**Molly the Bossy Submissive**

by Molly

**Molly the Bossy Submissive, Chapt. 9**

I found a parking spot about a half-block from the house and enjoyed my little walk along the sidewalk in the quaint old downtown neighborhood. It was a windy summer day and I felt the breeze under my little cotton dress, which was the only article of clothing I wore.

I skipped up the front steps of the peeling yellow Victorian house that I now shared with six other women. The big oak front door stood open as it usually did at the dinner hour, and I let the screen door bang shut behind me. As I kicked off my sandals in the entranceway, the slate cool under my bare feet, I could hear the familiar sounds of laughter and music wafting in from the kitchen.

Reaching up over my head, I grabbed the back of my dress and pulled it up over my head. I hung it by a shoulder strap on a hook in the front hallway next to my other dresses, a pair of bluejeans and a tube top.

Glancing, as I always did, at the yellow sticky note Jaye had posted in the doorway two weeks earlier declaring “Molly required to be naked beyond this point,” I stepped nude over the threshold into the elegant old home’s main hallway. The sound of the party was louder here, but from my vantage point I could only see the grand staircase and the little front parlor that no one used except the cats.

I stepped through the maze of antique davenports, love seats and leather chairs that filled the sprawling, high-ceilinged space that had originally been the home’s formal living and dining rooms. The flowery wallpaper was almost entirely covered by an assortment of differently shaped antique mirrors, their gaudily conflicting ornate frames fitted together like puzzle pieces. As always, I stole glimpses of myself in the mirrors as I went by, my orange-red tuft of pubic hair distinct against my starkly white skin.

One could never predict which of the Former Roommates, Honorary Roommates and their significant others might have come by for dinner on any particular night, but Bea and Dee always made extra food for dinner and never ran out of beer and wine. I used to still be wearing clothes at this point, stopping at the kitchen on my way up to my room, but now that I had to undress in the entranceway, I had to do this part naked too.

My favorite thing in the world was (and is) being introduced to someone for the first time when I am nude, but it also makes me nervous because I fear that the person might be uncomfortable and not want to have to see another person casually naked in a social setting.

Bea, of course, had made it clear in her distinctive way that because I was now “a f#ckin resident of this f#ckin house, it don’t f#ckin matter what anyone else f#ckin thinks, and who the f#ck wouldn’t want to see you naked in the first f#ckin place?” That helped, and now that my nudity was not merely voluntary but required, I felt liberated because that was no longer my decision.

“Molly!” several voices called out as I turned the corner and made my entrance to the kitchen. I grinned and waved and quickly scanned the faces, looking for anyone who had not previously seen me nude. Tonight, my eyes paused at J.B., one of the many Former Roommates that I knew fairly well, but the girl she was holding hands with I had never met before.

Jaye was there too and handed me a glass of white wine which she then clinked with her highball glass of expensive scotch. Jaye was Barbie-doll beautiful, but always wore vintage men’s suits and had her blonde hair buzzed into a dramatic flat-top. We had been flirting for weeks and I was teetering at the precipice of falling in love with her.

“Molly, this is my girlfriend, Abby,” J.B. said. “She has been absolutely dying to meet you.”

“Janice!” Abby admonished. “You make me sound like a stalker.”

“Well you have. And when we heard about your spankings yesterday, well, Abby insisted we come by to visit post haste.”

“Janice!”

“Rumor has it,” J.B. went on, ignoring her girlfriend, “that there’s to be another spanking tonight. True, I hope?”

“I actually don’t know,” I replied innocently, and then did my best Audrey Hepburn imitation as I asked Jaye, “Honey, will you be spanking me tonight?”

“Yes, I most definitely intend to spank you tonight,” Jaye replied. “Say, is that a new freckle?”

“Where,” I asked innocently, looking down at my midsection where she was pointing. Then, I glanced up at Abby and said, “so there you have it — there’s to be another spanking! I do hope you’ll stay for it.”

“Right there,” Jaye said, touching the bump of my left pelvic bone with the tip of her index finger.

“I don’t know about that one,” I replied, pretending to take it very seriously, “but I’m pretty sure I have a new one here.” I lifted my left arm above my head and pointed to a random spot between my armpit and my breast. “You may have to look close because it’s tiny.” Jaye started to lean in, but at the last second I turned my body towards Abby, my arm still above my head and my finger having migrated a little closer to my nipple. “Abby, do I have a freckle right here?”

