

Hard Wired Desires

By

Megan McCoy

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Chapter One

“You need to figure that out yourself, it’s really not my problem.”

“No, that isn’t my job.”

“I’m not going to do that. It isn’t my fault she took a long lunch. She needs to do her own work.”

“The customer is not always right. If you think that, you’ve never had to work a real job, have you?”

“I told you yesterday that I just mailed the check. Quit calling me.”

“Mom, I’m fine. You really need to get your own life, and quit trying to run mine.”

I stared at my computer screen as all the rude and thoughtless things I’d said that day ran through my head. I looked at my phone, knowing the blinking voicemail icon meant I had overdue bills, and extraordinarily considerate people were calling to remind me of that sad but true fact. I had the money in the bank. I’d just not taken the time to pay them. Why? I don’t know. Couldn’t be bothered? Didn’t seem to matter? I needed to quit procrastinating and set up that on line bill pay my bank kept telling me was wonderful. It would probably save me both time and money, and from lots of little blinking message icon angst. It was just one more thing I chose not to do.

There were dishes in the sink, leftover for a few days, and I honestly couldn’t remember the last time I’d changed the sheets on my bed. But really, how dirty could they get with just little old me in there all by myself, doing nothing fun, or very interesting at all? I’m sure they were fine.

The way my life was going, though, I was lucky I didn’t have a cat. The litter would never be changed, and I probably wouldn’t spay her, and then I’d have a hundred kittens, and someone would come haul me away to the crazy cat lady’s retirement home.

Sometimes that didn’t sound like such a bad idea. I smiled as I thought of a small, furnished room. Meals brought to me, meds that made me zone out. No worries. No stress.

Staring at the computer screen could very well get me to that spot, if I wasn't careful. Like a lot of things, the furnished room life, and my online life might be a nice fantasy, but it wasn't real life.

And yet, I continued staring at the small screen on my laptop.

Well, not just staring. No, that would be too easy. I was searching, and searching for something specifically. I had my faults, oh yes, but lack of computer skills were not among them.

I knew what I wanted. What I needed. I'd been working on getting it done, too. Unlike the vacuuming, and dusting, and bill paying, which I didn't need or want done, obviously.

Since I'd broken up with my wimp of a boyfriend and moved to a new apartment, gotten a brand new job, and a sassy new attitude, well, basically, my life sucked. I didn't like it one little bit, either.

I'd been lazy about going to the gym, the new job challenged me naught, but I had no motivation to either find the excitement in it, or seek a different one. I was eating badly, being careless about my finances, acted surly when my mom called, being rude to clients and the people I supervised at work, and overall, well, fine, I'll just flat out say it.

I was being a brat and something needed to change.

I didn't like the new life that I'd been so focused on getting. I actually kind of, really, totally, sorely, missed the wimpy boyfriend, Cole, who I'd been so eager to shed. I was bored and cranky and needed someone who was not my mother to direct me down the straight and narrow. It didn't seem like to much, and if anyone would just ask—I'd just tell them!

Because I knew exactly what I needed, and exactly how to turn my life back around. I know it's going to sound strange to you, but this is not an outlandish idea. I promise. People do it all the time and have done it for centuries, I suppose. Maybe... probably... who knows... but... anyway.

A mentor. That's how I was going to think of him, just a handy someone to help me out with my life. Someone to hold me by the hand, direct my way, get me out of my rut, and change my attitude. How hard could it be? There should be people clamoring for the job! Offering to pay me to do it! I was semi-young, and mostly not ugly, and hadn't gained that much weight and... sigh. I know. Don't scold.

It's not that I wanted to abdicate responsibility for my life. It's that I knew what I wanted and needed. I dreamed of the days when men were real men and women were taken care of by their loving spouses. Where the man looked on, adoringly, at the little woman's cute antics, and then when she got out of line too far, would put a firm stop to it. Like Lucy and Ricky without the yelling. I don't like yelling.

Yes, very true, I've always lived in a fantasy world in my head. Doesn't everyone? You can tell me yours later. It's my turn now. I know—selfish brat! Told you I was. I try not to lie much.

Now, while my real life was just this side of horrid, of course, my online life—the part where I stared at the computer screen—was active, exciting, and fun. This is like so very many of us in this time of technology, and is really pathetic, unless you think of the alternative, because at least we have the online life.

What did people do before it? It makes me sad to think of no way to reach out. Find someone who thinks like you, wants what you want, and shares the same goals in life, even if you are pretending to be someone else. Ever hear that Brad Paisley song about the guy who grows a foot taller and loses weight when he gets online? Yeah. That's how it works for a lot of us, just in different ways, not only physically, but also emotionally.

