

# BEING TAKEN IN HAND



JODI BELLA

BLUSHING BOOKS

©2018 by Blushing Books® and Jodi Bella  
All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,  
a subsidiary of  
ABCD Graphics and Design  
977 Seminole Trail #233  
Charlottesville, VA 22901  
The trademark Blushing Books®  
is registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Jodi Bella  
Being Taken in Hand

EBook ISBN: 978-1-61258-541-3  
Print ISBN: 978-1-61258-585-7

Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book is intended for adults only. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

## CONTENTS

1. Mousy Molly	1
2. Homecoming	23
3. Baby Fat	33
4. Establishing Boundaries	44
5. How Much Is That Doggie?	57
6. Closure	73
7. Physical Therapy	90
8. Taking Charge	105
9. The Easter Egg Disaster	110
10. Erin's Secret	122
11. On Thin Ice	131
12. Safety First	156
13. Katie Wants a Fast One	181
<i>Jodi Bella</i>	205

## MOUSY MOLLY



Molly was out behind her house the day he moved in. A mid-sized U-Haul pulled into the parking lot below the condominiums, and this tall, broad shouldered man wearing a white tee shirt and tight faded blue jeans hopped out of the cab. He had a couple of buddies with him, one in the passenger seat and two more who pulled in behind the U-Haul in a pickup loaded with stuff. Molly was intrigued and curious, but her chronic shyness, as always, took over. She quickly grabbed the romance novel she'd been reading in the early morning sunshine and took cover inside.

She listened to the men all day as they worked. They weren't exactly noisy, but her house was catty-cornered to this new neighbor's and in close proximity. She found herself craning her neck out her window to try to get another look at the man.

That evening, after she had gotten ready for bed and turned out the lights, she noticed a light on in the new man's room across from hers. And when she peeked around her curtain, she was surprised to find that she could very clearly see into his bedroom. There he was, lying on the bed, reading a book.

She tried to turn herself away, chiding herself silently that she shouldn't be looking at him when he was unaware. She certainly wouldn't like someone to watch her like that. But her eyes were locked on his dark-haired, bare chest and the strong, muscled fore-arms that supported the volume in his hands. Even from this distance, she could tell that his hands were big and probably strong and hard. As she continued to study his hands, a shiver ran through her that wasn't exactly due to the chill of the early spring air on her flesh.

She found herself settling cross-legged onto the carpet in front of her window, and it was another hour before she finally moved from her spying position to get into bed. And that was only because the new neighbor closed his book and clicked off his light and she couldn't see anything else.

She wondered, feeling ashamed of her behavior as well as foolish, if she would have sat there through the night, watching him sleep, if she could have only seen in the dark.

The next morning, when Molly woke up, she remembered her unusual behavior and blushed hotly. Whatever had gotten into her? She'd never done anything like that before and, she vowed, she never would again.

She went about her day as usual. She went to work, stopped at the grocery store on the way home, and made a healthy meal for herself. After she'd cleaned up, she logged onto the computer and spent some time catching up on the newest spanking stories on her favorite sites and newsgroups. She even worked a little on a story she was writing, herself, her very first one. It was purely fantasy, and though spanking was something that she'd fantasized heavily about for as long as she could remember, she was having trouble putting her thoughts into words. She supposed it was her shyness coming out on paper.

When she finally went into her bedroom, smelling fresh from a quick shower and dressed in her favorite nightgown, she was

yawning with fatigue. But all thoughts of a good night's sleep fled when she caught a glimpse of her new neighbor, reading in bed again. No shirt, as the night before, the white sheet riding low on his hips. His handsome face was softened with a smile at whatever he was reading, and a few dark locks of hair fell over his forehead in a becoming, boyish manner. Molly was, again, drawn to him, and she found herself sitting on the floor of her bedroom, watching him in silence, as still as a stone.

A few minutes had passed, when a sudden blur of color beside him surprised Molly; she barely caught herself from exclaiming a loud cry, before she realized that a cat had jumped up next to the man. A silver tiger butted its head against the corner of the book and closed its eyes with obvious delight as the man set aside his reading to stroke and scratch the tabby. She was touched by the way he attended the cat, with full abandon and much exaggeration. She could tell he was speaking to the cat, though, of course, she couldn't hear what he was saying. Molly was a real animal lover, having learned from past experience that animals were always the most understanding and loyal of friends. Something in her really softened towards this man, this stranger whose name she did not even know, as she watched him lovingly play with and pet his cat.

