

# Chapter One

Alice giggled and took another extended sip of champagne. Her head was beginning to feel light, and she was trying hard to resist the urge to giggle. Each time she took a drink, she could feel the bubbles rush to her head. She was happy, almost giddy, floating on a cloud of alcohol and anticipation.

“All right, naughty girl,” said Derrick as he playfully but insistently took the glass out of her hand and placed it carefully on the wooden side table. “You’ve had your fun. Now it’s time for your spanking.”

“I didn’t do anything!” she argued in a voice that was just a little too high and a little too loud, but she couldn’t wipe the grin off her face. This impending spanking was the only reason she was even there with Derrick that evening. She had come to play, and she was ready to get what she wanted.

“You don’t have to do anything,” he told her. He kissed her on the end of her nose. “You need a spanking for just existing.”

Alice gave him a dirty look that didn’t fool either one of them. Derrick stood up to his full height, which was modest but far taller than her own, and grabbed her hand. He pulled her gently but firmly away from the table and onto a small sofa. They were in Derrick’s hotel suite where they had left the party downstairs to spend some time alone.

He raised his eyebrows over two dark blue eyes framed in wire glasses and looked her up and down. Alice knew she looked great in her tight blue dress. It hugged her curves in just the right places and seemed to be especially made to showcase her round bottom.

“This dress is entirely inappropriate, young lady,” Derrick told her. “And have you been drinking?”

Of course he knew very well that she had. He was the one who had ordered the champagne. Alice noted happily that Derrick was slipping into his dominant role. It was one she enjoyed. She sighed with contentment.

She and Derrick had built a friendship on their natural sexual roles, and she cherished the time she got to spend playing with him.

“No, sir,” she answered demurely.

Derrick shook his head and folded his arms across his chest. “I can smell it all over you. You are underage and have no business drinking or wearing this dress. On top of that, you are lying to me.”

Alice looked down at the floor and then back up at him through her eyelashes. In reality, she was far from underage, but that was part of the game.

“Oh no, that innocent look isn’t going to work with me. You’re getting a good, hard spanking,” Derrick announced.

“No, Uncle Derrick,” Alice pleaded as butterflies began to take flight in her chest. “I’m sorry. I’ll be a good girl.”

“Too late for that,” Derrick announced. He sat down on the sofa next to Alice and pulled her legs up over his lap. Then he began unhooking the straps on her shoes.

“I don’t know where you got these heels, but they are going in the trash. A young lady of your age should not be wearing such provocative shoes,” Derrick scolded.

They had never determined exactly what age he was referring to, but Alice liked to think of herself as a willful teenager rebelling against her strict uncle when she was with Derrick.

Derrick tossed the offending shoes onto the floor next to them. Then he swung her legs off of his lap and pulled her face first over his thighs. Her dress rode up a little when he moved her, and she reached to pull it back down.

“No need for that, little girl,” Derrick told her. He pushed the bottom of the dress up to her waist and let a large hand rest on her panties. They were full cut but sheer in her favorite color, pink.

“Don’t spank me on my panties!” she cried. “I’m too old for you to see my panties!”

“You are too old to be earning a spanking, too, but here you are,” Derrick said. He patted her panties firmly. “You’re not feeling like such a big girl now, are you?”

She sniffed indignantly, and he slapped her bottom.

“No, sir,” she responded, knowing that he had wanted a verbal answer. She had known it when he’d asked her the question, but she liked to show a hint of rebellion.

“No, sir, what?” Derrick prompted. His fingers drummed against the lowest part of her bottom cheeks.

She swallowed hard. “No, sir, I don’t feel like a big girl.”

“What do you feel like then, Alice?” he asked her. His voice was soft but threatening. It went through her ears and sent a shiver down her back.

“I feel like a little girl, Uncle Derrick,” she answered. Alice found these question and answer periods deliciously embarrassing.

Derrick began rubbing her bottom cheeks, letting his fingers push slightly on the fabric of her panties where it covered her bottom crack. “What kind of little girl?” he asked her.

“A naughty girl,” said Alice, hiding her face in her arms.

Derrick slipped his hand down between her legs, and Alice knew he could feel the wetness already soaking her panties. “What has to happen when you’re naughty?” he asked her.

Alice shuddered. “A spanking,” she answered, her words slightly muffled by her arms.

“That’s right, honey,” Derrick said softly. His voice had become thicker with arousal. “Uncle Derrick has to spank you so you understand right from wrong.”

“Yes, sir,” Alice answered, her voice climbing into a higher register than usual.

Derrick patted her bottom with authority. “Okay then. I’m going to spank your bottom hard. You need to learn a lesson, and I’m afraid it’s going to involve a very sore tushy for you, little girl.”

Alice shut her eyes. Her senses were alert, and her skin was alive with feeling. Her bottom tingled in anticipation, and her sex swelled beneath her.

Derrick’s hand came down with a crack, and Alice jumped. The sweet sting invaded her body, and she rocked forward and back. He followed with a succession of swats, just sharp enough to cause a burst of pain. He wasn’t using his full force. She knew from experience that would come later.

