

IT WILL DO YOU A WORLD OF GOOD



Ria was in shock. She'd just had one of the strangest experiences of her life, and every detail of it was etched clearly into her brain—and her bottom. She and Andrew, the man she'd been seeing for several months, had been lounging on the sofa, each reading a professional magazine, but she'd felt restless and was having a hard time settling down. She'd kept jumping up and pacing, and when Andrew had tried to talk to her, she'd been abrupt and even rude, something she tended to do when she was frustrated.

She and Andrew had been seeing each other for several months now, and she knew he wasn't the kind of guy to accept being used as an emotional punching bag. He'd already looked at her sharply a couple of times and also commented on her behavior. She should have read the warning signs better, but she hadn't, so when he'd suggested a movie choice for later, she'd answered with a dismissive comment. Well, to be honest, it had been more than dismissive; it had been downright rude. A silence had followed, and then it happened.

She'd started pacing again, so he'd reached out and pulled her back towards him, but instead of putting her next to him on the

sofa, he'd kept her standing in front of him. His dark blue eyes had seemed even darker than usual as he'd looked at her steadily and said, "You need to pay attention to how you speak to other people, lass."

Then he'd reached under her short, gathered skirt and pulled her tights down, followed by her lace panties, and without thinking, Ria had stepped out of them. She'd assumed they were headed for the bedroom, and she could already feel her body coming to life, but his next words had stopped her cold.

"You need a good spanking."

He'd said it in a very simple and straight-forward way, like it was an everyday event, and Ria had gaped at him, stunned, not sure if he was playing a joke on her or if he'd just lost his mind. She must have misheard.

"Wha -at?"

"I'm going to spank you. It's been a long time coming, and it'll do you a world of good."

Spank her? She was twenty-eight years old and had been on her own for six years now. He couldn't just say he was going to spank her, could he? Or, maybe he could say it, but it certainly was not going to happen. Who did Andrew think he was?

As she'd stood there dumbfounded, Andrew had taken hold of her and pulled her down across his left leg, her upper body resting on the sofa cushion and her bottom centered on his muscular thigh. She'd immediately fought back and struggled to get up again, but she'd been no match for his strength as he clamped his left arm across her back to hold her firmly in place and then caught her flailing legs under his right calf. She'd been locked in place but still struggling with all her might against her captor.

"You're only making it worse for yourself, lass," he'd said, as he shifted her weight a bit to the left to position her backside better and then raised his left leg slightly, elevating her bottom nicely.

Her mind had been a jumble of thoughts and outrage. How could this be happening to her? She was Ria Davis, independent

twenty-first-century woman and successful junior designer. What was she doing face down staring at the sofa cushion, feeling Andrew's rock-hard leg underneath her and his iron grip holding her in place?

This was absolutely the end of the relationship. No man was going to treat her this way! She and Andrew had been getting very serious, but obviously she'd been really wrong about him, and as soon as he'd had his stupid game, she'd tell him to get out and then never see him again. She'd shivered as Andrew had turned her skirt back, exposing her naked bottom to the cool air and whatever ridiculous game he had in mind.

"Fine," she'd said through gritted teeth. "Do your little spanking thing, but don't think I'm going to be part of it."

Andrew had changed the position of his left hand on her back and then said softly, "Oh, you're very much going to be a part of this."

He'd laid his large right hand gently on her bare cheeks, feeling first one and then the other, almost as if taking the measure, and then he'd run his hand along the top of her thighs, just where they met the bulge of her cheeks. Ria'd shivered again involuntarily, both from the feeling of his hand and from a sense of total vulnerability.

Then he'd raised his hand and brought it down sharply on her waiting bottom, and Ria had gasped and jerked upwards. In fact, she might have fallen off his lap if he hadn't been holding her so tightly. "Ow!" she'd yelled, outraged. "That hurts!"

Andrew nodded calmly and replied, "It's supposed to." Then he raised his hand again and brought it down a second time, exactly in the same spot, and again she'd yelled.

"Ow-w-w! Stop! I mean it! That hurts!"

Andrew had completely ignored her cries then as he'd brought his hand down over and over. Ria had squirmed and tried desperately to get away from his falling hand, but he'd held her firmly in place, forcing her to feel what was happening. At first she'd yelled

threats and insults, but as the spanking had continued and the sting in her poor bottom had built in a way she'd never before experienced, the fight had gone out of her, and much to her chagrin, she'd simply lain across his knee and cried.



RIA'S RELATIONSHIP with Andrew was getting serious. They were together almost every day and felt totally at home with each other. In fact, it seemed hard to remember when Andrew hadn't been part of her life.

She'd met him at a charity auction for the local library in Chandler, New Jersey, and at first glance, he'd seemed every woman's dream—tall and rugged, with strong jaws, a full head of dark hair, and piercing dark blue eyes. They'd arrived at a table to write their bids at almost the same time and had exchanged a few words, and then, hoping to continue the conversation, he'd invited her to sit down with him at the coffee bar set up nearby.

