

Chapter One

"Is there no sign of Melissa yet?" Dr. Ben Williams asked his wife, Barbara, who was manning the reception desk at their private Manhattan clinic. Absentmindedly tapping a pen against the table, she glanced at her watch and stared towards the doorway.

"No," she said with a sigh. "Do you think we were too hard on her? Although she's twenty-two, she's still a little immature at times. Maybe what we did was just too much for her to cope with. If I were in her shoes, I'm not sure I'd come back."

Barbara thought of the variety of punishments they had inflicted on their young receptionist and cringed. Even though Melissa's timekeeping and number of days off sick had been abysmal, and she had been caught out skiving off work to go to the beach with her friends and to sleep off hangovers, Barbara couldn't help thinking that the numerous enemas and spankings she had received at their hands had been a bit over the top. She was ashamed to admit she had gotten carried away in the moment.

Dr. Williams shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe you're right. I guess it was all a little humiliating for her, but hopefully she's learned a valuable lesson. I'll go and see her after morning clinic, if she doesn't show up. I imagine she's a bit too embarrassed to face us right now. Are you okay to hold the fort out here this morning? I have a pretty full appointment schedule."

Barbara, who was also the practice nurse, nodded. "Yes, I've just got a few blood pressure checks booked in, and a couple of vaccinations. I can leave the door to reception open while I do them. I'll be glad when Jason joins us on Monday. I know we only have him for a few weeks, but I was hoping to use him to run a couple of healthy heart clinics and to try to catch up with our clients who haven't had their blood pressure taken for a while."

She thought about the young man who had joined them the previous day, at her request, to help punish Melissa. He had thoroughly enjoyed himself, but the poor girl had been mortified. It was clear she was attracted to him, and Barbara wondered how she would cope with seeing him every day for the next four weeks. That's if she turns up at all, Barbara thought, again regretting the decisions she had made.

"The healthy heart clinics sound like a great idea. Maybe we might even bring forward our plans to employ a physician assistant on a more permanent basis if this trial with Jason works out," Ben said.

Barbara nodded, resting her head in her hands. She wished she could turn the clock back twenty-four hours. If that were possible, she wouldn't have shown Ben the incriminating photos she had discovered on Melissa's Facebook page. Instead, she would have spoken to Melissa privately, and made her understand that such behavior would not be tolerated. "Oh, Ben, I feel terrible. I think we've made a huge mistake with Melissa."

"Hey, stop fretting about her. She'll be fine. It's about time she learned about responsibility. She was pulling the wool over our eyes, honey. She deserved to have her bottom smacked. We did nothing wrong," he said, squeezing his wife's shoulder.

The outer door swung open before Barbara could respond and the doctor's first patient walked in.

"Good morning, Mrs. Walker." Ben greeted the middle-aged woman with a bright smile as, visibly flustered, she hauled her young grandson through the door. The small blond-haired boy dragged his heels and scowled up at her.

"Oh, Chester, do stop being so naughty. I certainly won't be buying you any sweets when we go to the mall if you keep up this behavior." Turning away from the child, Mrs. Walker's frazzled demeanor instantly changed as she faced Dr. Williams. "Good morning, doctor," she said, pulling her shoulders back, sticking her ample chest out, and smiling as she fluffed up her thick, shoulder-length brown hair.

"Hello," Barbara said, smirking when the woman totally blanked her, her eyes fixed on the handsome doctor. It was fortunate Barbara wasn't a jealous woman, as at least fifty percent of their female clientele—if not more—were downright blatant when they flirted with her husband. Glancing up at him, she could see why he received so much attention. Running his fingers through his thick dark hair, he flashed his pearly white teeth as he smiled at the infatuated female.

"Would you like to follow me, Mrs. Walker?" Glancing over at his wife, he winked as he guided the short, plump woman through to his room. Her sulking grandson stomped along behind them, his arms folded across his chest, his frown growing as his grandmother appeared completely oblivious to his tantrum.

