

# She Did What?

By

Misty Malone

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# Chapter One

It was a beautiful day out and Jenna Henderson had plans to enjoy every minute of it. She and her husband, Mitch, had just moved from the Philadelphia area to a small town in southern Indiana called Silverton. Although she'd never been in the area before, it was Mitch's hometown. He'd gone off to college and become an engineer, but moved back home, accepting a position with a local engineering firm. They were impressed with the young engineer, and after just two years with the firm, they'd sent him to their smaller office in Philadelphia where he oversaw a large project.

He'd met Jenna the first week he was there, and they'd hit it off immediately. He was staying in the same apartment complex she lived in, and they seemed to leave and return home around the same time every day. He asked her out to dinner, and it wasn't long before they were spending time together practically every day.

He'd done very well on the project he'd been sent to oversee, and almost a year later, as it was finishing and he knew he'd be returning home and back to the Silverton office, he had asked Jenna to marry him and make the move with him. She'd agreed and they were married there, where her family was. It had been a beautiful wedding, with both their families in attendance. It was very clear to all of them how much in love the bride and groom were. That was only a month ago, and now here they were, getting settled into an apartment in Silverton. He was excited to be able to move back home, and Jenna was very proud of her husband.

Jenna was looking at this as a new adventure, and she was excited. She came from a close family, and although she loved them dearly, she was ready to spread her wings a bit and put a little distance between them. She'd never had trouble making friends, so she wasn't concerned about that. She'd already met Mitch's best friend, Jack, and his wife, Lilly, when they'd come to visit them in Philadelphia. She and Lilly had become instant friends.

The two ladies were a lot alike, even down to what they did for a living. Lilly owned a beauty shop in Silverton, and Jenna had just graduated from beauty school and gotten her cosmetology license. When Lilly found out they were moving back, she offered Jenna a job in her shop. Jenna immediately accepted, excited about the prospect of them working together.

Now that they were moved, she was going to start in a few days. Mitch had suggested she take a little time to get settled in and familiar with the area first, and she was glad she'd taken his advice.

They hadn't had much time to look for a place to live, so they rented an apartment for the time being, with the intention of looking for a house to buy. They had both lived in a furnished apartment in Philadelphia, so they had a few things, but not a lot. They'd gone on a shopping spree and had been able to get the furniture and other things they had to have, but she was on a mission to get a few more things before she started working. In her opinion, they needed a few special things to make their apartment feel like home to them, and Mitch agreed completely.

Mitch came into the kitchen just as she was dishing up the eggs she'd made for their breakfast. He walked up behind her and kissed her neck as his arms wrapped around her waist. "Good morning, sweetheart," he said.

"Good morning to you," she answered with a big smile as she turned in his arms to return his kiss. "Sit down and let's eat while they're hot." She already had everything else on the table, including two steaming cups of coffee.

She sneezed as she picked up her fork, and he turned to study her a bit closer. “Are you feeling okay, Jenna? Your eyes are red. You aren’t catching a cold, are you?”

“I think it’s just allergies. I’m thinking maybe Silverton has some kind of trees or weeds that don’t agree with me.”

“While you’re out today why don’t you pick up some allergy medicine and we’ll see if that helps. If it doesn’t, we’ll get you an appointment with an allergist.”

“I don’t know about the allergist, but I think I will get some allergy medicine. It should have my sneezing and watery eyes feeling better in a week or two.” They talked about what all she planned to do today. He was happy to see her excited about living in a new area, and was especially glad she was planning to pick up a few special things for their apartment. They talked a bit about what she planned to look for and how much it may cost. He was proud of her when he learned she was planning on working within a budget, and looking at it as a challenge to find the right things at the right price.

He helped her carry their dishes to the kitchen when they were finished with breakfast, and gave her a heartfelt kiss before leaving for work. She cleaned up the kitchen and made a list of places she wanted to visit, before going to the bedroom to get dressed. She was getting ready to leave, when her phone rang. A smile instantly appeared on her face when she saw it was Mitch.

“Hey, babe,” he said in his deep voice Jenna knew she’d never get tired of hearing. “Jack stopped in a minute, and he’s got a good idea. He’s meeting Lilly for lunch and thought maybe we could join them. If you’re going to be out and about today, why don’t you stop in here around noon and we’ll all have lunch together? We thought maybe we could try the new restaurant in town.”