From that night on, Molly's bedtime ritual was to watch her new neighbor until his light went off. Then, and only then, she would put herself to bed. What followed were highly erotic dreams, starring the man she watched through her window—dreams of submission, of spanking, of his dominance and loving guidance over her. Dreams of fulfilling her lifelong fantasies with him.

Molly chided herself every morning when she awoke and recalled the vibrant images from her dreams. Who was she kidding, anyway? She was Molly Gray, "Mousy Molly" as she'd been called in school. She was plain, drab looking, and dull. The only thing that made her personality even mildly interesting was her spanking kink, and there was no way that she would tell anyone about that!

Not that it would help her cause, anyway—that would only make him turn tail and run from her even faster.

Another woman might have thrown together a cake or a batch of cookies and walked them over to his door as a way to introduce herself. "Hi, I'm Molly Gray. Welcome to the neighborhood," she could say. It wouldn't be so hard. Maybe for another woman. But for Molly, memories of past rejections and her painful shyness kept her from even trying.

So, instead, she tried to content herself with watching him each night before bed. Her guilt grew, but she felt she couldn't help herself. Though she wouldn't have admitted it, even to herself, Molly was already half in love with the stranger living two doors down.



THE DREAMS that haunted Molly at night made her restless and edgy with unsatisfied desire in the mornings. It didn't help that she still read all the spanking stories she loved so much, though it did seem that the dreams and their erotic content were helping her own writing project along.

In an effort to work off some of the tension caused by the dreams, Molly started jogging again. She had been an avid jogger, one of the kind you always saw out at the same time every day, despite what kind of bad weather might be coming down around her. She'd gotten out of the habit, however, and she wasn't in the tiptop shape she had been in before. She was still able to run a decent mile, though, and set about jogging at least three, every other day.

It probably would have been a better stress reliever for her if she didn't insist on jogging past the mystery neighbor's house every day. She was always careful to plan her run when she saw his car was out of the parking lot, so there'd be no chance of seeing him by accident. But even so, there was always a risk that he would return

while she was running and she'd come across him on her return trip. And one day, it finally did happen.

She cursed herself the second she saw the dark blue Hyundai sitting in its usual spot. Why did she insist on going this route when it would have been so much safer to lope around the other way? Well, she thought, darting an anxious glance towards his front door, at least, he was already inside.

At that exact moment, the door opened, and before Molly could force her eyes away, out he came. He was dressed in faded blue jeans that had a hole just below one knee and a hunter green flannel shirt. He looked down at her and smiled as he closed the door behind himself. Molly lost her breath that fast, then tripped on one of the cracks in the sidewalk and went sprawling forward to land hard on her bare knees.

"Are you all right?" her neighbor asked, running down the steps to the sidewalk with an ease and balance that was ironic, considering the way she'd just tripped over her own two feet.

Molly was embarrassed beyond belief and didn't have the voice to answer him, at first. She sat back and winced at the angry red scrapes she now sported on both knees.

He made a sympathetic sound. "Here, let me help you."

Before she could even start to protest, he had literally picked her up in his arms, draping her wounded knees over one forearm and supporting her back with the other. He started climbing the steps to his home.

"Uh—I'm okay," Molly managed to squeak as he deposited her on the wooden porch chair that sat on his front stoop. "My house is just two doors down. I'll just go and—"

He gave her a gentle push back into the chair when she started to get up. "You'll just sit right here and let me clean those knees," he said in a matter-of-fact, no-nonsense-tone that did funny things to her insides, when all it should have done was rankle her. "Just wait here a second while I go inside for a couple things."

What could she do other than what he'd asked? She could run



home despite what he'd said, but the man was her neighbor, and though she'd done a pretty good job of avoiding it so far, she was going to be running into him more often just because they lived so close to one another. How awkward that would be if she were to skip out on him now?

