
Chapter 1

Early Spring

Josephine Aldridge was a cute little girl with long blonde curls, baby blue eyes and porcelain skin. Josie, as she was known to her family and friends, grew up in a loving, wealthy family in the 1960s. She was spoiled, the only daughter in a family of four boys. Josie was the middle child, with two older brothers and two younger ones. Her father was a prominent business owner in the small Oklahoma town they called home. Her mother stayed at home, running the household and caring for the family, with the help of a cleaning lady, who came in four days a week to help with cleaning the massive home and laundry for the family of seven.

Mrs. Aldridge was an excellent cook, and she spent a great deal of time in her kitchen, whipping up new recipes for her brood and baking delicious pies and cakes. She was active with her children's school and volunteered her time as room mother for all of their homerooms.

They were the typical, all-American family of the era.

Josie had many friends, and she spent time in their homes,

but her own house seemed to be the gathering place for them as well as her brothers' friends. Perhaps it was because her parents were more lenient than those of their friends.

She had witnessed several of her friends' punishments in her short years. From spankings to standing in the corner, or taking a time-out in a chair. Her folks, on the other hand, didn't believe in such things. No, their punishments, although few, consisted of a favorite activity being taken away. Josie and her brothers, surprisingly, were well-behaved in spite of it.

She had wondered, after seeing one of her friends receive a spanking over the knee of a parent, what it would feel like. She was intrigued, to say the least. At night, sometimes, alone in her bed, she often thought of the act and wondered what it would feel like. Why she was so interested, she didn't understand. She should be thrilled that neither of her parents believed in such things, but for some reason, she wasn't. What was wrong with her?

When she had asked the friend what it had been like, the girl had looked at her as if she was crazy. And maybe she was. After all, who liked being spanked?

As the years went by, Josie often wondered if that friend was still being turned over her mother's knee or if the punishment methods had changed as she grew older. She never asked, though. She was too embarrassed, and she had never witnessed such a thing again.

She had even tried to act like a brat a few times, to see if she could entice her own parents to try it with her. Of course, all that had happened was she had been grounded for two weeks each time. So much for that idea.

On one such occasion, she had deliberately destroyed one of her brother's most prized possessions, a model car that he'd worked on for days.

When he had tattled on her, he had been reprimanded for being a tattletale, and her mother had simply looked at her and

said, "Now, Josie, dear, why would you do such a thing? I think you must stay at home every day after school and on the weekends for the next two weeks and do chores, to earn the money to buy your brother a new model car. Now, you can start by washing the dishes from the pies I've just baked."

With a roll of her eyes and an apology to her heartbroken brother, she had replied, "Yes, ma'am." Then she had dutifully rolled up her sleeves and started with her first chore.

She finally gave up on the idea that her parents would ever lay a hand on her bottom and resigned herself to forget about the idea. Still, her interest never really completely waned.

When she was in junior high, she was able to get her hands on some romance novels her mother would have been appalled to know she was reading. A friend had shared them with her, after finding them in her older sister's closet, and the two girls pored over them.

And what she found in those books only served to make her desire to experience a real spanking intensify. The stories were erotic, with love scenes and, lo and behold, spankings. Yes, the hero in each story spanked the heroine. Now, Josie had a whole new dimension of spankings to think about and dream of—being spanked by a boy! That would be quite different than having a parent do the honors, she was sure. The novels awakened a whole new world for the two young girls, and they often discussed the stories after they'd read them.

"So, do you think your sister lets her boyfriend do any of those things to her?" Josie asked one afternoon as they were sitting on her bed.

"I'll bet she does. I caught them kissing on the porch swing one night, when they thought everyone was in bed. His hand was under her sweater," Lynne, the friend, replied.

Josie's eyes grew round as she asked, "Really? Do you think he spanks her too?"

"I don't know, but I would like to have a boyfriend. I would ask him to spank me."

"You would?" Josie asked in awe. Was it possible? Had she found a soul sister, who was as interested in these things as she was?

