



Chapter 1



THE CLUB

Month of November/Month of Ivy

The tall, exotic-looking woman stood beside the lectern in the large auditorium, which served as both the theater and meeting hall of Club Nyala, the elegant erotic play space shared by roughly 270 well-heeled lay members, each of whom paid \$4,800 per year for the privilege of unlimited access to the lavishly appointed dungeon and other facilities.

Looking to be in her late-twenties, the woman at the podium was one of the ‘Upstairs Girls,’ the five professional dominatrices who worked on the top floor of Nyala during hours when the club was closed to its regular membership. Clad in skin-tight black latex, with her creamed-coffee skin, jet-black hair piled atop her head, and with those long elegant legs and striking features, she radiated the energy of a jungle cat.

Her name was Mistress Jilaynie Ashe—though her friends and lovers called her Jill—and she was the MC for tonight’s lecture. She stood, arms akimbo, surveying the audience, a faint smile playing on her rouged lips as she waited for them to settle in and quiet down.

Nyala lived in an old four-story warehouse bordering San Francisco’s SoMa District. The building had once housed an Italian sausage factory, and years after it had gone out of business, the pungent aromas of cured meat and garlic were still vaguely discernable; a fact that some club members considered a turn-on.

The auditorium was on the second floor, along with a small fetish art gallery, while the dungeon occupied most of the third floor, and the theme rooms and administrative offices claimed all of the fourth. The ground floor held an elegantly-appointed lobby that was reached through the parking lot. There was also a smaller, shabbier lobby off the street by the old loading dock, where the factory had once received shipments of meat and spices. This entrance was seldom used and all that was inside that dim lobby was a freight elevator, with the rest sealed off by a stout iron door, behind which a faint whining sound like a generator could be heard.

The club had a notorious reputation, and rumor held that it enjoyed the secret patronage of several of The City's most prominent political figures. In addition to the capacious dungeon, with its bondage racks, paddles and suspension devices, the theme rooms were equipped to resemble a Victorian boudoir, a cramped interrogation room, a Dean's Office, a vampire's cave, and the newest addition, a sensuously appointed drawing room with a retro look dedicated to Betty Page, the infamous 1950's pinup vamp. Each room was designed to accommodate couples or small groups with specific fantasies they wished to act out, some mostly playful, some a bit rough, and others—well, others that were hard to label. The theme rooms were also where the Upstairs Girls conducted most of their professional trade.

Nyala was not running a brothel; not in the literal sense, anyway, since what the 'vanilla world' called sex wasn't on the menu the Upstairs Girls offered. But because partial nudity and certain types of physical contact were often part of the games they played with their clients, the club operated in a kind of legal gray zone; so management was very fussy about staying within legitimate bounds as far as possible, while also being careful not to spoil the fun with a lot of strict rules.

Nyala's legal counsel, Nellyn Greenleaf, was an expert in both local and state codes regarding places like this, and she always seemed to keep the club one step ahead of the law. For example, several months ago, when a now expelled club member had managed to slip

a minor into the ‘Dean’s Office’ for a bit of after school discipline, and the girl’s parents had raised bloody hell, Nellyn had worked some kind of charm on both father and mother, and things were settled quietly.

Nyala was an odd name for a club like this, and some of the members who styled themselves ‘Goddess Worshipers’ believed it was the Ancient Egyptian term for clitoris; but only the Upstairs Girls knew the word’s true meaning.

Until five years ago, this was just a kinky social club, named for its street address, 629. But when Headmistress Selene Mayweather—a professional dominatrix and sex educator—along with some of her friends purchased 629, rescuing it from the brink of bankruptcy, everything changed. The club was remodeled, rechristened Club Nyala, and turned into a novel hybrid, offering professional domination services while retaining most of its ‘amateur’ membership.

