

Spanked at the Office
M/F Spank NC

Sandy was a newlywed; she and her husband Jeff had married just 7 months earlier. Their marriage had been a dream come true so far. Just after they were engaged, Sandy had found a good paying job as a secretary in a small office. With their combined incomes they were able to buy the house of their dreams. But it took nearly every penny they had. They cut every expense they could to have this house. Cutting coupons, shopping only on double coupon day, packing lunches and eating dinners at home instead of going out. Both knew that in a few years everything would be fine, but for now they had to watch each penny. It was worth it to have their dream.

Anyone who knew Sandy would describe her as “cute”, not gorgeous, not attractive although she was, just “cute”. This was probably because of her petite size and figure. Barely 5 foot tall and 100 pounds she looked several years younger than the 20 she had just turned. She had a firm athletic figure with small tits, and a tight ass.

Sandy had been raised in a very conservative religious family. She had rarely dated before she was engaged and was proud that she had gone to the altar a virgin. Now that she was married, she enjoyed sexual relations, but she always felt somewhat awkward. She and her husband didn't experiment much. But Sandy was happy. She was married to a decent guy, had a good job and a perfect new home. It was everything she had wanted in life.

Sandy was good at her job and she really enjoyed it. She did; however, have one significant shortcoming at work—she was always running late. No matter how early she set her alarm, what time she moved her clocks ahead to, she was always late. And that is what got her into trouble at work. Finally one morning when Sandy was nearly a half hour late, her boss had enough. Dan called Sandy into his office and proceeded to fire her, “Sandy, I've told you a dozen times or more in the last month I need you to be here by 8am. Each time you say you will try harder and it won't happen again. But I can't remember the last time you were here on time. I'm afraid I just have to let you go.”

“Please, there must be something. I promise, I'll never be late again.”

Dan replied, “You have said that before, but it hasn't helped”

Sandy sobbed, “But I can't lose this job. We will lose our house, my husband will hate me, and I'll be so embarrassed....”

The sobbing and the begging of this young woman have a profound affect on Dan. He really feels sorry for her. But he doesn't know what to do. For several minutes he just listens to her sobbing. Finally he offers, “If you can think of some plan that assures that you are here on time each day, then maybe I can give you another chance.”

Sandy has a hopeful smile through her sobs. “Really, like what kind of plan?”

Dan, "I am out of ideas, you need to come up with one. I will give you until lunchtime to give me a good plan. If this plan doesn't work, I won't hesitate again to fire you. And you can't expect any good references with your tardiness. Noon, my office, with a plan. And it better be a good one."

Sandy went back to her desk. She was relieved that she still had the job, but she was terrified that she still might lose it. The thought of losing her job, and then her home, and then probably her husband too was just too much. Her dream life was shattering before her eyes. She started writing down ideas. I'll come in at 7:30 every morning; if I'm late I'll still be on time for 8:00. I'll work extra for each minute I'm late, twice as long extra as I am late. You can dock my pay 1% for each minute late that I am. But she realized that none of these would really work. She would still be late.

She felt so helpless. Like a kid. It was nearly noon, and she didn't have a single useful idea. Then a strange idea struck her. Her dad used to spank her when she disobeyed, which wasn't often since she hated and feared those spankings so much. She had been 16 the last time her father had spanked her. She thought she was way too old for a spanking, but her father was strict and old fashioned. "As long as you live under my roof, you will abide by my rules or suffer my choice of punishments," he had said. And she could still remember that punishment clearly. She had to lower her panties to her knees, lift her skirt up her back and bend over a dining room chair. Her dad used his belt. 20 lashes across her bare bottom and the tops of her thighs. She had welts for 3 days afterwards. After that Sandy didn't even think about sneaking out on date again. That was it, she feared being spanked enough that she knew she could make it to work on time. She was so excited that she might have a plan for keeping her job, that the embarrassment of explaining it to her boss didn't even cross her mind until after she started to tell him in his office.

Sandy had burst into Dan's office at ten minutes till twelve exclaiming, "I have it. I know what will work." Dan answered inquisitively, "Yes?"