"Sure, wouldn't you? I mean, I get all tingly when I read those books, especially when there is a spanking part." Lynne wasn't the least bit embarrassed to admit this, and Josie knew from that moment on, she and Lynne would become best friends.

"Yes, and I'll tell you a secret if you promise never to tell anyone."

"You know I won't. Tell me," Lynne urged excitedly.

"I have wanted a spanking since I was a little girl."

"You've never had one?" Lynne asked, surprised.

"My folks don't believe in it. But now that I've read these books and know that people other than parents can give them, I think I would prefer for it to come from a boyfriend anyway."

"I agree. I think we should make a pact to share all our secrets with each other and no one else from now on. I don't think some of the other girls would understand, do you?"

"Yes, we will make a pact. And we are best friends now."

"Best friends forever!" Lynne agreed.

As time went on and the girls entered high school, they both began to have a few dates. At first, their parents insisted they double date, which was fine with Lynne and Josie. They weren't yet at the serious boyfriend phase, so it was all in fun. They still read erotic romance, but they didn't talk about spanking much anymore. They were both waiting for the right boy to come along to make those dreams a reality. Besides, they were much too busy with school and extracurricular activities to worry about it. But they knew that at a later date, it would happen for both of them. They were sure of it. They would see to it.

In the early 70s, during their junior year of high school, Lynne started going steady with a boy named Tim. Tim was the

star of the basketball team, and both Lynne and Josie were cheerleaders. Even though she spent a lot of her time with Tim, whenever they weren't in class, at practice, or at a game, she still found time for her bestie, Josie.

Josie, on the other hand, still hadn't found the one boy she was content to tie herself down with. She continued to play the field, never letting herself get too attached. She felt that she would know when it was right, and so far, it hadn't been. So, she was saving herself, and her bottom, for that time. When so many of her friends were experimenting, she wasn't. She knew Lynne had begun having sex with Tim, but so far, there had been no spanking. She had gone with her friend to get the pill, so she knew. She and Lynne had no secrets. They'd kept their pact after all these years. Lynne told her of how she yearned to tell Tim of her secret desires, but she was afraid of what he would think, so she hadn't yet.

Josie commented, "Maybe he isn't the right one. Do you think maybe you should keep looking?"

"Oh, gosh, I don't know. I mean, Tim is so cute, and I really like him. I guess I have time to decide. What about you? Have a date for the Prom yet?"

"Yes, actually, Mitch Clark asked me yesterday. I hadn't had a chance to tell you yet. We can go shopping for dresses together."

"You've had a few dates with him. Do you think he could be the one?" Lynne asked.

"I haven't decided yet. We'll see." Mitch was also on the basketball team and was really good looking and built. Josie liked him, but she didn't know if it was going to turn serious. She kind of hoped it did.

They found the perfect dresses, and on Prom night, they double-dated. Lynne and Tim and Josie and Mitch went out to dinner after their parents had all insisted on taking multiple photographs of the two couples.

The night was perfect. The dinner at one of the town's few

nice restaurants was delicious. Both girls were very careful not to spill anything on their gowns. The boys were on their best behavior, pulling out their chairs for them, opening the car doors. They looked handsome in their rented tuxedos and they had given the girls flowers, little nosegays they could carry in their hands. It was romantic, well, as romantic as high schoolers could be, and when they entered the gym, they were proud of how the decorating they had done had turned out.

They found a table and the boys went to get them some punch.

When they'd gone, Lynne leaned over and said, "Well, do you think tonight's the night?"

Josie grinned. "Could be."

"Really? Oh, I'm so excited for you, Josie!"

"Shh, they're coming back." She smiled sweetly at Mitch and accepted the cup of punch he had brought her. He placed a plate of cookies on the table.

"So, the music should be starting soon. I heard the band is good," Tim said.

"We were on the committee, and I think they are, for a local group," Josie said.

The boys were both seniors, so they hadn't been in on any of the planning. At their school, the juniors planned the Prom.