As the morning passed slowly, Barbara looked up expectantly each time the door opened. She hoped for nothing more than to see Melissa standing there, flustered and apologizing for being late once again. But as a steady stream of patients passed through, she realized it was unlikely they would be seeing their young receptionist today—or possibly ever again. She sighed, hoping they hadn't frightened her off. Melissa was bright and bubbly, and good for the clinic. It was just her timekeeping that had become a problem recently. Their solution to solving this had seemed genius at the time, but it appeared to have seriously backfired, leaving them without a receptionist. Barbara acknowledged she could call an agency for a stand-in, but she didn't want to give up on Melissa just yet. If anyone could talk her round, it would be her silver-tongued husband.

Towards the end of the morning, as Barbara sat in her room chatting to first-time mother, seventeen-year-old Phoebe, she heard the outer door open. "I'll be with you in a minute," she called out, standing up and gently placing Phoebe's three-month-old son back into his pram.

"He doesn't have a temperature," she reassured the young mum, smiling as she stroked the baby's mop of ginger curls. He gurgled happily, unmindful of his mother's concerns about his welfare. Barbara shook her head as she removed the pile of blankets from the pram and stacked them in the basket underneath. "Maybe if you didn't wrap him up in quite so many blankets, he wouldn't get so hot," she said, tucking just one thin white sheet around him.

Barbara watched the red-haired teenager as she approached her son, her eyes fixed on the blankets underneath. She could tell Phoebe was itching to wrap the little boy up again, and she had no doubt the foolish girl would do exactly that once she had left the building and was out of sight. Sadly, there was nothing Barbara could do to change that, and she sighed as a sullen Phoebe gripped the pram and pushed it towards the door.

Recalling a conversation she'd had with the young girl's mother a week earlier, Barbara sighed deeply. She didn't like to interfere, but it had to be worth a shot. "Phoebe, I know your parents have invited you and Bobby to go and live with them. I really think it's time you gave their offer some serious thought. They want to help you. It would take a lot of pressure off, and you could go out with your friends sometimes, or even get a part-time job. At least consider it."

Stopping in the doorway, Phoebe turned back. Barbara braced herself for a mouthful of abuse from the stropky teen, but was taken aback when she saw the tears sparkling in her emerald green eyes. "It's been a real struggle coping with him. I wanted to prove to my parents I

could bring up my baby on my own after his useless father walked out, but I can't do it. I'm absolutely exhausted, and don't know how much longer I can cope. Maybe you're right, though, and it's time I accepted their help."

Barbara smiled. "You're coping remarkably well, but we all need a little help at times. Please, go and see them soon. It really is for the best. Bobby needs a lot of love, and although I can see you give him that in abundance, his grandparents are desperate to love him and spoil him, too. It's only your stubborn pride that's stopping it from happening."

Phoebe's cheeks flushed and she lowered her eyes. "I'll go and see them on my way home, I promise. I hope they haven't changed their minds."

"Believe me, they won't have. They'll be delighted to see you both." Barbara crossed her fingers behind her back, hoping the young girl wouldn't change her mind on the walk home.

Barbara recalled Phoebe's mother had been into the clinic a week earlier for blood tests. She had cried as she'd confided in the nurse how desperate she was to go to her daughter's assistance. Her husband had insisted that they must wait for Phoebe to approach them and ask for help, but the older woman feared hell might freeze over before that happened.

Convinced Phoebe was ready to make the first move towards rebuilding bridges with her parents, Barbara led her out into the reception area. She stopped suddenly when confronted by a red-eyed, forlorn Melissa, who immediately lowered her head and started to tremble. "I'm sorry," she mumbled, her whispered voice barely audible.

Phoebe glanced at the receptionist, who appeared ready to burst into tears, and hurried past her. Pausing to open the door, she shot Barbara a sympathetic look before wheeling the pram outside and scurrying away.

"I shouldn't have come back," Melissa said, turning away. "This was a really bad idea."

Barbara rushed through the reception area, putting herself between Melissa and the door. "Oh, sweetheart, come here." Her voice was soothing as she reached out towards her. "I've been so worried about you. I'm sorry we treated you so harshly. I promise it won't happen again; you have my word."

Melissa's body stiffened as the matronly woman wrapped her arms around her.

"You don't know how pleased I am to see you," Barbara went on, smiling as Melissa slumped against her and started to sob, her arms snaking around the older woman's waist. Clinging tightly, Melissa's body trembled as she wept against Barbara's bosom. "Let's get you out

the back. We don't want anyone to see you like this." Prizing Melissa's arms from around her middle, Barbara guided her through to the kitchen area. "I'll make you a coffee," she said, squeezing the pretty blonde's hand and flashing an encouraging smile at her. The poor girl looked like she'd hardly slept, and Barbara wasn't sure that coffee would be quite enough to perk her up, but it was better than nothing.

