

# Over the Line

*Blurred Lines, Book Two*

By

Jenny Plumb

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# CHAPTER ONE

The butterflies in Andie's stomach refused to go away. She'd had a difficult time concentrating on work all day because she couldn't stop thinking about the plans she had that evening with her surrogate parents, David and Nina. She let her mind wander while her hands filed paperwork.

She'd only known David and Nina for few weeks, and yet they'd become such a huge part of her life, it felt like she'd known them for much longer. They'd gotten her a lawyer, which had helped her to stay out of jail for stealing cars. They'd given her a legitimate job at David's veterinary clinic. They'd forced her to stop participating in all the illegal activities that had been a part of her everyday life since childhood. They'd given her guidance and companionship, which she hadn't had much of since the age of fifteen when her father had died, leaving her an orphan.

Then, on top of that, a few days ago, David had accidentally discovered her deepest, darkest secret when he walked in on her and her lover, Hal, in the middle of some kinky role-play. Instead of shunning her for her fantasies the way she had imagined he would, both David and Nina had not only accepted it, they'd gone on to confess their own kinks to her.

Their kinks had matched up so perfectly that Andie hadn't believed it at first. But once she'd been convinced of their sincerity, they'd asked her to play with them at their cabin over the weekend, and she'd immediately agreed. They'd spent the next couple of days discussing their fantasies and negotiating scenes, and now they were finally ready for a little trial run.

Tonight, once David drove her to his house for dinner, they'd be doing a small session in preparation for the big weekend. David and Nina had suggested it late last night just before they had driven her home, and now Andie couldn't think of anything else, especially filing.

She shook her head. David's assistant, Clare, had given her this filing project over an hour ago, and she hadn't gotten very much accomplished. Andie focused back on the updated immunization record in her hand, and realized she recognized the client's name. It made her smile to think she'd been working there long enough to actually remember a client.

She grabbed the next file on the shelf, but when she started to put the page in the folder, she realized the name on it didn't match up with the one on the sheet. Frowning in confusion, she

looked at the file she'd done before this one, and found the name on that file didn't match the immunization record either. She looked at the past five files she'd done, and none of them matched.

The files were in alphabetical order and the updated immunization records were in alphabetical order as well, so she didn't understand what had happened. She scanned the shelf, and found the file for the client she remembered. There were eight files in front of that one.

Her stomach twisted as she realized she'd messed up somehow. When she'd started filing, she was paying attention to the names, but after the first twenty or so her attention had started to wander towards what would be happening that night. After that she'd just been going through the motions of putting the sheets of paper into the files without checking the names.

"Shit," she muttered.

"Something wrong?" David asked.

Andie whirled around and faced him. She'd been so focused on her error that she hadn't even realized he was in the lobby. Her eyes darted between him and Clare a few times, and she could feel her face heating up. "I... um, I think I messed up the filing. I... haven't been paying attention to the names, and I just realized they don't match up."

She saw a flash of surprise and disapproval on David's face, but he quickly covered it with a smile. He said, "Sounds like it was an honest mistake." He then turned to Clare and added, "I just came out to let you know that I'm waiting for a call from a Dr. Norbeck. I'm still typing up notes from my last appointment. Could you please help Andie fix her mistake?"

Clare said, "Sure Dr. Stinton. No problem."

"Thanks." He went back to his office and shut the door.

Feeling worse by the minute, Andie muttered, "Sorry," to Clare.

Clare stood up and went to look at the files. She patted Andie's shoulder. "It's all right. No harm done. Let's see what happened."

Together the two women went back through the files that started with 'A' and 'B' to find the point where the files stopped matching up with the immunization records. It only took a couple of minutes to discover the problem.

"Here it is," Clare said. "I see what happened." She held the folder out for Andie to see. "This was a walk in client who only came here once to get their cat treated for worms, so we

don't have any immunization records for them." Pointing back to the shelf, she added, "There are probably several files up there with no immunization records."

Andie held up the eight folders that had been in front of the client she remembered and said, "Looks like eight." She dropped them down on the counter in frustration and sighed. "I'm so sorry, Clare. I can't believe I filed all of these wrong."

"Oh, don't be so hard on yourself, honey. Like Dr. Stinton said, it was an honest mistake. Just work your way back and fix the files that have the wrong records in them. Be sure to double check the names in each one." She patted Andie's hand. "It shouldn't take long to fix." Clare handed the folder she'd been holding over to Andie, and then returned to her computer.