While they waited for the band to begin, they discussed the boys' graduation next month and their plans for college. Josie wondered if she would continue to see Mitch after he left in the fall but decided to live for the moment and not worry too much about the future. She was itching for a spanking, and she aimed to make it happen tonight.

They talked to some of the other couples, the girls gushing over everyone's dresses, and when the band started to play, starting with a slow song, Mitch took her hand and led her to the area that had been designated for dancing.

"Can't believe this is the gym where I played all my games for

the last four years. It looks so different tonight," he said as he took her in his arms.

"So, I guess that means we did a good job, huh?" she teased.

He grinned at her. "Josie, you always do a good job, at everything you try."

"Is that so? You really think that?" she asked.

His arm tightened around her, but when he got 'the look' from one of the chaperones, he loosened it a bit. "Old man Grimmer is watching," he said.

Mr. Grimmer was one of the teachers at the high school.

"Well, he *is* a chaperone. We'll just have to wait," she said in a sultry voice. Well, as sultry as a teenage girl can be.

Mitch looked down at her and gave her a heart-stopping grin. She knew what he was thinking, but she had other ideas. *Wonder how he'll react when I tell him I want him to spank my bottom*, she thought to herself.

As it turned out, she didn't have to wonder for long at all. When one of the other guys on the basketball team had asked her to dance for the third time and she'd accepted, Mitch made it known that he was not happy with her decision.

"Young lady," he whispered as she sat back down at the table. "There will be no more of that. Am I making myself clear? For the rest of the night, you will only dance with me. And when we leave here to get changed for the after party, you and I are going to have a little discussion."

She looked at him in surprise. Where had the sudden dominance come from? A tingle in her belly told her that she might just get what she craved after all. She excused herself to visit the ladies' room and asked Lynne to join her.

"What's going on?" Lynne asked as Josie practically dragged her into the restroom. "What did he whisper to you just now?"

"Oh my gosh, Lynne. He is so pissed because I was dancing with someone else. He said we're going to have a 'discussion' about it before the after party."

"Hmm, do you think he means what we think that means?" Lynne asked with a twinkle in her eye.

"I sure hope so. Oh, I'm so excited, but I'm nervous too," Josie admitted.

"Well, it's what you've been wanting for a long time. Good luck, I hope we're all on the same page here. Now, if I can just figure out how to approach Tim on this subject."

"Well, you can always tell him about Mitch if he does it to me."

"Yeah, I have the feeling if Mitch spans you, Tim will know about it."

"There you go. Maybe that's all it will take. We'd better get back out there. He probably thinks I'm upset with him, which is the furthest thing from the truth."

"If he only knew what goes on in that mind of yours." Lynne giggled.

Josie touched up her lip gloss and the two friends went back out to join their dates.

"You okay?" Mitch asked when she sat back down.

"I'm fine. Would you mind getting me another cup of punch? All that dancing made me thirsty."

He gave her a look that told her it served her right but got up anyway. He brought back the punch, and after a while, they got up to dance again. Fast dances now, and she stayed with Mitch the entire time. When it was time to leave, the two couples went to Lynne's house to change for the after party. No one was home. Her older sister no longer lived at home, and her parents were chaperoning the after party, so they had already left. They had the house to themselves, which was perfect for what Mitch had in mind, or for what Josie hoped he had in mind.

Lynne showed the boys her sister's old room and told them they could change in there. Then she and Josie went into her room. After they'd carefully taken off their gowns and hung them up, they put on jeans and t-shirts, which had been specially made

for the event as a fundraiser to pay for the decorations, and went back out to join the boys, who were dressed the same.

But before she could start down the stairs, Mitch grabbed her arm. "I think we have some unfinished business before we head to the party, babe."

"Uh, okay." She turned to Lynne and told her they'd join them downstairs in a few minutes.

Lynne winked at her then took Tim's hand, and they left them alone to hash out their differences.