Melissa nodded and gave a small smile in response, as she fished in her pocket for a tissue. While Barbara made coffee, Melissa used the scrunched up hankie to dry her eyes and blow her nose, before taking a seat at the small table. Barbara had never seen her look so pitiful, and she felt immense guilt for being partly to blame for her current mood.

Sitting down beside her, Barbara put a mug of coffee down, placing a couple of chocolate chip cookies beside it. Melissa flashed a small grin as she picked up a cookie and dipped it into her drink, dunking it a few times before tipping her head back and dropping it into her mouth. "Mmm," she mumbled appreciatively, as she picked up the second.

Barbara waited until Melissa had gobbled down her favorite treats before grasping her hand. "Sweetheart," she said, sighing when Melissa's lower lip started to tremble and tears filled her bright blue eyes. "Yesterday's over and done with; we need to move on. Maybe we could've handled things differently, but we did what we thought was right at the time. You were taking advantage of us, and it needed to stop. Ben believed you needed to be punished, to pull you back into line. I supported that decision. I apologize if it was the wrong one."

Melissa nodded. "I'm sorry you felt you had to punish me as you did." Her cheeks flushed as she squirmed on her seat. Barbara's remorse increased. It had gone beyond simple punishment, and both she and her husband were guilty of continuing for no other reason than their own sexual pleasure.

Clearing her throat, Melissa picked up the mug and took a huge swig of the hot beverage, frowning as the steam misted up her glasses. Taking them off, she folded the arms in and placed them on the table.

Smiling, Barbara blocked out the vision of their naked receptionist, sobbing as an enema was pumped into her well-punished rear. She instead focused on trying to make her feel better. "I didn't know you wore glasses. They're pretty. They really suit you."

Melissa smiled back, her shoulders dropping as the tension visibly left her. "They're not prescription lenses, they're just plain glass. My friend said they make me look smarter." She

grinned, picking them up and placing them back on her face. "I thought they made me look sexy." Putting her hands on her hips, Melissa giggled, tipped her head back and pouted.

"Mmm, very sexy," agreed Dr. Williams, as he stepped into the kitchen to join them. Melissa snatched off her glasses and lowered her head. Barbara turned and scowled at her husband. She couldn't believe he'd put the poor girl on edge again, just as she was carefully breaking down her defenses and regaining her trust.

"Ben, we were just having a private chat." Barbara protectively placed a hand over Melissa's, giving it a little squeeze. She glared daggers at him, silently urging him to back off. "It was hard for her to face us after what you did to her." Her pale blue eyes locked on his deep brown ones.

Barbara watched her husband's brow furrow, and she heard his sharp intake of breath. Chewing her lip, she lowered her gaze. She hadn't meant to sound so disrespectful, but she was annoyed that Melissa was now even more anxious than when she had entered the clinic a short time earlier.

"We decided, together, on how best to deal with Melissa." Ben's eyes flashed with anger as he addressed his wife. "If she doesn't wish to experience similar chastisement in the future, she knows how she needs to behave. You, my dear wife, also know my expectations of how I wish for you to conduct yourself. Consider this a warning." Barbara's cheeks flushed, and she felt relief when her husband turned his attention to Melissa.

"I know yesterday was hard for you, honey," he said, draping an arm around her shoulders. "But I hope you learned your lesson?"

Melissa nodded, a blush creeping up her face. "I'll never phone in sick again, unless I truly am. And I'll never be late for work again... apart from today, of course, for which I'm really sorry. I'll make the time up, or you can dock my pay. I just couldn't..." Her eyes brimmed with tears as she struggled to form a coherent sentence.

"Forget about this morning. I promise you there'll be no reprisals this time." His voice was soothing as he leaned closer and stroked her cheek gently, keeping an arm around her shoulders. "You were very brave to come in and face us. It couldn't have been easy. I'm so proud of you." Barbara noticed Melissa's lips curve up at the edges when Ben praised her. "I know now that I made the right choice when I decided to give up my afternoon to help you. The only

alternative was to dismiss you, and that would have been a big mistake. But you really couldn't have gone unpunished after the way you behaved. You know that, don't you?"

