

Undercover with Betty
The Case of the Spanking Party

By

Sterling Scott

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Prologue — Four Years Earlier

Say what you will, but I've always liked older men.

In the early days of my high school career I dated boys my own age, and a year or two older, but these boys never ignited the spark of desire I had come to expect from reading romance novels. Don't get me wrong; I enjoyed their attention. However, try as they might, their whiney attempts to seduce their way into my pants were more an annoyance than a turn-on. After a few dates, the boys would discover I had no intention of allowing them to reach first base, much less anywhere more interesting. The pimple-faced, insecure boys stopped calling my phone. Then, rumors circulated through school that I was a girl's girl. For a while, I wondered if this might be true, but I didn't get a spark of desire from looking at any of the girls either.

Then, on that fateful day, I learned the truth. I didn't like boys, I didn't like girls—I liked *men*.

On that particular day, the girls' volleyball team coach had called in sick. The assistant football coach substituted for her. When this man—twice my age—decided to correct my serving form, I felt the aforementioned spark of desire. I felt the electricity I had come to expect from the romance novels.

The man stood behind me. The heat radiated from his body. Confidence oozed from his pores. The manly aroma of his sweat filled my nostrils.

"Now, Betty, try it like this," he had said.

His muscular left arm circled my diminutive body. His powerful hand cupped mine and together we gripped the ball. Circling my waist, his right hand encompassed mine.

"Make a fist, but keep your thumb down," he had continued his instructions. The warmth of his breath cascaded down my neck. Goosebumps erupted from my ear down to my shoulder. My skin tingled all the way down to my... well, you know—*all the way down there*.

The spark of desire ignited a blaze in my—my *hooah*.

"Bring your arm straight back." Still cupping my right fist, he pulled my arm back. My back pressed against his chest. "Now, smack the ball."

He released me and for a moment I was frozen. Then, with no thought whatsoever, I followed through. My serve flew straight. Gliding high over the net, it hit the gym floor a foot inside the boundary line.

"Excellent," he had said. "Keep practicing it, just like that."

He moved on to the next girl in the line, and I cursed that my serve had been so successful. I wanted him to demonstrate—to hold me—a few more times. Reliving the sensations of his touch, I executed another perfect serve. Thinking of his hands stroking mine, I became aware of the puffiness between my thighs and the dampness inside my panties.

I excused myself and ran to the locker room.

From that day forward, two things changed. First, I became the best ball server on the team. All I had to do was conjure the memory of—well, I never did get his first name, but I decided to call him Dick—conjure up the memory of Dick's arms around me, clear my mind, and smack the ball.

The second thing that changed was I began to pay close attention to the older men in my life. Most of them were teachers at the school. While nothing improper ever happened, I never

shied away from an opportunity to talk with them, to bump into them, and—oh, praise the Lord—to have one of these older men touch me. I had dirty fantasies of these men coercing my inexperienced body, melting my willpower away, transforming me into their mindless wanton slave.

At night, I would slip my fingers into my pajama bottoms and dream of being held by a confident, strong, mature man. Plead and resist as I might, he would gently force my legs open to receive his hardness. My body would overrule my mind and I would submit to his dominance. Accepting his intrusion, I would surrender my innocence to him.

And, being a dating pariah afforded some benefits. I had plenty of time to study and my grades skyrocketed. I graduated in the top twenty in my high school class. Also, I had plenty of time to sit in the bookstore reading romance novels. I had begun my reading adventures in the library, but I discovered the bookstore contained a more substantial collection, and a constant stream of new titles. Also, the mall was conveniently located only a few blocks from where I lived. As luck would have it, the bookstore employees didn't seem to care if I bought the books. They were happy to have me sitting at one of the tables reading, creating a welcoming atmosphere. I didn't even have to buy a coffee from the barista. Thus, my meager funds were not taxed by my ferocious reading habit. I always ensured I never creased the book spines and I never failed to return the books to their proper shelf locations.

