**Molly Gets Spanked**

**by** Molly

**Molly Gets Spanked, Chapt. 5**

“C’mon,” Jaye said, “we’ve known each other almost two weeks now. You said I could spank you after we knew each other better.”

We were standing in the kitchen and a party was going on around us. Jaye was dressed in a vintage man’s suit, her blonde hair buzzed into a dramatic flat top. I was naked.

“I didn’t say you ‘spank me.’” I corrected, sipping my wine and leaning my bare butt against the cool edge of the kitchen counter. “We were referring to a single slap on the butt. That’s all.”

“Okay, well, that’s a start. When can I do that?”

It had been three weeks since I’d moved into a peeling yellow Victorian house owned by my butch friends Bea and Dee. Altogether there were seven women sharing the house, but many others like Jaye came over every evening to eat, drink, dance and flirt. For the past two weeks, I had been going naked in the house most of the time — my lifelong urge to be nude having been embraced and encouraged by the Roommates and their many friends.

“I’m not really into spankings,” I said. “I know you are, but—“

“Not receiving them,” Jaye corrected. “Administering them. I’m very into that — and I’m very good at it.”

I was never sure how seriously to take her, but Jaye claimed to have been to parties where girls were tied up and spanked. There was no way I’d ever let myself be tied up because it drives me insane to be confined. Even something little like getting all tangled up in a sheet puts me in a panic and I need to get free. If I were ever tied up I would be like the animal that chews its own paw off to escape — and then hunt down the trapper and rip his lungs out as he slept. Regarding spankings, my feelings were less intense, but I found it bizarre that anyone would want to do such a thing.

“I’m not into that that whole pain and humiliation thing,” I explained. “I just like to go naked.”

“It doesn’t have to be painful at all. Let me show you. Please?”

“Okay, okay,” I said, giving in. “One swat, but it better not hurt. On a one-to-ten scale, give me a two.”

I turned and put my elbows on the counter, my bare butt sticking out.

Jaye gave me a pat. “That was a two.”

“I barely felt that.”

“Because it was a two. Would you like to try a three?’

“Okay,” I said, remaining in position. She spanked me again, slightly harder, but it still didn’t hurt. Over my shoulder, I saw others glancing our way. They were used to seeing me naked, but getting spanked was something new. “Try a four,” I suggested, wanting to be sure everyone got a chance to see it. She gave me another swat and that one stung a little. I turned around, rubbing my butt and pretending I didn’t notice everyone was now watching. “That was only a four?”

Jaye took a sip of her scotch. “Yes, Molly, on the official one-to-ten spanking scale used in the Olympics, that was a four.”

The hubbub of party voices went on as those who had paused to watch went on with their conversations. A few feet from us, Dee was cutting slices of pie and putting them onto plates. “Dessert’s ready!” she called, and everyone lined up to grab a plate. A pot of decaf was freshly brewed, and next to the coffeepot stood a carton of cream, the sugar bowl and a bottle of whiskey so everyone could fix their preferred version of evening coffee.

We all carried our plates and coffee cups into the sprawling living room — which was actually two rooms, the home’s grand dining room and living room — and chose our seats among the assortment of mismatched couches, love seats and comfy chairs. The walls were lined with antique mirrors so as I usually did I checked myself out from several angles. No matter how many times I do it, I always get a thrill seeing myself casually naked among a group of clothed people.

All my life I had wanted to be the only person naked in a social setting, and had done that to some degree in college. But here with these women (and occasionally one or two men), I was living exactly as I had so long desired.

Although this part of my life was off-the-charts wonderful, financially I was in a precarious. I was almost maxed out on my credit card and driving a crappy car that kept breaking down — which caused my debt problem. When my car needed two expensive repairs in one month, I was suddenly tapped out and unable to pay my rent.

Bea and Dee told me not to bother about it, but I didn’t want to take advantage of them — and besides it was way beyond just rent. I didn’t have the money to pay the car repair bill, and when I tried to put it on my credit card the amount was rejected. I had to leave the car at the shop until I could pay for it.

I could, of course, ask my sister or my parents for help — again. They had always been there for me and I knew they always would, but I was all grown up now and I really, really didn’t want to go that route.

Then Jaye heard about it and whipped out her wallet, flashing way more in cash than I owed. “How much do you need?” She practically had my student loan balance in that wad.

“No, Jaye,” I said. “I can’t accept this kind of gift from you.”