He returned quickly with a wet washcloth, a dry one, and a bottle of antiseptic. As he knelt down before her and began to gently clean the red wounds with the wet cloth, he glanced up with a charming smile and said, "Name's Dylan Stein. How do you do?"

She smiled shyly. Dylan, huh? That was a nice name.

"Molly Gray," she answered. "Nice to meet you."

His touch was so light, she didn't feel any pain at all as he tended to her.

"I've seen you sometimes going to and from your car, but I've never been able to catch you to say hello," he said.

"I-I've meant to stop over and welcome you to the neighborhood," Molly quickly replied. "But I just haven't had the time."

He shrugged. "Well, here you are now."

They lapsed into silence as he finished cleaning her knees and prepared to run some antiseptic over them. "This might burn a bit," he warned quietly.

She nodded, thinking of other things she'd let this handsome man do to her that would burn, in other ways, as well. He made quick work with the antiseptic, and after an initial gasp of air, Molly was fine.

Dylan sat back from her and gave her bare calf a pat. "All better now."

She smiled. "Thank you." She found herself staring into his eyes, which were a deep, dark green, and she had to really pry her gaze away before she looked foolish. She stood slowly and started to move towards the steps to continue on home.

He stopped her with a light hand on her arm. "Do you run every day?" he asked.

She nodded, a surge of ridiculous hope coursing through her.

"Would you mind some company, sometime? I used to run, myself, but I've gotten out of the habit since the move. I've been meaning to start up again, but I keep finding excuses to put it off. Maybe if I had someone to run with, it would be the motivation I need to get off my butt again."

She laughed, though her stomach was knotted fitfully. She'd just fallen on her face in front of the man, would she be able to survive running with him? But as she looked into those eyes and glanced down at the warm, strong fingers that encircled her wrist, how could she say no to him? She didn't want to say no to him.

"Sure, I'd like that," she said. He smiled. "I usually run in the mornings between eight and nine, before I have to go into the office, but on the weekends, I'm pretty flexible."

"Sounds good to me."

He released her wrist, and she felt the break of contact with a sharpness that was unsettling. She smiled at him once more in parting, before hurrying down the steps and around the corner to the safety of her own home.

And so it was that Molly Gray began running with her neighbor, Dylan Stein. It was the last thing she had expected to have happen, and to her even greater surprise, it turned out that they became quick, comfortable friends. For the first time in a long while, Molly had someone to share her time with. And though she was still pretty shy around him, he made steady progress at erasing her uneasiness.

They started out running together and, then, they added an occasional meal together, taking turns at who did the cooking. She met his cat, Sterling, and they talked about books and movies and complained about their jobs. Dylan was a new history professor at the Community College, having just come from teaching at a private high school for four years. The idea of Dylan as "Professor Stein" gave her goosebumps, and she started having a whole new flock of erotic dreams revolving around her as one of his naughty pupils. She blushed to the roots of her hair some-

times, when she was with him and he would tell her about his day at work.

She'd get to daydreaming about one of her fantasies of classroom discipline from him, and he'd eyeball her sternly for a minute and ask, in a mockingly terse tone, "Young lady, are you listening to me?" She wondered what he might do if one time she said no, instead of assuring him she had been attentive.

If Molly had thought herself already half in love with Dylan before she'd even met him, now she would have had to admit she was both feet, head over heels in love with him. The more she saw of him, and the more she learned about him, the deeper she fell. The stories he told her about history were animated and alive with his love for the subject; the jokes he told were sweet and cute, never crass or dirty. He lent her his jacket if it was cold or raining; he held doors and always let her walk ahead of him as a gentleman would. He talked baby talk to Sterling and told her he'd love to have a whole passel of kids, one day, tearing around a big house with a huge front yard, nothing like the little condo he lived in now; he wore worn jeans and faded flannel shirts that hugged his lean legs and muscled arms, all the while looking as sexy as hell when he was really just careless about his dress. He liked to have music playing and candles or incense burning, and he was always ready with a smile or a gentle tease to brighten her day when she was in a bad mood. She also found out that he, too, did some creative writing in his spare time. Neither asked the other what kind of writing, or to see what had been written, though. Of course, Molly was curious to see something that Dylan had written, but since she didn't feel comfortable sharing her stories, she didn't ask to see his. She figured he refrained from asking to see her work for similar reasons.

