My whipping.

Hi everyone…I'm going to sort of close my eyes and float back to Friday night  
and write this as a stream of consciousness. We left Friday morning from our  
part of the Gulf Coast at about 8:00 AM – we figured it would take 8-9 hours and  
our meetings started at 6:30 so we had a cushion in case of traffic…but, not for  
long – an hour or so into the trip something went wrong with a tire and it  
started shaking the van we were traveling in violently. James was in the front  
seat with our vanilla friend, I was in the back/back trying to rest – the other  
wife was in the middle seats. Long story short, they had to pull over, call  
AAA, and then still end up taking it to a gas station to get the tire changed.   
It costs us almost two hours.  
  
I can't say I was excited about being late, but the belt tucked under my scrubs  
was a constant reminder of what lay in store for me sometime during the trip…as  
I said, this other couple and two more that we picked up at the tire repair  
place were total vanillas, and so obviously there was NO mention of what I was  
looking forward to, or dreading when we got somewhere up the road. James would  
remind me by rubbing my back and slightly touching the belt when we would stop  
for gas, food, or bathroom breaks.  
  
Finally, we got to Atlanta, actually an Atlanta suburb on the North East side  
(sorry, that's all you get ) – we were going to be late and I was thinking, sort  
of hoping the whole session would wait…it wouldn't. Rob and his wife, Jayne,  
were already there – they had already checked in and surprise, surprise our  
"suites" connected. It was one of those business class suite hotels that seems  
to have sprung up everywhere over the last few years. I greeted Rob and Jayne  
with restraint. A very, very proper chaste hug and a gentle kiss on the cheek  
for Jayne…not for Rob. This was hard.  
  
We got our luggage into the room and that's when I found out the rooms connected  
when Jayne and Rob walked through. I didn't know for sure how much Jayne knew,  
or what James and Rob had talked about…I was nervous as a cat. James took me by the hand and said, "We're late for the function, let's get this over with." I  
just sort of stood there not knowing what to do. All eyes were now on me. `I  
said," James repeated, "let's get this over with…Jenn, its time."  
  
I looked at him, I looked a Rob and I really looked at Jayne. We have known  
Jayne since before her and Rob married – she was not aware that I was "the other  
woman," until AFTER we got married. She immediately distanced herself from our  
family. It hurt, but I understood. And, yet, here she stood…I guess expecting  
to see me naked and whipped. I wasn't ready for this. Rob spoke, "Jenn, I've  
had a long talk with Jayne – she has an idea that we have an unbelievable  
connection – but, she is willing to accept that we both are going to stay,  
`within the lines.' You know she was listening in last week so she's ready to  
take the next step and watch."  
  
I blushed very red. Jayne spoke for the first time, "Jenn, I don't pretend to  
understand this thing, but I have read yours and Rob's stories – it is important  
to him, and so I want to see what and why…"  
  
James nodded and repeated, "Let's get you clothes off."  
  
I just bit my lip and slipped off my barefoot sandals – when I go to a new hotel  
I usually wear them until I get checked in – I stalled by taking off my ankle  
bracelet, rings, watch and ear rings. It was time. I just sort of slipped into  
sub mode. I know I turned around, peeled off my scrub top first, and then  
untied the bottoms and let them drop to the floor. I stepped out of them,  
turned back around and sat down on the bed. Jayne has seen me in a swim suit at  
the beach (yes, I do own two or three for public outings) but, she had never  
seen me naked. And I suddenly felt so naked and exposed.  
  
James said, "Stand up, take off the belt, hand it to me, and put your hands on  
your head."  
  
This couldn't be happening.  
  
I stood up and did as I was told. I was so out of it. I wanted to study by  
bare feet. But, James took my chin and pushed it up as he said, "Look at Rob  
and Jayne, and tell me what is going to happen to you."  
  
At this point I was still blown away being naked in front of them – I love being  
naked with Rob, but this was something different. I got out something like,  
"You are going to whip me."  
  
Jayne was taking it in stride and remarked, "She does have a good body. Jenn,  
I'm jealous of your little butt…I can see why Rob wanted to have it over his  
knee." I don't think she meant it that way, but it was almost a taunt.  
  
Rob spoke, "James you want me to put everyone into position?"  
  
(OMG – what could that mean??)  
  
"Sure."  
  
Rob took me by the hand and I nearly fainted. His touch was still more than I  
could stand. He led me to the foot of the bed, placed my hands on the foot of  
bed which had me bending almost at the waist. Then he motioned for Jayne to  
join him at the head of the bed. He nodded to James and said, "It's time for  
what Jenn's been needing."  
  
Tears were already running down my face. This was a first. James positioned  
himself beside me and with an open hand smacked my but 8-9 times, each one a  
little harder. Rob told him to stop and turn on the TV for b/ground noise. A  
good idea. Plus he locked and bolted the door.  
  
"Jenn, look up at Rob and Jayne," instructed James, "don't take your hands off  
the bed and look them in the eyes." Through my tears I saw the compassion in  
Jayne's eyes and the fire in Rob's – we both wished he was holding the belt.   
Everyone in the room knew it. James raised the belt, and it came down SMACK! on  
my butt I jumped and moved both hands.  
  
"Hands in place, or I will whip them too."  
  
As near as I could tell through my tears Jayne was now biting her lip as I  
resumed `the position.' Twenty-five times the belt fell on my bare bottom.   
Each time I let out a muffled shriek and after five or six I was balling. I  
tried to keep my head up, but the tears kept me from seeing anyone. Then it was  
over and I felt arms around me, hugging me and holding me half sitting/half  
standing on the bed. Those gentle hands caressed my hair, and wiped my tears  
and pulled my bare breasts close to HER body…it was Jayne offering the comfort.   
She motioned the boys into the other room and just sort of rocked and held me  
until I stopped crying. She then had me lay on the bed while she got a cool rag  
for my face. Her compassion was beyond belief.  
  
She came back with James. She bent down and kissed me on the cheek and said,  
"Here's James, he'll help you get dressed, we have to be at the meeting in  
twenty minutes."  
  
Honestly, my butt wasn't as tore up as it had been with the paddle the week  
before, but my head was a total mess. We got dressed (no underwear and a loose  
fitting dress for me), and headed to the meeting rooms. I repaired my tear  
streaked face as much as I could. Oh, I was so glad for padded instead of metal  
seats!  
  
After the meeting, and indeed through out the conference we spent a lot of time  
with Jayne and Rob. In fact, Jayne and I talked a lot more than I did to either  
Rob or James. It was almost like the normal break where the guys talk to the  
guys and the gals talk to the gals. This is not my usual pattern, but neither  
was an experience like this. In a larger sense though, it is also about a man  
that wants to learn to please his wife…and a woman who wants to please her  
husband – trying their best to figure out how, what, why this little deviation  
works…I don't know why it works, just that I'm glad James is finding a way to  
make it part of our life, even when he doesn't understand why sometimes I need  
to be whipped, even and especially if I don't WANT to…  
  
Got to run – class starts soon.  
  
Jenn,  
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