It was the ‘old-guard’ members who first began calling the pro dommes ‘The Upstairs Girls.’ Initially it was a slur to show contempt for the professional interlopers who worked on the top floor; but the pros refused to be offended. In fact, they found the name delightful and happily embraced it. When that happened, it lost its negative connotations and the social barriers between the old members and the pros began to break down.

If a regular member wanted to engage one of the professionals, they received a discount, and the pros quickly gained a reputation for going the extra mile to provide services that felt truly therapeutic. Some clients even claimed they’d received more healing in a single session with one of The Upstairs Girls than they had in years of psychotherapy.

One of the other changes Headmistress Selene had introduced was a public lecture series, her aim being to increase public awareness of the physical and emotional benefits of ‘consensual power exchange’ and also to grow Nyala’s dues-paying membership. Tonight’s speaker would be Selene herself, and though the subject of her talk seemed a bit tame to some of the edgier club members, it was a big draw

for non-members interested in the milder, sexier aspects of erotic bondage and discipline. It was also a topic that occupied a full chapter in Selene's book, *Twisted Honey*, which had become a best-seller on Amazon.

As soon as the audience quieted down, Mistress Jilaynie stepped to the microphone and, to everyone's surprise, began to sing in a lovely contralto voice the first lines of Queen's *Bohemian Rhapsody*:

*"Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?
Caught in a landslide, no escape from reality."*

She stopped there and got a round of light-hearted applause from the audience. At this, she did a curtsy so exaggerated it threatened to split her dress. She put a hand to her mouth in mock dismay, and drew a hearty laugh.

"Wow, I love making people laugh," she said. "Making someone laugh is the next best thing to making them come as ... uh, my sainted granny used to say." This brought an even bigger laugh from the audience, a few of whom wondered about the source of her slight accent, which might have been Irish or Welsh.

"Anyway," she continued, "I'm Mistress Jilaynie Ashe, and for those who've never been here, welcome to Club Nyala, where fantasy always spills into reality. And the exploration of one luscious fantasy is what's in store for us tonight, because we have our very own Headmistress here to talk about a subject near and dear to our hearts—the subtle art of erotic spanking." This brought more cheers and applause from the room.

"Okay, great ... I see I'm preaching to the already perverted. But, even better than just a lecture, we're going to have an actual spanking demonstration, right here on stage." Cheers and applause. "Alright, folks, restrain your excitement. I know what you're hoping for, and I'm sorry to let you down ... but I will *not* be the one being spanked tonight."

There were good-natured boos and hisses.

Jilaynie laughed. “I know it’s a crushing disappointment... but cheer up, because we have the lovely Erica Birch bottoming for us tonight ... and what a delicious bottom she’s got.” There was an appreciative outpouring of whistles and foot-stomping.

“Alright, then, I think you’ve heard enough gab from me. So, without further ado, let’s give it up for our irresistible ‘Goddess of Carnal Mayhem,’ the Headmistress of Nyala ... Selene Mayweather!”

Beaming and waving to the crowd, Selene stepped into the spotlight from stage left, receiving a generous round of applause. She’d been on several TV talk shows recently and had built quite a local following. A honey blonde, with hair worn loose to elbow-length, the Headmistress stood about five-eight, but seemed closer to six feet in her open-toed, black stiletto heels. She had full breasts, graceful arms and a slim waist, widening to hips that were pleasingly round without being stocky. Her face was nothing short of angelic, with finely chiseled features and milky white skin that was as smooth as anything you could hope to find on a woman who claimed to be thirty-six.

Still, the most striking thing about her couldn’t be seen from the audience; for, though Selene’s left eye was a deep emerald green, her right was a vivid sapphire blue with streaks of violet, and from close up, the effect was hypnotic.

Her outfit was only a bit more conservative than what she might have worn for sessions with her clients or play partners. It consisted of a short, black leather skirt and a black leather top, with plunging neckline that showed off her breasts to just an inch above the nipples. A tattoo of a tree with multi-hued blossoms poked up from between her breasts, a smaller version of the identical one that covered her entire back.

