

# **The Dangers of Dieting**

**By  
Brandy Golden**

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## Toni's Diet Plan Chapter One

Toni stared at herself in the full-length bedroom mirror. Her brow furrowed in dismay as her golden eyes raked up and down the length of her naked figure. Gosh almighty, it was enough to scare the strongest man alive into turning tail and running screaming out of the house! How in the blue blazes had this happened!!?? She groaned in disgust and hid her face in her hands. She had been dreading this appraisal, and now that she had finally had the courage to take a good look at herself naked, it was even worse than she had imagined!

Toni had stepped on the scales at the doctor's office that morning and been embarrassed and horrified to see the nurse move the metal pointer up and over 200lbs, and on up to 230! She had been thoroughly humiliated as Betty had efficiently recorded the numbers that she read from the scales, and then snapped the folder shut with a sympathetic smile in her direction.

Worse yet, when Dr. Gray had seen the figures, he had frowned and told her she was getting too heavy! Like she didn't know that? God...how many ways could a person be demoralized in one morning?

Toni had known she was putting on weight again, but she really hadn't realized how heavy she had become. She had returned home determined to really take a good look at herself in the tattletale mirror, and assess the damages of the last twelve years. And they were glaringly obvious as she lifted her head again and surveyed herself critically.

She turned side wise to get the full view of butt and gut and groaned again. Might as well go whole hog, she decided. Bravely she turned around and

looked back over her shoulder to view her backside. *Oh my gawd...it was awful!* Her rear end and upper thighs looked like cottage cheese! In despair she threw herself on the bed, flipped to her back, and lay there with the tears trickling down her cheeks. How could this have happened? And how could Matt stand to look at her naked?

That one was a no brainer! She always dressed quickly when her husband was around, and they always turned out the lights to make love nowadays. He probably hadn't seen her buck naked in broad daylight in the last year! Poor Matt! Her sweet husband had to put up with the Pillsbury dough girl in his bed every night and cuddle up to parker house rolls! That is, when she felt like cuddling with him. She didn't have the energy she used to, and really didn't feel like making love very often. It bothered Matt that she didn't seem interested in sex any more, but she was so tired all the time. A part time job, three children, and running a home didn't leave much energy left over for her poor husband. "Bring home the bacon, fry it up in a pan and never let you forget you're a man," was true only in the television commercial! Real life was anything but!

Disheartened, Toni finally sat up and swung her legs over the side of the bed where she could glare at herself in the mirror. She caught a glimpse of the silky red teddy she had bought last year, right after Valentines Day, hanging in her closet. It still had the price tag on it, testament to the fact that she hadn't achieved her goal.

It had been last year at this time when she had fully faced the fact that she had gained an extra sixty pounds since she and Matt and married. However, the first 30 had not been too bad. She was five foot, nine inches, and at 170lbs, she had

not been fat. Not skinny by any means, but still, she was able to carry it without too much trouble and look fairly slender. She had planned on losing it anyway, later.

But then the second thirty pounds had crept on and suddenly she hadn't liked herself anymore. Looking for motivation, she had gone out and bought the red teddy, planning on being in it by this Valentines Day...which was next week! Instead, here she was...sitting on her bed in a mountain of fat because she had gained thirty *more* pounds instead of losing sixty!

Toni moaned dejectedly, and rocked back and forth as she sat there panicking. She really had meant to stay on those diets, (*she had tried several over the last year but couldn't stay on any of them more than 2 weeks*) but she just hadn't had the self-discipline to make them work.

"Ohhhhhhhh, I am so mad at you!" she scolded herself in the mirror. She was pointing her finger at her own image. "What you need is a...a...a good hard spanking!"

The line just popped into her head right out of the mouth of her latest Harlequin romance hero! She giggled as she pictured herself bottoms up over Chase's (that's the hero of the novel) lap to get a sound spanking. She would never *fit* over any body's lap at the rate she was going! And besides, people didn't do that these days.

She sighed deeply and flopped back on the bed, drifting into her favorite fantasy. She loved to read romance novels, and shivered when she read the spanking dialog. She always saved the ones that had a spanking scene in them, and sometimes, when she was feeling down, she would take them out and reread them, imagining herself in the part of the heroine.

*"Antonia, you are not going get away with that behavior, young lady, I shall have to give you a good spanking. Come here!"* She imagined the words in the mouth of her favorite English hero, Sir Marcus of Derbyshire, a dashing and handsome man who brooked no nonsense!

*"No," Antonia shouted in her fantasy, "No, I won't. You can't spank me, my mother would never allow such improper conduct from a beau...no...no...you can't!"* And despite her shrieks and protests, she found herself drawn over Sir Marcus's lap, her booted feet in the button up slippers, kicking frantically as her skirts and petticoats were raised.

*"I can, and I am," insisted Sir Marcus as his hand landed hard on the seat of her lacy knickers, "and furthermore, my dear, I will do this anytime I think you need it!"*

Of course fantasy Antonia squealed and protested such barbaric treatment, but it was not uncommon after all. Spanking was an accepted fact of a young girl's life. It was a common method of chastisement in those days, although Antonia didn't know if it applied to wives or not. In her fantasies, it certainly did!

Her mind wandered on to her current western hero, a rough and tough cowboy named Chase. Now there was a good fantasy! She pictured him in her mind, his rugged bronze face staring at her, and a stern glint in his eye. When he upended her over his broad thighs with her jean-clad rear in the air, a shiver went through her. There was just something about those western heroes! All that strong silence held a certain mystique about it. It was one of the things that had drawn her to Matt.

Matt's family owned a ranch outside Dallas and she loved it when he took her there for a weekend.



Riding was one of her favorite hobbies and Matt still had the power to make her breath catch in her throat at the sight of his well-worn jeans and black cowboy hat; especially when he smiled that quirky grin of his.

Her thoughts drifted to her handsome lawyer husband. After she and Matt had gotten married, a part of her life that had been empty had filled up with *real* romance, and then children, and then the part time job to provide the extras. Between all the demands on her time, she hadn't been able to read as much as she liked to. But lately, with the kids all in school, she found a little more time on her hands. She had picked up her books once again, indulging herself in some of her old fantasies. She had even imagined Matt going all strict on her and threatening to spank her, but she knew that would never happen! He had swatted her a few times in the past, but he would never think of spanking her for real. Besides, she was an adult, not a fluffy headed young girl! And adults did *not* get spanked!

Toni sighed woefully once again and sat up. It was time to get dressed and come up with a realistic plan to lose weight. All the daydreaming in the world wasn't going to change anything; only hard work could do that! Time to get busy!

Determined, she stood up and looked at herself again in the mirror. She would just have to make the appraisal and hope she didn't totally destroy what was left of her self-esteem.

Critically she gazed at herself, making mental notes. Tawny hair just below her shoulders---it was one of her best assets---breasts that were still full and nicely shaped---eyes that unusual golden color that Matt said reminded him of tigers eyes---creamy pale skin---no wrinkles on her face yet---she really did have nice shoulders and a long neck with only a

small beginning of a double chin. Not too bad, as long as you didn't go down any further. Reluctantly, she forced her perusal on down...down below her breasts and...uugghhh! She shuddered in disgust! She *had* to do something!

*But what?*

In desperation, she threw her clothes on and went into the den to log onto the Internet. Everyone kept telling her you could find out anything you wanted to know on the net, so she might as well give it a shot!

She typed in searches for diets, weight loss, exercise and anything else she could think of! There were a million ads out there for ways to lose weight! And every kind of pill you could think of, all claiming to burn the fat right off of you while you slept!

She was overwhelmed with the wealth of information! There were even personal ads where people declared that they could give you programs that you were guaranteed to be able to stay on.

As she scrolled through the personals, one ad in particular caught her eye. It said in bold letters: UNORTHODOX METHODS, BUT GUARANTEED RESULTS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

She went on to read the small print. *If what you need in your life is strict discipline and someone to help you enforce it, then I'm your man. Good diet program, healthy habits established for lifelong change, enforced by corporal discipline if necessary. If interested, call 1-800-222-diet.*

"Corporal discipline?" Toni pondered the words. That sounded like punishments! Could this ad be referring to physical pain? Surely it couldn't mean...no, no way! That would be too weird! Probably some psycho out there that liked hurting women! Maybe some weird chains and whips scenario or something. She continued to read, but

her eyes kept straying back to same ad.

"What could it hurt to just call the number?" She mused out loud. She reached for the phone and punched in the number. It rang twice and was picked up.

"Hello, Kirby here," stated a very masculine voice.

"Uh...I...I." Toni was stammering. She had expected to hear a telephone message, not a real live voice! What business had a real live receptionist these days?

"Are you calling about the ad for weight loss?" He asked, sounding amused. "If so, then you certainly have the right number."

"Uh...y-yes," stammered Toni. "But I didn't expect a live person to answer!" she blurted out.

"I see," replied the deep voice, the amusement evident now. "Well, since you did get a real live person, would you like to tell me what you need?" His voice was smooth and silky and he really didn't sound like a weirdo at all!

"I need to lose weight," she stated baldly.

"Ah yes," he replied, very matter of fact. "I can certainly help you with that. I would require an interview with you first to establish if we can work well together, and you would then be given time to decide if it's a program you would like to invest in. I must warn you that my methods are somewhat...unorthodox...as my ad states, but I do guarantee results, or I will refund anything you have invested in the program. Would you like to arrange a meeting?" He asked in that wonderful rich voice.

"I have a few questions first," she replied, a little breathless. This man sounded too good to be true, so safe and.... normal! Her imagination worked overtime, wondering what he looked like.

"Fire away," he responded, still sounding slightly amused.

"Your ad stated corporal punishment. Does that mean some kind of physical pain?" Toni was twisting the phone cord in her fingers as she waiting for his reply. She leaned back in her office chair, one foot propped up on the corner of her desk.

On the other end of the phone line, Kirby Sellars hesitated. He didn't want to scare off a potential customer by being too blunt, but he knew two things immediately. Number one, whoever this young lady was, she had never been spanked, at least not as an adult. And number two, she was desperate or she wouldn't even have answered an ad that listed corporal discipline as a motivator in the first place.

His best customers were the desperate ones; they always showed the most results. Grace normally handled the business calls for him, but she was busy with a doctor's appointment. Well...nothing to do but forge ahead! With these two basic business conditions in mind, he formulated his reply. He cleared his throat.

"I'm sure you already realize that it does, young lady, but it doesn't mean abuse. It simply means an old fashioned, over my knee spanking if you don't keep to your commitments." Changing his tone of voice to stern and strict was an easy transition for Kirby; it was who he was after all, a natural disciplinarian.

Astonished, Toni's foot dropped off the corner of her desk as she scrambled to sit upright.

Unfortunately, she hadn't noticed that Muddles, her over sized black tomcat, had chosen to lay down beside his master as a gentle reminder that breakfast was long overdue. Toni's foot landed smack dab in the middle of his rotund stomach.

With a resounding screech, Muddles reached up with all four sets of claws and grabbed onto her foot!

Toni responded with a curse, "Damn it, Muddles," and dropped the phone in her haste to remove her felines claws from her abused appendage! It was pandemonium for several seconds and when Muddles finally stalked off in injured pomposity, Toni scrambled to retrieve the phone.

