

# That Beautiful Orange Gown

By

Misty Malone

©2015 by Blushing Books® and Misty Malone

All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,  
a subsidiary of

ABCD Graphics and Design  
977 Seminole Trail #233  
Charlottesville, VA 22901

The trademark Blushing Books®  
is registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Malone, Misty  
That Beautiful Orange Gown

eBook ISBN: 978-1-68259-115-4  
Cover Design by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the Author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

**Table of Contents:**

Chapter One .....5

Chapter Two.....17

Chapter Three.....29

Chapter Four .....39

Chapter Five .....51

Chapter Six.....63

Chapter Seven .....74

Chapter Eight .....84

Chapter Nine .....96

About Misty Malone .....111

Ebook Offer.....112

Blushing Books Newsletter.....114

About Blushing Books .....115

# Chapter One

Nick Farrington was feeling relaxed and happy as he sat by the window in his favorite restaurant and finished his lunch. Earlier that morning he'd said good-bye to a couple who had been clients of his for almost five years. That was a long time for him to work with someone, but this couple had badly needed his help.

He thought back a moment to when he first met the Hutchinsons. Mitch and Alice had been referred to him by a bank that had been unable to give them a car loan because of their disastrous credit rating. Alice broke down in his office and cried on their first visit when she heard what all they would have to do and how long it would take to dig out of the hole they'd found themselves in. Nick hadn't felt real confident they'd stick with his plan when they left that day, partly because he knew how difficult it would be. But moreover, he could tell Alice wasn't really on board with the whole plan.

Mitch hadn't realized the extent of the financial situation they found themselves in until he was sitting in Nick's office looking at all the paperwork. Once he did, however, he was determined to fix it, no matter what it took or how long, but Nick could tell Alice wasn't as convinced.

But to Nick's surprise, they'd made it. It wasn't easy, and there had been plenty of ups and downs, but with Nick's help and Mitch's determination, they'd made it. They had concentrated first on getting their bills caught up. Once everything was current, he steered them toward small rewards, like replacing the old car that was costing them money for repairs on a regular basis.

They were able to make slow and steady progress, and today they, along with the bank, owned their own home, two fairly new cars, had enough in savings to cover three months of living expenses, had been making regular deposits to a retirement account, and had started a college fund for their two kids. So this morning, almost five years after first meeting them, he released them as clients. Nick was proud of them, but his biggest delight was seeing how proud they were of themselves.

These are the days he loves his job as a credit counselor and financial planner. Days like this made up for the seemingly endless days of listening to people whine about how much everything costs and how unfair it is that their neighbor makes so much more than them.

There were people out there who truly needed his help, who had gotten backed into a financial corner because of something beyond their control, such as unexpected medical bills, or a factory that suddenly shuts down and leaves them without a job. He was more than happy to help them, and they normally worked with him, appreciating his help.

It was the ones who he considered to be the spoiled rich people that he didn't like working with. They had plenty of money to live on, but refused to live within their means. They didn't want to drive a Ford, they wanted a Cadillac. Then, when they didn't make their payments on the Cadillac and it was repossessed, they wanted the company sued and their car returned to them. Those were the people he despised working with, and unfortunately, that group seemed to be the largest growing group of new clients lately.

He pushed his mind off of those and back to the Hutchinsons. They were the kind of clients who made you feel good and made you glad you could help them.

With that pleasant thought in mind, he went to the register to pay for his lunch. He got his credit card out and was ready when he noticed the lady ahead of him seemed to be having a problem.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but your credit card was rejected," the cashier said.

"What? It shouldn't have been. Could you try it again, please?"

The cashier looked skeptical, but slid the card through again. "Sorry, it's still not taking it."

"There must be some kind of mistake," the pretty lady insisted. "It's been working fine."

"Sorry. Do you have another card you'd like me to try, or cash?"

"I don't carry cash on me," the lady, who was starting to look frazzled, said. "And I only carry one credit card on me at a time for security reasons."

Nick couldn't help but notice the lady's attire. She was dressed in what he assumed was business attire, and the clothes were nice; not inexpensive. He wondered if there was a problem with her card, or if the problem was that the card was over its limit. Either way, she was definitely starting to panic, and he felt sorry for her. She hadn't lashed out at the cashier, as many people would have done. He appreciated that.

