

# Chapter One

"Sorry I'm late," I shout, dashing into the classroom, dropping my bags at my workstation and tugging off my coat. Hanging it up, I grab my apron and pull it on, hurrying over to join the group assembled around Martin's work area.

Colour heats my cheeks as Martin regards me sternly, looks at his watch, and shakes his head. "I'm pleased you could join us," he greets me, his eyes never leaving mine as he unbuttons his cuffs and slowly rolls up his sleeves. I watch the motion with bated breath, imagining him calling me to the front of the class to scold me—and spank me - for my tardiness.

I close my eyes and visualise myself bending over, hands flat on his workbench. His palm presses down between my shoulder blades, flattening my breasts against the hard surface. One hand rests gently on the small of my back, and I experience a sharp intake of breath as his other hand smacks down on my upturned bottom.

"Deena!"

Glancing up, my cheeks flush as I realise Martin is addressing me—and I'm daydreaming yet again! "Sir?" I whimper, chewing my lip anxiously when my classmates start to snigger. "Sorry, I mean, M-M-Martin."

"Come here!" he orders, and for a moment my feet remain rooted to the spot, my brain struggling to comprehend his instruction. His firm voice turns my legs to jelly.

"Deena, are you deaf? I said come here," he repeats, his brow furrowing as he sighs deeply.

I swallow nervously and nod, slowly shuffling towards him. *Please, God, don't let him spank me. I've fantasised about this for so long, but please, not in front of everyone.* An image flashes up in my mind, a memory of a spanking I received over my tutor's desk many years ago. Despite my erotic fantasies about this recently, at the time it was thoroughly humiliating and I have no desire to repeat that embarrassing episode now.

Although I have unsavoury thoughts about various dominant men I have encountered, no one has ever affected me quite like Martin does. I recall that morning a couple of weeks ago when I first walked into his classroom. The second I laid eyes on him, I knew my racing heart would forever belong to him. I was immediately lost in his ice blue eyes. His closely cropped grey hair seemingly intensified his dominant persona, and when he masterfully rolled his sleeves up, I nearly swooned. He treated me to a flash of his amazing smile, with perfectly straight, white teeth, and from that moment on I was putty in his hands. Blinking rapidly, I drag myself back to the present moment. As I cautiously approach him, I notice he certainly isn't smiling now, and his stern expression causes me to shudder.

"I'm going to have to start calling you Deena Daydream," he sighs, grasping my wrist and pulling me closer to him.

"I'm sorry s...err, I mean M-M-Martin," I stammer.

"Have you been listening to anything I've just said?" he asks, his eyebrows rising as he stares coolly at me.

"Well?" he says, when I look down at my shoes and study my feet.

"Sorry s...erm, I thought that was just a hypothetical question."

I glance up and his eyebrows lift higher, allowing me to gaze longingly into his bright blue eyes. For a moment I'm very tempted to lean forward and kiss him.

"I'm waiting," he sighs, clearly exasperated.

Tearing my eyes away from his, I tell a small fib. "Yes sir, of course I was listening." I sound so convincing, I almost believe myself that I've taken in every word of his lesson.

He smiles, showing off those perfect teeth, and his eyes sparkle. My heart instantly beats faster.

Gripping my elbow firmly, Martin spins me round to face his workstation, putting his hand on the small of my back and pushing me forward. I freeze, and feel the colour drain from my face as I frantically turn my head to look at him, my mouth gaping open. "No," I plead. *Please, not like this.*

"I'm only asking you to give the class a demonstration of the basic dough recipe I've just outlined. What did you think I was asking you to do?" he smirks.

I glance up at him and my cheeks burn. Stepping aside, he indicates that I should begin.

Taking a deep breath, I pull the glass bowl towards me. The ingredients are all on the worktop. This can't be too hard. *Oh God, why wasn't I listening?* I think frantically, as I cast a gaze over the ingredients lined up in front of me. Picking up the flour, I tip a generous amount into the bowl and glance at him. He nods. "Go on, you're doing well so far." My blush deepens, I know he's mocking me, and I pick up the packet of powdered yeast, open it and tip it into the bowl.