A shy girl can act bold. A straight guy can go bi. You can act out a fantasy you would never want in real life. Oh! Like one time I pretended online that I was a member of the mile high club! A half a dozen other people and I shared the who and what and details of this experience. We chatted for hours and I learned all kinds of things about where and how to do it in a plane full of people. I now have that information in my pocket, just in case it ever comes up in my life. I'd have to be pretty intoxicated though because in real life, of course, I sit tightly belted into the plane seat and never move because, well, someone has to hold the plane up with sheer willpower. I do that for you, every time I fly. You are welcome. I wondered later though, if I was making up my experience, if any of them were also. They seemed genuine, but no way to know, of course.

Well, I guess, back in the old days, if you wanted to meet someone, there were always bars or barn dances. But, that's just not the same. Unless you go masked, there isn't much of a way to look like or after a while, even pretend to be, someone else at a bar. Plus, I really think

they frown on the appearance of masked people. It probably makes the bartenders and other patrons nervous.

Anyway, online, however, I could be anything I wanted, in any mood my keyboard-clicking fingers felt like being in. My fingers were rarely in a bad mood. I could play, pretend, surf, and enjoy whatever my little heart desired. And oh, what it desired! Thought about, dreamed of, craved!

Or. Well. Sometimes. Some things. Maybe.

I found a lovely site where kinky people in my geographic area gathered anonymously to meet and chat and spread their wings of weird among the like-minded. From pony girls to slave boys, whips and chains, gray, black, purple and green, plain vanilla sex, to anything else you might think of, or wouldn't dream of. There were lots of us from our not too large town. I refuse to shatter your idea that the guy in the cubicle next to you does not want to be blindfolded and his toes sucked, with a dildo up his rear, or that your boss in her high heels and business suits doesn't secretly dream of doing that to him.

You just go on thinking they aren't dreaming of dressing up as a furry, or being bound with satin ribbons, and flogged naked in public, when they are computer screen staring. I'm just not one to burst your bubble. You are welcome, again.

I'm so good to you today!

In this on screen world of wonder was a lot of flirting, pretending, playing, sharing of stories to enjoy, participate in and salivate over. Or, you know, whatever you did from behind the anonymous screen of your computer. No one judged, but you know, every willing person played their own private movie in their own private world.

Why? Same reasons people do anything in life. Some are lonely, some want excitement, some an escape and some—just like me—were seeking, or needing, something they couldn't find in the vanilla world. You'd think the people in the world of kink would be all inclusive and all accepting.

But people are so judgmental.

Sadly, yes, even the ones who enjoy kinky playtime, judge the others who don't have the same kink, or have a 'weirder' kink or, well, people are people everywhere you go. It's very strange to me. Why would what you want matter to anyone else, but it seems to. I figure if

people think what you want is worse than what they want, then they are more normal! Righteous, even.

But while kink and fun dominated the site, people there also did the everyday chat about work and going out and life, and I settled happily on that couch, too, and found a few mostly normal or who at least pretended to be and passed for normal people to chat up. People who didn't seem to judge as much as some others did. That was a nice break from the real world too.

Oddly, the people on that couch—they called a chat room the couch—seemed more real and more connected to me than the people at work, or the people I ran into at the local coffee place. Well, they were real people, but you know what I mean. The people on that virtual comfy couch knew more about me. I shared more than a murmured 'sorry' as I jostled their elbow, or stepped in front of them in the elevator.

We all shared our ups and downs, and after I'd been there a few weeks to check out the lay of the land, I, too, vented the frustration with my life, whined about my inertia and even occasionally, shared some joys. There weren't many of those, recently.

Something needed to change in my life, and luckily, I had come to a place where people liked to give advice. My newfound friends steered me to the Mentor couch, a group of people who enjoyed delivering some sort of leadership, or domination.

Oh. Yeah. Mentors. Submissive sigh of happiness inserted here.

Now, let me tell you, a mentor is different from a master, in case you aren't up on the vernacular of kink. A master is usually, not always though, a live in, or very close companion. S/he could direct every aspect of your life, from where you can look—seriously, with your eyes! Up or down, to the floor, if you can look in their eyes or not. They can direct everything from when you can pee, to what you can wear or not wear, and how you have sex, etc. Some people are into that. Unlike others, I don't judge. Whatever frosts your cookies, or blows up your skirt, I say.

If that makes you both glow with sexual pleasure, and be all happy, and content with your life, why not? Be my guest!

I didn't want that. I have never craved a master, but I needed something else.