“That sounds great,” she enthused. “I’ll go get started with my shopping, and I’ll be at your office around noon.”

That put a little extra spring in her step, and she hurried to get started. She looked down at her blue jeans and tee shirt, and went back to the bedroom. A new restaurant certainly deserved better than that. She took a quick look through her closet and quickly decided this would be the perfect chance to wear her new casual, yet oh, so cute skirt and sweater she’d bought. She put the outfit on and was happy with the look.

She looked at her assortment of shoes and debated over which ones she should wear. She’d gotten a new pair to go with the outfit, and they matched perfectly. They had higher heels than she was accustomed to, though, and she wasn’t sure if she wanted to try wearing them all morning. They may not be the most comfortable to shop in. She slipped them on to see how they felt, and they looked so good with the outfit, how could she not wear them? They didn’t seem too uncomfortable, so she decided to go for it. After all, she figured, she’d have to break them in sometime.

The first place she planned on stopping at had her excited. She’d seen an ad for it in the local paper, and it sounded perfect. It was a small store that carried unusual items from all over the world. She thought that might be the ideal place to find a couple things just different enough to make their apartment seem interesting and unique. According to the ad, it was located in a small strip mall, along with a deli, a shoe store, and a child care center.

When she found the address and turned into the parking lot, she found herself in a line of cars that would move a bit and stop. It wasn’t hard to surmise this was apparently a popular time for parents to be dropping off their children at the day care center. A car would pull up, a lady from the child care center would help the child out of the car, while another lady walked them into the building, as the parent drove on.

Although it was an efficient method of dropping off the children, she didn’t think she

needed to stay in the line since she wasn't dropping a child off. While looking for a way to bypass the line of cars, it became obvious that something wasn't right up ahead. Watching the cars in front of her, she decided there was apparently something blocking the space, because she watched as a couple cars started to pull out to pass, but then got back in line.

She strained to see better as she got closer and was finally able to figure out what the problem was. Sitting in the middle of the space was what she assumed was a large, empty beer can, standing upright, and blocking the whole area. Apparently no one wanted to drive over it, or stop and get out to pick it up. Maybe it was because the parents had small children in their car and didn't want their kids to see them picking up a can of beer. She wasn't sure the reason, but it seemed a bit ridiculous to her.

She pulled up right next to it, opened her door, and reached down and grabbed the can, pulling it into the car so she could throw it away later, when she found a wastebasket. Unfortunately, the can was almost full, and as she pulled it up into the car, beer slopped out of the can, all over her sweater sleeve. Not sure what to do with it now, she simply put it in her cup holder for the time being so it wouldn't spill. She'd find someplace to throw it away, she was sure.

She drove on past the day care center and on to the store she wanted to visit. Disappointment set in as she learned the store didn't open until ten o'clock. She stood in front of it, looking in the window for a couple minutes, trying to see what kinds of things they had, and if it would be worth coming back later.

As she turned to leave, she noticed a nostalgic-style soda machine by the door. It caught her attention because the soda was served in old fashioned bottles instead of cans. She went closer to see what kinds of soda they had to offer, and was excited when she saw root beer served in brown bottles. A couple years ago, she'd had an old fashioned root beer in a brown bottle and it was absolutely delicious. She quickly took out the required two dollars, and was soon carrying her much-anticipated brown bottle of root beer back to her car.

She sat down behind the wheel and closed her eyes so she could fully enjoy the first taste. It was just as wonderful as she'd remembered. After enjoying a couple more swigs of the wonderful beverage, she moved the can of beer over to the other beverage holder so she could put her precious root beer closer to her. After a quick check of her list, she decided on her next stop, and headed down the street.

She enjoyed another sip or two of her root beer as she made her way to the pharmacy to pick up some allergy medicine. With another quick check of her shopping list and another quick sip of root beer she was back on the road again, heading for a fabric store, where she hoped to find some fabric that would be perfect to make a few pillows for their sofa. Pillows always made a place look more like home.

As she was driving down the street, she saw two blue lights coming up behind her. She moved over to the side of the road to allow it to pass, but to her surprise, it pulled in behind her. Frustrated, she glanced at her watch. She really had a rather full day planned today and didn't relish the thought of dealing with whatever this officer wanted. She assumed it must be a random vehicle inspection or some such thing, as she was sure she hadn't been speeding and she had her seatbelt on. In an attempt to save some time, she got out her driver's license and proof of insurance and had them ready when the officer approached her door.