Thus, it was in the bookstore that the second fateful day in my life occurred. Two years, eight months, and four days after I discovered I liked older men, I found my sugar daddy. Or rather, he found me.

“May I sit here?”

The soft, baritone voice drew my consciousness from the pages of the latest romance story. I lifted my eyes to the forty-plus year-old man. He had short but wavy black hair. While not lean, he appeared athletic. Awestruck, I didn't immediately respond.

“Young lady, this is the only empty seat. Is it taken?” he spoke again, this time a stern tone tainted his words.

“No, sir, it's not taken.” I straightened in my chair. I pulled my purse to my side of the small, circular table. Glancing around, I saw the coffee area of the bookstore had filled with patrons. Feeling somewhat guilty that I hadn't made a purchase, I rose to leave.

“No,” commanded the older man, “don't leave.” His hand extended across the table and his fingers briefly touched the back of my hand as I gathered my books. Reflexively, I settled back into my seat. “That is, it was not my intention to chase you away. May I buy you a coffee?”

I studied his face more closely. I admired the Kirk Douglas cleft in his chin. His soft green eyes relaxed me.

“Yes, thank you,” I said, barely over a whisper.

With the fingers that had grazed my hand, he gestured to the menu posted on the wall behind the counter. “What would you like?”

“Uh, a caramel latte, please.”

Leaving his books and coffee on the table, he approached the counter and ordered my drink. Not waiting for it to be prepared, he returned to the seat opposite mine at the table.

“That's a very interesting book. Are you enjoying it?” He pointed to the copy of *Fifty Shades of Grey* under my hand.

This was all I could stand. Having this distinguished, older gentleman sit beside me, having him touch me, and having him buy me a coffee had been far more exciting than anything that had

ever happened to me. Adrenaline flooded into my veins. When he noticed the erotic book I was reading, a surge of embarrassment filled me and I jumped up as though bitten by a snake.

I wanted to politely excuse myself, and my jaw worked back and forth to form the words, but I could think of no words to say. Deciding my only choice was to simply run for it, I turned. At that moment, the barista announced, “Andrew.”

“Ah, that is your coffee, or actually, caramel latte,” the man said. My attention returned to his eyes. “Do you mind getting it?”

I nodded and forced my limbs to carry me to the counter. I willed my hand to stop shaking as I carried the hot cup back to the table.

Seeming to ignore his unanswered question about the book, he sipped on his coffee and opened a book of his own to read.

I sipped my beverage. “Thank you, very much for the drink. It’s very good,” I said.

He glanced up and briefly made eye contact. He smiled and returned his attention to his book.

Shifting the erotic book to the side, I opened another.

“I am sorry for embarrassing you... about the book. I should have been more sensitive,” he said, his eyes remained focused on his book.

“It’s okay. I shouldn’t have been so jumpy. It’s only a book.” I sipped from the steaming cup. “And, to answer your question, it is interesting. Quite different from anything I’ve ever read before.”

“Interesting or exciting?”

“Uh, kinda both, I guess.”

“Hmm, I’m Andrew Turnhill.” He extended his hand across the table.

“Betty Kennedy,” I said, and shook his hand. It was warm and moist, and held mine for heartbeat longer than necessary.

“Tell me, Betty, how old are you?”

Rather indignantly I snapped, “Eighteen. I am certainly old enough to read anything I like.”

“Of course, of course,” he soothed. “Not my meaning at all. Forgive me for being, as the Brits say—cheeky, but you can understand it would be very inappropriate for me to engage a girl in a conversation about BDSM. But, as you are a young woman...” His voice trailed off, seeming to leave me to finish the sentence.

“Indeed, I understand. You’ve read the book?”

“Oh, yes. Quite, ah, interesting.”

I laughed. Our conversation continued to dance around the details of the book for several minutes. We finished our drinks and Andrew purchased another round. As we became comfortable with each other, he asked, “So, Betty, have you ever been spanked?”