Melissa gave him a small smile as her cheeks turned pink. "Yes, sir, I really appreciate you not sacking me. I'm sorry I was late, but—no disrespect—you're lucky I came in at all. I just couldn't face either of you."

"But you did," Ben reminded her, touching her cheek. "You've proved that we were right to give you another chance."

Melissa's cheeks flushed an even deeper red as she chewed her lower lip and stared at her hands, which she twisted anxiously in her lap. "But I almost quit."

Ben responded without a moment's hesitation. "Well, I'm very pleased that you didn't. That would have been a real shame. I'd hate to think that all you learned from yesterday was how to give up."

The phone rang, disturbing them, and all eyes turned towards reception. Melissa started to rise from her seat, but Barbara jumped up and rushed through to answer it. She smiled as she spoke on the phone, looking towards her husband. He had now sat down beside Melissa, and was holding her hand as he talked to her quietly. The young receptionist nodded, looked up at him, and grinned as he brushed her tears away. Barbara smiled. She should never have doubted his ability to win Melissa round.

"That was Mrs. Phillips," Barbara said, as she headed back into the kitchen. "She's stuck in traffic. As she needs to get back to work for a meeting at one, she's rescheduled for next week."

"Okay, thank you. So I believe I just have Miss Willis." He glanced at his watch. "She's due in half an hour, is that right?"

"Yes, that's correct, dear." Barbara was pleased that he had calmed Melissa down, and he no longer appeared angry over her own outburst. She really would have to learn to bite her tongue. He had only recently reintroduced her bare bottom to the evil wooden paddle with holes drilled through it, which he kept in his bedside drawer at home.

It had been a long time since he had had cause to really punish her, but her recent paddling for speeding and jumping a red light when she was late for a meeting—and arguing with him when he'd found out about it—had been an unwelcome warning of what would happen in the future if she did not learn to rein in her temper. She did not need another reminder so soon,

she thought, her buttocks tensing at the memory. She could barely sit down following that, and had been mindful of adhering to the rules of the road ever since. She certainly had sympathy for Melissa, and imagined she wouldn't be sitting too comfortably. That much was evident by the way she kept squirming on her seat.

"Barbara," Ben said, breaking her train of thought and causing her to jump. "I think your next client's here." Smiling, he nodded towards the petite brunette who was anxiously pacing the reception area. Barbara spun round and flashed an encouraging smile at her pale-faced patient. "Hi, Hayley, how are you?" Walking over, she linked her arm and guided her quickly towards her room. "I've got the shots ready for you. There's absolutely nothing to worry about, I promise. It's just a couple of little scratches."

Hayley tensed, hesitating in the doorway.

"Let's get this over with, and then you can tell me all about your upcoming holiday. I'm so jealous. I've never been to Africa. You must be very excited." Before the nervous young woman could turn and bolt for the exit, which Barbara feared she may well do, she escorted her into her room and closed the door.

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Alone with Dr. Williams, Melissa swallowed hard and wrung her hands, staring down at them and closely examining her perfectly manicured fingernails. "I wrote my letter of resignation... several times." She sighed deeply before raising her eyes to meet the doctor's.

"Well, young lady, I simply wouldn't have accepted it." Dr. Williams' eyebrows arched upwards and he took a deep breath. "There's no need for such nonsensical gestures. You know what will happen in future if you fake sickness, and I'm sure it won't be necessary for me to repeat that particular lesson."

Melissa held his gaze. "Oh, I swear I won't ever do that again. I've spoken to my friends and told them I'm on a final warning. There'll be no more skiving off work for trips to the beach, partying, or sleeping off a hangover. I promise I've learned my lesson." Her cheeks burned as she recalled the humiliating things that had been done to her. She squirmed in the chair, her buttocks still tender. Closing her eyes, she continued to shuffle around in discomfort.

"Try not to dwell on it. It's over." The tension left Dr. Williams' face and he smiled at her. "Be a good girl, and it won't be necessary for me to be so harsh with you ever again."

Melissa's eyes widened when he patted his lap. Surely he didn't intend to spank her for being late?

"Don't look so worried. Come here and sit down." He patted his thigh once more. "A hug makes everything better." Holding his arms open, his smile broadened and he winked at her. "I'm a doctor. I'm not allowed to lie about such things."

