of the duvet and held out an arm. Emma blinked. "Saturday! You sure?" Skylar raised herself on one elbow and looked at her wife. "Yes, babe, it's Saturday. Come here." Emma slid back reluctantly into bed. "Emma, we will be having a chat with Claire today. This cannot go on. You are exhausted and it's taking its toll on you and our household," Skylar continued firmly. "Now go back to sleep for a while." Emma lay quietly, spooning into Skylar. *Claire was coming to chat*. She felt a sense of relief. Claire would have some guidance for her. She was way in over her head with her practice. Skylar felt her body relax and smiled tenderly. She wound her arm around Emma's waist and pulled her in a bit closer. Her bare thighs felt soft against her own. Wanting Emma to sleep some more she did not let her hands wonder over those bare silky thighs. She thought about Claire coming to help her last night. When Claire had come upstairs to check on Emma, who had already fallen asleep, she had seemed relaxed and happy. Skylar asked what had happened with Marla and Claire gave her a brief rundown of the discipline she had meted out. Skylar had looked at her and asked "You seem a bit too happy. Is there anything you need to tell me?" Claire had grinned back and told her that she had told Marla that she loved her and the chat that had followed. Skylar was pleased. Claire deserved a loving partner in her life. Although Marla would need disciplining quite often, she knew Claire was well up to that. She wondered about what would happen when Marla got her passport back. *First, though*, she thought, *I need to deal with Emma and her practice*. She kissed the back of her wife's head tenderly and decided to sleep for another hour.

In the next room, Marla awoke. She lay in bed, feeling warm and fuzzy. Last night's events and Claire's words flooded her and she

tingled all over. She remembered her own admission to Claire and how Claire said she was the top in a relationship. She blushed and felt excited. Part of her mind still rebelled against it however. She wondered through to the bath room and decided to wear something that reflected her mood. Dressed in a pale yellow, flower sprigged sun dress with a light jersey over it as the weather had started changing, she went downstairs. The house was quiet and she decided to make breakfast for them all. Hummed happily, she made a stack of pancakes and put some eggs on to boil. "You sound happy," came Skylar's voice. Marla jumped. She blushed. "Uh, yes. Morning, Skylar. Breakfast is almost ready." Skylar smiled at her. "Thanks honey. Emma will be down shortly. She needed to sleep in a bit this morning."

"Yes," Marla agreed, "she has been working so late this month. I don't think she even gets time for a lunch break."

"No and that worries me." Skylar said. "Claire is arriving at 10 a.m. to help us with some ideas." At the sound of Claire's name, Marla blushed. "Marla, I am sorry I had to let Claire discipline you last night. I am not going to repeat the lesson as I think you learnt it well. If you are going to be late again, please inform any of the three of us, else you will be feeling my belt across your backside." Skylar said. Before Marla could gasp in outrage she said more casually, "You and Claire seem to be getting very close." Marla looked at her to make sure she was not teasing her. "Yes," she admitted. "Skylar, I...I love her." Skylar walked over and hugged her. "Honey, that's good to hear. I am so pleased for you both."

"You and who?" Emma asked, walking into the kitchen. She looked tired but the dark hollows under eyes seemed not as sharply defined as yesterday. The long night's sleep had been good for her. "Marla and Claire." Skylar said. "Honey, I am so happy for you." Emma said. "Well I don't know what will happen from here," Marla confessed. "We did not get to talk too much after...after...well, after she said it." Marla said flushed as she remembered the spanking Claire had given her. Skylar and Emma looked at each other and their smiles showed in their eyes. Marla was quite a brat at times. Claire would be good for Marla.

“Right babe, eat up,” Skylar said. “We have a big talk coming up with Claire shortly.” Emma suddenly stopped plate in her hand. “Skylar,” she said sharply. “I don’t want you or Claire running my life. I have worked hard for my practice and I...” Skylar held up her hand firmly. “This is not about running your life, Emma. This is about you running your practice effectively and efficiently. You won’t be much good to your clients if you are exhausted. It is also about your health and the tension your long hours and stress brings into our household.” She paused briefly to let her words sink in and then added, “If you need a reminder on balancing your life before you can talk about it perhaps we should go back up to the bedroom.” Her tone left no doubt about what would be done in the bedroom and Emma closed her mouth. No need for a sore bottom and she did feel tired out. It would be best to try and get some solutions. Filling her plate with eggs and pancakes she sat down. She did not feel like eating, but with Skylar watching her she knew her wife would not let her get away starting the day on an empty stomach.