As Selene walked to the podium, the short-handled flogger she carried in her left hand swayed jauntily. It looked more sensuous than menacing, but she used it to give the podium a resounding whack as she took her place behind it, bringing more laughter from the audience.

“Well, hi, everyone,” she said, flashing a dazzling smile. Her voice was both melodic and husky. “Goddess of Carnal Mayhem,” she mused (and some in the audience picked up the trace of an unusual accent from her too). “Now, that has a nice ring. I may just use it on the website! You’ve earned yourself a reward for coming up with it, Jill.”

“Oh, goodie,” Jilaynie said from stage right, where she now stood. “Do I finally get to top you?”

“Ah, many have tried, but none succeed,” Selene quipped, bringing more laughter.

“Well,” she continued, joining in the laughter. “Maybe we should just go upstairs and see who tops whom tonight. But, I guess we have business to attend to first, and this gives me a perfect lead-in to our topic: Spanking! What the hell is the attraction, and maybe more important, how do you give a proper spanking to your lover? Also, what do I even mean by ‘proper?’ Well, a proper erotic spanking hurts ... but only as much as your partner wants it to. And, in the right circumstances, it’s the appetizer for a luscious, full course meal. Appetizer is the right word here, because even though a spanking can be a meal in itself, when I’m with a lover, my aim is to generate sizzling body heat to enhance both our erotic appetites.

“I know you’re all here to see the spanking demonstration, not listen to me talk, but I think we need a little background first. Let’s see ... how many in the audience have never been spanked as adults?” Most raised their hands.

Selene peered at the crowd and chuckled. “Okay, looks like we’ve got a lot of virgins here. Now, for those who’ve never been spanked as adults, how many have fantasized about it?” At first just a smattering of hands went up as audience members looked nervously around. Then, slowly, more hands rose until there were perhaps a hundred.

“Ah,” Selene said, “seems like a lot of you are turned on by the idea, but just a little shy to admit it. Well, that’s common enough. I mean, if you’ve fantasized about being spanked, you may be

wondering what it says about you as a woman—or a man—that you’ve dreamed about lying across someone’s lap, sticking your ass out and willingly ‘giving it up.’ The thought is probably humiliating, isn’t it? As a woman, you’ve naturally got issues about violence and your vulnerability. And if you’re a male, maybe the idea of being spanked by a woman makes you wonder if you’re some kind of wimp, especially if the thought gives you a raging boner.”

That brought a few titters and Selene grinned. “Maybe you’re even thinking ‘No real man would ever want this,’ or ... ‘Okay, that does it. I must be gay.’” Peals of laughter greeted that, much of it from the gay and bi-sexual members of the audience.

“Well relax, boys, because if you’re thinking about how much you’d love for a woman to spank you, you’ve got thousands of brothers out there.” That brought another round of cheers, mostly from the female members of the audience, who were eyeing boyfriends and husbands in a way that made the men squirm. “And they’re not wimps,” Selene continued. “Most are virile as hell, and I know this for a fact because I’ve probably spanked at least half of them.”

She had the audience eating out of her hand now, laughing, whistling, applauding and leaning on every word. “Let’s see, oh, right ... I wanted to say a bit about role-playing. In our little community, we do a lot of that. You just saw me and Jill teasing each other; and that’s often how we warm up ... with words, sometimes flirtatious, other times more assertive, even aggressively challenging. But it’s all good, clean fun; well, maybe it’s not always that clean. It can get a little messy sometimes, but it’s always consensual. And if it’s not, you don’t stay in our community long.

“Sometimes we do play a little rough, though. Bondage, paddling, flogging—these are all part of what we call ‘power exchange.’ Asses get reddened and sometimes backs are striped. But we understand the rules of playing this way and we know how to do it safely. For some of you, though, these things may conjure up nasty images. And the truth is that some of our ‘games’ aren’t for everyone. But we’re not here to discuss anything extreme tonight. We’re here to talk about a teensy little spanking, like the one mommy used to give you.