In short, Molly was quite sure that she had found the perfect man for her, the one she wanted to wake up next to for the rest of her life.

But Dylan had come out of a nasty breakup, just a few months

ago, and had told Molly that he was taking "a break" from dating for a while. Molly figured that was the main reason why he had befriended her and why she felt so comfortable with him. They were just friends, nothing more. Though she might hope for the friendship to grow into something more, she knew better than to think that a handsome, charming man like Dylan would fall for Mousy Molly.

The only problem with their new-found friendship for Molly was the guilt. It was about a hundred times worse now than before, because she still couldn't stop herself at night. She still sat on the floor of her bedroom, all lights off, peering around the curtains at Dylan as he read before bed. She'd felt bad enough about it before, when she hadn't known him. But now, it was her friend she was spying on. Every night, she told herself she wasn't going to do it, and every morning, she had more and more trouble looking Dylan in the eye when they met for their run.

She wondered what was wrong with her. She'd always known she wasn't normal, but what was it that made her watch him, night after night, like some obsessed nutcase? Normal people didn't do that. But then again, normal people didn't get turned on by the idea of being spanked, either.

Sometimes, it was all she wished for, to be a normal person. To be able to find satisfaction in the normal sexual turn-ons and not be so painfully shy that the loneliness she felt at night drove her to stare out her window at a man she hardly knew but had already given her heart to.



IT HAD BEEN about four months since the start of their friendship, when one Saturday afternoon as Molly was working at her computer on a new story, she heard Dylan's familiar knock at her door. Smiling at the welcome intrusion and wondering why he was stopping by, she quickly saved her work, closed the file, and turned

her monitor off. She was so anxious to answer the door, she just left the computer running for the moment.

"Hi," he said, smiling, when she opened the door. He stepped over the threshold and strode into the room, surprising her a bit with his forwardness. She didn't mind his coming in, of course, it was just not like him to do so without her inviting him first. She shrugged mentally and closed the door behind him. It was when she turned that she saw the box in his hand. And her heart sank to her feet when she recognized the plain, inconspicuous, brown cardboard box, with the unremarkable return address. In Dylan's unsuspecting hand was the paddle that Molly had impulsively bought online two weeks ago. How had he ended up with it?

"The mailman delivered this to my box by mistake," Dylan said, answering her unasked question. Molly's heart began to beat again as she smiled shakily. She forced herself to walk past him, towards the kitchen in the back of the house. Maybe she could collect herself if she had a moment alone.

"Thanks for bringing it over to me," she called from the other room. "Would you like a glass of iced tea?"

"No, thanks." There was a pause. Molly busied herself with pouring herself a glass of tea while trying to get her hand to stop shaking. "I would like to talk to you about something, though. If you have the time."

"Sure."

Molly took two deep breaths, closed her eyes in a brief moment of silent prayer for her nervousness to fade, and started back towards her living room.

She very nearly dropped her glass of tea when she walked in. There stood Dylan, in the middle of the room, the black leather paddle she'd purchased out of its box and in his hand. Behind him, on the computer monitor she knew she'd turned off, was the damning background she'd loved so much when she'd found it on the internet—a cuddling picture of a couple, the woman's bottom bright red from a recent spanking.

Dylan tapped the paddle against the palm of his opposite hand and fixed her with a steely glare. "You've been a very naughty girl, Molly," he said.

Molly gulped. The glass shook in her hand. She couldn't say anything for a few moments, could only stand there and stare at him with that paddle in his hand and wonder how he'd found out and how long he'd known.

"I know that you've been watching me at night," he continued. "That's a very naughty thing to do, Molly, spying on a friend." He made a low 'tsk 'tsk sound in his throat. To her relief, he set the paddle on her coffee table and came over to her to take the glass from her hand. He set it down on her table and took her hands in his for a reassuring squeeze that surprised her. Wasn't he angry with her?

Although she knew she ought to be explaining her own behavior, she heard herself asking about his, instead. Not that her words made much sense in the jumbled way they fell over themselves as they left her mouth. "My package...you...why...open?"