“It’s not a gift; it’s a grant.”

“That’s the same thing, Jaye.”

“No it’s not, but okay, then let’s say it’s neither a grant nor gift,” Jaye went on, going into her lawyerly mode. “It would be compensation which you would earn by doing something that has value to me.”

“Hmmm,” I said, suspiciously,” and what exactly would THAT be?”

“Not what you’re assuming, though I may pursue that separately. No, for the purposes of this arrangement you would simply have to commit to going nude 100% of the time whenever you’re here in the house.”

I laughed, holding out my hands to display my already-nude body. “Jaye, I’m already going naked most of the time. You’re just trying to make it seem like it’s not charity.”

Jaye smiled. “True, you go nude most of the time, but not all the time. I’ve been here a couple of nights when you were clothed the whole time, and other nights when you stayed clothed during dinner and only undressed later. So I’d say you’re only at about 70% right now. If you accept my proposal you’d be contractually obligated to be nude 100% of the time. I assure you there is a big difference.”

For some reason, the words “contractually obligated to do so” set off a response in me that was simply . . . erotic. I was thrilled by my new freedom to go nude whenever I wanted, but I still felt awkward sometimes, like I was pushing myself on people. To be “obligated” to be naked was absolutely tantalizing.

“So . . . am I supposed to undress on the porch or what?” I actually liked that image, but it wasn’t practical in the middle of the city.

“Hmmm, no, but I think the entranceway will do as a changing area. Let’s take a look.” She led the way to the front door and pointed out the area where all of my dressing and undressing would have to take place. The big front door opened into a short hallway ending in an arched doorway in front of the grand front stairway.”

“This,” she said, pointing to that doorway, “would be your limit. For the next month while I am paying your rent and your car repair bill you must always be nude before stepping beyond this point.”

“And if I come in the back door?”

“As I recall, the back porch is sheltered from view so that’s where you’d need to undress so that you are completely nude — and barefoot — before you step through the kitchen door. So, is it a deal?”

“Yes!” I blurted without having to think about it twice. “I accept.”

“Excellent! Now, just to make sure you don’t forget when you come home . . .” Jaye grabbed a Post-It note and a marker from the desk in the parlor and wrote in big, bold letters,’MOLLY REQUIRED TO BE NAKED BEYOND THIS POINT.’ Stepping inside the entranceway, she stuck it on the doorway where it would be easily seen by me — or anyone else — coming in the front door.

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The next morning, I came downstairs naked as usual for breakfast and after my turn in the shower I stood in front of the big mirror putting on my body lotion, doing my hair and applying my usual little bit of makeup. After this, my habit had been to go up to my room, get dressed, and go down the front stairway and out the door. So the the only difference now was that I was carrying my dress over my arm instead.

In the summertime, it had long been my habit to just wear a sun dress with nothing underneath. I am sufficiently small-boobed to go braless without it being too obvious, and I’ve never had much use for panties. I particularly don’t like them in the way when I’m wearing a summer dress because I like to feel the breeze on my lady parts. It has nothing to do with flashing — which is not something I do — but only comfort. In any case, this made it easy for me to comply with the new rule.

As I pulled my dress over my head that morning, I felt a little guilty about letting Jaye give me all that money in exchange for this very minimal adjustment in my chosen lifestyle. But that evening when I came back home I was more aware of what the difference would be. I stood alone in the entranceway listening to the sound of music and voices drifting in from the kitchen and it seemed louder than usual until I remembered it was Friday. That was the biggest party night of the week, more so even than Saturday because the Roommates all had friends who worked downtown and who were in the habit of kicking off the weekend by dropping by for a few drinks or dinner after work.

Friday had actually been the day of the week I was most likely to stay dressed for a couple hours, at least until after dinner. Not that I minded having new people see me nude — I loved that if I was sure it was going to be a positive experience. And it virtually always was, certainly here in this house. My only quasi-negative experiences had been in college, either because some guy didn’t know how to behave or some girl got snooty. Though rare, these experiences made me wary of the unexpected.

As I pulled off my dress and stepped nude into the main house, I considered going up the main stairway and then down the back so I could at least peek through the slats of the louvered door and see who was in the kitchen. Before I could do that, Jaye came around the corner. She knew my schedule and I could tell she had been waiting for me. “Ah, you’re home,” she said with her playboy smirk. “Come join the party.” She took me by the arm and I submitted, letting her lead me through the empty living room and directly into the kitchen — literally on a red carpet.