Noting the name on her credit card and not wanting to embarrass her, he gently laid a hand on her arm. "Emily, nice to see you," he said in a friendly manner. "I had a problem with my credit card once, too. Let me get this for you." He handed his card and bill to the cashier, who smiled and quickly rang up both bills. He looked back down at the pretty little lady looking up at him, obviously confused. "Let me sign this and we'll go outside where it's not so crowded, so we can talk. It's good to see you."

The cashier gave him his card back and the receipt. He signed it, thanked her, and led the confused lady out the door with a gentle hand on her elbow. He steered them toward his car, away from the building and other patrons. As soon as he stopped, she pulled her arm free. "Uh, I don't know you. Who are you, and what do you want?"

"My name's Nick Farrington, and I really don't want anything. I saw you were having a difficult time and thought I'd offer a little help."

She squinted her eyes as she studied him. "Thank you, but what's the catch?"

Nick chuckled. "There really is no catch. I've had a good day today and thought I could help someone who isn't having quite as good a day. That's really all there is to it."

"Then, thank you," she said. "My name's Emily Hollinger. If you give me your name and address I'll get the money to you." She paused a moment. "Are you sure you don't want anything? I still feel like there's some kind of catch."

"Nope, no catch," he said. "I was going to suggest you let me take you out for dinner as repayment, but I'm afraid you'll think there are strings attached to the invitation. I can assure you there aren't."

She squinted her eyes to study him again. "I don't know," she hedged.

He chuckled again. "That's okay, I don't want you to feel uneasy. I hope your day gets better, Emily, and good luck getting your credit card straightened out."

Before she could come up with something even semi-intelligent to respond with, he got in his car and started it. "Wait," she yelled suddenly. "I need your address."

"This one's on me," he said as he put his car in gear.

"But how can I pay you back?"

"Pay it forward if you want to," he said as he started to drive off. "Nice to meet you, Emily."

Just like that, he was gone. Emily stood there, watching his car vanish out of sight, thinking back on what had just happened. As she thought about it, she couldn't believe how stupid she'd been. A tall, gorgeous man with dark hair and beautiful blue eyes just asked her out. What she knew about him was that besides his good looks, he was obviously kind and generous, and she turned down his invitation for dinner.

She shook her head, not believing how stupid she could be at times, and went to her car and back to work.

Concentrating on work proved to be difficult, though. Her mind kept wandering back to Mr. Nick Farrington. "Earth to Emily," came a familiar voice from the doorway.

She looked up and smiled at her good friend, Kelli Douglas. "Hi, Kelli."

"What are you thinking about, because it sure isn't work?"

"Oh, nothing," she denied. "Need something?"

"Yep," her relentless friend answered as she sat down in front of Emily's desk. "I need the details of what's on your mind. I asked you two questions and you didn't even know I was here, so don't tell me nothing. What were you thinking about?"

Knowing it would do no good to hide anything from the lady who'd been her best friend since childhood and knew her better than anyone else, she answered. "I met a terrific man at lunch, or at least I think he's a terrific man, and he's gorgeous."

"Way to go! When are you going out?"

"We aren't."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm an idiot and I turned him down."

"What? You turned him down? You are an idiot, Em. Call him back and tell him you changed your mind."

"I can't. I don't have his number."

"What do you have? Maybe we can find him. What's his name? Where does he live? Where does he work?"

"His name is Nick Farrington and that's all I know."

"How can that be all you know?"

She sighed and explained how she'd met him, leaving out nothing. Kelli shook her head. "The name's not familiar, but I can see if I can find him. You don't know what he does or anything?"

"Nothing. And don't go looking for him. I'm not that desperate. Well, okay, maybe I am, but I don't want to look that desperate."

"You might have a point," Kelli admitted. "What a shame, though."

"Yeah, I know. Well, I've got to get busy. I haven't gotten anything accomplished all afternoon. Have we heard back on the proposal we submitted last week yet?"

"Not a word. I think they said they'd award the contract by the end of this week, so we may not know until then."

"Waiting is so difficult. I worked hard on that campaign and I really like it. I hope they do, too."