On the other end of the line, Kirby stared at the phone. He had not expected that kind of a reaction to his declaration! Screeching like a scalded cat, cursing, throwing the phone down—*for heavens sake*—this young lady was badly in need of a spanking he decided. Just as he was about to hang up the phone he heard her voice again.

"Hello? Are you there?" Breathless, Toni checked the phone line to see if she had lost her call in the ensuing excitement. She was nursing her poor scratched foot while trying to absorb the reality of those stern words he had sent zinging across her phone line.

"Yes, I'm still here," he said in that same stern voice, laced with steel. But I *do not approve* of screaming, cursing, and throwing things when I'm trying to answer your questions, young lady, and if you were here right now, you would be over my knee in short order for that kind of attitude."

Toni shivered involuntarily. Cripes, this guy sounded strict! Just his voice and words were making her stomach curl with unfamiliar sensations. But she couldn't help giggling as she viewed Muddles in the next room, nursing his injured pride.

"I'm so sorry! I accidentally kicked my cat and he screeched and clawed my foot and I couldn't help swearing. It wan't directed at you," she

replied, even though she thought his threat to spank her for those things was a bit out of line, Especially since he didn't even know her! Cripes, even Matt didn't spank her and he was her husband!

"But this spanking thing, isn't that illegal?" Toni was curious. It certainly was an unorthodox method. She had never heard of that kind of a diet plan, and she was sure she had tried them all!

Kirby had a sense of humor as well, and after her explanation about the cat, he was amused again. He thought it was a good sign that she had not objected to his comment about spanking her. She had simply apologized and moved on.

"No, not in the strict sense of the term, spanking," he replied. "But as I stated, it is unusual, but I have found it to be very effective. Everything is in legal contract form and must be signed by you and your husband. You will be shown exactly how the program works and then you can decide if it's for you. There is nothing to force you into anything against your will."

As Toni listened, she formulated an image in her mind to match the rich tones coming across her phone line. Mid forties to fifties---dark hair with gray streaks at the temples, stern square jaw, paternal face and manner. He sounded a lot like a father figure, she mused to herself.

"But, you said over your knee--- isn't that for children?" She queried. "I'm a grown, mature woman. I haven't been spanked since I was a child and I doubt I would fit over anyone's knees anyway. I've gained too much weight! I'd sure I'd break your legs!"

She giggled as a mental image of her trying to fit over a pair of knees and having them collapse beneath her entered her minds eye.

"There are all kinds of ways to get a spanking, young lady! And I'm a firm believer that a woman is never too old or too big to have her pants taken down and her bottom warmed," Kirby growled in response.

Pants taken down? The phrase set off warning bells in Toni's mind. What kind of guy was this? She had found some tiny part of herself wishing he was the real thing. That fatherly, paternal image that had been so clear in her mind was now becoming shifty and shady. Was she entertaining a pervert? She was aggravated at the total dismay she felt. She actually been thinking of seriously checking this guy out and now she was filled with a keen sense of disappointment.

"What do you mean—*pants taken down*—are you some kind of pervert?" She was angry and upset; at herself and him both. "And I guess you're going to tell me next that the best way to deal with a woman is in chains and black leather?" She asked sarcastically. "I don't have time for this kind of crap! I'd report your ad to the police but I doubt they would arrest you for your sexual perversions. Buzz off sicko!"

Toni slammed the phone down on the receiver and sat back in her chair with her arms folded, indignation in every nuance of her body. Damn! How could she have been so stupid? He had seemed so genuine at first. She glanced again at the ad in front of her. The fatherly paternal image she had conjured up drifted through her mind and she sighed in frustration and disillusionment. She shook her head, trying to shake off her feelings. She should have known it was too good to be true. She began to scroll on down the screen, but she couldn't help thinking about it.

It probably would not have worked anyway

though, even if it had been real. She doubted she could bring herself to lay bottoms up over anything where a male had a clear view of her posterior. It was pretty broad, and she was ashamed she had let it get that way. Still, if she knew that if her *parker house rolls* were in real danger of being toasted, it might make her think twice before indulging! Maybe Matt might consider...nah! She'd never dream of asking him to paddle her if she got off her diet. He would think she was really weird!

Scrolling back up through the pill adverts, she considered going back to Weight Watchers. She really didn't like Weight Watchers; she couldn't get into it. How about the Adkins diet? No, the problem there was she didn't care that much for meat.

Suddenly, in the midst of her musings, the phone rang. She leaned forward and picked up her phone and cradled it to her ear. "Antonia here," she stated.

"Young lady, I am not a sicko or a pervert and I do not believe in whips and chains. I am a legitimate businessman and I resent your implications to the contrary! For your information, a good old fashioned spanking is always administered on the bare butt, but for obvious reasons, in my business, modesty would be maintained."

The smooth, rich and indignant tones of a furious male sounded in her delicate ear. The same male voice, to be exact, with which she had been speaking just ten minutes earlier!

"How did you get my number?" Toni squeaked out the question, too surprised to hang up.

The authoritative tone in Kirby's voice had her responding to his declaration.

"My phone gives me the number of the last caller of course, it's a common service you get from the phone company," he responded dryly. "And no,



it doesn't make me a pervert just because I returned your call. I resented your implications and I won't be bothering you again now that I have had my say."

Kirby hesitated dramatically, and then threw out the bait that he knew she would either swallow and allow him to reel her in, or ignore and that would be the end of it.

"I doubt my program is for you anyway. It takes a lot of courage to admit you need help and submit yourself to this kind of plan. Getting a spanking is not fun, but it works wonders when it comes to developing self-discipline. It's not for just *anybody* though. So, have a nice day...Antonia." Grinning, he waited. He didn't have to wait long!

## Chapter Two

"Just a minute there, buster," huffed Toni. "Okay, maybe I was out of line by calling you a pervert, but you have to admit...you not in the norm here! And I'll decide if the program is for me or not, *after* I've satisfied myself that you are legit."

Hope sprang back into Toni's heart in spite of her doubts. His rich, masculine, and oh so reprimanding voice had sent shivers up her spine when he scolded her for her "mistake."

Got her! Kirby congratulated himself mischievously. On the surface though, his voice was smooth and candid. "Of course, you are the one who wants to lose weight after all and I am here to assist. We do need to meet though and have an initial interview to answer any more questions and let you look over the contract. You need to bring your husband with you, naturally. I will need his signature as well if you decide to embark on my program."

"Fine," answered Toni, mollified now that his tone had become respectful once again. "When and where?"

She picked up a pencil to jot down the appointment time and place. The fact that he required Matt's signature would be an inconvenience, but a minor one that was easily remedied. She would just bring the contract home, forge his signature and take it back! That is, if she decided to do this. And as for Matt coming to the appointment with her, well, last minute business meetings were always coming up in her husband's line of work! She grinned triumphantly to herself.

Kirby quickly exchanged information with Antonia Katherine Devay and ended the phone call. He then pushed his roll away desk chair back and

stood up to stretch. His six foot, four inch frame moved with an easy grace as he strode out of his office and checked to see if Grace was back yet. Seeing that she was, he handed Toni's name and phone number to her.

"How was the appointment, everything okay?" He smiled fondly at her. She was such a jewel. Grace took care of his paperwork and witnessed all his discipline sessions. He would be lost without her. At fifty-five, Grace was still a striking looking woman and very efficient. He was grateful that his mother's best friend had seen fit to be a second mother to him twenty years ago. His business was not big yet, but he had plans. He wanted to expand and add a gym, among other things, but that was for the future.

Grace fondly smiled back at her employer and son. "It was fine, Kirby, no real trouble...just some indigestion, that's all."

When Grace's best friend had died, she had felt so alone in the world. But in the absence of any other family, the courts had awarded her custody of Jilly's son, Kirby. They had been together ever since. He had filled the empty space Jilly had left behind and she had raised him as her own. She had paddled his little butt when it was needed and gave him all the love, guidance and encouragement she could. She wasn't sure why he had chosen this line of work, but she knew he was successful and she supported him. She appraised his blond stature and piercing blue eyes, considering the fact that his stunning good looks and size made him a target for many enterprising young ladies. That was why she screened each applicant as they came in the door before she sent them on in to his office. They didn't want customers who were insincere in their motives for answering his ad.

"Another customer?" She took the card he handed her and noted the appointment date and time in her calendar.

"Yes, she sounds like she has a lot of potential," replied Kirby, a satisfied gleam in his eye.

Grace laughed. "You sound awfully proud of yourself. Was she an easy sale?"

"Well, you know I don't do as well on the business end of the business," he said, winking at her. "The practical application portion is more my forte. However, I did manage to get her to consider it...and I think shell close the deal."

"Congratulations, there is hope for you yet," chuckled Grace. She looked up as a young woman came by the window and reached for the doorknob. "It looks like your next appointment has arrived."

Kirby eyed the young lady just walking in the door, his critical gaze taking in her very slim stature and breezy attitude. His eyes narrowed when a Cheshire cat smile appeared on her red lips as her eyes roved up and down him. "Kirby Sellars...clinic?"

Her tongue stressed the last word as if they shared a sordid secret and Kirby found her lacking in taste. They got a few of these clients who were looking for something other than in aid in weight loss. It was something he had to put up with, given the kind of business he was in.

"Yes, this is the Sellars clinic," he replied smoothly, but I can see right now that you won't qualify as a candidate for therapy, Miss..." His words trailed off.

"Miss Smith," supplied Grace, secretly amused. Of course it would be Smith...or Jones, would be the next choice.

"But why not?" Miss Smith asked, her face pouting beautifully. "I need to lose a few pounds."

"I don't know where we would possibly take it

off you," replied Kirby dryly, noting the short tight skirt and the little ribbed t-shirt that left no curve unpronounced.

"Right here, of course," she said wickedly, placing her hand on her lovely, well rounded derrière.

"How old are you, young lady?" Kirby asked, folding his arms across his muscled chest. "You look about fourteen."

"I'm eighteen," she protested, her face flushing at his criticism.

Kirby held out his hand. "Your driver's license, please."

The young girl whirled around and strode out of the office, indignation lending her speed. She slammed the door shut behind her and Grace laughed.

"That young lady obviously needs a good spanking," Kirby said, grinning at her. "But not to lose weight. More like an attitude adjustment."

"You never know, maybe you should add that to your list and appeal to fathers," Grace replied in amusement. "You might get a thriving business going, giving the state of teenagers these days."

Kirby just grinned and returned to his office.

It was three days later when the office door opened and in walked a very nervous looking young lady.

Grace surveyed Toni with a critical eye, but smiled warmly at her. She knew immediately that Toni was sincere in her response to the ad, but very wary and unsure of herself.

"Good morning," greeted Grace cheerfully as she stood up and reached for the doorknob to Kirby's office. "You must be Antonia. You are right on time, dear. Kirby is waiting for you. Just go on through." With a sweeping motion of her hand she waved Toni

on through the office door.

"It's just plain Toni," joked Toni nervously as she stepped through the office door. "Antonia is what my mother always called me when I was in trouble!"

"Toni then," Grace replied, smiling gently as she softly closed the door.

Toni watched the door close behind her and a sudden feeling of being trapped made her chest feel tight. She turned to face the man behind the desk. Her jaw dropped open as he stood and walked around the desk to meet her. The man was drop dead gorgeous! And humongous to boot!