Mitch pulled her back into the bedroom the boys had dressed in. He sat down on the bed and pulled her over to stand between his legs.

"Do you even know why I was so upset with you for dancing with John? I mean, once would have been no big deal, but three times? You are my girl, Josie. It doesn't look good for you to be dancing with another guy that many times."

"I'm your girl? We've never discussed that," she replied as she put her hands on his shoulders and looked him in the eye. "I mean, you'll be leaving for college in a few months."

"Josie, I didn't think we needed to talk about it. I assumed you knew how I felt. I guess I should never just assume. You know what they say about that. But to set the record straight, yes, you are my girl. Unless you don't want to be, that is. And being my girl means you don't flirt or dance with other guys."

"I would like to be your girl, Mitch," she said softly.

"Good, that's settled. Now, on to the next part of this discussion. Whenever you do something you shouldn't, something that is disrespectful to me or someone else or that is harmful to you, I feel as your guy, it is my responsibility to impress upon you the importance of not doing it again. Do you agree?"

Was this really, finally happening? Unless she was reading him wrong, it sure seemed like it was.

"Depends on what you mean by impressing upon me," she replied, waiting anxiously to hear his answer.

"This is what I mean," he said as he gently removed her hands from his shoulders and pulled her over his lap.

Josie's heart skipped a beat—maybe several beats. This was it, her first real spanking, and from Mitch, the hot guy she'd been dating, the one who had just called her 'his girl'.

He began to caress her back, moving down to her bottom. Then, without warning, a sharp smack landed on her jean-covered rear. Even through the fabric, she could feel the burning, stinging sensation. Would he pull her pants down? Probably not. They hadn't even had sex yet, so she didn't think he would be that bold.

He continued to rain down hard spansks. Josie started to squirm and wiggle and tried to put her hands on her bottom.

"No, none of that," he said as he took hold of her hands with his free one and held them. Five more smacks landed after that.

He reached into the waistband of her jeans and moved his hand down to touch her bareness underneath. "Ah, yes, hot to the touch. I'll bet those sweet cheeks are red by now too." Then he removed his hand and started to spank her again.

Josie was a hot mess by this time. Whoever said this was fun was crazy. It hurt like hell. Yet, there was a small part of her that was getting all tingly, and there was a funny wetness seeping out from that spot between her legs. What was that all about?

"Now, young lady, do you understand that flirting with other guys is not acceptable in this relationship? Talk to them, be friends with them, I have no issue with that, but dancing and flirting isn't going to cut it."

"Y-yes, Mitch. I-I didn't mean anything by it." She was crying by this time.

"Oh, babe," he said as he pulled her into his arms. "I know you probably didn't, but it made me see red. I can't bear the thought of you in some other guy's arms, even if it is for an innocent dance." He held her as she cried it out, then he kissed the top of her head. "Go get yourself cleaned up, then we should go."

Tim and Lynne are probably wondering what happened to us. I love you, Josie Aldridge."

She smiled up at him and he leaned down to kiss her on the lips. She got up and ran to the bathroom to freshen up her face and hair. She blew her nose and made sure her eyes didn't look red from crying then brushed her hair before joining Mitch to go downstairs.

Lynne looked at her when she came down the stairs. "Everything okay?" she asked.

"Couldn't be better," Mitch replied.

Josie smiled at her friend and winked.

Tim said, "We'd better get a move on, or Lynne's parents will be wondering where we are. They will know if we arrive to the party late."

"My folks will be there too, so you're right. We should get going," Josie said.

When they got to the party, the girls headed to the bathroom, so Lynne could find out the juicy details. "Well? Spill it, girl."

"Yes, he did, and it hurt. But it made me feel all tingly inside too."

"Did he pull down your jeans?"

"No, but it still hurt. He has a hard hand. But afterwards, he held me and kissed me, and we are exclusive now."

"Wow! I envy you so much right now, girlfriend."

"You're exclusive with Tim," she pointed out.

"But he hasn't spanked my butt yet," Lynne reminded her.