Claire arrived promptly at 10 a.m. Her white jeans showed off her fit, muscular legs and her black t-shirt fit snugly over her taut abs. Marla almost licked her lips when she looked her. She blushed and Claire laughed and came over and kissed her. “Morning darling,” she said. “Did you sleep well? How is your bottom?” Marla tried to look indignant but having Claire so close melted all her usual defenses. “Morning Claire,” she answered, “I slept well. I missed you,” she added softly. Claire hugged her, “Well, we will have to remedy that, won’t we?” she said. “Right. I have to talk to these two. Babe, we’ll see other tonight and continue where we left off shall we?” Without waiting for a reply, she gave Marla’s bottom a gentle swat she walked into the lounge where Skylar and Emma waited.

Emma sat tensely in the lounge. Although she felt good about Claire joining them, she also felt worried that they were going to force her to give up her practice and she was quietly working herself up into a state. She crossed her arms over her chest and tried to breathe. “Okay,” Claire said. “Emma, Skylar told me that you are working very late hours and that you seem to be overwhelmed in your...” Emma jumped up, “I am not overwhelmed. I have built this practice up over

a year. Now it is successful and I love it. So what if I come home a bit late in the evenings.” She almost shouted. “I have worked hard and the two of you are going to ruin it for me. Claire; you have your own practice and you know...”

“Emma,” Skylar said calmly and evenly. “Sit down and hear what Claire and I are going to say before deciding what you think we will say.” Emma’s chest heaved. “Skylar, you are not letting me...you want me to...” she was stammering, upset, angry and worried and could not think clearly. Skylar said once more, “Calm down Emma. Talk calmly like the professional person you are trying to tell us you are.”

“Stop patronizing me, Skylar! You and Claire can take your help elsewhere!” Skylar stood up and swinging her wife around delivered ten hard smacks to her bottom. When Emma glared at her, she pulled her over lap and started spanking her bottom hard. It did not take long before Emma was crying. She was tired and if she admitted it, scared that her practice had become so large. She did not turn away any referrals and wanting to do the best for each client she was struggling. She sobbed and lay quietly over Skylar’s lap. “Better now?” Skylar’s voice. “Yes,” Emma said softly, “I’m sorry Skylark...Claire,” she added. Claire smiled reassuringly. “That’s okay Emma. I know you are under stress. We only want to discuss with you and brainstorm some ideas that could help you.” Emma nodded. She sat next to Skylar and composed herself. “Go ahead Claire, I’m listening.” Claire continued. “I was looking at the ratio of your client load that Skylar showed me. I see that you have one assistant.” Emma nodded, “Yes. Neil was enough to start with and he copes well.”

“He does cope well,” Skylar said gently, “but Emma, he is exhausted. When I saw him last week he told me he was thinking of applying elsewhere: to a place that had shorter hours.” Emma looked upset. She had not thought about how her practice was affecting her assistant. “Why didn’t he say anything to me?” she asked. “He did not want to put you under further stress honey.” Skylar said. Claire looked at them, “Emma, your practice is easily large enough for two physiotherapists, two assistants and a full time receptionist. I notice

you also do all the reception work.” Emma looked a bit stunned. “I don’t think you are looking properly at your work load and referrals. You should be able to finish comfortably by 4 p.m. every day. I think you should consider taking on a partner,” Claire concluded. Emma nodded slowly, her thought processes adjusting gear. “You’re right Claire. But I feel I don’t really know how to go about it. I’m not too good at the business side of things.”

“Marla would be.” Claire said, “She is doing her Masters degree in Business Management.” Emma laughed at that which eased some of her tension, “I don’t think we could tear Marla away from her part-time job at the art museum. She adores it there.” Skylar agreed “I don’t suppose you’d like to be my new physio partner Claire?” Emma asked with little hope. Claire was settled in a partnership with an orthopedic surgeon and another physiotherapist near a local hospital. “Actually,” Claire said, surprising her, “Emma, if you were serious I might think about that. Our partnership is a bit small for the three of us. The local hospital is quite small. You are nearer the main city hospital.” Emma and Skylar smiled: this was turning out much better than expected. “I’d have to look over your practice in a bit more detail though,” Claire said, “and work out how viable it is. I do however live only fifteen minutes away. I would also need to discuss it with my two partners and have time to be bought out if all is agreed.”

“Brilliant,” Skylar said, “You know Claire, you could use the flatlet here, if you did not feel like traveling every day.” Claire pursed her lips and thought about it. “That’s kind Skylar but I love my apartment. I’d miss my river view and the peace it gives me. I’d need that to unwind after work.” Skylar nodded. She understood her friend’s need for space from her work. Emma felt relief sag thought her. “If you do decide to, when do you think you could join? If you do, could you hire the receptionist and assistants?” she added in a rush. “Steady on,” Claire laughed, “one step at a time. Possibly towards the end of this month. Dr Hitchely is very accommodating and has also been talking about downsizing. This might work out quite well. One of the assistants might be able to join us.” They smiled. It was starting to feel like a possible solution was in sight.