Still embarrassed, Andie spent the next forty minutes fixing the files while berating herself for being so unbelievably incompetent. Her mind kept trying to wander back to their plans for the night, wondering if her mistake here at work would affect the role-play, but she forced herself to focus on the task at hand instead.

Once she'd finished with the files she'd messed up, she said, "Okay, Clare, those are all fixed."

"Good." Clare looked at her watch. "You should have plenty of time to finish filing the rest before the end of the day."

Andie nodded and picked up the next sheet of paper.

"Why don't you take your ten minute break first?" Clare suggested. "Take a few minutes to relax before moving on."

"Okay. Thanks."

Andie went back to the little break room, and got a drink of water before sitting down. Her mind immediately returned to speculating on what would happen that night. The only things she knew for sure were that she would be getting spanked by David, and that he was going to do it on her underwear, as a first step towards eventually trying it on her bare bottom. She'd made sure to wear a skirt so that he had easy access.

She shifted in her chair as she imagined David telling Nina that she'd wasted forty minutes of work time trying to correct her own foolish mistake, and then pulling her strategically chosen skirt up, and spanking her for her error. Shame, embarrassment, excitement, desire, and a tiny bit of fear all circled inside her stomach.

She checked the clock. This day couldn't end quickly enough for her, but there were still two hours left, and a stack of remaining papers to file.

During her last two hours, Andie made sure to double check everything she did, and sincerely hoped that after tonight's role-play, she could calm down enough to function at work tomorrow. But she had her doubts, since the next day was Friday, and she'd be heading to the cabin with David after work.

When David finally came to tell her it was time to go home, Andie sighed with relief. But by the time they got close to David and Nina's house, her stomach had started to do little flips as she thought about what might happen. She had a basic idea, but all the little details kept changing every time she thought about it. David and Nina had purposely left those details up in the air last night, explaining that if they told her ahead of time, she'd over think it, and then when it didn't play out exactly as she'd been imagining, she would most likely be disappointed.

"Nervous?" David asked as they pulled onto his street.

Startled out of her thoughts, Andie realized that this was the only time she'd ridden with David when he hadn't filled the time with some kind of small talk. She wondered if he was keeping quiet because he knew she wouldn't be able to concentrate on a conversation, or if it was because he was a little nervous, too.

"Yes."

"In a good way, or a bad way?" he asked.

"A good kind of nervous. Excited. A little scared."

As they pulled into the driveway, David said, "Remember, you can stop any time you want to. All you have to say is 'safeword' and everything will stop, no one will be angry, and we can all talk about what went wrong."

She gave him a small smile. "I remember."

"All right then," he said, returning her smile. "Let's go see if Nina is ready."

Her stomach lurched in anticipation. She nodded, opened her door with shaky hands, and followed David up to the house.

"Nina, we're home," David called out after shutting the front door.

His wife came out of the kitchen to greet them, giving David a kiss, and Andie a hug. "How was work?" she asked.

"Work was fine. How is dinner coming?"

"To make things easier, I got us a pizza to bake. I haven't even put it in yet."

"So you're ready to play?" he asked.

"I am," Nina replied with a grin.

"Good." He turned to Andie and said, "Something happened at work today that we could use for our role-play if Andie wants to."

"What happened?" Nina asked.

"She wasn't concentrating, filed some stuff wrong, and then swore about it when she discovered her error."

"I swore?" Andie asked.

David nodded. "You said 'shit.'"

"Oh. Sorry."

He shrugged. "It's fine. I'm not actually upset about it. If I was, I wouldn't suggest we incorporate it into our play. As long as you understand that it's play, and you're not actually upset about it either, then we can use it. Or if you'd rather not, we can do a role-play about something entirely different. We could say you got a note sent home from school for skipping class."

Seeing as how she'd skipped her entire senior year, Andie decided that wouldn't be a good one to try out. "You're really not upset about it?" she asked. "Because you sure looked upset when you found out... or was that because of the swearing?"

He pulled her into a quick hug for reassurance. "I was slightly annoyed, not angry or upset. You and Clare already fixed the error, and I know you didn't mean to do it. I'm positive that I'm not upset about it."

"Okay then, I guess I'd rather use that one."

David let her go, and asked Nina, "Does that work for you?"

"It's perfect," she said. "So let's try this again. How was work today?"

"There was a problem at work today." David said without the hint of a smile. He turned to Andie. "Tell your mother what you did."

Surprised by his quick change in demeanor, Andie turned to Nina, only to see that her smile had been replaced with a frown, and an expectant raised eyebrow.