Dylan chuckled warmly. His eyes were kind on her face, and she felt her cheeks blush with hot color. He cupped one side of her face with his hand and stroked the bloom of rosy red with his thumb. "I opened it by mistake," he explained. "I thought it was my order."

Molly's eyes grew so big they actually hurt. *His order!*

Dylan chuckled again. "I guess we're both out to one another now, huh?"

Molly managed to blink, though she was still too stunned to speak.

Dylan gave a tug on her hand. "Come sit with me a minute, Molly. We have to have a talk."

The words were so like those she'd read hundreds of times in the spanking stories she loved, and gooseflesh broke out all over her skin as she meekly followed him over to the sofa. When she started to sit beside him, he stopped her and pulled her down to sit on one of his knees, instead.

She couldn't help but glance at the paddle out of the corner of her eye. It looked a lot bigger in person than it had on her computer screen.

"Molly, look at me, please."

She managed to meet his eyes, though just barely. She felt her lower lip tremble.

"You've been watching me at night when I read in my bedroom," he said. "Care to tell me why?"

She swallowed hard on the tears in her throat. Her voice was husky when she spoke. "I-I was drawn to you from the day you moved in. I started doing it before I even met you. I'm not proud of it. I kept trying to stop myself, but it was like I couldn't help it. Even after we started being friends, I just couldn't stop myself, even though I wanted to."

Dylan was frowning at her. "I don't really buy that, Molly," he said sternly. "You have the ability to control your own actions, just as everyone else does. If you'd really wanted to, you would have found a way, young lady."

She looked down at her hands in her lap, sniffled, and nodded. "You're right," she admitted.

She could feel the heat of his gaze on her face, and the warm weight of his hands where they gripped her hips.

"What you've done is very wrong and naughty, Molly. You know that. What happens to naughty girls, Molly?" She couldn't answer him, couldn't say the words out loud, especially that *one* word. Dylan gripped her chin gently in one hand and turned her face up and over towards the damning wallpaper on her computer screen. "What happened to *that* naughty girl, there?"

She found her voice, somehow, and as she stared at the picture, squeaked out, "She got spanked."

"Yes, that's right." Dylan brought her face back around to him. His eyes were still so warm and kind, even though his voice was all business and no-nonsense. "Do you know what I think, Molly?"

She did, God help her. A shiver ran down her spine, though she

wasn't sure if it was borne of excitement or dread. Probably a little of both.

"I think that you need a good spanking, just like she did. I mean, we've got the paddle right here for it and everything. And you certainly deserve it."

"I-I've never been s-spanked before," she admitted quietly.

"Well, there's a first time for everything, I guess," Dylan said dismissively. "And, really, Molly, the matter's not up for discussion. But don't worry, I'm an old hand, shall we say, at this." He chuckled at his wording. "And you'll be safe with me."

*Safe.* That was an interesting way to describe it. She'd always felt safe with him before, she realized. And even though she was nervous and a little scared, as well as excited by what was coming, she also knew that what he said was true. She trusted him.

"First, I think a little corner time is in order for you, young lady," Dylan was saying. He helped her to her feet and led her to an empty corner of the room. "Nose in the corner and no turning around until you're told. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered, tucking her chin to her chest and feeling more shy now than she ever had in her life.

Dylan studied her a moment, then pressed a reassuring kiss on her cheek. "Don't hide yourself from me, Mol," he said gently. "Okay?"

She met his eyes briefly. "Okay."

He ran a hand tenderly down her long hair before pointing back to the corner. When she had righted herself again, he left her side. She could hear him moving about behind her. There was the sound of the blinds being drawn and then the darkening of the room as the drapes were drawn. A lamp clicked on to bring more light. Then she heard the scrape of the coffee table being moved away from the sofa, and finally, the springs of the sofa as they gave under his weight. She concentrated on the sounds and their meaning, trying to distract herself from the thought of what was to come and



the way the skin on her bottom was quivering as she stood there waiting to be punished.

Finally, she heard his voice. "Okay, Molly, you can turn around now. And come here."

Molly found her legs stiff and quivery as she moved to stand to his side. He looked up at her and took hold of her hand. He pressed a feather light kiss across the knuckles.