As her eyes traveled the long, long length of him she could see why he hadn't seemed worried about fitting her over his lap. Those hard thighs seemed to go on and on and on! Where was the paternal fatherly figure she had seen so clearly in her mind's eye? This man couldn't be any older than her thirty-five years, if that! There was no way in blue blazes she was going to let this beautiful hunk of a man spank her cottage cheese butt! It would be just too embarrassing and humiliating.

With a strangled squeak, Toni had turned and grabbed the doorknob, fully intending to run like hell when she heard his command.

"Antonia Katherine Devay, you get your little hand off that door knob and come here!"

Instantly her traitorous feet turned to face the owner of that stern demanding voice as if they had a will of their own. Her brain screamed, get out of there, but her feet ignored her and walked slowly to the spot in front of the big man where his finger was pointing. She gulped as she raised her golden eyes to meet the piercing blue ones that were staring down at her in disapproval.

"Just where do you think you are going, young

lady?" growled Kirby, although he knew the answer. "Sit down!" He pointed to the chair sitting beside his desk. He was pleased that she had responded to his instructions even though she was embarrassed. He skirted the chair and came around to face her once again. He folded his arms across his massive chest and studied her. She certainly did need to lose some weight, but she was not too over sized. He doubted that she needed to lose as much as she thought she did.

He couldn't understand why women wanted to be pencil thin these days. He preferred his women softly rounded with full luscious curves and something to hold onto. He didn't like to feel like he might break them in two if he held them. But it was not his preferences that were in question here. He was simply here to assist her in reaching the goals she wanted for herself. He turned and sat down in his chair. It was time to get to work.

Toni returned his frank appraisal with one of her own. She might as well listen, since her feet seemed to have a mind of their own! As he laid the contract in front of her she made an effort to concentrate on his instructions. His business like approach was going a long way toward calming her nerves. After she left, she would tear it up and toss it in the trashcan! No way was she going through with this!

But as she listened to his smooth and easy manner over the next 45 minutes, she began to feel more comfortable. After all, he didn't seem to be put off by her awful appearance. She had been the one running, not him! A small spark of hope began to light up in her chest. Could this really work? Could she do it?

Maybe this really was the answer to her dilemma. Lord knows she had tried everything else

and failed miserably. She so badly wanted to surprise Matt with her old figure again; or at least, a reasonable facsimile. She knew after three children that her hips would never be the same, but she could certainly look a lot better than she did now!

Chewing on her bottom lip, Toni leaned forward to better concentrate on Kirby's words. Maybe, just maybe, she would consider letting him spank her!

As Kirby outlined the terms of the contract he watched Toni's beautiful face. He knew she was finally coming to grips with his appearance and beginning to consider the situation more seriously. So far, so good! But he still needed both her and her husband's signature before he could take her on as a client.

Kirby was pretty sure that the spanking itself was not the part that worried Toni. It was the embarrassment of being over his lap and knowing he would be concentrating on her butt that was bothering her. She felt unattractive and ashamed of her appearance.

The pain of being spanked would come secondary after she got past the first problem. With that in mind, he took out a portfolio of some of his clients that he had helped in the past. He had several before and after pictures that had the faces blurred out. He handed it to Toni.

"Here are some photos I want you to look at. I do a profile like this for all my clients. They are strictly confidential of course and only those who sign permission slips go into this folder to be shown to potential clients."

Toni took the folder and leafed through the pages. Good grief! There were some pretty good-sized ladies here, more so than her even. But the after pictures were tremendous! She sighed as she looked at the positive results these women had



experienced. She really wanted those results! More and more she was feeling like she might be able to do this after all.

Handing the folder back to Kirby, she asked wistfully, "Do you really think you could help me achieve results like that?" She was drawn to his no nonsense approach.

Although seemingly young and gorgeous, there were no sexual undertones in his voice or manner. He was all business. She judged him to be around her age, maybe a bit younger. It was so hard to tell.

"I certainly do," came the swift and firm reply. Now for the hardest part! "Toni, I would really like you to have a sample of how the discipline is going to feel, but you don't have to if don't want to. However, it will help you to make a better decision and to understand what you are getting into if you accept it."

Standing up, he walked to the sofa and sat down in the center of it. He held out his huge right hand to her and waited patiently for her response.

Toni stood up, her knees trembling. She knew what he intended to do of course, but she wasn't sure she could do it. But once again, her feet seemed to have a mind of their own and they slowly walked towards him.

Kirby smiled, encouraging her to keep coming. When she placed her small hand in his, he knew he had won her trust.

"I must be out of my mind," muttered Toni. But Kirby was speaking soothingly to her and pulling her forward over his lap and she couldn't seem to stop herself.

"That's it, just bend forward across my knees and rest your upper body on the couch," he instructed quietly while tugging firmly on her wrist and forearm.

Toni had the insane desire to giggle as she realized that she did fit across his lap after all. She wondered if her weight was killing him. She glanced back at his face. He didn't seem to be in any discomfort.

She jumped when his hand rested on her buttocks. She couldn't help it...she was really nervous. She couldn't believe she was actually over a man's lap, preparing to get spanked, and it wasn't even her husband. But once again, his calm soothing tones helped her to relax; just a little!

"Now Toni, I'm going to give you twenty swats with my hand," he stated firmly. And for future reference, this is what I call a reminder spanking...for small indiscretions and the like. But in the future, if a harder spanking is called for, I'll use a paddle and it'll be worse. Also, remember that you won't have jeans on, just your workout leotard with no tights."

Toni vaguely remembered something about that in the clothes section of the contract. If memory served her correctly, those leotards were little more than black spandex, and when you bent over, the material bunched between your butt cheeks! That meant she'd be getting spanked on an almost bare butt! Well, at least she wouldn't be totally bare she consoled herself. She couldn't even begin to imagine Matt's reaction if he knew about this. No matter, he would never know—besides, she might not even sign the contracts.

She glanced around again just in time to see Kirby raise his hand above his right shoulder. Then it descended.

**SMACK!!!**

"Damn," she gasped. That had hurt! She barely had time to register it before another hit the other side of her bottom! "Ouch!" She jerked up,

unprepared for the sharp sting.

Soon the spanks were raining down on her jean clad cheeks, alternating back and forth in steady succession. By the time Kirby's hand had descended ten times, she was whimpering and beginning to wiggle on his lap. As the blistering swats continued she couldn't help throwing her hand back to interrupt his concentration and deter his aim. It was useless; he simply grabbed her wrist, pinned it to her back, and continued to blister her butt!

"Oh my god," she cried out on a strangled sob, feeling totally helpless. Suddenly, the spanking was over and she tried to control her heaving chest. She couldn't help the small gasps that were escaping as he helped her to turn over and stand up. Her eyes were filled with tears and her butt felt like it was on fire!

"Its over now." Kirby gently soothed her with words as he placed his arm around her shoulders. You did great for your first spanking! You didn't even kick me," he teased gently, waiting for her to get herself under control.

"Y...yes," stuttered Toni, tamping down the urge to grab her butt and rub like crazy.

"Now, I want you to go home and discuss this with your husband and then, if you think you can handle this program, let me know. Make sure he knows that he is always welcome at any of the discipline sessions and that they are always witnessed by Grace."

Toni eyes flew to the door and she saw Grace standing just inside it. She must have come in at a signal from Kirby. Toni wanted to sink through the floor in embarrassment as she felt her face flame. She walked to the desk and picked up the contracts and stuffed them in her purse. Brushing the tears from her eyes, she gave Kirby a brief smile and

walked to the door.

Grace was smiling at her and she softly said, "Don't be embarrassed, my dear, you did great. It's not easy for us girls to accept a spanking when we need it, but sometimes it's for the best." She patted Toni on the shoulder. "I'll look forward to seeing your progress over the next several months. I know you can do it." With that, she waved Toni out the door and into the morning Dallas sunshine.

Her mind boggling at the idea that Grace had ever been spanked; Toni walked to her car and got in. She grimaced when she sat down, but all in all, it was not too bad. She certainly had a lot to think about.

As she drove home, she thought about the things Kirby had told her. He had gone into great detail about not setting unrealistic goals for herself. He had shown her patterns in her behaviors of the past that led to her undermining her own determination. He had explained that it would take time to achieve the results she wanted and that she needed to make life long changes in her habits in order for the results to be permanent. Overall, she was pleased with everything she had found out today.

It was going to be expensive though, and she would have to justify it to Matt without letting him know what was really going on. It shouldn't be very hard. He was used to her going on diets so telling him she was attending a new weight loss clinic would barely faze him. Besides, he'd be pleased with the results! The thought that he wouldn't be pleased with the method was firmly pushed to the back of her mind. What he didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

Kirby had accepted her explanation for Matt's absence today very easily and she knew she would

have no problem there if she simply returned the contracts with both signatures.

She frowned as she thought about the spanking he had given her. She would do whatever it took to avoid that again! It had hurt like hell! And the idea of a paddle across her bare butt, well, lets just say she had no intention of earning that! It was then that Toni realized she had already made up her mind. Sighing with relief, she settled back in her seat and relaxed as she drove.

As she passed the turn-off for Baskin Robbins, she went on by. It had been surprisingly easy when her butt reminded her every time she moved where it had been today! Gosh, it was working already, and she hadn't even returned the contracts yet! Matt was going to be so happy by this time next year. She smiled in anticipation of that red teddy and the wonderful time they would have when she was wearing it!

Matt Devay picked up his suit jacket from the back of his desk chair and slipped his arms into it, then walked through his office door and handed some letters to his secretary.

"Post these letters for me please, Millie? I'm heading out early today. It's been a long week in court and I'm glad the Deardon case is finally over."

"Yes sir," replied Millie. "I'll see that they go in the afternoon mail." She watched her handsome boss as he yawned and ran his fingers through his jet-black hair. At six feet, three inches, two hundred and forty five pounds, he was an imposing figure. She knew he worked out regularly at the building gym and it showed. But it was the intelligence in those piercing green eyes had set many a client back on their heels! She smiled as he turned to leave.

His task taken care of, Matt headed for the

elevator that would take him to the bottom floor and out into the humid Dallas afternoon. He walked the few blocks to the parking lot that held his Lincoln town car and took the keys from his pocket to hit the unlock button on the doors. He had a company space reserved in the underground parking, but on nice days, he preferred to walk.

As Matt drove home, his thoughts centered on the case he had just finished. It had been a long and nasty divorce case. The wife had announced her intention to take her husband for all he was worth. The husband had responded by viciously beating her and putting her in the hospital. Being a divorce lawyer, Matt had seen many sad cases similar to this one and he wondered what it was that drove people to this point in their lives. There certainly seemed to be a lack of caring and mutual respect in marriages today. Couples were blatantly dishonest with each other and irresponsible in their commitments to one another.

He thought of Toni, his own beautiful golden wife. They had been married for twelve years and he loved her more than the day they had married. She had never been deliberately dishonest with him or tried to hide anything from him. She'd given him three wonderful kids. Her tender caring ways and her warm and wacky sense of humor always brightened his day and made him feel better. He treasured her and tried to show her in return just how much he loved her.

Her constant dieting had been a source of exasperation for him though! He knew she was currently enrolled in some new program, had been for weeks, and was getting some delicious results. But something pricked at him...something was not quite right. What it was, he didn't know, but she had seemed evasive on occasion; something Toni

had never been in all their married life. His little wife was up to something all right; the question was...what?