Glancing furtively towards my classmates, Linda holds her hand out like it's a claw, and does a swirling motion with it. Frowning, I peruse the other ingredients—salt, oil and water. Picking up the salt, I tip a generous amount into the mixture.

Martin immediately steps towards me, and I know instantly that I've done something wrong. Shaking his head, he sighs deeply. "Game over, you've just killed our dough. Can anyone tell me what Deena did wrong?" Resting his hand against the small of my back, he sends an involuntary shudder through my body. He doesn't seem to notice, and his hand remains there, caressing ever so lightly as every hand in the class—apart from mine, of course - shoots up into the air.

Judy, who is at least fifteen years my junior, looks at me with a mixture of disgust and superiority, before pronouncing smugly, "Salt retards the yeast. Deena should have mixed it into the flour before adding the salt, so they didn't come into contact."

"Well done, Judy," he praises, and I realise too late that Linda had been trying to tell me to mix the yeast into the flour with my hand. Shrugging my shoulders, I offer a small smile to her before dipping my fingers into the dry ingredients and swirling them together. I look up at Martin hopefully, as I add a little extra salt.

"As this is just a demonstration, go ahead," he says, stepping away from me. I glance up at my helpful classmate, whose gaze falls on the olive oil. Picking it up, I pour a small amount into the bowl. I then select the jug of water and add a little to the mix, looking to Martin for approval. I'm relieved to see his smile has now returned.

Putting my hands into the bowl, I start to combine the ingredients. The dough is quite stiff as I work it, and I'm grateful when Martin picks up the water and tips a little more in as I continue to blend the mixture.

"It's quite soft, isn't it?" he notes, standing behind me and putting his hands over mine, kneading the dough with me. "Mmm," I purr, gasping as I feel his breath against my neck. I fail to suppress a grin as I wish one part of his anatomy wasn't so soft right now.

My eyes are drawn to our hands, working the dough together. He encourages me to form a fist and knead it into the bread mix. I'm suddenly reminded of the scene from *Ghost*, where Molly and Sam are working on the potter's wheel. I imagine the two of us naked, covered in flour, kneading the dough together, his firm right hand slapping the dough before he reaches behind me and slaps my ass.

SLAP! My eyes widen in shock and my cheeks redden instantly. I instinctively reach back and protectively cup my buttock. As I press my hand against my behind, I know immediately that Martin hasn't smacked me at all, and the blush in my cheeks burns hotter. Looking down at the workbench in front of us, I see the dough lay on the table, his hand resting against it. I watch mesmerised as his hand rises again, before firmly smacking back down on the dough, squashing it flat.

An image forms in my mind of my bare ass presented to him, his hand slapping down on my rounded cheeks, flattening the flesh on impact. I grunt in approval and tense my buttocks. As I glance over my shoulder, there's a wicked glint in his eyes, and I wonder if we're on the same wavelength.

I am relieved, but also a little disappointed, when he tells me to return to the watching group. For some unknown reason they're all smirking, and my cheeks continue to flush with embarrassment as I wonder if they noticed me reach back to caress my butt.

I watch transfixed as Martin expertly manipulates the ball of dough, pressing it down with the heel of his hand, constantly turning it and kneading it into a pliable consistency on the floured surface. My mind once more wanders as I focus on those hands, imagining them on my soft flesh.

"Catch!"

I react too slowly, my arms flailing around, and as the ball of dough drops to the floor between my feet, I glance up and see him smirking at me. Sighing, I bend forward to pick it up. My jeans tighten across my ass and I let out a groan as I visualise his hand caressing my butt before landing a hard spank on each cheek.

Blinking rapidly to clear the distracting vision, I grasp the dough and stand upright, throwing it quite forcefully back at him. Martin's eyes widen as he quickly raises his hands and catches the ball of dough, his huge smile once more lighting up those mesmerising eyes.

"Everyone back to their workstations, let's see what you've learned," he says, dropping the piece of dough onto his own workbench. "Good thing I wasn't planning on eating that," he says, smacking his hand down and flattening it against the well-floured surface, sending a cloud of white powder up around him. My eyes remain focused on his large hand, fingers splayed and palm pressed up against the dough, and I squirm as I try to imagine how that hand would feel on my ass.

