

The Author

By

Shelly Douglas

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CURE FOR INSOMNIA

It was three in the morning and Dana Cooper was awake. Her dog Floyd, a 170-pound Mastiff, snored loudly at the foot of the bed. Dana occasionally experienced a disruption of sleep, but this time she was frustrated and worried about her upcoming day.

As much as she hated being alone in the king-sized bed, the middle of the night was Dana's favorite time to fantasize. Tired green eyes focused across the room on a window that overlooked her backyard. It was dark, and a halo of light from the neighbor's house shone brightly through the glass. It didn't matter, though. Her eyes were almost closed.

She heard a faint knock and rose to cautiously open the door. Quickly, she peeked down the hall both ways to make sure the coast was clear, and closed the heavy hotel door behind her.

Their routine was always the same. Her burly friend rummaged through the black travel bag on the desk chair, as Dana quickly unbuttoned her blouse across the room.

"Please undress slowly, my sweet girl. You know how I like to watch you take off your clothes."

Dana nodded, as she lowered her eyes and shimmied out of her skirt. She continued to avoid eye contact with the handsome man who was already unbuttoning his white Oxford shirt as she slipped her feet slipped into the five-inch heels on the floor. Soon, she was standing before him in just her heels, lacy bra and cotton bikini panties.

His scent was musky and intoxicating. "Bend over the bed, and be careful in those heels," he instructed as he patted her bottom. Gently, he helped lower her to the mattress as two delicate hands reached behind in anticipation. One scarf that he took from her bag was tied to shield her eyes. The other secured her wrists. She shivered as he tugged on the last knot.

"Not too tight, please." Her tone was high-pitched.

"Is that how you speak to me, Dana girl?" His large palm came in hard contact with her left thigh, leaving a vivid pink imprint.

"No, sir." Her voice dropped from soprano to contralto.

He slid her panties down and slowly ran the tip of his tongue up the sensitive seam of her quivering backside. "You know how I adore this silky, sweet ass of yours."

A soft moan escaped from Dana's throat.

“Has someone been a naughty girl this week, Dana Michele?”

“Yes, sir – I’m sorry, sir.” She squeezed her eyes shut, even though they were covered by the scarf.

“Do you remember what the punishment is for being a naughty girl?” He almost smiled, admiring her luscious bottom bent over, as she wobbled in the black patent stilettos.

Her pussy palpitated in time with a rapid heartbeat, as the furry portion of a paddle was introduced to her behind. But it was the other side of the instrument that her trembling flesh awaited, and it wasn’t soft or fluffy.

However, as the spanking was about to begin, her bright eyes shot open and she moaned in frustration. She just couldn’t relax. Had she relied on that particular fantasy too many times? Fortunately, Dana had a home remedy for sleepless nights that usually worked for her. Unlike most people who might take a sleeping pill, her cure-all was more natural. Positioned on her back, she carefully picked up where her favorite spanking scene left off and gave it one more try.

With her right hand she gently tweaked her nipple - the slight pain was always a comfort. Over and over she tweaked and rubbed until she could feel the internal strain moving south. Slowly, her left hand reached down outside her panties and felt the warmth radiate immediately. As her lower muscles clenched and the lace on her panties became moist, she gently moved them to the side. Wanting to be as slippery as possible, her fingers inched their way over to the lubricant that was on the end table. She flipped the top open, and poured a small amount of the wet substance between her thumb and finger. As if on autopilot, she slowly spread her legs and circled her soft clitoris. Finally, the upcoming day was no longer in her mind.

She bent her legs as tense, soaked fingers moved up and down the length of her vagina. In no time, she detected the beginning of a spasm, and furiously worked her digits around what was now a swollen, hard bud. On cue, her cheeks constricted as her pleasure exploded. Not new to self-gratification, she continued to extract every moment of contentment as her juices flowed. Multiple orgasms were always welcome.