He'd introduced himself as Andrew MacNeil, and, during the conversation that followed, she'd learned his family was from Scotland and that he was an architectural consultant who ran his own business from home. Ria wasn't surprised to learn that he also loved sports and played as often as he could because it was obvious that he kept himself in top form. Her heart had fluttered as she'd taken in his broad chest and shoulders, his muscular arms, and his large hands. Mr. Andrew MacNeil was as fine a specimen of the male world as she'd ever seen.

For his part, Andrew had been totally taken with Ria. He'd seen her across the room, a smiling blonde in a little red dress, and when he'd arrived at the bid table, he'd found himself looking into the greenest eyes he'd ever seen. Even more interesting than her obvious beauty, though, had been her bubbly personality. She was like a glass of champagne, and he'd thoroughly enjoyed the brief time they'd spent together, so he'd asked her out to dinner the

following week, and that date too had been a great success. They'd talked and laughed for hours, finding they shared many interests but still had enough differences to keep things lively. He'd regaled her with amusing stories about Scotland, and she'd told him about the work she did for the local branch of a medium-size interior design firm.

After that first date, they'd seen each other often, and soon it seemed like they'd always known each other. Most evenings they were together at Ria's small house where they ordered in or cooked together in the kitchen and then ate either in the small dining area or in the living room. Some evenings they both had work they needed to do, but other times they cuddled together on the sofa, watching TV or just talking. Ria adored being pulled close to Andrew's hard chest and feeling his strong arms around her, and often their evenings ended in the bedroom.

Andrew was different from the men she'd dated before. He had an Old World sense of courtesy, always opening doors, pulling out chairs, and carrying packages. Sometimes he used words like *honor* and *respect*, and while she herself was from a prominent family where manners were important, she would usually have thought this was a bit corny. With Andrew, it seemed natural.

He also had a great deal of self-discipline. He could work hard all day and then simply shut it off for a few hours and give all his attention to something else. For Ria, it was very different. When there was something at work or in her personal life that bothered her, she fidgeted, tapped her toes, or drummed her fingers, and when she was restless, she frequently said things that would have been better left unsaid. Andrew sometimes thought she entertained herself with little verbal zings, but whatever it was, he wasn't willing to be on the receiving end of comments he considered rude. Several times he'd told her she needed to think before speaking or maybe just turn off her thoughts for a while, but she didn't know how.

Today, when Ria's restlessness had caused her to snap at

Andrew one time too many, he'd finally taken matters into his own hands—literally. He'd turned her over his knee and spanked her.



AFTER WHAT SEEMED to Ria like a painful eternity, Andrew's hand finally stopped smacking her bottom. She was in shock and emotionally too drained to move, so she lay there very still, her mind turned off to everything but the fire burning in her backside and the closeness of Andrew's hard male body. She had no interest in fighting anymore and just wanted to lie there. Strangely enough, her original anger towards him had disappeared, and all her resolutions about tossing him out and never seeing him again seemed to have come from a faraway forgotten place. Instead, she felt strangely peaceful, soft and accepting, and what she really wanted was to feel Andrew's arms around her.

She also wanted desperately to rub her bottom, but Andrew was still holding her hand with his own while he ran his other hand gently over her back, then her neck and upper legs. "Are you ready to get up?" he asked after several minutes.

Ria nodded slightly, so Andrew'd slipped his large hands underneath her arms and stood her up again, causing the short skirt to fall back down over her bright red cheeks. Her discarded panties and tights were still on the floor, but she made no move to recover them. She really didn't care and couldn't remember when she'd felt so mellow.

She put her hands back to rub her throbbing cheeks, but he took hold of them and brought them back to the front, using them to steer her down until she was sitting on his leg—the same leg she'd just been lying across. Then he wiped away the tears still on her face. "Are you all right?" he asked almost gently.

She nodded, still stunned by what had happened to her. She didn't remember ever being spanked before and had felt overwhelmed by unfamiliar feelings. Physically, her bottom was on fire,

but inside she'd felt totally calm and peaceful, and what she wanted most right now was to feel his body surrounding her own.

It was as if he'd read her mind. After holding her on his lap for a few minutes, he stood up, pulling her up with him, and then bent forward, scooped her into his arms, and carried her to the bedroom where he laid her gently on the bed and then lay down next to her, studying her face intently.

Had he gone too far? Had the spanking wrecked their growing relationship? He'd only known Ria a few months, but he could already imagine spending the rest of his life with her, so he sincerely hoped he hadn't ruined things. In his heart he believed he'd done both her and their relationship a huge favor, but American women could be very prickly. She might not see it the same way, and, in fact, she might never forgive him. She seemed okay right now, but what would happen when she started thinking about it later?

He pulled Ria closer. She was quiet, and with her eyes closed, she looked serene and almost angelic, with a look of pure contentment on her face. He wrapped his arms around her and held her tightly as one of his hands started to slowly caress her body.

"I love you," he whispered in her ear.

She was silent, and once again he wondered if he'd gone too far. Her tongue could be tart, but he knew at heart she was very gentle and had always lived a protected life. Being put over a knee and spanked until she cried was not something she was used to. He continued to caress her gently, willing everything to be all right. Ria sighed and moved slightly.

"I love you, lass," he repeated quietly. He needed to know she understood his feelings.

"I love you, too."

It was almost a whisper, but it was clear. With those four words he felt a weight lift from him, and he smiled in relief.

They were going to be all right.