"I think they will," Kelli assured her friend. "When you set your mind on coming up with a good advertising campaign, everyone else may as well step aside because you're unbeatable."

"Yeah, I wish. Anyway, let me know when they award the contract."

"I will." Kelli turned toward the door, but stopped. "Oh, I almost forgot. I ran into Don a little bit ago."

Kelli saw the annoyance in Emily's eyes. "And?"

"And you're keeping something from me, aren't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"He said to tell you that you can't ignore him forever. You may as well answer your phone." She sighed. "Em, what's going on with him? I thought you dumped him."

"I did. Or at least I tried to. When he asked me out again I said no. He asked about the next night, and I was honest with him. I told him I just didn't think it was going to work out between us."

"You told me that. But there's more, isn't there?"

"I don't know. Maybe. He's called several times since then. The first time I told him again it just wasn't going to work out with us. After that I quit answering the phone."

"Have you seen him? Has he approached you?"

"I saw him parked out in front of my house one time. He rang the bell, but I didn't answer the door. I hoped if I didn't answer the phone or door he'd quit calling, but he hasn't."



"He was at your house?"

"Parked in front of it. He stayed there an hour or so, and left."

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing. What can I do? If I keep ignoring his phone calls and don't answer the door, don't you think he'll eventually get the hint and quit calling?"

"Not if he's stalking you. Emily, you have to go to the police. You never know what he might do."

"Oh, don't exaggerate. I don't think he'd really do anything."

"You don't know that. I say you need to call the police, and at least tell them what he's doing. Let them decide if it's anything or not. He's creepy, if you ask me."

"I admit he's not at all what I thought he'd be like. He is a bit creepy."

"So you'll call the police and talk to them?"

"I'll think about it."

"I really think you need to call them, Em. Think hard about it."

Emily nodded, and picked up a file to start working. Kelli took the hint and left.

As soon as Kelli left, Emily took out her credit card and called the bank. She wanted to get that straightened out before she forgot and was turned down again.

Over the next several days she concentrated on her job at the advertising agency, hoping it would get her mind off of Nick Farrington.

The next week at work everyone was talking about the upcoming wedding. The manager's daughter, Cindy Warner, who had worked at the ad agency during summers while she was in college a few years ago, was having a big wedding. Everyone at the agency was invited, and like most of the employees, although she didn't want to, Emily felt she should go. It was a fancy affair with a sit down dinner following the ceremony.

Emily disliked weddings, and particularly large weddings with a sit down meal, especially if she wasn't dating anyone at the moment. Everyone at weddings seemed to be part of a couple, and she felt awkward sending in the dinner reservation for one. That meant she'd be stuck at the table with all the other losers without partners. She decided that if she had to go to this wedding, she could at least buy a new dress and shoes. At least she could look good while she felt like a dork at the loser's table.

Kelli lucked out and had already scheduled her vacation before the wedding invitations came out. That got her out of attending the wedding, but she needed a new swimsuit for the cruise she was taking with her husband. So armed with her new credit card, which replaced the one that had been denied, Emily and Kelli headed out for the mall. Six hours later, both ladies emerged victorious.

Emily was happy that if she had to go to the wedding alone, at least she'd found the perfect little dress and the perfect shoes and purse to match. Now all she had to do was get through the dinner, and she could leave.

The morning of the wedding was beautiful, which only upset Emily more. What a waste of a gorgeous day! Her mood worsened as she got dressed for the wedding. Her head was filled with all the wonderful things she could be doing today, like going to the beach or sitting outside under a tree with a good book. Mowing her lawn even ranked higher.

She tried to cheer up, reminding herself she had a new outfit to wear. She focused on that as she carefully applied the minimal amount of makeup she normally used. She spent longer on her hair, carefully putting it up on her head, with little tendrils escaping at the sides and a couple in the back. When she finished and did a final check in the mirror, she liked what she saw.

Spending a little extra time and effort on her hair helped her mood. She knew she wasn't one of the pretty, skinny ladies all girls seemed to strive to be these days, but she also knew she had some good attributes, her long dark hair being one of them. She was also fortunate enough to have a nice complexion and long dark eyelashes. Even without much makeup, she knew she could make a couple of heads turn.