While on the face of it, this question appeared to be excessively naughty, but it did merge into the dialogue we had been exchanging.

“No, I’ve never thought about it, actually.”

“Not even by your parents?” Andrew had not intended it, but this question hit a nerve. I looked away and tried to keep the tears from forming. “I’m sorry, did I say something wrong?” He took my hand in his.

Enjoying the comforting touch, I dabbed at a tear and returned my attention to him.

“No, you didn’t say anything wrong. It’s just the notion of parents is a sore spot with me. You see, I don’t have any.” His other hand extended across the table and he stroked the back of my hand. While he didn’t use words, his eyes asked me to continue. “I never knew my father. It

says unknown on my birth certificate. And, my mother abandoned me ten years ago. I live in a foster home.”

“Oh...” He seemed to want to say more, but for once, he was without words. “I see.”

“I’m sorry to be such a buzz-kill.” I squeezed his hand. “It’s nothing. It’s all so far in the past, I hardly remember it.”

“Oh...” he said again, apparently trying to find comforting words. “It is getting rather late—”

“Yes,” I said. Expecting he wanted to extricate himself from the awkward conversation, I stood and gathered my belongings.

“What I mean,” he lightly held my forearm, “is I want to invite you out to dinner. We can eat over there.” He pointed out the window to the upscale Chinese restaurant across the parking lot. “I hear it is quite good.”

“Yes, I would love that. I need to put this back.” I smiled and shrugged one shoulder. “I’ll be right back.” I picked up the erotic book that had occupied our past hour of conversation, and two other romances.

“Put it back? You don’t want to buy it?” The reality of my financial situation dawned on him, and he added, “Let me buy them all for you, please.”

Smiling, I handed him the books. He added my three to the two he had collected. Together, we waded through the checkout line. He held the door for me as we exited the bookstore. He paused for a moment to leave the shopping bag in his Cadillac. Taking my arm, he escorted me to the restaurant.

Over drinks—I had iced tea and he had scotch on the rocks—and dinner, I told him my life story. It wasn’t until much later that I realized he had said very little about himself. I told him about the foster home keeping me on after I turned eighteen and “aged-out” of the system. I told him about graduating at the top of my high school class and getting a university tuition scholarship, but being unable to pay the room and board. I told him about my unsuccessful search for employment.

“It’s the recession,” he said. “After the housing market collapse, there just aren’t any jobs.”

“What is it you do?” I asked, remembering his generosity and his Cadillac.

“I manage a hedge fund, which, interestingly, does very well in a down stock market.”

It was long past dark when we left the restaurant. He held me close as we crossed the parking lot. Pressing the button on his key fob, he unlocked his car.

“May I offer you a ride home?” he asked.

“That would be delightful.” I had no fear he would kidnap and ravish me. He knew there was no possibility of a ransom, and I knew I wanted him to deflower me.

He opened the car door for me, but instead of allowing me to sit down, his hand circled my waist to hold me close. When I turned to look up into his eyes, he lightly kissed me.

“I will gladly take you home, but as you have said, there is not really much of a home there for you. I would prefer to take you to my house instead.” He kissed me again, deeper. I opened my lips and felt his tongue touch mine. Parting our embrace, he pressed his body tightly against mine and whispered, “I think you need a spanking.”

The tingle that began in my lips flowed through my body and settled in my pussy. Dew soaked my panties. I sucked in a breath, but it froze in my throat. I had been imagining this man making love with me, now the vision of being spanked by him surged through my brain.

“I won’t give you more than you can take, but I imagine you can take more of a spanking than you think you can.” His hand caressed my back and drifted to my bottom. He lightly gripped a handful of butt flesh through my jeans.

Thoughts of the spanking and sexual activity the characters had done in the book filled my mind. My pussy shouted a “yes” vote. Did I mention I *liked* older men?