She rolled her window down and it seemed to her the officer was looking around inside her car as he greeted her. "Good morning, ma'am. Can I see your license and proof of insurance, please?"

"Sure, officer. I have them right here," she said as she handed them over to him. "Is there

a problem?”

He looked at the documents she gave him several moments before saying anything. “I’ll be right back, and then I’ll tell you why I pulled you over this morning.” Before she had a chance to ask anything, he left. She was a little annoyed he didn’t answer her question first, and it seemed to her he was taking his good old time. She was getting upset by the time he did finally return.

“Have you had anything to drink this morning, ma’am?” The officer’s question caught Jenna by surprise. She’d been expecting an explanation as to why he stopped her, not a blunt question, and she found herself staring at him. She thought police officers were supposed to be polite, but this one certainly wasn’t. It took her a few moments to pull herself together enough to answer. “Just some root beer. Is that what you mean?”

He gave her a perturbed look. “You know that’s not what I mean. Have you had anything alcoholic, any beer this morning?”

Jenna was now more than a little upset. Not only was that a ridiculous question, but this officer was certainly not being polite at all. She felt her temper flaring, but tried to control it. “No, of course not!”

“Are you sure? The reason I asked, when I saw you drive through the intersection back there it looked to me as though you were drinking from a brown bottle of beer. That’s why I pulled you over. Then from the moment you opened your window I could smell alcohol. Now as I look inside your vehicle it’s obvious you have two open containers of beer, which, of course, is illegal. Would you please step out of your vehicle?”

“But I haven’t had any beer. I don’t even drink beer, especially not in the morning.”

“Ma’am, please step out of the vehicle.”

“Why?”

“If you say you haven’t had any alcohol you shouldn’t have any problem doing a quick field sobriety test. I can’t ignore the two open containers of beer I can plainly see in your car, so once again, please step out of the vehicle.”

Jenna was getting upset. This was a waste of her time, and the officer now seemed plain rude. “I don’t have two open containers of beer. The one I was drinking from is root beer, and the other one may have beer in it, but it’s not mine.” She quickly explained to the officer how the can of beer came to be in her car.

The officer listened, but seemed totally unimpressed. “Ma’am, I still need to see for myself that you’re okay to be driving. A quick field sobriety test should prove that, if you really haven’t had any alcohol.” He opened her car door and reached in, offering her his hand to help her out.

She could see he wasn’t going to give up on this, so she sighed and got out of the car. She forgot she had her new higher heeled shoes on and stumbled just a bit as she got out. The officer didn’t comment, but he did raise his eyebrows. He led her behind her car, to the space between her car and his. He showed her how to walk a straight line, heel to toe. She was anxious to get this whole thing done and over with, so she started doing the same thing he’d just done. How hard could it be?

It turned out to be much harder than she’d anticipated, mostly because of the new shoes. She wasn’t as steady in them as she should be to begin with, and walking heel to toe certainly wasn’t something she was accustomed to doing. As a result, she stumbled several times. He showed her how to close her eyes and tilt her head back a bit, while standing on one foot. Once again, the new shoes made it much harder than it would have been in her tennis shoes, and thanks to her allergies, her head was stuffy, which certainly didn’t help her balance. She felt herself swaying a bit.

He looked at her eyes, and reached a decision. “Ma’am, we need to go down to the station so you can take a Breathalyzer test. The smell of alcohol can’t be overlooked, and you didn’t do well on either of the tests. Besides that, your eyes are red and bloodshot.”

“Yes, they are, but it’s from allergies,” she insisted. “I’m telling you, I haven’t had any alcohol today at all. This is the first time I’ve worn these shoes and they have a higher heel than I’ve ever had before.”

He gave her a condescending look. “Then you’ll be able to prove that to me with a simple test.” He had her lock her vehicle before leading her to his cruiser and helping her into the back seat. She was so shocked by these whole proceedings, she followed his instructions in a daze. She thought about what was happening as he drove them to the police station. Unfortunately, the more she thought about it, the more she felt her temper growing.