"Spank me if I'm late" Sandy blurted, before it struck her what an odd thing she had just said. "Spank you?" Dan responded. Somewhat sheepishly Sandy added, "Yes. I mean if you don't mind. I know it sounds weird. But it always worked when my dad. I mean I don't know anything else that would. I'm sorry that sounded way too strange. I guess I don't have an idea. I'm sorry. I was desperate for anything that might work. And all I could think of was,..just forget I said anything please. I'm so embarrassed. I'll just go pack my things."

Dan was intrigued. He wasn't into anything kinky, but the thought of having any excuse to touch that firm young a was really exciting. He often fantasized about Sandy when he was with his wife. A chance like this might never happen again in his life. He could hardly speak when he suggested quietly, "Do you think it would work?"

Sandy pondered her answer briefly, she was embarrassed, but the thought of a spanking from her boss was less embarrassing than losing everything she had dreamed for. She spoke shyly, "I really think it would."

"OK", Dan answered, "I am willing to try it. I want you to write a letter of agreement explaining that you have requested to be spanked in response to your frequent tardiness. The note should say that the idea was entirely your own and that you have agreed to the spankings with no coercion on my part. When you have completed the letter, please return to my office with a signed copy and then you will receive your first spanking, for the minutes your were late today."

Sandy left and typed the note into her computer. She printed it and left it sitting on her desk. She sensed that signing the note would open a new chapter in her life. Finally Dan came to her desk, "Is there a problem? I thought you would be bringing a note to my office." Sandy picked up the note and followed Dan to his office. Dan told Sandy to bend over and touch her toes. He admired the view that her tight khaki slacks provided. He was sure he could see the outlines of her pussy lips clearly through the thin material. Dan announced that it would be one swat for each of the 27 minutes late Sandy had been that morning. He proceeded to use his bare hand against the thin material stretched across Sandy's bottom. He let his hand linger along her bottom for a brief moment after each swat. Sandy noticed the brief lingering, but didn't think too much about, mostly she was relieved that it didn't hurt as bad as the spankings that her dad gave her. She also noticed that it excited her a little bit. She was appalled that another man touching her could have any affect on her, but quickly dismissed it as just her imagination and guilt over suggesting the spanking. Dan told her to return to her desk. He didn't leave his office the rest of the day.

The next day Sandy was on time. But by Wednesday she was late again, this time only about ten minutes. Dan met her at the door, "I guess it was too much to hope that a little spanking would help." Sandy interrupted, "You called that a spanking, those were barely taps. A real spanking might have done some good." As the words left her mouth, she couldn't believe that she had said it. Neither could Dan. He asked her to explain her idea of a real spanking.

Sandy hesitated before she answered, but what choices did she have at this point. "Well first any really spanking has to be on the bare bottom. And swats with the hand aren't anything. My dad always used a leather belt or a thin switch. Each stroke left a mark." Dan was excited just listening. He instructed her to go to his office and prepare herself for the spanking; he would follow her in after 5 minutes.

When Dan entered the office, Sandy had her jeans off and folded neatly on his desk. Her panties were pulled down around her calves and she was bending over the back of his chair, grabbing hold of the armrests. Dan could hardly believe his eyes. Sandy's beautiful ass was spread just enough that he could clearly see her pussy, that was barely hidden by her wispy blonde hairs. Spanking her was not the first thing on his mind. "Help me

understand,” he said. “The swats with the hand are the warm-up.” Sandy whispered, “Yes.” Dan proceeded to spank her vigorously with his hand, making sure to direct extra attention deep between her thighs. Several times he let his fingertips brush against her cunt. Her entire bottom was quickly aglow. As he stood back to admire his handiwork, it seemed that her vulva were swollen, maybe even damp. But he was sure that he was just projecting his own arousal to her. He was getting a little angry that he couldn’t just fuck her, so he took out his anger with his belt. “You were 12 minutes late today, I expect you to count off each stroke with the belt.” Dan took careful aim, crisscrossing the strokes for the greatest pain. After the 12th stroke, Sandy started to get up. “Not so fast”, said Dan. “You still have 27 real strokes to go from Monday.” Sandy gasped. These strokes hurt. Worse than she remembered. And what if her husband saw the marks, how would she explain them. Dan tried to aim a few strokes of the belt to land deep between her thighs, one landed perfectly with the end of the belt snapping squarely on Sandy’s cunt. She let out a small scream and stood up. “Since you didn’t count that one, we will have to do it over” said Dan. When it was done, Sandy had 41 strokes with the belt across her ass and upper thighs. Dan stayed in his office to watch her dress and return gingerly to her desk.

