

Gina and Paul

The Last Chance Program – Book Two

By

Misty Malone

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Table of Contents:

Chapter One	5
Chapter Two.....	17
Chapter Three.....	31
Chapter Four	42
Chapter Five.....	53
Chapter Six.....	64
Chapter Seven	74
Chapter Eight	85
Chapter Nine	95
Chapter Ten.....	106
Chapter Eleven.....	116
Chapter Twelve.....	127
Chapter Thirteen	137
Chapter Fourteen.....	149
Chapter Fifteen.....	159
Chapter Sixteen.....	170
Chapter Seventeen	180
Chapter Eighteen.....	191
Chapter Nineteen	202
Chapter Twenty.....	212
Misty Malone	224
EBook Offer.....	226
Blushing Books Newsletter.....	227
Blushing Books.....	228

Chapter One

Jason Jenkins walked into the kitchen and stopped. He stood in the doorway, watching the beautiful sight before him. His wife, Cheyenne, was a lovely sight to behold. Her long red hair flowed freely down her back, and she half sang, half danced along with the music from the radio as she stood at the counter chopping the vegetables for the salad she was making.

He walked up behind her and reached his arms around her waist, pulling her back against him. She jumped, startled, but quickly recovered and turned to face him. “You’ve got to stop scaring me like that,” she said as she reached up for a kiss.

He gave her the kiss she was looking for, and kept his arms around her waist as he looked down at her with a smile. “But I love watching you jump,” he admitted. “You’re so darn cute.” He quickly changed the subject before she had time to argue. “Supper smells delicious. Is it lasagna?”

“Yep. The last time I made it when Paul was here he ate three helpings.”

“I remember that,” Jason said with a chuckle. “Of course, by his own admission, Paul’s not much of a cook, so any home-cooked meal has appeal for him.”

“So he didn’t really like my lasagna all that much; it was just better than what he makes for himself?”

“No, no, I didn’t mean that,” he said with true remorse in his voice. “He eats out a lot because he can’t cook. But no, eating three helpings of your lasagna definitely meant he loved it.”

“Good,” she said, happy again.

“Why are you so intent on impressing him, oh, wife of mine?”

Cheyenne looked up at her husband and saw what was supposed to be a jealous look on his face, but she knew him too well. She knew he was teasing, and the mischievous imp in her couldn’t resist having a little fun. “Are you kidding? Why wouldn’t any woman want to impress him? Have you looked at him lately? He’s like 200 pounds of pure man, with sex oozing from him every time he flexes a muscle.”

Jason's eyes grew larger. He picked her up and carried her to the kitchen table, where he pulled out a chair and sat down, arranging his giggling wife over his knees. "I see. Maybe it's time I flex a muscle or two in my right arm." He quickly flipped her dress up onto her back with one hand while holding the squirming, and still giggling, little ball of energy still with his other arm across her back. His hand came down with a solid smack on her panties, and to his shock, she laughed. He tried to sound stern while hiding a grin. "If you think that's funny, I'm obviously not trying hard enough. I better remedy that."

"I hear you lose strength as you get older," she said through her giggles.

"I wouldn't know," he told her. "I'll let you know when I get old." His hand came down a bit harder than before, but still soft enough she knew they were playing. He'd given her half a dozen swats, when the doorbell rang.

"Oh, darn," she said, still chuckling. "You'll have to stop to answer the door."

"You were literally saved by the bell, my dear," he said with a soft laugh of his own. He replaced her dress and stood her on her feet, but pulled her in for a kiss before heading for the door. "We may have to finish this later," he said with a smirk when she pinched his butt as he turned to go answer the door.

"Promises, promises," she laughed as she went back to finish the salad.

A couple minutes later her husband and Paul Parker, an employee of his, entered the kitchen. She quickly dried her hands and went to give Paul a quick kiss on his cheek, grinning at her husband as she did so. "Paul, it's so good to see you again. How have you been?"

"I've been great. How about you, Cheyenne? You're looking as lovely as you were the last time I saw you."

Jason cleared his throat behind them, and they both turned to see him in his no-nonsense position, arms crossed at his chest and one eyebrow raised. His wife and employee looked at him, turned to look at each other, and back to him. Just as he assumed he'd made his point, they both started laughing.

"Oh, lighten up, boss," Paul said. "It's very clear that your wife has eyes only for you, but it's fun to tease you just a little every now and then."