"Being spanked is something you've fantasized about for a while, isn't it?" he asked.

She didn't see the sense in denying the obvious; the proof of her kink was sitting within his reach on the coffee table, waiting to be applied to her backside. She nodded her head and said softly, "For as long as I can remember. But I'm still nervous."

Dylan nodded. "Well, I think you should be. I am flattered, really, by what you did, but I'm not pleased by it. And I'm going to punish you for your behavior. But you should know that I'm not going to be all that hard on you. You don't have any reason to worry, okay?"

"Okay." She managed to give him a wobbly smile.

"That a girl." He cleared his throat. "Now then, let's get started, shall we? Bend over my lap here, Molly."

She could only look at him for a moment, absorbing the moment and his words, accepting the fact that doing as he asked would be submitting to his control and willing herself and her correction into his hands. When she finally obeyed his request, bending her body over his jeaned knees, her skirted bottom topside, a delicious feeling of absolute vulnerability washed over her. A tremor of need coursed through her when Dylan's warm hand cupped her curves through the cotton cover, smoothing the material of the skirt over her backside.

She heard herself whimper and blushed furiously at the helplessness of the sound.

Dylan made some fuss of positioning her body over his legs until he finally got it to his liking. Molly could feel her knee length

skirt riding up due to the angle at which he had her bent over. She wondered if he would spank her on her bare bottom and couldn't decide if the idea excited or repelled her.

He didn't say anything before the first swat fell, and it caught her by surprise. It was louder than she had expected, and the sound was more of a shock than the pain, which was minimal. He followed the first spank with more of the same, pausing after a dozen had rapidly rained down. By then, she was beginning to feel the first heat through the cotton of her skirt and the silk of her panties beneath.

Dylan reached past her, and she knew he was grabbing the paddle that lay waiting on the table. Her stomach was suddenly alive with jittery somersaults when she felt him rest the weight of the paddle against her.

"This is a beautiful paddle," he remarked as he circled the large, black leather business end around one cheek and then the other. "I saw it, myself, online, and was tempted to buy it to add to my collection."

His *collection*? Good Lord, what had she gotten herself into?

He tapped the blade of the paddle ever so lightly against her. "I think we'll start with five, for now. Are you ready?"

"O-okay."

A split second later, the first smack fell, and Molly gasped at the sting of it. Even through the layers of clothing, that paddle was hard. The second spank cracked down, followed by the third, and Molly let out a loud, "Oww!" in protest.

"Stings, doesn't it?" Dylan remarked dryly.

"Yes!"

He didn't seem to have much compassion, for he fired down the next two swats, one after the other, and they seemed even harder than any before. Then he said, "And we're just getting started, young lady."

Molly glanced over her shoulder, and he grinned at her. He handed her the paddle and said, "Hold that for me a minute."

And there she lay, over the man of her dreams' lap, holding that horrible paddle that she'd spent her hard-earned money on, while he folded up her skirt and surveyed her lacy white silk panties with both his gaze and his hand.

"Very nice," he remarked, running his fingers along the elastic at the legs and waist of the expensive panties. She was sure he was going to pull them down, but he didn't. The warmth in her bottom was spreading, and she felt a throb of desire as she anticipated his next move.

He began spanking her again, slower this time, so that each swat had a chance to really sink in. Just as the sting began to fade from one smack, he gave her another, and Molly was gasping from the intensity of them. The swats were much crisper and sharper now, of course, since he had pulled her skirt up, and Molly didn't think he was really staying his strength for all that he had said he would go easy on her. She hadn't expected, despite all the different kinds of spanking stories she had read, that it would really hurt this much, and she was unprepared for it. She found herself kicking and squirming over his lap, whimpering and yelping in time with the tempo he beat on her backside.

When he had given her another dozen swats, he paused to rub at her bottom. "Shh, Molly," he crooned.

"It hurts!" she complained, to which he laughed. She shot him an angry glare over her shoulder.

"It's supposed to hurt, you silly little girl," he said. He put out his hand and said, "Paddle please."