Just like every other time, she collapsed in a heap under her warm Sherpa-lined comforter. The strain of negative thoughts exited her body. She rolled over onto her side and sighed. In seconds, she knew she would be asleep. Mission accomplished!

WHY WAS SHE ALONE EVERY NIGHT?

Dana was an attractive and bright young student who had earned a degree in journalism from the University of Pittsburgh, took a job with a local newspaper and soon after, married a conservative, vanilla man. It was around that time that a friend introduced her to a popular erotic spanking romance book, hoping to help spice up her marriage. Usually a fan of gruesome murder mysteries, Dana found this to be a totally different genre. But since she'd always suspected that a possible "spanko bug" ran through her veins, she decided to explore an assortment of websites and continued reading voraciously. Unfortunately, Dana's husband wasn't willing to partake in her newly discovered spanking kink. In fact, he hated the thought of turning her over his knee. Needless to say, their marriage didn't last long. Believing that everything happens for a reason, she continued to research the various lifestyles that she never knew existed.

Thankfully, her steady day job writing minor news articles about a myriad of boring local events brought in enough money to pay the bills. She was a captivating woman, who unfortunately spent many of her evenings alone hovering over a laptop, writing creative stories. But on the bright side - at the age of twenty-eight she saw the publication of her first erotic novel.

She dated sporadically, but not as often as she would have liked. Every time she had a relationship and came clean with her desires, it abruptly ended. She was lonely and disappointed, but after one failed marriage Dana was determined to find the right man, even if she had to wait for him. She loved the saying "there's a lid for every pot" and she hoped there was a lid for her.

Occasionally, a fan of her books would contact her through her blog or email to request meeting in person. But the thought of getting together with a stranger who only knew her by her pseudonym frightened her. All of her novels steered towards alternative lifestyles of domestic discipline and age-play. It would make sense that one of her fans could possibly be right for her, but so far she had only written about her fetishes. In truth, it was merely her vivid imagination and extensive research that allowed her to write such fiction.

The only life experience used in her writing stemmed from an emotional scar left from when her father left her mother for an attractive co-worker. Dana was only four when she became a victim of divorce, forcing her and her mother to move in with her grandmother. By the time Dana was six, her mother took off with a younger man who didn't want to be tied down with a kid. Dana continued to live with her grandmother until the kindly old woman died at the age of eighty. Dana, who was in college at the time, never felt comfortable living in the large house alone, and her fears led to her entering a marriage before she was ready. After her divorce, she adopted Floyd, the largest dog she could find. The dog, at least, proved to be a reliable companion and the house felt a little safer with him by her side.

The security of his presence helped her sleep, but what had kept her up this night was a conversation she'd had with her friend, Carla, who'd expressed intentions to fix Dana up with an old buddy who lived in Philadelphia.

How was she supposed to meet someone who lived across the state? And he was probably an Eagles fan on top of it. But her friend was insistent. "He's perfect for you, and you'll be interested to know he loves your work." As much as that should have pleased her, it didn't. Wouldn't it be disappointing for one of her fans to find out that after four years of successful writing, she had no experience in the things she wrote about?

But after several weeks of hounding, she was told he would be traveling to Pittsburgh on business. "Please give Richard a chance, Dana," Carla had begged and Dana had finally acquiesced. They were scheduled to meet for coffee at ten.

The next morning, however, Dana sat at the kitchen table with her head in her hands. Her anxiety had returned, along with a stomachache. She really needed to work; instead she was going to meet Richard in an hour.

What do you wear on a coffee date? Dana put together three outfits looking for something appropriate. Finally, she decided to dress casual. Blue jeans and a crisp button down white shirt with a short black vest would complete the look. Floyd wagged his tail in approval.

Dana chose a Starbucks in the upscale shopping district of Shadyside for a meeting place. It was within walking distance of where she lived, and Richard said she should choose a place close to home. Also, her other friend Joanne worked there. There was, Dana decided, security in a crowd.