A big smile spread across Jason's face as he pulled Cheyenne close to him. "I know," he admitted, "but it's nice to be reminded of that every now and then. Especially when your wife

can be a little brat,” he added as he leaned down to kiss her forehead. “Would you like a beer before dinner, Paul, or a glass of wine?”

Paul inhaled deeply and smiled. “Is that lasagna I smell?”

“It is,” Cheyenne answered, “and it should be ready to come out of the oven just about now.” She opened the oven door and reached for some potholders, but Jason picked up the potholders first.

“You made a big pan of it and I know it’s heavy. I’ll get it.” He lifted it out of the oven and set the large pan of pasta with the hot, bubbly cheese on the stove. “Honey, it looks and smells delicious.”

“It certainly does,” Paul agreed. “How soon do we get to sample it?”

Jason and Cheyenne smiled. “It needs to set for ten or fifteen minutes before we cut it,” she explained, “but if you two will help me set the table, we can go ahead and start with the salad. I have everything for the dressing in this shaker. All I have to do is shake it and it’ll be ready, and the salad’s already on the table.”

“Then why are we just standing here, Jason? Where are the plates?”

Five minutes later, they were all sitting down to dinner. They caught up on each other’s lives while they ate. Paul had three servings of lasagna once again, insisting she made the absolute best he’d ever tasted. They decided to hold off a little while on dessert.

“Then why don’t you two go into the living room or your office and get on with your business while I wash the dishes?” Cheyenne suggested.

“After you cooked us such a wonderful meal, why don’t you go in and put your feet up while we do the dishes?” Paul suggested.

“Nonsense. I know you came over here to discuss your next job assignment, so you two go right ahead. I don’t mind. Besides, it won’t take long. I already put everything in the dishwasher before we ate, so I don’t have much more to put in.”

“I’m glad to hear it won’t take long,” Jason said. “We’ll help you, though, because I’ve been hoping you wouldn’t mind sitting in on this one with us.”

Cheyenne turned to face Jason. This was the first time he’d suggested such a thing, and she was very surprised. “Of course,” she said, “but why do you want me there?”

“I’d like to hear your thoughts on this case. You know exactly how the program works, having been through it yourself, and the last couple times I’ve talked to you a little bit about a

particularly challenging case one of the guys was working on, you've had some good insight into it. It's occurred to me you could be one of our best resources, and I'm not utilizing that resource. I'd like to rectify that, if you're willing to help."

Her eyes were big as she stared at her husband. To say she was surprised was an understatement. She knew what her husband and his employees did. In fact, she knew quite well. Jason originally started the business with just himself, but it had grown to include nine men he'd hired after a very intensive interview and vetting process, and personally trained each one extensively.

In short, his program helped young ladies who were struggling, for one reason or another. In her case, she was very good at what she did professionally as a graphics design artist, but she'd had serious issues with her attitude. She'd chased away so many clients and coworkers that her boss had given her an ultimatum; she had to either take and successfully complete this last chance program, or she would lose her job. She'd agreed to do the program, and that's how she'd met Jason.

He had come into town, and explained the program. He'd shown up at her door each morning at the precise time she was to be ready to leave for work, and stayed with her the entire day, until she was ready to go to bed at night. She'd worked at home, and he'd talked with her about proper protocol for an office, or anytime they were out in public, and explained what was acceptable and what wasn't. Anytime she'd done something that wasn't acceptable, he'd spanked her.

She'd completed the program, but the two of them fell in love during the process. She was the tenth lady Jason had worked with, but the first time he'd developed these special feelings. After she completed the program he'd moved to Springfield, Arizona, so they could explore a relationship. He'd stopped going out in the field, preferring to stay home to run the growing business, which also allowed him to be available if any of his men in the field needed to consult with him about a problem they were having with their client. The two of them were now married, and he ran that business and did some work with the local school district. She was still happily employed in her old job.

She heard his voice, but was lost in her thoughts and missed what he said. "I'm sorry; what did you ask?"

"I asked if you would be willing to sit in on our meeting."

“Seriously?”

“I’m very serious,” he assured her. “Are you willing to help us?”

“Of course, but I don’t really know how I can help.”

“You can be a big help. You’ve been through the program, so you have a completely different view of it than we do. I’d love to have you sit in on our initial meeting, where we discuss the problems and possible solutions. If you think of something we haven’t mentioned, speak up, okay?”

“Okay, but you guys are the psychologists. I’m just—”

“You’re the only one of us who can offer insight into the program from a different perspective. You’ve been very helpful lately.”