“Dinner!” Dee bellowed above the chatter, and we all took our seats around the thick-legged farm table big enough to re-enact the Last Supper. I took Jaye by the sleeve and led her to the other side of the table so we could sit across from J.B. and Abby.

Bea was pouring wine and distributing beers as Dee cried, “f#ck, the meat’s not done! Beatrice, we need a f#ckin new oven. Y’all just have some bread and drink yourselves some more. I need another 15 minutes.”

We all did as we were told and got settled in our chairs. “So when will it be?” J.B. asked me. “The spanking.”

“That’s up to Jaye,” I said. “Honey, when would you like to spank me?”

“How about right now since we have to wait on the meat anyway?”

“Oh honey, everyone’s all settled. We shouldn’t drag them into the living room just to see me get spanked.”

“I don’t mind,” Abby squeaked.

“I have a better idea,” Jaye said, getting up and moving her chair to the middle of the kitchen. She sat down facing the table and patted her lap.

Everyone looked at me, so I drained my wine glass and walked over to her, dubiously examining the logistics of the situation. “I don’t see how this is going to work,” I said. “Let’s wait until after dinner and do it someplace more comfy.”

“Time and location are at my discretion,” Jaye reminded me, patting her lap again. Reluctantly, I bent over her from the side and put out my hands to catch my fall. My toes were on the floor on one side of the chair and my fingertips on the other side. “This isn’t very comfortable,” I pointed out. My hair was covering my face and I took one hand off the floor to tuck it behind my ear so I could see everyone. I made eye contact with Abby and winked at her.

SMACK! Jaye gave me the first swat and then caressed my butt for a moment and then SMACK came the next one. This was officially my third public spanking but I felt vastly more embarrassed. Only a few of the Roommates had witnessed the first one, and I’d been conveniently drunk for the second one. I was not nearly drunk enough to be doing this in the bright lights of the kitchen, posing like a bawdy Norman Rockwell painting.

My instinctive defense, when I’m embarrassed, is to chatter away nonchalantly to make it clear I’m in charge of my situation. “So I was starting to tell you, Abby,” I said (even though I had not, in fact, started to tell her anything of the sort), “this all began yesterday—“

SMACK! “. . . because I came in the house with clothes on, which I’m not supposed to do right now, and—“

SMACK! “. . . so Jaye spanked me for breaking her rule, but hardly anyone was here to see it, so—“

SMACK! “. . . everyone wanted us to do it again, but I told them it would be a mockery of justice to punish me a second time for the same offense—“

SMACK! “—just for the amusement of the rabble, so I told her she could earn points to spank me if I gave her kisses and — hey, wasn’t that ten?”

“Sadly yes,” Jaye admitted and helped me stand up.

I washed my hands at the sink as Dee was checking the meat again. “Is my butt red,” I asked everyone, twisting my body trying to look at it myself. I backed my way closer to Abby and stuck my butt out, asking “Abby, is my butt red?”

“Not as red as Abby’s face!” Shelly guffawed. Abby put her face in her hands and giggled as I made my way back to my seat asking everyone in turn for their opinions on the relative redness of my butt.

Dee served the meat and a few minutes later, we were all eating and talking.

“What did you mean about kissing?” Abby asked me. “You said right at the end of your . . . spanking that you told Jaye she could . . . spank you again if you kissed her?”

“Yeah, right, right, but each kiss has to be at least five seconds — like this.” I put down my silverware and grabbed Jaye’s head by the ears and planted a big one on her as she quickly swallowed her bite of food. “Now she has one spank point to use tomorrow. Oh, let’s make it two.” Jaye grinned this time as I kissed her again, twice. “You can eat now,” I told her, calling an end to it after three points.

“But wait,” Abby said. “You mean that’s the only power she has — whether you kiss her or not?”

“Only?” I asked her incredulously. “Have you seen these lips?” I grabbed Jaye’s face again and squeezed her mouth to make it pucker. “And these eyes!” Before she could react, I pulled off Jaye’s glasses and put them on myself.”

“Molly, be a good girl and give me my glasses, please, so I can see what I’m eating.”