“So, let’s talk about Marla.” Skylar said. “Yes,” Claire said, taking a deep breath. “I love her.” she admitted. Emma and Skylar looked at each other. It was not often they saw their stern, in-charge, best friend Claire looking almost vulnerable. “That’s good Claire. You know she is placed with us by social tourist services and is under our care, so she has to live with us, unless permission was given, until her passport comes through.”

“I think it’s best that way,” Claire said. “We can see if we will match together before taking more permanent steps. Has Marla indicated what she will do when she gets her passport back? Was she thinking of leaving or applying to live and work here?”

“We don’t know for sure, but she has been so much happier this last month that we were hoping she would settle down here. We care deeply for her Claire, as we do for you. You need to chat to her and also open up more to her about what you are thinking,” Skylar said. Claire nodded. “You’re right. She agreed. “I’m seeing her tonight and we’ll do some heart to heart talking.”

Chapter 4

That night Marla waited with anticipation until Claire's cream colored SUV drew up. She ran down the stairs, pulling her soft black jacket around her bare shoulders. Claire got out the car and kissed her. "Ready, sweetheart?" she asked opening the passenger door for Marla. "Ready." she grinned. She felt so ridiculously happy. They were going to a small restaurant near to Claire's riverside apartment. She wanted to lean her head against Claire's arm whilst she drove, but decided it was a bit too soppy and she did not want Claire to think she was a big push over. It took just on fifteen minutes to reach the restaurant. Lights were strung up outside the large window and also threaded through the bougainvillea bushes outside. It was pretty and romantic. Claire ushered her inside and a smiling waiter took them to their reserved table near the window. Looking out, Marla could see the lights reflected in the glass and the occasional lights of cars passing. If she turned her head she could see the dark outlines of the river on the other side. The riverside street lamps reflected in its water. She looked at Claire over the small flickering candle on their table. Claire smiled and leant across the table and took her hand. "Relax honey, we have a wonderful night ahead," she murmured. Marla blushed again. She seemed to be doing a lot of that lately. Her body was betraying her; such a mix of tenderness, desire and contentment filled her. They ordered their meals and a glass of red wine each. "So Marla," Claire said casually, "Emma told me you would be reissued a new passport soon and before we go further into how we are feeling about each other, I need to know what your plans are." Marla felt a bit surprised by Claire's directness, even though her tone was casual. She realized that she had stopped thinking beyond getting her passport and leaving. Her world seemed here now. Here, in this vibrant city with Emma and Skylar and her beloved art museum job and now, with Claire. "I...well, I love it here Claire. I don't want to leave. When I was at my last appointment with Mrs. Browning, she said that as soon as my passport comes through I can apply for a work visa. It means I could apply to work full time at the art museum. I did not really think about anything. It just felt like that was what I would be doing." Claire's eyes seemed to relax and

her face softened. "So you are not going to run away?" she teased. "No," Marla said, her voice suddenly sounding more confident, as her thoughts cleared. Claire's questions were good she thought, it was helping to voice out what she wanted. "No, no Claire. I want to stay here. I want to work here... I want to...be...with you." she almost whispered. "I don't know if Emma and Skylar would let me stay with them until I got a full time post and somewhere to stay, but..." she said, not finishing before Claire exclaimed, "Honey, of course they would. You know how they care for you."

"I know," Marla said, "but I was placed with them. They have no obligation to me once my passport is sorted. Besides...sometimes, I think they care a bit too much!" She bit her lip knowing Claire would know what she meant. Claire laughed. "Babe," she said, "I will care for you much more they do!" Marla tried to pout but smiled at the same time so the 'hard done by' effect was broken. She felt so secure and cherished. She hoped she did not spoil things with Claire. Her eyes suddenly clouded over at the thought. Sensing her mood Claire leant forward and said, "Marla, darling, let's take this one step at a time. What about the first step being going back to mine after dinner tonight?" Marla's eyes opened wide in surprise and delight. She flushed as the waiter arrived at their table with their main course. Claire smiled broadly to see her girlfriend blushing like she did. She was adorable and so sexy. Marla found the rest of the dinner inexorably long. She could not help looking at Claire and noticing how sexy she was; the smell of her perfume and her firm body made her own body ache more and more with need as the minutes passed. Claire seemed to sense this and ran her thumb over the inside of Marla's hand. Marla shivered. She felt her breasts swelling and a deep throbbing begin between her legs. Claire found herself wanting to take Marla in her arms right then and there. She called for the bill and then taking Marla's hand, led her out into the night air. "We can leave the car here," she said. "My apartment is just five minutes' walk away." It felt surreal and magical, Marla thought, like a movie. Walking hand in hand with Claire, the night air almost heady. *Or is it just me that's heady*, Marla thought. Claire's apartment was in a smart building that had lounge length balconies overlooking the river. On opening the door Marla was greeted by a