“Okay,” I said. “I’ll give it a try, but I want a safe word.” I had learned something from the book.

“Of course.” Grinning from ear to ear, he released me and held my hand as I settled into the soft leather seats. I’d never been in such a luxurious car before. I hoped my moisture didn’t leak through my pants and stain the leather seat.

He owned a sprawling split-level house set into a hillside. From the street, it appeared to be a small ranch style home. The top floor was at street level, while the lower floor opened to the backyard, with a built-in swimming pool surrounded by a large, brick patio. Entering the front door, there was a dining room to the right. A short foyer opened to a large room encompassing the living room, kitchen, and breakfast area. The entire back wall was a window overlooking the backyard, with its pool, and empty woods beyond. If he had any neighbors behind the house, they weren’t visible.

“This is beautiful,” I said when he snapped on the backyard flood lights, illuminating the patio and swimming pool.

After a short tour and a glass of ginger ale, he settled me on the couch in the living room. He sat beside me.

“Your safe words are simply: green light, yellow light, and red light. Green for keep it coming, yellow for this is okay, but no harder, and red for ease off. Say red light twice and I’ll stop.” He smiled and brushed a misplaced lock of hair from my face.

He examined my eyes for a moment, to see if I had reservations. I pulled in a deep breath, and he stood me up. He pinned me, facing sideways, between his knees.

The female butt is one big erogenous zone. Women, in general, love to display their bottoms in tight jeans, stretch pants, or bikinis in public. Men are welcome to look, but not to touch. I’ve strutted my stuff through the hallways at school, the mall, wherever, with no concern anyone would ever touch my tushy. Andrew Turnhill placed his hand on my butt. He gave my soft, erotic flesh a light squeeze. Through the fabric of my jeans, I could feel the warmth of his hand.

His free hand reached for the waistband button of my jeans and opened it. For a moment, I thought about complaining as he tugged down the zipper. He eased the snug fabric down to my knees, leaving my panties in place. I kicked off my sandals as he lay me down, across his lap; my bottom positioned front and center. His left hand comfortably held my lower back in position.

It was such a sensual moment. Laying there, offering him my bottom, I had no idea why a woman would want to be spanked, but I definitely wanted to be touched. Motionless, I surrendered to him.

He began to lightly spank my bottom.

The swats had only the lightest of sting to them. His right hand smacked one half of my *derrière*, followed by a pause of several seconds, to let the sensation migrate through me. While the sting was light, I felt it with my whole body. As the light pain ebbed, he swatted the other half of my butt. He repeated this in a smooth cadence. Before I was aware of it, my hips began to rock back and forth across his thigh. The vibrations of the spanking worked down, along the folds of my cunny. My rocking hips applied pulsating pressure on my clit as I ground my pubis into his thigh.

The experience was not at all what I expected. It was sexually exciting with alternating pain and pleasure. For whatever reason, I began to giggle.

“Well, young lady, I see you need a stronger hand to get your attention,” he said, in a stern voice.

The next smack was substantially sharper.

“Ouch,” I squealed.

Defensively, my feet came up and he shifted hands. Using his right hand to keep my feet from blocking his access to my rump, he launched a quick volley of sharp swats with his left hand.

“Keep your feet down, if you don’t want me to get rough.”

Groaning, I pushed my feet back down. I curled my toes into the fabric of the couch to hold them in place. He returned to his spanking cadence.

“Oh my, but that...” I lost my thought as my clit swelled, and I ground the little bad girl against his thighbone.

With the vibrations attacking my slit—from both the front and back—my mind wandered. I imagined I had been naughty at school, and Coach Dick was paddling me. The image only heightened my arousal.

I had not said “green light” or even “yellow light”, but Mr. Turnhill dialed up the experience anyway. Quick as a wink, he yanked down my panties. With only the slightest pause in his rhythm, he was suddenly applying his hand to my bare bottom. I imagined my secret lady bits were on full display, but I didn’t care.

