

# On Probation

By

Misty Malone

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# Chapter One

Derek Anderson stood outside his old college roommate's door. He and Phil Matthews had become instant friends their freshman year and had been roommates all four years. They've been friends ever since, following each other's lives and careers. When Phil called and said he had a big favor to ask, but had to ask it in person, Derek was concerned. He couldn't imagine what kind of favor he wouldn't want to talk about over the phone.

He reached up and knocked on the door. Phil answered quickly and invited him in.

"Hey, Derek, thanks for coming over," Phil said, handing his old college roommate a beer.

"Sure, no problem. What's up?"

"Well, like I told you on the phone, I have a favor to ask." he admitted.

"I'll help you if I can. What is it?"

"Before you agree too quickly, I have to warn you, this is a big favor. It's huge, and I'll understand if you don't want to tackle her."

Derek looked over at his good friend, eyebrows raised. "Her? Who am I tackling, and what does she look like? Wait. You aren't trying to set me up on another blind date, and disguising it as a favor, are you?"

"No, I promise this is no attempt at a blind date," Phil assured him. "And I told you, I'm sorry about that last time. I had no idea she felt so strongly about animal rights."

"All I did was mention I like hunting and I thought she was going to tear me apart."

Laughing, Phil said, "Yeah, she did turn out to be a little on the strange side, didn't she?"

"Do you think? She apologized to everyone she met at the party I took her to, because we drove twenty-five minutes to get there, when according to her we should have left a couple hours earlier and walked, or at the least taken public transportation. She told everyone how awful it was of us to burn all that gas and add to the world's pollution problems."

Phil laughed, remembering the fiasco. "Yeah, she was a little out there. But don't worry, this one's not a nut case, and I'm not asking you to date her."

"Okay, if I'm not dating her, what am I doing, and how do you know she's not a nut job?"

"She's not a nut job, she's my sister."

Derek raised his eyebrows again. "Your baby sister who about drove you nuts when we were in college?"

"That's the one. She was a freshman in high school when we were freshmen in college, so I wasn't around her much in her high school years. That was unfortunate."

"Yeah, it did sound like she had a few problems."

"Her main problem was our parents couldn't say no to her, especially Mom. Then when Dad died, that left her and Mom alone, while I went to college. Mom had absolutely no control over her, and that was a shame. Kelli's not a bad person. She's got a good heart and she's smart, but she never had any boundaries set for her, and she desperately needed them. Mom didn't give her any at all, and Kelli took advantage of it."

"So what's happened? The last I heard she was like a junior in college. Did she graduate?"

"No. Unfortunately, she quit school and started working a series of dead-end jobs. She was smart enough to realize there was no future in any of them, and wasn't happy. I just got her talked into going back to school to finish her degree, when she got herself in trouble. Now, she's ready to go back to college here in town and even lined up a part-time job. She was going to stay with me and finish her degree, but she can't move here now because she's on probation. The judge won't let her leave town unless she can get a probation officer here that will accept her."

"And that's where I come in," Derek surmised. "What kind of trouble did she get in, and how long is her probation?"

"First, Derek, I want you to know you don't have to do this. We've been friends longer than you've been a probation officer, so I'll understand completely if you don't want to, and it won't affect our friendship. But if you're interested, she's on probation for three years. What she did wasn't really all that terrible, but they gave her three years because it wasn't her first time before the same judge."

"That's never a good thing," Derek commented. "So what did she do?"

"After Mom died, Kelli went crazy. She dropped out of college, and she started hanging with the wrong people. She was out feeling sorry for herself one night and drank a little too much and got stopped. Luckily, she was just under the limit, but money was tight with her dead-

end jobs, and she'd let her insurance lapse. So she was charged with driving with no insurance. She lost her license for six months. A friend of hers borrowed her car during that time, and he wrecked it. It turns out his license had been suspended, which she says she didn't know about, so she got in trouble for letting him drive her car. Then she got caught driving a friend's car to work one day, and there was a stolen television set in the trunk, and some marijuana in the glove box. She claims she knew nothing about either one, and I believe her, for what it's worth. Then, as luck would have it, she went before the same judge. Now she's on probation for three years and had her license taken for two years."