“You always tell me I’m not a good girl, so why do you expect me to behave like one?” I looked around the room. They were not even prescription lenses. “Darling, could you pour me some more wine?” I scooted my empty wine glass towards her and made her reach for the wine bottle.

“You sure give a lot of orders for a submissive,” J.B. said teasingly.

I opened my mouth to say I was not a submissive at all when Shelly beat me to it, declaring through a mouthful of mashed potatoes, “Molly is a bossy submissive,” making everyone laugh.

**Molly the Bossy Submissive, Chapt. 10**

Every evening from that night on, usually between dinner and desert, Jaye would loudly announce that it was time for my spanking and we’d do it wherever she said she wanted. She liked doing it under the bright lights of the kitchen, but I preferred the leather couch where I could be comfortable and watch it happen in the mirror. It was always her choice, but she knew what I preferred and opted for that most of the time.

Later, as she was getting ready to leave, I would give her lots of five-second kisses so she would have her ten points for the following evening. Sometimes I kissed her in private by the door and other times I did it in front of everyone. After all, I figured, if I can be spanked in front of everyone I should be able to kiss in front of them too.

Most nights our audience was just the Roommates plus two or three regulars, so it was especially exciting when someone relatively new was in the house. These were, of course, nearly always women, but there was the occasional man (many of the Honorary Roommates were straight and had husbands or boyfriends). But whoever the “new” person was, Jaye always led me up to that person and had me explain everything — that I was naked because Jaye told me to be naked, and that she was going to spank me sometime that evening whenever the mood struck her to do so.

Jaye was really into her role in this game, but once or twice I had to yank her chain. One evening, I was in the kitchen watching Shelly make White Russians because she and Elle were getting read to watch “The Big Lebowski” in their room. Jaye strolled in from the living room and said, “time for your spanking, slut.”

Jaye was, I realized, only trying to tease me in a role-playing way, but I intensely dislike that word, especially when it is applied to me, and it made me mad. “WHAT did you call me?” I demanded.

Jaye’s confidence faltered. “Now, now, I was just joking with you,” she said, apologetically. “However, I do have these 10 spank points to use so . . .”

The drink was fabulous, and I took my time with a long slow gulp before replying. “No, actually you don’t have any points at all. I just revoked them.”

“Molly, I apologize for—“

“Great drink, Shell,” I said, ignoring Jaye. I went back into the living room and squeezed myself onto one of the couches where three people scooted aside to welcome me. I gave Jaye the cold shoulder the rest of the night, but when she was leaving I followed her to the door as I usually did. This was when I normally would replenish her spank points with my kisses, but this time I only gave her a quick peck on the cheek, turned on my heel and left her in the doorway as I went back to the party to have another White Russian.

The next night Jaye arrived destitute — having no points at all, and I let her stay that way all evening. Spanking me was a privilege, and I gave her a nice long reminder of that fact. I was considering sending her home penniless for a second night in a row when I remembered she was going to be gone for several days at a conference. She had told me that a week earlier, but I’d forgotten it was coming up so soon until she put on her fedora and said her goodnights — mentioning that her flight was early the next morning. Stoically, she just gave me a little nod and headed out the back door.

I ran after her, down the porch steps and caught up with her in the middle of the little back yard. Although our house was only blocks from the center of the downtown, the back yard was sheltered by ancient wisteria boughs and a three-story brick wall of a long-vacant factory. A storm was coming and the wind had kicked up. I could feel sprinkles on my skin and thunder rumbled in the distance. Jaye’s fedora nearly blew off so I held it on by the brim and gave her spank point after spank point as the rain began to fall. After the tenth kiss, I pushed her away and she dashed to her car, holding her hat on with one hand as her wingtips splashed in the puddles of the broken sidewalk. I stood unmoving and watched her go, my hands on my hips, rain washing over me and my hair flying in the wind. Her headlights lit me up as if I were on stage, changing the raindrops into white streaks as she backed out and turned away, taking the light with her.

The next several evenings I realized how much I missed Jaye. Although she hadn’t been there every day before, she’d never been gone two days in a row. I didn’t even have her email address or phone number because she was almost always around and I took for granted that she’d simply be there. I could probably have gotten her contact info from one of the Roommates, but I didn’t want to admit I wanted it, nor why (if I did want it) I didn’t have it already.