## Chapter Three

When Matt had first met Toni, she had been painfully thin. She was not a petite-framed girl and he liked that, particularly since he was a big guy himself. But after the kids came along she had began to pick up weight. She had hated it, while he thought it was great! With that mane of tawny gold hair and those golden tiger-eyes, he thought she looked like a goddess walking down Galveston Beach. Those long tanned legs and the wind blowing her hair away from her face turned him on to no end! No, he loved every one of those first thirty pounds she had put on and he was glad she hadn't tried too hard to diet that off.

When she began picking up more weight though, she had begun trying all those crazy diets. Over the previous couple of years she actually had become overweight, but it bothered her a lot more than it did him. What bothered him was her lack of interest in sex! Last year they had drifted apart from each other and he didn't like it. When he would try to talk to her about it, she would become grouchy...or worse yet, teary!

Sometimes, he had gotten so exasperated he'd been tempted to tip her over his knee and paddle her butt! But since he didn't want to end up in divorce court himself, he resisted the urge. He knew she would never go for that; his independent tigress would scratch his eyes out. Maybe he should have instituted it when they were first married, now it was too late he supposed. Oh well, it's not like she really needed it much. She had a pretty even temperament and rarely ever treated him with disrespect, and if she did, she apologized almost immediately.

Lately though, something was not quite right.



He pondered the events of the past several months. He had been so caught up with heavy caseloads at work that he had had very little free time to just relax. Now that things were going better, and this last case was out of the way, he intended to concentrate on his little tiger for a while.

This new diet clinic she had been going too had certainly worked wonders in her ability to control her diet. She had lost fifty-five pounds now and she was always raving about her counselor, a Kirby Sellars. Apparently, he'd been able to show her all the things she was doing wrong and help her to stay on track. Whatever program he ascribed too, it had certainly worked for Toni! He wanted to reward all her hard work with a surprise vacation, just for the two of them. Maybe then he could get to the bottom of her "on again, off again" attitude towards sex.

"It certainly was strange," he pondered out loud. Sometimes she would go for three days and virtually hide from him! Come to bed late, get up early; and she seemed to be really sore from her exercise workouts. Then, suddenly she'd be feeling better and couldn't seem to get enough loving!

Just last week he had been sitting on the sofa, and as she walked by he had grabbed her hand and teasingly pulled her down beside him. She had winced when she landed and instantly concerned, he had demanded to know what was wrong. She said she had been doing some new exercises that her thigh muscles weren't used to and she was sore. She went off for a soak in the hot tub to ease the stiffness and when he had tried to join her so he could massage her back and legs, she had virtually backed out of the hot tub! She had grabbed a towel, saying she had paperwork she had to get to before bed and scampered away. Then she had stayed up late and he never knew when she finally came in!

His lawyer's sixth sense was telling him something was amiss with her but he couldn't put his finger on just what it was. Plus he had been so darn busy, he just hadn't had time to really delve into it. Add in the fact he had been so happy to have her finally interested in making love to him again, even if it was sporadic, that he hadn't examined the situation too closely...yet. But that was about to change.

As Matt drove up their street he could see Toni's car parked in the driveway. Good...she was home. Usually she was out running errands. The kids wouldn't be home for another two hours, so he had a chance to surprise her and have her all to himself. He hoped her coming to bed last night at a decent hour was an indication that she was in her "on again" mood. He grinned to himself. Who knows what might develop!

Toni put on the black leotard that she worked out in and stared at herself in the full-length mirror in her bedroom. Woeful eyes stared back at her! She knew she looked good; she had worked extremely hard over the last several months to lose the fifty five pounds she had worked off. She was very happy with what she saw in the mirror, however, she knew she was in trouble!

Tomorrow was her appointment with Kirby at the clinic and she knew she'd have to confess. She also knew she'd be bottoms up over his lap shortly thereafter getting her bared cheeks blistered with that blasted paddle that Kirby wielded so efficiently! She hated that!

A lone tear trickled down her cheek and she sniffled. Damn those dratted brownies! She knew better than to bake when she was in a rebellious mood, why had she done it?

She had been feeling sorry for herself because

she hadn't seen much of Matt all week, that's why! He had had an extra heavy caseload this week and had been in late for the last three nights.

She had just had a spanking last week from Kirby and been too afraid to undress and play with Matt when he had wanted to. Once the soreness and the few residual bruises were out of the way, Matt had been too busy! So she had baked brownies for him and the kids instead. She had been so sure she could control herself without any trouble, but in a weak moment, she had eaten four all by herself! Her limit was one.

Now here she was, feeling sorry for herself and dreading tomorrow morning!

Dragging her feet, she went into the den and popped in Jane Fonda's yoga workout tape and began exercising. Might as well kill a few of those extra calories...the ones Kirby didn't burn off her butt!

Matt opened the front door and walked softly towards the den. He could hear Toni's workout tape from here. When he rounded the corner of the kitchen, he could see her in the den with her back to him. His breath caught in his throat and his greedy eyes drank in the sight of her in the black leotard that only enhanced her luscious assets. Her tawny mane of hair was pulled back in a French braid and her legs were spread about 2 feet apart, her arms above her head.

"Bend slowly forward from the waist, all the way the floor, palms flat on the floor and hold," droned Jane Fonda, her voice drawing the words out in long cadences that went through Matt like a knife through butter.

Desire flooded like a wave of hot lava through his body as he watched his wife bend over in slow motion, the black leotard stretching and thinning

into the cleft between her rounded buttocks. He growled low in his throat, eyes narrowing as pure lust began a painful throbbing just below his belt buckle. He could not believe the primal urge to release his throbbing member, move that black strip aside and plunge into her, sating his desire while she was bent over in that submissive position. He silently glided forward and reached for her.

Toni was intently watching Jane Fonda and following her directions when the hair on the back of her neck began to tingle. As she returned to a standing position with her arms above her head, she spun around and turned right into Matt's reaching arms.

Since her arms were already above her head they conveniently landed around his neck as he wrapped both arms around her, his big hands grabbing her just beneath her buttocks and lifting her off her feet and up tight against his body. With a feral growl his mouth greedily took hers, his tongue demanding entrance to the warm moist cavern. Desire licked along her veins as their tongues met and danced together in a song as old as time.

Slowly Toni slid down Matt's body feeling the hardness of him pressing into her abdomen, his hands sliding up the satiny skin of her rounded bottom, caressing, massaging, and demanding. He planted heated kisses down her throat as she lifted her head to give him access to that delicate area. His warm hands moved up her back and slid into the shoulders of her leotard, sensuously sliding it down her shoulders as her hands dropped to his pants and massaged the throbbing length of him through his trousers.

"I need you...right now!" He whispered hoarsely in her ear, his skillful hands sliding the leotard down

her arms and then over her hips and down to her knees where it dropped to the floor. His hands slid back up her ribcage, kneading the soft flesh and moving inexorably up to cup her lovely breasts, his thumbs circling the nipples, teasing them into hard buds.

Toni gasped as Matt's torturing thumbs found their target and his lips burned hot kisses up the side of her silky throat to claim her full pouting lips once again. She didn't know where the hell he had come from, but she was sure glad he was here!

She groaned in surrender and unzipped his pants. Reaching in, she grasped his swollen manhood, releasing his hardness to nestle against her abdomen.

"Yes," she gasped out her agreement as he quickly lowered her to the carpet and followed her down.

He lifted her hips to meet him as he quickly thrust into her, plunging into her slick depths and groaned from the sheer pleasure of the snug fit. Unable to hold himself back he thrust hungrily into the silky length of her; faster and faster as she rose up to meet him with eager abandon.

Toni was more than ready for him, her excitement at a fever pitch, blood rushing hotly through her veins as she accepted the long hard length of him thrusting deeper with each lunge of his hips. She wrapped her legs around him tightly as they both rode the waves of pleasure that lapped higher and higher until they crested and exploded into rippling waves of intense sensation when he drove home the final thrust. A small keening scream broke from her throat as intense pleasure burst like a bubble and left her floating down, down to leave her lethargic and sated as Matt collapsed on her. He quickly rolled over, taking her with him so she

wouldn't have to support his weight. He held her close to his chest.

"I love you," he whispered tenderly. "You are the most wonderful woman in the world." He slid his hands up and down her back and over her smooth buttocks, kneading and massaging, soothing her as she too, came down from the pinnacle.

"I love you too," she whispered fervently. She pushed all thoughts of tomorrow to the back of her mind. She didn't want to think about Kirby and the fact that tomorrow at this time she would be sore and tender where Matt was stroking and massaging right now. She just wanted to enjoy her husband.

Sometimes she really wished that she hadn't deceived Matt, but there was no going back now. Of course she could confess. What would be the worst that could happen? Maybe he would spank her! No, she was pretty sure he wouldn't. He would be disappointed in her though and she really didn't want to face that.

She especially didn't want him to think she was weird because she seemed to thrive under Kirby's discipline. It was too much too worry about right now. She yawned deeply and decided she'd worry about it some more tomorrow. Meanwhile, she had over an hour before the kids came home and Matt was still fully dressed! She needed to do something about that!

"What are you doing home so early?" She began nibbling his chin and working her fingers into the spaces between the buttons on his shirt, releasing the buttons one by one. She slid off to the side of him as Matt laced his fingers behind his head to enjoy her ministrations.

Lazily he studied her flushed face and the tip of her little pink tongue as it slipped from between her lips. She looked delicious concentrating on

releasing his belt buckle and unsnapping his pants.

"Checking up on my little tigress," he drawled, noting the startled look she sent his way before dropping her eyes and returning to her self-appointed task. Now what was that guilty look about he wondered, his lawyer senses on instant alert.

He leaned up onto his elbow and with his left hand, tipped her head up to appraise her face. "Is something wrong darling?" He asked in that silky smooth voice that had lulled many a wrong doer into a false sense of security just before he pounced.

But Toni hadn't been married to a lawyer for twelve years without learning a few tricks herself! She knew her guilty conscious had responded for just an instant at his question, but she knew how to turn the tables as well.

Pouting at him with a hurt look she replied, "Just thinking it was about time you starting paying some attention to me." She moved in for the kill as she saw a flash of regret in his eyes, "I've been trying to get near you for days but..." Her lower lip trembled slightly. "You've been so busy and...." she let her voice trail off as she looked at him wistfully with her misty golden eyes.

"I'm sorry, love," he replied contritely, hugging her close as he sat up. "I came home early because I finished the Deardon case today and I wanted to surprise you with a reward for all the hard work you've put in on your diet program."

"Well," she said mischievously, "you can surprise me like that anytime you want." Just remembering the predatory look in his green eyes before he grabbed her up made her shiver. "It was wonderful!"

"Not that," he chuckled slipping his shirt off his

arms and putting it around her shoulders when he noted her shiver. "I meant this." He fished a folded piece of paper out of the pocket of his shirt, his fingers brushing across her breast. He unfolded the paper and handed it to her.

Toni took the paper and looked at it. It was a hotel reservation for La Crème, the most prestigious hotel Galveston had to offer, for three nights! She had always wanted to go there! They had hot tubs in the rooms, ocean view patios, and a wonderful showroom that featured a well-known star once a month. And best of all, Jake Raider was appearing in concert! He was Toni's favorite artist! With an excited squeal she threw her arms around Matt's neck, kissing him all over his face!