Derek was nodding his head, and Phil went on, "It's a shame, really, because I was hoping I could finally help her get her life straightened out. I thought she needed to get away from her friends there, and she needed to finish college. This was her perfect opportunity. She could stay here, so she wouldn't need to worry about money for rent. She could walk to the college from here, so it wouldn't be a problem not having a license, and she had a part-time job lined up so she'd have a little spending money."

"That would be a good chance for her to turn things around," Derek agreed. "So, tell me a little more about Kelli. What's she like?"

Phil instantly frowned, which told his friend a lot. "She's a good kid, Derek. She really is, but she needs to realize that. She's been on her own too long, and she's out of control. Even before our mom died, she was basically on her own. She came and went as she pleased. She needs someone to rein her in a little bit. I honestly don't think she sees the good in herself right now, either, which is a shame. She's got a lot going for her, but right now it's hidden. I think I'm probably the only person who sees that in her, and lately, I have to look hard to find it."

"It sounds like she needs someone to hold her accountable for her actions."

"That's exactly what she needs." Looking at his friend hopefully, he asked, "Are you interested in the job?"

Derek sighed, and took a few minutes to consider it. "I've got a few questions, but I need honest answers if I'm going to be able to help her."

"Shoot."

"Does she seem happy with herself or her life right now?"

"No."

"Is she fighting the whole idea of being on probation, or is she willing to accept it?"

Phil thought a moment before answering, "I'm not really sure. She's been pretty rebellious lately, so I know it's not what you want to hear, but she may be bucking the system."

Derek nodded his head and asked, "Has she ever spent any time at all, even overnight, in jail?"

"Just a few hours at the police station, until I could get there and bail her out. She was never in a cell."

"Okay. If I take her on and she rebels and ends up in jail or something, is our friendship going to be a problem? Will she be upset with you because I sent her off?"

After consideration Phil answered, "Honestly, maybe at first, but I think she'll figure it out fairly quickly. Let me try to explain this. She doesn't take responsibility for her own actions right away, but at the same time, she doesn't blame her problems on someone else. She just doesn't think things through before she does them. If something happens, it's never her fault; it just happened. But if you press her on it, she doesn't blame it on anyone else, either. Eventually she sees it for what it is. Does that make any sense?"

"In a way it does, yeah. If she's never had consequences for her actions, nothing's ever her fault." Derek ran his hand through his hair, sighed again, and said, "Phil, here's the thing. It sounds to me like Kelli needs accountability in her life, and a strong sense of boundaries. If she steps over one of them, she needs to have consequences. I know this isn't something you'll want to hear, but until and unless she learns that life has boundaries and learns how to live within them, she'll struggle on probation, and will probably end up in jail."

Phil was listening intently, and agreed. "I think that sounds exactly like what she needs. Mom and Dad never did that for her, like they did me."

"Why did they with you, but not her?"

"I think because she was born two months early and had health problems when she was young. They just couldn't bring themselves to deny her anything, and she caught on to that early. Like I said, she's smart, and she learned right away that a charming smile and big puppy dog eyes would get her about anything she wanted. If they said no, a good pout on her part would change their mind."

"That explains a lot," Derek said, smiling.

"So what do you think?"

Derek looked at his friend intently for a moment. "I have one more question, and consider this carefully." Phil nodded, and Derek continued. "It sounds to me like what Kelli needs more than a probation officer is a friend who will hold her accountable for her life. She needs the probation officer to satisfy the court, but I think she needs a friend or mentor, someone who won't give in to her, even more. I don't think her chances of making it through probation are very good without such a friend. Now, I can and will be both her probation officer and the friend she needs, but the question is, do you think she'll let me?"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to be honest and up front with you, Phil. What I think will help Kelli most, and quickest, is if I set some boundaries, and if she crosses them she gets spanked."

Phil's eyes popped wide open. "Are you serious?"

"Completely," Derek assured him. "Think about it. Did you parents ever spank you when you were a kid?"

"Sure, when I was a kid."

"And what was the result?"

"It definitely caused a change in my behavior."

"And how quickly did you change?"

"Instantly."

"And did you grow up hating your parents or respecting them?"

"I respected them."

"Did Kelli respect them? That may sound like a silly question, but kids who aren't disciplined often lack respect for people, including their parents."

After some consideration, Phil admitted, "Derek, I never thought about that, but now that you mention it, I'm not sure she did respect them. She didn't listen to anything Mom said, so how could she have respected her? And she had Dad wrapped around her little finger, so she probably didn't have much respect for him, either. I think she loved them, but I don't think there was a lot of respect."