The Roommates cheered me and called out my name in greeting, but the room was crowded and I spotted at least two entirely new faces - including a male — along with some people that I’d bet before, but not while nude. I knew, of course, that it was unlikely any of these people was completely surprised by this. Even if none of the Roommates had told them about me, they would have seen the Post-It announcing “MOLLY REQUIRED TO BE NUDE BEYOND THIS POINT.”

That fact made me relax because not only would people have been warned, but it wasn’t even under my control. I HAD to be naked. Jaye squired me around the room, making sure we stopped to chat with everyone, and she told everyone she was “making” me go naked. I could tell she loved that notion, and I liked it too. There was something liberating about this (supposedly) not being my choice. The first couple of times Jaye gave the full explanation about her loaning me money and this being her condition for repayment, but somewhere along the line she started dropping any mention of the money and just leaving the impression that this was a domme/sub thing — and I found that I really liked that in particular. For one thing, it was a little embarrassing to have my pitiful financial situation talked about, but beyond that I just found it oddly sexy to have someone think I was simply obeying a directive from my dominant partner. So I encouraged that, saying “because she told me to” as an explanation.

This did NOT mean that I actually wanted to be submissive to Jaye or to anyone. I just liked the play of it. And I liked seeing Jaye basking in this perception of her power, though I was prepared to remind her if necessary that she wasn’t actually in charge.

The next day was another of my busy Saturdays and I came home after everyone else had eaten. Jaye had been looking out for me and again tried to compel me to walk with her directly into the kitchen. But this time I didn’t want to because I felt all grungy and wanted to take a shower first. She took my arm and tried to make me obey her, but I stood immovable and stared her down until she let go of me. I headed up the grand front staircase, and she stood at the bottom of the steps watching me go, but not following. I decided maybe I wanted her to follow, so I paused near the top and turned around. I struck a pose, feeling like I was in a sexier version of Gone with Wind, but the only thing I could think of to say was, “are you coming?”

She dashed up the stairway and followed me like a puppy dog as led the way down the hallway to the bathroom. “Keep me company while I get ready,” I commanded, as I got the shower going and pinned up my hair. Her glasses got all steamy and she had to take them off to watch me in the shower (through a gap in the curtain that I left for her).

I stepped out of the shower and only toweled off from the thighs down so that I was not tracking too much water on the floor, but still left most of my body wet and drippy. I stood in the full length mirror and was going to let down my hair but decided to leave it up because I liked how it looked and sometimes I like to have my shoulders and the back of my neck exposed. As I stood there considering this, I was also trying to decide whether I wanted Jaye to come up behind me and put her hands on me. I gave her a good chance, but she just stood there in the mirror several steps behind wiping her glasses on the silk handkerchief that normally adorned her jacket pocket.

I led the way down the back stair way and did not bother to peek through the louvered door and just walked through fresh from my shower with beads of water still making their way down my skin. When Jaye caught up to me, I put my arm in hers and let her be in control again, guiding me around the room to talk with whoever she preferred.

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One morning, not long afterwards, the weather had turned unseasonably cool and instead of wearing my little sundresses I was wearing bluejeans, a button-up blouse and high-top sneakers. I had already gotten in my car to go to class when I realized I’d forgotten something I needed so I had to go back up to my room to get it. I was already running late and it would take too long to take off and put back on all of those clothes so I just dashed up the front stairwell, down the hall, up the back stairs to my room and then back down again.

I though the house was completely empty, but as I came pounding down the back stairwell in my sneakers, Shelly poked her head out of her bedroom and saw me. I didn't think anything more about it, at had completely forgotten by the time I got home that evening. As always, I took off my clothes in the little foyer — unlacing my high-tops and wiggling out of tight jeans. As I did so, I wondered why I heard no music or voices, which was unusual for that time of day.

When I was finally undressed, I sauntered around the corner and was surprised to see Bea, Dee, Shelly and Jaye sitting together in one of the couch clusters, all of them looking serious. I approached warily.

“I hope this isn’t an intervention,” I joked.  “I don’t drink that much.”

“Actually, it is an intervention,” Dee said, “but not for drinking. You can go on doing that.”

“You violated our agreement,” Jaye said sternly.