"Thank you, thank you, thank you...you wonderful man," she gushed as she ended her trail of kisses at his mouth and landed one last hearty smack on his lips.

Matt playfully returned her kiss and laughed, "You deserve it, darling, you've worked so hard and I *am* proud of you. I know I've been tied up at work for a long time and we've had very little time together, so I wanted us to have some time to ourselves for a change." His hand cupped the side of her face gently as his thumb stoked the creamy skin of her cheek.

Toni's eyes misted as guilt took another stab at her conscious. Matt was being so good to her, and she was not being honest with him. For an instant she considered coming clean and confessing the method she had employed to earn his reward, but she didn't want to spoil the moment. She had no doubt that he would be furious if he found out.

Again, Matt sensed something was not quite as it should be and his eyes raked her face, searching, probing. "What is it, honey?" he asked softly,



concern evident in his voice.

She gave herself a mental shake and flashed him a brilliant smile. "Not a darn thing," she replied teasingly, "just thinking about watching Jake Raider shake his booty!" And with that she lunged forward knocking him back as she began to tickle his ribs.

"Is that so?" growled Matt, getting into the spirit of the game. "In that case I better show you what happens to wives who look at other men's booty's!" He reached around and landed a couple of stinging swats on her bare buttocks.

"Ouch!" She complained. "I'll get you for that!" She sat up, straddling his waist and reached back to rub the offended area. "You don't play fair," she pouted at him.

"Alls fair in love and war," he responded cheerfully.

"In that case," she leaned forward and began nibbling on his lips, her hands sliding up the length of his bare chest and massaging his shoulders, "take this!"

Matt surrendered the contest.

The next day, Toni parked her Taurus in the parking lot of the complex that Kirby's office was located in. Unhappily, she opened the door, got out and began slowly walking up the sidewalk. She was really feeling bad about deceiving Matt this morning. That, combined with the knowledge that in less than fifteen minutes she would be laying over Kirby's broad lap getting her bare butt blistered, was making her feel pretty glum.

"Maybe I'll come clean on our vacation," she mumbled to herself. She knew she needed to, but she was uncertain of Matt's reaction. She reflected on his comments yesterday when he told her what happened to wives who looked at other men's "booty's." She wondered if that applied when it was

the wife's booty that was getting looked at. Knowing her lawyer husband, she was pretty sure it did! And those swats he had landed on her bottom cheeks had felt like he meant them! Perhaps, beneath the sophisticated veneer of the modern lawyer, lurked a romance novel hero!

She giggled to herself...no, no way! But there was a niggling doubt at the back of her mind. The image of herself over Matt's knees kept trying to work itself to the front of her thoughts, and she kept pushing it away.

"You did forge his signature, Toni," she argued with herself. "And you've been lying to him all these months." And she had lied to Kirby as well! She knew what *he* would do if he found out! What she didn't want to admit to herself, was that she deserved a spanking for her deceit. Like any wrongdoer, she didn't want to face the consequences!

She sighed deeply and opened the door to the clinic. Grace was waiting for her with a cheerful, "Good morning, Toni!"

"Good morning, Grace," returned Toni glumly.

"Uh oh, in trouble this morning, my dear?" She asked gently.

"Afraid so, Grace," Toni replied as she stepped through the door Grace had opened for her and faced her diet counselor. She walked forward and stopped about six feet from Kirby's desk.

Kirby took one look at Toni's woebegone face and headed for the closet. Retrieving the paddle from its hook, he returned to the desk, lightly touched the buzzer to summon Grace, and walked over to the couch. Taking his seat in the middle of the couch, he laid the paddle beside him and crooked his finger at Toni. He folded his arms across his massive chest as he waited for her

dragging feet to obey him.

When Toni reached the spot Kirby had designated, she looked at his stern face and heaved a tremendous sigh.

"Okay, let's have it, Antonia," he said, not too sternly. She really was doing an excellent job, but he knew she still needed help with her discipline. Well, that was what he was here for.

As Toni admitted she had lost the brownie war and explained the details, she heard Grace come in and take her position by the door.

"Toni, Toni," responded Kirby, shaking his head ruefully. "As many essays as you've written describing your state of mind when you binge, you had to know what you were doing! You deliberately undermined yourself because you were mad at Matt and instead of telling him, you punished yourself."

Toni hung her head. She knew he was right. She hadn't handled her emotions properly.

Kirby tipped her chin up. "Since you ate four LARGE brownies, he stressed large delicately, I am going to take the number four and add a zero to it. That means forty swats with the paddle."

Toni gasped and snapped her head up to look at Kirby. "Forty!" She protested.

"Would you rather I counted the number of calories in four brownies instead?" he asked smoothly.

"No, no...that's okay," she backpedaled hastily.

"Would you like the warm-up or do you want to get straight to it?"

Toni hesitated. She didn't want the warm-up too, but it was the weekend and Matt was going to be home and she didn't want to run the risk of him noticing any bruises...no matter how small they might be. She tended to bruise some when she didn't have the warm-up. She couldn't ask Kirby to

go easy on her because he didn't know that Matt was not aware of her program!

"Better give me the warm-up, I've got to do a lot of sitting this weekend and I don't want bruises." She grimaced distastefully as the lie came out. She would be so glad when this was all over with. She was beginning to really dislike herself.

"Drop those pants then and bend over here." He waited for her to slide her jeans down to her knees. Then he helped her bend over his left knee and positioned her just the way he liked.

"Are you ready?"

Toni was never ready for this, but she glanced back at him and nodded. She looked away as she saw his arm go up and she braced herself. As that hard palm began landing firm crisp swats on her bottom she made herself lie as still as possible. Soon her bottom and thighs were turning a nice shade of pink and she was beginning to wiggle and whimper with discomfort, but she held her position. When the swats stopped her bottom was stinging and warm and she knew the paddle would shortly follow.

In the background she heard the buzzer on Kirby's desk ring and was aware of Grace moving towards the door and then ...SMACK!! The first of the forty spanks she had coming bit into her right cheek, then the left, alternating back and forth with agitating rhythm.

"OWWW," she squealed and instinctively kicked out but Kirby already had her wrist pinned and his right leg over hers, preventing her from going anywhere. Tears had already pooled in her golden eyes when the spanks suddenly stopped.

When she heard someone besides herself gasp, she looked up and into the stunned and incredulous face of her husband!

## Chapter Four

Matt had just kissed Toni before she went out the door to keep her appointment with her diet counselor. But when he walked from the living room into the den to get his appointment calendar, he noticed that her purse sitting on her desk. She had obviously forgotten to take it with her in her hurry this morning and he couldn't call on her cell phone because it was sticking out of the side pocket on her bag.

He would just take it to her he decided. He knew she planned on going shopping and it would save her a trip back home. He frowned. She really should be more careful about forgetting her purse. He flipped through her Rolodex looking for a phone number. Here it was, Kirby Sellars 454-8573. He picked up the phone and dialed the number.

"Good morning, Sellars Clinic," chirped Grace cheerfully.

"Hello, my name is Matt Devay and my wife Antonia has an appointment with Mr. Sellars this morning."

"Oh yes, Toni," replied Grace. "Lovely girl, we are expecting her in about ten minutes."

"She just left here without her purse and I need to stop by and give it to her." He explained.

"Of course! Come right down." She gave him the address of the clinic. "If no one is in the ante room, just ring the buzzer on my desk. As you know, the sessions with Mr. Sellars are strictly monitored and I witness them. I'll open the door for you and you can come right on into the office. You have never been to one of Toni's sessions before and so we will be looking forward to meeting you. See you in a few minutes Mr. Devay."

Grace hung up the phone on her end.

Puzzled, Matt hung up the phone. Sessions? Monitored? What was that all about he wondered? He headed out to the Lincoln and got in. Fifteen minutes later he was pulling up to the address Grace had given him. He saw Toni's green Taurus and he pulled into the parking spot beside it. He got out and started up the sidewalk looking for the name of the clinic. All he saw was the number she had given him on the door. He turned the doorknob and stepped inside.

Looking around the compact office, Matt didn't see anyone. He walked over to the desk and rang the buzzer he saw on the flat shiny surface. As the door opened he heard slapping sounds and a woman crying out in pain. Toni! Quickly he stepped inside the office and was astounded at the sight before him!

A very large man had his wife pinned across his knee. Her jeans were down around her knees and he was spanking her with a wicked looking paddle!! She was wearing a black leotard like the one she had had on yesterday and her butt was practically bare and getting VERY red!

"What in Sam hell is going on here," he thundered. He shook off the older woman's hands as she tried to grab his arm and strode towards his wife and the big man. "Get your hands off my wife and let her up," he commanded. The man was bigger than he was but he would not back down from a fight. No one was going to hit his wife and get away with it!

When the big man made no move to obey him nor look guilty, it was his first inkling that things were not as they seemed.

When Kirby saw the big man striding towards him, anger emanating with every move of his body, he knew something was wrong. He knew this was

Toni's husband because he had been commanded to "get his hands off his wife," but he didn't know why he was so furious.

"Mr. Devay," he stated calmly, "I am just getting started with your wife's discipline session, if you would be so good as to have a seat?" He pointed with the paddle towards his desk chair. Kirby went on, "We encourage husbands to attend their wife's sessions, but its better to come in before they start."

"Sessions?" echoed Matt, some of his fury subsiding. "I don't understand." He looked down at Toni, the shock of his presence obvious on her face. "What's going on here, Toni?"

When Toni began to stammer, Kirby knew something was very wrong. Could it possible be that Mr. Devay did not know about his wife's program? He recalled that he had never met him before, even though he had signed the papers. At least he was *supposed* to have signed the papers! A niggling suspicion began to form.

Kirby laid the paddle down and pulled Toni to her feet. In a deadly calm voice he ordered, "Get those pants up, Antonia, there seems to be a misunderstanding here. We need to get this straightened out before we continue."

Toni hastily scrambled to pull her jeans up, her face red with embarrassment. How could this have happened? As she snapped her jeans shut Kirby walked over to Grace and ask her to get Toni's file. She felt very small as she sat back down on the couch, twisting her fingers nervously. Matt was ignoring her and watching Kirby, anger still very much in evidence on his face.

"Would you please have a seat, Mr. Devay?" He motioned towards the chair beside his desk. He walked around to his own desk chair and seated

himself.

Matt glanced at Toni's guilty face and knew instantly that this must be the source of the *something he could not quite put his finger on* feeling. And considering the cool manner in which the blond giant was acting, the fault must lay at his wife's feet. He strode over to the chair and sat down just as Grace handed the requested folder across the desk.

Surveying the big man more calmly he stated, "You must be Kirby Sellars." His eyes narrowed. "I've heard a lot about you. What the hell gives you the right to spank my wife?" he asked in a demanding tone.

"Yes, Mr. Devay. I am Kirby Sellars." His voice was cool and collected. "And as for Antonia's discipline sessions, you signed the contract yourself. I always require both signatures because my methods are somewhat different, as you saw for yourself."

Matt glanced at the bottom of the page and saw his and Toni's signatures. Obviously there was more here than met the eye. This would require a more in-depth explanation.