Her anxiety evaporated. Getting up from her seat, she dropped onto her boss's lap and threw her arms around his neck. "I love my job so much. I couldn't bear it if I had to leave."

"Hush, you don't have to do that. We've set some ground rules, and as long as you adhere to them, everything will be fine."

Melissa nodded and closed her eyes. Resting her cheek against his shoulder, she shuddered as he pulled her closer. "I was so ashamed. Some of the things you did to me were just awful." She winced as she replayed some of the worst bits in her mind. Her buttocks clenched as she vividly recalled the doctor's fingers, as well as an enema hose, intruding into her behind. "It was especially awful when Jason joined in." Sighing, she remembered the young, extremely good-looking trainee, who was due to join them for the next four weeks. "How will I ever be able to face him again?" Her blue eyes glistened with tears of shame.

"Ah, I see," Dr. Williams responded with a knowing grin. "I agree he is a very attractive young man, and it's clear he was attracted to you, too."

Melissa sat back and gazed into the doctor's eyes, her cheeks slightly pink. "Do you really think he liked me?"

He nodded, tucking her hair behind her ears, framing her face in his hands and gazing into her eyes. "Of course he did, and if he's got any sense he'll snatch you up before someone else does."

She smiled and fiddled with her hair, chewing her lip anxiously. She hoped Dr. Williams was right. Although Jason wouldn't be working at the clinic for long, it would be nice to have a bit of company her own age—especially the male variety. It had been a long time since she'd had a boyfriend. The things Jason had done to her had awakened feelings inside her, and she was desperate for more.

"Go on, get yourself off home," Dr. Williams said, lifting her off his lap. "Enjoy the sunshine this afternoon. Have a good weekend, and use the time to put yesterday's unfortunate incident behind you. I expect to see you back here on Monday with a smile on that pretty face. Do we have a deal?"

Melissa sighed. She wished it would be that easy to put her humiliating—but oddly highly erotic—experience behind her. "What about afternoon clinics?" she asked.

"Barbara and I can manage. We coped this morning, and I don't think she has too much on this afternoon." Ben smiled as he gave her hand a reassuring squeeze.

Melissa pulled her hand away and scowled. Huffing, she placed her hands on her hips and squared up to him. "I got into big trouble yesterday for skiving off work, and now, only a day later, you're actively encouraging me to do what got me into such strife in the first place. You ought to practice what you preach."

"Sorry, I was just trying to be kind." He laughed as he stood up and touched Melissa's cheek. "I thought you might need some time to pull yourself together."

"I'm fine, thank you." Taking a backward step, Melissa bent forward and tugged the hem of her skirt upwards. "Apart from this," she said, showing him her scuffed knee. "In my haste to get home yesterday—because you told me you'd shoved a fast acting suppository up my butt—I tripped and fell over."

She pouted, but her face lit up when Dr. Williams kissed the palm of his hand and pressed it against her knee. "All better?" His eyes sparkled with good humor as he smiled at her, and despite wanting to be mad at him, she couldn't help but grin.

"Actually, I am sorry about that," he said. "It was my intention to phone you ten minutes after you'd gone home, to let you know it only had analgesic properties, not laxative. Unfortunately, Barbara and I got a little... distracted."

Melissa shook her head, giggling when he scooped her up into his arms and carried her through to his room. She was aware that the couple indulged in sex in their clinic. She had returned after hours a couple of times when she had forgotten her purse or cell phone, and had been amused to hear them 'at it'. But despite her embarrassment over the previous day's proceedings, she felt a strange sense of satisfaction that it had turned her bosses on.

Laying her on the table, Dr. Williams busied himself cleaning the small graze. Picking up the box of Band-aids generally reserved for small children, he grinned as he selected a Mr. Bump

one and pressed it onto her knee. "Is that better?" he asked, as the bandaged blue Mr. Men character looked up at him. His smile faded as he helped a somber Melissa sit up. "As I've already said, I am truly sorry I led you to believe you might have an accident in your panties if you didn't get home quickly. That was cruel of me."

Melissa smiled and wrapped her arms around his neck. "I'm sorry I behaved so badly that such a course of action was necessary. Thank you for patching me up, doctor." She grinned mischievously.