“Ohhhh, right.  I’m sorry, but I was really late and I was wearing jeans and—“

“Your action voided the agreement,” Jaye went on, “so I assume you’re prepared to pay your original debt.”

“Oh come ON,” I laughed, nervously.  “You can’t be serious.  It was, like, 30 seconds.”

“The amount of time doesn’t matter.  Are you prepared to pay your debt?”

“You know I’m not, Jaye.”  I looked at Bea and Dee.  “You guys aren’t going to kick me out over this, are you?”  I didn’t believe they would, but I felt my throat closing up and tears welling in my eyes.”

“Of course not, honey,” Bea said. “Jaye, get to your f#ckin point.”

“I’m the one you owe money to,” Jaye went on. “It’s not just the rent, as you well know.  I paid that last car repair bill too.  Your obligation is to me, and I have only one requirement to let this incident pass.

“And what . . . do you . . . want?” I asked suspiciously, realizing that all of this was a setup for something.

“I’m afraid there’s only one thing to do,” Jaye said solemnly, but a smile was working at her mouth.  “You’ll need to submit to. . . a spanking.”

I laughed in relief at this point, and everyone else laughed with me.  “Oh you! God, you had me scared for a minute.  Okay, here.”  I turned round and bent over at the waist.

“No, not like that,” she said, patting her lap. “Ten swats.”

And then it made sense — why she was sitting alone in the center of a long leather couch while everyone else was grouped together on the couch facing it.

“This better not hurt,” I demanded.  “And it better not leave a mark.”

“Don’t you worry,” she said, patting her lap again.  “I’m quite experienced at this.”

As I put one knee on the couch cushion next to her and crawled across her lap I felt as if everyone was seeing me naked for the first time. To this day I recall the moment when my breasts touched the cool leather of the couch as I lay down.  My hair was in my eyes and I pushed it back, looking over at the grinning Roommates.

“Are you ready,” Jaye asked.

“I guess, but don’t hurt me. I’m so totally NOT into pain.”

SMACK!  The first slap barely hurt at all, but it made a lot of noise.   Then I felt Jaye’s hand gently caressing my butt.  “That was a three. Was that okay?” she asked so gently I was surprised.

“Yes,” I heard myself say.  “You can make it a little more—”

SMACK,  came the second, stinging a bit that time, but again it was followed by a soft caress. “No harder than that last one please,” I said. “But I like the—“

SMACK! “The caressing part. Can you make this part a little longer?”

And so it continued. SMACK! And a light caress. Both of her hands were touching me, her left hand gliding up my backbone to touch the back of my neck while her right hand slid down the backs of my thighs to touch my calves. Then her hands would meet in the middle and glide around ever inch of my butt. Then SMACK, and it would start over again. SMACK, caress, SMACK, caress, and so it continued very slowly.

Although I had never even considered spankings as an erotic activity, this was something entirely different than anything I had previously thought it could be.  There was no pain beyond a very brief sting, and the caresses in between were electrifyingly fabulous, especially so because my best friends were sitting right there watching it.

After ten smacks it was over, and I (somewhat reluctantly) pulled myself off of her lap and sprawled next to her on the couch.

“Are you satisfied,” I asked. “Have I paid my debt to society?”

“Yes you have, but did you enjoy that? Just a little.”

I actually had enjoyed it, but didn’t want to admit it. “It was . . . moderately interesting.”

Luckily for me, Dee picked this moment to leap up and cry, “the casserole!” She dashed into the kitchen to turn off the oven before dinner burned. The rest of us followed and soon became engaged in meal preparation.

By the time we sat down to dinner, the remaining Roommates had come home along with half a dozen others and there were probably 10 or 12 of us by then. The dominant topic of conversation was “The Spanking,” which only a few present had actually witnessed. People kept saying “let’s do it again,” but I protested that I had, after all, already been “punished” for my misdeed and that it would be unfair to punish me a second time just for their amusement.

The group conversation meandered around other subjects — politics, sports, various celebrity lesbians, etc, but periodically it would come back to whether a “second spanking” might be in the offing. Riffing off of the “punishment” theme, they started coming up with reasons why I “deserved” another spanking — like when I knocked over a water glass (causing no mess because it held only ice cubes). So “she should be spanked for that” became the joke.