She was standing in line waiting to be seated for the ceremony, wondering if she could slip over and sign the guest book and leave, when she heard a deep voice behind her. "Emily?"

She turned around, recognizing the voice from somewhere, but not being able to place it. Smiling down at her was Nick Farrington. "Nick, hi."

"Hello, yourself. Are you here for the bride?"

"Yes. You?"

He nodded. "Are you a close friend, or—"

When he paused, she offered, "No, I work at the ad agency."

"Ah." He looked around before asking, "Do you have a husband or boyfriend joining you?"

She felt her face blush as she answered, "No. It's just me."

"I'm sitting in the back row so I can leave if I'm needed. Would you like to join me?"

"I'd love to," she said with a sincere smile. The back row sounded great, and sitting with him sounded even better.

He gently took her elbow and pulled her out of the line and off to the side. "If you can wait here just a minute, let me do one quick thing and we'll go sit down."

"Sure."

He quickly slipped over and spoke to a lady holding a clipboard, and was back. "Okay. Would you like to have one of the ushers seat you, or do you want to just slip into the last row?"

"I'm good with slipping in."

"Me, too." He guided her with her elbow again, and they went to the side and right into the back row.

She looked at him once they were sitting. "So, you're here in what capacity? Obviously you're not just a guest."

"My sister's the one with the big job here. She's a wedding planner, and she planned this whole shebang."

"Wow. I'm impressed."

"Me, too. I'm proud of her. We're friends of the family of the bride, so I'm officially here as a guest, but I'm also helping Anita, my sister, if any last minute issues come up."

"So you're friends of the Warner family?"

"I went to school with Cindy's older brother, Joe, and Anita was a year behind their sister, Alli. Our families were friends. Do you know Cindy, or are you just here because she's your boss's daughter?"

"A little of both. She worked at the agency for a couple of summers when she was in college, but mostly I'm here because she's my boss's daughter."

He smiled. "I didn't want to be here, either. There are a whole lot of things I'd rather be doing on a day as nice as this."

She smiled over at him again. "Was I that obvious?"

"Actually, no, not really. I just guessed. I'm glad I ran into you here," he added after a pause.

"Me, too," she said without thinking. "I hate going to these alone."

"We'll stick together. Maybe it won't be so bad."

"Except while we're eating. Since I'm here without a partner I'm sure I'll be sitting at the singles table with all the other losers."

"Not necessarily," he said, grinning.

She squinted her eyes as she studied him. "Do you know something I don't?"

"I just asked my sister, the planner," he reminded her, "to see if she could rearrange the seating a little."

Nick watched as a smile erupted on her face. "And she agreed?" He nodded. "Thank you."

It got quiet as the first attendants started up the aisle, so they turned to watch.

Nick was true to his word. He stayed with her all evening. From the time the ceremony was over until they sat down for the dinner, he was right beside her. He introduced her as his friend to a few people he knew, and she introduced him to people she worked with who stopped to talk to her. She was pretty sure most of her co-workers who stopped to talk to her were checking out the handsome man next to her, and she loved it when he seemed to pick up on that, as well. Every time someone came snooping, his hand was suddenly on her waist. She wasn't sure if he somehow knew what they were snooping around about, but it didn't really matter; she liked it!

His hand on her waist wasn't the only thing she liked. She was finding he was a very good conversationalist and could fit in with any crowd. He was also very smooth. He could transition from talking with a soft, quietly-speaking lady to a loud, boisterous man easily. What she was noticing the most, however, were his manners. He was quite the gentleman, always leading her with a gentle hand on her back or her elbow, and was very attentive. He asked questions, and listened to her answers intently.

They watched as the bride and groom went through all the traditional ceremonies; cutting the cake and throwing the garter and bride's bouquet. They laughed when two men fought over the garter until someone reminded them that tradition stated that meant they would be the next to be married. They both dropped it like a hot potato, and the crowd laughed.

By the time they were seated for the dinner, they were talking and laughing like old friends. They discovered they had a lot in common, and had no difficulty finding things to talk about. When the dinner was over, the band started playing and the newly married couple danced

the first dance. That was followed by the bride and her father, and the newlyweds and both sets of parents.