I had put off thinking about whether this was a “relationship,” and what that would/should mean. It had been simpler before The Spankings, or more specifically The Kissing. Had there been some other reason Jaye was spanking me every night, then I could have told myself I was not emotionally involved with her. But kissing is much more intimate than merely letting someone slap your bare butt with her hand. Few sexual acts are as intimate as kissing.

I found myself thinking about her all the time. I wanted her to be in front of me right now, smirking her playboy smirk, one eyebrow raised sardonically behind those clunky Clark Kent glasses that I now knew she did not even need. Oh Jaye, I thought, you beautiful, mysterious, sweet person hidden somewhere inside that suit. My blossoming infatuation began to show because I could not seem to have a conversation without referencing Jaye. It became a joke and even when I tried not to do it I would eventually forget and mention her name again.

One morning as we were all getting ready for our days and sorting out whose turn it was next in the shower, Bea was in line behind me and we went down to the kitchen to get coffee.

“Sunshine,” she said, “you be careful about Jaye now.”

“Why?” I blurted. “Is she seeing someone else?”

“That ain’t what I meant.” She put two fingers on the center of my chest and kept them there as she said, “you’re heart is just as exposed as the rest of you, and I don’t want you to get yourself hurt. I love Jaye like a sister, but she’s not good at having real relationships.”

“What do you mean?”
“Just take it slow and don’t let your heart rush ahead.”

“Shower’s open!!” Kay yelled from the bathroom above.

The next night was the fourth night she’d been gone, and I was trying to remember if she said she’d be back in five days or six. I came in the front door already starting to pull off my dress from habit when I realized people were in the parlor — and one of them was Jaye! I did not look closely at the other two people, a man and a woman, but I could tell that they had not expected me to rip off my dress and run naked into Jaye’s arms. I imagined perhaps they were total strangers who became lost in the neighborhood while on a self-guided tour of historic homes. Wherever they came from, Jaye had definitely not warned them. She did that on purpose. Oh, and she was going to spank me in front of them! I just knew it!

Jaye had stood up to greet me, but I literally leaped onto her, knocking her back down onto the couch. I buried my face in her neck, which smelled of Old Spice.

“Now, don’t be rude, sweetheart,” I admonished with my mouth full of her lower lip. “Aren’t you going to introduce me to your friends?”

Jaye’s seen-it-all playboy persona had entirely fallen away, and she giggled so girlishly it broke my heart with joy. “This is Jim ,” she sighed without taking her eyes from mine, “a client of mine, and his lovely wife, Katie. Guys, this is the amazing, adorable Molly.”

I whirled around to face them and put out my hand like a proper debutante. “Charmed!” I sang out enthusiastically in my fake girly-girl voice. “You’re probably wondering why I’m naked. My girlfriend makes me do it. She has a lot of rules and I obey them."

The girl seemed to recover quicker than the guy. "Now you've got me curious about those other rules,” she whispered.

“Jaye’s a stickler for EVERYthing," I insisted. "And she spanks me when I get something wrong. Don't you, sweetheart?"

Jaye was struggling to catch up with me and just shrugged. "Well . . . "

"And I totally agree with that. I am so scatterbrained I forget stuff and Jaye is training me to be more orderly. Every day she gives me a list of chores and if I don't do them all perfectly she spanks me right in front of anyone who happens to be around. It's very embarrassing, but I think it's helping me remember stuff better. Don't you think so, hon?"

This last question I directed at Jaye, and after a minor pause I saw the light bulb appear over her head. "It's for your own good, Molly," she said "And speaking of your . . chores . . . did you remember to . . . pick up my dry cleaning?"

I slapped one hand to my mouth, pretending to be surprised but also hiding my involuntary smile. "Oh crap!" I said. I forgot to do that!" Darn, now you have to spank me right here, don’t you, honey?"

“Rules are rules,” she sighed.

"That's part of her self-improvement training for me," I explained to Jim and Katie. "She spanks me immediately after I forget something."

As I said this, I scrunched myself onto the short parlor sofa with my butt facing up on Jaye’s lap.

“Okay, honey,” I sang out, “I’m rea-dy.”

SMACK came the first one. “But I think it’s really helping.”

SMACK. “Because I’m remembering more stuff now.”

SMACK. “Boy, I used to be so forgetful.”