Kirby watched Matt as he pored over the legal documents. He remembered Toni telling him that her husband was a lawyer and if he had not signed these particular documents, then his lawyer's instincts would insist he read the entire paper. He folded his arms, prepared to wait.

On the couch, Toni fidgeted, those hard swats Kirby had given her itching her backside where she pressed against the leather sofa. She stood up, intending to go talk to Grace while she awaited her fate. Instantly two heads swiveled in her direction and twin pairs of stern eyes, one green and the other blue, bored into her.



"Sit down!" came the command in unison. She immediately dropped back to the couch and shrank down, trying to become as small as possible. She watched as Matt leaned forward and began to ask questions. She could only hear bits of their conversation. They had conversed for several minutes when suddenly Matt turned to her and crooked his finger at her, not unlike Kirby had done earlier.

"Come here Antonia," he ordered, pointing to the spot just in front of him.

Oh no! He only called her Antonia when he was really upset with her, just like her mother used to. She got up and walked over to face him, standing at an angle where she could see Kirby as well.

"Let me get this straight" he began in a silky smooth voice. "You forged my name on these documents, removed any mail addressed to me from this clinic, allowed another man to view your bare butt and paddle it on a regular basis, and you didn't see fit to tell me any of these things? Not only that, but you have deceived me for the last eight months over it. What have you got to say for yourself?"

Damn, it sounded so awful when he put it that way! She could see why he made such a good lawyer. She had no defense she could offer that would change the plain unvarnished truth!

"I'm sorry Matt, I was going to tell you, I really was." Her golden eyes pleaded with him to understand and forgive her. I wanted so much to surprise you and make you proud of me again." Her bottom lip quivered. "I just didn't think you would approve and I so badly wanted to do it. You know I've not been successful with any diet I've ever tried, and when Kirby proved to be legit, I really thought this would help me. I'm truly sorry." The

tears were trickling down her cheeks as she bent her head.

"Did you stop to think of the repercussions for Mr. Devay if I should decide to prosecute him for striking my wife? Or for Grace as his accomplice in this business?" He asked in a very stern and implacable voice. "I'm really disappointed in you, Antonia."

Toni gasped, "Oh no, please don't do that. I'm really sorry, Matt, I will never hide anything from you again, I promise." She turned to face Kirby's stern countenance. "I'm sorry I lied to you, Kirby. Please forgive me. I never meant you any harm!"

A look of mutual understanding passed between the two men, and as if on signal, they both stood up in unison.

Matt took Toni's elbow and led her to the couch. He sat down in the middle of it and pulled her between his knees. Toni was aware of the door opening behind her and she glanced around, seeing Kirby motion Grace in. She snapped back around when she felt Matt's hands unsnapping her jeans.

"What are doing?" she asked, her voice a surprised squeak. She grabbed hold of her jeans as he zipped them down.

"I'm going to finish your discipline session, Toni," he coolly informed her, "and Mr. Sellars is going to instruct me so I can continue them at home for you. It seems he has everything in order here and his business is certainly legitimate, but he understands that I would prefer to spank you myself. Since I didn't sign the documents, he has graciously agreed to let you out of the contract. Now drop those jeans and bend over."

"Maattt," Toni begged, "Please, not here. Can't we go home?" She was hoping to mitigate her punishment with a little time and distance from the

clinic. She didn't want to receive her first spanking from him in front of someone else!

"Antonia Katherine, drop those pants! Its not like Kirby and Grace haven't seen your bare butt before. You've been coming here for months. Now get a move on or I'll double the forty swats! Unless of course you'd like me to allow Kirby here to paddle you first for lying to him?"

Kirby? All of a sudden Kirby and Matt are buddies? What was this? The good 'ole boys club? Toni hastily dropped her jeans and positioned herself over Matt's left knee. From somewhere behind her she heard Kirby's voice, instructing her husband. No, no, that was wrong! Kirby was instructing him from the beginning!

"Matt, I've already had the warm-up and at least ten swats. That only leaves thirty with the paddle!" She interjected this quickly before he could begin.

"But I've never delivered your discipline session, darling, and I want to be sure to get it right!" He sounded way too satisfied for Toni's liking!

Desperately Toni glanced behind her. She saw the warning glint in his green eyes and she didn't dare say another word. When he raised his right arm, she held her breath and looked down at the brown leather on the sofa.

Crack! She jumped in surprise! Damn, her husband's hand was almost as hard as Kirby's!

Then the spanks were coming hard and fast and she began to get uncomfortable very quickly. As she started to whimper and wiggle she heard Kirby saying something about a nice shade of pink. Sounded like Spanking 101 was in session!

Abruptly, the swats stopped. She knew what that meant and she braced herself for the paddle she knew was coming.

Matt paused for a moment to admire his

handiwork. Toni's rounded cheeks were the nice shade of pink that Kirby had instructed him to. He picked up the paddle.

"Tuck her in close to your waist Matt, put your right leg over hers." Kirby said. "She won't be able to remain in position if you don't. If she puts her right hand back, grab her wrist and hold it."

Matt remembered the hold Kirby had had on Toni when he walked in and he moved his leg over hers. He had been told about the warm-up already and he realized that this was the real discipline coming up.

"Give me your right hand, Toni," he ordered.

Reluctantly Toni put her right arm back so he could pin it to her back.

When he had a good grip on his recalcitrant wife, Matt raised the paddle. At a nod from Kirby, he brought it down with a resounding smack against her right buttock.

Toni jumped. "Ouch," she complained. Another one landed on the left side. This was not too bad she thought although she jumped again. She glanced back in time to see Kirby give Matt a higher swing motion, meaning harder! Matt responded with a really hard swat on her right side again. "Yeowch!" she exclaimed! He was definitely on par with Kirby now!

When Matt received Kirby's thumbs up sign, he got down to business. He began to pepper her bottom and thighs with swift hard swats that soon had her wiggling and screeching over his lap. He delivered all remaining 37 swats with a precision that would have done an army sergeant proud. Then he ran his hand over her very red bottom and down her thighs, feeling the heat and welts he had generated. She was sobbing pretty hard but he had very little sympathy for her at this point. She had

been through this many times before with Kirby delivering the swats. She was used to this. Just wait until he got her home!

An hour later it was a very worried, very subdued Toni that preceded her husband through the door of their bedroom. They had both driven home, Matt's Lincoln following her Taurus.

After he had spanked her he had sent her to her car to wait for him. When he had came out of the clinic, he had been carrying a bag. She was pretty sure she knew what was in the bag, and it did not bode well for her.

Matt walked over to the bed and sat down. He patted the bed beside him, indicating for her to come and sit by him. When she sat down, he put his arm around her shoulders. She turned her face into his shoulder and tears leaked from beneath her eyelids and trickled down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry, Matt, I never meant any harm, I really didn't!" There was a slight catch in her voice and Matt knew she was trying hard not to break down.

With his left hand he tipped her chin up to look into her face, now wet with tears. He knew she really was remorseful. "Why didn't you come to me for help honey?" he asked softly. "I would have helped you if I could." His voice hardened. "Do you have any idea what it did to me when I saw you with your bare bottom up on another man's lap? Your butt belongs to ME and I don't want any other man looking at it, no matter how platonic," he growled possessively.

Toni's skin broke out in goose bumps. Hit attitude was positively Neanderthal, and she loved it! "But you've never given me any indication that you could spank me Matt. I did think about asking you, but I just knew you'd think I was really weird

or something."

She went on for several minutes explaining the feelings she experienced when she read the romance novels. It had never seemed strange to her, but she had never thought it was something she should act on either. When she read Kirby's ad on the Internet, it had struck a cord with her. And she had followed her instincts from there.

"If I had never found out, honey, would you still have told me about it?" It was an important question for Matt and he anxiously awaited her answer. He felt intense relief when she answered without hesitation.

"Yes, I planned to tell you when we were on vacation. I felt so bad about deceiving you and it was bothering me so much I almost told you yesterday, but I didn't want to spoil your wonderful surprise. I really am sorry, honey."

Her regret was genuine and Matt could hear it in her voice. "I forgive you, darling." He enveloped her in a big bear hug, and then leaned back to look in her eyes. "In that case, we just need to get your punishment out of the way."

Toni had thought he might be thinking along those lines and she wasn't sure how she felt about it. If she let him spank her, it would mean a big change in their relationship. If he spanked her without her consent, she would resent him. She chewed on her lip as she considered his words, her golden eyes beseeching him to understand.

Matt knew she was unsure of herself at this point. Reading a romance novel and daydreaming was a long way from hard reality. He knew what he wanted though. On the way home, his lawyers mind for detail and analysis had led him to some definite conclusions. He intended to spank her. Not only now, but in the future as well, whenever she

needed it. But he didn't want to lose her.

He realized that a part of her wanted him to take the decision out of her hands. That independent side of her was telling her it just didn't happen in today's society. It would make it easier for her if he made the choice. But he needed more than that. He needed her to truly trust him.

"Toni, you know I love you don't you?" he asked her softly. When she nodded her head he continued. "I would never hurt you; you are the most important person in this world to me. I'm going to spank you though, Toni." He watched her eyes widen in apprehension. "You deserve a spanking for forging my signature on that contract. It was wrong. And you purposely deceived me about your diet clinic," he went on, his expression determined. "Don't you agree?"

Toni nodded quickly, then hung her head, ashamed of herself. She knew he was right, but oh, her bottom was already sore! She *really* didn't want another spanking! Tears pooled in her eyes and she sniffed woefully.

"And in the future I intend to spank you whenever I think you need it. I don't want our marriage to end up in a divorce court because you don't respect me." He tipped her chin up to look sternly at her, the woeful expression on her beautiful face causing a twinge in his heart.

He knew he was being very strict with her and it wasn't easy for him, but he went on.

"What you did shows a decided lack of respect for me as your husband and the head of our home." He saw the tears overflow her eyes and trickle down her cheeks as she absorbed his words, listening intently to him.

"I'm not asking for your permission, but I am asking for your trust. Can you trust me enough to

submit to me?" He waited for her response, knowing their whole marriage dynamics were about to change.

Toni looked down at her fingers. She thought about the things Matt had just told her. She knew she deserved to be spanked. In her heart, she had known it might lead to this when Matt found out, even hoped for it she realized, but now that it was here, she was unsure of herself. But then it occurred to her that she had *always* trusted him. He wasn't asking for anything he didn't already have.

Taking a deep breath she stood up and began unsnapping her jeans. She unzipped them, slid them down her legs and stepped out of them. She continued to undress until she stood naked before her husband. Then she stepped between his knees. She held out her hand to him, a smile on her lovely face.

Matt returned her smile, his green eyes glittering. He took her hand; and with it her total trust into his care and keeping. He did not take it lightly.

He helped her lower herself into position over his left knee. She made no protests. He tucked in her close to his body and began lightly spanking her bare buttocks. He spanked steadily, getting harder as he moved up and down her thighs and across her bottom. He could hear her sobbing softly, but she did not attempt to get out of position.

Toni's emotions were so close to the surface that it didn't take long for her to start sobbing when Matt began spanking her. She was so sorry for the trouble she had caused by lying to him. She would think twice before she just followed her own desires in the future without fully considering what it would do to her husband. When he stopped spanking her she knew what was coming next.