When he finally lifts his hand from the table, I glance around and notice everyone else has returned to their workstations, and has already started to mix their dough. Immediately I rush over to my own work area and tip some flour into my bowl, remembering to stir in the yeast before adding the salt this time.

When I have a ball of pliant dough, I start to mould it in my hands, imagining I'm making a snowball.

"No, no, no, not like that. Do it the way I showed you," Martin scolds, stepping up behind me and snaking his arms around my waist, cupping his hands over mine. My breath catches in my throat as his body presses against mine once more.

As he manipulates my hands, helping me to adopt the correct action, I glance over my shoulder at him, wondering if I'm hearing things. No, he is definitely humming quietly to himself—*Unchained Melody!* As I stare dumbfounded at him, he stops and grins, showing off those amazingly white teeth.

"I won't get that song out of my head for the rest of the day, now you've put it there," he says with a laugh, walking away as my cheeks flush. Oh no, I must have been humming it when he stood behind me earlier. No wonder my classmates looked so amused.

Embarrassed beyond belief, I work my frustrations out on my poor lump of dough, pounding it into the work surface and smacking it firmly with my hand, avoiding eye contact with my fellow students and our tutor.

I work hard for the rest of the afternoon, paying more attention and trying not to let my mind wander.

Martin comes to my assistance when I add roasted peppers from a jar and olives to my flatbread. He helpfully suggests adding some herbs or another dry ingredient to counter the wetness. "You don't want a soggy flatbread," he says, tucking a loose strand of my long red hair behind my ear. Lowering my head, I thank him for his help. I add cheese and chopped chives, and although I feel the flavours maybe won't work well together, he compliments me on a good effort.

My black olive, coriander and red onion flatbread is much more successful, but he saves me from another certain disaster when my dough starts to stick to the work surface. Gathering the group around, he flours my bench, flips the dough over and rolls it out, turning it frequently.

"You're all making this mistake," he points out, smiling kindly at me. I'm relieved that he isn't singling me out for criticism. "I chose this bread to use as an example as it's the best combination of ingredients I've seen today." My smile grows as I silently accept his praise, and my spirits instantly lift.

As the others return to their workstations, I hold my breath as Martin leans close, cleaning his hands off on my apron. "You've got flour all over your bum. Want me to rub it off?"

My cheeks colour and I nod, cringing as he grasps the waistband of my jeans and yanks it upwards, forcing me forward slightly as the material is pulled taut across my butt. I hold my breath as his hand roughly brushes the flour from the seat of my jeans. "That's better," he says, slapping my ass gently before releasing me.

My cheeks scarlet, I mumble "thank you, sir," and turn back to my workstation. Taking a deep breath, I glance to my right and am surprised to find him still standing there.

"Okay?" He smiles.

In an attempt to appear calm and unflustered, I shrug my shoulders and say "fine," but I'm unable to hold his gaze and look down at the floor, my pulse racing.

Fortunately, he moves away and I'm able to get on with my work, but it seems every time I glance up, those cool eyes are watching me from across the room. I swallow as I look at him, wetting my lips with the tip of my tongue. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. Lowering my gaze, I'm sure I can make out a slight bulge in his pants.

Turning my back on him, I drop a spoon to the floor and bend down to pick it up. I take my time, pushing my butt out towards him and wiggling it slightly before straightening up. Looking towards him, the bulge in his pants is visibly larger and I smile as I return to my workstation.

At the end of the day, as we're clearing away, Martin again approaches me. My heartbeat quickens and I sigh, wondering how I will ever learn anything when his mere presence has my stomach doing cartwheels.

"Deena, could you stay back after class please?" He smiles, touching my lower back. "I'd like a quick word."

I nod, averting my eyes as I continue to clear up. My workstation always seems to be much messier than anyone else's, and I wonder if he's going to point this out to me again. He's already scolded me several times over the past couple of weeks for daydreaming and not paying attention in class. I also remember I was late to class again this morning, and hope he isn't cross about that. And then I remember my provocative behaviour a little earlier. I pray I haven't offended him. It's totally out of character for me to behave in such a blatant manner, and I wonder what's come over me.