By the time they reached the police station she was plain angry. This guy wasn’t even listening to her. There was a simple explanation for everything, but he didn’t care. All he cared about was hauling her downtown and giving her a Breathalyzer test. Well, she was tired of trying to be nice to him. She wasn’t going to take his stupid test. If he could be obstinate, so could she. She hadn’t had anything to drink, so let him try and prove that she had.

\* \* \*

Jack was at Mitch’s office, visiting with Mitch while they waited for Jenna to get there. They would stop and pick up Lilly at her shop on their way to the restaurant. Her shop was closed on Mondays, but she’d gone in to do a little cleaning. They were wondering what was keeping Jenna, when Mitch got a phone call.

Jack went to the window to look out while Mitch answered. “Hello? Yes, this is Mitch Henderson. Yes, Jenna is my wife.” After a pause, Mitch stood up. “She did what?” Jack’s ears perked up, and he started listening a little more carefully. “Okay, thank you, officer. I’ll be right there.” He hung up and headed for the door. “Come on, Jack. I may need your legal services.”

“My legal services? Why? What’s going on that you need an attorney for?”

“I’ll explain on the way.” They got into Mitch’s car and headed downtown. On the way to the police station Mitch explained that Jenna was supposedly under the influence, failed field sobriety tests, had red, bloodshot eyes, an open can of beer in her car, and refused to take a Breathalyzer test.

“But how can that be? I thought you said Jenna doesn’t drink beer?”

“She doesn’t. I have no idea what’s going on,” Mitch said.

“I don’t, either, but if she hasn’t been drinking, why won’t she take a Breathalyzer test? If she refuses to take one, she’ll lose her license for a year. I can’t imagine what’s going through her mind.”

“I can’t either, but I’ll bet she doesn’t know she’ll lose her license if she doesn’t take it. Once we find out what’s going on, will you talk to her, make sure she knows that?”

“Of course. You don’t suppose she’s actually had anything to drink, do you?”

“I don’t know. I certainly wouldn’t think so, but the officer said he could smell alcohol as soon as she rolled her window down.” He shook his head. “She doesn’t drink much alcohol ever, so that would be very unlike her. I have no idea what’s up, but I expect to find out.”

Neither man said anything else on their way to the station. Jack was thinking about what could possibly be going on. He hoped she hadn’t already signed the refusal to take the Breathalyzer test, and was thinking about anything he could use as a possible defense for her if she had.

Mitch was thinking back to how his life has changed this past year. There was no doubt in his mind that meeting Jenna shortly after arriving in Philadelphia was the best thing that had ever



happened to him. What drew her to him the most was her perpetual smile, and positive attitude. Every time he saw her those first couple weeks she was smiling and very friendly.

As they got to know each other, he was surprised at how quickly he'd fallen in love with the beautiful little lady who always seemed to find the good in everyone and everything. He'd dated his fair share of ladies in college, but none of them had affected him nearly as much as Jenna. He knew after only dating a month that she was the one he wanted for his wife. He had to force himself to be patient and take it slow, not wanting to rush her.

When he did finally profess his love for her after just two months, he was surprised when her eyes filled with tears and she told him she returned his love. After they talked, it was obvious to him she was just as much in love as he was. He proposed three months later, and she quickly said yes. They grew closer still as they planned their wedding and move to Indiana.

The one fault his lovely little wife had was her temper. She was happy and easy going to a point, but once she crossed that point, her temper took control. When that happened she became an angry, sarcastic, malicious little lady who was out for revenge. That scared him, and he'd been trying to tame that flaw in her since he'd known her. He was afraid she was going to get herself into a bind she wouldn't be able to get out of. He couldn't help but wonder if that was the problem now.

Ironically, Jack's wife, Lilly, was so similar to Jenna it was uncanny. While the two men, who had been friends since childhood, were glad to see their wives getting along so well, it also scared them a bit. They were afraid the two of them together could be a bit dangerous. As they were heading toward the police station, Jack was thinking of the similarities in the two ladies, as well, and was also wondering if Jenna's temper had gotten her in a fix. If so, he hoped he and Mitch would be able to help.

When they got to the police station, they talked to the officer, and then to Jenna. Once she explained everything that happened Mitch and Jack understood, and knew she was telling the truth. The problem was how to get the officer to see that. He didn't know Jenna and wouldn't know how absurd this all was. "Jenna, there's something you need to know," Jack tried to explain. "If you refuse to take the Breathalyzer test, you will lose your license for a year."

