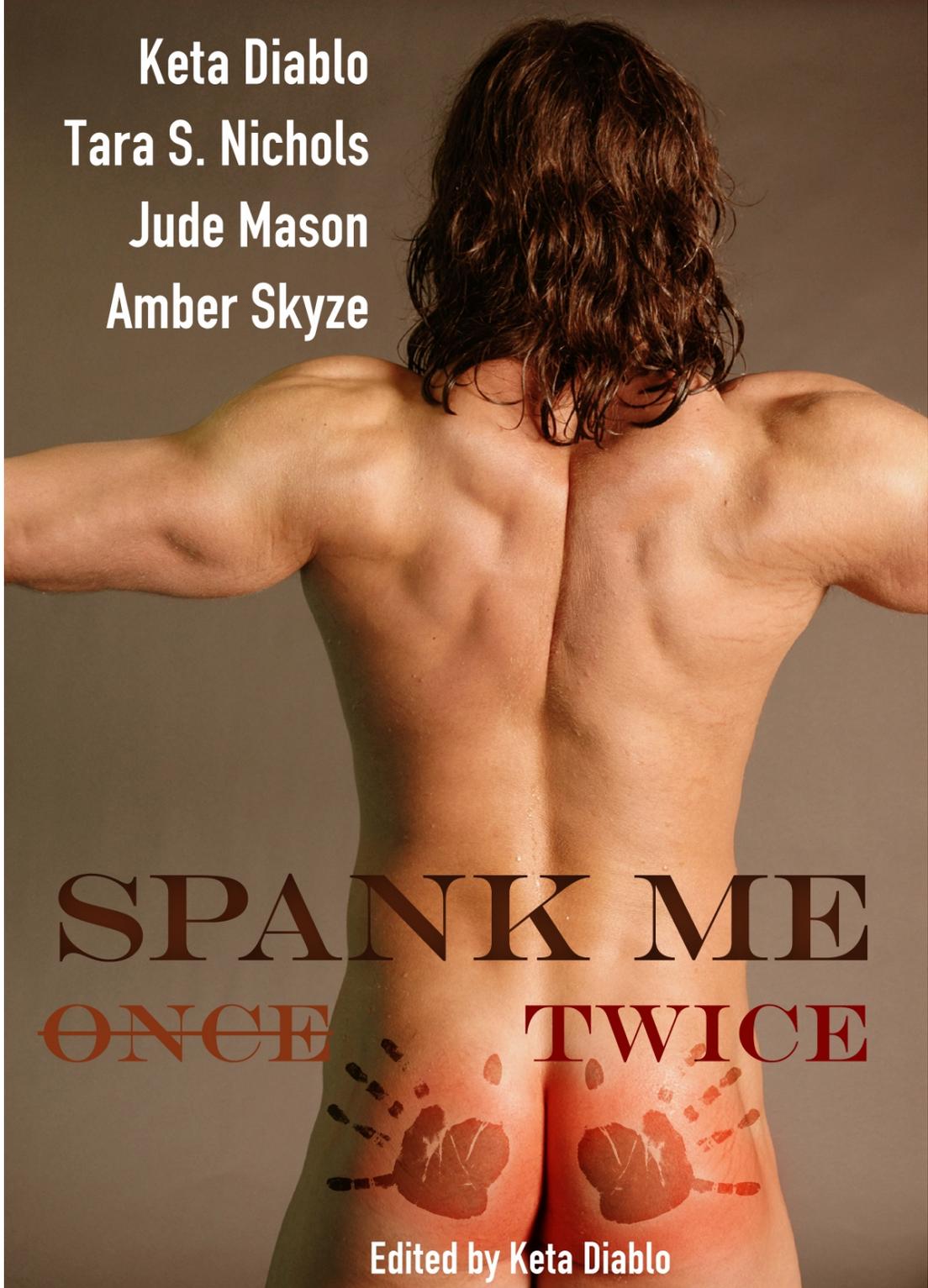


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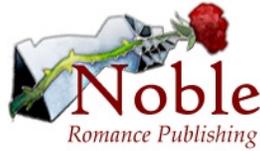
**Keta Diablo
Tara S. Nichols
Jude Mason
Amber Skyze**

**SPANK ME
ONCE TWICE**

Edited by Keta Diablo



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Spank Me Twice
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Book Blurbs:

Ticket to a Spanking by Jude Mason

If you have a kinky young couple into the spanking lifestyle, and you add a female friend who's intrigued by it, fun things can happen. Add a ticket for speeding and the fella's desire to expose his masochist needs; you definitely have the makings for an afternoon of naughty pleasures.

Julie's the dominant wife, Ken, the naughty husband and Chris, well she's just plain curious about it all and very horny. Ken's speeding ticket brings these three together for an afternoon of sexy, painful pleasure. He gets his butt warmed, Julie gets to show her girlfriend just how much fun a spanking can be. And Chris is inspired to try it all on her own wayward husband.

Will Ken find 'release' from the two sexy women or will his rampant erection go unattended, unlike his rosy red bum?

Rein Me In by Amber Skyze

Delia is happy being a stay-at-home wife, spending her husband's money. Only problem? Scott doesn't share her enthusiasm. Yes, he wants his wife to enjoy the finer things in life, but he wants her to stay within a budget.

Delia can't stick to a budget.

To teach her a lesson, Scott paddles her.

Who knew getting spanked could be so arousing? Not Delia, but now that Scott's turned her on, she wants more. In fact, she might go over her limit just to feel the heightened orgasms.

Can Scott rein her in before they both end up in the poorhouse?

Road Trip by Tara S. Nichols

After a long, cold winter spent indoors, a drive in the country to an unknown destination is just what Mona needs. The simple act of going for a drive has sensuous effects on the kinky, urban girl, something, Jess, her boyfriend, is well aware of.

Mona grows more and more aroused with each deserted side road they pass and Jess shows no sign of stopping. Seeing he isn't about to pull over and do her right, she starts to tease him as best she can in the little space she is provided, hoping to rile him up enough to give her a spanking.

When she finally succeeds in driving Jess to distraction, Mona can only hope she's been naughty enough.

Lip Service by Keta Diablo

After their recent tiff, Bryan took off for Japan on business and left Navarre home to stew. Now Bryan is expected home after two long weeks, but fate has other plans--mechanical problems with his plane and no rental cars available. So what's a desperate man to do? Find his own means to get to the man he loves. When Navarre finally arrives at Bryan's hotel, he has second thoughts about challenging fate. Bryan has company in his room!

Ticket to a Spanking

by

Jude Mason

“Oh, there he is,” Julia said to her best friend, Chris, when she spotted her husband’s SUV coming toward the house. “He’s late, so he’s really in trouble tonight.”

Chris, who’d been curled up on the couch with her naked legs tucked under her, sat up straight and peered through the living room window. She turned her head and followed the SUV as she tried to get a better look at Ken pulling into the driveway. He rolled to a stop in front of the garage, and a moment later, stepped into the late afternoon sun.

Julia stood in the window and watched him, her thoughts racing. Tall, well over six-feet, and with a swimmer’s build, Ken’s body looked amazing, in or out of his clothes. He bent and retrieved his briefcase from the back seat of the SUV, giving both women a nice view of the tight pants pulled over his muscular ass. Straightening, he hurried toward the house.

Julia’s heart gave a familiar lurch and sped up when he walked past the picture window. Seated across from Chris in her easy chair, Julia smiled. She couldn’t wait to see what was about to happen.

Chris sat forward on the couch and put her coffee cup on the glass-topped table. “Do you want me to take off now?”

“No.” Julia held her hand up and smiled. “You just sit tight; after all, you’re the one who found the ticket. Don’t you want to see his punishment?”

Blushing, the Chris replied, “Yes, of course I do.” She settled back, but fidgeted, obviously uncertain or excited . . . or maybe both. “You’ve told me about your arrangement—how you punish Ken, and I’ve always been curious, but I never thought I’d get to see.”

“Like I said, you’re the one who found that speeding ticket. I think it’s only right you get to observe, make certain he gets what he deserves.” Julia scowled. “I can’t

believe he didn't say anything to me – the dumbass.”

“If Ken hadn't loaned us his SUV, I would have never found it.” Chris leaned back against the cushions and tucked her legs under her again. She lifted her coffee cup from the table and took a sip just as Ken walked into the room.

“Hi, Chris. Julia, sorry I'm late.” He dropped his briefcase onto the nearest chair. “Horrible traffic today.” Heading for the kitchen, he didn't seem to notice the scowl on Julia's face or the smile on Chris'. He shrugged out of his jacket and draped it over the back of a dining room chair on his way through, apparently oblivious to the trouble brewing.

He'd just pushed the swinging door open leading to the kitchen when Julia said, “Ken, bring me one of the dining room chairs, please.” Her voice, softer than velvet, remained as calm as if she'd asked for the time of day.

Ken froze mid-step. For a moment, he stood motionless in the doorway. But then he shuddered and turned to face the women.

“Now?” he croaked, and by the look on his face, he seemed confused. His gaze darted from her to Chris and back again.

“Of course now,” she replied in her much-practiced sweet voice. “And don't forget the wooden spoon.”

Ken blinked and his jaw dropped, but he didn't move for a moment. When he did, he hurried into the kitchen as if someone had lit a fire under him.

The women looked at each other and burst out laughing. When she caught her breath, Chris asked, “Do you think he knows what's going on and why he's in trouble all of the sudden?”

Still chuckling, Julia shrugged and shook her head. “I don't know, but I bet his mind is going a mile a minute trying to figure it out.”

The kitchen door swung open and Ken walked through it with a long wooden spoon in his hand. He grabbed one of the dining room chairs as he came toward them with a dazed look in his eyes.

Without saying a word, he placed the chair in the center of the room facing Julia,

stepped around it and handed her the spoon. After taking a step back, he looked at the floor in front of her. He clasped his hands behind his neck and spread his feet a good twelve inches apart. For leaving his shoes on, she'd add an additional stroke or two, if not more.

"Ken," she began, still smiling. "Do you know why you're here?"

Ken's face flamed bright red and he glanced up at her before lowering his eyes again. "I'm not sure," he said, then added, "May I ask a question?"

"No, you may not," Julia snapped.

Ken glanced toward Chris, who at the moment, looking cooler than a cucumber in shorts and a tank top, watched the scene unfold in silence.

"You're not sure." She slapped the spoon against her hand, punctuating her words. "Well, maybe you should tell me why you think you're here."

Slap! The spoon stung her hand. "It sounds like there may be more than two reasons." *Slap!*

His trembling increased. "Please," he stammered and shifted his feet. "This is really embarrassing, Julia." He nodded toward Chris, but didn't look at her. "Can I tell you when she's not here?"

Slap!

The wooden spoon connected with his thigh, making him jump. He resumed his position and his blush deepened.

"No, you'll tell us why you think you're here." Julia got to her feet and circled the quivering man. Standing behind him, she leaned forward and whispered, loud enough for all to hear. "I'm beginning to think you've been keeping secrets."

Slap!

Again, the spoon struck, this time on the other thigh. "Strip!"

His head shot up and his jaw dropped. "But . . . I can't . . . I—"

Slap!

A direct hit across his pants-covered ass sent his hips thrusting forward. "Now, or I'll double what I have planned for you," she said sternly.

Spank Me Twice Anthology

“Yes, Ma'am,” he said with a yelp and dropped his hands. Bending at the knee, he unlaced his shoes, slipped them off then took them over to the door and dropped them into the shoe rack. From the guilty look on his face, he knew he'd pay for forgetting that rule.

Julia lifted the dining room chair, spun it around until it faced her friend, and sat down. She crossed her legs, allowing her sandal to dangle from her toe as she studied Ken. She liked to see him fidget, and knew when he was nervous, he'd be more likely to embarrass himself with an erection. After their recent talks, she knew he enjoyed the suspense too.

Standing as close to her as possible, and as far away from Chris as he dared, he unbuttoned his white cotton shirt. He fumbled with the buttons, but as long as he kept at them, she allowed him to struggle. Shrugging it off, he folded the shirt, placed it on the floor beside him, and looked to her for further instructions.

She nodded. “We’re waiting. Must I repeat myself?”

“No, Ma’am.” Standing on one foot, he tugged off one sock, then the other. He folded them and placed them on his shirt. His blush had returned when he unfastened his belt, but he didn't stop. He popped the button on his pants, whipped the zipper down, and, with a final beseeching look, released the waistband and allowed the slacks to drop to the floor.

Ken shifted, and his full-blown erection came into Julia’s line of vision. She glanced at Chris and bit her lip to keep from laughing. The woman’s eyes grew enormous as she gaped at the thick bulge in Ken's white jockeys, and her hand trembled when she reached for her coffee.

Ken placed his hands behind his neck and spread his feet apart again.

“I did say strip,” Julia reminded him and gave his bottom another sharp smack with the spoon. “Don't make it any worse than you already have.”

He yelped, his hips jerked forward and his erection thrust toward Chris. Dropping his hands, he pushed the cotton Jockeys down. While bent over, his body concealed his embarrassing condition, but when he straightened, he didn’t return his hands to

the back of his neck. Instead, he attempted to hide his cock behind his hands.

"Position," Julia whispered.

His body tensed and a strange sound gurgled in his throat. He thrust his hands up to his neck. Ignoring his humiliation, Julia tapped his knees, reminding him to spread his feet the appropriate distance before she continued.

"Now tell me, what do you think you're here for?"

"I masturbated when you told me not to," he stammered. He glanced over his shoulder at her with a hopeful expression on his face.

Taking a moment to gather her thoughts, Julia drew a deep breath. "Not that, but I'll add the infraction to the list. Do you remember a speeding ticket? Say from a few days ago?"

Julia glanced at Chris. Her friend's gaze traveled from Ken's midsection to his chest as she slid her hand between her legs, close to her crotch. To stop herself from reaching out and touching Ken, or to touch herself, Julia wondered.

"Yes, I got it a week ago." Her wayward husband confessed.

"And you never told me?"

"Uh, no, I forgot."

"So, you forgot and I suppose you forgot to take your shoes off when you came in, and you forgot you aren't supposed to masturbate unless I allow it?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I mean no, Ma'am." He raised his head and looked at her with his eyebrows drawn together. "I'm sorry, I'll try harder."

"You're sorry!" Julia slapped the palm of her hand with the spoon. "You might think you're sorry, but I'm going to make sure you don't *forget* these things in the future."

"Yes, Ma'am." He lowered his eyes again.

She rose from the chair and pointed to it with the spoon. Glancing down, she noticed his erection hadn't abated. When she looked into his face, she noticed his lower lip trembled and sweat beaded on his forehead. She thought he might rebel before the punishment even began.

Spank Me Twice Anthology

In a soft voice, she asked, "Are you all right?"

After a long moment, he replied, "Yes, I'm fine. Shocked, surprised, but turned on too. I trust you completely, Julia, Ma'am."

Leaning forward, she kissed him on the shoulder. "Good. So, you know what happens next. Now go."

He took a deep breath and squared his shoulders. Moving around to the back of the chair, he bent over it and rested his forearms on the seat while gripping the front. He wriggled a bit as if trying to get comfortable and then spread his feet to the outside of the legs. The back of the chair hit mid-belly, a perfect height, raising his bottom high and displaying it beautifully.

Julia looked at Chris and smiled. Her friend seemed oblivious to her presence. With the coffee cup in her lap, she seemed focused on Ken's bottom and the erection dangling between his wide-spread legs.

Julia cleared her throat and caught Chris' eye, offering her a wink when she realized her friend wasn't the least bit uncomfortable or embarrassed. Her eyes gleamed and like Ken, a fine bead of sweat had formed on her forehead. She couldn't wait to talk to her when they were alone again, but right now, she needed to turn her attention to her husband's punishment.

"Three instances of misbehavior, all in one day – not good. Not good at all, Ken." She stood behind him, making sure Chris had a clear view of the proceedings. "I think ten strokes for each infraction of the rules is fair, and an additional ten for keeping secrets. Forty in all."

His buttocks tightened and a muffled, "Yes, Ma'am," fell from his lips.