I desperately want to do well in this class and learn all I can, but he makes it so difficult for me to concentrate. I guess I could find another class, but I can't bear the thought of never seeing him again.

All too soon the other students have left, and as I hear Martin close the door, my heart sinks.

"Maybe I should find another class?" I suggest, before he can say anything. He opens his mouth to speak but I continue, not wanting him to agree to my suggestion so quickly.

"It's quite obvious I'm not doing as well as the others," I add, "and I could ask to transfer to Mr. McGuinness's classes."

Glancing up at him, I am surprised to see his gorgeous face contorted in a frown. "What on earth are you talking about? I don't want you to find another class, and certainly not Mr. McGuinness's. That's much too basic for you, and it's only part-time. You are doing well. You just seem a little distracted at times. I'd like to know if there's anything I can help you with. Do you have problems at home that maybe it would help to talk about?"

I shake my head. "No, I don't." My voice is harder than I mean it to be, and I shrug apologetically.

"Money worries?"

I again shake my head, and can't help smiling. I know that I'm in a better financial position than most women my age. I've paid off my mortgage, invested well during my twenty years working for an accountancy firm, and have a very healthy savings account.

"I can't help if I don't know what the problem is," he sighs, draping an arm protectively around my shoulders. "When you're concentrating, you come up with some amazing things, but you frequently have your head in the clouds - and that's twice you've been late this week. Please, tell me what the problem is," he urges.

Sighing deeply, I cover my face with my hands and shake my head. Why are men so dim? Why can't he see what's right in front of his eyes? How can he not realise that I fancy the pants off him? And why doesn't he see that when he rolls his sleeves up, pats a wooden spoon against his hand, addresses me as 'young lady,' and generally acts in a totally dominant manner, I just want to bend over and feel the flat of his hand on my bottom? *For God's sake, you idiot, I want you to spank me!*

Breathing deeply, I try to imagine how things might be. I picture myself bending across the workbench, reaching across to grasp the other side as his hand caresses my buttocks. He kneads my cheeks with his firm hand, before raising it high and smacking down hard.

"Oww," I shriek, standing upright and cupping my stinging buttock. I gasp in shock. I'm not imagining it this time. This really is happening.

"As I suspected," he frowns. "I wondered if that appalling display earlier was a cry for attention. It seems I'm right, after that little admission."

My cheeks colour as I realise I have spoken my thoughts out loud. I can't believe I've actually told him I want a spanking—even though I desperately do! "Oh, I'm sorry, sir. I can't believe I said that out loud. I didn't mean to...I mean, of course I wanted you to do it, it's always on my mind, but I didn't mean to say it...not then anyway. I was just daydreaming—again!" I shrug my shoulders, my cheeks burning with embarrassment. "I just can't concentrate. Everything you do with your hands, I imagine them on my bum..." The words spill quickly from my mouth. When he takes my hand and squeezes it, I take a breath and stop talking.

"Deena, enough!" he says firmly.

I'm shocked and swallow anxiously. "Yes sir. I'm sorry sir."

Martin nods and points to the now spotless surface that I have been rolling dough on all day. "Bend over, young lady. I won't tell you again."

Numbly, I nod and lower my body onto the cool, flat surface. I blink rapidly, wondering if I'm dreaming. "I'm sorry, sir," I whisper, as his hand caresses my stinging buttock.

"You have been late for class twice this week," he scolds, raising his hand and smacking it down on my other cheek. I yelp and wiggle my bottom, but remain in position. Pinching my arm, I wince. I am awake. This is really happening. Oh, my God!

"You don't listen in class. You're frequently daydreaming, meaning I have to explain things to you again," he snaps, cracking his hand down on each buttock three times, quickly building up a sting in my behind.

"Oh," I gasp, squirming as I grip the edge of the bench.

"And as for that disgraceful display, bending over and wiggling your bottom at me in an overtly sexual manner! I ought to pull your jeans and panties down and take you across my knee," he suggests, smacking his hand hard against my right sit spot. "Let's see how much your naughty bum wiggles then," he adds, slapping my quivering butt several times. I gasp and push my bottom out towards him, his words making my pussy twitch in anticipation of his threat.