"It sounds like Kelli not only needs to be held accountable, but she also needs to learn a little respect for someone else. Then she'll be able to respect herself and the decisions she makes."



Phil was considering this and said, "I agree with everything you're saying, Derek. But she's not a kid. I don't know if she'll agree to it or not."

"Well, I'll ask her when I meet with her, but if I were to give her a sample of what I'm talking about, what will she do?"

"What do you mean?"

"After she and I talk about this some, if she gives me cause and I spank her, then try again to talk to her, will she hear me out and listen to what I have to say, or will she get super upset and call the police?"

"Derek, if there's one person she will listen to, at least a little, it's me. If she wants to call the police, I'll step in. The more I've been thinking about it, the more I think this is exactly what she needs, and it might work. You're willing to do it?"

"As long as you think it will work, yeah. In my business I see some people who think the world owes them, and they always will feel that way. There's not a lot I can do to help them because they don't even see that they have a problem. I just do my job, and encourage them to do right, and what happens happens. I see other people who know they need to change their life, but it's just too hard, and they're not ready to put forth the effort. The only thing I can do for them is encourage them to get to that point where they care enough to do the hard work. Every now and then I see someone, especially a young lady like Kelli, who is smart and has a lot going for her, but is just a plain spoiled brat."

Phil smiled at his friend's words. "That's Kelli."

Derek chuckled as he nodded his head. "Honestly, I just want to take those ladies over my knee and get their attention. I swear it's what they really need, and I'm sure it would work much better, and a lot quicker than anything else, but I'm just their probation officer, so I can't do that. If you'll back me up on this, I'd like to really try and help Kelli how I think will work best. I honestly think it's her best chance of staying out of jail. It's also her best chance of being happy, in my opinion."

Phil was nodding his head as he considered Derek's words. "I appreciate it, Derek. You've got my backing. Now we just have to convince Kelli."

"Set up a time for us to meet. I have to make sure we're compatible, and then convince her to let me help her."

"What do you mean make sure you're compatible?"

"Occasionally you meet someone you just don't like. It would be really hard for me to gain her trust, which is vitally important here, if she can't stand to be around me. Spanking is obviously a very personal thing, so we have to be okay around each other, and she has to trust me."

"Makes sense to me. I think so much of both of you I can't imagine there'll be a problem, but I get what you're saying. Now, don't get upset with me, but she'll be here before long. Her friend is going to drop her off here, and I told her I'd get her back home tonight. Sorry."

"No, don't worry about it. Maybe it's better. This way I won't have time to rethink my idea and chicken out." He took a few moments to think about the situation. "If she calls the police, will you come visit me in jail?"

"They wouldn't really arrest you for spanking her, would they?"

Derek shrugged and said, "It would depend on who the officer was and what Kelli said."

"I don't think that will happen. Thanks, Derek. I owe you."

"I haven't agreed to do it yet. Let me talk to her tonight, and we'll see how it goes."

"Agreed. Hey, a friend of mine who lives in an apartment two floors down asked if I could help him move some furniture this evening. It should only take a minute. If I run down there quick, can you let Kelli in if she gets here before I'm back?"

"Sure, go ahead."

Phil left, and Derek sat down to ponder what he'd just agreed to do. He pulled out his phone and made a few calls, then sat back to think it through, and decided to play it by ear. If that's what would help his best friend's sister, that's what he would do. As he came to that conclusion, he heard a commotion outside the apartment in the hall and went to see what was happening. He opened the door and saw two men and a lady, all yelling at each other at once.

Heading toward them he said, "Hey, hold it, all of you. What's going on here?"

One of the men offered, "This bitch stole my wallet."

Derek turned toward the young lady. "Is that true?"

"No, it's not. I told the asshole I didn't take it. His buddy ripped him off while we were in the elevator, but he won't listen to me."

Derek looked at the second man. "Is that true?"

"Hell, no. The bitch has it." They all started arguing again.

"Okay, everyone calm down. I think we should call the police and let them sort it out," Derek advised.

"Why the hell don't you mind your own damn business?" The young lady was glaring at him.

"Watch your language," he told her. She glared harder.