“See, even in what we kinksters call the ‘vanilla’ world, there is something about a spanking that feels familiar and non-threatening. After all, unless your parents were really cruel, you cried a bit when you got spanked, then just went back to play with your toys.

“Sure it hurt, but you knew your parents loved you and the spanking didn’t change that. Your butt was sore, but maybe it also felt nicely warm. And if you look deep within, you may find there were times when you actually wanted that spanking, maybe because it made you feel cared for and loved, or maybe because you were hurting inside and just needed a reason to let those tears go. Of course, if you were destined to grow up a freak—like those of us in the scene—maybe it just felt *goood*.” There were a few chuckles from the crowd, and nods of recognition.

“In our community we’re totally attuned to the feeling of wanting to be spanked or wanting to spank someone; we love the whole ritual and seldom bother to ask why we love it. For me, spanking is the comfort food of power exchange—kind of like our meatloaf, mashed potatoes and apple pie. It’s healthy and nutritious ...” This brought another chuckle from the crowd. “... Provided you also eat up all your spinach—which, when *I* am in charge, you will do without a word of complaint!” Selene slapped the podium with her flogger for emphasis and laughter erupted that went on for nearly a minute before the audience quieted down.

“The thing about adult spanking is that even though it’s not *sex*, it can get pretty sexy. For both men and women, the ass is very close to the genitals, which are easily stimulated during a spanking. Being spanked releases endorphins, which can actually be quite pleasurable. When I first started working as a *domme*, this became obvious when some of my submissives, both male and female, would become aroused in the middle of an over-the-knee spanking, even when I was whacking them hard.

“Now, as a *domme*, I might have to further punish you for getting turned on without permission, since this is supposed to be about punishment, not pleasure. Well, that’s a sweet little fiction, because of course it’s also about pleasure. I just pretend to be angry

at you because it's another part of the game. In fact, if you didn't get turned on, I'd think I was losing my touch.

"In truth, it's not really surprising that someone who longs to submit to a powerful woman might become aroused while she's slapping their ass. After all, the submissive is having a cherished fantasy fulfilled: A devastatingly sexy Mistress is devoting her full attention to them, directing all her energy at their bare butt, scratching, stroking and slapping—all of which creates an incredibly intimate connection. If the domme is doing it right, the spankee is in total submission to her. This can be so erotically charged as to be literally spiritual; more exquisite—and longer lasting—than what some might experience during vanilla sex."

The crowd was visibly moved now. Most were leaning forward, and there was no more laughter. Except for the sound of 150 people's breathing, the room was utterly silent.

"If this sounds hot, it's only because it is. And you don't have to be totally dominant or submissive to have fun with spanking. Anyone can do it, and you and your partner can take turns playing top or bottom. But ... you do need to understand what you're doing, and you absolutely need to spank safely, or you could seriously injure your partner, or even yourself."

Selene let that sink in for a moment. "Now... there are several classic ways to spank. The main elements are tools and position. I'll discuss position later on, but first a few words about tools. Spanking is mostly done with paddles, hair brushes or the human hand, gloved or bare. I personally prefer spanking bare-handed. There's just nothing to equal the sensation of skin meeting skin, the feel of your partner's gorgeous bottom growing warmer and warmer under your touch; the lovely slap of your hand meeting that firm yet tender flesh, and the way that ass literally begins to light up as your 'victim' wriggles and squirms. I swear you can almost see in the dark by the glow of a well-spanked ass." There was a collective sigh from the audience and a few giggles.

"Okay, looks like I've got everyone's attention, so let's get our *spankee* out here and give her a few well-deserved whacks. Erica?"

There was a shriek of laughter from the audience, as Erica Birch, a slim, frizzy-haired brunette, about five-foot-five, appeared stage right—dressed as a Girl Scout! Even Selene joined in the merriment at Erica's ensemble.