Looking at Chris, Julia winked when the woman lifted her cup in a toast and took a sip of her coffee.

"Watch closely, and learn," she said in a soft tone and turned her attention to Ken's waiting ass. "Since Chris found the ticket, I think I'll ask her if she'd like to administer some of your punishment."

Ken's head snapped around. "What?"

“Tell me it’s not something you haven’t thought about,” Julia said.

Turning away, he replied, “I can’t. You know I’ve thought about it. I’ve told you I’d like another woman involved.”

“And I’ve talked to Chris. She’s very interested.” Taking a practice swing with the spoon, she knew she’d hit the right spot. “I think it’s a perfect day to have her join us. I mean, she did find that speeding ticket.”

From the couch, Chris chuckled. “I’d love to take part, Julia, and today is definitely perfect.” The woman got to her feet and stood beside her. “And, I’m very eager to learn.”

“Excellent.” Julia took hold of Chris’ hand and moved her aside. She didn’t want to take any chances of striking her with the spoon. She pulled Chris into her arms and hugged her. “I’m so happy you’re okay with this.”

“More than okay. I wish I’d known you and Ken were into spanking. This is . . . well, it’s a dream come true.”

Julia placed a kiss on Chris’ cheek then put her lips to her ear and whispered, “We’ll talk later. Right now, pay attention and I’ll walk you through your first spanking.”

Julia chuckled at the enormous smile on Chris’ face. She repositioned herself, took another practice swing with the spoon and raised it high in the air. “Ken, ask for your punishment.”

No sooner had the words left her mouth than he said, “Julia, will you please punish me?”

“Yes, I’ll give you thirty strokes and Chris will administer the final ten.”

“Thank you.”

He lowered his head and Julia watched the muscles along his back tense. His ass clenched and relaxed. She waited for his exhale, and began at a slow, easy pace. She took her time with her aim, allowing him to feel every slap of the spoon before delivering the next. Alternating between cheeks, she covered the entire area with the spoon. Satisfied she’d warmed his ass well, she shifted her stance and set to work on

the underside of each buttock. She stopped, took a deep breath, and stroked the smooth flesh of his ass, running her fingers over the new warmth.

“Sore?” She knew he would be, but also knew he didn’t want her to stop. Lag time gave the pain a chance to sink in and the nerve endings to become more sensitive.

“Yes, pretty sore,” he replied in a forced whisper.

With a wink, she looked at Chris. “Wonderful, Ken. Have you been counting?”

Ken squirmed and said, “Yes, that’s twelve you’ve given me so far.”

“Oh really? I’m sure I just hit ten.”

“It was twelve, honestly,” Ken insisted.

“Well, let’s call it ten, just in case. I wouldn’t want to short you on this. You deserve every stroke.”

“Yes, Julia, I know. Thank you.”

She raised the spoon and watched him, holding off until he exhaled before bringing it down with force, dead center on his right buttock.

His neck arched back and he grunted.

Julia didn’t wait any longer. She raised the spoon and brought it down in a rhythmic pace, making his ass jiggle. She loved the way his bottom bounced and the lovely shade of red that blossomed as she spanked him. At the count of twenty, she stopped and placed her hand on his ass. Heat radiated from his flesh and warmed her hand. He groaned, but didn’t move or push her hand away. Arching his back, he squirmed, but remained in place.

“Chris, feel how hot his ass is now.”

Chris stepped in and laid the palm of her hand on Ken’s buttock. “Wow, it’s really warm, red too.” She slid her hand over his bottom. “He’s got a nice ass, doesn’t he? I knew he would.”

“You’ve been watching his ass?” Julia asked, raising her brow. How many times had her friend imagined his ass being rosy red beneath his clothes, and how many times had she wanted to redden it?

“Yeah, for a long time now.” She looked Julia in the eye and asked, “You ever

noticed John's ass? He's a little thin in the chest department, but he's got a great butt."

Julia's mouth opened and her thoughts raced. Chris' husband was a hunk, and she'd often wondered what it would be like to have him stretched across her lap. She'd never mentioned it; their friendship meant too much. Now, perhaps, things would be different. Gathering her wits, she asked, "But, you've never spanked him, right?"

"Nope, never. I've thought about it, but I don't know how to go about getting started."

"You and I definitely need to talk." She turned her attention back to Ken and ran a cool hand over his warm butt. "Yes, after we're done with Ken, we'll discuss how you should get started with John."

Chris beamed. "Thanks so much, Julia."

"I think his butt's had enough time for the pain to spread, don't you, friend?"

Chris eyed Ken's rosy bottom and slid her hand from one cheek to the other. "I thought you were giving him time for a breather."

Laughing, Julia said, "No, we need to allow time for the pain to settle in. His ass will swell a little and the nerve endings will become more sensitive. When I start in again, he'll feel it all the way down to his toes." She repositioned herself and mouthed the words. "Watch."

"Twenty to go." She raised the spoon high in the air, savoring the way his bottom clenched, then relaxed. "Ask for it, Ken."

Silence filled the room. Julia wondered if Ken needed to gather his courage before continuing. "Julia, please spank me with the spoon."

"Good boy," she replied, yet waited.

His ass clenched and the muscles along his back bunched and relaxed. He inhaled and held his breath. She watched him force his muscles to relax. They both knew it would be easier for him if he controlled his breathing and relaxed his muscular butt, but the anticipation and the mounting pain made it difficult. Fighting for control and his desire for more pain. Julia relished his plight.

When enough time had passed, she brought the spoon down smartly. The resounding slap made her shudder, and he cried out for the first time – a great, indrawn breath followed by another yelp. Reveling in the sound—like music to her ears—she raised the spoon again.

Aiming for the fullest part of his bottom, she struck the left side and watched it jiggle then struck the right. Back and forth, she counted off the strokes and enjoyed the surge of excitement rushing through her blood.

Her strength waned toward the end of twenty smacks and Ken's moans continued after each swat. His bottom shone – the skin stretched taut. At thirty, she stopped and let the spoon dangle from her hand with the round cupped end tapping her leg.

Chris reached out and put a hand on his ass. "My lord, his ass is burning," she said in a husky voice.

"Yeah, and it'll be even hotter by the time you're done." Julia noticed the flush in her friend's face and how her hand trembled on Ken's bottom. Smiling, she asked, "You're really getting off on this, aren't you?"

Chris' face grew red. She looked at Julia and replied, "Yes, I can't believe how much watching you spank him, and feeling his ass, turns me on."

"Let's see if *he's* still turned on." Julia moved until she stood directly behind Ken and reached down between his legs. His balls brushed her forearm as she grasped his shaft. His cock was firm, but not completely hard. She gave the shaft a healthy squeeze and when it pulsed and thickened, it didn't surprise her. "Oh yeah, he's as turned on as you are. I think he likes having another woman watching."

Chris lowered her head and peered between Ken's legs. "Oh, my God!"

"Are you ready to deliver your first spanking, Chris?"

Her friend's eyes sparkled and an enormous smile spread across her lips. "Yes, oh yes, please."

Julia gave Ken's cock several long, languid strokes while Chris watched, wide-eyed, then she straightened. "Here," Julia said, handing her the spoon.

Looking nervous and excited at the same time, Chris stepped back and assumed

Julia's stance.

Julia placed her hands on Chris' shoulders. "You're shorter than I am, and so are your arms, so you'll need to stand closer." She pushed her forward. "I want you to try a swing. Don't make contact, but let's see if you're standing in the right place."

Stepping back, Julia watched Chris shift her feet and prepare for the swing. Ken didn't move, and no doubt thought if he did, she'd add more to his punishment. A brilliant shade of red, his butt looked like his cheeks were on fire. He'd definitely think twice before *forgetting* to tell her about life's little indiscretions in the future.

"Give me a second," Julia said to the eager young woman, and walked around to the front of the chair. Squatting down, she looked at Ken's face. "Last chance to back out. Do you want me to tell her the spanking is over?"

Red-faced, Ken looked into her eyes. "No, I want this. My ass feels like it's shredded, but dear God, I'm horny."

Julia leaned in and kissed his shoulder and placed another on his cheek near his mouth. Her lips brushed his when she whispered, "I love you, and I'm horny too. Later, babe."

"Love you, and thank you," he mouthed.

Standing beside Chris again, Julia said, "I always have him ask for his punishment. You can do the same, or change it up."

Nodding, Chris looked down at the naked man. In a soft, trembling voice she said, "Ask for your punishment, Ken."

Ken replied immediately. "Chris, would you please spank me?"

"Yes, I will." She raised the spoon, drew a deep breath, and brought it down hard.

The resounding slap echoed in the silence of the room, as did Ken's agonizing groan. The spoon rested in the middle of his left butt cheek.

"Nice," murmured Julia, admiring the accuracy of the woman's stroke. "Now, gently slide the spoon around that spot like you're rubbing it in."

Chris moved the spoon around Ken's ass. "Like this?"

"Yes, perfect."

Chris continued for a few moments before raising the spoon again. She didn't spank him, but looked at Julia with questioning eyes.

It took Julia a second to understand. "Oh, you want to know when to strike again." She focused on Ken's breathing, studied his inhale and exhale then nodded.

When the spoon descended in a blinding blur and landed with a loud smack on his right buttock, he grunted and moaned.

Chris rubbed Ken's butt with the spoon then raised it in the air again. She seemed ready to take over on her own. Without looking at Julia, she waited a few seconds before spanking him again. Her next few strokes were tentative, as though struggling to find her rhythm. By the seventh stroke, she found her pace and delivered the smacks equal to Julia's in strength.

Chris stopped and tapped the spoon against her leg while looking down at Ken's bottom. Small cups of bright red outlined the spoon against the pale color of his skin. His butt had been well punished and Julia felt sure he'd remember this session for some time.

"I did all right, didn't I?" Chris asked, her voice firm and controlled.

"You did very right. Nicely done, girlfriend." Julia took two steps forward and slipped her arm around Chris' shoulder. Taking the spoon, she tapped it against her own leg and hugged the woman close. "Okay, he's been punished; now to end the scene. This is our ritual; you and John will come up with your own."

Chris looked at her and raised a brow. "Ritual?"

"Yeah, you'll see."

She stepped back and said to Ken, "I'm going to give you four more, because I'm sure you need them."

"Yes, ma'am," Ken replied in a strained voice.

Julia concentrated on his inner thighs, delivering the last four strokes high and close to his testicles. She didn't use a great deal of strength, yet on the last swat, Ken's groans turned to sobs.

"That's it," Julia said and walked to the front of the chair until she stood in front of

Ken's face. She squatted down and held out the spoon. "You know the routine."

"Yes, thank you, Julia." He pushed himself forward and pressed his lips to the long handle. "Thank you for showing me the error of my ways. I'll try very hard not to repeat them and do better in future."

Julia's heart beat faster. She knew their ensuing lovemaking would be spectacular. She stroked his face, tempted to show Chris to the door so they could get to their evening alone, but fought down the urge. "Thank you, my love," she said and pressed the spoon to his lips. "Go and stand in the corner."

He gripped the wooden handle and pushed himself upright. His cock thrust out and pointed at Julia. Ken steadied himself and hurried to the corner. Again, he lifted his arms and clasped his fingers behind his neck; his red ass facing the ladies.

While Julia returned the chair to the dining room, Chris faced Ken, and couldn't seem to take her eyes off him.

"Hey, you want more coffee or are you ready for something cold to drink?" Julia asked in an attempt to drag her friend's attention from her husband's backside.

"Uh, cold please. I think if I drank coffee now, I'd burst into flames."

"I gather you enjoyed that?"

"Oh yeah, this is exactly how I'd like to treat John when he does something stupid."

"Is orange juice okay, or would you like a glass of wine?" Peering into the fridge, Julia slipped her fingers between her thighs and cupped her sex. She shuddered as a tiny orgasm rippled through her.

"Orange juice is fine."

Pulling herself together, Julia reached for the pitcher of juice and filled two glasses. She took a large gulp from one, hoping it would steady her nerves. By the time she walked back into the front room, she felt in control of herself and eager to chat with Chris.

"Here, come and sit with me." She passed her friend a glass and settled into the sofa with Chris sitting at the other end. "I gather you and John haven't ever done

anything like this?"

Flushed face and breathing rapidly, Chris seemed eager to explore the topic. "No, but I've hinted that he needs to be taught a lesson. He looked at me, blushed, and grew hard, but that's about all so far."

"Sounds to me like all you might need is something to break the ice." Julia took a sip of orange juice and set the glass on the table. Reaching forward, she took hold of Chris' hand. "You've never slapped his ass when he's on top of you?"

Chris looked thoughtful for a few moments and smiled. "Well, yeah, a few times. He always comes like a house on fire when I do that."

"Oh nice, that's definitely a good sign."

"But, how did you and Ken start, I mean that first time?" Chris laughed. "That's what's holding me up. I can't just drag him in and toss him across my lap."

"True, the man's too big for that." Julia gathered her thoughts. "Has he left any chores undone, something you have to keep after him about?"

"Well, sure. He's supposed to take out the trash on Thursday nights. The pickup is really early on Friday so if he doesn't do it, I have to drag it out."

"Perfect," Julia said, and patted her hand. "This Thursday night, if he hasn't put the can out by say, nine, take him into the bedroom. Make sure you've got a straight-backed chair in there set up and ready. The chair shouldn't be exactly where *you* want it, make him move it."

"You mean like you had Ken bring a chair into the room?"

"Yeah, just like that. It'll give him time to think about what's coming."

"And if he fights me?" Chris asked.

"Honey, from what you've said, he won't."

Chris cocked her head, her gaze pensive. "I know you're right. It's just a matter of taking that first step."

"That's it in a nutshell." Julia glanced over at Ken standing in the corner. He'd begun shifting around, clenching and unclenching his ass.

"Julia, I don't know how I'll ever be able to thank you for today."

Looking at her lovely friend, Julia thought about the woman's hunky dark-haired husband and decided she could come up with something, but not yet. "Chris, you just take the first step with John and let me know how it turns out. The rest, we'll talk about."

"You betcha." She finished her orange juice and rose to her feet. Looking down at Julia, she said, "I have a feeling there's more to that ritual thing between you and Ken that needs taking care of." She looked at Ken squirming in the corner. "He's a tad agitated."

Julia looked at her husband. "Yeah, there is. I'd planned to ask if you'd mind . . ."

Chris held out her hands and helped Julia to her feet. "I'm outta here. Thanks again, girlfriend. This is just the beginning of something amazing, I can tell."

Julia leaned forward and kissed Chris' cheek. "I believe you're right. Now get out of here."

No sooner had Chris left, than Julia closed and locked the door. On her way back into the living room, she grabbed the lotion for Ken's butt. She stopped in the doorway for a moment and looked at him first. She admired and loved him so much, it took her breath away.

Standing behind him, she reached around, removed the spoon from his teeth, and whispered, "I love you."

He remained still. "I love you too, Julia, but if you don't do something soon, I'm going to go crazy."

"Cream at the ready. Go lay on the bed, on your stomach. Maybe you better grab a towel on the way."

He lowered his arms and took off at a fast jog, heading for their bedroom. She followed him, as eager as him for the rest of their evening.

~The End~

About the Author:

Multi published Canadian born author, Jude Mason, writes in a variety of genres and adores stretching the boundaries. The bulk of her work has been D/s and femdom, but she enjoyed straying into fetish, pulp fiction, m/m. f/f, paranormal and sci-fi, among others. She has work in print, e-book form as well as audio and works with several publishers. Interested in finding out more? Visit Jude's site at <http://www.my-haven2001.com/>.

~*~

Rein Me In
by
Amber Skyze

"Delia!" Scott's voice reverberated through the house.

Delia paced the bedroom carpet in her silk pantyhose-covered feet and wrung her hands. The tone in her husband's voice confirmed he'd seen the pile of bills. He'd just gotten home from work, and she imagined he'd tossed his briefcase on the kitchen table and glanced through the junk mail until he found the credit card statement – the one she stuck at the bottom of the pile in the hope he'd give up midway through. No such luck.