A mentor, on the other hand, helps direct either an attitude or a specific part of your life. That isn't necessarily kinky, and there are many ways for a mentor to do that. Depends on what you need or desire or what s/he is into.

I'm going to stop saying s/he and just say he, because that's the way my kink rolls. Well, I'm female, so I guess that isn't too kinky. Until you find out what I wanted the mentor to do.

I just needed a little motivation to get my life back on track, some help, and strong male guidance. Don't judge! I know what I need in life.

It was one of my main issues with Cole. *#Mywimpyboyfriend*. One word. Yes. Though now I guess he's my *ex* wimpy boyfriend. Which is more than one word, and a whole slew of complicated.

But.

He was just *too* nice. Nice is good, don't get me wrong, but occasionally, I need a firm hand. And I do mean that in more ways than one.

Mostly, I do just fine. I can get dressed all by myself, show up to work on time, and it looks like, from the outside, I have it all together. As we know, though, I'm a good pretender and right now am totally sliding downhill. But I know how to get back to the top.

Like I said, I don't want or desire someone to master me. I like that submissive thrill occasionally, but usually only in a sexual content, not in daily life. Mostly. Mostly I liked the equal partnership I had with Cole, where we were both the decision makers and both of us had the same amount of input into what we did and how we lived. I liked that. I had no desire to turn over the reins of my life to someone else. No desire to be micro managed or told where to cast my eyes.

However, every once in a while, I need my jeans pulled down, to go over a lap, and I need a firm determined male to blister my butt.

I'm sorry if I shocked you! But it's true.

For some reason, a well-given spanking calms and centers me, and gets me back on track, like nothing else does. Um, after I get done howling and rubbing and hopping and bawling, anyway. If it's done properly, it takes a bit for that calm and centered thing to happen, but it always does.

How do I know? You can blame this one hundred per cent on my college boyfriend, Luke. He's the first one who spanked me, and he's the one who taught me both the downside—it hurts—and the upside, that centered-focused thing I mentioned. Sadly, tragically, he moved overseas after we graduated and after a bit of heartbroken flitting, I decided I was too old and

mature to need spanked anymore. So I moved onto Cole and have been, secretly, craving the spankings and the centered feeling ever since.

So, I know I need this, but would Cole do that? No.

Sigh.

What? No, I didn't tell him I wanted that! We were both grownups! It was an equal adult relationship!

Plus, do you know how hard that conversation would be? Cole was so sweet and so nice and my adorable teddy bear and it just drove me insane. I like nice and sweet and I don't like angry and short tempered and nonsense like that. I mean, just behave like a grown up person. Control your temper, don't sweat the small stuff. Which, yes, I realize is weird for someone to say who wants – needs - turned over a lap and paddled once in a while.

Cole would play with me, sure, paddle gently before sex, give me an occasional swat or two, but I needed a true disciplinary spanking now and then, and honestly, he was simply too vanilla to even mention it to him. You don't change zebra stripes, you know. I didn't want to freak him out, make him think I was weird! I wanted to act just as mature and even keeled as he did. He never ranted at other drivers on the road, he never kicked the walls in frustration, and he rarely even whined much when he got sick. Amazing for a male, right? Like I said, he was a sweet, nice guy.

The only time he acted the least bit assertive was during sex. For some reason, an erection brought out his inner Dom and he said lovely words and handled me so well. And he knew all the kinds of words in the tone that made me melt. *Do this. Now. Here. It's no pants Thursday! Take 'em off. Yes you better, wiggle—you're not pushing up daisies. Bend over. Tell me what you want. Swallow. Cum for me. More. Do it again, I'm not done with you yet.*

Happily, I was like a rag doll in his hands. My legs went over his shoulders, in the air, we did reverse cowgirl—even after I'd told him it would never work—and many exciting and fun positions at his bequest. I loved his bequest. I loved what we did and all the varied and many places we explored and played in and at. There is literally not a public parking lot in town we haven't at least made out in, if not gone all the way. Sex in his truck in the middle of the day? Oh yeah. The best. I loved his commanding tone and his matter of fact attitude of, 'Why not? Let's try!' Yum.

Yes, in real life, when we weren't having sex, we were both equal and all normal and while I thought I only loved his commanding attitude in bed, my hard wiring was taking over my thoughts and mind.

Because I needed something else, something more he just wasn't capable of giving me.

I managed for almost a year and then I just couldn't take it anymore. I wasn't going to spend the rest of my life with a guy who couldn't give me what I craved, one who didn't want it as much as I did.

I made the tough call and the horrible decision and we broke up.

So. Well. Then....

Sigh.

Back to my online life.