"Uh... I was filing, but I had trouble concentrating, because I kept thinking about tonight. Then, after about an hour, I realized I'd filed most of them wrong."

"An hour?" Nina's voice was full of disappointment.



"Yeah." Andie couldn't maintain eye contact, and focused on the floor.

"Then what did you do when you noticed your mistake?" David prompted.

"I... I swore."

Nina scowled. "What exactly did you say, young lady?"

Blushing profusely at Nina's tone, Andie mumbled, "I said 'shit.'"

Nina gasped. "You said that word at work?"

Andie nodded and shifted from one foot to the other.

"All right, little girl," David clasped his hand around her wrist and started leading her through the house. "You're going to spend some quality time standing in the corner and thinking about your naughty behavior, while your mother and I decide on your punishment."

Those words, spoken to her in that tone by David, made Andie's clit pulse. Her belly did a roll as she found herself being led to the only clear corner of the kitchen. She felt his hands on her shoulders, firmly steering her towards the point where the two walls came together.

"Keep your eyes straight ahead, keep your hands down at your sides, and don't fidget. No talking until I tell you your time is up. Do you understand me?" he said.

"Yes." Her voice was barely audible, but David was close enough to hear it, and stepped away.

Andie stood there, silently staring at the blank wall, and thought it was all a bit surreal. She'd imagined standing in the corner countless times, and here she was actually doing it, but it still didn't seem *real*.

On the other side of the kitchen, Nina said, "I'll keep an eye on her and open some wine while you get changed. Then we can discuss her punishment."

"Thanks, honey."

Andie could hear them kiss, and then she was alone in the room with Nina. She listened intently to the sounds Nina made as she opened the wine, poured a couple of glasses, and had a sip. Then she heard several other noises, but couldn't figure out exactly what it was Nina was doing until she heard chopping. She assumed the older woman was making a salad, since pizza wasn't very healthy, and Nina always tried to serve well-balanced meals.

The novelty of standing in the corner started to wane as the familiar sounds of the kitchen helped calm Andie down. But as her nerves calmed, her embarrassment grew. She couldn't help but imagine how she must look, a grown woman standing in the corner, not because she had to,

but because she *wanted* to. She'd asked someone to put her there. She cringed and hoped this part would be over soon. Not that having asked someone to spank her was any less cringe worthy, but at least a spanking would be physically distracting.

Andie sighed and wished that David would hurry up.

The chopping stopped and Nina said, "I hope you're thinking about what you did, young lady. Your father and I are not pleased with your behavior."

Andie froze when Nina spoke to her. She'd thought and thought about what she'd done plenty while she'd been at work. She wasn't going to rethink that now, but hearing Nina reprimand her did send pleasant little shivers down her spine.

A few minutes later, Andie heard David come back in.

"Has she given you any trouble while I've been gone?" he asked.

"None at all," Nina answered.

"Good." He took a sip of the wine Nina offered him. "I don't know about you, but after today's behavior, I think she deserves a spanking."

Andie stayed completely still, but her stomach clenched, her heart rate went up, and her clit pulsed yet again.

"I agree," Nina said. "Swearing in public is completely unacceptable, and swearing at work is unprofessional as well. But the filing was a mistake, not deliberate."

"True, but she wouldn't have made the mistake if she'd been paying attention to her work."

Andie couldn't believe how exciting it was to hear them talking about what they were going to do to her while she was standing in the corner.

"Maybe some lines?" Nina suggested.

"I think that would help the lesson stick."

"Agreed."

David cleared his throat. "All right, Andrea, your corner time is up. Come over here, please."

Swallowing after hearing him use her full name, Andie forced her body to turn and walk towards them. They were both standing by the counter; David had his arms crossed, and Nina had one hand on her hip. They both seemed so displeased that it was hard to believe that they weren't actually upset.

"Your mother and I think you deserve a spanking for your swearing. Do you disagree?"

She had no idea what to say to that. Yes? No? Andie disagreed that swearing was any kind of spanking offence, but she *wanted* the spanking, so how could she disagree? But she wasn't supposed to want the spanking in this scenario, so maybe she should disagree. Not knowing what the right answer was, she kept her eyes on the ground and shrugged.

"Shrugging is not an answer, young lady," Nina said.

"I don't know," Andie mumbled.

"Well, I do know," David said, as he pulled one of the barstools away from the counter. He placed it in the middle of the kitchen floor and said, "You *are* getting your bottom spanked." He sat down on it. "Come here."