“Ow-ow-OW!”

Again, my feet came up. This time, my right hand reached back to cover my ass.

He had been completely prepared for this response. His left hand caught my hand in flight and used it to pin me down on his lap.

“What did Daddy tell you about those feet?” he asked. Not waiting for an answer, his right hand dodged my kicks and planted two very sharp spansks—one to each naked cheek.

“Ow! *Ouch!*”

Squealing, unable to find any words, I willed my feet to flatten back on to the couch. *Daddy?* What had he meant by that?

“Ah, much better,” he said, soft and soothing. “This is a good girl spanking, not a punishment.”

At this point, his pattern changed. Following each rather sharp smack, he paused and gently rubbed the sting out. The cadence slowed slightly, but the erotic sensations magnified. The pain merged with the pleasure into one sensation rolling through my body. I bit into my left hand as tears welled up in my eyes. Surrendering control to him released me from my anguish; it was so relaxing, in an odd way. Contrasting with this, I felt an orgasm building. I waited for it; I willed it to wash over me. It would be my first orgasm not caused by my own masturbation.

Though my mouth said, “Ouch-ow-ouch,” with each swat, my brain squealed, *Oh, God! Spank. Oh, yes! Spank. Please, more! Spank.* I pressed my butt higher, hoping his fingers would graze across my pussy folds. *Oh god, I’m going to come,* my thoughts screamed.

Just before the dam opened to release the waves of pleasure, he stopped. Did he know I was about to come? Had he intentionally blocked it? I had not said, “red light.”

His left hand released my arm. His right hand began a slow caress, massaging my stinging bottom. I imagined, by now, it was a bright red.

“Well, my little kitten, you have done very well, but I think that is enough for your first spanking.”

I moaned in agony, more from being cheated out of an orgasm than from the pain in my bottom. I considered looking over my shoulder, to see how bright of a shade it was, but instead I

settled my head on my folded arms. I relaxed and enjoyed his caress. No one had ever touched my bare bottom before, and I liked it.

He eased my jeans and panties down to my ankles, and opened my knees. His touch slipped down along my slit. His fingers opened the folds of my lady bits and found my sex entrance. As his finger slipped deeper inside, I stopped him.

“No, please, that hurts.” I took a breath. “I’m a virgin.”

“I see.”

His finger backed out, and he massaged the outside of my channel with two of his fingers. While he soaked up my dew, my climax announced that it was once again building. This time, it was coming faster. I prayed he would not cheat me again. I raised my hips to invite him to caress deeper.

His index finger pushed the hood back on my clit, and he began to stroke it. My climax welled up to the bursting point. My hips lifted higher. Like a horny alley cat, I pressed into his hand.

His thumb touched my backdoor hole. I had certainly never been touched there before, not even by a doctor. While I might have thought the experience would be objectionable, it wasn’t. The sensation triggered my orgasm. With the touch of his thumb to my anus, my damn burst to release the most powerful orgasm I’d ever had. My body convulsed. I screamed. The pleasure consumed me.

“Thank you, Daddy,” I sighed.

“You’re welcome, kitten.”

Part One — Betty

Chapter 1 – The New Governess

Monday, January 28, 10:00 a.m.

The oversized oak door swung open a few moments after I rang the bell. The dark haired, middle aged woman answering the door said, “Yes?”

“Ma’am... Mrs. Veronica O’Kelly?”

“Yes, are you Betty Kennedy?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Please come in. Your uncle spoke very highly of you.” She held the door open and stood aside. As I stepped past her into the high-ceilinged foyer, she continued speaking. “I’ve read your résumé and I do fear this job is far beneath your talents. Perhaps I’ve wasted your time asking you to come over. I do apologize.”

“Actually, ma’am, the job does sound to be quite a challenge for my talents. I don’t have any real work experience. I can’t be too choosy.” I smiled as we shook hands.