After dinner, as we rinsed off dishes and poured more drinks, I made some really dumb joke — some kind of pun that I no longer remember. I actually hate puns, but sometimes a wordplay joke is hard to resist and I blurted it out, eliciting groans. It was worth a brief laugh, but as that died down, I stage-whispered “I should be spanked for that.” This got everyone going again and my comment was (correctly) interpreted as meaning I could be talked into another public spanking.

“Okay,” I finally said. “Here are my conditions. First, I am NOT being punished for anything. I am merely taking part in a demonstration.”

“A reenactment,” someone suggested. “A dramatization,” someone else called out.

“Secondly,” I went on, slowly walking across the kitchen towards Jaye, “getting spanked is a very intimate thing, especially the way she does it, and that much touching seems rather inappropriate.” Here, Jaye’s smile vanished and in that instant she looked stricken and about to apologize so I quickly went on. “. . . considering that she hasn’t even kissed me yet.”

This provoked a round of hoots and whistles as I walked up to Jaye and stood so close to her we were only inches apart. “So if there’s gonna be any more spanking, there’s gonna hafta be some kissing first.”

The room absolutely exploded in laughter and shouts of “kiss her, kiss her.” And Jaye did, or at least she started leaning her face toward mine, but I beat her to it, throwing my arms around her neck and locking my lips on hers for a good 15-20 seconds while everyone cheered and applauded.

I broke it off and took a step backwards, enjoying the priceless look on her face. Her uber-butch mask had fallen away and she was grinning in such a natural way. I noticed for the first time she had a dimple in one cheek, but not the other. I whirled around and marched off towards the doorway to the living room, calling back over my shoulder, “well then, let’s do some spanking!”

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I went to the same leather couch we’d used before with another couch facing it. I scooted the couch a few feet to one side and pulled over a love seat, inviting my audience to get comfortable seats for the demonstration. Actually, though, my motivation in moving the furniture was to create a gap between them where I could see myself in the mirrors. I wanted to watch this time.

As before, Jaye sat in the middle of the leather couch, and I stretched myself out across her lap, again loving the feel of the cool leather against my breasts. Nine or ten women arranged themselves on the couch and love seat, a couple of them standing behind, and I was glad to see that my view between them included a reflection of Jaye with my white butt in her lap.

“You may begin the demonstration,” I said formally.

SMACK! “Hey, was that a five?”

“Just a four,” Jaye said. “Would you like a five?”

“No, just—“ SMACK! “Stick to fours, please.” SMACK!

“Slow down please,” I said. “There’s supposed to be more caressing. Jaye did as I asked, using her wonderfully sensitive fingers to glide up and down my back and the backs of my legs, and then when her hands came together at my butt again, SMACK!

And so it went on. I tried to be oh-so-nonchalant with my comments, but this was making my very aroused. It was a combination of the spank-and-caress feeling itself, plus watching the reaction of my audience, plus being able to see it happening in the mirror. I could watch as Jaye's hands glided across my back and my legs, and then as her hands came together in the middle I would see her lift her right hand and I watched in anticipation as SMACK her hand came down again.

I lost count and was disappointed when I realized it was over and everyone applauded. I tried to be nonchalant as I crawled to one end of the couch and flipped myself over, resting my back against the arm of the couch with my feet in Jaye’s lap, but I was seriously aroused and trying to hide it. Everyone wanted to know two things — if it hurt and if I enjoyed it.

“It only stings for a second,” I explained. “It was sort of fun, I guess, but not really my thing.” Dee brought me a glass of wine and the conversation finally shifted to some other topic.

Jaye was playing with my toes and glancing periodically at my crotch — reminding me of how exposed I must be in this position even with my ankles crossed. Although I left the main area of my pubic hair natural, I had begun shaving the region lower down because my hair grows sparsely there and it’s easy to just include that when shaving my legs. But I was very much aware that as a result my pubic hair did not provide much cover, even when I was standing, so I knew that from Jaye’s vantage point I was as exposed as if I had shaved my pubes completely.

I happily sipped my wine and joined in on the conversation as it meandered through various topics other than me. A few visitors made their exits, and I got up to dispense hugs, but settled back in my place on the couch, leaning back on one end with my feet in Jaye’s lap.