His hand smacks down once more, on my left sit spot, and I arch my back, opening my legs wide. Immediately he smacks me firmly between my spread thighs and I gasp loudly, closing my legs before parting them once more.

"Please," I beg, raising my bottom towards his hand.

"Bad, naughty girl," he scolds, landing a few more stinging smacks to the centre of my behind.

"Oh, please, sir, I'm sorry I was so naughty," I squeal. "Please don't bare my bottom. Please don't put me over your knee like a bad little girl," I beg, though in reality this is exactly what I want him to do.

"Right, six more smacks and I think we're done," he announces, whacking his hand down hard at the centre of my bottom, each smack landing in the same place, elevating the sting to the point where tears prick my eyes. After the last sharp spank has landed, he gently pats my tender behind. "You may get up now," he says.

As I reluctantly rise to a standing position, blinking back tears, I pout slightly—not because I've been spanked but because I want more. I am red-faced, ashamed, but incredibly horny.

"No sulking," he scolds, tapping his finger against my lower lip, "unless you want me to make your bottom even sorer."

I stick my lip out further and he laughs lightly. "Sweetheart, I've already done more than I should. Can you imagine what would happen if someone walked in?"

Sighing, I nod slowly. "Yes, sir."

"Now, young lady," he says more firmly, and my smile returns. "I want to see you in here on time tomorrow. Let me warn you, if you dare to be late again, I will take you home with me after class to deal with you in an appropriate manner. You *will* go across my lap, and I *will* give you a proper bare bottom spanking, until your naughty backside glows. Do I make myself clear?"

Smiling brightly, I nod. "Yes, sir, crystal clear."

"Deena," he says softly, cupping my chin in his hand and pressing his lips lightly against mine. I gasp as he moves away from me. "Go home. Think about what's just happened. Decide what it is that you really want."

"I know what I want," I interrupt, grasping his hand. "I want you."

Taking a backward step, he holds me at arm's length. "I know what I want, too, but I need you to be absolutely certain. I don't want you to have any regrets in the morning. I'm flattered by your flirtatious behaviour towards me." He smiles, and I grin in response. I didn't

realise I was so obvious, apart from this afternoon, of course. My smile widens at the memory.

"But I don't want to take things any further unless you're absolutely sure it's what you want. I don't want you to have any doubts whatsoever," he says.

"But I won't. I—"

Martin puts a finger to my lips to silence me.

"I'll see you in the morning. Goodnight," he says softly, leaning forward to press his lips against mine once more. Closing my eyes, I try to deepen our kiss, but he spins me away from him, propelling me forward with a stinging smack to my backside.

"Tomorrow," he says, as I gasp and rub my injured posterior. I am about to turn back to face him when the door swings open.

"Sorry, I didn't realise you were with a student," a bald, rotund man addresses Martin. "We're all ready to go."

Martin nods. "I'll be right there, Jack. Deena was just leaving."

I watch Martin collect his things, and the other man remains in the doorway. I wish he would leave.

Martin turns back to me. "Just think about what I said," he says in a mildly scolding tone, causing colour to stain my cheeks. "I think it's fantastic that you've decided on a career change at this stage of your life, but you need to knuckle down and work hard. No more slacking, young lady."

I frown back at him. I know that at thirty-six I'm classed as a mature student, but Martin makes it sound like I'm at least sixty! Despite his condescending tone, my heart is pounding fast and I'm desperate for him to kiss me again—and carry out his threat to take me across his knee. I glare at the man in the doorway, holding him responsible for my spanking ending prematurely.

"Yes sir," I almost whisper to Martin, lowering my head and despondently walking towards the door.

As I pass his colleague, I'm horrified when he jokingly says to Martin, "It was so much easier to deal with bad behaviour when we could just bend them across the desk and take a paddle to their disobedient backsides! Oh, how I miss being able to do that."

Scowling, I do not respond and instead stamp off down the corridor, cursing the other tutor who has disturbed us. But I guess in my heart I know that my conversation with Martin is over anyway.

Getting into my car, I hurry home, squirming in my seat and smiling. I replay in my mind the moment when Martin takes me in hand and spanks me.