"Oh, girl, you are just full of surprises, aren't you?" Selene said.

Erica gave the audience a little curtsy and then approached Selene, head down, wearing a very guilty look.

"For those not familiar with our terminology, I should mention that Erica's what's called a 'switch,' meaning she enjoys playing both the submissive and dominant roles at different times. So you know how to administer a spanking as well as take one, don't you, Erica?"

"Yes, I do," Erica said, throwing the audience a little moue. "At least that's what my bad girls and boys tell me." And there was that same accent again, so faint it was easy to think you were just imagining it.

"Okay," Selene said. "But today, it's you who's been naughty, and you are the one who needs to be punished. So face the audience and tell these good people exactly what you've done to deserve your spanking."

"I ... umm ... well," Erica stammered. "I ... uh ..."

"Out with it, young lady!" Selene demanded rapping the podium several times with her flogger. "Confession is the first step to correction."

"I ... I sold all my Girl Scout cookies," Erica stammered.

"But? ..." Selene, said, drawing the word out and giving Erica a cross look.

"But ... but instead of turning the money over to my troop leader ..."

"What did you do with the money, you bad girl?" Selene demanded, flogging the podium again while stifling a grin.

"I ... I used it to buy a new dildo." Of course, this brought another howl, both from Selene and the audience.

“Okay,” Selene said, turning back to the room. “This Girl Scout bit was totally unscripted, but it’s exactly the kind of role-play that can add real spice to a scene. Erica has been playing with me for a long time now, and as you can see, she’s quite clever. If you’re taking the dominant role and have a very creative sub, it can be a real in-your-face challenge, because the ‘game’ is everything, and you must be on your toes to keep your end up.

“Erica loves to play the bad little girl, and she’s a real Method actress. Just look at her fidgeting over there and see how flushed she’s getting. She’s totally putting herself into it, and the thought of being spanked in front of all you people is probably driving her crazy with anticipation. It’s this ability for both partners to fully immerse themselves in their roles that makes a scene really juicy. And the more you give yourself over to the role you’re playing, the more permission you give yourself to be ‘wicked,’ the more fun you’ll have.”

Selene paused for a moment. “Now ... age regression fantasies, where the adult submissive willingly puts herself into the role of a child who is totally helpless before a grown-up ... that’s about as primal as it gets. But it can make a novice feel extremely vulnerable, especially if there’s a history of real child abuse. Acting out past trauma compassionately can be healing, even a turn-on; but you don’t want to cause panic. The trick is to move slowly with your partner and really understand her fantasies and desires as well as her fears. That’s how you build trust.”

Selene turned to Erica. “So, young lady, for stealing money from the Girl Scouts, who would have used it to do good deeds for a lot of needy people, I am not just going to spank you; I will totally humiliate you in public. You know you deserve this, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Erica said, eyes to the floor.

“Alright, then ...” Selene put her flogger down and walked over to stand behind a sturdy armless chair, next to which a small purple cushion rested on the floor.

“There are several classic positions for spanking,” she told the audience, “and all have something to recommend them. Standing,

bent over with hands on ankles or knees, is the boarding school method. The ass is stuck out and stretched very taut, which makes for the most painful spanking there is, especially if you use a paddle.

“But tonight, we’re going to demonstrate the most familiar and cherished position—the bare-bottom, over-the-lap spanking. And though I’m going to spank a girl, with just a few minor changes this technique works just as well on a male. Now ... the first thing we need to do is get her undressed. So, Erica, strip down.”

A murmur went through the audience which, though it had been alerted to the fact that it would be seeing some nudity, was getting more and more caught up in this drama. Erica looked at Selene for a moment, then turned her eyes to the audience pleadingly, as if hoping someone might help her.

“Forget it, Girl Scout,” Selene demanded. “No one is going to get you out of this mess, which you created for yourself.”