She heard the rustle of the bag he had brought home from Kirby's clinic and she turned around to watch. Her eyes widened when she saw him take the paddle out of the bag. Then she scrunched them shut and hid her face in the quilt.

"Why are you getting this spanking, Toni?" Asked her husband sternly But he was rubbing her back and buttocks; his ministrations taking some of the sting out of his voice.

Toni sniffed and looked back at Matt again. "Because I lied to you," she replied tearfully. There was nothing more to be said. She would not fight him if she could help it. She had it coming.

"Give me your hand," he ordered quietly. He took her hand when she brought it back for him and pinned her legs with his. He lifted the paddle and began spanking her with firm crisp swats. She cried out in pain and he could tell she was trying not to move.

He spanked harder and harder until he was spanking her as hard as he had at the clinic. She began howling and wriggling, but he held her tightly and grimly continued at a steady pace. When she finally collapsed over his knee and stopped fighting him, he knew she had had enough.

She was crying as if her heart was breaking, her chest heaving as she sobbed out her apologies. He rubbed her back gently and ran his hands over her hot bottom and thighs. He had done a pretty good job on her, and it had been necessary.

He raised her up and sat her on his knee. She gasped and winced when her bottom rubbed against his blue jeans. He hugged and cuddled her tightly, making little soothing noises as he waited for her to settle down. She laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed, her arms tucked against his chest, her fingers clutching his shirt.

Slowly his hand moved up and down her back, rubbing, soothing as he kept her tucked under his chin. Before long her cries became little hiccuping sobs and her breathing began to slow and become steady. As her grip on his shirt loosened, he realized she was falling asleep on his shoulder.

He felt a fierce surge of love for this woman of his heart and the desire to protect and cherish her welled up in his chest. They would have their ups and downs in the future, he was sure of that!

His little tigress would protest and pout and try to get out of trouble if she could, but the end result would always be the same. She would be bare bottomed over his lap many times and he would comfort her afterwards; she was his.

With a low growl in his throat his arms tightened possessively around her. He kept and protected what was his!

## I'll Start Tomorrow

"Aw, damn, I shouldn't have ate that," moaned Heather, rubbing her tummy and generally complaining. It was getting to be a normal thing, this habit of overeating and then whining about it.

Hank proceeded to ignore her as he zealously played his new game, The Twilight Princess, from Nintendo for the Game Cube. Heather had purchased it for him for Christmas, knowing what a game freak he was. He was in his second semester of computer technology and design and had every game system Nintendo had ever made. He'd like to have all the others, but his budget had precluded that through the years.

"So why did you?" He mumbled distractedly, trying to keep the ice beast from passing him on the icy slopes in a race for a piece of heart.

Heather shrugged dejectedly. "I guess I'm a junk food junkie. I can't seem to stay away from chocolate no matter how hard I try. I've broken every New Year's resolution I made to lose weight so far this year." She was watching his race too, but wasn't hooked on it like Hank was. She played now and then, but it was mostly just for a little fun, and she'd hand it back to him when she got bored and tired of not being able to get the little slob to do what she wanted. She had very little patience for the physical skills parts of the games. She liked the puzzles, but that was about it.

"Just don't buy it." Hank threw his hand in the air and groaned. "He knocked me off the mountain side!"

"You're supposed to hit him with your sword."

He turned to glare at her. "I know that. I tried, but somebody was distracting me!"

Heather sat up and shot him an indignant look.

"Sooooorrryyy, I was trying to talk to you, but if you don't want me to, then fiinee.!" She huffed towards the door.

"So what am I supposed to do about you pigging out on junk food?" He called after her. "It's your choice, after all!" He turned back to the screen, his fingers pushing buttons and getting set up for another run.

Heather didn't answer when he looked away, and he hesitated and looked longingly back at the screen. Giving an impatient sigh, he pushed the stop button and set the controller aside to go look for her. They went through this cycle constantly. First, she'd say she wanted to diet, and then she'd break her diet or get mad at him because he didn't seem to care. What was he supposed to do?

They were roommates and had moved in together to share bills at the beginning of the school year, but her constant harping about her weight was starting to annoy him. She was a little overweight, not in his opinion, naturally, but he didn't care. You'd think if SHE cared so much, she'd stick to her diet! Sometimes he felt like strangling her!

He walked down the hallway and knocked on her bedroom door.

"Go away!"

Damn, it sounded like she was crying! He shuffled from one foot to the other; suddenly feeling like an insensitive brute... which he was sure was the purpose... yet he still fell for it every time she turned on the waterworks.

"Come on, Heather, open up," he commanded, trying to sound concerned as hell. He did feel sorry for her, but he also felt sorry that she seemed to put herself... and him... through this misery on a constant basis!

No answer.

"Heather!"

"Just go play your dumb game, and I'll try not to bother you," was the muffled reply.

"You're not bothering me, just come on out."

"Yes I am! I'm bothering you. You don't want to hear it, so I won't say it. Just go back to your game."

He hesitated, sorely tempted to do just that, but then with a sigh he offered up a tentative idea. "Hey, you want me to go on a diet with you? Maybe we can encourage each other?" As soon as the words left his mouth, he was horrified, but it was too late to take them back. He heard footsteps, and then the door opened to reveal a tear stained Heather.

"You really mean it? You're not just saying that?"

He shuffled from one foot to the other again, wishing he'd taped his mouth shut instead, but he nodded. "I guess I could stand to lose a few pounds too." Or better yet, he'd just eat at the Commons and not tell her what he ate.

"So, what do you say?" He was relieved to see a happy grin flash across her face. When she threw herself into his arms for a hug, he thoroughly enjoyed the sensation of her breasts pressed against his broad chest, and he instinctively pulled her close. This was worth putting off the Yette race for a few minutes.

"Hank, you are such a good buddy, I don't know what I'd do without you," she enthused, the sparkle coming back into her pretty blue eyes.

They were an unusual color of blue, a really light shade that complimented her shining dark hair, which fell to her shoulders in a straight curtain, her bangs wispy against her forehead. Hank thought

she was beautiful, always had, even during high school together. She'd always managed to be hooked up with some other guy, though, and he'd been too shy to ask her out. When she found out they were going to the same college, and none of their other classmates were, she'd suggested they move in together to share expenses. He'd been happy to oblige, and their friendship had been close, but not too close. He would have liked to remedy that, but he didn't want to lose a roommate. He didn't know anyone else in the area very well, and he hated the idea of rooming with a total stranger.

Hank blushed. "Of course, I mean it, but you have to promise to stick to it."

"Of course, I will! I'm going to get some paper and a pen, and we can decide how and what we want to do." She turned and raced into her room to get the aforementioned items.

Hank silently groaned and retreated to his game. The last thing he wanted to do was go on a diet! He needed to have his head examined. A thought occurred to him, and he looked suspiciously down at his almost flat stomach. She hadn't told him he didn't need to go on a diet, so perhaps she thought he was getting fat? He pinched the flesh at his sides. Maybe he could stand to lose an inch or so. The six-pack he sported during football had seemed to recede somewhat. Not enough to really motivate him to an extreme like dieting, though.

He settled himself back into his game and half listened to Heather chattering beside him. When he finally beat the snow beast to the finish line by cutting him off at the end, he yelled, "Yes! I got him!"

"I'm happy for you," replied Heather acidly, pushing her reading glasses up her small nose.

"Now, can we get serious about this?" She tapped her pen on the pad she held in her lap, her bare feet tucked up under her as she sat on the side of her hip and watched him.

He faced her with a triumphant grin in his blue eyes. Heavenly blue eyes, as more than one girl had dubbed them, but he'd just figured they were teasing. At six foot, three inches and two hundred and thirty pounds, he was nothing to write home about... at least not in his book! He played football really well, but that was about all he had to recommend him to the top ten sexiest males list in the 2006 graduating class of Madison High School. He considered his nomination and subsequent entry a joke, which he took well.

Hank didn't think they'd ever get finished planning their "diet", which basically ended up being what he'd thought it would be... rabbit food! All his junk food would have to stay unopened, since he refused to part with it. He'd paid good money for those potato chips, snack cakes and crackers, and he didn't intend to throw them away! He could eat them after Heather was through dieting.

"All right, all right, you can keep it, just keep it away from me," demanded Heather at last, compromising with him. She left the room, and Hank was glad for a moment, returning to his game. He hated to be constantly interrupted when he was playing!

At last, he decided he needed something to drink, so he laid the controller aside and headed for the kitchen. His eyebrows shot up when he saw Heather munching on M&M's and humming as she moved around rearranging the refrigerator. He watched in amusement as she bent over the drawers in the fridge, her luscious bottom swaying back and forth to the radio and her hand tossing

back a few more M&M's before she bent lower. It was just too good a target to miss!

Sneaking up behind her, he drew his hand back and landed a hard swat right in the center of her jean clad cheeks. The spank sounded sharp and hot as he hit the tightness of that bent over position, and she shrieked and jumped up. Her hands flew to the seat of her pants, and the M&M's went flying all over the kitchen floor. She stared at him, speechless with surprise, her blue eyes wide with shock.

"Uh, uh, darlin', no cheating! Not supposed to be eating M&M's." He wagged his forefinger in warning, a huge grin on his face. Somehow, that spank had felt danged good, after all she'd put him through this afternoon. He found that he liked that feeling! His sandy blond hair was slightly ruffled, and he resembled a smug schoolboy who was very proud of himself.

"B... b... but.. you.. don't do that," stammered Heather, rubbing her stinging posterior and glaring at him. "How dare you do that? Now, you can clean up the candy you made me drop!" She slammed the refrigerator door in a temper and stalked off to her bedroom.

Hank shrugged and got out the broom and dustpan, still grinning like the village idiot. At least, he wouldn't have to listen to her whine before she went to bed, about wishing she hadn't eaten the M&M's! He took the candy bag and put it in his bedroom. Unlike her, he wasn't about to whine when he cheated. Just for good measure, he went back into the kitchen, gathered up all his precious junk snacks and dumped them into the storage locker his parents had given him for graduation. It even had a lock, and he gleefully made sure it was secured, so she couldn't get into it, just in case she



decided to get revenge for that little spank he'd given her. He decided one more trip was in order to raid the trash bin and make sure she hadn't thrown away any unopened bags of candy. No point in wasting money. That would be a sin, for sure.

After checking out the cupboards, turning the trash can inside and out, and checking everywhere he could think of, he couldn't figure out what had happened to the Oreos and the Reece's pieces that she'd bought.

He scratched his head and then checked the fridge thoroughly. Everything seemed to be in order.

The leftover food had all been dumped to make way for salad fixings and everything needed for the "diet". She'd even dumped a package of unopened bacon, and he'd sputtered when he saw that. He'd retrieved it and washed it off, then put it in the freezer behind the gallon of lime sherbet. Yuck! Who in their right mind would eat lime sherbet? Even Heather had barely touched it, and it remained a sentinel that pointed out yet another failure to stay on target. Hopefully, she still wouldn't eat it, and it would guard his bacon until she was through with the crazy scheme. He'd have to get up early and visit McDonald's at this rate, or he'd be eating nuts and berries for breakfast. A man can't live on nuts and berries!