Both men saw the pride in her eyes, but Jason also saw the mischief. “Okay, Mr. Behavior Modification Specialist. What can I do to help?”

“Tell us what it’s like from the brat’s point of view,” he said with a grin.

Paul smiled and leaned back against the counter and watched his boss pull Cheyenne in against him for a kiss, which she readily gave. From the day Paul met Jason and he explained his program to him, he’d been impressed. He thought it was a wonderful idea, and he thought Jason’s approach to helping these young ladies was nothing short of brilliant. He’d been both thrilled and proud when Jason selected him and trained him to be a part of it.

Looking at the two of them now, they personified the program and the success it’s had. Paul liked Cheyenne and had a lot of respect for the spunky little lady from the first time he met her. It was hard for him to imagine her the way they both described her before she met Jason. Jason said she was a real little firecracker when they originally met. That part he could easily see. She was still a feisty little thing, but it was just enough to keep Jason on his toes. She was now also such a sweet lady he had a hard time picturing her with a constant chip on her shoulder, though she assured him that was exactly what she’d been like.

Jason was a lucky man, that was for sure. It was easy to see how happy both of them were. Hopefully, some day he’d find a lady to make him just as happy. He forced his mind back to the present, and the job assignment he was about to go on. As if reading his mind, Jason pulled his wife away long enough to point to the living room. “Let’s all go talk business.”

Cheyenne took in a fresh pot of coffee and cups, and they sat down. Jason handed Paul a folder, and opened a similar one and placed it on the coffee table in front of him and Cheyenne.

“Okay, I’ll explain what I know about this case, and then we’ll talk about it. This one may be more difficult than some, but I guess time will tell. I thought the same thing about the last case I went on, but it turned out to be one of the easiest ones I’ve handled.”

Cheyenne had been looking at the picture of their client, and almost missed Jason’s comment. She caught it at the last moment and slapped his arm. “Hey, I heard that,” she said. “We all know I was your last case.”

“You were indeed, my dear, and when I first met you I thought you were going to be a real challenge.”

“Me? You thought I, innocent little me, was going to be a challenge?”

He chuckled as he addressed Paul. “Let me reword that. She was one of the easiest cases I’ve done. She’s been a challenge every day since then, however.”

Paul had to laugh at the look on her face.

“But you love it,” she said.

“I do,” he agreed. Cheyenne had a satisfied smile on her face, as she sat back to listen and watch the men discuss their newest client. “Now, getting to Gina. This is one time I don’t think we have to worry about whether or not she’ll agree to sign the contract.”

Paul’s eyebrows shot up. “That’s certainly unusual. Why do you say that?”

“She’s anxious to start. She called me two days after I got the call from her mother. She wanted to know how soon we could get started.”

Paul looked leery. “And she knows what the program consists of?”

Jason hesitated just a moment. “She says she does.”

“You don’t sound convinced.”

“I guess I’m not totally. Let me explain her story. Gina is an only child, which is certainly not unusual in our line of work. It’s actually pretty common. Also as usual, her parents doted on her, didn’t know when to say no to her, especially her father. Her mother saw the problem, but her father apparently didn’t even see it. According to her mother, it was a source of disagreement between them.”

“That’s a shame,” Paul said.

“It is,” Jason agreed. “Things changed when she went off to college. She apparently flunked out her sophomore year, but told mommy and daddy the professors hated her and were

mean, so she quit. Her father went to talk to them and had his eyes opened. Since then he's realized his wife may have been right, but he wasn't sure what to do about it."

"It can be a bit overwhelming," Paul commented.

"Especially for the person who caused the problem."

Cheyenne was shaking her head. "But I don't get it. Why would she be anxious to start the program? I would think she would be fighting it."

"This is where it gets interesting," Jason said. "Gina's grandfather, George Billings, her mother's father, passed away and left her an inheritance. She was anxious to get her inheritance and move out, since she and her parents haven't been getting along nearly as well now that her father sees the monster his daughter has become. Her grandfather was a very intelligent man, amassing quite a fortune in business. He saw what was happening and knew she would throw her inheritance away quickly and still not be happy if something didn't change, so he put a proviso on her inheritance. She will receive it as soon as she successfully completes our program, or upon turning thirty-eight."

Cheyenne and Paul both laughed. Paul voiced the question they both had. "Why thirty-eight? I've heard of when they turn twenty-one, or even twenty-five, but I've never heard of thirty-eight."

"According to him, he was thirty-eight when he had his first truly successful business. He considers that to be when he finally grew up and took life seriously."