Andie took the three steps that separated the two of them, and stood in front of him without making eye contact. He put a hand on her upper arm and pulled her to his right side. Then he guided her down across his lap, but the height difference between her and the stool meant that her chest was on his lap while her feet were on the ground. She felt his hands on her hips, and let out a gasp of surprise when he lifted her off the ground and situated her so that her hips were on top of his right thigh and her stomach was on his left thigh. She automatically put her hands on the top rung of the barstool to keep herself balanced now that her feet were dangling in the air.

She felt David pulling up her skirt, and a strangled little whimper escaped from her throat. The position, the arousal, and the awkward nervousness she felt were all a bit overwhelming.

Once her skirt was bunched up at her lower back, and David had a clear view of her white silk panties, a wave of mortification mixed with even more arousal hit Andie. She hoped to God he couldn't see any kind of wet spot on them, but she wasn't confident that there wouldn't be one after everything that had happened so far.

One of his large warm hands rested on the lower part of her back, keeping the skirt up, while the other hand settled on her bottom. She remained tense and utterly still.

"Swearing is completely unacceptable, especially at work," David said sternly. "If you do it again, you're going to get spanked on your bare bottom, and your mother will wash your mouth out with soap. Do you understand me?"

His words went straight to her clit again, making it throb. "Yes," she whispered.

"Yes, what?" he asked.

They'd talked about this. She knew what he wanted to hear, but it was extremely difficult to get the words out. "Yes, Daddy." The whisper had been so quiet that she could barely hear it herself.

It must have been good enough, because his hand left her ass, and swiftly came back down again with a sharp clap on the right side. She gasped, and then closed her eyes as the mild sting settled into her skin. It felt so incredibly *good*, so right. The swat had been much lighter than when he'd spanked her in punishment, but also significantly harder than when Hal had playfully swatted her. David's hand smacked her left side, and the tension started to seep out of her body as he set up a slow rhythm. The sting was perfect when matched with the slight pause between smacks to let the sharpness settle before adding new pain. The swats continued from side to side, and slowly moved up to the top of her ass, before starting back down.

Soon the swats went down past her panty line and on to the bare skin of her upper thighs. The sting on bare thighs wasn't as satisfying or enjoyable as the previous swats, and Andie found herself squirming slightly, and tightening her grip on the rung of the stool.

David stopped swatting, and instead gently rubbed her bottom for a few seconds.

Breathing slightly harder than usual, Andie slowly relaxed across his lap, letting her head drop.

His hand stilled on the center of her ass. With his voice just as stern as before, he said, "Do you think Clare appreciated hearing that foul language coming out of your mouth?"

His voice mixed with the sting in her backside, and the position she was in made her stomach flutter and her clit throb yet again. She shifted her hips once and said, "No, Daddy." Her voice was stronger this time, now that she was past the initial embarrassment and fully appreciating what was happening to her.

"Do you think the customers wanted to hear you cursing?" Nina asked.

Andie had been so involved with the spanking itself, she'd almost forgotten that the older woman was in the room. She turned her head and saw Nina's feet less than a yard away. It struck Andie that Nina was *watching David spank her*. A new rush of embarrassment mixed with arousal went through her body. "No," she whispered.

A sharp slap landed on her right thigh.

"Ah!" she yelped. The sting of that smack was not nice at all.

"No what, young lady?" David said.

"No, M-mommy." It had been harder to say that one than it had been to say 'Daddy', but she'd gotten it out.

David started spanking her again with the stingy swats that felt amazing. Andie closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of his hand slapping her methodically, until every part of her bottom and thighs were tingling. Slowly the pleasant sting turned into a burn, and each added smack was just a bit too much. Her legs started to move slightly in time to the swats, and little noises of complaint started coming out of her. Just as she was about to say something, or put a hand back, the swats suddenly stopped.

She took a deep breath, and let go of the tension that had been building in her body since the swats had started hurting. David rubbed at the sore skin, and Andie shivered as the sting that had been too much just seconds ago turned into a very pleasant burn.

David said, "When you leave this house, your behavior reflects back on to us as your parents. We expect you to remember that, and behave accordingly. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Daddy." The words came out crystal clear this time.

"Are you going to curse at work anymore?" Nina asked.

"No, Mommy." It came out less certain than her statement to David, but she didn't stutter this time.

David patted her bottom gently and said, "All right then, I'm going to stand you up, and you're going to hold your skirt up in the back so that you're acutely aware of your punished little bottom. Then you're going to apologize to your mother and me for your naughty behavior, before going straight back to the corner to think."