She pictured him tearing it open with a need to know if she'd gone over her monthly limit yet again. He'd scan the statement looking for the new charges, and upon discovering what she'd purchased, hit the roof.

His voice echoed through the house. "Delia!"

"In the bedroom," she called out. She couldn't hide. The bedroom was his next stop after reading the mail.

When his heavy footsteps hit the stairs, Delia held her breath. What was he going to do? He warned her not to overspend again, told her she wouldn't like the consequences if she did. And she had.

She couldn't help it. She liked to shop. She liked having new clothes, purses and

shoes. Never mind the music and workout equipment she bought to keep the trim body he loved so much.

He appeared in the doorway looking dishevelled. His tie hung loose and the top button of his crisp white shirt was undone. His trench coat hung off one shoulder. His blond hair was a mess. He'd been raking his fingers through it. His dark eyes flared, trumpeting his fury. She recognized the look and it boded trouble.

"Hi," she said.

"What did I tell you about going over your limit?" he demanded. He seemed almost saddened by her lack of control.

She stifled the urge to roll her eyes and bite back the smartass remark. The situation didn't call for sarcasm. "I'm sorry?" Even to her, the apology sounded weak.

"That's what you said last month and the month before. How many times will I hear I'm sorry? Why can't you stay within budget so you don't have anything to be sorry for?"

"I tried, Scott, really I did. I wanted to work out at home rather than the gym so I bought the equipment." She lowered her eyes. "I thought you'd want me to exercise at home, away from all the young men's prying eyes."

"Don't give me that crap," he roared. He walked to his closet, swung open the double doors, and hung up his coat.

"It's not crap; I do want to exercise at home."

"Okay, but what about the other charges from the shoe store you love so much or the various clothing stores. What's your excuse for those?"

She didn't have one. Just boredom. With all the free time she had on her hands she used it shopping. Scott had told her she should find a hobby and she had – shopping.

"Well, Delia, aren't you going to come up with an excuse?"

She shook her head.

He laughed and pulled the tie from his neck. "Nothing to say? This is a first."

She shrugged.

"So you're going to play the quiet mouse game today. You won't be quiet for long."

Spank Me Twice Anthology

“Why not?” The conversation wasn’t going well. Would he take away her charge cards, make her stay home every day? The look in his dark brown eyes told her trouble was on the horizon. Would he leave her for overspending?

He rubbed his face with his hands and sat on the edge of the bed. She wanted to reach out to him, reassure him she wouldn’t overcharge again. She’d promise, beg, and plead, whatever it took to keep him in her life. She didn’t want him to leave. She could handle anything—anything but him leaving. She loved him. Always had and always would.

“Over my lap,” he said with a ring of finality.

She backed away from the bed. “Excuse me?”

“Delia, I’m not going to say it again. Over my lap, now!”

“Why?” she whispered.

“I’ll show you why.”

Delia took a step forward, hesitated and searched his eyes, but they revealed nothing.

He pointed to his lap and by the frown on his face, she knew he meant business.

Taking a step forward, she stood beside him and wrung her hands together.

“The more you delay, the harsher the punishment.”

She laid across his lap with her hands dangling close to the floor. He adjusted her body until he found a comfortable spot.

“You know I love you, right?” His voice softened.

“Mmm.”

“And you know I’d never do anything to hurt you?”

“Yes.” Anticipation and excitement mingled and coursed through her.

“Ouch!” she cried out when his hand connected with her ass. She reached behind her and rubbed the sting left by his hand.

“Move your hand.”

“No, it hurts.”

“You’re lucky I left your skirt on. I’m tempted to pull down your panties and slap

your bare ass.”

Her heart raced. He’d spanked her during sex and occasionally at some stage of foreplay, but never as punishment. A time or two her bottom burned for hours after they’d made love, but he wasn’t angry then. Now he intended to teach her a lesson.

“Move your hand, Delia.”

She removed her hand, squeezed her eyes shut and held her breath, waiting for his hand to come down.

And it did.

A ripple of pain shot through her and amazingly, juices pooled in her pussy. The sweet whisper of arousal beckoned her, and it stunned her.

He slapped her other cheek and sure enough, her panties grew wetter. Her nipples hardened. She bit back a moan. Somehow, she felt if Scott suspected her arousal, he wouldn’t be pleased.

“I want you to promise you’ll not go over our budget again, Delia. I work hard to support us, give you this beautiful house, and I don’t think I’m asking for much.”

He delivered each word with a smack to her bottom. She swallowed back the scream rising in her throat.

He paused and waited for an answer. “Do you promise?”

“Yes,” she said with a ragged breath.

His hand caressed her sore bottom. “Are you certain you’re sorry?”

“Yes, I promise to stay within budget from now on, just don’t leave me.” Tears streamed down her cheeks.

He lifted her off his lap until she knelt in front of him. “What? Leave you?” He wiped away her tears with his fingers. “Why would I leave you?”

“For going over budget every month.”

His laugh relieved the pent-up tension in her body. “Honey, I’m not going to leave you for going over budget; I’m teaching you a lesson. From now on, every month you go over budget, you can look forward to more of the same.”

“That’s all?” She regretted the words the moment they left her mouth.

Spank Me Twice Anthology

He blinked and his mouth fell open. "You think you can handle being spanked in return for going over budget?"

"In all honesty, it hurts, but not that bad." She looked into his eyes. "Yes, I can handle another spanking."

"You don't intend to keep your promise?"

"I didn't say that."

"No, but you implied it."

"No, I . . . Oh, screw it, I'm not going to argue my way out of this, but it's not what I meant."

When he rose to his feet, she fell back on her heels.

"Get on the bed," he said, his voice stern.

She felt the panic bubble up from her belly. "Why?"

"Now Delia, don't ask any more questions. I'll be asking the questions and you'll be answering. Understood?"

She nodded.

She swallowed, hard. The last time that look crossed his eyes he took her charge cards away for a week.

She scooted across the bed and planted her tingling ass in the middle, against the overstuffed pillows she bought a few months back. He had complained about the cost, but loved the way they looked on the king-size bed.

"I promise I won't go over budget again, Scott. I'll return the exercise equipment if you want me to." The silk panties rubbed against her throbbing bottom and desire coursed through aching pussy. She wanted her husband inside her, needed to feel his hard cock filling her.

"Hush."

He sat on the edge of the bed and slipped off his shoe. After removing the other one, he placed them in their spot on the closet floor. Scott had the neatest closet on the planet. All his shirts were lined by colors: white, blue, blacks. His pants were the same and so were his shoes. And his ties had to be color-coordinated too, so he could find

what he wanted easily.

Her closet, on the other hand, was a nightmare. A total mess. And when she went in search of a pair of shoes, things only got ten times worse. She tore through every box until she found what she was looking for, then she'd shove them back in the best she could. Scott did everything he could to stay away from her walk-in closet. Said it made him cringe to see such disarray.

This was a benefit for her. Because she could hide things in her closet and he'd never know as long as she didn't charge them to the credit card, which wasn't often.

Letting out a deep breath he slapped his hands against his thighs.

"Look at this." He held up a hand, reddened from spanking her.

She reached out and touched him. "I'm sorry."

Recoiling as if burned by hot flames, he pointed to the bed. "Get back there."

Chewing the inside of her cheek she resumed her prior position.

He walked to the dresser, his expression in the mirror somewhere between anger and disappointment. Opening the top left drawer, he removed a red wooden paddle.

She gulped and her heart thrummed in her chest.

He removed another paddle—oak, long and thick. And finally, he removed another—black leather and in the shape of a hand. He lined them up on top of the bureau, and turned to her. "I'm going to take a shower. While I'm gone, you decide what paddle I should use to punish you with."

Her eyes widened and fear erupted in the pit of her stomach.

"Understand?"

"Yes," she said with another hard swallow.

She understood, but didn't like it. Picking out a paddle for a spanking fell somewhere along the lines of selecting a noose for one's hanging. The thought of walking around with a sore ass for the next twenty-four hours didn't thrill her either. She swore under her breath. All because she'd overspent again. She knew she had to stay within budget, but something happened when she went shopping and she just couldn't control herself. And now Scott had decided he'd had enough. Her husband

was about to rein her in.

She watched him walk into the bathroom, and waited until she heard water running before she moved off the bed. She looked at the paddles and her clit ached. Her pussy flooded, soaking her panties again. Although she didn't like the idea of not being able to sit for a while, she liked the way her stinging ass cheeks made her clit swell. She hungered for his tongue or his finger. She didn't care which; anything to ease the ache filling her empty cunt.

The temptation to rub herself into a quick orgasm washed over her. Ah, release. Short and sweet before Scott finished his shower and returned to teach her a lesson.

The water in the shower stopped. Too late.

She rubbed a hand over her butt cheek. Tomorrow she'd be sore, but if she chose the right paddle, maybe she could endure.

Lifting the black leather, she swatted it against her hand. It stung, but not too much. She replaced it and picked up the red one. A chill coursed through her. Without a doubt she didn't want him to use this one. He'd used it during foreplay, and her ass had been sore for hours afterward. She slapped it down on the dresser as if a hornet had stung her. No, Mr. Red, as Scott liked to call it, for her. The last time he'd used the red paddle, he asked her to kiss it when he finished spanking her.

She heard Scott whistling, apparently looking forward to giving her a good spanking. She had to admit the thought of being spanked again turned her on. Something about rough sex play made her feel wickedly erotic.

Her juices flowed, and she needed release. She'd beg Scott to give her a quick orgasm before he started with the corporal punishment. In reality, the term fit it to a tee. She didn't understand why he got so angry when she went over budget a little every month, and why did they need a stupid budget? Scott made enough so they could enjoy the finer things in life. Why did he feel the need to control her with a budget?

"Did you pick your poison?" Scott called out from the bathroom.

"Shit," she whispered then called out, "I'm looking at them now."

"You better hurry. I'm about done in here."

"You better hurry," she said, with a shake of her head, mimicking him.

"Did you say something, Delia?"

Fuck. Did he have bionic ears? "No, dear."

She grabbed the black leather paddle shaped like a hand, climbed onto the bed and nestled her body into the pillows. Soon Scott would come to inflict her pain.

A few minutes later, her husband sauntered out of the bathroom, stark-naked. God, she loved him. And she also loved clinging to him while he rammed his hard cock into her drenched pussy.

With the hand towel, he dried his wet hair, gave it shake and it fell into place. "What did you decide?" he asked, tossing the towel into the dirty clothes hamper.

"This one." She held up her choice.

He nodded. "Good choice."

"So do you think we can have a quickie before we do this ridiculous thing?" She fingered the lace trim on the pillow.

"Ridiculous?" He spun around and faced her. "The only ridiculous thing is your cavalier attitude toward spending."

Her gaze fell to the pillow. Damn, she'd pissed him off again without trying. One day, she'd learn to keep her thoughts to herself or at least think before she spoke. She had to prove she regretted her actions or he might take away her credit cards and that couldn't happen. "You're right, I've been careless. I meant it when I said I'd watch my spending. I'll be more careful in the future."

He knelt on the bed, reached over and lifted her chin with his finger. "I need you to understand how important it is for you to slow down on the spending. I think it's great you want to work out at home, but maybe you should have waited to buy the equipment until your club membership expired."

She gave him a sad look that worked well many times before. "I wasn't thinking. I thought I did the right thing."

"I know you meant well. This time, your punishment won't be too severe, but if you overspend next month, I can't make any promises."

Spank Me Twice Anthology

Hope rose. She'd won. He'd take it easy on her and if she behaved herself it would all be forgotten. But could she behave herself?

Scott knew the look in her eyes. She'd say anything to appease him, whatever he wanted to hear so he'd changed the subject. *Fuck!* She frustrated him more than anything. He loved his wife but she needed to gain control over her spending habits. Tired of working fifty, sixty hours a week to keep her in this lifestyle, he'd had it. He wanted to enjoy of his hard-earned money too. At the rate she spent, he'd never be able to retire. Christ, she might put him in an early grave.

Those damn puppy dog eyes turned him to mush whenever she flashed them, and she knew it, had known it since they met in college. But they weren't in college any longer and they weren't kids. They were in their early thirties, and if something didn't give they'd be piss poor before they reached forty.

"Are you ready?" he asked, plopping down next to her.

"I guess."

"What's wrong now?"

"I hoped we could make love before you spanked me."

Her routine wasn't working on him this time. She wasn't going to worm her way out of this. He had to do something extreme or she'd never get her spending under control. He ran his knuckles over her cheek. "Honey, I'm going to lavish my attention on every last inch of your body when I'm done. I won't leave you hanging, but I'm going to teach you a lesson first. No release until *after* you've learned your lesson."

She crossed her arms over her chest and stuck her lip out.

"I love you, Delia, but this is for your own good."

He turned his back on her, slid to the edge of the bed and drew a deep breath. The woman knew how to push his buttons. He wanted to cave in, longed to gather her in his arms and make love to her, but his actions would defeat the purpose. She'd think she could manipulate him and he wouldn't allow it.

"Come here, Delia," he said, patting the bed next to him.

The mattress gave under her weight. At least she listened. He kept his eyes on the floor, afraid if he looked at her he'd say screw it and give in to his desire to throw her on the bed and fuck her senseless.

"I'm going to spank your bottom and it will hurt, but I want you to know it's because I love you."

She ran the tip of her finger down his spine and he shivered. "I know . . . it's for my own good."

He breathed a sigh of relief. "You'll make this easy for me, right? Do as you're told?"

"Of course."

He turned and looked at her. "Are you taking this seriously or are you just saying what you think I want to hear?"

"I'm being honest with you, Scott." Her warm breath fanned his neck. "I'm not taking this lightly."

"Stop," he said, jumping off the bed. "You can't distract me with sex. You'll have more orgasms than you can handle when I'm done with you."

"Promise?" she asked, rising up on her knees and removing her shirt. The sight of her purple lace bra made his cock hard.

"I promise."

Fuck, his balls ached thinking about wedging his hard cock between those luscious breasts, and feeling the tip of her tongue swipe across his hard cap as he thrust his hips. Yes, he had to get this spanking over with so he could give into his desire to fuck his wife into submission.

"Take off your skirt while you're at it. I want you bare-assed while I spank you."

When her eyes glazed over, he knew he'd struck fear into her heart. Good, she should be frightened, should worry about having her ass spanked for going over budget. Maybe this time she'd understand he meant business.

Shit, his cock hurt just thinking about her lying across his lap with her ass propped up, waiting, begging for him to spank her. He struggled for control. If he didn't corral

it, he might forget his intentions.

She stripped out of her clothes. If she took her time maybe he'd ease up and forget about this stupid idea of spanking her and get to the sex. Her pussy dripped, and she craved the feel of his hard cock stretching her walls, filling her to the brink. But Scott seemed intent on doing things his way, so she'd have to wait.

"Move it along, Delia."

She sensed irritation in his voice and quickly removed her nylons. Naked, the way he wanted her, heightened her arousal. Her juices slicked the inside of her thighs. God, she needed to come.

Scott returned to the edge of the bed and sat. "Ready?"

Biting her lower lip, she shrugged. Hell, she wasn't ready but she'd go along with this for him.

When he pointed to his lap, she couldn't help but notice his cock stood at attention. She longed to wrap her mouth around his thick shaft, suck him until she drained him. Maybe if she sidetracked him with the promise of a blow job he'd forget all about the crazy notion to spank her.

She edged closer to him and fell to her knees, reaching out for his penis.

His hand came out. "Stop right there."

She gave him her puppy dog look.

He shook his head and rolled his eyes. "It's not going to work this time, Delia. I appreciate the offer, but you're going to be spanked so you understand what will happen every time you go over the limit on the credit cards."

She sighed.

"Climb up, sweetie. It'll be over before you know it and then I'll make you cream all over my cock."

Her heart pounded. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. He'd spank her a few times with the paddle. She'd cry and beg and he'd stop. She could get him to stop, right? She knew how to turn on the charm or the waterworks, whatever it took. With renewed

determination, she draped her body over his legs, and felt vulnerable and exposed with her ass up in the air.

