

THE MORNING AFTER

Erin shifted sensuously in her ergonomically correct office chair and smiled at the tingling throbbing the movement set off in her buttocks. More than twelve hours after and she still felt as if she was sitting on a hot cushion. A warm, round, slightly numb region of flesh seemed to separate her from the chair which was a constant reminder of last night.

“You won’t want to sit down for a week when I’m finished with you,” Leo had said, hauling her protesting form up the stairs to his bedroom.

But she *did* want to sit down, she loved the feeling and she loved the memory the feeling recalled. Who would have believed it of Leo, the least promising of anyone she’d dated? He was so gentle and polite, so reserved, like a stereotypical Englishman from an old movie. She let the memory unwind once again.

“You wouldn’t dare,” she taunted him as he sat on the edge of his bed and tugged her toward his lap.

“Lie over my lap then,” Leo replied with a grim smile. “*If* I wouldn’t dare, you have no reason to struggle.”

Erin pulled back on the hand that was gripping her wrist so tightly she couldn’t escape. His logic was sound, but she suspected logic wasn’t a factor here. Despite her taunt, she had no doubt that if she bent over his knee she’d get spanked, which was what she’d wanted. Only now, faced with the actual imminent event it was pretty scary.

“All right,” Erin said with a shrug. “I give in. Let me go, and I won’t bug you again.” She didn’t know if her sudden submission would work or even if she wanted it to.

“I’m pleased to hear it, young lady,” he replied.

Erin bridled at the ‘young lady’ description. She was only a few months younger than he was. She would have said something cutting, only she seemed to be going to escape without punishment and a snide comment might change that. Escaping without punishment, however, disappointed her. She couldn’t deny it. His ready acceptance of her promise to be good sent something inside plummeting. His next words sent whatever it was soaring back up to the ceiling.

“But it wasn’t the future we were about to address,” Leo continued, tugging gently but firmly on her arm.

“Okay, okay,” Erin said stepping forward and gingerly lying across his left thigh. “But not too hard.”

She felt very vulnerable with her bottom in its tight skirt plumped up across his leg. Misbehaving while wearing high-cut panties to avoid a pantie-line wasn’t the best idea she’d ever had, but opportunities to test boyfriends had to be taken when they arose. It was a shock when Leo, the mildest of them, had responded to her teasing when no other boyfriend had. His hand, patting and tickling her buttocks through the thin stretched material was sexy and soft, disappointingly gentle for what she wanted—which was a sound spanking like you read about in old books.

“Not too hard,” Leo said thoughtfully. “How hard would that be, I wonder, for someone who was warned not once, not twice, but three times.”

Erin giggled and pushed her bum up to his still wandering fingers. “How did I know to take you seriously?” she said. “You didn’t seem all that bothered.”

“I told you, when we agreed you could stay today, I needed time to do some work,” Leo said, letting his fingertips slide off the hem of Erin’s short skirt and down the back of her thighs. “You said no problem. Then you were a problem.”

“A nice problem,” Erin countered, looking back at him and pouting.

“A beautiful problem, I agree,” Leo said, feeling the goosebumps on the back of her thighs rasp on his fingertips. “But a problem and one that would not behave even when asked politely.”

Erin wished he’d get on with it. She’d waited years for this moment and now that she was waiting again it was too much. Her tummy was in knots; she was trembling from head to toe—and he was rambling!

“Big deal,” she said scornfully. “I interrupted the master at work.”

Leo didn’t answer. He just grasped her free hand and brought it to join the one he still held tightly, before wrapping them both in his large paw. With her hands in the small of her back and his forearm lying along her spine, she was securely pinned. Erin shivered. Now he was getting serious and she wasn’t sure, when it came to the next part, she could stand a sound spanking.

“Not too hard,” she begged him, a genuine note of anxiety creeping into her voice.

The first smack when it came was wonderful, firm but not severe. She could feel her right buttock glowing and tingling, and her left soon followed suit. By the time a dozen more smacks had landed on her tush, her cheeks began to feel like one big glowing inferno. Her fears were gone. If she cried at all it would be with happiness. Feeling her skirt being slid up her thighs didn’t faze Erin, she rolled side to side to make it happen quicker. She longed to feel his hand on her bare butt.

His hand on her skin felt nice, soft, gentle, stroking each cheek, the further one first, then the nearer where his fingertips slid along the crevice between her cheeks, tickling the soft flesh and making her moan. It was great but not what she wanted. Sometimes a girl needs TLC and sometimes not. This was one of the ‘not’ times—she ached to feel his strength. Her spanking so far, the only one she’d ever had, whetted her appetite for more, why didn’t he get on with it?

“It’s hard to know which of your cheeks is the pinker,” Leo remarked when Erin craned her head around to urge him on. She blushed even redder at his observation. Leo continued, “Now it’s easy. Your face is pinker.”

“I’m sure you can correct that,” Erin said with a crooked grin. She hoped inviting him to hit harder wasn’t a bad idea, after all she’d only known him for a few days. He might be some kind of maniac.