SMACK. “And some nights, I—

SMACK. “get everything right, so she—“

SMACK. “rewards me with oral sex instead.”

SMACK. “right in front of everyone, and I hope—“

SMACK. “if I work hard at it that will happen—“

SMACK. “every night.”

After my 10th spank, I hopped back on my feet and kissed Jaye on the cheek. “Love talking to you,” I called as I walked away, “but I should go mingle.”

As I skipped out of the parlor, I heard Jim speak for the first time. “I want to be here the night she gets everything right.” I glanced back to see Katie smack him in the arm.

**Molly the Bossy Submissive, Chapt. 11**

In the kitchen, I poured myself a stiff vodka tonic and was leaning my bare butt against the cool edge of the countertop when Jaye and her two guests came into the kitchen. Dee and Kay were busy around the stove while Shelly and Elle were making drinks. Jaye deposited Jim and Katie in their care and came over to me.

“Who was THAT girl I just met?”

“Ya mean this one?” I asked in my girly voice (which is actually an impression of Lake Bell’s version).

“What would her name be? Because she’s definitely not ‘Molly.’”

“I think her name is . . . ‘Misti.’ With an ‘i’ at the end? And a heart dotting the ‘i?’”

“Aren’t there two ‘i’s in ‘Misti’?”

“Jeepers! Maybe the first could be a smiley face?”

“The original emogi.”

I scooted down the counter — enjoying each new cool spot against my bare butt — to the fridge where I practiced signing Misti’s name a few times on the communal whiteboard, trying variations on how to dot the i’s.

“Misti’s is intriguing,” Jaye said, putting her hands lightly on my sides and caressing my ribs, “but Molly is who I missed. Do I still have my spank points, or did we just use them all up.”

“I haven’t decided,” I said in my real voice, “but I’m in the mood to be generous.”

“Dinner!” Dee yelled, probably loud enough to be heard on the street over the noise of city traffic at rush hour.

As we sat down to dinner, I noticed for the first time that Shelly and Elle had been in deep conversation with Jim and Katie, and I was the topic. I used my normal voice to apologize for fooling them, but they laughed it off and seemed happy to find themselves in this situation, regardless of the backstory.

As I explained my little joke to the rest of the table, I went into Misti’s voice and did a little hop in my chair to demonstrate Misti’s perkiness. This made our boobs bounce — Misti’s and mine — but both of us enjoy getting people to look at our boobs so we have that in common.

Jim and Katie left after desert and I hugged them both. Others followed and by midnight it was just the Actual Roommates and Jaye. I walked ahead of her to the entranceway where her fedora hung on a hook next to my little dresses. I retrieved her hat and put it on her.

“Are you trying to get rid of me?” she asked. Instead of answering, I pushed her by the shoulders back to the three-way mirror that was built into the woodwork in the front hall.

“I decided you can have five of your original 10 spank points,” I said. “But if you don’t use them now you’ll lose them. I don’t offer a rollover plan, you know.”

“Ooh, a two-spanking night,” she said, giving me my first swat. I’m going to have to make an entry in my diary.”

SMACK! I put my arms around her neck as if we were slow dancing. “I thought you wrote about me every night.”

SMACK! “‘Dear Diary. Today I spanked—

SMACK! “— both Molly and Misti.’”

SMACK! “You can do more than spank me,” both of us said.

I turned to face the main mirror and positioned the side mirrors so I could see us in all three. Jaye was directly behind me now and I brought her hands up to my breasts, her gold cufflinks glinting in the lamplight. I reached my arms up over my head and laced my fingers behind her neck, caressing the stubble on the back of her head.

I turned my head sideways so we could kiss, but I kept my eyes on the mirror. “Touch me. Everywhere.”

Jaye’s long delicate fingers made their way up and down my front and began teasing my pubic hair. I knew that if someone were to come from either direction I would hear it in time to step out of her embrace. I would twirl to one side or the other and we’d be facing each other in front of the mirror by the time anyone could see us. That was my plan if I needed it, but I didn’t. No one came except for me.

Afterwards I tried to lead her up the grand front staircase to go to my room, but she wouldn’t. “I get home early tomorrow,” I said. “I’ll be here at 3:30 and the house will be completely empty except for me.”

“Good to know,” she said, and then she was out the door, her fedora at a cocky tilt in silhouette against the night sky.