Arriving home, I ruefully rub my slightly tender bottom. I hurry to my bedroom, quickly lower my jeans and panties and bend forward, glancing over my shoulder at the reflection of my butt in my full-length mirror. I'm disappointed to see there is no visible sign that Martin has spanked me, but as I close my eyes I can remember every single smack.

Rushing to my kitchen, my jeans and panties still around my knees, I grab a wooden spoon and hurry back to my room. Bending over the edge of my bed, I reach behind me and smack the implement against my buttocks. Closing my eyes, I wince as I recall Martin's hand cracking down on my upturned butt.

Rolling onto my back, I quickly masturbate to orgasm with the handle of my kitchen utensil, crying out as I imagine Martin smacking the spoon down firmly against my bare behind.

Feeling satisfied, I grin as I reset my alarm clock, three hours later than usual! I clearly remember his threat to take me home and bare my bottom if I am late for class again, and his pleas for me to think carefully about what I want from him. I intend to make sure that tomorrow Martin is left in absolutely no doubt of my deepest desires!

## Chapter Two

Opening my eyes and blinking, the sunlight streaming through my blinds, I am surprised that I feel so rested. I've not been getting enough sleep recently and always seem to wake with a start when my alarm sounds. After a night of pleasant dreams, I'm shocked to see I've actually woken before the high pitched beep alerts me.

Focusing my eyes on the clock, I read its digital display. Going into an immediate panic, I throw back the covers. *Oh no, its 7:52 am, I should have been up fifty-two minutes ago. The alarm hasn't woken me and now I'm going to be late.*

Swinging my legs out of bed, I suddenly stop. With a huge smile, I flop back and giggle. As my mind clears I recall the events of the previous evening, including setting my alarm for 10 am. My intent was to walk into my class five minutes before lunch break. I'm still certain it's a fantastic idea, as this will definitely give Martin the green light to take me home and spank me.

Hugging my arms around myself, I close my eyes and grin. I can clearly picture myself lying across Martin's lap, my red bottom squirming enticingly as he peppers it with firm smacks. I can hardly wait for the end of class, and I relax as I conjure up images in my mind of what we might do.

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I am surprised when seemingly minutes later my alarm clock wakes me with a start. I can't believe I fell into such a deep sleep, and I shudder as I acknowledge there's no going back now. Even if I jump out of bed and drive straight to my class, I'm already an hour late. Swallowing anxiously, I sit up. My earlier confidence has now evaporated and the butterflies in my tummy start to flutter.

Dragging myself out of bed, I gaze into my full-length mirror and scowl. I look a mess. Wanting to look my best today, I decide to throw caution to the wind. "Oh well, I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb!" I say to my reflection, before heading into the bathroom. Instead of my usual morning shower I decide to treat myself to a nice hot bath, with lots of bubbles. It'll help me to relax, and I could certainly do with easing the tension I feel.

As I lower myself into the hot, fragrant water, I decide to really pamper myself. Washing my hair in the bath, I slather on a deep conditioning treatment. Next I apply a facemask, wrap my hair in a towel and lay back. Closing my eyes, I spend a good hour soaking in the tub, before rinsing my hair and body. After towelling my skin dry, I put on a robe and head into the bedroom.

Searching through my closet for something appropriate to wear, I discard several choices as too conservative or too revealing - I don't want to give the poor guy a heart attack! Eventually I decide on a sexy black lacy bra and matching panties, with snug fitting stonewashed jeans and a skinny fit, bright yellow t-shirt. I briefly consider a red t-shirt with the slogan 'spank me' emblazoned across the chest, but I don't think it's necessary to spell my desires out so bluntly. My lateness will tell Martin exactly what I desire.

Checking my watch, I chew my lip anxiously as I sit down at my dressing table. I won't make class before lunchtime now, so I take my time, carefully applying my make-up. I



prefer a natural look, but my pale skin appears washed out without a little foundation and powder. Adding a touch of blusher, a neutral lip-gloss and a coat of mascara that lengthens my already long lashes, I smile appreciatively at my reflection.