"Ready?" Scott asked, his hand grazing her bare skin.

"Yes," she said, confident after a few smacks with the paddle, she'd beg him to stop and he would. Within mere minutes, she'd be propped on his cock, where she should be.

The leather paddle cracked her ass and she yelped. "Ouch!" She reached back to rub her cheek, but Scott pushed her hand away.

"It's supposed to hurt. How will you learn anything if it doesn't?"

He brought the paddle down on her left cheek. "Ouch!" she screamed again. "God, that hurts!"

Without a word, he brought the paddle down on her bare skin again.

She wiggled in his lap but he held her firm with his free arm. "You don't want to make this hard on me, do you?"

His stern voice warned her she should remain still. "No."

"The more you squirm, the longer it continues."

She braced for the next whack.

Five more cracks and her ass burned like fire, the pain so intense, she didn't think she could handle much more.

"Please, Scott, I won't go over budget again."

"Tell me you'll be a good girl."

"I'll be a good girl," she sobbed.

"Say, I'll stay within my budget every month."

"Yes, I will."

The paddle met with her cheek again. "Say it, Delia."

"I'll stay within my budget every month."

"And what about the exercise equipment? Should you have waited until your gym membership expired?" He continued to smack her ass as he talked.

Delia couldn't help the frenzied squirming. She'd do anything to avoid that paddle

making contact with her bare flesh. Her libido kicked into overdrive. Her pussy juices ran down her thighs. If she moved the right way, and happened to brush against his cock, she'd explode into a glorious climax. If he touched her—oh, touched her there, she'd skyrocket into climax in a heartbeat.

“Fuck me, Scott, please. I can't take any more.”

His body went rigid under her. “Excuse me? Who is in charge here?”

Shit, she'd blown it. She needed release and needed it now. Surely he understood her body came alive from the spanking.

His hand caressed her burning skin. “Your cheeks are so pink and hot.”

She relaxed her tense muscles while he rubbed the sting away. When his finger dipped down between her legs, she prayed he'd give her the overdue release she craved. Her prayers were answered when he swiped his finger along her swollen folds.

“Ah, so wet. I think my wife likes her ass spanked.”

“No,” she countered.

He coated his finger with her juices and dragged it up between her cheeks. “Lips don't lie. Look how drenched you are.”

She didn't respond. How could she admit the spanking turned her on? She should be humiliated for being spanked like a child, but she loved the way her nerves stood at attention, and how her pussy craved his hard cock ramming inside her. Her nipples puckered and desire coursed through her. All for her husband, the man she couldn't live without.

She moaned when his finger buried deep within her channel.

“You like?”

“Yes.”

He slid his finger in and out at a slow, steady pace. She opened her legs and offered him more. One digit became two. She knew she couldn't hold out much longer; the need to climax too strong.

Scott's fingers plunged in deeper. His thumb hooked the opening to her tight pink hole, nudging in gently. The feel of his thumb and fingers inside her pushed her to the

edge. She bucked against him and rubbed her clit against his leg for added stimulation. She trembled as she shattered into the most amazing orgasm she'd ever experienced in her life. Stars flashed before her eyes, she shuddered, and the walls of her pussy contracted against his fingers.

"Oh, Scott." She moaned.

Her breaths came in short, rapid bursts as she rode out the last of her orgasm. Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined being so turned on.

"That's my girl," he said, rubbing her back. "Do you feel better?"

Better? On fire. Now I want your cock filling me. "Yes. So much better."

"Good." He lifted her off his lap so she stood next to him. "Lay down on your stomach."

She watched him walk into the bathroom before lying down on the bed. He returned with a warm washcloth and lotion. "I'll take the sting out for you." He kneeled next to her.

He wiped the cloth over her burning cheeks then cleaned away her juices before rubbing the lotion into her skin. The sting receded, but she still yearned for his cock inside her.

"Thank you," she whispered.

He tapped the back of her legs. "Up on your knees,"

She scrambled up on all fours, hoping he'd take her from behind.

"Now lean forward and rest your head on the pillow, but keep your ass up in the air."

Her body tensed when he rose from the bed, walked to the dresser drawer and rustled the contents inside. Standing behind her, he applied cold gel between the cheeks of her ass. A rush of excitement coursed through her, but her pussy still ached, craved the feel of his hard cock.

Afraid to ask, but compelled, she said, "Scott?"

"Shush, you'll enjoy this. Don't worry, honey, before the day is over, my cock will be right where you want it." His finger glazed her hole with the gel. "I'm going to stick

my finger in and loosen you up.”

She sucked in a breath and waited.

He pushed the digit through the tight barrier, stopping at a knuckle. “Are you okay, Delia?”

“Yes,” she said in a state of dazed bliss.

He pushed in deeper and wiggled his finger, stretching her. She fought an urge to reach down and rub her clit. When Scott removed his finger, she felt empty. The feeling didn’t last long. A nudge at her back door let her know he wasn’t finished.

“I’m going to fill this lovely ass with a plug.” He kissed each cheek, “Would you like that?”

“Yes,” she said, her voice barely audible.

Things were looking up. Yes, her cheeks still stung from the paddling he gave her, but it was going to be worth every minute once he stuck that plug inside her. And oh, if he filled her pussy with his cock, she knew she was destined for incredible orgasms. Maybe she should spend a little more than necessary every month, if this would be the end result.

The plug edged past her rim. She sucked in a deep breath.

“Does it hurt?” Scott asked, rubbing the small of her back with his hand.

“Not at all,” she managed to say.

“I’m going farther in. If it hurts, tell me. I don’t want to hurt you.”

“I’m good.”

Another push and the plug rested inside her. Her body relaxed around the toy.

“Crawl up onto the bed more, please.”

Delia scampered up. When she moved her legs she thought she’d explode. The plug felt incredible inside her.

“Spread your legs more for me.”

Again she obliged, and wondered what he would do next. Would he finally stick his cock into her waiting pussy?

His hands eased her legs farther apart, and his finger spread her juices, coating her

pussy lips. His hot breath assaulted her clit.

Was that his — ?

“Oh, my, God!” she cried out as his mouth covered her clit and he sucked the tiny nub between his teeth. The combination of his mouth on her pussy and the plug in her ass sent her spiraling out of control. She erupted into a series of orgasms. Like the grand finale at a firework show, her body shuddered through the euphoric sensations.

“Fuck,” she said long moments later. “That was amazing.”

She struggled to catch her breath, but Scott wasn’t finished with her yet. His fingers plunged into her pussy, and his mouth covered her clit. Her body blasted into sensory overload. His tongue lapped at her folds while his fingers worked their magic. With his free hand, he reached up and tweaked her nipple.

“I’m going to come again.”

Scott pinched her nipple hard, and pain seared through her body straight to her core. Seconds later, the pain subsided, replaced by a feeling of ecstasy. He latched onto her clit and flicked it with his tongue. The plug vibrated in her tight hole with every thrust of her hips.

The flood gates opened and another climax rushed in. She bucked her hips and pushed her pussy down onto his face. She couldn’t get enough of his mouth feasting on her.

“Oh, yes,” she said on a sigh. Overspending definitely had its perks — and not just new shoes and gym equipment.

Scott’s balls ached as Delia’s juices covered his face. He wanted to plunge his cock in his wife’s cunt. He loved her with all his heart, and although he’d started off teaching her a lesson, as her cheeks turned a nice pinkish color, his cock had responded. He thought he’d erupt all over her luscious body.

He knew her body begged for release, so he gave it to her. In the long run, it might be a big mistake. He wasn’t sure she’d learned her lesson, and now, his cock begged for release and he had to heed the call.

He slid out from underneath her and knelt behind her. Fisting his cock he guided his member to the opening of her channel. Her sweet honey covered the mushroom cap as he plunged forward. A gasp fell from her lips and he pushed in as far as her pussy allowed, filling her completely. He rocked back and forth in a frenzy, his need for release too strong to take her slow. He'd been fighting the urge to come from the moment she first laid across his lap. He could no longer fight it.

With a shout, he pumped his seed into his wife. They collapsed together, arms and legs entwined, fighting to catch their breaths. Scott reached down, removed the plug and tossed it aside, then gathered his wife into his arms.

"I love you, Delia."

"I love you too, Scott."

Scott hoped with every beat of his heart his wife had learned her lesson. As he stood in their kitchen a month later, it appeared she hadn't. The bill in his hand glared back at him. She hadn't learned a thing. The truth smacked him in the face in black and white. God, he'd prayed it wouldn't come to this.

"Delia!"

Silence met him. He peered out the window and looked for her car. Gone. Apparently, she wasn't home. She had to know the bill arrived because she brought the mail in. He scratched his chin. So where could she be?

He took a shower and waited. When she arrived, he'd force her to hand over the credit cards . . . after he gave her a spanking she'd never forget. He climbed the stairs with thoughts of her draped over his lap, her ass in the air. His cock sprang to life.

"Not tonight, ole boy. We have to make sure Delia realizes the severity of her actions."

Scott showered and changed into some cargo shorts and a T-shirt. While waiting for his wife, he inventoried the paddles and settled on the holey one. He hadn't used it yet, but the research online said it packed enough of a bite to garner anyone's attention. He traced the outline of a hole with the tip of his finger. Yes, this would be the source of her

punishment tonight. Rearranging his stiff cock, he groaned. It would be a long night.

An hour later Scott sat on the couch watching television and Delia still hadn't returned. He wondered if she would come home at all. He picked up the cordless phone from the coffee table and dialed her cell.

"Hello." She sounded out of breath.

He couldn't hide his concern or his anger. "Where are you, Delia?"

"Getting a pedicure. Remember I told you I had an appointment for a manicure and pedicure?"

Yes, she had told him, and once he saw the charge account statement, he totally forgot.

"Great. Another expense."

"I'm not charging it," she said.

"When will you be home?"

"Within the hour," she replied, playfully.

Maybe she didn't see the bill in the stack of mail. Even better. "Okay, see you soon honey."

Scott replaced the phone, turned the volume up on the television and waited.

As promised, she arrived within the hour and bounded into the room. "I'm home."

Scott looked into her face, astounded by her beauty. Hard to believe they'd been married for ten years. He loved her now more than ever. She was gorgeous. He was a lucky man, but he had to get her spending under control.

"I tried a new color today," she said, displaying her well-manicured fingers.

"Interesting," he said. The bright blue-gray color flashed before his eyes.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

He sucked in a deep breath, and exhaled on a huff.

"Obviously, you didn't look through the pile of mail when you brought in it today, did you?"

"No, why?"

"Guess what came?"

“What?” she asked, obviously confused.

“The credit card statement.”

“Oh.” She waved her hand in the air. “From the look on your face I thought someone died.”

How could she stand there so calm, cool and collected? Frustration rose up and threatened to choke him.

“I thought someone had died and you picked up the funeral expenses.”

She plopped onto the couch next to him and examined her new polish. “I didn’t shop much this month; I only bought a few things here and there.”

“Delia, I thought we had an understanding. You agreed you’d curb your spending.”

“I did. I saw many things I wanted, but passed up. I missed out on some good deals too, I might add.”

He wanted to strangle her right now. The nerve of her. She thought this was some kind of game? A joke. This was their lives she was toying with. He stuck his hand out. “Hand over your cards.”

“What!”

“You heard me. I want every credit card you have in your possession. Now!”

“But”

“I’m done talking. I’m going upstairs and I expect you to bring me every single one. Don’t leave any out because I know how many you have.” He glared at her. “I’ll be waiting for you.”

Delia watched Scott walked toward the staircase. She’d fucked up again and now he’d take her credit cards. How dare him. What did he expect her do all day while he worked? How could she possibly pass the time without credit cards?

A thought struck her. Would he ask her to move out after taking her cards away? What if he was up there right now, packing her suitcase? She scrambled for her purse, dug out every card and raced up the stairs. He couldn’t kick her out; she wouldn’t let

him.

Sitting on the edge of the bed when she entered the bedroom, he tapped the paddle next to him.

Oh, the paddle, thank God. He wouldn't leave her after all. Excitement ran through her. She could handle the paddle. A few swats on the ass, she'd wiggle and squirm, cry a bit and it'd be over. He'd rub her clit and then fuck her. He wouldn't toss her to the curb.

"Do you have them?"

"Here." She closed the gap between them and handed him her cards.

"Thank you." He stuffed them into the pocket of his shorts.

"Would you like me to start dinner?"

"I've lost my appetite. We need to talk."

He looked at her and she got the distinct feeling things were far worse than she imagined.

"Talk?"

"Yes, Delia. I thought I explained myself last month, but then the bill arrived and I see I didn't. I can't continue on this way."

She knelt in front of him.

"I'm really sorry, Scott. I'm trying to get it under control."

"You lie. You haven't eased up on the spending. In fact, you forgot all about your promise the minute the sting on your ass faded. He removed her hands from his legs.

"I'm not looking for promises. I've heard enough already."

"Then spank me. Spank me again and this time, I'll learn my lesson."

"There's an idea."

She stood. "I'm ready."

"No, you're not. Remove your pants."

She looked down at her black dress pants and complied. After unzipping them, she slipped them off. The thought of him paddling her behind sent her head spinning. A few swats, an orgasm or two, and everything would be fine.

Spank Me Twice Anthology

"Panties too," he said.

She rolled them down her hips. "Do you want me to take off my blouse too?" Her nipples hardened.

He shook his head.

"You don't want me naked?"

"Nope."

Her brows met in the middle.

"Over my lap if you're ready."

His words rattled her. Tempted to bite her fresh polish off her fingers, she barely refrained. After he spanked her, things would be better. He'd tell her everything would be okay.

She rested her body over his lap, determined to get it over with.

His big hand settled on her legs and then he placed her into position. "You know I love you, right?"

"Yes," she said. *He does love me, doesn't he?*

"I love you very much, Delia, but this can't continue. You're spending will cost us dearly."

"Cost us? How?"

He brought the paddle down on her bare ass without uttering a word.

"Ouch!" she screamed, the pain radiating outward to every limb and digit.

When she tried to protect her bottom with her hand, he grabbed it and held it down. "Not this time, Delia."

Another smack.

Again.

And again.

Relentlessly, he spanked her.

"Please," she cried. "I'll be good, I swear. Keep the cards, please stop."

Her ass burned and heat radiated off her tender skin. She wiggled and squirmed, trying in vain to get out from under his tight grip.

"Scott!" she screamed. "Please!"

Finally he stopped and released her.

She crawled off his lap and rubbed her butt cheeks. Blood had rushed to every nerve ending in her ass. No doubt she'd have a hard time sitting for the next week.

Her heart shattered when she looked at Scott. He looked sad and remorseful.

"I'm sorry," she said, wondering why she was apologizing when her ass stung like hell.

"Me too, but I can't do this anymore, Delia. Something has to change."

"Are you saying our marriage is over?" Please, dear God, he couldn't mean the marriage was over. She loved him, loved him with every ounce of her being.

"No," he shook his head. "I told you before our marriage is secure." He reached for her hands. "If you don't stay within the limits we'll go broke. I want you to have the nice things you enjoy so much, but we only have so much money."

She bowed her head and realized she'd never thought about running out of money. Then what would happen? How would she keep the lifestyle she'd grown accustomed to? Fear suddenly consumed her. "We could lose all this?"

"If you don't stop overspending, yes."

"Oh Scott, I never thought, never realized we could lose it."

"Listen, I want you to have all this and more, but I'm begging you one last time. Stay within budget."

"I will. I know I've said it a million times before, but this time I mean it. I understand now."

"Are you sure, Delia?"

"Positive." She searched his eyes and saw relief there.

He gathered her in his arms. "I love you."

"I love you too, Scott. You have well and truly reined me in."