The next day, I hurried home after class. The house was quiet, as it usually was on weekday afternoons, but I saw her hat on one of the hooks in the entranceway next to my row of little dresses. I peeled off my dress and hung it from its string strap next to her hat.

She was in the living room, reading the newspaper on one of the couches. She stood as I approached and we embraced. I pushed her suit jacket off of her and loosened her tie before giving her a shove and following her down as she fell backwards onto the couch. We made out like teenagers and her hands were all over my bare skin. I felt her breasts (bigger than mine) through her shirt and her bra, her nipples pushing their way through the layers of cloth.

Very soon our hands were between each others legs, but I could only grope her through her pleated, pinstriped pants as she inserted two fingers into me. I fumbled at her belt but she pushed my hand away. I straddled her, standing up on my knees on either side of her lap, kissing her and mussing her no-longer-spikey hair, and giving her hands all the access they could want. I gripped the back of the couch and buried my face in her neck as I came, bucking and grinding against her silk vintage necktie.

Afterwards, still catching my breath and feeling damp all over my body, I put my feet on the floor and tugged at her arms until she stood and followed me. I led her up the grand front staircase and down the elegant hallway, trying to unbutton her shirt along the way.

I was trying to lead her to the back stairway and up to my room, but she held back and stopped us at the full length mirror next to the bathroom. She stood behind me again, her fingers again busy between my legs. I had just had an orgasm five minutes earlier and what I wanted to do was give one to her, but she was so good at this that I forgot my resolve and let her do as she wished. I was seconds away from coming again when we both heard the front door bang open and the boisterous voices of the Roommates.

I pushed Jaye towards the back stairs, sending her down to the kitchen to greet the Roommates as they made their way back from the front of the house. I got into a steamy shower and finished off the orgasm, and then dried only my feet and legs to keep from slipping on the stairs and went down wet and dripping to find Jaye in the kitchen and kissed her in front of everyone.

That evening, I walked Jaye to the front door as usual and wrapped my arms around her neck to give her more kisses. She had her left hand on my back, but her right and was wedged between our bodies, her fingers gently massaging my clitoris as I kissed her. “I get off early again tomorrow,” I whispered in her ear after the tenth kiss.

This wasn’t technically true because I was supposed to have a 3:30 class, but I cut it to be alone in the house again with Jaye. We both got there at the same time and walked up to the front door together. Inside, I let her take my dress off of me and I got her to take off her suit jacket. As we kissed, she maneuvered me into the parlor (disturbing the repose of the cats), and pushed me back onto the baby grand piano. I generally don’t think it’s a good idea to have sex right next to the front door, but she was kissing me between my thighs and I quickly forgot where I was and let myself go.

Afterwards, I again tried to lead her up the front staircase, but she wouldn’t go. “No one is home,” I tried to tell her.

“Not here,” she said. “Maybe sometime in my apartment?”

I pulled her back into the entranceway where I grabbed my dress and shoved her hat and jacket into her arms. “It’s sometime right now,” I insisted, and before she could respond I had on my dress and was tugging her by the lapels out the front door and to her car.

We said little on the drive, and I could tell she was nervous — which seemed surprising. I wondered if perhaps she wasn’t as experienced as she let on — and yet she was so good at extracting orgasms out of me that seemed unlikely.

Jaye’s apartment was expensive and professionally decorated, but I barely looked at it as I tore at her clothing and pushed her towards the open bedroom door. It took a while to get her undressed, but I slapped her hand when she tried to help. I wanted to do it all myself — all those buttons. She laughed nervously as I pushed her onto the bed and tugged off her shoes and man-pants. When I got her down to her underwear, I was pleasantly surprised to discover that her panties and bra were so feminine compared to her outer clothing.

Although it had briefly crossed my mind that perhaps there was something about her body that she was ashamed or embarrassed about, this was not at all the case. She had a perfect Barbie Doll body to go with that perfect Barbie Doll face. She didn’t shave her legs or underarms, but even her body hair was ultra feminine — delicate tufts of blonde hair under her arms and tiny wisps of leg hair that I only noticed when they glinted in the light.

I settled in between her legs and began demonstrating my own skills in this area, but before I could make much progress she rolled out of my reach and before I knew it she was doing me instead. Two orgasms later, I was panting and sweaty, but Jaye was still cool and still gliding her magic fingertips over me.