A knock on the door interrupted them, and Barbara stepped into the room. "Miss Willis is in reception. She's a little early," she said, looking at her watch. "Shall I ask her to wait?"

"Tell her I'll be with her in a minute." Dr. Williams dismissed his wife and lifted Melissa down from the table. Putting his hand into his back pocket, he took out his wallet. "I take it you'll be working this afternoon, then?"

Melissa nodded.

"Okay. Well, be a good girl, pop next door, and get us all some lunch." He took several dollar bills from his wallet and handed them to her. "I don't want to embarrass you by going back over everything, but I need to know if there are going to be further problems. You were late this morning, which I can totally understand, and as I've promised you, there'll be no consequences relating to that. But I want to be sure you won't get cold feet again on Monday. I'll have a word with Jason—if you think that'll help? I will certainly not tolerate him teasing you over this." He paused and looked thoughtful. "Maybe it wasn't such a good idea to allow him to join us yesterday. Barbara sprung it on me, and it seemed—"

"It's fine, honestly." Melissa smiled as she pocketed the money. "I'm sure I can handle him." She wasn't entirely sure she could even face him, let alone deal with any teasing from him, but things hadn't been as hard as she'd imagined with Dr. Williams and his wife. Hopefully it would be the same when Jason arrived for his training on Monday. If not, she would try her best to avoid him.

Taking a deep breath, she reached out to touch Dr. Williams' hand. "My biggest fear yesterday was that I would lose my job. I'm happy that isn't going to happen, and although what took place in here was awful, I think it helped establish some boundaries for me. My parents would be so disappointed if they could see how I've been behaving. Daddy would certainly sell the house, and insist I go to join them in Canada."

Ben nodded in agreement, squeezing her hand.

"But my biggest fear now," she said, gazing up into his eyes, "is that I'll never in my life feel so aroused, invigorated and free ever again." Clearing her throat, she continued, feeling a blush rise up her neck and into her cheeks. "Despite my embarrassment, I felt more alive than ever before. I'm terrified that I'll never experience that with another man. Does that make sense?"

"Of course it does, and it's quite normal." The doctor reached his other hand out and stroked her cheek. Shaking his head, he smiled. "Though I guess it means I'll have to think of another way to punish you if you're naughty in the future."

Melissa shook her head. "You won't need to punish me at all. Your method of dealing with me was effective. It was humiliating and painful. You're my boss, and I felt ashamed that you had to treat me in such a way, but some aspects of it were very pleasurable, too—especially when Jason was here. Things that shouldn't have been erotic... were."

Chewing her lip and looking up at him, she was terrified he would think she was abnormal. That thought had kept her awake for most of the previous night. She had felt particularly disgusted with herself when her arousal had grown to such a peak that she had started to masturbate as she imagined Jason's hands on her, his fingers inside her. And, even worse, she had brought herself to an explosive orgasm as she recalled his large cock filling her virginal ass.

Her cheeks burned, and she was relieved that Dr. Williams could not read her mind. "Shall I go and get lunch?" She suddenly felt embarrassed to be having such an intimate conversation with her boss, and wanted to escape. She was also in dire need of some fresh air, as the temperature inside seemed to have risen to monumental levels.

The doctor smiled and leaned forward, kissing the top of her head. "Yes, you do that. And send Miss Willis in on your way out." Walking behind his desk, Dr. Williams sat down. "Please, talk to Barbara, or me, if you need to. Don't bottle up your feelings. A lot of women like to be disciplined by their men, and many get immense pleasure from their submission. It's nothing to be ashamed of. In fact, it's more common than you might think." He kept smiling at Melissa as her blush deepened. Not acknowledging his words, she smoothed down her skirt and rushed out of his office.

After sending the doctor's next patient through to his room, Melissa stepped outside and breathed a sigh of relief. It hadn't been as difficult as she had expected, and she was pleased that

all three of them were going to be able to continue working together without any awkwardness. She hoped that, when Jason arrived on Monday, they, too, would get along just fine. Moreover, she was thrilled to discover that she was not depraved for gaining pleasure from the humiliating things that had been done to her.

She strode towards the café to order lunch, smiling as she imagined Jason's hands exploring her body once more. Crossing her fingers, she hoped he would be as keen as she was to get to know each other a little better.