Sandy sat at her desk the rest of the day, but she didn’t get much work done. And it wasn’t because she hurt so badly. Instead she sat at her desk pondering how strangely aroused she was. She kept shifting in her seat trying to put gentle pressure on her clit. She was so horny. It wasn’t that she liked the pain; at least she didn’t think so. It was probably just the unexpected events. The more Sandy thought about it, the less she understood her body’s reaction. She wasn’t really sure why, but she was certain it was the horniest she had ever been.

The next morning Sandy made several fateful decisions. As she was getting dressed, she decided to dress a bit more provocatively that day. She picked an outfit with a short, thin skirt and a tight sweater. Then a push-up bra to set the sweater off nicely. Even though she had left home with plenty of time to arrive early to work, she chose to drive around the block several times and come in late. She didn’t want anything that hurt nearly as bad as yesterday, her bottom was too sore to wish for that even if she did want it. But she needed to know if it would have the same affect on her again. She came in 8 minutes late.

Dan was waiting for her, and quite happy that she was late again so soon. He had hardly even slept last night, all he could think about was when he might get another chance to spank her. He had even stopped at the home improvement store to buy a thin, flexible dowel just in case he would have the chance to use it. And he would, much sooner than he had allowed himself to hope. If only she had been later, so he could use it longer.

Dan directed her into his office. He knew that now he was clearly in charge. He instructed Sandy to get all the way undressed. She paused slightly at this demand, but she was so caught up in her own excitement that she didn’t resist in the least. She undressed and folded her clothes neatly onto Dan’s desk. Dan surprised her by telling her to stand there while he described the office rules from now on.

First there would be a new dress code. Dan starts to name a list of acceptable clothing:

- No panties or bras

- Business suit with garter and stockings
- Leather mini-skirt
- White blouse, short plaid skirt, knee socks
- Cheerleader
- Short thin plain sun dress
- Scout uniform
- French maid

After Dan listed the acceptable clothing, he told Sandy that she would have two choices. She could either arrive at work already dressed for the day, or she could arrive sufficiently early to change in his office and still be ready to start on time. If Dan did not think that the clothing Sandy selected was acceptable, she would be sent home to change and would be considered late, based on her arrival time in acceptable clothing. She would be disciplined in accordance with her tardiness.

Dan also told Sandy that, starting with this spanking, all future punishments would be videotaped for his legal protection so that any observer could clearly see that the punishments were reasonable and un-coerced.

Dan set up the video camera on a tripod, and then instructed Sandy to bend over the chair. After she was bent over, he demanded that she spread her legs so that her feet were wider than the legs of the chair. With the camera almost directly behind her, Sandy felt totally exposed. Dan took his time. First he said he wanted to “examine the damage from yesterday.” He looked closely, running his finger along several of the prominent welts, especially those on her upper thigh. Then he grabbed each of her ass cheeks and spread her apart even wider to complete the examination. Sandy’s swelling and dampness were clear. So was Dan’s throbbing erection. Dan started the eight strokes. Slowly, with a long pause between each one. When he finished, he told Sandy that she could put the skirt back on, but that none of the other clothes were acceptable so they would just stay in his desk. She spent the rest of the day working in just her skirt. And all day it seemed that Dan had more reasons than usually to come to her desk or call her into his office.

Sandy was shocked at these developments; it made her feel like a whore. She thought about protesting, but she needed the job way too much and, by this point, any fight left in her was already gone.

She didn’t want her husband to notice what she would be wearing to work. So she decided that, despite the embarrassment of changing her clothes with her boss watching each morning and afternoon, it would be much better than trying to explain her sudden change in clothes style to her husband. The next two days were rather uneventful; she arrived to work early, changed and went about her day. Her boss didn’t have any meetings in the office, so no one could notice her new “styles.” As she was leaving the second day, she noted that she would not be so lucky tomorrow. Dan had several meetings scheduled at the office that day.