Hank did feel a small stab of guilt, since he'd been the one to engineer this "scheme," but it quickly passed. If it helped her achieve what she wanted, then he'd make the sacrifice of eating out privately, so she wouldn't know he was falling down on his end of the bargain. In the meantime, he'd provide all the moral support she asked for and eat salads with her. He and his new friends could go out for the main course, later!

Satisfied that his plans were well laid, he grabbed a coke out of the fridge and made his way back to his game. At least, she hadn't tried to throw his soda out! Maybe he could get through the Sacred Grove temple while she was sulking... if he was lucky! Dismissing diets completely from his mind, and refusing to think about Heather pouting, he concentrated on his game.

In her room, Heather lay back on her pillow and comforted herself with a few Oreos. Gawd, her butt still smarted! Where in the world had that come from? Who'd have thought that mild mannered Hank would've landed a blistering spank like that on her fanny?

Shrugging the thought aside, exciting as it was, she moved on to her diet dilemma. She'd just eat some of the Oreos tonight and then start over tomorrow. She'd be totally good tomorrow, no problem! She was going to get rid of twenty pounds if it killed her! It was probably a good thing she'd stashed them here, or Hank might just have swatted her again if he'd caught her with them.

Now that her recalcitrant thoughts had wandered back to Hank, she wondered if her weight was why he didn't carry their relationship to the next stage. It hadn't been an accident that she'd suggested they room together; she'd long been attracted to him. He was always quiet and shy in high school, just an unassuming hero of the football team. It was she who'd volunteered him as one of the top ten sexiest seniors, although he didn't know that. It seemed like every time she was between boy friends, he was dating someone else, and they'd never seemed destined to go out together.

Shoving the Oreos aside, she stood in front of her mirror and turned to the side. Okay, she did

have some tummy there, but not much. She was fuller through her body than she'd been in high school, but she no longer worked out all the time like she had on the cheer leading squad. She'd always been able to eat anything she wanted and stay lean by burning it off with activity. But college was a different proposition, and it was frustrating that she couldn't eat her normal snacks and goodies without gaining weight anymore.

With another sigh, she flopped back on the bed and flipped on her TV. Her parents had bought her a TV/DVD combo for graduation, and she liked to have her privacy once in a while. She and Hank got along really well as roommates, and she'd like it to become more, but she was reluctant in many ways to change the status quo. What if they didn't end up liking each other after all, and then she had to move or something? So far, he'd never even offered to kiss her. She wondered what it would be like.

Closing her eyes, she tried to imagine it, and as she pictured it in her mind, she also felt his hand running across her backside. It reminded her of the swat he'd placed there. The thought turned her on, and she turned to her side and rubbed the area that still felt a little bit tender. Slipping her hand inside her jeans and panties, she could feel the warmth the slap had created, and for some reason, it made her feel incredibly hot! Flipping back onto her back, she tried to put a stop to the runaway thoughts. It'd be better if she and Hank were just friends for the time being.

With a heavy sigh, she put in a romantic comedy to take her mind off Hank and leaned back on the pillows to enjoy it. Absentmindedly, she rustled around in the Oreos, reaching for another one. She really did need to get out of this habit of snacking

and watching TV; it was a killer! She thought guiltily of the hidden bag of Reece's pieces in her bedside end table. They were just for emergencies; she consoled herself. She'd see how long she could go without eating any!

Hank yawned and laid the controller aside. He was done with Nintendo for this evening, and he wondered if Heather was still sulking or watching TV. Probably watching a movie, he thought. She didn't seem to hold grudges or stay in bad moods for very long, and he liked that about her.

Flipping off the TV and the Nintendo, he padded on silent feet towards his room, intent on watching some news before bed. He could hear the muted sounds of romantic music coming from Heather's room and figured she was watching another of her romantic movies. He preferred action movies himself, not caring much for the mush.

As he started to move on, he heard the unmistakable sound of crinkling paper like a candy or cookie bag. No true junk food connoisseur could mistake that sound. Was that what had happened to the Oreos and the Reese's pieces? As he listened intently and heard it again, his indignation grew! He opened the door and caught her red handed, the Oreo on its way to her cute little lips.

"Aha! So that's what happened to the cookies! Heather, you're a cheat!"

Heather was so surprised that the color drained from her face, and she dropped the Oreo in her lap. "Wha.. what are you doing in here?" With trembling fingers, she picked it up and put it back in the package, her guilt now making her flush with embarrassment.

Hank walked over to the bed and stared grimly down into her confused face. It was kind of cool to see her so off balance, and it gave him a sense of

righteous power. It didn't matter that he'd fully planned on cheating himself; she wasn't supposed to be.

"You've spent most of the day planning a new diet for the both of us, interrupting my game and whining about not being able to stay on your eating plan, and here you are... cheating already!" He finished with a dramatic arm wave.

"I... I... I'm sorry..."

He cut her off. He was just getting warmed up, and rightly so. "I had to rescue my goodies because you said you were going to get rid of all the junk food in the house, and here you are, eating in bed and watching TV when you're supposed to have thrown it all away." He didn't tell her he'd come looking for her junk food, too. He was on a righteous roll, here.

"You know what you need? You need a damned good spanking!" The words rolled out unheeded, without preamble, and Hank was as surprised as Heather when they hung there in the air between them. Acting on pure impulse, he bent down and pulled her up from the bed, then sat down and pulled her down across his newly formed lap. The sight of her wiggling buttocks in the thin pajama shorts was fascinating as he pulled her in close to his waist, ignoring her surprised shrieks. He'd never actually spanked anyone before, except his sister when she'd been mouthing at him a few years ago. It couldn't be all that hard, though.

Heather fit nicely across his lap, and he suddenly found it really exciting to have her there. The pajama shorts had pulled up, revealing the lower half of her cheeks, and he felt his breath come quicker at the sight of the milky, exposed flesh.

"Have you lost your mind, Hank?" She

protested.

She was kicking wildly and hanging onto the side of the bedspread as Hank lifted his arm and brought his hand crashing down on her butt. Damn... that stung his hand! It must have stung her bottom too, judging from her renewed shriek. Nevertheless, he bravely persevered and began delivering a lecture that was as blistering as his spanking.

"No, I haven't lost my mind, I'm just tired of you constantly trying to diet and then getting mad and whining when you don't succeed, like I'm the one at fault."

"But, Hank... oww... ouch... OW!"

He went on as if she hadn't spoken. "You're great just the way you are, and you don't need to diet, in my opinion, but if you want to, then do it."

He smacked her several more times and continued. "I can't believe you spent all afternoon preparing for your diet, and then you spend the evening hiding in your room and eating almost a whole bag of Oreos! Tomorrow, you'll hate yourself and whine and cry because you've gained weight before you even got started! It's insanity!"

Heather lost it then and started crying, his words hurting as much as the spansks. "I know, I'm sorry, I just can't seem to help it!"

Being the big softie that he was, Hank pulled her up, and she was sobbing, her face wet with tears. It seemed like the most natural thing in the world to set her on his knee. "Why do you do that to yourself?" He asked her, his features bewildered and sympathetic now that his ire had cooled.

"I... d... don't know," she wailed. "I'm just so used to eating whatever I want and staying slim that it drives me crazy that I'm gaining weight. I hate it, but I can't seem to stop!"

"That's probably because you've always worked it off," he offered gently. "I have the same problem. I've gained some weight too, although it doesn't bother me like it does you. I'm guessing football kept weight off me because I've put on several pounds since last summer too."

She smiled through her tears. "Did you really mean it when you said you liked me just as I am?"

It was Hank's turn to blush. "Of course, I did," he replied gruffly. "I've always liked you. Surely, you knew that?"

"Not really," she confessed.

His eyebrows shot up. "Surely, you didn't think I'd room with just any girl that offered?"

He looked scandalized, and Heather couldn't help laughing. "Now, how am I supposed to know that? Girls were always all over you, and I never had a chance. Especially, with you being one of the top ten sexiest seniors," she teased. She lifted her small palm and brushed the tears off her cheeks.

Hank blushed. "I don't know how that came about, but it wasn't true, and you know it."

"It was true," she insisted. "Everyone agreed with me." She had the grace to flush when he stared accusingly at her, understanding finally dawning.

"You were the one who nominated me?"

"Guilty," she confessed, nodding her head with a grin.

He cocked his head and grinned back. "And here all this time I thought it was Susie McCormick. She insinuated it in the back seat of her father's Chevy after the homecoming game."

Heather gasped and punched his shoulder. "You didn't! Not Susie McCormick!"

"Nah, I didn't," he admitted, grabbing her fist. "But I do owe you another spanking now."

He pulled her back down over his knee despite her protests and landed several playful smacks on her upturned cheeks. The pajama shorts had slid up again, and Hank could see how red her skin was, so he was careful not to swat too hard. He rubbed the warm flesh and then patted her ruefully before he pulled her back up. This was too tempting by far, and all he wanted to do at this point was uncover the rest of her and take her to bed.

"Oh," gasped Heather as she pushed her hair from her eyes, still laughing at him. "It wasn't so bad that time." Her face was still flushed, so her blush went unnoticed. "In fact, it was pretty nice."

"It was, wasn't it?" Hank trailed his thumb across her chin and down the white column of her throat. "So what are we going to do about it?"

"I don't know. What do you want to do about it?" Her words were breathless, the sensations of his thumb like electrical impulses across her sensitive skin.

His mouth dropped to capture hers with a gentle motion as if afraid she might be skittish and back off. "First, I want to do this," he murmured against her lips. His palm slid up the back of her matching tank and gently caressed the warm skin as he kissed her, long and thoroughly.

"Oh, Hank," she replied softly, her body trembling in his arms. "Do you mind if I tell you that I followed you here? I only came to this college because of you? Would that bother you?"

His hands went still, and he lifted his head and looked down at her, a wide, happy grin suddenly splitting his face. "Baby, that would make me the happiest man in the world right now."

After several more breathless minutes, he reluctantly put a halt to their explorations. He took a few deep breaths and tried to regain his sanity.



"Now it's my turn to admit something."

Heather took a deep breath too, expecting him to admit his undying love for her all along. She was surprised at his next words.

"I don't want to go on a diet, and I don't want you to, either."

"What?" She stared at him, her mind a million miles away from dieting. She wanted to be back in his arms.

"I have a better idea," he replied. "Let's join a gym and work out together. We both like to run and be active, and I miss that part of my life. Maybe this way, we can enjoy some of the foods we've always liked and work it back off. What do you say?"

She suddenly threw her arms around him and gave him a fierce hug. "I love it! Let's do it! Now can we get back to kissing?"

"How about spanking and kissing? I like that combination," he teased, trying to flip her over his knee again.

"You pervert, you just like looking at my butt," she replied, laughing at him.

"Something wrong with that?" He asked as he finally succeeded in putting her down over his knee and running his palm inside her shorts before offering a few healthy swats on the luscious mounds.

"No, not really," she confessed, making herself comfortable across the edge of the bed. "Just make sure you rub a lot in between, I really like that."

"Aye, aye, Captain," he joked as he proceeded to follow directions.

It was quite awhile before Hank finally let her up and reluctantly decided it was time to get to bed... in his own bed for now. He stopped at the door and scowled at her as she reached for a final Oreo.

"Do I need to remind you that you want to watch your diet?" He asked in a warning tone.

She popped the creamy half in her mouth and licked the rest off her lips as she grinned at him.

"Don't worry, I'll start tomorrow."