“I want to do you,” I pleaded. “Why won’t you let me?”

“Because, Molly,” she said, “I’m a stone.”

**Molly the Bossy Submissive, Chapt. 12**

“A stone?” I repeated. “You mean sexually?”

“Yes, sexually.”

“But . . . so you never have orgasms?”

“I have them — when I’m alone. But when I’m with a woman, I just want to give her pleasure — and I’m satisfied with that.”

“But why would you limit yourself that way?”

“Molly, this is who I am. You want people to accept who you are, don’t you? Most of us can’t relate to why you want to be naked all the time, but that’s what you want to do and we support you. I need you to support me for who I am too.”

“I do. I mean, of course I support you, Jaye. I just ... don’t understand.”

“We’re opposites in this way, Molly. You are always in the moment, experiencing — letting yourself go. But I can’t do that. I’m always in my head watching myself do everything, thinking about what’s happening instead of just experiencing it. Sex with a partner has always been . . . difficult for me.”

I stroked her belly and ran my fingers through her wispy blonde pubic hair. “I’ll bet I could make it work for you, if you’d let me try.”

“No, you can’t, Molly. It’s me. I can’t turn off my brain. I can’t relax and let myself go, and then I start feeling guilty for how long it’s taking and … it just doesn’t work for me.”

“But alone you can?”

“Sure. I use a vibrator. I know exactly when I’m hitting the right spot. I know exactly how fast to go. I don’t have to worry about whether the other person is getting tired.”

“But what if—“

“And that’s what works for me, Molly. I’m satisfied this way. Will you please accept that?”

“Okay . . . if that’s what you really want.”

So now my relationship with Jaye had changed again. Most evenings at the house, I would get my spanking, and Jaye would get fresh spank points, just as we’d been doing for weeks. Now, though, there was a new element — Jaye was free to touch me anywhere on my body she wanted, with certain limitations. When other people were around, I let her caress my back and shoulders, and to let her hand slip down from my waist to rest fully on one butt cheek. Not that it was ever quite at rest. Jaye’s fingers would be only barely touching me, but moving all the time. I still wasn’t sure how I felt overall, but my butt was definitely falling in love.

She knew it was off limits to directly touch my breasts or pussy when anyone could see, but she could do it when we were alone. She still wouldn’t go up to the third floor, but there were plenty of nooks and crannies in the big old house. The cats turned their ears back in annoyance when we invaded their personal space in the parlor. We had many full-length mirrors to choose from. Sometimes when everyone was busy in the kitchen, I would tug Jaye by the sleeve out into the empty living room with all of its couches and mirrors. We could pick a little love seat off in a dark corner and she would make love to me without even loosening the knot of her tie.

If someone wandered in from the kitchen, she knew to take her hand away — and because she was always paying attention to the rest of the world I knew she would be sufficiently alert to do so. Then we would just seem to be kissing on the couch. Being naked has its advantages.

Sometimes we did it outside in the back yard, far enough away from the house that I could allow myself to make noise.

Even in the kitchen, I could pull her over to one side of the room and start giving her spank points, and if people looked they thought it was just our usual kissing. I would put my arms around her neck and she would put one hand on my back and pull me close to her as we kissed. But no one could see that her other hand was squeezed between our bodies. She did not even have to turn her hand around because she was so adept at using her knuckles. I didn’t usually come in that situation, but later in the evening when we were in a private place I would put her hand on me and have an orgasm almost immediately.

Although the Roommates’ preferred abusable substance was alcohol, they occasionally fired up a ceramic water pipe that was a topless, tattooed biker-dyke straddling a hog-style Harley. The bowl where the pot went was in her crotch and you’d suck in the smoke through the exhaust pipe. The Roommates named her “Debbie.”

Late one evening, Debbie started making the rounds as we were cleaning up the kitchen. The wall that led from the kitchen to the living room is lined with sturdy built-in shelves holding row after row of vinyl albums, and as Bea took her turn with Debbie she would select an album to play one song. Then she’d deliver a commentary on why it was such a f#ckin great song, and then she’d take that record off the turntable and play one song from a different album with similar commentary.