Sandy was slow getting ready the next day. With the thought of several people coming to the office, she couldn't decide what would be the best outfit to wear. She finally decided that the "schoolgirl" look wouldn't be too awful, but by the time she had decided, she was nearly 10 minutes late. Worse yet, when she arrived at the office, with a change of clothes in her gym bag, Dan's meeting had already started...in his office. Two of the company's sales reps were meeting with Dan. Sandy stood nervously at the door.

The younger sales rep, Joe, was Sandy's age. He was single and had just graduated from college and had an all-American type look. Sandy always thought he was sort of cute. The older sales rep, Brent, was an athletic black man in his early 40's. Sandy didn't know him that well, it wasn't that she was a racist, but she had never spent much time around blacks growing up.

Dan let her stand at the door for at least a minute or two. Sandy was clearly nervous as she shifted from foot to foot. Dan invited her into the office and asked her what was wrong. Sandy replied, "Nothing, really."

"Then would you like to tell us why you have been standing at the door Sandy"?

"You know..." she said. "I'm not sure, please tell us all Sandy."

Describing the arrangement in front of other people was the worst thing that Sandy had ever experienced in her life. She stammered, in almost a whisper, "Well, you see, I have this problem. I'm, like, always running a little late. And Dan was getting really upset with this problem; he even said he might fire me if I couldn't change my ways. So then he, well not really, it was my idea, anyhow, I asked him to spank me whenever I was late to teach me a lesson. And he has been and I've been doing better. And he also makes me wear different clothes at the office and well each morning I change clothes in here, but you are all in here. And..."

"Each minute you wait to change, will just add to your punishment, and our sales meeting could go all day," Dan added.

Sandy reluctantly started to change. When she tried to hide herself somewhat from the three men, Dan insisted that she step closer and face them. She tried her best to maintain her modesty, changing her shirt first, so that it's length would partial cover her pubic area while she changed into her skirt. She thought that she must know a little how strippers feel, as all three men stared closely at her. Just as she turned to leave, Dan spoke, "you still need to be spanked, now that you are finally ready it is 23 minutes late. Since you kept each of us waiting, I think all three of us will spank you. Joe I will let you go first. Select any implement you want from the desk drawer, tell Sandy what position you want her to assume for the spanking and proceed to give her 23 strokes."

Joe selected the paddle and told Sandy to bend over his knee. Before the punishment began, Sandy could feel Joe's throbbing erection. She decided that it might be fun to see just how aroused she could get him by squirming on his lap during the spanking, With a

little luck she could get her pussy right against him. Her plan worked, she barely felt the spanking, she was so intent on the positioning of her squirming. Besides, Joe was enthusiastic, but he didn't particularly spank hard. After Joe finished, Sandy smiled to herself thinking that his case of blue balls would probably hurt more than her bottom. That thought would soon vanish when Brent took over.

Brent selected a birch switch. He started by having Sandy spread her legs slightly and touch her toes. The thought of punishing and dominating a white woman really excited Brent, and he applied the switch with great power and aim. Each stroke crossing slightly over a previous one. After about 8 or 9 strokes, he said, "I haven't been counting, have you" Sandy replied that no she hadn't been. "OK then I guess we can start counting now, One.." Sandy protested that this wasn't fair. Brent told her to stand up and remove her shirt. When she did, he informed her that it was time she received the remainder of the strokes somewhere it would hurt even more, across her little tits. She looked over at Dan, who just nodded yes, and then Brent started with his well-placed strokes. It hurt so badly, and she could see right away what serious marks it was going to leave. The punishment seemed to last forever, until finally it stopped. Brent had a sly grin as he admired his handiwork, he might never have a chance like this again. He ventured a request, "Dan, would it be OK if also gave her the punishment from you?" Seeing the joy in Brent's face and the dread in Sandy's, it was an easy decision. "Of course, if you will use the belt like I had planned." Sandy was relieved when she was instructed to kneel. That relief didn't last when Brent started using the belt on her upper thighs. And then her body betrayed her, the spanking and the humiliation were turning her on and it was starting to show in her moist, swollen lips. Oh how she hoped Brent didn't notice. But Dan called everyone's attention to it, even bringing the video camera and light for a close-up.

When it was finished, Sandy quickly dressed and returned to her desk. She thought all afternoon about how she could just quit, but how would she explain it. And what would Dan do with the videos. She was trapped and she knew it.