night view; the river street lamps nearby and over the other side of the river, the twinkling city lights. It was an amazing view. She wanted to look around but that thought dissipated quickly as Claire took her in her arms and kissed her. Marla was left with an impression of glass and night lights surrounding cream and burnt orange décor. The apartment had a sensual scent to it and she wondered what it was. Soon she had no thought for that either as she felt Claire's lips against her own. Her tongue found its way inside her mouth and she almost forgot to breathe. She could feel her nipples jutting out against Claire's chest and wetness pooling at her apex. She hungrily kissed her back and Claire took her hand and led her down the passage to her bedroom. She pulled Marla's jacket off her shoulders. Her strappy black top was next. Marla kicked off her shoes. Her hands found Claire's silk blouse and fumbled trying to open the buttons. Claire pushed her gently back onto the large double bed. The fresh creamy, brown colored duvet caressed her back and she arched upward, pushing her breasts up as Claire's body covered her. One hand undid her bra at her back and suddenly her rounded breasts were free and standing erect with desire. She cried aloud as she felt Claire's naked chest touched them. *When did that happen, how did she naked so fast?* Marla thought hazily. She felt her jeans button being popped open and the jeans were pulled down her legs, her little silk bikini panties disappearing with them. When Claire's body covered hers again, bare skin on bare skin, it felt like they fit together as two pieces of a puzzle made for one another. She felt on fire and pushed hips against Claire's. "Please, please," she cried out, "I want, I want..."

"What do you want? Do you want this?" Claire asked her. She suddenly slid down Marla's body. Almost roughly she parted Marla's thighs and lifted them over her shoulders. "Put your hands against the headboard," she ordered. Marla lost in a daze of desire tried to follow her instruction. Her hands touched the headboard and she pushed against it whilst trying to bring her centre up against Claire. Claire lowered her head and holding her thighs apart she started to suckle her right over her clitoris. Marla screamed out and brought her hands down to Claire's head to try and keep her mouth there. Claire pushed her hands away. "Hands on the headboard," she

ordered again. Marla put her hands back and Claire lowered her head again. It felt blissful, almost unbearable. Claire started to lick her on one side of her clitoris, then the other, then suckled her again. She could not help herself and she started to buck and cry out. Claire grinned, *so this is what she likes*, she thought. She left her position and let her lips capture Marla's again. Marla could taste herself on Claire's lips. She felt embarrassed yet highly excited. She ran her hand over Claire's smooth muscled back and pulled on her buttocks so that their bodies pushed closer together. "Naughty," Claire murmured. She lifted her body away and trailed her fingers down Marla's soft stomach. Claire's long, dark auburn curls sent shivers through her, as they touched body "Please let me touch you...please," Marla begged. "Soon babe, soon," she answered. Her fingers found their way to Marla's very wet entrance. Pushing two fingers into her, she started to pump in and out, in and out. Marla was so wet she would not take long to come. Claire wanted to draw it out but did not want to push Marla over her limit for their first time together. Marla gasped, bucked, cried out and grabbed Claire tighter to her, trying to impale herself deeper on those strong fingers. She shuddered as she came and threw her head from side to side, small mewling sounds coming from her. As the shudders left her body, she slipped her hand between Claire's legs before Claire knew what was going on. Her fingers found Claire's desire filled entrance and she pushed her fingers upward into Claire. Claire cried out aloud and rode her fingers faster and harder. She shouted as she came and her wetness pooled Marla's hand. *She is so incredible, so sexy*, Marla thought, looking up at her lover's taut body, shuddering in its last throes of passion. Claire collapsed next to her and pulled Marla into her body, so Marla's back and buttocks cradled in to her tummy and thighs. They lay quietly catching their breath. "That was, that was, so amaz..." Marla said. Tiredness filled her and she did not finish her sentence as her eyes closed. She felt cocooned in warmth, love and safety. Claire smile tenderly. Looking at Marla she wondered how she had missed such a sweet, sexy woman under her nose for so long. She tightened her arm around Marla's waist and closed her eyes.

Chapter 5

The next morning Claire drove Marla back home, both feeling a bit reluctant to leave the comfort and security they had created the night before in Claire's apartment. The week ahead was going to be a busy one. Claire had to start sorting out moving partnership and all the legal issues that went along with that. Marla and Skylar had to go down to the social tourist services department to get the reissued passport and sign off documentation. She then needed to apply for a work visa. Skylar would sign proof of address for her.

When she arrived home it was to find Skylar and Emma were also preparing themselves for the week ahead. Emma was busy going over her practice paper work. Marla laughed as she watched her scratching her head. "Emma," she asked, "would you like me to help you with those figures? If you could give me a national benchmark I would be able to help you work out a practitioner/client ratio and from there how many clients you could take in a week between two physiotherapists and two assistants. This will also help your financial business structure." Emma got up and hugged her in relief. "Thanks honey, I do need help. I am good at the client care side but not so good at the operational side. It will be good for Claire to have this data as well."