~The End~

About the Author:

Amber Skyze is a new author of erotic romance. She has written fiction and non-fiction for over 14 years. She spent the first ten years of her career writing for the Trues – True Confessions, True Romance, etc. She also writes magazine articles. Her love for erotic romance didn't come to light until she met her husband. Then all the bells went off – "I want to write erotica, I want to write erotica!" Her husband's a wonderful inspiration and research partner. You can learn more about Ms. Skyze at <http://amberskyze.wordpress.com/about/>

~*~

Road Trip

by

Tara S. Nichols

Sunlight glinted off the melt water rushing by in the ditch. I raised my hand to shield my eyes. The rippling torrent cut a deep valley through the remaining snow drifts, catching reeds, branches, and litter, only to end in swirling eddies in the debris-clogged culverts. In the last few days, the spring weather had turned warm, creating weather we normally experienced in July. The balmy climate was a welcome break from the deep freeze that had kept us indoors most of the winter.

We sped along in the car through no man's land, a flat terrain, made up of dense poplar forest and evergreens. To me, it looked like paradise. The thought of being on the open road, and glimpsing the first signs of warm weather, rendered me dizzy with renewed energy and lust. Then again, the notion of sex outdoors had always turned me on. Two scenarios stirred my carnal desires – the public exposure and the possibility of getting caught. I looked out the side window and saw potential everywhere—a rundown farm house, a muddy back road, a cluster of evergreens, or any number of billboards lining the road. It could be fast and hot over the hood of the car or well-plotted and sensuous. I didn't care, as long as it happened.

Every nerve in my body launched into high alert. My sex pulsed and I shifted so my thong tightened against my clit. If I scrunched down far enough and moved just so, my bottom dragged along the coarse woven fibers of the seat and rekindled long-subdued visions of the last spanking Jess had given me.

In celebration of the summery climate, I'd wanted a next-to-naked feeling and wore my skimpiest thong and my brightest rayon sundress. The pale yellow, gossamer outer layer felt like butterfly kisses against my fresh-shaven thighs, and the silky inner layer caressed the warm flesh of my almost exposed sex. My skimpy panty was damp with my arousal and the warm sun on my skin caused certain other parts of my anatomy to throb with longing. My breasts, free beneath the plunging neckline, ached to be touched. The pair of long white socks I'd slipped on at the last minute were for Jess' benefit. Knowing his weakness for socks, I wore them on purpose. They felt good against my skin and added to my overall sexy, carefree, mood.

I listened to the steady thud of the tires as the car rolled over the breaks in the asphalt, and smiled. The sound reminded me of the noise our bed makes when Jess finds his groove and drives his body into mine until the headboard bangs against the wall. Just thinking about it caused the muscles in my abdomen to tighten.

Barely a moment goes by when I'm not thinking about having sex with him. My raunchy thoughts consume me, distract me from my tedious work, and leave me so hot and bothered I can't wait until Jess gets home. That day, with him sitting less than two feet from me, I fantasized about the next time I'd feel his cock sliding between my thighs. I wanted him to pull the car off to the side of the road so I'd feel his hands on my body, his mouth pulling at my nipples, and the raw passion of a man who couldn't wait to fuck me. That was normally the case, but he seemed irritatingly aloof.

I glanced to Jess, so irresistible with one hand on the steering wheel of his convertible cherry-red 67 Mustang. I let my eyes rove over his sleek body, admiring the casual lean hips, the definition of muscle in his forearm, the softness of his eyes as he steered the car. Dressed in slim fitting jeans and a plain black T-shirt, he'd never looked so scrumptious.

He was enjoying the ride, that much was obvious, yet I'd noticed an underlying thread of anticipation in his posture. Now and then I'd catch him stealing a glance at me as if he expected a reaction, but whenever I turned my head, he looked away and tried his best to appear interested in the road ahead. My intuition said he was up to something, hopefully something devious.

I had no idea where we were headed, but I was impatient to get to our destination so I could tear the clothes from his body and make sweet love to him. I didn't care if he took the time to tie me up first. Sure, a spanking would be nice, but I was greedy, and I wanted satisfaction now. I wanted him to be hasty, his need to be inside of me too strong, too quick to bother getting undressed. He'd open his fly and I'd catch a glimpse of that rock hard belly as he shoved his shirt aside, flipped my skirt up and drove his cock into me with a grunt. He'd buck and toil and come within seconds, but it would be all right because he was always good for another round, and then, he'd take his time.

My cheeks heated as I pictured the erotic scenario; more than anything, I wanted his attention on me. I reached over and trailed one fingertip along his thigh.

He glanced at me and spared me a wan smile before turning his attention back to the road.

I raised my brows, unimpressed at being so easily dismissed. It wouldn't be the first time I'd been jealous of his car. I tried again, this time going for the bigger prize. My hand moved over the front of jeans and found the outline of his cock beneath the coarse fabric. His eyes widened and his hands gripped the steering wheel tighter.

"My, you're tense." My voice held a husky tone that I usually reserved for seduction. "I could help you with that."

His Adam's apple moved up his throat as he swallowed hard. I applied more pressure and rubbed the firm shaft with a growing persistence.

He looked from my hand to my face and blanched. "You can't be serious."

I bit one finger and nodded.

"Mona, you know we can't. We're already late."

"Late for what?"

He grimaced. I knew our destination was supposed to be a surprise.

"What?" I shrugged. "So we'll be later."

"We can't."

"We can," I said in a bantering tone.

He rolled his eyes, appearing exasperated. "Where?"

"Down a side road." I scanned the horizon, searching for a good spot. "There." I pointed to a signpost marking the next turn off.

"Not a chance."

"Why not?"

"For bloody sakes, it's right out in the open." He shifted in his seat.

I frowned. "And that's a problem for you?" His sudden squeamishness seemed out of character. "You've never complained before."

He sucked in a deep breath and let it out quickly, then leaned forward in an effort to shake off my exploring fingers. "Seriously, you do this every time."

"Come on, just a quickie, over the hood."

"No," he said with a firmness that spurred me on.

My sweet Jess was a pushover when it came to kinky sex. As much as he resisted, he always came around. I had started to suspect he was just playing hard to get to keep it interesting. He knew I liked it when I had to work to get what I wanted, like a lioness stalking her prey. It thrilled me and turned me into a voracious lover.

"I brought some rope." I wriggled my eyebrows, tempting him.

He jerked his head toward me.

"You could tie me between two trees."

He didn't respond, but I saw the fine muscles in his jaw twitch.

"Come on, let's be spontaneous."

"For that to happen, you'd have to stop planning, wouldn't you?"

I bit my lip. He had me there.

We passed another muddy side road and my gaze followed it with longing.

When I turned my head back he was smiling, but he wiped the smirk off his face

the moment he realized I'd caught him.

I cast him a sour look. "Laugh at me all you want, but you're missing out. I'm so wet right now, I know I'd come in a matter of seconds." I scooted forward until my ass hung over the edge, then raised my hips. "Here, see for yourself."

His gaze fell between my legs to where my fingers gripped the sides of my ass to pry my cheeks apart. An astonished expression swept over his handsome features and he struggled to compose himself. "Come on sugar, you're going to get us killed."

"Then you'd better pull over." My mind made up, I remained as I was with my bottom in the air.

Jess tried to ignore the temptation, but struggled to keep his eyes focused on the road. Eventually his lust won out. Reaching over, he dipped two fingers beneath the seam of my panties. I gasped the moment they grazed my lips. Tingles sparked in my abdomen and I strained my hips to take them inside me. He was faster than me though, and retreated every time I bucked.

"Oh God, pull over. I need you, right now."

He snatched his fingers away. "What? Here? On the side of the road?"

"Yes." I moaned and writhed, seeking his touch.

"Not a chance." He looked at me and arched one eyebrow. "We'd be arrested for sure."

"It'd be worth it," I keened in agony.

His forehead creased and he shook his head. "I must be insane. I don't know why I thought a trip like this would be possible. It's just not going to happen."

I started to think he was serious. He certainly was holding out longer than I'd expected. "So you say."

"Look, do you want to explain why we were late?" He sounded exasperated as well.

"Sure." I shrugged. "In fact, I'll tell them all about it."

"You don't even know who I'm talking about."

"What does it matter? It would probably turn them on."

“You’d hold nothing back?”

I shook my head.

“You’d tell them how I took a detour off the highway and bent you over the hood of the car?”

“And how you thrashed me silly for giving you such a hard-on, you couldn’t see to drive.”

His face spread into a wide grin. “So it would be a matter of safety that we pull off and fuck like there’s no tomorrow?”

“Yeah.”

“Ridiculous.” He scoffed. “Who would believe it?”

In the blink of an eye, he’d changed his tune. It felt like he dropped me into a cold barrel of water. I had to find a way to bring the conversation back, and fast. “I could show them my reddened bottom.”

“I repeat, you don’t even know where we’re going. It could be a boring science convention for all you know.”

“I’d make it work.”

“You’d lift your skirt and show perfect strangers how I spanked you?”

“Would that turn you on?”

Two hands gripped the wheel, and his fingers tightened around it. “It might,” he admitted after some time. “Would it be an assembly of academics, or lab technicians?”

“Lab Technicians?” I scrunched up my nose and tried to picture an audience of stuffy scientists watching my skirt tails lifted for everyone to inspect my ass. My sex heated, and I grew wetter. “Oh, yes, then perhaps scientists.”

“And would they want to see for themselves why you were so red, and would I have to demonstrate?”

“Well, scientists usually want to see the plan in action, don’t they?”

“They do, the twisted bastards,” he said with mock disapproval.

I giggled and he beamed.

“Still . . .” He sobered quickly. “Scientists or not, I have to concentrate on driving.”

I rolled my eyes. Here we go again. "Why?"

"To ensure our safety."

"So we'll use a condom, ribbed preferably."

"That's not what I meant and you know it."

"Fine, no condom. It doesn't matter. I'm on the pill, remember? You can splash your hot jizz as deep into me as you want."

He caught his bottom lip between his teeth and groaned. I heard the steering wheel echo his agony as he twisted it beneath his palms.

Encouraged, I lifted my skirt higher and cranked my chair into a reclining position. I peeled my panties down my hips and left them around the middle of my thighs where they acted like a soft cloth restraint.

He stared, his eyes wide, and I fought the urge to giggle.

He tugged at his zipper and shifted as if uncomfortable. "Bloody hell, you're a tease."

"Well, you don't have to look," I said innocently and then hiked the hem of my skirt to the top of my thighs, inviting him to view and admire my neatly trimmed pussy. I rested my stocking-clad feet on the dash. Jess was a foot man, and the socks offered an innocent look I knew he couldn't resist.

"Mmm." I wriggled my hips. "That breeze hits me square on the lips." I wriggled again. "I shaved today."

He groaned and cast a brief but longing glance at my nether regions. "Believe me I know."

Of course he knew, I thought feeling smug. He'd watched me as I sat on the edge of the tub with my legs splayed as I drew the razor over my sex. That was part of the reason I was so damn horny. His resistance had started to get tiresome. I wanted action, not excuses. I had no other recourse but to ramp up the seduction.

"I feel so vulnerable with my legs trapped like this and my pussy bared to passing drivers. There's nothing between them and me but the windshield. It's too bad my hands aren't tied behind my head." I gripped the headrest and arched my back. "Oh,

my bottom feels so good naked.”

The steering wheel groaned again and I smiled, feeling merciless in my pursuit to have Jess take me.

“You won’t think so after I’ve spanked it raw for the tricks you’ve pulled.”

“Promises, promises,” I said.

My nipples brushed against the fabric of my dress. They were stiff, sensitive and responsive to the slightest touch. I exposed a plump breast and cooed as the cool air rushed over my nipple, beading it into a spear. Retrieving my other breast, I did the same. I pinched them between my fingertips, cupped them in my hands and squeezed them together.

Tipping my head back, I closed my eyes and massaged my tits together. “Oh, your cock would fit so nice right about here,” I said.

I heard the car shift into fourth and felt the acceleration, but nothing could have prepared me for the shocked expression on the face of the driver of the car we just passed. I had just enough time to slap my hands over my breasts, at least the top half, before we were out of their line of vision.

Jess had done it on purpose, intending to teach me a lesson, remind me we weren’t alone, but his little scheme had backfired. I liked it when they turned to see my tits, their eyes wide with surprise. Then the surprise would turn to delight, and that was just enough to inflate my overactive ego. My pussy throbbed from the thrill.

“Now that wasn’t nice.” I scolded. “By the look on the guy’s face, he hasn’t seen a real pair of tits since they invented the wheel.”

“Well, he certainly has now.” Jess smirked and pulled back into our lane.

“I must admit I liked it,” I said, pulling on my nipples. “Do you suppose we’ll pass more cars?” I leaned forward and studied the road.

“You’re absolutely wicked.”

“I’m not wicked.” I said. “You’re the one who stuck me in this car for an hour knowing how much it would turn me on.”

“Mona, you’re impossible.” He frowned. “Maybe you’d settle for a kiss?” His

voice became deep and sultry, and I knew I was having an impact.

I pretended to give it some thought, and then nodded. He leaned over to meet my lips, but I had something far naughtier in mind. I took a lipstick container out of my purse and outlined the contours of my pussy. The creamy paint felt like silk as it slithered along my smooth skin.

Jess' gaze flickered back and forth between the road and my busy hands. "How subtle," he said with a laugh, despite his attempt to remain serious.

I put the cap back on the lipstick, locked it in place, and fixed him with a sly smile. "If you think that's funny, baby, then you haven't seen anything yet." I watched him out of the corner of my eye and brushed the lipstick container against my slit.

I swear his mouth watered. He watched me tease the delicate folds of my pussy, stroking up and down, ever so slowly. Evidence of my arousal marred the smooth shiny surface of the gold cap and I knew Jess couldn't have missed it.

"Oh, I think I need to feel something inside of me," I said in a hushed tone. Then, with a coy glance in his direction, I inserted the cold, hard tube into my pussy.

His eyebrows shot straight up and I saw an impassioned fire burn in his eyes.

"I'm going crazy with lust, Mona," he said, his attention riveted on my pumping fingers. Momentarily forgetting about the road, he jerked when a honk from a passing semi warned him he was in the wrong lane. Jess righted the car, but didn't correct his driving. He'd barely managed to tear his gaze off of me.

I drove the slender receptacle in and out and moaned, but longed for a much bigger phallus.

"Oh that's it, baby," he said, urging me on.

I pumped harder, but the container did nothing but tease me. "It's just not enough," I whimpered. My hands fell to my side with only the end of the tube visible, still and discarded.

Jess adjusted his jeans again. Clearly he'd enjoyed the show.

I drew in a deep breath then exhaled slowly. "I need something more, something bigger."

A wry smile tugged the corner of his lips. "So impatient. You know you can have my cock, but not just yet."

I cast him an irritated glare. "Fine. Maybe the gearshift will be more receptive." I motioned to the phallic pole beneath his hand.

"Oh, you're very, very naughty." His tone caught me off guard and brought my head around again. His sexy timbre laced with a hint of mischief, the words dug their claws into my sex.

I started to hope again. "I agree. I'm a very naughty girl. Perhaps I need a spanking." I offered up my bottom once again.

He nodded and hit the signal, an indication we were leaving the road. The tires crunched on gravel as he took the next turnoff.

"What are you doing? Is this our destination?" I sat up as straight as my bound legs would allow and looked around. "Where are you going?"

Jess didn't reply. He kept driving, sending clouds of orange dust swirling behind us. He seemed more confident, driving fast and sure. I could barely bring my ass back up on the seat. I glanced around and saw we were headed toward a densely-wooded area. He drove for another couple of miles before we passed a field lane that caught his eye. He hit the brakes, backed up, and turned into the grassy area. My panties inhibited my balance, and the bumps and ruts on the track sent me bouncing up and down. My ass pounded the seat over and over as he drove the car farther onto the property, lodging the lipstick container deep inside me.

With the finesse of a man ready for action, he stopped the car and turned to me. All trace of hesitation had left his face, replaced by a smile that promised splendid wickedness.

"Turn around," he said, and I knew by the tone of his voice he'd stepped into the disciplinarian role. But his voice cracked, the lust betraying him. With an effort, he pulled my panties off and flung them on to the dash.

"Those won't be necessary."