I'm talking to these mentors, and some turn me off right away. Probably were perfect for someone else, but not I. I don't need to be told I'm unworthy. Or bad in all ways. Or not treated like I'm a person. I'm pretty darn particular about my kink and specific needs.

I chatted a few of them up, 'left' them on good terms, and moved on to the next one.

Then one day I chatted up this guy with the screen name Mentor John and we seemed to click right away. We talked about my life, and sometimes his, hobbies and things, as well as what I needed and wanted. He understood my need and that I didn't want a relationship right now, just a good spanking. He said he'd done this for others off and on since college. He had taken a break for a while, but recently picked it back up again.

I didn't ask too much about his personal life, once I established he wasn't married. At least he claimed not to be. There was really no way to know for sure, of course.

It wasn't that I planned to have sex with him; it wasn't that kind of relationship. But still, this mentor of mine was more than likely going to see my bare butt and, well, I just think if I was married, I wouldn't want my guy to do that with some other person. It just made me feel a little better about this meeting a stranger for a spanking thing. Two single people, doing their own thing, not hurting anyone. Well. Hurting my butt. There you go.

Okay, so John and I chatted for about a week off and on, establishing a foundation of trust and a parameter of safeness. Words and contact people, what I needed, what he wouldn't do, etc. I know! It does seem like a lot of work to have to get through in order to get your butt paddled. However, when you meet a stranger to have them spank you, you really need

something to make you feel secure while you are in a very vulnerable place, which is of course, bare assed over his lap while he smacks firmly away and tells you of all your misdeeds. So all that ‘foreplay’ is important. At least to me and I count!

It’s probably the same thing when you meet someone for sex, or even for a vanilla date. Much easier to think of safely beforehand than while you are in the throes of a situation. Many of my friends have escaped what could have been just a bad date, or a really bad problem, with a phone call from me or another friend an hour or so into the date, before they leave the restaurant. “Oh, sorry, my friend needs me. I told you this might happen. It was so good to meet you. No, I can find my own way out.” Then you block their number.

So, anyway, a few days later, when I caught myself arguing with my boss and then starting to yell at a client over basically nothing, I decided it was time to meet Mentor John. I mean, what was I waiting for? To get myself fired? Not high on my list of wants. True, I didn’t like my job much, but still, I wanted it to be my decision to stay or leave, and if, when I left, I wanted it to be on good terms so I could get a reference.

See? I haven’t completely lost it yet.

Though, thinking, that seemed to be my biggest problem. I wanted everything my way, without much regard for others lately. I really was a nicer, kinder, more thoughtful person than I was acting, and I needed a reminder.

Yes, I knew it was sad and sorry, but, well, I needed it—or something—and soon.

It was almost as if leaving Cole I just went nuts for a short time. I felt out of sorts and out of control. I dated a few times, randomly, and dumped them after a first date. I went out with my girlfriends too often, and I mean, I still wasn’t a bad horrible, awful person, but I sure didn’t want to keep sliding down that slope, either. It felt like time to just get hold of myself, and at least stop procrastinating about this one little thing. If it helped, great. If not, then I wasn’t any worse spot than I was in now, and would have an experience behind me. Not one that I could share with anyone, of course, but at least one I’d remember.

When I got home after work, I put on my comfy sweats and emailed John.

I would like to take advantage of your services, please. Then I sent it off.

And I waited.

Nervously.

Would he say yes? Of course, he would. Mentors, spankers, and spankos were alike. They aimed to please, in their own special and very different ways, of course. How long would he make me wait? No matter how much I knew I needed it, waiting for a spanking was nerve-racking, and made for stomach flipping. You knew it was coming, and you realized what was going to happen, and there was nothing you could do to stop it. If you were lucky, anyway, that was how it worked.

Well, technically I could stop it anytime I wanted. We'd established a 'safe word' that would stop the session at any time for any reason. But, he'd made it clear that it was only in case of like a nose bleed or a foot cramp or something, not to stop the pain of the spanking itself. I understood that. I wasn't a spanking virgin after all. But the safe word made it okay for me to howl and beg and plead and sob for him to stop, without fear that he'd, you know, do something stupid like *stop* before I had been thoroughly chastised.

That was important, and yes, I know it's odd. Hey, repeating here, I don't judge your kink.

I wandered into the kitchen and popped a dinner in the microwave, looked at, then ignored the dishes in the sink. They didn't seem important, besides who cared if they sat there another few days? Not me. I looked around the room and no one else made a motion to protest the dirty dishes. All righty, then. So, I left them with there with the overflowing trash, and took my yummy zapped mac and cheese into the TV room.

Then I ate in front of my computer while I waited for him to get back to me.

It didn't take long.