The week passed fast. Claire was in and out in the evenings, looking through the therapy rooms and equipment with Emma. They examined the therapy pool and ramp and speculated on what they might add to the practice in future if Claire became a partner. Neil joined them in some of the discussions. As an assistant, he worked closely with the clients, developing a good rapport with them and his input provided valuable insight into clients' needs and requests. Claire seemed happy with the set up. Marla's spread sheets had also made the current practice client ratio, potential client ratio and incoming and outgoing expenses much clearer. Dr Hitchely was happy to let Claire move on as their practice had less client numbers. They both would miss each other as they had started the practice together. Still; she was leaving him with her very capable physiotherapy colleague. Their second assistant, Laura Schwartz, a

South African who had immigrated last year, was going to come with Claire as their second physiotherapy assistant. That left just the receptionist to find. Claire decided that Marla should be part of the interview as well as her and Emma. The receptionist would also be handling accounts and Marla's business knowledge would help them assess potential candidates in that aspect. Thursday rolled around and Marla and Skylar set off for the social tourist services department. Marla felt excited and yet also a sense of loss. She would no longer be officially under the care of Emma and Skylar once she got her own paper work back. Mrs. Browning greeted them warmly and soon Marla was holding a brand new passport. Skylar signed the release documents and Marla was a 'free' woman. They walked on down to the work visa section and Marla applied for a permanent work visa. As they left and made their way back to the car Skylar noticed that Marla seemed a bit subdued. "You alright, honey? I thought you'd be all excited." she asked. Marla stopped walking. "Yes. Well, no. I mean, yes..." she trailed off. Skylar spied a café facing the nearby park and she said, "Come on. Let's go and have a coffee and chat. Something seems to be worrying you." Marla sat stiffly in the chair whilst they waited for their lattes to arrive. She felt embarrassed. "What's up honey, what's bothering you?" Skylar prompted gently. "I, well it feels odd. I mean," she flushed and bit her lip, "At first I felt so annoyed when I arrived at your home and you had all these rules and boundaries. And now... well, now..." she trailed off. "Marla, are you worried that you will get off track again in your life?" Skylar asked. "No, maybe, yes, I mean, I just felt so..."

"You felt secure and cared for. Is that it?" Skylar asked. "Yes," Marla burst out. "Yes. Isn't that terrible? I sound so dependent... I..."

"No, honey," Marla said firmly, "It is not about being dependent, it is about what is right for you. You are someone who needs those boundaries and having boundaries makes you feel cared for." She leaned forward making Marla look at her, "Marla, Emma and I will always care for you. We love you as our friend and we will make sure you have the boundaries you need until you meet a person who provides them for you. Which," she added with a grin, "I think is not too far in the distance." Marla gave her a watery smile "Thanks," she

said, “but I don’t think Claire cares; I have hardly seen her this week.” She pouted in a way which made Skylar laugh inside. “Marla,” she said logically, “you know how busy Claire is this week. You have even been helping her and Emma. You need to give her time to settle. I know how much she loves you.”

“Well,” Marla said huffily, “one would think she’d show me that a bit more often.” Skylar laughed. “Marla,” she said, “I think you should be careful with your attitude. You might get a bit more care than you bargained for!”

Back at home Marla felt lighter of heart. She decided to visit Claire that night. Without telling Skylar or Emma she slipped out the house and walked out to the bus stop. Once she reached the river boundary she waited for the small ferry across the river and walked up to Claire’s apartment. It was fairly dark along the river and she felt a bit nervous hoping no one was going to jump out at her. The lights were on in Claire’s apartment. Just as she was about to push the bell her phone rang. She took it out and seeing Claire’s name flash up on the screen she answered. “Marla, where are you?” came Claire’s frantic voice. “Emma has just phoned me. She said they could not find you at home. Skylar was worried because you seem upset earlier.”

“I’m here,” Marla stammered. *Perhaps this had not been such a good idea*. “Here? Where?” Claire seemed confused. “At your door,” Marla said. “How did you get here? Please tell me you did not come alone at night,” Claire burst out. The door buzzed open. “Come up immediately,” Claire instructed. She sounded angry and Marla felt tempted to turn around. “And don’t you dare think of running away,” Claire ordered as if she could read her mind. Marla miserably trailed upstairs, her earlier brave mood gone. Claire had the front door open and was waiting. She looked concerned and angry. Grabbing Marla, she kissed her and looked her up and down. “Are you okay?” she asked. “Yes, I just wanted to surprise you.”

“Honey, I love surprises, but not like this. Not telling Emma and Skylar and just coming over by yourself this late is not safe. Which way did you come?”

