

CHAPTER 1



Meggie stretched her arms out and yawned. She felt her contracted muscles elongating. Beneath the covers, she moved her legs as far as they would go, even pointed her toes like she'd been taught in ballet class as a kid.

Meggie had enjoyed ballet but had been told that at under five feet tall, she'd never be a dancer. She'd been small her whole life, and many people had suggested that she might be a late bloomer. Now, at twenty-years-old, she was pretty sure she had experienced all the blooming that was going to happen. She knew that there were people who grew well into their twenties, but she wasn't holding out much hope.

She turned her head lazily to look at the clock. It was eight o'clock in the morning. She wasn't due at work until eleven, so she plopped back onto the pillow.

Gavin would be just finishing up at the gym and getting ready to head to class and then to the skating rink. Her boyfriend was a physical education major who earned extra money teaching kids how to roller skate and acting as a G-rated bouncer at the rink. He kept the circle of skaters moving in one direction, blew the whistle when someone got rowdy and held the bar during the limbo. She'd

met him there when she attended a birthday party for her niece, and he mistook her for one of the ten-year-old party guests.

Meggie was glad to have a few minutes alone in bed. Gavin had been staying at her apartment a lot recently. She liked his company, but she did crave time by herself. And truth be told, she was craving more than that.

She let one hand slip down under the covers and into her pajama shorts. She tickled the fabric of her panties, giving her clitoris some time to wake up. She and Gavin had seen some action the night before, but her clit didn't find much in the way of satisfaction.

It wasn't that she didn't enjoy sex with Gavin. It felt good to be touched and held, but she never rose to the heights of pleasure she was dreaming about. It had been the same way with her previous boyfriend, the one who took her virginity. Now that she'd failed to have a great sex life with two guys in a row, she was starting to think that she was the problem.

Meggie had never had any problems climaxing by herself. In fact, she'd started quite young in that department and was adept at bringing herself to orgasm long before a boy ever touched her. But she couldn't do it just through rubbing herself or putting fingers inside her vagina. She could only do it when her mind slipped into secret places she had never shared with anyone else.

When Meggie was young, she had fantasized about spanking. Typically, her daydreams involved a friend, a book character or even a stranger. She carried a multitude of fiction people around in her head, and they all had one thing in common. They gave or received a lot of spankings. Sometimes her mind wove stories about boys being spanked, but far more common for Meggie was creating situations where girls were placed over the knee, their dresses turned up to reveal lacy panties, and spanked until their bottoms were red and stinging.

As Meggie grew older, her fantasy world got deeper, and she began to focus on herself as the person receiving the discipline.

Things soon went beyond spanking. She would dream about being touched and explored as part of the spanking. Hands belonging to strict but loving authority figures would find their way between her legs or even to her most private areas.

Meggie put a little more pressure on her panties and traced small circles around her clit as she thought about her fantasy life. Spanking to her was far more than just being hit on the bottom. It was a throbbing window into her sexuality, an act that suggested fierce intimacy and love. It was sexual, but it carried a weight far heavier than sex itself.

When she was young, she had instinctively known not to mention this obsession to others. When a classmate or friend described a spanking, she would secretly thrill at each detail and imagine the scene for herself at night. She would sometimes ask questions of other children to find out if their parents spanked them, but she didn't ask too much, for fear of being discovered.

Occasionally, she forgot herself and let her secret come out. One time, she became lost in a plot with her dollhouse family only to have her friend demand to know why Meggie's dolls were always getting spanked.

Meggie had found dating as a teenager to be not worth her time. The boys in her world were immature and never showed the slightest hint of authority or a disciplinary leaning. She found herself attracted to teachers more often than to her classmates, especially those who were good at keeping the classroom under control.

For years, she had nursed a crush on her best friend's father. She had moved in with the family when her mother had suddenly decided to relocate to Virginia with her new husband. Her friend's father had been strict and her friend had always complained about it. But Meggie thought he was wonderful.

Meggie tapped the panties over her clit with her finger, lifting her hips to meet the impact. Then she put her hand down inside

the underwear and let her fingers get wet from the juices that she'd already produced.

She thought about Gavin. Gavin had such potential. He worked out every day and had arms bigger than Meggie's thighs. He was about an inch over six feet tall and had curly blond hair that he tended to leave too long. He had big, blue eyes and a smile that was sweet and caring. In fact, Gavin's whole personality was sweet and he tended to submit to her in everything. It was something that Meggie enjoyed but didn't exactly find attractive.

For a moment, she stopped what she was doing and sighed. She knew that she would have to break it off with Gavin, sooner rather than later. It wasn't fair to either one of them to keep pretending that the relationship was right. He was a sweet guy, but she knew they'd never really be anything more than friends.

She wished Gavin would just show some interest in things that turned her on. She had tried talking to him about being more authoritative in the bedroom, but he hadn't understood. He had pulled her ponytail once as she went down on him, but it only made her head sore. Another time, he had whispered, "I'm an authority," in her ear during foreplay. That had just made her giggle.