"Maybe he will soon."

"I hope so. You shouldn't get to have all the fun."

"I don't know if I would call it fun, exactly. Come on; let's go enjoy the party." Josie rubbed her sore bottom, and a smile formed as she recalled the feelings she had experienced earlier.

The party was fun or as fun as a high school after Prom party can be. Josie and Lynne would discover over the years that there were a lot of fun things in store for them.

The boys graduated, and the two couples continued to spend time together over that summer.

When fall came, however, the boys left for college, leaving the girls to complete their senior year without them. No one had broken up with anyone, but the girls wondered how long the relationships would last, with the distance between them and their boyfriends. Still, they vowed to be true, at least for the time being. The boys would be attending the same school, Mitch, on a basketball scholarship and Tim on a Math scholarship.

The night before he left, she and Mitch went out. They went to the local diner and grabbed a burger with some of their friends, and then they took a drive. Mitch drove to a secluded spot known to the local teens as "Make Out Point" and stopped the car. Then he turned off the engine and turned to her.

"Josie, I'm going to miss you so much," he said as he pulled her close and kissed her.

They'd been to this spot many times in the past year but had never taken things any further than kissing and petting.

Was tonight the night? she wondered. They continued to kiss and caress each other for a while.

When things had just started to get hot and heavy, Mitch stopped and pushed his seat back as far as it would go. "Now, my sweet girl, I want to give you something before I go that will keep you behaving while I'm gone." He reached in front of her and took a wrapped box out of the glove compartment. He handed it to her and added, "Part one."

"Part one?" she asked as she carefully began to unwrap the gift.

"Yes, there are two parts to this reminder," he said.

When she got the box unwrapped and opened, she found a very pretty necklace inside. It had two hearts entwined. One had his birthstone in it, and the other one had hers. It was on a dainty gold chain.

"Oh, Mitch, I love it. Will you help me put it on?" she asked as she turned around in the seat.

After he'd clasped the necklace and she was facing him again, the kissing resumed for a short while.

Then, he stopped and asked, "Are you ready for part two?"

"Depends on what part two is," she said with a giggle.

He took her arm and gently pulled her so she was lying across his lap in the seat. He'd opened the driver's side door so her head wouldn't hit it. Luckily, there were no other lovers out that night. She would have been mortified if anyone had seen this.

"I just want to make sure you behave while I'm away at school, and I think this is the best way to do it," he explained as he landed the first smack on her bottom. She was wearing a pair of shorts and he pulled them down so he could smack her over her panties. He'd never done it on the bare yet, probably because they weren't having sex. She figured that would come soon enough, so she didn't complain. It was bad enough over her bikini panties, which didn't offer much protection. Another series of smacks landed, and he took turns with each cheek, alternating between them.

Josie gasped as the burn began to seep into her skin. He was careful not to go to the tops of her thighs. He didn't want anyone to see any red marks beneath her shorts and ask questions. In the seventies, this sort of thing wasn't accepted. It existed, of course, but no one talked about it. Josie knew it was a thing, though, from the books she and Lynne had read.

Mitch kept at it for several minutes, raining the stinging smacks down on her poor bottom before finally pulling her up into his arms.

"I love you, Josie girl. Please be true to me."

"Y-you know I-I will," she said between sobs as she clung to him. She was crying because her butt hurt but also because she was really going to hate having him gone until Thanksgiving.

Things would be so different at school this year, without him there with her.

They stayed like that for a while longer before she pulled her shorts back up and slid over to her side of the car. Just in time, too, because a car pulled up beside them.

Mitch leaned over to kiss her again, and then he started the car. "Let's give them the same privacy we had," he said as he backed up and drove off.

He pulled up in front of her house and walked her to the door. "I can't come in. I have to get home and finish packing. I'll call and let you know that Tim and I made it to school okay after we get settled in." He kissed her one more time and then said, "I love you, Josie Aldridge."

"I love you too. Don't forget to call me. I won't sleep until you do," she said.