“The ferry,” Marla said. “The ferry: the river! At this time of night! Babe it is too dark to do that. You need to think about your safety more carefully. I think you need some help to remind you.” Claire said grimly. “Come here!” She grabbed Marla and taking her through to the lounge she pulled over the back of the thick sofa chair. Before Marla could even squeal she started spanking her bottom hard. Marla tried to protest but found herself pulled up and her jeans pulled down. She found her voice and shouted out, “No Claire! Please I just wanted to surprise you.”

“There are ways to surprise me without endangering yourself or worrying others!” Claire retorted. She pushed her back down with one hand and started smacking her panty clad bottom hard. It really stung. Marla eyes watered. This felt harder than before. She felt miserable and guilty. Spank...spank...spank...a volley of unrelenting smacks continued landing on her upper back thighs and bottom. She started crying and sobbing. Claire stopped and pulled her up right. Grabbing Marla by the tops arms she shook her lightly. “Never do that again, Marla, do you understand me?” Marla nodded and lowered her head. She felt ashamed. She had wanted to surprise Claire, but part of her admitted she knew it was because she felt insecure and wanted to know Claire would look after her. Claire sighed and pulled her into an embrace. “Babe,” she said, “If you want to know if I love you or if anything has changed, you need to speak to me openly. Okay?” She lifted Marla’s chin, “Okay?”

“Yes,” Marla whispered. “Good girl. Come on, let’s sit down and have a drink.” She said. Marla felt her spirits lift. Claire did love her. Goodness she was a brat: testing Claire like this. “I’m starting at Emma’s practice tomorrow,” Claire said, raising her wine glass to her lips, “or perhaps I should say my and Emma’s practice. So what do you think about staying here tonight and we go in together tomorrow?” Marla nodded. “But first,” Claire said sternly, “You will call Emma and apologize for the anxiety you have caused.”

“Can’t I do that tomorrow?” Marla pleaded. She hated that she had worried Emma and Skylar and wanted to ignore that feeling for as long as she could. “Now babe,” Claire stood up, arms folded. “Okay, okay,” Marla picked up her phone. She apologized and then handed

over the phone to Claire at Emma's instruction. Claire assured Emma the issue had been dealt with and rang off. "Come on babe, let's get ready for bed. For sleeping, not anything else," she added. "I don't want to reward you for your behavior this evening." Claire looked at Marla as she pouted. Marla was desirable, so sexy and innocent, but she knew she needed to stand firm in this relationship.

Chapter 6

The next ten days followed a similar busy pattern as Claire settled into the practice. Marla went for two job interviews at nearby museums. They saw each other on alternate nights. Marla felt her closer and closer to Claire. That night at dinner at the local restaurant below the apartment, Claire looked at her. "Babe, what do you think about moving in with me?" Marla felt her breath catch in her throat. "Yes, yes," she exclaimed throwing her arms around Claire's neck, causing the other diners to glance their way. Claire laughed. "I see I needn't have been worried about asking you. Babe," she continued, "I will be up and down the next few days, so we will need to delay moving in for a week or so. There is something I need to sort out-out of town."

Out of town, Marla did not like the sound of that. "Is something wrong?" she asked. "No. It's a surprise. Just trust me. Okay?" Marla agreed but she felt curious. Over the next few days she saw Claire less. She kept her mind on her job and tried to join in Emma's joy as the practice increased in success yet her work load diminished. Skylar and Emma helped her to pack up her belongings in readiness for the move. She did not have that much: just her clothes and few art paintings she had liked and bought.

On the night she was supposed to see Claire, Claire text to say she had to go out of town again and could not make it. Marla felt annoyed. *I bet she has another girlfriend or a troublesome ex*, she thought. Immediately she felt ashamed of that thought. She trusted Claire. Skylar and Emma noticed her quietness but decided not to comment, assuming she was missing Claire. The next day Marla woke in a black mood. She felt convinced that Claire was ignoring her. She had not even responded to her text last night. At breakfast she snapped at Emma when she asked her how she had slept. "Marla," Skylar said. "There is no need to talk to Emma like that. Apologize at once!" Marla felt contrite knowing she was being unfair to them both. "Sorry Emma," she said. "What is wrong?" Skylar said, "You have been so grumpy the past few days."

“Nothing,” Marla said trying not to let her eyes show she was lying. “If something is worrying you please tell us Marla.” Emma said. “Keep out of my business!” Marla cried. She ran from the kitchen and up to her room. Her packed bags lay on the floor looking like abandoned suitcases in an airport hall. She did not even feel like going to work. She heard footsteps and Emma entered her room. “Marla, even though you are not legally under our care, it is not acceptable for you to run out like that or be rude to Skylar or me.” Emma said. “We have rules in this house and you will obey them or face the consequences. I suggest you start talking.” Marla sat up and said hiccupping, “Claire..., Claire does not love me anymore.”