Dan decided it was time to find out just how far he could push this project. Sandy's resistance seemed totally broken by the videotape. And Dan had so many fantasies that he had never even dared to voice, but now here was a chance to have them all come true. He enjoyed pondering just what order to make his requests. He feared that if he moved too fast, Sandy's strong character would rise up again and she would exert the courage to just leave. On the other hand, if he moved too slowly, she might also have time to regain her composure. Today was the day it would start. It was time to move from spanking to full-fledged bondage, discipline and sex. He needed to fully dominate her.

Unfortunately, Sandy was on time to work today. Being a nice spring day, she had selected the short thin sundress, and even put it on at home. Dan was so disappointed, he needed a new plan. It was time to expand the reasons for giving spankings. Some of Sandy's work the last few days had been sub-par. Typos and errors in the letters that he had dictated, and a couple bills that had been late going out. He called Sandy to his office. "Undress and prepare yourself to be punished"

"But why, I was at work early today," she protested.

"Yes, I noticed. But the quality of your work has been unacceptable. Just because you are here on time doesn't mean that you can get away with doing a sloppy job. Now that we know how to properly motivate you, it is time that you started to become the kind of employee that I would expect to have."

Sandy sobbed as she removed her sundress, folded it, and placed it on Dan's desk. She stood silently awaiting Dan's instructions for her punishment. "Climb on to desk and kneel at the edge with your knees spread apart, Lay your face down on the desk, so that your ass is lifted high into the air. I want a good target." He instructed. Sandy did as she was told. Dan removed the razor strap from his desk. It was becoming his favorite implement. He started to apply strokes to each cheek, to the upper parts of her inner thigh, and direct across her pussy. After a couple dozen strokes and several particularly well-placed smacks near her clitoris, Dan spoke out saying, "This just won't do. I can't tell how much affect I am having because you have too much hair. I need you to shave it off. I keep a razor and shaving cream in the bathroom closet to freshen up for meetings, please get them and bring them back here right away." Sandy didn't even hesitate, didn't stop to think about what was being asked. Dan watched, video camera running, as Sandy carefully shaved her beaver bare. Sandy wasn't used to shaving there, and without lotion it was quickly red and irritated. Dan took the opportunity to splash a little of his aftershave on the irritated skin, causing Sandy to scream loudly. Sandy got up to leave, but Dan stopped her. "I haven't finished your spanking yet, please resume your punishment position"

Sandy whimpered, "Please isn't this enough for a couple small mistakes."

"It is just that attitude that I am trying to get rid of, more evidence of you laziness. There are no such things as small mistakes. Certainly I need to start completely over with your punishment."

Sandy slowly climbed back onto the desk and resumed her position. Dan had a new toy in mind, a very thin plastic dog leash. He had tried it on his arm, and it had a sharp sting that was more than anything else he had tried. He could hardly wait to see Sandy's reaction as it would curve around her upper thigh and connect with recently shaved pussy lips. The first few strokes he used the razor strap at about $\frac{3}{4}$ force. He wanted to surprise of his new toy to be very dramatic. Swinging as fast as he could while still hitting his target dead on, Dan used to plastic leash. The sting surprised Sandy so much that she jumped up and was standing next to the desk. This was even better than he had hoped for. "Sandy, since you can't stay in the proper position by yourself, I will have to tie you there."

Sandy protested briefly, but Dan's reminders about keeping the job and the videotapes he now had quickly quelled her resistance. As she climbed back on the desk he tied her knees apart to the desk legs, and then forced her torso down by tying her arms back to her legs. Once she was in position, Dan informed her that he would need to start over again and that he was going to give her "extra" attention since she had wasted so much of his time this morning. Little did she know just what "extras" he had in mind. As he started, Dan reminded her that at any point she wanted him to stop, she could just say so and leave. Of course, he reminded her that he would fire her and then decide if he wanted to send the videotapes to anyone. Sandy could never stand the thought that he might send the tapes to her husband or to one of her friends from church, that humiliation would be even greater than being fired from a job. It would take a lot for her to say stop.