I remained still and watched curiously while he opened the console between the

seats and pulled out a wet nap. After opening the package, he pulled the moist towel out and proceeded to shine the top and base of the gear shift. Only after he'd thoroughly cleaned the handle did he set the napkin aside.

"Now, put one knee on either seat," he said, and motioned.

In order to remain in position, I gripped the headrests of both seats. He moved, and knelt on the driver's seat next to me. Then he lifted my skirt, exposing my ass to anyone who drove past. His gaze swept over my bared backside and his eyes narrowed into wicked slits. The pose was awkward, especially if he expected to ride me from behind, but I had no idea what he intended to do, just that he was enjoying himself immensely.

"You're a tease Mona, you know that?" His voice was thick with lust. "You get off on things that could get us in a heap of trouble."

"Or pleasure," I countered.

His authority façade slipped a little and he had a hard time hiding his smile. "I guess it's lucky for us I get off on it too."

Wasn't that the truth? Jess' sexual desires were a close match to my level of fetishes and I couldn't have been more pleased.

The stern mask went up again and he scowled. "But playtime is over. I believe you are hiding something from me."

Bewildered, I frowned.

His arm went up and his hot hand pressed against my skin. He spread my cheeks wide, deepening the indignity, but I confess I enjoyed his brash actions. His fingers nudged my pussy, brushing the outer lips as they explored and teased my slit. In one unexpected move, he plunged two fingers in and retrieved the tube of lipstick.

"We can't forget about this." He brought it to my lips and showed me what he had meant. "Now sit down," he said and placed his hands on my shoulders.

He positioned my body to where he wanted it, until a cold, hard object bumped against my pussy. Peering between my legs, I spotted the bulbous knob of the gear shift. It looked like a black cock splayed against my pink inner lips.

"I believe you'd mentioned something about the gear shift being receptive to you?"

Well, let's see, shall we?" He pressed his hand down on my shoulder and urged me farther down onto the shifter.

My mouth opened as I bore the girth of the knob. Cold in contrast to my fiery hot center, it felt amazing, filling and stretching me tight. It was harder than Jess' cock, with no give or take, and I'd never experienced anything so kinky.

"Wow," Jess exclaimed. "I didn't think it possible." Overcoming his amazement, and spurred into action, he reached beneath my hips and found my clit. I gasped as he thumbed the engorged bud stretched tight at the top of my slit. He moved it back and forth while I gripped the seat and gritted my teeth against the intense, but wonderful sensations.

"So, is it as good as my hard cock?"

I met his eyes. "Nothing is as good as that."

Apparently, that was the right answer. Smiling, he moved so his hard-on was right in front of me. Keeping his actions forceful he pressed his jean-clad cock against my mouth.

Sadism didn't come naturally to Jess, and even when it reared its head, he remained cautious. A caring, loving man, Jess wanted only to be loved in return. After a few nights in the sack with me, I'd convinced him pleasure could be to be found in rough sex—intense, wild, uninhibited pleasure. And there he was, initiating something on the risqué side.

I nipped at the bulge behind the zipper of his jeans and he groaned appreciatively. "That's it," he said, his voice breathy.

He teased my nipples, pulling them straight up and out, pinching them and twisting them to the point before pain.

The sound of an engine roared in the distance and we turned to look. The silhouette of a tractor came into view. Nothing more than a cloud of dust and circling seagulls. The threat of getting caught was minimal, and we both relaxed.

"You don't mind an audience while you suck my cock, do you?"

I shook my head, my gaze locked on his fingers as they unzipped his jeans. He

lifted the ends of his shirt to reveal his smooth, firm stomach. I caught a flash of a fine tuft of hair farther down and my sex clamped down on the gear shift.

“Didn’t think so. If I’m reading you right, you want it hard and fast?”

I looked up at him and licked my lips, an indication of how much I hungered for his cock, but I didn’t get the chance to answer. Standing with one knee on the seat in front of me and one foot on the floor, he brought his stiff cock to my mouth. He pressed it to my lips and I inhaled his musky scent, much as I would savor a fine wine. My tongue flickered over the sensitive flesh and caressed the underside with long, smooth strokes, wetting the shaft so I could take it all the way in. With the hunger of a half-starved beast, I drew it into my mouth, and heard Jess’ breath catch in his throat. Balancing on one hand, I reached up with the other and cupped his balls. They churned in my hand as the blood rushed to the head of his prick, and I used them to pull him deeper into my mouth.

“So greedy.” He chuckled. “But if it’s more you want baby” His voice trailed off, and he thrust his cock to the back of my throat until my nose nuzzled the thatch of hair at the base.

His gruffness intoxicated me, sent me spiraling off to a blissful place. I opened my throat to him, and my lips closed around his shaft. My head bobbed in a steady rhythm. Fully penetrated and spitted like a suckling roast, I could do nothing but grip the seat harder as he bucked his hips, eager to reach his climax. I encouraged him with a lustful moan and felt his shaft grow rigid. Seconds later, he came hard, shooting a thick hot stream of cum down my throat.

He sank down into the seat and closed his eyes for a moment.

My pussy pulsed with longing and since my partner seemed down for the count I moved my hips, setting a rhythm that forced the knob deeper into my pussy, and stroked me in all the right places.

Jess opened his eyes and looked at me. “Naughty, naughty girl,” he said, his carnal gaze licking over my rocking hips.

“Don’t look so disappointed,” he said. “I’m not through with you yet.”

I paced my rhythm in order to concentrate. "I thought we were late."

"It'll keep," he said with a wave of his hand.

Recovering from the effects of the blow job, he looked at me with renewed interest and my heart thudded in my chest. What else did he have in store for me?

He helped me off the gear shift and wiped it down. With an efficiency an usher would envy, he urged me out of the car and told me to strip.

I bent down to remove my socks first, but he stopped me.

"No, leave them on." His appreciative gaze lingered on them briefly, and then he pointed to my dress. "But that can go."

At the thought of stripping, a shiver of excitement rippled through me and my sex grew wetter.

With a cursory glance toward the field and the tractor circling it, I slipped out of my dress and placed it into his waiting hand. The cold air against my skin drew prickles.

"Very nice," Jess' said, his voice a purr. I shuddered at the intensity of his gaze on my pert nipples then he lowered his eyes to my sex where I'd outlined my lips in dark red. Evidence of my arousal coated the insides of my thighs.

"Utterly disgraceful." He shook his head and clicked his tongue, but his smile told another story. With a casualness that thrilled me, he took my dress and hung it over the side mirror.

I longed to feel his hot, demanding mouth kissing and licking me, yearned to see the lipstick transferred to his face, but this was Jess' show, and I, his obliging partner. He intended to draw out his role as the dominant to make his hapless victim squirm.

"Now that I'm naked what are you going to do with me?"

He held up the tube of lipstick. "Hands behind your back, please."

I did as commanded and thrust my erect nipples out. I watched his fingers work the cap off the lipstick container. He brought it to my exposed breasts and circled one nipple with a thick, pasty line before moving on to the next. Crude and bawdy, his actions were perversely erotic and my pussy pulsed even stronger.

"Is that so you can find them later?" I asked.

His mouth twitched as he fought the urge to smile. He turned me around and said, "Bend over." His voice grew hard as he pressed my hands onto the hood of the car. He spread my legs wide like a criminal under arrest and about to be searched. With my pussy lips in full view, I anticipated the touch of his fingers, hoping he'd engage in a thorough inspection.

He backed up and I watched over my shoulder as he scrounged for something in the hip pocket of his jeans. Once again my body responded to the exaggerated imbalance of power in our little sexual scenario—him fully clothed, me deprived of my dress. I wanted him to spank me, to use forceful language and exploit my body for his pleasure. A flood of moisture welled at my entrance, announcing my desire to be plundered and treated rough to Jess' ever-attentive gaze. To remind me of my exposure, a light breeze reached my hot center and I shuddered with anticipation.

I craned my neck and saw him poised with the tube of lipstick tight in his fingers. His brows drew together and his lips formed a tight line as he hovered over my exposed bottom. He bent down and wrote something across each cheek. I craned my neck again, straining to see what he wrote, but couldn't quite make it out.

"What does it say?"

He sniggered and smacked me on the ass. "I'll give you a hint."

My eyebrows arched, and I moaned with pleasure. Finally, he was giving me exactly what I wanted. His tough guy act was all for show, but I appreciated every minute of it. I trusted and loved Jess with all my heart. It had taken time to convince him to do engage in role-play but I had to admit, he was coming around rather pleasantly.

"Now," he continued. "I want you to find me something to spank you with."

Gripping me by the shoulders, he turned me around until I faced the woods, then gave my bottom another little swat to get me going. "Be creative."

Dressed only in my knee-high socks, I wandered along the edge of the field. In no time my socks became soiled. They soaked up moisture where the ground was damp and became caked with dirt where it was dry, but I didn't care; I loved the outdoors. I

inhaled the strong smell of the damp earth mingled with the sweet nectar of chokecherry blossoms. I listened to the crows calling down from the treetops, their voices shrill and taunting. For all I knew, they might have been laughing at me. The faint roar of the tractor brought me back to reality, reminding me we had an audience. Raising a hand over my eyes, I studied the farm machinery as it traveled over the hill and decided the driver was too far away to see anything. Still, the farmer's presence appealed to my exhibitionist nature and added to my desire.

The ground soon grew muddy and I slipped between the young saplings. I focused my search inside the narrow strip of trees and hoped to find a cast-off twig in the ditch on the other side. The only available tool was a wide selection of branches, but even I was too chicken for such a thrashing as that.

Although the temperature was cooler in the shade, I found it difficult to maneuver through the trees. Either there was a large puddle or a burdock laden with hairy brown burrs blocking my path. Resignedly, I looked at the plant and decided the only way to the road was through it.

The prickly shrub scratched my skin, tangling around my limbs and gripping me like a lecherous old coot.

In the ditch, I found nothing but snow, candy wrappers, and coffee cups, but just when I was about to turn back empty-handed, I spotted a waterlogged board on the far side of the ditch. With a glance up and down the road, I leaped across the deep chasm and picked it up. Half-rotted and dripping, the board would surely earn Jess' approval.

Leaning against the side of the car with an enormous erection, Jess looked up as I stepped out of the trees. When I approached, his cock grew harder and longer. At that moment, I spotted another item I'd overlooked. A crisp, white bank of snow still lingered beneath the shade of an evergreen bough. I was certain Jess would find a use for the icy substance. Deciding to give him a thrill, I turned my backside to him, bent over and gave him a full view of my pussy.

When I returned to his side I held out my scavenged treasures and he nodded, seemingly impressed with my ingenuity.

“Is the snow for before or after?” he asked.

I flashed him a cheeky smile and he matched it with one of his own. “A little of both.” We were in our element, testing each other’s limits as well as our own.

I came around to the front of the car and waited while he rummaged in the backseat. When he returned, he held a small package in his hand. Opening the box he pulled out a cock gag. My pussy tightened. I was surprised to see the new toy, especially since it was one I’d intended to order myself. Jess had come home early a few weeks earlier, and caught me in the act of browsing an online sex toy website. When he saw the things I’d flagged, he’d whisked me away to the bedroom and improvised with his own tools. I didn’t think he’d placed the order, but apparently he’d decided to surprise me. I wondered what other surprises my lover had in store for me.

I marvelled at the feel of the gag as he slipped the rubber phallus past my lips. I’d chosen the smallest size available, yet it filled my mouth and pressed down on my tongue. The gag made it difficult to talk and impossible to swallow. I loved the way it made me feel.

Jess ran his thumb along my jaw line, his action tender and caring. I nodded once to signify everything was all right.

He smiled. “Well, that should prevent the neighbors from hearing you scream when I tan your ass.” His eyes sparkled with mischief and he planted a swift kiss to the end of my nose. “Now sit on the hood and spread your legs.”

Although disappointed, and anxiously awaiting my punishment, I did as he asked. To me, spankings were like eating desert first.

I climbed atop the warm hood and turned my exposed pussy to the gravel road. The heat seeped into my muscles, creating a rather pleasant effect. I hoped I wouldn’t orgasm before he laid a hand on me. As I moved into position, our gazes fell to the mark my wet pussy left on the car.

“Oh, oh,” he said, pretending to be angry. “Now you’re in trouble.”

I smiled around the gag and wondered what he held in store for me. I didn’t have to wait long. To my surprise, he plucked a burr from of my sock and held it up in the

air. I remembered the prickly fingers of the annoying plant well and shuddered.

“Bet you didn’t think of using one of these?” He smiled wickedly and twirled the burr over my nipple and down my side. I groaned behind the gag, my pussy leaving a trail of moisture across the slippery hood.

While I was distracted, he brought his mouth to my pussy and teased my clit with the tip of his tongue. My hips jerked from the unexpected contact before I settled into a calm.

“I love the taste of you,” he said, his breath hot against my slit. He licked my pussy with long, smooth strokes using the flat of his tongue. Then he slid it deep inside me and wriggled it about until I came hard, my pussy clamped around his tongue. A moment later he lifted his face and rose to stand beside me. Spent and exhausted, I slumped against the hood, my limbs lay slack and useless.

Just as I’d imagined, a tinge of lipstick had transferred to his upper lip. It took all my will not to wipe it off with the pad of my thumb.

“Feel good?” he asked.

I nodded.

“Glad to hear it, but the fun has just begun.” He grabbed me by the ankles and slid me forward until his hips framed my pussy. I assumed he intended to give me another vigorous probing with a much larger organ. To my dismay, he placed the burr at the top of my cleft. It clung to a little tuft of hair and hovered like a land mine over my swollen clit. My eyes went wide and Jess chuckled.

With the little burr pressing down on my sex just enough to catch and tickle, Jess helped me from the car and turned me around so my hands pressed down on the hood.

I watched over my shoulder as he scraped the snow from the board and stepped up behind me. I recoiled and squealed from the initial shock as he applied it directly to my butt cheeks. The icy coldness stung far worse than any spanking I’d ever experienced and soon I was growling behind the gag. I tried to scramble back onto the hood but Jess caught me by the hips and drew me against the warmth of his groin. I stilled, and revelled in the feel of his hard cock grinding it into me. It calmed me and rekindled my

interest. I pushed back, using the melting snow to increase the friction.

Jess scooped up another handful. "More?"

I nodded and he pressed it against my pussy. I would have sucked in a sharp breath had it not been for the cock gag in my mouth. With no other outlet, I allowed the rubber bung invading my mouth take the brunt of my reaction, sucking and biting it. Merciless in his pursuit, Jess moved the snow in small circles, working the frozen mass against my clit until water trickled down the insides of my thighs. Although intensely cold at first, the snow melted quickly against the heat of my sex, and soon Jess had nothing to torment me with.

Undaunted, he picked up the pitiful looking board and gave it a test swing. "So, are you still game?"

The thought of the board slapping against my ass brought a new flood between my legs. Muddy and decayed, the board would no doubt leave a dirty mark across my cheeks. The thought of allowing it to touch my skin repulsed me, yet I nodded. I couldn't imagine anything I'd like better.

Jess raised the board and brought it down against my ass. The rotten timber made a watery squelching sound and broke upon impact. We both laughed. Still, it had felt good. In a matter of seconds Jess had managed to warm my bottom, and I angled my hips offering myself up for more.

He picked up the larger of the two pieces and took another swing. The result was the same, but this time I really felt it. My cheeks stung from the blow, but like always I shuddered, and an intense wave of pleasure swept over me.

The useless board landed next to my feet.

"I'm sorry honey." Jess' voice cut into my euphoria. "There's just not enough left to continue. I suppose we'll have to do this the old fashioned way." An open handed slap resounded on my right cheek and I cried out in surprise. My outburst echoed off the surrounding trees even though muffled by the gag.

He took a moment to fondle my heated lobes, his thumbs setting the tender flesh ablaze. I groaned and trembled under his touch.

Then, as unexpectedly as before, his hand came down again and caught me off guard. He spanked me until I panted, my breath coming hard and fast. With each strike, the hot grill ground against my hips and the little burr prickled my clit. I imagined the blush growing across my cheeks and felt the stinging aftermath, but sought each blow with growing impatience, gritting my teeth and growing weak in the knees.