“What?” Emma exclaimed, half laughing. “Don’t be silly. Of course she does. She can’t stop talking about you at work. Drives me, Neil and Laura crazy! Why would you think that?”

“She did not answer my text last night and she’s hardly seen me this week.” Emma sighed and said sternly, “Marla, didn’t Claire tell you she needs to be out of town now and then and would see less of you this week?”

“Yes she did,” Marla admitted, “but I am her girlfriend and she could have taken me with her. Unless she has something to hide from me. What is she doing any way?” Marla pouted. “Marla, you need to think logically and not accuse Claire of anything,” Emma said sternly. “Be patient or you might find yourself in hot water. You are acting like a brat. Trust Claire. She loves you and I am sure she will explain everything on Saturday when she’s back”.

Well maybe I won't be around on Saturday, Marla thought. *I won't just sit around waiting like a good little puppy dog.* Thursday and Friday passed with Marla’s mood getting worse. Skylar phoned Claire to make her aware of the situation. Claire laughed grimly. “That little minx,” she said, “she needs to be taught a proper lesson.”

Saturday dawned. Marla felt excited, yet also a host of conflicting emotions. What if Claire did not want her, what if she had changed her mind about moving in together, what if.... She shook her head. She was not going to wait around for her like a love sick puppy. The

irony that she had been acting like a love sick puppy the last few days was lost on her.

She packed her bag and set off to meet Natalie at the nearby running park. Natalie had not seen her since they had celebrated their exam so the first few hours was spent catching up. Marla was aware she felt a bit uncomfortable and guilty. What if Claire was back and looking for her? They had lunch together at the park restaurant. As their lunch arrived, Natalie finally asked, "Marla, what is wrong with you? You seem so fidgety. Your phone has rung twice and you won't answer it." Looking at her friend's kind eyes, Marla felt herself tear up. The story tumbled from her lips. Natalie laughed and said, "Marla, I think you best go home. It sounds like Claire really loves you and this is not fair on her. You are acting like a spoilt child. Off you go."

"But what about you? We agreed to spend the whole day together."

"I'll be fine," Natalie said. "Honestly I will be. Never let it be said I stood in the way of true love." They both giggled.

Marla hugged her friend and hurried off. She looked at her phone. *Darn. Both calls had been from Claire.* She felt bad. Claire would be worried. She dared not call her back. Marla arrived at Emma and Skylar's. "Where have you been?" Skylar exploded. "Claire is beside herself with worry. This is not the way to treat her, Marla."

"I know," Marla said miserably. "I have half a mind to take my belt to you. But I think I best leave that to Claire. Get in the car," Skylar ordered, "I am taking you around to Claire's." Marla swallowed. She wanted to protest but Skylar looked angry enough without being provoked further. Skylar drove calmly in silence and watched as Marla entered Claire's building. Picking up her phone she dialed Claire's number. "Marla's on her way up," she said. "I think she is well aware she will be disciplined." Claire shoulders relaxed with relief. She had been so worried. "Thanks, Skylar," she said. "My brat will get exactly what she needs. I intent to start off the way I aim to go on."

Chapter 7

Marla continued up to the flat. Her heart beat uncomfortably fast. Claire came out of the front door to meet her. Without saying a word she took her bag and led her into the apartment. The afternoon sun was bright through lounge glass window and Marla stood embraced in Claire's arms, inhaling her unique scent and letting her heart beat slow down. Claire looked at her. "Marla, have you changed your mind about us being together?" she asked. Marla gasped. "No, no, of course not, I love you...I just thought, thought you did not want me." she finished. "Why?" Claire asked. "Because, because...you did not answer my text the night before and I...well, I did not see you much for the week." she finished lamely. It sounded so pathetic said out loud. "So even though I told you I'd be busy and I contacted you as much as I could via text and told you I'd be back on Saturday, you decided to doubt me and take it out on Emma and Skylar." Claire said. "Er, um..." Marla squirmed. She had been such an idiot.

"I see. Well, I think we need to put this right immediately," Claire said. "In this relationship, we will trust each other, value each other and others and not run away from each other or our feelings. Do you understand me Marla?" Marla nodded. "Before I give you the spanking you richly deserve," Marla gasped in dismay as Claire continued unperturbed at the impact her words had just had. "I want to show you something." She picked up a brown manila envelope lying on the glass coffee table. "Open it," she instructed. Marla opened the flap. Inside was a sheaf of documents. "Take a look babe," Claire instructed. On the first page was an advert of the cabins they had gone to for the week long holiday with Skylar and Emma. It made Marla feeling good looking at it, but she was puzzled. "Turn to the next page," Claire said with a hint of excitement in her voice. Marla turned to the next page. The writing in bold jumped out at her, whilst the rest seemed to fade into unimportance:

'Owned by Claire Maria Johnson and Marla Jane Wilcott.' She gasped. Just below that was a picture of a small, beautifully designed, wooden cabin and the address listed underneath showed as: 'No 23.The Pine Nest.'