Erica began to remove the clips she’d used to fasten the little Girl Scout cap to her hair, but Selene stopped her. “You can leave your hat on,” she said, drawing still another laugh from the crowd. Erica herself had to stifle a grin to keep from breaking her submissive mood as she removed her shoes and white socks, followed by the standard green dress, which she unbuttoned and let fall to the floor. In just a few moments, she was standing on stage in only her bra, a little thong and that Girl Scout cap.

“Let’s go, young lady,” Selene demanded. “The bra too.”

Erica looked at her in surprise. “No, Mistress. Please. I can’t!”

“Yes you can, and you will. Take it off.”

Erica obeyed, slowly unhooking her bra straps and removing the garment, which brought an appreciative sigh from the crowd. Her breasts were small and firm, the nipples peaked with arousal, or maybe she was just cold. As if embarrassed by her nudity, she quickly folded her arms across her chest, drawing another laugh from Selene.

“Oh, what a little show-off! I know what an exhibitionist you are. Get those arms down and stop pretending you don’t relish letting everyone see your pretty tits.”

Once more Selene addressed the audience: “Just to maintain a bit of propriety—and in case there’s any law-enforcement in the audience—we’ll let Erica keep her thong on tonight, though I doubt that skimpy thing is official Girl Scout issue.”

There were mock hisses from the audience and cries of “Take it off!”

Selene now sat in the straight-back chair, adjusting it a bit to face the audience. “Obviously, complete nudity is more fun; but this should work for tonight. Okay, Erica, come here and kneel on the cushion until I’m ready for you.”

“No!” Erica shouted. “I ... I’ve changed my mind!” She began to back off slowly toward stage right, eliciting surprised murmurs from the audience.

“Stop her, Jilaynie,” Selene said.

Mistress Jilaynie, who stood nearby, quickly seized Erica about the waist, just before she could dash behind the curtains. She lifted her easily and turned the squirming young woman toward Selene, pinning her arms behind her back and making Erica yelp. “Keep still or I’ll really have to hurt you,” Mistress Jilaynie said. Erica ceased her struggles, though the taller woman still held her firmly.

Selene looked at the audience and grinned. “Having an assistant is unusual, but handy in situations when your sub gets a little unruly. Another person watching can also add to the feeling of helplessness and humiliation, which in itself can be devastatingly sexy for some.

“Alright then,” Selene continued, turning to Erica and pointing at the purple cushion beside her chair. “Come and kneel over here while I explain to these good people how this is going to work.” Jilaynie released Erica, who obediently walked over to kneel on the cushion. Selene’s order to leave her hat on had been more than just a clever reference to the Randy Newman song about a man instructing his girlfriend to stand on a chair and slowly strip for him; the little

Girl Scout cap, sitting on top of her nakedness, had the desired effect of making Erica look totally vulnerable and forlorn.

Selene stroked Erica's cheek and put a hand on her shoulder. "So first off, in all forms of spanking, positioning is crucial. Comfort is of primary importance to the spanker, who should take a position that allows her arm maximum freedom of movement. Sitting or standing, the spanker must be higher than the spankee to assert full dominance.

"I prefer the submissive to be as comfortable as possible, too, so she can relax and surrender to the physical and emotional sensations. And the most comfortable position for the spankee is generally over-the-lap."

She patted her lap. "Okay, honey ... all aboard the Punishment Express."

"Yes, Mistress," Erica said. She stood and then draped herself across Selene's lap, so that her tummy was centered over the domme's right thigh, while her arms hung loosely to the floor, shoulders and head angled down. Her legs, with knees about six inches apart, were tucked under the chair as far as possible, toes barely touching the ground.

"Erica's a veteran, and really has this down. See how she's placed herself? Her legs are spread apart and tucked in; this gets the more sensitive inside of her thighs out of harm's way. And note how she's arched her lower back down a bit. This is a little tricky at first, but it turns the bottom up even further and opens her butt cheeks so they are harder to clench and more vulnerable."