Paul was still laughing, and shook his head. "That's funny. How do you know all this? Did he say that in the will?"

"No. I actually talked to him before he died. He called and asked if we could meet. I had a nice visit with him. He said he would never put that stipulation in his will without talking to me about it first, making sure I would agree to it, and I appreciated that. He had quite a few questions about the program, as well. He wanted to make sure he knew exactly what he was doing. We talked about Gina at great length. I got quite an insight into how she was raised and how she matured through the years."

Paul leaned forward in his chair. "And based on that, you agreed to take the challenge?"

"I did. I explained how our program works, and he nodded his head. He said he'd talked to the family of one of the ladies I'd worked with in the past, and he was generally aware of how it works. He said he thought it was just what Gina needs. I gave him a copy of the contract we

have them sign, and he included that with the will. Her mother called me first, upon her father's death. She was aware her father had put that in his will, and said he'd talked to her about it. She had a few questions she wanted to ask me about it, though. She assured me her daughter had read the contract."

"And she was ready to sign it?" Paul asked.

"Her mother said she read the contract and is anxious to start so she can get her inheritance."

"That's refreshing," Paul said. "I usually spend the first day or two answering questions and giving her time to decide if she's going to accept the terms, with no changes, and agree to the program. If she's anxious to start, we have a big head start."

Jason nodded, but Cheyenne couldn't believe what she was hearing. "And you believed her?"

Both men turned to her, surprised by her outburst. Jason reached over to take her hand in his. "What are you saying, honey?"

"You yourself said she's anxious to start the program so she can get her inheritance. That's all she's interested in."

"But her mother said she read the contract and is anxious to start. You've read the contract. You know it clearly spells out that she and the man she's working with will go over what is acceptable and what's not, and anytime she does something that's not acceptable she'll be spanked."

"And she's probably assuming you can't be serious about that, or that she'll just have to get it changed."

"But you know there are no alterations."

"Yes, I do know that now, but I doubt that she does. Think about it. If she's been spoiled, she's used to having things her way. I'll bet she is anxious to get this program started, but in her mind she's going to change the terms to suit her, and the program is just a technical delay that will take a little time, but once the terms are changed to suit her, she'll endure it in order to get her inheritance. The end result is the only thing she's focused on."

Both men were quiet for a few moments, before Paul spoke. "She may be right."

"I'm thinking the same thing," Jason said. He turned to address his wife. "What makes you think that? You didn't grow up spoiled."

“No kidding,” she said with a roll of her eyes. “But I’ve been around princesses that were. They’re so used to getting their own way they always assume they will. It never occurs to them they may not.” She giggled a little and said, “I’ll bet they’re shocked the first time they’re over your knee and reality sets in.”

Both men smiled, recalling instances where that, in fact, did happen. “I should have thought of that,” Jason said. “You’re right in everything you said. This whole case is so different; I guess I was getting the cart before the horse.”

“You were going by what she said, and you might be right. I may be wrong. She may have read it and is ready to do the program.” She paused, and both men were obviously thinking, so she gave them a few moments. “And if you go look out the window you may see Bigfoot flying past on his unicorn, too.”

She looked up and saw two large, intimidating men staring at her, both with ‘the look’ on their face and one eyebrow raised. Seeing their identical looks, she laughed.

Jason cleared his throat. “Cheyenne, do we need to have a little discussion on attitudes?”

“No, we don’t,” she assured him. “I was just kidding. And I’m sorry I laughed, but you should have seen it; you two had the exact same look on your faces. When you train these guys, do you give them a mirror so they can practice ‘the look’ to make sure they have it right?”

Jason glanced over at Paul, who was doing his best to keep a stern face and not break out laughing, but it was obvious he was barely hanging on, much like the problem he himself was having. He looked back at her, and the mischief and sparkle in her eyes was his undoing. He started laughing. “See what I mean, Paul, when I said she’s been a daily challenge for me?”

He reached over and picked his wife up in one easy motion, noting the look of surprise on her face, and set her on his lap, giving her a hug. He leaned down and kissed the top of her head.

“I see that,” Paul said with a smile of his own. “You’re a lucky man, Jason. I hope you realize that.”

“Oh, I do,” Jason assured him. “She’s still a challenge, but I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Good,” she said with pride in her voice, “because you’ve already had your chance to change me. You had six weeks to do your best, and this is what you ended up with. That means like it or lump it, buddy, this is what you’re stuck with.”