“What...what?” she managed to get out. Claire grinned. “That’s what I was doing babe. I bought a holiday cabin in both our names. It was the place where we connected and a place I feel close to my father. I wanted us to have something special together as we start off our life as a couple.” Marla cried; she could not help it. She felt so bad; she had been so silly. Claire had bought them a cabin together and she had behaved like a major brat! She could hardly take it in.

She hung her head. “Claire,” she said, “Babe, you are so amazing and I am so silly. I don’t deserve you. I am so sorry for my poor behavior.” Claire nodded, glad that her brat was seeing how her behavior had not been acceptable. “Don’t ever say that you do not deserve someone,” she instructed. “You are a gorgeous woman and deserving of love and spoiling. That does not mean you can get away with bad behavior though. Go through to the bedroom and take your clothes off. I think you need to learn that lesson as soon as possible.”

Marla felt her legs tremble. Claire’s voice clearly indicated that removing her clothes was not going to lead to a pleasurable experience. “No need for that, Claire,” she said, “I have learnt my lesson. I’m sorry I was unpleasant to Emma and Skylar and I know it was childish to run off. I’m sorry.” she looked hopefully at Claire. Claire smiled tenderly. “That good’s babe,” she said, “I am glad you feel you have learnt something. I will reinforce that with a good solid spanking. Now go.” She pushed Marla toward the bedroom. Marla lingered. “I can help you undress,” Claire said. Marla hurriedly entered the bedroom; she thought the best action might be to be as obedient as she could. Besides Claire had spanked her before, it was just a matter getting through it. She undressed slowly. Claire entered the bedroom and crossed to the bedside draw and took out a large brown wooden hair brush. Well it looked like a hair brush, Marla thought, but without the bristles on it. Claire brought it over to the bed and Marla looked at her and the brush, realization and fear dawning in her eyes. “Marla,” she said, “I will be spanking you with my hand and then the paddle brush. If I need to repeat the lesson I will, but I hope I won’t have to.” Unconsciously Marla’s hand covered her bottom. She backed away to the door. “Um, I just need to...” she

said. "Come here," Claire demanded. When Marla continued to back away she strode forward two paces, grabbed her wrist and pulled her over her lap as she sat on the edge of the bed. She placed the paddle brush next to her and started to spank Marla's white bottom with her hand. The smacks were loud and hard and soon turned Marla's cheeks red. To her credit Marla moved as little as possible and tried not to cry out. Claire was proud of her as she knew it had to hurt. She landed ten hard spanks to the back of her soft, rounded thighs which made Marla cry out. "Stop it now Claire! Enough! I'm sorry. Besides it was sort of your fault as well. You..." she did not get to finish her indignant sentence as Claire realized her brat definitely needed a harder lesson. She changed her leg position, trapping Marla's legs between her on and lifting her one thigh. Marla's bottom lifted higher into the air and she shrieked and had to use her arms to try and support herself on the floor. It felt so undignified. She saw the paddle brush move out of the corner of her eye as Claire picked it up. "I think you need to be able to take responsibility for your own behavior Marla and not blame someone else." Claire remonstrated, resting the paddle brush against Marla's heated buttocks.

"Yes, no, yes, I do. I take responsibility. Sorry, sorry." She shrieked. The paddle brush made a whooshing sound as Claire lifted it and then brought it down hard right over Marla's sit spot five times without pause. It stung and burnt and the paddle brush generated a pain Marla had not felt before. She tried to buck and twist away, but she was held firmly between Claire's muscular thighs. The paddle brush turned its attention to her right cheek, then the left one. Crying and sobbing promises aloud, Marla squirmed and wept her way through the next ten that landed on the crease line where her thighs meet her bottom. The pain felt indescribable. She sagged down and wept loudly. Claire stopped. She put her hand on Marla's back and rubbed gently. "Honey," she said, "have you learnt your lesson do you think?"

"Yes, yes, babe" Marla sobbed. Claire pulled her onto her lap and held her, seeing Marla wince as her swollen, hot bottom made contact with her thighs. She felt so delicious; this warm, softly rounded, feminine body sitting on her lap, sobbing gently, her

grey/blue eyes all innocent and slightly outraged. She lifted her chin. The penitent part won out as grey eyes looked her. "I'm sorry, Claire," she said sweetly, face tear stained, but relief showing through her posture and expression. "I love you and I never want to be anywhere else but with you."

Ah, my Marla , Claire thought, I know just how to manage you .

The End

About the Author

Leandra Summers lives with her loving partner and two cats. She loves travelling and has made it her mission to live in as many countries as possible. Her philosophy is to embrace life and encourage others to do the same.

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