The friend of the apparent victim said, "See? That pretty much proves she took it. She's the one who doesn't want you to call the cops. Rick, you wait here and make sure she doesn't go anywhere. I'll go in your apartment and call the cops."

Something wasn't making sense to Derek, and he studied all of them a moment while he said, "No, wait. Don't go anywhere yet."

All three of them looked at him, and the victim asked, "Why?"

Derek said, "Tell me what happened. I want to hear your version, what you know."

"All I know is I had my wallet when I got on the elevator, and when I got up here, my wallet's gone. There were only the three of us on the elevator. Bill's a friend, so that leaves her."

"Okay, that makes sense." He turned to the young lady and asked, "What do you have to say about it?"

"I didn't take his damn wallet. I watched this prick lift it from his back pocket."

The apparent victim turned to look at Bill, and said, "What?"

Bill told him, "Rick, come on, you know me. She's just trying to pawn it off on someone else. Stay here and don't let her go, while I go call the cops." He turned again to leave, when Derek reached out and grabbed his arm to stop him.

Bill spun around, and Derek ducked to the side, narrowly avoiding Bill's fist. He quickly had Bill turned around and up against the wall, his arm behind him. When he had him subdued, he reached into his back pocket and took out a pair of handcuffs, which he placed on Bill. Turning him back around to face him he said, "Now, I'll call the cops."

He took out his cell phone and did just that, as Bill tried to convince Rick that Derek was nuts, and tried to get him to help him get loose.

The lady started backing away as Derek ended his call, and he told her, "Huh-uh, young lady. You're not going anywhere yet, either. Get back over here." She looked at Derek, then glanced at the stairwell. "Don't even think about it. Get back over here, now."

He saw her look over toward the stairs again and gave her a warning. "If you try it, you'll wish you hadn't. Now get back over here." He barely got the words out of his mouth before she took off running. Instead of the stairs, though, she sprinted down the hall. He immediately pursued her. He was impressed with her speed, but she was short enough that her stride wasn't nearly as long as his, and he was able to catch up with her just before they reached the staircase at the other end of the hall.

He picked her up and casually slung her over his shoulder and headed back to Rick and Bill. Rick was watching, his mouth wide open, while Bill was trying to get the door to the stairs open. Luckily he wasn't having much luck, with his hands cuffed behind him. Derek pulled him back into the hall. He set the lady, who had been pounding on his back the whole time, down in front of him. "What's your name?" he asked her, frowning.

"Who the hell are you; some kind of cop?"

"No, I'm not a cop. What's your name?" She glared at him again, but did not answer. Derek ran his hand through his hair and took a deep breath, letting it out slowly. Looking at her, watching her reaction, he said, "I'm a probation officer, Kelli." When her head snapped up to look at him, he knew he'd guessed correctly.

The elevator door opened and a police officer stepped out, looking at the four of them. Noticing the man in handcuffs, he asked, "What's going on?"

Derek said, "Apparently this gentleman, Rick, had a wallet lifted while in the elevator with the man in handcuffs, Bill, who is supposedly Rick's friend, and this lady, Kelli. Everyone's blaming everyone else, but my guess is you'll find the wallet somewhere on Bill."

The officer nodded and asked Derek, "And you are?"

Holding out his hand, he said, "Derek Anderson, probation officer."

"Thank you, Derek. Do you live in one of these apartments?"

"No, but I'm here visiting my friend. We can use his apartment."

He led them all into Phil's place, where Bill immediately started denying Derek's accusation. "It's ridiculous to think I'd steal a wallet from my friend. I insist you arrest this man for manhandling me for no reason."

"Officer, he did take a swing at me when I told him to stay where he was until an officer could get here, which is why he's in cuffs. Also, Kelli claims to have seen him lift his friend's wallet."

The officer asked, "Is that true, Kelli?"

Now that Kelli knew who Derek was, she had been studying him. If they would have met under different circumstances he would definitely have been someone she would have loved to get to know. He was exactly what she would consider the perfect man; tall, she was guessing over six feet, maybe six two, and muscular. His shoulders were so wide she found herself wondering if she'd be able to get her arms around them. They tapered to a narrow waist, followed by muscular thighs. She knew his black hair would be wonderful to run her fingers through.

When the object of her wandering mind cleared his throat, it brought her back to the present and she quickly thought back to what the officer had asked her. She looked at Derek and saw a stern look on a very handsome face. A subdued Kelli answered the officer. "Yes, sir." When she glanced over at Derek again, he was now smiling.