He reached around and gave her a mostly playful swat on her bottom. “Oh, I like it all right,” he said. “But don’t be so sure you can’t still be changed. I have a strong right arm that says if you start having too much of an attitude, I’ll bet it can indeed be changed.” He leaned down and caught her lips in a kiss before she had a chance to argue. When the kiss ended, his mouth was close to her ear as he whispered, “Do you really want to argue about this in front of an audience, my dear?”

Her eyes caught his momentarily and she answered him by giving him a quick kiss on his cheek, and looking back toward the file sitting in front of them.

He smiled at her and gave her a little wink, before moving on. “Paul, I think she has a valid point. I think you do need to go into this with what she said in mind.”

“I agree. I’ll be ready, and the first time she suggests any kind of change in the way we run our program, I’ll have to make it quite clear that there will be no changes.”

“She isn’t going to like that,” Cheyenne commented, mostly to herself.

“Maybe not, but she’ll have to learn to accept it,” Jason said, studying his wife carefully. She was deep in thought. He glanced over at Paul and had to smile to himself when he saw him watching Cheyenne, as well. Paul was very good at what he did. He picked up on things quickly, like the fact that something was definitely on her mind.

Jason gave her a little hug. “What are you thinking, honey?”

“Oh, nothing,” she said with a far away look on her face.

“Cheyenne?”

The hint of warning in his voice instantly got her attention. She looked up at him and saw the serious expression. “Okay,” she said with a sigh. “By sitting in on this meeting I’m seeing this program in a different light.”

“And?”

She sighed. “It’s not as easy for you guys as I thought.”

Both men chuckled a little. “This job is definitely not the easiest job I’ve had,” Paul said. “The most fulfilling, yes, but certainly not the easiest.”

Jason nodded in agreement. “Definitely. You thought it was easy for us?”

“Well, maybe not easy, but for instance, when I said she isn’t going to like hearing there will be no changes to the program, Paul’s right. He’s going to have to be ready for the response and deal with it. It will be overwhelming to her when she realizes she isn’t going to be able to

change it to her liking. It'll be hard on her—trust me, I know—but no matter how disheartened she is, you have to go forward. That can't be easy.”

“It isn't,” he assured her, “but it's a little easier knowing that although it's extremely hard for her at the time, the sooner she realizes it's going to happen and she can't stop it, and the sooner she accepts that fact, the sooner she'll feel better.”

“Yeah, I guess.”

“Let me ask you something. Are you happier now than when we first met?”

A big smile spread across her face as she looked up at him. “Of course I am. I'm so much happier now, I can't hardly believe the difference.”

“Was it difficult for you the first time you found yourself over my knee and realized you couldn't stop what was about to happen?”

“That was so hard, such a sinking feeling. I felt utterly helpless.”

“Then I did my job right,” he surprised her by saying. He explained further, seeing the confusion on her face. “You feel helpless when you realize you can no longer control what happens. Then it's my job to guide you from that low, to learn how to change your behavior so you feel pride in yourself. That ultimately makes you happier. In your case, it was easy to see how much happier you were, which made my job easier. Much easier.”

“So you're saying I was easy money for you?” He knew he'd never tire of seeing the impish little grin she had on her face.

“Brat,” he said, giving her a little hug.

“I thought you said I was challenging. Now I'm a brat?”

“You're a challenging little brat, and I'm glad you're mine. But seriously, I imagine you are seeing a different side to this program. Are you still in favor of it?”

“Oh, absolutely. I'm here to tell you it works. There's just more involved than I realized. I guess that means I have more respect for you guys and what you do, and what you go through in doing it.”

Both men's eyebrows rose, and they both smiled. “Thank you, Cheyenne,” Paul said.

“Yes, thank you,” Jason echoed. “And for the record, I am so proud of you, and how you've grown. My respect for you keeps growing.”

She blushed, and quickly tried to change the subject. Both men were aware that compliments still tended to embarrass her, so they knew immediately what she was doing, and

allowed it, even helped her. Jason began. “So, getting back to our case at hand, Paul, I think you do need to go into this expecting her to assume she can change the program to her liking.”

They spent the next two hours talking about Gina. They talked about her relationship with her parents, as well as with others, such as her teachers and professors. They talked about other acquaintances, and her lack of long-term friends. Paul would spend the next day, Saturday, going over his pages of notes and finalizing his plan, and on Sunday he would fly to Fort Lauderdale, Florida. He would get settled into the motel room and pick up his rental car in preparation to meet Gina at her parents’ home on Monday morning.