Brushing out my long red hair—at school the other kids unkindly called me 'ginger', but I prefer to think of it as red - I twist it into a knot and reach for a clip to hold it in place. Grinning, I release it, shaking my head and allowing my hair to fall down around my shoulders. There's no way Martin would permit a student to bake without their hair tied up, and I'm certain that going into class like this will give him even more reason to discipline me. I have a feeling I won't be actively participating in his classes today anyway, but I put my hair clip into my bag, just in case. Grinning, I imagine my after class 'detention' will be a little different to the ones I attended many years ago at school.

Going to my kitchen, I prepare myself a sandwich and a coffee. I certainly don't want to pass out from hunger when he finally takes me across his lap. Taking my meal into my living room, I sit down and put the TV on, watching a re-run episode of *I Love Lucy*. I'm disappointed there isn't even a mention of spanking in this one. My favourite episodes are the ones where Lucy is upended and spanked, and I frequently dream of being married to a man like Ricky; one who isn't afraid to take his woman across his lap and apply a firm hand to her seat.

Changing the channel, I find amusement in a heated discussion on a chat show. A Texan guy is trying—and failing - to convince an overly emotional woman that her out of control daughter should not be given the obscenely high allowance she receives. The mother is shocked that he believes her spoiled child would benefit more from a sound application of a paddle to her bare backside.

"That's barbaric," the woman shrieks, clutching her chest dramatically, while her sullen daughter scowls. For probably the first time ever, the teen is in complete agreement with her mother.

During a long debate, the mother insists her daughter is scarred by her father leaving before she was born. She explains that her 'little girl' needs a large allowance to make up for this abandonment. As the wailing mother finishes her pitiful tale, the extremely bratty nineteen year old stands up and glares at her. Screaming obscenities at her mother, she blames her for her recent string of shoplifting convictions, before storming off set. I shake my head in disbelief as the mother makes a show of dabbing at her eyes with a tissue.

"I give her everything I can," weeps the woman, her thick make-up smearing all over her face, making her look more ghastly than she already does.

The daughter instantly returns, screaming more vile abuse at her mother, who sobs even louder as the simpering host pats her hand and looks in disgust at her offspring. "I hate you," shrieks the petulant young woman. "If you gave me everything I need, I wouldn't have to steal."

Seizing his opportunity, the Texan guy stands up, pointing angrily at the young girl. "I'll give you everything you need," he shouts, "starting with a sound spanking on your bare butt."

As the incensed girl stares at him and shouts abuse, the words "fat" and "pig" audible among the series of bleeps used to cover her swearing, I grin as the audience cheer the male on, encouraging him to carry out his threat. Furious, the girl turns on her mother once more. "Everything's your fault," she shrieks, before theatrically stomping off again.

Taking another bite of my sandwich, I reach for the remote. "You, girl, would seriously benefit from some time spent over the lap of a man who cares enough to correct your behaviour," I comment. "And your pathetic excuse for a mother could do with the same treatment." Bored with the women's histrionics, I change channel.

Finishing my lunch, I become engrossed in a jewellery programme on the shopping channel and put my feet up to watch. I'm totally relaxed and when they go to a commercial break, I glance at my watch and gasp loudly. *Oh shit!* Leaping to my feet, I grab my bag and car keys. I can't believe it's almost 3:30 pm. Okay, I intended to be late, but now I'll be lucky if I manage to get there before class finishes!

Dashing out, I lock the house and rub my bottom surreptitiously, nervously chewing my lower lip before jumping behind the wheel of my vehicle. Driving in the direction of the university, I spot a police car parked at the roadside. Checking my speed, I immediately ease off the gas. It wouldn't do to be pulled over now. Any further delays and Martin will have gone home by the time I get there, and I certainly don't want that to happen.

Finally I pull up into the normally full car park, but fortunately a lot of students have left for the day and I easily get parked close to the main entrance. Walking quickly, I reach my classroom at 3:55 pm, five minutes before the end of class. My heart is hammering in my chest and I take a deep breath. Nervously pressing down on the door handle, I push it open, freezing when Martin turns to face me. His eyes bore into me and his expression is stern, before a look of relief replaces the anger.

"I'm sorry sir, I can explain," I blurt out. "I didn't mean to be quite so late. I lost track of time. Please..."

Walking towards me, he raises a finger to his lips. "Sh." I immediately close my mouth.