"Okay, tell me where you were in the elevator in comparison to him, and exactly what you saw." Bill started to interrupt, but the officer said, "I'll hear your side in a moment. Right now I want to hear what she has to say."

Kelli smirked a bit before beginning her explanation. "I was standing on the left side of Bill, who was just slightly behind Rick. I had a book in my hand and I think he thought I was looking at it and didn't see when he used his right hand to slowly ease Bill's wallet out of his back pocket. It wasn't in there very good. About a third of it was above the outside of the pocket, so it was easy for Bill to slide it right out. He casually stuck it in his right coat pocket."

The officer turned to Bill next. "Will you give me permission to look in your right coat pocket?"

"Unless you have a search warrant, absolutely not," Bill insisted.

"You did take it," Rick exclaimed. "What the hell?"

"I did not take it," Bill insisted. "I just don't trust cops. If I give him permission to search my pocket, how do I know he's not going to plant some drugs in there?"

The officer looked at them all, and had an idea. "Derek, did you say this gentleman took a swing at you?"

"Yes, Officer, he did."

"Would you like to press charges against him?"

Derek paused a moment, and when he caught the officer's eyes he was pretty sure he was following his line of thought. "Yes, Officer, I think I would like to."

The officer nodded, and Derek was pretty sure he saw a slight smile. "Okay. Bill, this probation officer wishes to press charges, so I need you to stand up." When he did, growling and complaining the entire time, the officer turned him around and pressed him against the wall. "Before I transport you to the station, I need to pat you down."

"What? You can't do that," Bill insisted, trying to turn around. "You don't have a warrant."

"It's police policy to check everyone before we put them in a cruiser to be transported." The officer pushed him more firmly against the wall and held him there with his body and one hand, while he patted Bill's right coat pocket. He pulled out a wallet, and asked Rick, "Look familiar?"

Rick took the wallet. "It sure does, Officer. Thank you." He opened it and showed the officer his driver's license.

The officer nodded again. "Bill, you're under arrest now for lifting his wallet, also." He read him his Miranda rights, and asked Derek, "Do you want to help me exchange your cuffs for mine?"

"Sure." In minutes Derek had his cuffs back, which he replaced in his back pocket, and the officer had Bill in his cuffs.

Another officer arrived for backup. The two officers talked a minute, and one left with Bill, while the other stayed and took statements from Rick, Kelli and Derek.

The officer was leaving, when Phil got back. "What's going on? Is everyone okay?"

Derek assured him, "Everyone's fine, Phil. Come on in and we'll fill you in on everything."

Phil went to Kelli and pulled her into his arms and felt her trembling. "Kelli, are you okay?"

"I'm fine, big brother, just a little shook up."

He looked at her with narrowed eyes. "You didn't do anything stupid, did you?"

Kelli looked at Derek, then down at the floor. Derek put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Relax, Phil. The police weren't here because of Kelli."

They sat down and told Phil about all the excitement he missed.

"Well, I'm glad everyone's okay," Phil said after hearing the story. "So, I take it you two have met then?" He noticed the look that went between the two of them, and wondered what that was all about. "Did you have a chance to talk any yet?"

After a long moment of silence Derek said, "Phil, I'm sorry, I know this isn't how any of us wanted this meeting to start, but Kelli and I need a little time alone. I made her a promise when we met, and right now it's important that she learns I'm a man of my word. Then we can have a productive talk. Could we have a little privacy, please?"

Phil looked at Derek, who looked very determined, then at Kelli, who looked very nervous, and he had a pretty good idea what was about to happen, although he doubted Kelli did. He respected their need for privacy, but also wanted to be close by in case he needed to reassure Kelli, or calm her down. "Sure. Why don't you guys go to the extra bedroom; would that work?"

"That would be fine. Thanks, Phil." Turning to Kelli, Derek held his hand out for her and said, "Come on, Kelli. We need to talk privately for a bit." She hesitated, shaking her head slowly, until Derek added, "Unless you'd rather discuss everything out here?"

Kelli looked at Derek and could tell he was serious, and after looking at Phil, she looked back to Derek and said, "Okay." She took his hand and let him lead her to the bedroom.

Phil watched them, wondering what had happened while he was gone, and hoping everything worked out.