Dan began with the razor strap again. Lashing again at the same areas he had started earlier. This time he didn't hold back any. Soon Sandy's ass and thighs were bright red everywhere from the strap. These would no doubt leave welts, but it was hard to tell where one would end and the next would start. Sandy was sobbing, nothing she had every felt was this painful. Then Dan started using the plastic leash, working particularly on her inner thighs and cunt. Each stroke stung more than Sandy could have imagined. As he crisscrossed her inner thighs with strokes, the sharp burning also produced a duller heat deep inside Sandy.

Dan paused his punishment to admire his handiwork. He brought out some aloe-vera lotion and started to apply it along the distinct welts that the leash had left. He told Sandy that he didn't want her skin to be damaged. As he rubbed the lotion into the welts, he followed the lines along her inner thigh and across her pussy. The soft touch and cool lotion sent shock waves through Sandy's body. Sandy let out a loud gasp as she started to orgasm. Dan asked if she wanted him to stop, to which she begged, "Please, no, keep going." He carefully continued to apply the lotion, keeping her at the edge of another orgasm. Then he returned to using the razor strap. The quick change from gentle caress to sharp pain was dramatic. But Sandy was trying to move her hips to make the strap hit her cunt. She needed to be touched there so badly; any touch was better than none. But Dan kept moving the strokes to avoid any direct contact. The he took the strap in one hand and picked up a large vibrator in the other. Sandy didn't see what was happening, but when he placed it against her clit and turned it on, Sandy had the most incredible orgasm shake through her whole body. The contractions in her pussy were so strong that for the first

time in her life she literally squirted her lubrication onto the desk and floor. It was quite a display. The orgasm seemed to last forever. Dan sensed that this would be the best time to push this further. Using one hand to tease her with the vibrator, Dan removed his pants with his free hand. Planning ahead, he had placed a small stool near his desk. He used it now to position his height perfectly to enter her from behind. He removed the vibrator and started rubbing his dick along the inside of her lips. Then he asked, "Do you want me?" Sandy whispered "Yes" Dan replied, "What do you want me to do" She said "Fuck me" Dan responded, "Louder, I can't hear you" Sandy nearly yelled, "Please Fuck Me NOW!" With one stroke he entered all the way into her. She pushed back to meet him. As he took his time slowly pulling back all the way out and entering her strongly again each time, he used her wetness to lubricate the vibrator and started inserting it into her rectum. At first there was considerable muscular resistance, but in just a second it relented and the vibrator was deep inside Sandy. The feeling of fullness from the double penetration was immense. Sandy had another orgasm almost right away. The intense contractions were more than Dan could tolerate, as he quickly emptied his load deep inside her. Spent, but still excited by his domination Dan continued his plan. Dan untied her arms and then moved in front of her. Sandy's head was still dizzy. Dan knelt on the desk in front of her and commanded her to "clean me off". She started licking and sucking on his dick, tasting both herself and his cum. She had always refused to orally service anyone before, even her husband. But now she didn't even think twice about it. Soon Dan was hard again. Without any comment he walked back behind her and entered her again. She didn't protest. After enjoying her pussy again for several minutes, Dan changed positions to enter her butt. One strong stroke and he was deep inside her. She was wonderfully tight. He had never butt-fucked a woman before, but soon thought that as tight as it was, that he could really enjoy it. He was surprised at how quickly he came again. He left her tied there for several minutes with cum dripping from both holes. He added some digital pictures to the video he was already running. He let her dress and return to her desk but specifically forbade her from washing up. He informed her he would personally check later to make sure that she had made no efforts to clean herself. Of course all of the cum seeped out, staining her sundress and drying on her thighs. Then he sent her on some shopping errands for the office. The card shop, the bank, office supply store, and the post office. She was sure that everyone was looking at her strangely, that everyone knew what she had been up to. The odor had to be tremendous, and the dried stains on her sun dress. She tried to finish each task as quickly as possible, without making eye contact with anyone. How could Dan do this to her. Since she hadn't changed at the office, she didn't have anything to change into to wear home. She just hoped she would be home before her husband. The provocative dress without any bra would be hard enough to explain, but in her current state it would be impossible. She called her husband's office on the pretense of wanting to make dinner reservation to check when he thought he would be home. To her relief, he needed to work late. She suggested meeting for a late dinner near his office, but he declined saying he might be really late and suggested she pickup some Chinese carryout and he would heat it up when he got home. "Perfect" she smiled to herself. She rushed home and cleaned herself off in the shower until the hot water ran completely out. She carefully examined all of the welts and placed lotion on the most distinct marks. She picked out a long nightshirt and boxer shorts that would keep her marks and her freshly shaved cunt hidden from view. Other than the

second night of her agreement at work, she had been cold to all of her husband's advances. Fortunately he wasn't too suspicious yet, since she often went week without "being in the mood."