“I intend to,” Leo replied, patting her cheeks till they wobbled like jelly. He lifted his hand high above his head, noting Erin’s eyes widen in fright, then swept it down to land with a loud smack.

“Ow,” Erin gasped, burying her face in the quilt. On the bare was much stingier than clothed and her heart beat faster with shock and anticipation. Perspiration, cold and hot, beaded her brow. The next spank wasn’t nearly as hard, but it was followed by a flurry of swift swats that left her unable to catch her breath she was gasping so much.

He stopped spanking and Erin tried to steady her gasps so he’d begin again. His hand felt as hot as her flesh.

Erin lifted her head out of the quilt and twisted around to see her behind, before turning what she hoped was a withering gaze at Leo. “Are those cheeks as red as these ones are?” she asked, not sure she really wanted to hear the answer whatever it was.

“Not quite,” Leo replied, fondling her buttocks and pinching them till she squealed.

Erin buried her face in the quilt, slightly ashamed of the tears in her eyes. She hadn't expected that and he might misunderstand. She was tough, pain meant nothing to her but finding an understanding partner did. She wanted him to finish properly, not stop because he thought she was hurt.

Seeing her settle and her breathing return to normal, Leo began another barrage of sharp, hard smacks on Erin's cheeks, which flared crimson briefly after each smack only to whiten again at the next one.

Erin kicked her feet, feeling his free leg across the back of her thighs restraining her when she got too energetic. It helped having her hands, body, and legs constrained. It made her feel punished and not just in a game. She couldn't now stop him even if she'd wanted to. The smacking built up to a fierce crescendo that started her crying in earnest, heaving, gasping sobs that left her limp when he stopped.

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Leo soothed her cheeks again, letting her recover. She was remarkably resilient, and he didn't just mean her butt though that had a wonderfully springy quality. Her previous recovery and acceptance of more smacks had been without complaint. Previous girlfriends, the few who would let him spank them, would have called it quits after the first volley.

“My behind must be as red as my face by now,” Erin said, looking him squarely in the eye. She could let him see her tears now he knew they weren't from pain.

“It is as red as your face *was*,” Leo agreed, examining her buttocks carefully and pulling them apart so she could see him looking at her most intimate parts. This little ritual humiliation made Erin blush even more and it gave Leo the opening he needed. “Unfortunately, for you, your face is much redder than it was before so I still have little more work to do and you still have a little more heat to take.”

Erin pouted childishly, and said, “You're mean.”

“I am, aren't I,” Leo replied. “But it's your own fault. You were very naughty and your bottom is so beautiful. Remember that when you next decide to misbehave. You're not likely to get up off my lap quickly.”

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Erin nodded and made a mental note of her future fate as he suggested. What a difference a day made, she thought, as she watched his hand sweep down. On Friday evening, she'd expected a pleasant but unexciting date. Saturday, she thought his playful pats on her bum suggested he might be what she was looking for and now Sunday confirmed he was.

“Yee-ow!” Erin screeched, when his hand landed slap on both cheeks reawakening her glowing flesh to agony. She gasped and gritted her teeth for the next one. Mr. Right wasn't always what romance writers and moviemakers imagined.

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Leaving her chair, and her memories, Erin sorted through a file cabinet for some papers. She could have had Kathy find them but then she wouldn't have had the pleasure of feeling her tush throbbing as she walked, or wallowing in the anticipation of sitting down again. Her bottom tingled anew at the thought of doing just that and thinking of Kathy reminded her some thanks were owed.

“Kath,” she said, leaning through the office door. “Your advice was good. I not only went out with Leo on Friday night, we spent a lot of the weekend together.”

“I’m glad,” Kathy replied. “It seemed to me you had a lot in common. But if I’d been twenty years younger...” she smiled and let the sentence trail away unfinished.

Erin smiled too, and said, “Well, as you obviously know better than I do what suits me, I’ll let you pick all my dates from now on, if this isn’t *the one*.” She returned to her desk. The short conversation with Kathy had had its desired effect, her insides were liquid with a longing to sit and feel the delicious reminders of his hard hand landing on her soft cheeks.

Sitting felt as good as she’d hoped and her pulse throbbed in time to the small aches on her butt. She wondered if Kathy knew how much in common she and Leo had? Is that why she said, ‘Go for it. What have you got to lose other than a Friday night at home with the TV?’ And, if she did know, what did ‘If I was twenty years younger’ suggest? Erin shook her head to clear her thoughts. She was imagining too much and it had to stop. But she continued to imagine a future with the surprisingly sexy Leo, who’d been as skillful in the bed as he’d been on it when disciplining an annoying, brattish date who wouldn’t give him a moment’s peace.

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“Now be a good girl,” Leo said, hugging her to his chest and stroking her hair.

Erin trembled and sniffled, her face buried in his shoulder, her bottom cooling in the space between his spread thighs. Gentle hands and kisses soothed her, stirring other feelings suppressed during her punishment and which were now returning. She brought his mouth down to hers, their lips touched, and she felt as if a fire had ignited inside. Her heart pounded so loud she was sure he must hear it, and her body ached to answer its call. Erin fell back onto the bed, pulling him down on top of her.