Then his hands were on her again, encouraging her into an upright position while he held her skirt in place in the back. Andie was a little wobbly for a second, but he steadied her with a hand on her arm. He stood up, and said gently, "Okay, put your hands back, and hold your skirt for me."

Once she was holding it, he let go of her, and put the barstool back under the kitchen counter.

Nina said, "What do you have to say to us?"

"I-I'm sorry," she said to the floor.

"For?" David prompted.

"For swearing, and not paying attention at work."

"Good girl," he said, and took her arm again. He walked her back to the same corner she had stood in before, and said, "Keep your nose in the corner, keep your skirt up, and be still until I call you out."

She remained still, and heard him move away. It was a relief to have a few moments to process what had just happened, but having to keep her skirt up distracted her. She kept picturing how she would look to them, and it made her face burn with shame. Yet, at the same time, she didn't think she'd ever been as horny as she was in this moment. She was actually contemplating going to the restroom to take care of herself as soon as their little game was over, but she doubted she could really do it. She'd have to wait until she got home, but that seemed much too long to wait at this point.

She heard the oven beep, and then someone put the pizza in the oven. There were noises of someone going in and out of the dining room to set the table, with clanking plates and silverware.

Then David was beside her again. "Okay, princess, you can put your skirt down now, and turn around."

Once her skirt was back down, she felt more like herself, and was able to look David in the eye again.

"Almost done. You're going to write some lines, and then it will be all over, and you'll be forgiven." He put a hand on her shoulder and steered her towards the dining room. There, he led her to the chair with no place setting in front of it. Instead there was a pad of paper and a pen. He pulled out the chair and gestured for her to sit.

She sat gingerly, and then had to frown in slight disappointment. It didn't hurt; it was just a tiny bit sensitive.

David helped push the chair in and then tapped the paper. Andie could see that one line had already been written on it. "Write that twenty times neatly please, and then tell me when you're done," David said.

*I will pay attention to what I'm doing when I'm at work.*

Andie picked up the pen and started to write. As she wrote the words, her mind kept replaying what had just happened to her. She hid a smirk by ducking her head down as the irony hit her. She wasn't paying attention to copying down her lines about paying attention. She

doubted 'Daddy' David would appreciate the humor, and tried to focus on the task at hand instead of her tingling bottom and pulsing clit. By the time she'd written the last line, she *was* concentrating on the words, and told herself she wouldn't make any stupid errors due to lack of focus the next day at work.

When she was done writing, she looked up, only to see David scrutinizing her from the kitchen doorway.

"I'm done," she said, pushing the pad of paper towards him.

"Let's see." He walked over, and took a look at the lines. After inspecting them, he smiled and gave her a quick kiss on the top of the head. "Good girl," he said. "Punishment is all over."

He pulled a chair out, sat down, and patted his thigh. "Come over here and sit with me for a minute."

Feeling odd about it, she got up, stepped over to him, and awkwardly sat sideways on his lap. She couldn't help but compare this to when he'd held her in his lap after the actual punishment spanking he'd given her. Andie had craved the physical contact and reassurance at that point, but right now it made her somewhat uncomfortable to be sitting on him.

He wrapped his arms around her, pulled her in close, and guided her head down onto his shoulder. Once she had been adjusted, she felt him rubbing a hand in circles on her back.

"You're completely forgiven," David said gently, "and I know we're not going to have this problem again anytime soon."

"Okay," she said quietly, not knowing how else to respond, and wanting this part to be over quickly. She'd felt just as uncomfortable about sitting in Nina's lap after her punishment, but she'd assumed that was because Nina was female. Now she had to wonder if it was something else. When she was actually crying, she wanted the closeness, but once she was calm, the touching seemed weird if it wasn't going to lead to sex.

As if sensing her thoughts, David said, "All right little one, let's go tell your Mommy that you're done with your punishment."

Andie got up, and waited for him to take the lead. Nina paused in mixing salad ingredients together, and smiled at them. "All done?" she asked.

"She wrote her lines perfectly," David said.

Nina wiped her hands on a dishtowel and walked over to pull Andie into a hug. It lasted a little longer than her usual hugs, but Andie didn't mind it as much as sitting on a lap. "Good girl," Nina said. "You took your punishment very well."

The older woman let go and looked at David with a raised eyebrow. He gave her a nod, and said, "Okay, Andie, the role-play is officially over now."

