

CASSIE'S ROAD TRIP

CASSIE'S SPACE BOOK NINE



PK COREY

BLUSHING BOOKS

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CHAPTER 1



There must be something about river living that grows families. Tom and I have always been a family unto ourselves. Although we've always had dear friends, Tom and I lived across the country from our loved ones for nearly twenty-five years. While I missed having our best friends close, Tom was the dearest of all, and our lives were extremely happy with just the two of us.

However, when we moved to the river just over five years ago, our family tree seemed to blossom. We had visited at what is now our river home many times over the years and I'd noticed the neighbor children without paying close attention. But when we bought our home, Allie, the little girl from next door, had just turned sixteen. This dark haired, green-eyed beauty was blossoming into an incredible young woman.

I was quite surprised that Allie and I bonded quickly into a deep friendship. She made me feel quite young as we swam, boated and skied together and she also made me feel wise as I became her confidant and adviser, a role that often had Tom shaking his head in amused disbelief.

We did bring a little something to the party to be sure. Ryan was

the young man who took care of the lawn at our old home. Since the river was not that far from our old place, Ryan was a frequent visitor as he helped us design our new home's lawn and garden. Ryan had always been special to me. I've loved him since he was fifteen. I'd enjoyed watching Ryan transform from a skinny teen, barely taller than me to an extremely handsome man. Tom and I never had children of our own and I would often daydream that Ryan was ours.

The very first time Ryan and Allie laid eyes on one another I saw a definite spark, and goodness was I right. Dreams were fulfilled right and left as those two fell in love. They are to be married after Allie graduates from college. And to pile on wonders, through many strange twists of fate, we were able to legally adopt Ryan and my daydreams of actually being his mother came true.

The draw of the river soon reached across the country and my two dearest friends—my sisters for more than fifty years, Sue and Annie, chose to come and live close. There is no way I can describe what these wonderful women mean to me. They each own part of my heart, part of my soul just as Tom does. They were my friends before Tom, they, with the help of their husbands, kept me alive during my first marriage. That marriage was a horror that only ended with my first husband's unexpected death. And they continued to try their best to keep me from going over the edge into the abyss in the wild years that fell between my becoming a widow and my finding Tom.

Sue and Steve moved here nearly three years ago, while Annie and Andy are still working on the renovations on the house they bought this past December. With their move to the east coast, I truly felt my 'family' was complete.

Little did I know another family member was waiting in the wings.

Lily came to our family most recently. Describing Lily and how she fits into our family has been difficult. In appearance, Lily would be easy enough to describe, she is a tall, stout, black woman in her

early forties, who possesses the energy of a twenty-year-old. She currently acts as chief cook and bottle washer for all three families on an alternating basis, and has her own mother-in-law suite at Annie and Andy's. And by Lily's way of thinking, she owns the whole lot of us body and soul.

Lily has always been a study in contrasts to me, her hugs, a simply touch to a hand or a face can make you feel as if the angels from heaven have come down to minister to you. Yet in the next moment she can begin fussing and scolding so you'd think Lucifer himself were after you. I'd never known anyone in my life who was more bossy than Lily, and that includes Tom, who previously held the title.

Seemly from the first moment she arrived, she could drive Sue and I crazy with the million or so things she thinks we do wrong. Top most, her opinion that our wine consumption was excessive. To keep life as fair as we can, Sue and I do our best to drive Lily crazy, too. However, everyone was stunned when Tom recently blurted out our family secret to Lily.

My dear Tom is an old-fashioned man. He believes the man to be the undisputed head of the household and he believes in domestic discipline to keep peace and tranquility in a marriage. To put it plainly, Tom is a spanker. Tom spans me for many reasons, and at times I do love it. He spans for fun, for reconnection, for stress relief, often for erotic reasons and all of these reasons have had my full an undying support. Unfortunately, he also spans for disciplinary reasons. If he feels I've lied to him, put myself in danger, or I've gone out of my way to break one of our established rules, he will most definitely spank. I'm much less in favor of these reasons, but I've learned to live with them.

Tom and I were alone in this particular lifestyle for the vast majority of our marriage, but over the past several years Steve, with Sue's somewhat reluctant approval, has incorporated spanking into their marriage as well, a decision which brought them much closer. Ryan and Allie joined the ranks, most likely because Tom has long

been Ryan's mentor. Allie viewed this development, one she fully consented to, much the same way I have over the years, delighting in the fun spanking to being not quite on board with the discipline. Annie, sweet woman she is, is not spanked, though she has received a swat or two over the years.

Although we'd kept this secret from Lily when she first came to work for us Tom decided not long ago that Lily needed this information. I was not happy about his decision, but I did know it would come out sooner or later.

So our family, such as it is, was thriving here on the river and we were all looking forward to spring and the ultimate arrival of summer wondering what adventures might come our way.