That second night when Dan had spanked her hard, she had come home so horny. She really wanted to feel that way with her husband. She decided to seduce him that evening. She even went so far as to act completely out of character, suggesting some role-playing. She wore the maid lingerie outfit that her husband had bought her for the honeymoon (the one she hated so much). She suggested she wanted to be a young, "bad" maid. She had ignored her duties and now the single rich master of the house would spank her for being bad and then take her virginity. He was surprised by this sudden "change" in his wife but wasted no time in taking advantage of it. To her disappointment, the spanking was completely lackluster. She figured, correctly, that he didn't want to hurt her any. It didn't have anything like the effect that Dan's punishment had. She went through all the motions that she was enjoying herself. Her husband, Jeff, finished in record time. Maybe it was the newness of the role-playing or Sandy's suddenly aggressive mood, either way it was a total flop for her.

This evening Jeff came home earlier than he had thought he might over the phone. Seeing his wife freshly cleaned-up, smelling sweet from the lotion and already in nightclothes, he mistakenly combined that information with her desire to go to dinner and thought that she was interested in "seducing" him that evening. In fact he was convinced that was the case. When Sandy refused all of his advances he became very angry and a heated argument ensued. Normally Jeff was very passive about sex, not wanting to upset his wife or be thought of as some kind of animal. But he had been so sure he was reading the signs correctly that he had been certain. They both went to bed angry and Jeff was soon sleeping.

Sandy couldn't sleep. She felt guilty that she wasn't a better wife and simply tossed and turned well into the night. Finally about 1 in the morning, knowing she couldn't push her guilt aside she started to formulate a plan. The room was dark so her husband wouldn't see any marks. And if she took the lead while he was still half asleep, he would probably never notice that she was shaved. And if he did, maybe she could just say she was bored and wanted to try something different. But he probably wouldn't even notice. It would be straight to pounding her and then back to sleep just as fast. She took off the boxer shorts, but left the nightshirt on. It was very rare that she played with herself, in fact she hadn't since she was a teen, but for some reason she felt compelled to now. Maybe if she was excited enough then she wouldn't be able to turn back. After a little while, she reached over and started playing gently with his manhood as well. He was hard almost instantly, but still seemed to be asleep. She wondered how far she could go while he was still asleep. Jeff always slept nude, and he was sleeping on his back. She pulled the covers back slowly, straddled Jeff's stomach and gently guided him into her. He started to wake up. "I'm sorry I was such a bitch earlier, let me make it up to you she whispered in his ear before she started to gently nibble on his neck. Jeff wasn't sure whether he was awake or dreaming at first, probably dreaming since he wife almost never initiates sex and had never wanted to be on top. But slowly it dawned on him that he was awake and this was

really happening. With all the pent up energy he had from expecting sex much earlier in the evening and the excitement of his wife's assertiveness he lasted only a couple minutes. Almost as quickly he was back asleep.

In the morning Sandy was too tired to stir for work. Jeff tried to encourage her to get up so that she wouldn't be late for work, but the lack of sleep and the spent energy had left her exhausted. She couldn't even think of getting up and ready for work. She ended up being nearly 90 minutes late for work.

She knew Dan would be furious so she set out a plan. He always liked it best when she changed in his office. And the schoolgirl outfit was clearly his favorite. She put on her sexiest lingerie and a very conservative business suit, placed her hair in a bun, and put on some prop glasses she had bought on a whim. She arrived at the office and put on quite the show changing in front of him. Maybe she could keep him from being too angry and limit the consequences.

For his part Dan had figured that Sandy quit after being pushed too far the day before. So he was mostly just glad to see her, and to keep up their little games. And when she came in so seductively, he knew this was going to be good.