She closed the door and led the way into the living room.

“Yes, but I can’t—” the older woman sucked in a breath before resuming. “I need consistency for the children. I can’t hire you knowing you will leave when the first real job opens up for you.” She gestured to the couch and I sat while she took a facing wingback chair. I folded my hands into my lap. When she sat, the baby bump became apparent in her abdomen.

“Yes, ma’am, I understand in taking the job I am making a long-term commitment. And you are correct. In planning my course of study, it had been my intention to take a job as a school nurse or counselor. However, without moving away, which I don’t want to do, I am stuck waiting on someone to retire. I did not make a particularly wise career choice.” She started to interrupt, but I flexed one hand upward to politely stop her, and continued, “Ma’am, please, actually this job is exactly what I want to do. I love working with children and being the consistent guardian for your four, er, five,” I gestured toward her swollen belly, “children is exactly what I want.” I paused for a breath, and then concluded, “I promise, my commitment to you is for the long term, as long as you need me.”

The room was quiet. As she had not spoken in reply, I added, “And, the situation could not be more perfect for me. Daddy’s, that is, my family’s home is only a half mile away and I will have ample personal time. I’m pursuing my Master’s Degree part time and would be prepared to get another position when your children are grown. Or, you no longer need my services.”

She picked up a yellow folder from the coffee table, opened it and began to study the papers inside. I could see my cover letter, which she scanned, then folded over, and my résumé which she studied for several silent minutes.

She continued her argument. “My children are very unruly. It pains me to say, I... we... my husband and I... are very good at making babies, but no good at raising them. To be honest, you are very young, and while you are very well educated, your small stature would not—” Again, she paused to deeply inhale. “I just don’t see you controlling my son. He’s bigger than you are.”

Gesturing to the paper in her hand, I said, “If you will glance at the back page under additional certifications you will see that I hold a green belt in karate and am a certified judo instructor. Ma’am, I assure you, I can control your son.”

Ignoring my answer, she flipped the pages back to my cover letter. “Your uncle must have told you something about my predicament. All four of—” Again, she broke her thought to fill her lungs. “You see, Stuart and I are very deep in our careers and enjoy the success we have experienced. We’ve not been good parents and given sufficient time to our children. Uh, corporal punishment—in your letter you suggest, or actually, insist upon the authorization to discipline with corporal punishment?”

“Yes, ma’am, Uncle Jack did relay the information about your children’s trouble at school. In addition to tutoring them, to bring them back to their grade level, I believe spanking is the best way to establish the necessary behavior modifications.”

“Is this from your psychology training? I thought spanking was abhorred now.”

“In text book situations, yes.” I paused to moisten my lips. “But, I have, ah, personal experience that convinces me spanking will be the most effective course in this situation.”

“Personal experience?”

I squirmed in my seat thinking of exactly what I was confessing. “Yes, ma’am.”

Mrs. O’Kelly pivoted her head with the sound of a car in the driveway. She stood and walked to the kitchen. I followed her. In the kitchen, an older overweight woman was preparing dinner.

“Betty, this is Jane, our cook. She would prepare meals for the children and you when you dine with the children. Otherwise you would be responsible for your own meals.”

I greeted Jane.

Mrs. O’Kelly continued, “Stuart will have the children wait in the living room and then he will join us in here.”

The house quickly filled with the sound of bickering children, though no distinct conversation threads were discernible. An occasional string of profanity erupted from an adolescent male voice. The balding forty-ish Stuart O’Kelly entered the kitchen. Jane busied herself with something in the sink.

“Darling, this is Miss Betty Kennedy, she’s applying for the governess job.” We shook hands and she added, “I’ll go keep the children at bay while you talk.” She handed the yellow folder to him and left the room.