Gavin just wasn't the man in her dreams. She had tried to make him fit, but it didn't work. She wondered sadly if there would ever be a man who would give her what she wanted and needed and if it might be better to just be alone.

She imagined that Gavin was himself on the outside but someone entirely different on the inside. She imagined herself back at the roller rink the very first time they'd met.

She pictured herself at the skating rink with a couple of friends. They were goofing around and making a nuisance of themselves like young teenagers. Her dream Gavin approached them, skating in front of them and then stopping himself with an ease that Meggie would never be able to learn on wheels.

In real time, Meggie let her finger go back to its explorations on

her clitoris as her dream Gavin looked her in the eye and told her to cut out the horseplay.

As he rolled away, she turned toward her friends and make a mocking face. Then she did a little dance intended to make fun of him. Her friends giggled, and she looked up to see that he was watching her.

His intense eyes made her heart jump just a little. Dream Gavin had eyes that could move her soul. She felt that those eyes were challenging her, daring her to take the game just a little bit further. So, she went right back to the activity he'd just asked her to stop.

Her friends were not as brave, and they skated away, leaving disruptive Meggie on the roller rink floor alone. Dream Gavin quickly skated up to her and took her by the arm.

"We're going to have a talk," he told her.

She looked up at him, fearful but excited. He skated faster than she normally would, but he had a firm grip on her that was not going to let her fall.

He escorted her off of the skating floor and onto the carpet. Then he took her by the hand and led her to the office door at the front of the rink.

He flicked a switch on the wall to turn on the light, and she found herself in a room with a desk, some chairs and several bookcases filled with folders. There were posters on the walls of people on roller skates.

"Sit down," he told her. He pointed to one of the chairs, and she sat.

"Why did you bring me here?" she challenged. "You've got no right to do this."

Instead of answering her, he bent in front of her and began removing her skates. His movements were controlled and strong, giving her the feeling that she couldn't resist, even if she wanted to.

He pulled her skates off one by one and placed them next to the wall. Then he stood in front of her, his large body towering over her small one.

"I am responsible for keeping everyone safe here," he told her. "You were not behaving in a safe manner. You were warned, and yet you chose to disobey."

He looked angry. Her heart flipped.

"I won't allow anyone to compromise the safety of this rink," he told her sternly. "And that is especially true when it comes to naughty, defiant little girls."

She felt her cheeks flush at the words.

"I'm not going to throw you out of the rink," he told her. "I want this to be a place where delinquents like you can get exercise and have fun instead of hanging out in front of convenience stores. But you will obey my rules."

With that, he took her arm and pulled her out of the chair. Then he flipped her easily over the desk. Her legs weren't long enough to reach the floor, and she kicked her sock-covered feet.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

"I'm doing a job your parents should have done a long time ago," he told her. He brought his broad hand thundering down on the seat of her jeans, and she gasped. The impact was strong and sudden, and she felt it reverberate through her.

"Ow!" she cried out. "That hurt!"

"You bet it did," he told her.

He spanked her again, just as hard. Then he quickened his pace, slapping her bottom over and over. She felt the pain and the warmth growing as his hand fell in a fast staccato.

Soon, he pulled her up off the desk. She was teary eyed and blushing furiously with the humiliation of it all.

"You are mean!" she accused him.

"You haven't seen anything yet," he told her. He unbuckled her jeans and pushed them down to her knees. Then he placed her back over the desk.

Meggie fought, but Dream Gavin held her easily. He put one hand on her back to keep her in place and used the other to paddle her panties with enthusiasm.

"No! Stop!" she cried out.

But Dream Gavin didn't listen. He spanked her panties until she felt like her bottom was a ball of fire. She began to cry, outwardly and earnestly, the tone of her cries begging him to stop.

He stopped his hand in mid-air. "Have you learned your lesson?" he asked.

"Yes," she sobbed. "I'm sorry. I'll be so good."

"Your backside is bright pink," he told her. "You're going to feel this tomorrow, and I hope you remember why it happened."

"I will," she said. "I won't do it again."

"Good," he told her. "And just to make sure, you're getting a few more spanks on your bare bottom."

The news brought panic into her heart, and her crying became louder. "No, please. Please don't spank my bare bottom. Please, Gavin."

But Dream Gavin was already pulling her panties down. He felt her bottom cheeks with one hand. "This is a very warm bottom," he told her. "I'm about to set it on fire."

She cried out as Dream Gavin slapped her sore, bare bottom with his open hand. The heat was like an iron, and it spread deeply through her skin.

"I'll be a good girl," she cried out. "Please!"

The hand fell one more time, and Meggie climaxed with a burst of feeling. She was no longer in the roller rink office but was writhing and gasping on her bed. The orgasm flowed through, wave after wave, as she rocked in its rhythm. When the pulsing had subsided, she breathed deeply and was overcome with a feeling of relaxation. She breathed deeply and felt herself settle deeper into her mattress.

"What just happened?" asked a voice.

Startled, Meggie opened her eyes. Gavin, the very real Gavin, was watching her from the end of her bed.