"But how is that fair? I haven't had any alcohol."

"Then take the test, so you can prove that," Mitch said. "Why did you tell him you wouldn't take it, anyway? If you haven't had anything to drink, why wouldn't you want to take it to show him how wrong he is?"

"Because he's a real jerk. He hasn't listened to anything I've tried to tell him. If he won't even listen to me, why should I cooperate with him?"

"Well, now is your chance to get him back," Mitch said. "If you take this test and it proves what you said, that you haven't had a bit of alcohol, he'll look like a fool. I would think you'd want that to happen."

"Besides," Jack added, "if you don't take it, he'll be happy to see you lose your license for a year. Do you really want that to happen?"

"Oh, hell, no. I'm not letting him win."

"Good. Although we'll talk about your language later," Mitch said with a raised eyebrow.

"Let me go talk to him," Jack said, and he left.

A couple minutes later, the officer came back in, with a smirk on his face. Jack was with him, and went to Jenna. "He's going to take you for the test, and I told him as your attorney, I want to be there, as well." Jenna and Mitch both looked at him, with obvious questions. "I just want to be sure everything is done correctly and everyone remains civil."

Jack motioned with his eyes toward the officer, but Mitch looked seriously at Jenna. He leaned close to whisper in her ear. “That means behave yourself.” Jenna saw the serious expression on his face, and nodded.

The officer took her for the test, which proved what she’d been saying. She hadn’t had a drop of alcohol. Now Jenna had a smirk on her face, which upset the officer. “There’s still the open container charge,” he announced with a satisfied grin.

“As her attorney I will advise her to contest that charge,” Jack said quickly, before Jenna had a chance to go off on the officer, which all three men could easily see she was about to do.

The officer turned to look at Jack, a challenging expression on his face. “Are you saying there is no open container of beer in her vehicle?”

“I haven’t seen her vehicle, but no, I’m not,” Jack conceded. “She explained what happened. I will, however, point out to you that Mrs. Henderson recently moved here from out of state, as I’m sure you noticed her Pennsylvania license. You also know that rules like that are not national, but vary state to state. I’m sure you’re also aware that our local judges give new residents leeway on laws like that, as they look at the original intention of the law. In this case, the intention of the no open container of alcohol law was to prevent people from drinking while they’re driving. She obviously wasn’t doing that. She told you where the beer came from, and since there was a line of people dropping their children off at the time, I feel pretty sure we could find a parent who was there this morning and could verify the long line, and that she picked the can up so people could drive through the area easier.”

“She still had the open container.”

“Yes, she did,” Jack agreed. “But I’m telling you that we’ll fight the ticket if you cite her, so if you feel confident that a judge will agree with you that she blatantly disregarded a law and put herself or others in danger, it is, of course, your prerogative to give her the ticket.”

Mitch had been watching his wife closely, and when she started to speak, his stern expression and raised eyebrows quieted her.

Jack also gave her a quick glance that looked a lot like a warning, before addressing the officer again. “Now, she’s been delayed in her plans for the day for almost three hours, which we will, of course, point out to the judge if you cite her, and the only thing she’s done wrong involved a law she knew nothing about. I personally don’t believe any judge would find that to be a blatant disregard for the law. I also have other things to do today, so I feel I need to ask, are you going to cite her, or is she free to go?”

The officer was obviously not happy with Jack, but he shook his head. “Since she is new to our state, I’ll let it go with a verbal warning this time.”

The officer turned to Jenna, but before he was able to say anything, Jack spoke up. “Thank you, officer. We’ll take her back to retrieve her vehicle.” He turned them all toward the door and ushered them out quickly, leaving the scowling officer behind.

As soon as they got out to the main hallway and were headed for the door, Jenna smiled up at Jack. “Way to let him—”

“Not a word until we’re in the car,” Mitch whispered in her ear, and his tightened grip on her arm let her know he was not as happy as she apparently was. She knew better than to argue with him, but she was confused. She hadn’t done anything wrong. Why would he be upset with her? Maybe he was upset with the officer, and not her, and didn’t want to say anything until they were out of the police station. That made sense, so she decided her celebration could wait that long.