“So, Miss Kennedy, that end of the house,” he gestured toward the living room, “is our private area. Our offices and the master suite are beyond the living room. I don’t wish to be snobbish, but we would expect that you would not enter our area unless invited. This would be your entrance,” he pointed to the back door, “and you have free run of the kitchen, laundry room and upstairs via the back stairs. Let me show you.” He led the way up the back stairs.

It appeared he assumed I had already landed the job.

On the upper floor, he showed me the common play area for the children and the bedrooms. The two teenage children, fifteen-year-old Carol and fourteen-year-old Matthew, each had their own room while the two younger children, ten-year-old Ted and eight-year-old Barbra, shared a room. A nursery had been prepared for the baby to be born in six months.

“And this, Miss Kennedy, would be your room. As you see it has a private bathroom.”

“Yes, sir, this is very nice.”

He pulled the straight-back chair from the desk into the open area of the room and sat, reading the papers in the yellow folder. There was a recliner with an end table and reading lamp

by the window on the other side of the bed, but it didn't seem appropriate for me to leave his side. Not wishing to sit on the bed, I patiently stood beside him while he read.

Without looking up, he said, "The children are all behind in school and we have been put on notice, given until the end of the current term in December to get their discipline in order." He looked up and held my eyes. "If there is no improvement, they will be kicked out of school." He paused. "This three-month period is the time you have. Can you handle this?"

"Yes, sir." I did my best to sound confident, but I'm sure my voice cracked.

"Spanking..." I wasn't sure if it was a question or a statement. I waited for him to continue. "Can you tell me how you expect to do this?"

"Yes, sir, I will use the traditional over-the-knee position and spank the children on their bottoms with only my bare hand. My goal is to shock them, embarrass them more than to inflict pain. In my experience, this is a better behavior modification technique than simply beating them for the pain effect."

"In your experience?"

"Yes, sir." There went the confession again.

He put the folder on the floor and reached for my wrist. Pulling me gently to his side he said, "Over-the-knee... you mean, for example, like across my lap?" He tugged on my wrist again.

"Yes, sir." I understood his intent, but I was unsure how far I was willing to go. After a pause, he tugged yet again. Surrendering, I lay across his lap, wondering what Uncle Jack had told him about me. He placed his left hand on the small of my back. Both the pointed toes of my high heeled shoes and my fingers dug into the carpet's nap. I knew what was going to happen next.

"And then, what will you do?" he asked.

Talking to the floor, I said, "Before the spanking I will have told the child what the punishment will be, uh, as in, how many swats. If they take it without resistance, I will permit them to keep on one layer of clothing for protection and modesty."

"Do you have panties on under your dress?"

What kind of an interview is this?

"Yes... Sir." My voice reflexively shifted to my submissive timbre.

He grabbed the hem of my dress and lifted it up to my back, exposing my bare thighs, my panty clad bottom, and a portion of my bare back.

"You will expose my children's bottoms like this?"

"Yes, sir, or I would normally expect to administer the spankings in the evening before bed. I would expect they would be wearing pajamas without underwear. They could then leave the pajamas on."

In an odd gesture of modesty, he tugged at the elastic hem of my panty's leg holes until the material covered the lower curves of my bottom. He placed his right hand on my powder blue satin panty. His warmth flowed into my bottom. Realizing he was a Dom, I wondered if Uncle Jack had told him I was a sub. My kitty tingled, and I hoped this would be over before a wet spot appeared on the gusset of my panties.

"You said, 'if they take it without resistance', what if they chose to resist?"

"Then the swats would be on the bare bottom, sir."

As I expected, his fingers went inside my panty's elastic waistband. He slowly pulled the panty down until I felt the cool air over my entire bare bottom. My pubis swelled and pressed into his thigh.

"You would then spank them on their bare bottoms like this?" His hand rested on my bare right cheek, again warming my bottom against the cool air.

I clenched my thighs together to hide what I could of my secret pink places, and to hold what I could of my moisture inside.

“Yes... Sir.” Again, I used my submissive voice.