Selene relaxed in her chair, resting her left hand casually on Erica's butt. "Okay, this is fine for a woman, but what if I'm spanking a male? Well, it's not that different, really. The position would be pretty much the same as Erica's, only forward just a bit to keep the testicles from sticking out too far where they can be accidentally pounded. Ouch! But you might want to expose those balls just a little so they can be brushed or tickled.

“As to the shaft, the best place for that is pressed firmly against your right thigh and aimed to the left, or the other way round if you’re spanking right-handed.”

Again, there were giggles and nervous laughter.

“Well, it has to go *somewhere*, doesn’t it?” Selene said, and another huge laugh greeted this remark. She raised a hand to quiet the crowd. “I should tell you that the first time I ever did an over-the-knee spanking on a male, I got a little—well, let’s just call it a wet surprise. I was a novice at the time, and it came as a total shock. I had no idea men could do that when you spanked them.” Her look of mock horror produced more laughter.

“Well, okay then,” Selene said when the audience quieted down again. “Is everyone ready to watch me redden Erica’s butt?” The crowd responded with cheers, whistles and applause.

“An important thing to remember is that, positioned like Erica is, the ass is both supple and soft. Those of you in back can’t see this, but when I press a finger into her behind and release, it just sort of bounces. Now we want to start like that, with a little stroking and patting, going from soft to firm. This primes the flesh.”

Selene demonstrated by stroking Erica’s ass with her left hand, then teasing slightly around the crack with her fingernails before administering a few light slaps. “Yum,” Erica said, squirming a bit.

“As you can tell from Erica’s reaction, these sensations can be maddeningly sexy. Ah, she likes that, doesn’t she? You want a little more of that, sweetie?”

“With an intimate partner, it’s always fun to do lots of teasing. Don’t be afraid to get a little rough, and talk dirty to them all the way through. Spell out exactly what delights you have in mind for them after their spanking, provided they behave and accept their punishment. You’ll be amazed at how cooperative they become. A bit of nipple tweaking for men as well as women is a nice touch too ... I hope you didn’t think I made her take her bra off just to give you folks a cheap thrill.”

She lifted Erica slightly and gave each nipple a hard tweak.

“Ouch! Ouch!” Erica said, then giggled.

Selene whispered something to Erica, who promptly tried to lick her hand; but Selene pulled it away and gave her face a little smack. “No! Not without permission.” She looked out at her audience. “I’m not going to tell you folks what I just said to her, but feel free to use your imaginations.”

The audience laughed again, but most of them were beginning to perspire.

“Okay,” Selene said. “Make sure to aim your slaps at the underside of the ass. That’s the sit-spot, or fillet, as we call it. Getting that nice and sore will give your girl or boy something to remember you by for days. Pay attention to both sides, but don’t be predictable; alternate slaps between butt cheeks for a while, then lay a couple right across the middle. Caress and tickle when the ass gets really red, wet your hand with your saliva if you want and brush lightly in the crack with your finger before you go back to slapping. The uncertainty of what’s coming next—pain or pleasure—is a huge turn-on. So ... so ...”

She stumbled over her words, startled by someone she’d spotted in the audience: A youngish man sitting in the second row. He was just under average height, with a medium build, a nice head of curly brown hair and a handsome face that was looking very flushed. He’d just thrown his jacket across his lap in an attempt to hide the bulge in his trousers; and that quick movement, plus the flood of passionate emotion coming from him was what had distracted Selene. His longing was intense, but the lust Selene sensed was not aimed at her or at the almost naked Erica, lying across her lap. It was all for Jill.

Selene turned and caught Jill’s eye, using a subtle head movement to direct her attention to the male. But Jill had already spotted him and nodded, smiling to show that she understood.

“Now,” Selene said, regaining her poise. “Let’s get this butt blazing. Ready, young lady?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Erica said, her voice husky. “I really, really deserve this.”