To torment me, he brought his hips close to my sex and ground his cock against me. Leaning heavily across my back, he found the sensitive lobe of my right ear. He nibbled and licked, stirring my desire all the way down between my legs. He ran his tongue along my neck and then lifted off me with an agonized groan.

“If you hadn’t been so deplorable I’d sink my cock deep into you right now,” he said, his voice husky. “It would feel like a red hot poker against this cold.” He dug his fingers into the tender flesh of my ass and pressed my bare tits against the hot hood.

The muted pain sent ripples of pleasure straight to my nipples.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

Too distracted, I couldn’t answer. Instead I groaned around the gag, wanting nothing more than for him to do that very thing.

“As much as I’d love to, it’s still too soon.”

Another smack landed on my other cheek and I growled in delight. For a cautious guy, he was very skilled in the art of spanking.

“You’ve got me running hard like a locomotive. If I did it now I wouldn’t last very long.” He reached into the box resting against the side mirror. “So that’s what this is for.” I looked at the small leather strip with two sets of snaps on both ends—the cock ring to go along with the cock gag.

I watched in fascination as he freed his engorged cock and fastened the small bit of leather at the base, wrapped it around his sac and snapped it in place. The veins along the shaft bulged and the head turned dark purple. Under the strain of the cock ring, his erection appeared to grow wider, longer, and much more dangerous. I longed to taste him. My tongue instinctively worked the false cock in my mouth, and as I watched, a drop of moisture seeped from the end of his prick.

“Now, I’m going to fuck you with that farmer watching,” he said with an endearing wriggle of his eyebrows.

He let his pants fall to his ankles, and the head of his cock nudged my entrance. Eager to have him inside me, I leaned back, but he pulled away, teasing my lips with the head of his cock. He slid it up and down my wet slit with slow deliberate movements until I growled with impatience. I wanted him to go faster, plunge his cock in and ride me hard.

At last, he eased his cock in through my tight opening and filled me with his solid shaft. My desire unfurled like a fiddlehead in a silent forest. Everything stood still as he sheathed his cock to the hilt. He wove his fingers through my hair, and gripping tight, he increased the tempo of his thrusting hips. He drove into me with furious upward thrusts, and his sac slapped against my mound. With my cheek pressed against the hood, my arms turned to rubber and I accepted each thrust gratefully. My orgasm hit like a tidal wave, washed over me and tossed me into an undercurrent of pleasure.

“You’re incredible,” he said, still toiling behind me.

I imagined him riding my orgasm like a surfer riding a wave. Normally my release triggered his, but he kept pumping harder and longer with cock ring to sustain him. My pussy clenched against his cock, a second orgasm already building. I wanted to tell him how much I loved him, longed to shout out encouragement, and talk dirty, but the gag in my mouth prevented me from speaking. I had no choice but to show him how he made me feel with my body.

“Oh honey,” he groaned, deep in the grips of his desire. “I want to feel your pussy suck the cum out of me like a straw.”

That was all it took to send me over the edge a second time. A thousand tiny sparks exploded before my eyes as Jess rocked my body and pounded my wet pussy until he cried out with his release. Hot cum spilled out between our legs, and remained cool on my thighs. Still deep inside me, he fell against my back, his breath ragged and his cock throbbing.

We remained like that, entwined and half asleep, for what seemed like a long time,

yet when I glanced at the watch on his wrist, only a few minutes had passed. Jess extricated himself and sagged against the car. I reached behind my head and removed the gag from my mouth, relieved to be able to talk once again.

"My god you're fantastic," I said, rushing into his arms.

He held me tight and beamed with pride. "You weren't so bad yourself." He squeezed my red bottom.

I winced and gave him a playful swat.

"Careful, you know where that got you last time," I wagged a finger at him.

With an arch of his brow, he nodded. "It just so happens to be my happy place." He winked and raised himself up from the car.

A surge of giddiness washed over me, and I counted myself as one of the luckiest women alive. Had I been paying attention, I would have noticed he'd gone around to the back of the car and retrieved a picnic basket from the trunk. I watched with growing interest as he proceeded to spread a large blanket out on the ground.

"What are you doing?" I asked, stepping closer.

He looked up at me, his eyes round and innocent. "Aren't you hungry?"

"Well, yes, but . . ." I watched him pull out a bottle of wine, cheese, and a variety of fruit. I smiled and realized I'd been played. "This was your plan all along, wasn't it?"

When his smile widened, I knew I had my answer. I ran to his side and threw my arms about his neck.

"We never had a destination," he said. "And you were right."

"About what?" I asked between the kisses to his face.

"That it would be cruel to take you out for a drive knowing what it does to you."

"Well, you certainly do know me."

He handed me a glass of wine, we clinked glasses, and he swooped a bouquet of pussy willows in front of my face.

"How lovely," I said, taking them with a smile.

"I found them while waiting for you to return." He flashed me a bashful smile. "I figured they might serve two purposes."

Spank Me Twice Anthology

"I can only imagine," I said tickling his nose with them.

A fresh breeze swept across the field and I shivered. I set the flowers aside and searched for my dress, remembering it still hung on the car. "Would you be offended if I put my dress back on now? I'm starting to cool down."

He paused, and then shook his head. "Not yet. I like what the chill does to your delectable body." He reached out and tweaked one rock-hard nipple. His hand traveled up my naked thigh, and he kissed me on the lips. "Besides, I plan on having you for desert, and watching you sitting there is sure working up my appetite."

~The End~

About the Author:

Ever since Tara Nichols was a little girl she has had an affinity for romantic adventures. With crushes on the likes of Tarzan and Hans Solo she grew up looking for the perfect gentleman rogue. When she is not writing about romance, erotica or paranormal fiction she can be found tending her garden, keeping bees or reading a spy novel. Tara roams free on the flat prairie land in Manitoba Canada where she lives with her young son and husband.

She can also be found at her author website and guestbook. www.tarasnichols.com

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Lip Service

by

Keta Diablo

The table is set with our best china—Wedgewood, the Florentine pattern. My hands tremble when I remove the linen napkins from the hutch drawer and place them to the left of the plates. Now, if I can only remember to light the tapered candles—Ocean Breeze, Bryan's favorite—before he comes through the door.

I so want everything to be perfect as we celebrate our fifth anniversary. Glancing around our condo, I smile. *Picture perfect*, the way Bryan likes it. Maybe he's forgotten about our latest tiff in the two weeks he's been gone. He'd called several times from Japan and didn't mention the ugly debacle, but I can't place much stock in that. As lead Fashion Designer at Arpel's, the man lives and breathes his job, particularly when on assignment. The last thing he'd think about is our fragile relationship. But it hadn't been fragile until our latest fight. That's why it's so important I get everything right tonight.

I pour a glass of Cabernet Sauvignon—no two-buck-Chuck for Bryan—and plop into the club chair near the hearth. I allow myself a brief journey into the past, the day I met the most magnificent man God ever breathed life into. I took a job as an intern at Arpel's under Bryan, and I do mean literally under Bryan. Watching the empty air, I recall the first time we made love. His penetrating blue eyes, that's what I remember most, and the length and breadth of his cock when I first laid eyes on it.

If I'd had a lick of sense, I should have run. But I didn't, and something deep inside me screamed, "You know this is what you've been waiting for all your life." I succumbed, and willingly, and have spent every day since wanting more and more. Bryan is like a disease I can't rid my body of, a shameless, delicious illness for which there's no cure.

My cell phone vibrates in my pants pocket and draws me from my reverie. Bryan's number flashes before my eyes and like Pavlov's dog, my cock responds.

"Hi," I say, wanting to hear the sound of his voice, yet wondering why he's calling.

"I've got some bad news."

"What, tell me?"

His voice wheezes with frustration and anger. "My flight got cancelled, some fucking wing flap dysfunction."

"Can't you catch another one?" I ask, trying to concentrate on his words and dispel the sudden image of his magnificent face floating behind my eyelids. Why would God create such a masterpiece? The aquiline nose and erotic mouth, the perfectly shaped brows above the azure-blue eyes that hold ageless mystery and soulful passion?

“Navarre, we’re talking La-fucking-Guardia here, and to make matters worse there’s a National Guard Convention going on with five thousand delegates trying to fly out to Jersey.”

“So what are you saying?”

“I’m saying, there are no flights to Massachusetts for two days, and don’t bother asking about a rental car. I couldn’t rent a rickshaw right now.”

I pace my breathing and try to hide my disappointment. “No sense lighting the candles, I guess.”

“Look, I know it’s a special night, and I did my best to make it home, but”

“You remembered.”

In perfect sync with my shiver, he expels a long breath. How many times had I felt that warm, contented sigh against the nape of my neck?

“Yes, I remembered, and I’d give anything to be there . . . with you.” The anger has left his voice, replaced by a seductive cadence that makes my cock pulsate with need. “That’s all I’ve thought about for two weeks, being inside you. I imagine you on the bed, on your hands and knees, and me plowing into you until we’re both mindless and spent.”

“Don’t, please. These past two weeks have been a storm of emotion for me. The fight . . . the nights alone, and I was so looking forward to—”

“And you think I’m not going through the same tangled feelings?” He pauses. “I’m sorry about getting on your ass about talking to Jay.”

“Jay means nothing to me; you should know that. It was casual conversation at a party, nothing more.”

“I’m such a dumb bastard, and I know it hurts you when I act like an idiot.”

“You do remember what you said, don’t you?”

“About Jay? Yeah, I said he couldn’t find his way in the dark with NVG’s on.”

“Night vision goggles, yes, you did.” I close my eyes and take my fill of his infectious laugh. “What else did you say?”

“Christ, I don’t remember, Navarre. Does it matter?”

“You said, ‘Two can play this game.’ What did you mean by that, Bry? I can’t get it out of my mind.”

“Listen, I say a lot of things when I’m pissed off, and don’t mean half of them, you know that.”

“That’s the problem; I’m trying to figure out if you meant it about the NVG’s or two playing this game.”

“Well, if I was there with you tonight, you wouldn’t have to wonder about which one I meant.”

My turn to sigh. “Did I hear a half-ass apology?”

A lengthy pause drones on and I imagine Bryan looking at the ceiling and then the floor. Finally, he speaks. “I’m sorry, Navarre, for the ugly words, but mostly, I’m sorry for not making it home tonight.”

“Half-ass apology accepted and I guess I’ll see you in two days then.”

Even though he can’t see me, I smile; more to convince myself two days isn’t a long time to wait. It seems an eternity to me right now. I need to touch him, taste him and inhale his essence until I’m drunk from it. “Where will you stay tonight, and tomorrow night too,” I ask, trying to sound casual.

“The check-in clerk took pity on me and scrounged up a room at the Hilton Garden Inn, midtown Manhattan. Not a five-star, but hey, it’s a warm bath and a bed.”

I clear my clogged throat. “Things are looking up. You could have been stranded at LaGuardia for two days with that convention going on.”

“No, shit. My granny always said, ‘Count your blessings, however small they be.’”

My stomach tightens and my skin tingles. I want him to touch me . . . now, and I don’t give a shit about the airplane, the room or the fucking desk attendant. I hate all of them. “I’ll let you go then so you can check into your room and get a good night’s sleep.”

“Navarre, I won’t get a good night’s sleep because I’ll be thinking of you, and wishing I was there to lick every inch of you.”

“Don’t, please. I’m trying hard to buck up here, hide my disappointment, and the

more you talk about”

“All right, but I want you to know this isn’t a picnic for me either.”

“See you in two days,” I say and push the end button on my phone.

I down the rest of my wine, rise from the chair and walk into the bedroom. Staring into the full-length mirror on the door, it’s nearly impossible to ignore the solemnity on my face, and the anger. A glance to the bed proves a mistake. I picture us there, his cock jumping and twitching at the touch of my fingers, our naked bodies moving as one, no one leading, no one following. Bryan’s dark hair brushes against my shoulder as he drives into me time and again and calls out my name in the throes of passion.

Defeat claws at my gut, and then I remember one of the things Bryan loves most about me. Spontaneity. Of course. Why hadn’t I thought of it already? The Greek God is grounded in New York, but I’m not hindered by anything. I can go any where I choose, and I choose to go to him. A two-hundred mile trip, a piece of cake knowing what waits for me at the end of my journey – the centerpiece of my universe, a man who can make my body hum like a harp with just one touch.

I pack a bag in less time than it takes to smoke a cigarette, lock the door to the condo and head for the underground garage. What a great anniversary surprise I think, settling in behind the wheel of the Denali. I push the remote to open the garage door, and minutes later, I merge onto US 1, the highway that takes me directly to New York.

Directly to Bryan.

The first hour of my journey speeds by. I pull off the Interstate and stop at an Xtra Mart to grab a double-shot espresso and two glazed donuts, energy fuel for the last two hundred miles. My mood is anything but exasperated now. In fact, my every thought centers on Bryan and the intense feelings he awakened in me from the moment I met him. I allow myself to enter into a labyrinth of memories, all lurid and carnal, of course, about Bryan and me. It helps pass the time and puts miles of highway behind me.

Two hours later, my cell phone vibrates again. I struggle to pull it from my pocket while navigating the wheel with one hand. “Hello.”

The deep, sultry inflection of Bryan’s voice curls my toes. “I just called to say

goodnight. I'm all settled in now, had a warm bath and I-I miss you terribly."

"I miss you too, more than you know," I say, again keeping my tone as neutral as possible. I don't want to give away the surprise. "I suppose you ate on the flight from Japan?"

He laughs. "Yeah, three times, but that was hours ago."

"So what did you have for dinner?"

"I'm about to order room service. Braised sirloin tips over rice and a bottle of Claret."

I'll give him room service and then some. "Sounds good; I put the dinner I made in the fridge, and had a *Lean Pocket* instead."

"I want you, Navarre; I'm so fucking hard, I can't think of anything else. I won't sleep, probably won't eat, but you can be sure I'll finish every last drop of the wine until I'm shit-faced."

The lights of New York flash brightly ahead of me. "Plan to put yourself in a drunken stupor, huh?"

"Fucking right. I'm going to jerk myself off while flooding my mind with images of you sucking me, licking my balls, and writhing beneath me."

I make a throaty, nonsensical sound and check my breathing. "Are you trying to torment me?"

"No, I'm trying to tell you much I miss you and I'd give anything to be fucking your brains out right now."

I yawn, loud enough for him to hear it. If he keeps talking about fucking my brains out, I'll soon be jerking myself off in the car. I want to save it for him, the man I can't seem to get enough of.

"Well that's a fine how-do-you-do. I'm talking about how much I want you, how I want to touch you everywhere, and you yawn." He blows air through his lips. "Do you know when I suck your nipples you arch your back and moan? And when I enter you, you rock back against my cock and impale yourself like you can't get enough?"

My heart pounds and my cock twitches. I feel my balls tighten and ache.

“Navarre, are you there?”

“I’m here, Bryan. Where in the hell would I be?”

“I’m stroking it, Navarre, and I’m imagining it’s your hand, your soft, gentle fingers running the length of my shaft. You’re wrapping your hand around it and I’m saying, harder, faster. Your eyes are glazed over with lust. I love your eyes, Navarre, dove-gray with flecks of silver. And I love your mouth. It’s moving toward my cock now. Your lips are parting and you wrap them around the tip, then stop for a moment and lap up the pre-cum leaking from my slit. Swallow my cock, I say, the whole thing, take it deep in your throat. And like the submissive you are, you do it masterfully.

I hear a long moan and know Bryan is at the pinnacle of orgasm. My erotic fantasies are spiraling out of control, and I’m close to coming too. There is something about this phone sex that excites me in ways I never imagined. Suddenly I want to hear more; crave the intimate details of how Bryan feels when we make love. He’s never spoken of it before, and I exult in it.

“What am I doing now,” I ask, thoroughly engaged in this licentious sex talk. Before he has a chance to answer, I unzip my jeans and pull my cock from the slit in my briefs. It pulsates and throbs in my hand.