As we carried Debbie and our drinks into the living room, Bea put on an Aretha Franklin live album on which people in the audience were clapping along to the rhythm. We were all clapping too and Jaye decided this was the perfect moment to administer my nightly spanking. She sat in the middle of our favorite couch and I stretched myself out across her lap and as the Roommates clapped with Aretha, Jaye smacked my butt along with them.

When the song was over I didn’t bother to move and just laid there across Jaye’s lap as she transitioned from smacking to caressed my bottom. Bea had by now switched albums. The Roommates sprawled in their favorite comfy spots and gazed at empty space as they listened.

I could feel (and see in the mirror) both of Jaye’s hands on me. Her left was gliding up and down along my spine while her right rested against the back of my thigh, her fingers tucked between my legs. At least it appeared to be resting. I could feel her fingertips still moving ever so slightly.

I pushed my hair out of my eyes and glanced at each of the Roommates in turn and they all seemed lost in their own thoughts and not paying any attention to me. I shifted slightly, parting my legs a teensy bit further to let Jaye know she had permission to do more. She took the hint and wiggled her fingers a little deeper until I could feel them about to go inside of me. She slid them up and down against the full length of my vagina and down deeper to reach my clitoris. All the while her left hand continued to caress my back and up to my neck. In the mirror, I could see Jaye pretending to be focused on the activity of her left hand to misdirect attention from that of her right. No one noticed what was happening and it took all my willpower to keep my butt from humping up and down on her lap. I managed pretty well but nearly gave it all away when I stiffened against the slamming orgasm, digging my toes into the arm of the couch and burying my face in the throw pillow to keep from screaming.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays, I was free after 3:15 and would go straight to Jaye’s place. I liked being in her apartment because there she could be naked with me. She would let me make love to her for a tiny while, perhaps 30 seconds at a time, and then she would push me away and change positions almost before I could react. But I got to touch her amazing body and put my nose in all three tufts of her blonde hair.

It helped me to get her out of that suit and those glasses and to flatten down her hair because that was when I sometimes saw her real face. Even naked, she usually looked at me with that mask-like expression of her Jaye persona, but when I could tickle or tease her into uncontrolled laughter the mask would be entirely gone.

Those afternoons in her bed I spilled out my life story and grasped for every morsel of hers, but she didn’t have a lot to say. I learned that she was an only child of parents who never intended to have children and did so only accidentally later in life. “Jenny” grew up in a quiet house filled with books and her own thoughts. Her parents were socially liberal and she never felt the need to hide her sexual orientation as she grew up.

As a teenager, she was recruited to compete in beauty pageants and at 17, she was offered her first modeling contract. She earned her way through her Princeton pre-law undergrad with a combination of merit scholarships and money she earned walking the runway. In lesbian circles, she was a femme interested in other femmes.

In law school, Jenny felt that no one took her seriously because of her looks. She stopped wearing makeup, tied her hair back in pony tail and wore conservative pants suits, but she didn’t feel it made much difference. She cut her hair ultra short and began wearing men’s suits and imitating the speech and mannerisms of her most butch friends.

That explained part of it — why butchness had seemed fake to me from the start — but the deeper problem for me was that I still didn’t feel that I knew Jaye very well. She told me various facts about herself, and it’s not that I felt she was keeping secrets, but she never seemed to open up to share feelings. When I tried to probe her on that she’d just say she was being as open as she could, and just didn’t have many emotions to share. That answer didn’t make me feel much better. I probably could have accepted the one-sided sex if she’d been more open emotionally, but those two things together made me feel like I was being intimate with a stranger.

One afternoon in her bed, I ventured a question. “So what do you think about when you’re using your vibrator.”

“You, mostly. I think about you being naked in front of people and I think of me spanking you.”

“That’s nice, but just things we actually do? No fantasies of things you wish we would do?”

“Oh, I have a few of those too. Things I don’t think you’d be comfortable actually doing.”

“Try me. Describe one.”

She did, and it wasn’t nearly as bad as I’d feared — no whips or bondage. She was stripping me and spanking me, calling me a bad girl, but we weren’t in my safe zone of the Roommates’ house, and the audience she imagined was mostly men.

“You’re right,” I said afterwards, “I don’t think I’d be comfortable doing that in front of a bunch of men.” I could see disappointment behind her otherwise half-smiling expression, and I heard myself add, “but Misti might.”