"Not another word," he says, removing his finger from his own lips and pressing it against mine. His next words, whispered menacingly, cause my mouth to drop open in shock. "Stand outside in the corridor. You can face the wall like a naughty little girl. I'll deal with you in a moment, young lady."

As he turns his back, my classmates glance towards me. Judy rolls her eyes and I have an urge to go and slap that smug look off her face. Knowing that will not really help with my current predicament, I step back into the corridor, allowing the door to close in my face. I feel like a small child, dismissed from lessons for misbehaving in class, and my cheeks burn with humiliation as I stand and look at the wall.

*What on earth have I done?* Covering my face with my hands, I sigh deeply and hope Martin won't be too angry. Yes, I want a spanking, but I certainly don't want to be thrown off my course. What was I thinking of, coming in so late? No wonder he's so mad. Crossing my fingers, I wait impatiently, the seconds ticking slowly by until finally the door opens and the other students file out. I quickly turn to face them.

Judy is the last one out and she smirks at me as she lets the door close behind her. "You really should have stayed at home. He's been in a foul mood as it is today," she says, gesturing towards the classroom.

My heart sinks. *Oh no, I really have made him cross.* I instantly regret my decision to try his patience quite so much.

"I certainly don't envy you," she grins. "He said he'll see you now. Hope it isn't bad news." She laughs, walking away. "Break a leg!"

Blinking back tears, I grasp the door handle and push it open, stepping silently into the room. I close the door behind me, lower my head and cautiously approach him. He's standing with his back to me, closing the classroom blinds. "I really am sorry sir. I honestly didn't intend to be this late," I say sincerely.

As he turns to face me, my heart lifts when a smile lights up his face. "You do realise, arriving five minutes late for class would have been more than enough to show me what you wanted? This has left me in absolutely no doubt what you need, young lady," he adds, shaking his head.

Frowning at him, I ask, "I thought you were cross? Judy said you've been in a foul mood all day. I felt sure you were going to kick me off the course."

Looking at me, he sighs and shakes his head sadly. "I thought you'd had second thoughts. The later it got, the more I believed I'd frightened you away. I was angry for allowing myself to be attracted to a student, and for doing what I did. It's never happened before," he adds. "Well, obviously I've looked, but I've *never* acted on my feelings. And surely you know I would *never* throw you off the course. You're my most promising student!"

The corners of my mouth twitch, and I am unable to stop a smile forming. His admittance that he is attracted to me makes my heart soar, and being told I'm his star pupil is an unexpected surprise.

Suddenly he grasps my wrist and sternly tells me, "I don't know what you're smiling at, young lady. You have a date across my lap. You won't be getting back up until your bottom is glowing and I've drilled into you the importance of good timekeeping." The butterflies in my tummy start to do cartwheels and my smile widens.

"Come on then." He grins, giving me a brief hug before leading me out of his classroom. "If you're going to act like a naughty little girl, I'm afraid I'm going to have to take you home and put you over my knee. Let's see if some old-fashioned discipline, in the form of a sound bare bottom spanking, will drum some respect into you."

I shudder at his words, but am desperate to find myself in the position he describes. I hope his house isn't too far away.

We walk to the car park in silence. He heads me to his car, opens the passenger door and gestures for me to get in. "I suggest you sit down, while you're still able to," he says ominously, grinning at me as he gets in beside me and starts the engine. "Oh, young lady, you don't know how much my palm is itching to spank that delectable bottom of yours," he adds, leaning across and kissing me on the cheek. I blush and smile back at him, my hands trembling as we travel the short distance to his home.

Pulling up outside a beautiful semi-detached house in one of the nicer parts of town, he squeezes my hand gently. His eyes are twinkling once more. "Are you sure this is what you want?" he asks. "No second thoughts?"

I look at him and smile. "Yes, this is what I need. I can honestly say I'm having no second thoughts at all, sir."

"In that case, young lady," he says sternly, "I think you'd better get your naughty bottom inside and let's see if we can get to the seat of the problem." His features are now stern.

"Y-y-yes, s-s-sir," I stammer, my hands twisting in my lap. I swallow anxiously as he gets out of the car, walks around to my side and opens the door. Taking a deep breath, I grasp his hand, my heart racing as he leads me towards my fate.