“You’re on your hands and knees; your entire body is damp with perspiration. It shimmers beneath the dim candlelight in the room,” he whispers. “My hands clutch your hips; I hold you firmly, and I drive into you in one swift movement. You cry out and rock your hips back against me.”

“Oh, Christ,” I say and stroke my dick with the acute awareness it’s leaking. I swear I can feel him plowing into me. The white lines of the highway mesh together as my vision blurs.

“You whimper like a wounded animal and clutch the bed sheets, undulating, gyrating and begging for more. I reach up and grab a lock of your hair, entwine my fingers in it, and force your head back. You’re hot and tight, gripping my cock like a vise. I’m drowning in the indescribable sensations. My cock swells inside you, and again you rock back and thrust your hips forward and back. Can you feel me inside

you, Navarre? Can you sense my intense need for you, my love for you?"

Did he just say he loved me? I must be delusional. Or perhaps it's the double shot of caffeine and the lack of sleep, the enormous disappointment of not seeing him come through our door tonight.

"I'm still here," I manage to squeak out and realize I must pull over unless I want to die with a mass of metal wrapped around me.

"Did you hear what I said? I said I love you."

The stab of need between my legs rises to unbearable heights. I long to feel Bryan buried inside me. I feel the semen rise to the top of my cock like hot-running lava. My release is imminent and I feel like I'll implode from the inside out at any second.

"Oh, God." His voice is hoarse and strained and I know he's about to explode like an erupting volcano.

Never have I experienced anything so erotically perverse. Am I really on the shoulder of the interstate jerking myself off and listening to Bryan on the phone masturbating? Yes, I am, and it's deliciously decadent.

A bestial growl comes from Bryan's lips as I throw back my head and cry out. Warm semen spurts from my cock, so intense and strong, it almost blinds me. I'm vaguely aware of the inhuman moan spewing from Bryan's lips and I know his release is as powerful as mine.

Long minutes pass while nothing but heavy breathing comes through the line. Somehow I manage to drag a tissue from the glove box, wipe the cum from the steering wheel and zip up my pants. I merge into traffic slowly, spent, exhausted and weak.

The old Bryan I know has returned. "Fucking room service in this dump sucks."

"They haven't brought your food yet? How long has it been?" I ask as my breathing returns to normal.

"An hour, and I'm about to call down there and ream their asses."

"No, don't do that, Bryan. I'm sure they're up to their eyeballs with orders from five thousand National Guard guests. Give them a little more time."

"A half an hour and that's it," he says.

Spank Me Twice Anthology

Eighth Avenue looms before my tired eyes, and then the flashing sign, *Hilton Garden Inn*. I made it; I'm here, and Bryan is only minutes away. I pull into valet parking and hand the keys over to a tall, paunchy-looking man who appears more tired than me. Opening the back door of the Denali, I pull my bag out, sling it over my shoulder and head toward the front desk.

"What room is Bryan Schaefer staying in?" I ask.

The desk clerk looks at her log and points toward a bank of elevators. "Room 468. Fourth floor. Turn left when you exit the elevator and follow the sign."

"Thanks," I say, and realize my legs are wobbly. My hands tremble as I push the wall button, and soon the elevator door opens. Thank God it's empty. I step inside and push the button for the fourth floor. I'm almost there; soon I'll be wrapped in his arms, taken to a place some have only dreamed about.

The elevator door opens. The sign tells me to turn right to find Room 468. I stand in front of his door, and can't fucking believe it. I'm here, seconds away from bliss. I raise my hand to knock and hear muffled laughter and voices through the door.

Bryan's and another man's unfamiliar voice.

My heart falls to my feet. Someone is in there with him. How could I be so stupid? Ice rushes through my veins and a wave of dizziness nearly brings me to my knees.

Two can play this game . . . two can play this game.

I look around for something to throw up in, just in case I can't stop the bile from making it past my throat. I spy a potted plant, but rather than douse it with vomit, I want to pitch it through the nine-paned window nearby. Bryan is in his hotel room with another man, and the visions storming my brain devastate me.

He didn't mean it, not a single word—the apology, the *I love you*, or the part about missing me. How can he miss me while he's fucking another man? I tell myself it was all lies, the wing flap problem, the National Guard convention, the whole shebang. Pacing the hallway, I wonder what I should do. Knock? Barge in? Or simply leave and toss myself over the nearest bridge?

What about our life, the condo we share, the Wedgewood and the fucking Ocean

Breeze candles? Everything Bryan loves or says he loves. Is that all lies too? My stomach lurches and my gaze wanders to the Shefflera again with its plastic yellow and green foliage. Maybe I'll have to use it as a puke bucket after all.

Yeah, I'm a submissive, I tell myself, but not a doormat. I gave Bry five years, the best five years of my life. The anger rises from my gut like a geyser about to erupt. I'm not simply walking away, nor am I going to toss myself off a bridge. I decide right then and there, I'm going to confront him, and his lover. Besides, I'm more than a little curious about what the man looks like. It seems important to me to see the stranger's face and know whether his eyes are blue, brown or gray like mine. I must know or it won't ever seem real to me.

And I must confront Bryan, tell him what a low-life, scumbag, bastard he is. That seems almost as important as seeing the stranger who's sharing his bed, the benefactor of his exquisite touch, the luckiest fucking devil in the world.

I raise my hand to knock and the door swings open. Blue. The man's eyes are a soft, gentle blue. Blonde hair frames his delicate features and tanned face. I recognize Bryan's shirt covering his torso and in my frisson of jealousy it's all I see – the pinstripe shirt I bought Bry for Christmas hugging his lover's lean, muscular frame.

I charge, knock the man off his feet and send him tumbling through the air and into Bryan. They fall to the floor and for a minute, in my blind rage, all I see is a tangle of arms and legs rolling about the floor.

"What the fuck?" I hear the stranger say as he extricates himself from Bryan's powerful legs.

"Navarre?" Bryan says, his face a mask of confusion. And then he roars with laughter.

My pain is so debilitating, I want to pummel Bryan's face, wipe the grin from lips and choke off his laughter with my bare hands.

The man rises to his feet and looks down at Bryan. "Jesus, do you know this lunatic or are we about to be robbed?"

Clutching his abdomen, Bryan staggers to his feet. "Yeah, I know him, and I'd

introduce you, but I don't even know your name."

"Andrew," he says, his neck working overtime as he glances between me and Bryan.

"Navarre, meet Andrew, Andrew, Navarre," Bryan says with a flourish of his arm.

"I don't want introductions," I say. "I want to know why this man is in your hotel room wearing your shirt."

Like a light bulb popping on, Andrew's eyes widen and his hand goes to his chest. "Oh, no." He chuckles. "You've got it all wrong. I work here."

"I bet you do," I say with a snort.

"No, I mean, I'm room service. I brought his dinner."

Bryan folds his hands across his chest and watches the conversation play out. He seems a little too smug for his own good in my opinion.

Andrew points to the tray of food on the nightstand, and next, the spilled carafe of wine on the rug.

"Mr. . . ." Bryan stops and looks at him. "I'm sorry, in all the confusion I've forgotten your last name."

"Pennaz."

"Yes, Mr. Pennaz accidentally spilled the carafe while reaching for a tip and the wine at the same time, and, well, let's just say he can't meet his girl with red wine all over his shirt."

"Your girl?"

Andrew glances at his watch. "My girlfriend, yes, and I'm late. I'd really love to stay and see this little lover's quarrel play out, but—"

"We understand," Bryan says. "Again, I apologize for ruining your shirt, and I hope you're not in hot water for being late."

"Hey, man," Andrew says to me with a smile. "Seriously, I'm not his type."

Wearing Bry's shirt, room service rushes past me and there I stand, my face hot, and feeling dizzy again. Not to mention stupid.

"Well this places our relationship in an entirely new light," the man of my every

fantasy says. Bryan is trying hard to adopt his rough, stern persona, but I pray that's a teensy-weensy smile curling the sides of his lips.

"I acted rashly. The initial disappointment of you not coming home, and then the rush of surprising you, I-I"

Bryan allows me to stumble on my words. His arms are still crossed over his chest. Like a well-calibrated mass of muscle and strength, he slithers around me and closes the door. The sound echoes in the stillness of the room, and I'm acutely aware of everything about him—his intoxicating scent, the soft down of dark curls on his chest, the intensity in his sapphire eyes.

"Acted like a stupid idiot, and nearly severed a man at the knees."

"I heard voices through the door, laughter. Men's laughter," I say sheepishly.

Bryan's arm brushes mine as he scoots around me and walks toward the empty wine carafe on the floor. He sets the empty container on the black-lacquered nightstand and plops down onto the bed.

"I should've told you what I had planned when we are on the phone. I admit, in retrospect, I didn't think it through." I look at the ceiling and blow air through my lips. "And the words kept tumbling through my brain."

"What words?"

"Two can play this game."

"Ah," he says and narrows his eyes. "So you naturally assumed I was acting out my insinuation?"

I nod, and wonder where there is going, where this will end.

"Well, by all means, let's play a game then."

"Pardon?"

"Take your clothes off . . . now, and come here."

"What's the name of the game?" I ask, my heart thudding through my rib cage.

"It's called *Spank Me Twice*. Once for not telling me you were on your way here, and again for barging into my hotel room like you're afflicted with mad cow disease." Bryan rises from the bed and nods to my clothing, not me, but my denim jeans and Metallica t-

shirt. "Off, now."

My hands shake as I pull the tee over my head and unzip my jeans. Already I'm hard and wonder how I'll make it through this *Spank Me* game without exploding. I remove my shoes and socks and stand before him naked. I wonder if I look as dumb as I feel. Bryan's always had the ability to reduce me to pulp, and it doesn't take much—a look, a touch, or inferring words about what he'd like to do me in bed. Mostly, the latter. He isn't saying much right now, and yet my knees feel like marmalade and the butterflies in my gut are doing aerial dives.

Bryan fluffs one pillow at the head of the bed and points to it. "Head here, on your stomach."

I cross the room, lie down on the bed, and clutch the head rails so hard my knuckles turn white. Bryan walks to his suitcase and removes two ties, returning moments later to secure my wrists to the bed. My knuckles are still white and I stare at them, trying not to think about what will happen next. It isn't the first time Bryan and I have engaged in such sexual play, but never while he was angry at me. I don't have to wonder for long what came next. Bryan reaches across me, grabs the other pillow and stuffs it under my hips.

"Spread your legs," he says. "I'd tie your ankles if there was a footboard, but we'll have to make do without one."

I hear him unbuckle his belt and remove it. "You're going to use the belt?"

"The first five strokes will be delivered by my hand; the last five, with leather. If you move or try to dodge them, we start over." He leans down and licks my ear. "How do you like this game, Navarre?" He doesn't wait for me to answer, but slips his hand between the pillow and my hips and fumbles for my cock. "Just as I thought." Another lick to my ear and I shiver. "You're harder than a shepherd's staff."

"Christ," I say. "Get on with it, will you?"

Bryan kneels beside the bed and out of the corner of my eye, I see him raise his hand in the air. I close my eyes and feel the sting of his sturdy hand connect with my naked ass. I melt into the pillow beneath my hips, but otherwise remain still and brace

myself for the next smack. I assume his pause is to prolong the tension, during which time the muscles in my spine and butt cheeks clench. The second smack lands on the opposite cheek, powerful, potent, and sends my hips thrusting into the soft mass underneath me. I pace my breathing and prepare for the next whack.

To my surprise, Bryan slides his hand between my pelvis and the fabric of the pillow and runs his thumb over my slit. "You're leaking, Navarre. If I didn't know better, I'd say your cock is primed like thick, sugary tree sap."

I take in a big gulp and shudder as he runs his hand the length of my cock and stokes it. His fingers are supple, the sensations indescribable. I want to beg him to deliver the next three blows because my body is on fire with the anticipation of what he'll do when the punishment is over. I decide to keep my big mouth shut; I've caused enough trouble for the night.

He glides his hand down, cups my balls and I feel them draw up and tighten. He squeezes the sacs and an involuntary moan escapes my lips. Anger for being such a wimp for his caress and bliss because of it washes over me. The emotions mingle and gel until I no longer know which is more powerful. If he doesn't stop playing with me and get on with it, I'm not sure what I'll say or do. I want him more than I've ever wanted him in all the years we've been together. I crave the belt now, if only for the sake of having it ended and him inside me.

Dear God, he does plan to take me, doesn't he? He wouldn't punish me further, would he?

His hand leaves my underbelly as slowly as it entered and I draw a deep breath. Again, his hand points toward the ceiling and I bite my lip. Three consecutive slaps come so quickly, the breath I've been holding spews from my mouth. A pained whimper escapes with it.

Bryan comes to his feet—I sense it more than see him. I hear him snap the belt and the sound fills the room like an oak branch struck by lightning. My body jerks of its own volition and I swear an octopus has taken up residence in my backbone, stretching and pulling every ligament until I'm dazed from the cramps. I ready my mind and decide to count off the whacks from the belt—anything to speed it along and not make

a fool of myself in the process.

Amid my stupor, a firm, gentle hand unties my wrists. Bryan discards his trousers and next his briefs. I lay as still as a marble statue when he crawls over me and draws me against his warmth. My body reels with suspense and the world tilts when Bryan rolls me onto my back, spreads my legs wide with his knees and looms over me.

"I'm going to take you this way tonight because I want you to look into my eyes when I do. Maybe then you'll know I don't want another man, would never jeopardize what we have."

Mesmerized, I can't do anything but look into those dark blue orbs, until one of his lazy hands strokes his penis. It grows before my eyes and darkens, jerking into full attention. "You want this inside you, Navarre?"

I nod and lick my dry lips.

"Suck it first so it doesn't hurt going in."

Eagerly, I raise my body into a sitting position and bend my head down to swallow the full length. No time for nip and lick here, I want all of it down my throat with my tongue running along the bulging vein on the underside. It's what Bryan loves, the feel of my tongue against the underbelly of his great, throbbing cock. A tiny drop of liquid emerges from his slit and his body quivers. I exalt in the fact he's as eager for me as I am him.

Bryan moves my head off his cock and pushes me back onto the bed. He enters me in one swift movement, rough and deep. My hips thrust forward and an animalistic groan leaves my lips.

I'm lost, floating like space dust on an otherworldly plane.

Bryan's voice comes to me from afar. "Open your eyes, Navarre."

His tone has changed, no longer stern, but imbued with primal lust and dare I think passion?

He rocks into me, languidly at first until I'm mindless with need, turning into the imbecile I so hoped wouldn't surface. I whimper, I beg, and I cry, releasing a cauldron of pent up emotions I've been coveting for the last two weeks. There is only Bryan, a

great, big hunk of a man slamming into me, taking me in a way only he knows how.

His thrusts become demanding, possessive, and again I revel in the victory. He does want me, still loves me, despite my stupid indiscretions and rash actions.

He's in deep now and his cock hits my prostrate. I cry out with joy. I feel him pulsing and throbbing inside me and know he's close to shooting his load.

Thank God because I'm way over the edge myself.

We climax in sync. Mine is so powerful, I buckle beneath his gyrating hips. Bryan clasps the sides of my face and says, "You're the only room service I'll ever want."

He collapses on top of me and I feel the erratic beating of his heart against my sweaty chest—triple beats, like mine. Moments later and with a long, drawn out breath, he rolls from me and pulls me into his strong arms.

The room is silent again except for his heavy breathing against my neck.

I realize, of course, that I'm in a strange hotel room, but not really I tell myself.

I'm home again, where I belong.

~The End~

About the Author:

Keta lives on a historical, environmental lake where the cold wind blows and snowflakes in the winter are as prevalent as mosquitoes in the summer. Only a mile from a quaint resort town, tourists come in caravans to shop, water ski, and cruise the lakes from sunup to sundown.

As a reporter for a local newspaper, when she's not covering County Board meetings and various City Council Meetings, she reads, dabbles in genealogy, and writes...and then write some more.

Keta writes erotic historical romance and erotic fantasy. Visit her Web site at www.ketadiablo.com

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Spank Me Twice Anthology

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