The next dance was a dance introduced as 'let's help the couple get off to a good start.' Any man who wants one last dance with Cindy can have a few moments with the new bride for a dollar, and likewise, any woman who wants a few moments to dance with her new husband. Nick turned to face Emily. "As a long-time friend of the family, I should do this, if you're okay with it?"

"Of course." As she watched him go join the line of men paying their dollar for a few seconds of a dance, she had to smile. Nick Farrington was turning out to be as wonderful as she'd been imagining the last week or so. She hoped he asked her out again. She wouldn't be stupid and say no this time.

The men only got about five seconds each with Cindy before the next man was cutting in, but even in that short amount of time Emily could tell Nick was a good dancer. She knew she was being shallow, but that was important to her. She loved to dance, and the last man she'd dated, albeit it not for long, wasn't into dancing at all. As a matter of fact, she'd only dated one man who liked to dance, but as it turned out, that was the only thing the two of them had in common.

When all the special dances were done and they opened the dance floor up to the guests, Emily was delighted when he asked her to dance. They stayed out on the floor, dancing to three songs, the last one being a slow song. She loved dancing with him, especially the slow one. He wasn't a small man, but rather tall with a muscular build. Still, he was very light on his feet, and she loved the way he pulled her close to him and held her there, almost possessively, during the last dance. When it ended, he seemed almost hesitant to release her.

"You're a very good dancer," he said as he led her back to their table.

"I was thinking the same about you."

"I don't know how good I am, but I love to dance," he said.

"It shows. I think that's half of what makes someone a good dancer."

"I agree with you."

It was hard to talk once the music started again, and he took her hand and helped her up. He led her over to a door that led outside to the veranda, where they could hear each other.

"Would you rather stay and dance more, or would you like to leave? Maybe we could go for a walk in the park, or get some coffee? I'm enjoying getting to know you, Emily."

"I'm enjoying it, too. A walk in the park sounds like fun."

"I think so, too. I want to find my sister and introduce you to her before we leave, if that's all right?"

"Sure. She did a wonderful job on this wedding. She must be very organized to do what she does."

"Oh, she is. She's always been a bit of an organizational freak."

"I envy her."

"Organization not your forte?"

"Far from it," she said with a chuckle.

After the introductions, they turned toward the parking lot. "Why don't you leave your car here? I'll bring you back after our walk." She agreed, and he led her out to his car, where he opened the door for her. Conversation again flowed easily on the way to the park.

He parked and was out of the car quickly and she wondered what the rush was, until he appeared at her side, opening the door for her. He held out his hand, which she readily took, and he helped her out of the car. He kept it as he led her toward a walking path.

Once they were on the path, walking casually, he asked about her job. "So, you work at Warner. Do you work in the office, or are you one of the geniuses who comes up with the advertising campaigns?"

Her shock was obvious. "Why do you call us geniuses?"

"Ah, so you are one of the advertising gurus. Some of the advertising campaigns I've seen are very impressive. I always assumed you guys all must be very creative."

She considered his words a few moments. "To be honest, sometimes I'm too creative. I have all these ideas bouncing around in my head and I have to narrow them down. I never thought of it as being creative, though. I always thought I had to be half crazy to come up with some of the ideas that pop into my head."

"Nope, it's definitely creative," he stated, not suggested. "So tell me a little bit about yourself. How long have you known you wanted to go into advertising?"

"I think from the time I was little. It used to be a game with me when I was little. Everything I'd pick up I'd try to sell. I'd come up with some advertising line. At the time, though, I just thought it was funny. I didn't know you could actually make a living doing it."

"Seriously? That's funny. What about your family; did they encourage you to do it when you were small? Are they proud of you now?"

She stopped walking and stood still, staring straight ahead.

Sensing he'd asked a difficult question, he squeezed her hand. "I'm sorry if I asked something I shouldn't have. You don't have to answer that."

"No, that's okay," she said with a little forced smile in his direction. "It's just, there are a lot of things I don't know about my parents. I was in high school, and our house burned down one day while I was at school, and they both died. When they died, so did everything I thought I knew about them. I guess I'll always have a lot of unanswered questions about them."