He spanked her whole bottom, shocking every nerve ending to her core. Her bottom began to feel warm, and she settled in. The champagne was swirling around making bubbles in her head, and she was feeling like a very bad girl.

After several minutes, Derrick increased the intensity of the swats. Alice was taken by surprise and let out a yelp. She heard Derrick chuckle, and she almost swore out loud. She didn’t like to let him know he’d hurt her, especially so early in the proceedings.

He responded with a volley of spanks that left her breathless. The intense sting had begun to spread, and she was feeling each smack deep under the skin. She was beginning to feel truly disciplined.

When she could no longer bear the pain without a reaction, she heard herself squeal. Then she began to kick and buck over his lap.

He laughed again and swatted her hard. "I'm glad you're learning something here, young lady. Time for the paddle."

Alice let out a protesting wail as Derrick reached to a side table to retrieve a wooden paddle. The heat from her bottom mingled with the heat from her arousal, and she took in the sensation. Then she turned her attention to Derrick.

"Don't paddle me, Uncle Derrick," she begged. "Don't paddle me. My bottom hurts. Please."

"You need this," Derrick insisted. He repositioned her, a move meant to heighten her anxiety. Then he bounced the paddle off of Alice's sore bottom, and she jumped.

"Hold still, young lady," Derrick admonished. He brought the paddle down rapidly, causing Alice to react by wiggling and jerking wildly. The whacking sound snapped alarmingly through the air in the room.

Derrick stopped. "Did I tell you to hold still?" he asked her. His voice was deep.

"Yes, sir," Alice said with a sniff. No tears had fallen, but they were close.

"You know what happens when you disobey during a spanking, love," Derrick told her menacingly.

Alice wailed again. "No!"

Derrick was firm. He grabbed the waistband of Alice's panties and tugged them to her knees. "It's a bare bottom spanking for you."

"No, no, no!" Alice begged. She was feeling honest to goodness panic as he exposed her bare skin to the open air. Her bottom was already hot and sore.

"You should have thought about this before you disobeyed," Derrick said calmly. He popped her bare skin with the paddle, and the tears began to fall.

Alice felt herself give into the pain as she released all of her pent up emotion in her tears. This is what these spankings did for her. This is why she wished she had access to Derrick any time she wanted him.

Derrick paddled her bottom until she was crying openly and hanging limp over his thighs. Then he tossed the paddle on the sofa beside him and rubbed her bare skin with his rough hand. Soon her sobbing gave way to a soft stream of tears, and her breathing returned to normal.

“Are you ready to behave yourself?” Derrick asked her when she was calm.

“Yes, sir,” she responded immediately, almost automatically.

Derrick continued to rub her bottom. “Just to be sure, I’m going to give your bottom a few more good spans.”

Alice whimpered but didn’t protest. She steeled herself for the finale.

Derrick spanked her fast with his hand for another thirty seconds. Although the swats weren’t nearly as hard as the paddle spans had been, Alice felt each individual slap as if she was being stung repeatedly by bees. Her tears gained momentum, and she was crying hard again when he finally stopped for real.

Alice was spent. She was physically worn out and emotionally hollow. This was the release she had traveled so far to get.

Alice stayed where she was while Derrick rubbed her sore bottom. She liked the comforting feeling of his hand rubbing the sting away and even the dull pain of him massaging her tender skin.

“Tell me again why you can’t move to Chicago?” she said lazily. She was teasing him. She knew that he couldn’t uproot himself any more than she could.

“Because I’d never get anything done. I’d spend all of my time spanking you,” he told her.

She giggled and then sniffed. “If only we were both independently wealthy.”

Derrick sighed and pulled her up to a sitting position on his lap. She snuggled against him. Her panties were still around her knees, and her bare bottom was perched on one leg of his black jeans.

“You want to sleep here tonight?” he asked her. He was not inviting her to have sex. That wasn’t the way their relationship worked. They met a very specific need in each other and other than a friendship, they did not share anything else. Derrick had a suite at the hotel, and it had two beds. He was offering her one.

Alice yawned and shook her head. “Just hold me for a few more minutes. I need to go back to my room. I have to catch a plane tomorrow.”

“Me too,” he told her. “Are you going to breakfast?”

“No,” she said. “I think I’ll just sleep until check-out and then go to the airport.” She had met everyone she’d been looking for at the conference and had enjoyed encounters with most of them. Her night with Derrick had been the culmination of a fantastic get away.

He held her tightly in his arms for almost another half hour. Their comfortable silence was one of Alice’s favorite things about her relationship with Derrick. When she was ready, she lifted her head and smiled at him. Then she stood, pulled up her panties and pushed down her dress.

He stood up as well and grabbed his room key off of the dresser. “I’ll walk you back to your room.”

“You don’t have to,” she told him.

“Yes, I do,” he said firmly.

She kissed him on the cheek. “You’re a good man, Derrick.”

He winked at her. “I know.”