She handed it to him and turned away quickly, sniffing daintily and laying her head on her folded arms. She felt pretty sorry for herself, though she knew she probably deserved it, given what she'd done.

"Five more, and this time, I want to hear you count them."

*Smack!*

"Ow! One."

*Smack!*

"Oh! Ow, two."

*Smack!*

"Owie!" Molly kicked her legs to vent the sting of the leather. Without the cotton skirt for padding, these swats were much worse than the previous ones. "Three."

*Smack!*

"Oh! Four!"

*Smack!*

"Five," Dylan supplied for her.

Molly panted over his lap, as he once again set aside the paddle and kneaded her cheeks with his hands. She heard herself groaning and whimpering, and she tried to stop but found she couldn't.

"Poor Molly," Dylan crooned as he stroked and caressed her. "You're not used to being punished. You've always been a good girl, haven't you, Molly?"

"Yes," she answered. "I was never one to get in trouble when I was growing up."

"I'll bet you didn't spy on the last person who lived in my house, did you?"

"No."

"I didn't think so. It's only been since I moved in that you've had these naughty urges that, as you said, you couldn't control. It's almost like I brought out the bad girl in you—like fate stepping in and bringing us together just for that purpose. To fulfill our life-long fantasies and bring out the bad girl in you, the one who knows what she wants, what she needs, and isn't too shy anymore to ask for it."

Molly moaned as his fingers dipped inside the elastic at the legs of her panties. She was sure that at any moment he was going to tear them off and touch her aching sex with those deft fingers, and she was frantic for him to do it, now. She did feel like a bad girl then, brazen and bold, and so very naughty in her desires. She ground her hips against his leg as he teased her further, moaning, and whispering the word out loud.

Dylan chuckled softly above her. "That's right. Good thing I know how to deal with naughty little girls like you, Molly Gray." Her panties were tugged down to her knees in one swift motion, and his hand was fast to cover the bared flesh with a steaming hot slap. "But they certainly don't get to keep their panties on for their spankings."

The renewal of the swats on her now very bare backside made Molly gasp and buck and wriggle in an effort to try to avoid his unerring aim. Her panties slithered down to her ankles, only to be kicked off and sent sailing across the room. Her bottom was on fire with the onslaught of his hand, and she was nearing tears. Yet even through the pain, she was aware of the sexual tension between them, heightened by their positioning and by her half nakedness. The warmth in her bottom was spreading like a sweet wildfire through her veins, heating her sex and hardening her nipples to tight buds that strained for attention. There was a wonderful intimacy and feeling of submission and vulnerability that she found wildly exciting, and Molly wondered what it would be like if the spanking was lighter and her heart wasn't laden with a month's worth of guilt over what she'd been doing every night before bed.

Molly lost track of how many of Dylan's hard, open palmed smacks she endured, but she was sniffing and fighting tears when he finally did stop. He caressed her again, and this time, his touch was even more powerful, since she was bare from the waist down.

"How long have you been watching me, Molly?" Dylan asked as he traced her tenderized flesh with the very tips of his fingers. She shivered with the sensations and hesitated in her answer. "I only noticed you about a week ago," he went on, when she remained quiet. "But I didn't know how to go about confronting you about it until I got your package by mistake and opened it." When she still didn't answer, he gave her a sharp smack and asked again, "How long, Molly?"

"Since the day you moved it," she whispered, her face burning in shame.

There was a stunned silence.

"I tried to make myself stop, especially after we became friends, Dylan, I really did," Molly added quickly, talking fast as she felt him shift his weight to grab up the paddle again. The leather snapped down on her bottom with a furious sound, and she hissed at the sting of it. "I hated myself for doing it, but I—" Another stroke fell, and the breath momentarily left her. She panted over his knee as another swat fell and another. Finally, she forced out the rest of her defense, pitiful though it was. "I-I had a crush on you, I guess. I couldn't help watching you, even just watching you read a book. I looked forward to it every day. I'm so sorry! I wish I hadn't done it!"

For a time, there were only the sounds of the leather snapping against her naked bottom and of Molly's tears. Finally, the spanking slowed and then came to a stop. Dylan still held Molly's body over his knees, tucked inside of one strong arm and snuggled against his chest. She sniffled and tried to compose herself while she waited.