“Sometimes,” she whispered into his ear, “I’ll be a good girl.”

He raised his head, their eyes met and for a moment they were frozen. Then Erin closed her eyes, pulled him to her and thrust her tongue deep into his mouth. *And sometimes I won’t*, she thought to herself.

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Erin worked on her e-mail for a few minutes without taking any of the highly important messages in. She got up when the ache inside became too insistent. Her bottom protested at the sudden movement and she practically purred with pleasure. *How could anyone not want to feel this way?* she thought, surreptitiously rubbing her cheek with her hand. She blushed and pulled her hands away from her behind when Kathy walked past her open office door. Kathy smiled at Erin as she returned to her desk and Erin wondered if she’d seen her rubbing. It seemed an unusually knowing smile. Erin sat back down and her insides went wild with the sensation.

Crossing her legs brought a new ticklish throbbing, this time from her left flank. She remembered the slap that caused that sore spot. She’d rolled sideways after his hand smacked down on her right cheek and the next one caught her on the side of the left one. It seemed harder than the others, maybe because it landed on the virgin skin at the edge of her cheek or maybe because lifting her butt up had made it land earlier, and so harder, than Leo intended. Either way, she’d squealed and wriggled more.

Erin felt her face go crimson and she quickly checked the door to be sure there was no one watching. She remembered how she’d almost slid out from under his restraining arm and how quickly she’d moderated her struggles so her bottom would stay in the line of fire. Escape

was the last thing she wanted but she couldn't tell anyone that—she could barely admit it to herself. Most people would think she was mad, and the few who didn't would consider her abused, which was worse. She remembered how hot his hand was when he adjusted her position, pulling her back on his lap by her thighs. She wondered if his hand was bruised too. The thought of calling him to ask made her giggle and sent more ticklish tremors radiating out from her bottom, overwhelming her senses with lust. God, she had to smarten up.

All morning, she'd tried to focus on her work and put the thoughts of Leo and the weekend out of her mind. But even the few times she had been successful, the feelings slowly returned, insinuating themselves into her concentration. No, she mustn't think that. The fluttering in her middle was so strong. She shivered and tried to quiet her heavy breathing.

After a few minutes, Erin felt calm enough to be irritated. This was all Leo's fault. Not being able to concentrate on her work hadn't happened since she left school. She was still pondering the implications of this thought when Kathy came in.

"Are we going to lunch?" she asked.

Erin brightened. "Yes," she replied. "I'll get my coat." This was what she needed, something to take her mind off Leo, and last night.

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"So," Kathy said, as they scanned their menus, "are you seeing him again tonight?"

"Tomorrow night," Erin replied, wriggling in the restaurant's cane seat and reawakening a host of delicious feelings. She wondered if, by then, her bottom could stand another spanking or should she wait till the weekend. She really didn't want to wait. She wanted to feel his strength again, hard and unforgiving. She wanted to feel his caress again, soft and forgiving. She wanted to feel a man again, under her midriff and in her bed. She wanted to feel like a woman again, over his knee and on her knees. She wanted... too much and too soon.

With a superhuman effort, Erin controlled the riot of thoughts that flooded her mind and set her heart pounding in her breast. She would make herself wait till the weekend to be naughty again. Otherwise the feelings would be over-used and spoiled.

"I'm glad you and Leo got on," Kathy said. "I hoped you would, he's such a quiet, pleasant man. It's amazing someone hasn't snapped him up. Makes you wonder what sick perversions he practices in private." She smiled to show she wasn't really serious.

"Nothing to report there," Erin said with a nervous laugh. "So far he's been a real old-fashioned gentleman."

"Sounds boring," Kathy said. "That's why they're extinct, you know. They bored the pants off a girl without knowing what to do when she was pant-less."

"Oh, Leo's not boring," Erin said. "He is quiet and polite but when you get to know him, he's a surprising character. I'll never forget last weekend, whatever else may happen between us. I finally found a soul mate and, if there's one out there, maybe I'll find another."

"Maybe you won't have to look," Kathy said.

"I hope I won't," Erin said. "I hope he's as happy with me as I am with him." She wondered if he was. All morning, she'd been so full of her feelings she hadn't given his wishes a thought. How did things look from his viewpoint, other than beautiful as he'd said when he viewed her naked upturned bottom on his knee? She blushed at the recollection but was pleased with the compliment. Her butt had always been her best asset and his attention to it throughout the weekend said his tastes leaned the same way. She wriggled on her chair to remind herself of some of his more special attentions and was rewarded by the heavenly hot flush spreading outward from her sit-upon spot. She wondered what a hard, wooden hairbrush or a thick leather

belt would feel like. Would he like them as a gift? There was only one way to find out, buy them on her way home and present them to him tomorrow. She would strike while the iron was hot and hope he would too. To hell with waiting for the weekend.