“You say, your intention is not to inflict pain, but surely there will be some pain?”

“Yes, sir, I meant pain was not the goal. Obviously, to have any effect there would have to be some pain. I would expect to use only sufficient force to give a good sting. Ten swats on the bare bottom would produce a noticeable pink tone on the flesh... Sir.”

“You would give a good sting like this?” He raised his hand and smacked my right bottom cheek with a sharp report.

“Yes, Sir, just like that.”

He landed three more similar swats. One more stinging swat on my right cheek and two similar swats on my left cheek. Grimacing, I held position as I had been trained.

“Miss Kennedy, this is the punishment you have permission to administer. Be cautioned, you may go no further. You may not use a paddle or belt, or any more force than I have used just now. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

He removed his hands and applied upward pressure on my upper arm. I lifted myself from his lap. For a moment, I waited, but then decided I didn't need his permission. I pulled my panty back into position covering my very warm bottom.

“Very well, it is settled. Your compensation will be adequate. If you succeed in returning my children to their mainstream school paths, and care for our newborn child, there will be a nice bonus. You will use our minivan to take the children to school in the morning and pick them up the afternoon. The two younger ones need to be picked up at 2:30 and the two older ones at 3 p.m. You will address their care, tutoring and discipline in the evenings. Other than that, the days are your own time. Once the baby is born, you will be charged with her care pretty much 24/7. Carol and sometimes Mrs. O'Kelly can assist with babysitting for your time off. You get every Friday evening from 8 to midnight off. Once a month you can take until noon Saturday morning off. We can discuss other times you require as needed.” He stood and took a step towards the door. “Let's go meet the children.”

I followed him back to the kitchen.

At the completion of the interview, I went home and told Daddy about my experience with Mr. O'Kelly. At first Daddy chuckled at my story, but then he got excited. Quick as a flash of lightning, Daddy was seated in the spanking chair and I was across his lap. Hardly before I could get into position, he had pushed my panty down, bunching it at my knees.

Daddy started with four stingers as he reenacted Mr. O'Kelly's interview, but Daddy didn't stop there. He continued with stinging swat after swat. My kitty screamed for attention as loudly as my mouth pleaded for mercy.

As the moisture oozed from my kitty, I pleaded with Daddy. “Please, Daddy, I want to be a good girl.” I used our code phrase for sex, but he was too energized with the vision of Mr. O'Kelly spanking me. “Sir... please let me be a good girl,” I begged again. I tried to press my hand down between my thighs to pinch my clit, but Daddy would not allow my self-pleasure.

He pulled my arm around, pinned it against my back, and spanked harder.

Finally, with mercy he lifted me from his lap and bent me over the arm of the couch. Still fully clothed, except for the panty bunched at my knees, he took me. At first, he rested his erection along the crack between my sore bottom cheeks while his fingers tested my kitty. Using his thumbs, he opened my kitty and pressed himself inside.

“Yes, Daddy, am I a good girl now?” I moaned with the pleasure of being filled.

His only response was to plunge himself deeper into me, withdraw, and then plunge again to fill me completely.

“Oh, yes,” I screamed, as the tip of his penis brushed against my swollen G-spot. Again, and again, he pumped himself against the sensitive nerves until my orgasm surged free, leaving me a screaming, trembling mess.

“Now, kitten, be a good girl and squeeze me tight,” he said, though his command was pointless. My kegel muscles had already clamped down hard on his erection, of their own accord. He exhaled a deep groan, and shot a jet of hot seed deep within my kitty. The sensation caused a second, mini-orgasm within me.

Breathlessly, he lay along my back and kissed the back of my neck. When he had regained his breath, he said, “Kitten, I will allow you to take this job and move in with them, but you must return home every chance you get and tell me of your exploits.”

“Yes, Sir, I promise,” I responded, knowing it was not the times I corrected the children’s math he would find interesting. I wondered how many more times I would be across Mr. O’Kelly’s knee.