Andie wasn't sure if she was relieved or disappointed about that.

Nina said, "We're going to give you some time to think over what just happened, and then we'll talk about it after dinner. For now, keep the conversation to neutral topics." She grabbed the bowl of salad she'd just mixed and handed it to Andie. "Go put this on the table for me, please."

During dinner, Nina kept up most of the conversation talking about her latest photo shoot, which worked out well for Andie, because she honestly did need time to think things over. She knew that David and Nina wanted her to evaluate what had happened so that they could all have a better time when they got to the cabin, so she carefully thought about everything, including all their previous kink discussions.

When everyone was done eating and there was a lull in the conversation, David said, "Ready to talk about what happened, Andie?"

She nodded.

"Give us your thoughts. What you liked, what you didn't like, and what you might like us to do differently next time."

Stalling a bit, Andie said, "What about you guys? Did you like it?"

With an affectionate smile, David said, "I enjoyed everything."

Andie turned to Nina, who said, "I had a nice time. But it's completely fine to tell us if you didn't have fun. It won't hurt our feelings, or make us angry. We want you to be as honest as you can."

Andie looked at her mostly empty plate to make it easier to talk. "It was better than I'd hoped for. I loved every single thing about the... you know..." she gestured in David's direction, "being over your knee. It was amazing. It's like you knew exactly how hard to hit to make it feel... right. The corner... I'm not sure. I kind of liked it, but it also made me feel strange... too self-aware. But I liked it when you guys were discussing my punishment and what you were going to do. I liked the threat of soap for next time, and I'd be okay with trying that. Writing lines



was okay. It wasn't as exciting as I thought it would be, but I didn't dislike it. Sitting on your lap once it was done made me feel uncomfortable."

When she paused, David said, "I'm glad you liked the physical part of the spanking. Can you tell me a little more about being uncomfortable sitting on my lap? Uncomfortable in what way?"

Andie looked at him and said, "I'm not sure. I know when you... uh, punished for real, I wanted a hug after, and that didn't feel uncomfortable at all, but then when I sat on Nina's lap after you left, that made me uncomfortable in the same way sitting on your lap did today."

"Why do you think that is?" Nina asked.

"I don't know."

"Uncomfortable in the same way that calling you 'princess' makes you uncomfortable?" David asked. "Something you maybe need but are afraid to want?"

Andie thought that over. "I'm not sure."

Nina said. "You were alone for a long time, Andie. People don't do well with zero human touch. Do you think you're uncomfortable with being in our laps because you've been denied that kind of non-sexual human affection for so long, that you've forced yourself into believing that you don't need it?"

"Maybe."

"Or that you don't deserve it," David added.

Since Nina had brought it up, Andie was brave enough to say, "I... well, it does seem odd to be on your lap when I'm not crying unless it's going to lead to sex."

"Did you want it to lead to sex?" David asked.

Andie shook her head.

"But you were aroused by some of the things that we did today," David said.

Andie blushed and looked at the table. "Yes," she whispered.

David nodded. "So maybe if you knew being on my lap would lead to you being able to climax, it wouldn't be so uncomfortable."

Andie hid her face in her hands and muttered, "I just... I don't know if I can do that."

"Hey, no pressure, sweetie," Nina said. "We're not telling you what we think you should do, and we're not telling you what we want you to do. We're trying to help you discover what it is you want, and help you get it."

Andie took a deep breath and nodded. "I know. It's just hard to talk about. I don't even know why; I'm not a virgin. Not by a long shot, but the thought of sex being so... one-sided is strange. Especially since you guys are married."

"Our relationship works perfectly for us," Nina said with a smile, "but some of our friends in the BDSM world don't understand it at all. Whatever you decide is fine, and at the end of each night this weekend, we can talk about how the day went and you can change your mind about sex or anything else."

Nina leaned forward and put her hand on top of Andie's. "But you should think about why non-sexual contact like sitting on a lap makes you uncomfortable. If it's something you've talked yourself into not having, but deep down you actually crave it, then we should incorporate it into this weekend. Force some cuddling on you until it feels natural, the way it's supposed to."

Andie looked at her and said, "I'll think about it, and let you know."

"Have you thought at all about the different ways this weekend could go?" David asked.

Andie nodded. "I think I'd like to try your idea of... being set up to fail. I don't have it in me to be bratty and act out on purpose, but if you guys were overly strict, and it was difficult to meet your expectations, then it would be easier to get... in trouble often."

David smiled. "My favorite."

"I like that one too," Nina said with a grin.