Someone brought up politics and Jaye got drawn into it, going into intense detail the way she does when making her points. So absorbed was she by the topic that she didn’t notice when I lifted my right foot out of her lap and rested it on the back cushion of the couch. Had I been clothed, this would have been a perfectly natural position, but under the circumstances it made me very, very exposed. I bent my left knee a little, which allowed me to block the direct line of sight to the girls on the opposite couch while spreading my legs even further. They could tell what I was doing and started giggling at Jaye’s obliviousness. She was so caught up in her own words that she didn’t notice what I was doing so I gradually brought my big toe closer and closer to her ear and gave it a flick. Caught off guard, she emitted a most girlish giggle that I adored, and when she saw how much I was spreading myself for her she gaped as everyone else laughed at her.

Finding her voice, she started to say, “you are a naughty girl who deserves to be span—“ but I didn’t let her finish and jammed my toes into her neck, making her squeal like a 15-year-old.

“No, I do NOT deserve to be spanked,” I insisted, as she gasped to catch her breath and grabbed my foot with both hands to pull it out of her neck. “Unless I break the clothing rule again,” I lectured her, “you may only spank me if I give you permission to do so.”

This reference to the possibility of future spankings produced a collective “ooooooh” from our little audience.

“Well then,” Jaye said, regaining her composure, “and under what circumstances might you give me said permission?”

“Let go of my foot and I’ll tell you.” I actually hadn’t thought that far ahead yet. It had just come out of my mouth, but I did want it to happen again. Jaye released my foot and instead of putting it back in her lap I again rested it on the back of the couch behind her head. “Let me think,” I pondered aloud, now putting my arms up over my head and lacing my fingers behind my head. I let my left leg fall naturally to the side, and could not have been more exposed.

I only held this provocative position for a few seconds and then abruptly brought my feet on the floor and sat up beside her. “It has to do with kissing,” I explained. “If I don’t give you any more kisses, you can’t give me any spankings.”

“So if you kiss me, I get to spank you?”

“Yes, if I initiate a kiss that lasts . . . five seconds,” I said, touching her poofy lips with my finger, “then you earn ONE spank, but the maximum spanks you can earn at one time is TEN even if I get carried away and kiss you more than that.”

“I’m so glad you anticipate getting carried away.”

“I was just speaking theoretically,” I said, and stood up. “Do I smell brownies?” Dee had indeed baked brownies while all of this was going on, and the seven or eight of us that remained in the house trooped out to the kitchen where Dee was putting brownies on plates. I volunteered to scoop vanilla ice cream and mostly ignored Jaye for what remained of the evening.

After we all ate our dessert and were rinsing the plates to put them in the dishwasher, Jaye put on her fedora and started making her goodbye’s. I just gave her a wave and said, “see ya.”

After a moment of hesitation, during which she adjusted the brim of her hat, Jaye gave a final wave and left the room on her way to the front door. I let a few seconds go by while everyone watched to see what I would do, and then I dashed out of the kitchen and came up behind Jaye just as she was going out the front door. I followed her out onto the porch, flipping off the light as I did so.

She had already taken one step down when she realized I was there and we stood in the dark on the steps leading down from the porch and I kissed her, me on a step above her so I was taller. Then I gave her another kiss and then another, each of them lasting at least five seconds and I counted them out in between.

“Five,” I whispered. “Now you can spank me five times tomorrow. I kissed her again. “Six.”

“So, I . . . get to . . . redeem these . . . anytime I want?” she asked while receiving kisses seven through ten.”

“Yes, but you . . . max out at 10 points per day no matter how many . . . times I . . . kiss you. I lost count - where were we?”

“Two.”

“I could have . . . sworn it was . . . more than that . . . but just to be sure . . . I think this one is . . . at least eight.”

“Or seven.”

“Now it’s definitely eight . . . nine . . . and ten.”

“My count was nine.”

I gave her one more and then stepped back up the top step onto the porch, facing her now in the moonlight a foot or two apart.

“Now you go away so I don’t get tired of you,” I said, adjusting the tilt of her fedora and turning back into the house.

It was late and I soon went to bed where I gave myself an exquisite orgasm. I slept deeply and woke at dawn needing to pee. Still half-asleep, I went downstairs to the bathroom and lovely memories of the night before rolled through my brain as I peed and washed my hands. I was cupping my hands under the faucet to get a drink of water without having to waste a paper cup when my recollection got around to what I told Jaye those kisses were for. Not only had I given her permission to spank me again, but she could pick the time of her choice and I would submit on the spot — no matter who was in the house to witness it.

Lifting my head, I looked at myself in the mirror, water dripping from my chin, and my reflection and I said to each other, “uh-oh.”