One last fiery smack crashed down, and she gasped.

"I've lived in that house nearly four weeks now," Dylan said. "I ought to spank you once a day for that long, just to even the score."

Molly didn't argue with him. What could she say? She just lay there, waiting. And finally, she felt him toss the paddle aside, and he helped her to stand.

"I'm sorry, Dylan," she said, searching his eyes beseechingly for understanding. "I'm so sorry."

He nodded. "I know. I forgive you."

He stood up then, as well, and watched her with a bemused expression as she reached back with both hands and rubbed gingerly at her seat. The front of her skirt had fallen down when she stood, but she didn't try to hide her backside from his view. Not that there'd be much point in it now, anyway. He pulled her hands free and swatted her once with his hand.

"It's a good bright red," he told her. "You go and look in the mirror if you want, but no rubbing. I want you to feel every last second of that spanking."

"Okay," she agreed. Feeling silly, she nonetheless disappeared into the bathroom and examined herself in the full-length mirror, admiring the red heat he had put in her bottom, though she refrained from rubbing.

When she returned to him, he was waiting for her with his arms crossed. He grinned at the expression on her face.

"I have just one more question for you, Mol," he said.

"What?"

"Why didn't you just come on over and introduce yourself to me?"

Molly looked away. She shrugged, wishing he hadn't asked. Looking at the carpet, then at the picture behind his head, and then again at the carpet, she answered, "Well, I thought about it. But I was just too shy to do that. I was afraid you wouldn't like me." In her head, she heard and saw all the people in her past who'd poked fun at her, who'd called her Mousy Molly and tossed aside her efforts for friendship. She closed her eyes briefly, and when she opened them again and made herself look at Dylan, he had such a ferocious look on his face that, for a second, she thought she was in for another spanking.

But when he closed the step between them, it wasn't to throw her over his knee, but to grab her up in his arms, instead, and crush his mouth down on top of hers in a blinding, sense numbing kiss that seared her soul and branded her heart as his forever.

When he drew back from her, Molly swayed in his arms, looking up with a dazed expression into his smoldering green eyes. "Just for the record, Molly," he said in a very determined voice. "I happen to like you very damn much."

She blinked. Then she tucked her chin to her chest and started to sob.

"Wh-what's wrong?" he asked, and he sounded comically like the typical man, at a loss as to what he'd said to upset his lady. "What did I say?" He tipped her chin up and wiped ineffectively at her tears with his thumbs. "Why are you crying?"

"Be-because you only like me as a friend," she cried. "And...and you know now that...that I feel more than that for you..."

Dylan smiled and kissed her cheeks. "Shh, sweetheart. Molly." When she kept crying, he finally sighed and tipped her face up, bringing his lips down against hers again, this time in a slower, sweeter kiss. Molly melted against him, letting his fingers wipe away her tears.

"Did that feel like a kiss between friends to you?" he asked her a few minutes later, when they came up for air. She smiled, confused and waiting for him to continue. He framed her face and grinned. "I think that my little 'break' from dating has officially ended, don't you?"

She giggled.

"If your bottom's up to it, tonight, would you have dinner with me?" he asked.

"I'd love to," she answered, her smile broadening.

"Great. I'll pick you up at seven. And if you're good, maybe you'll get another spanking, tonight."

"But you just spanked me!"

Dylan chuckled. He kissed her cheek, then her neck, and whispered in her ear, "You've got a lot to learn. Be glad I'm here to teach you."

He swatted her softly and started for the door.

"Dylan?"

"Yeah?" He turned and waited.

"Can we make love afterwards?" It was the most uncharacteristic thing she'd ever said. And it felt wonderful to hear the words come out of her mouth.

"That doesn't sound like something a good girl would ask," he scolded teasingly.

She shrugged. "Like you said, you seem to bring out the bad girl in me."

He grinned. "Is that what you want, sweetheart?" he asked gently. "To make love?"



She nodded. "Yes."

He studied her quietly a moment. "I don't know. I think we should take things slowly. But we'll see where the evening takes us." He grinned and shook a finger at her. "Be ready at seven, missy."

She gave him a little salute and a saucy smile. "See you then!"