
LAST CHANCE
PROGRAM

MISTY MALONE



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Misty Malone
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Cheyenne and Jason

LAST CHANCE PROGRAM -
BOOK ONE

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Malone, Misty
Cheyenne and Jason

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Chapter 1

Jason exited the plane and headed down the ramp into the airport, hoping his contact was waiting for him. Unfortunately, though, as he looked around he didn't see anyone that fit the description. When Dan hired him and sent him the ticket, he assured him a feisty little redhead named Cheyenne would have a detailed description of him and would be there to meet him.

The arrival area started thinning out, but Jason saw no little redhead. He got his luggage and returned, but still no Cheyenne. He took out his phone to call Dan, when he saw a lady with red hair over in the lounge. She didn't have any luggage with her, so he guessed she was here to pick someone up. He walked toward her, and she looked up at him. He smiled when he saw her face. She was cute as a button, but she didn't seem too interested in him, so he assumed she wasn't Cheyenne. But maybe he could have some iced tea and chat a few minutes before calling Dan. Maybe Cheyenne was running late.

“Hi. Do you mind if I have a seat?” he asked, indicating the bar stool next to her.

“Free country. Do what you want.”

He wasn't too impressed with her attitude, but pressed on. “Are you waiting for someone?”

“Yeah, sort of.”

“Sort of?”

“Yeah. My boss sent me to meet someone, but I don't know him, and I don't think I want to know him, so I'm hoping maybe he wised up and didn't show.”

“You don't know what he looks like?”

“Not for sure. In my mind, I picture him as a little geeky guy with mousy brown hair, but I'm not sure.”

“If your boss sent you to meet him, shouldn't he have given you a description of him?”

“Yeah, I think he did, but I wasn't paying attention. I think he sounds lame, so I didn't really care.”

Jason had to wonder if this was Cheyenne, but decided to ask a few more questions before introducing himself. He took a drink of his iced tea and asked, “Why does he sound lame?”

“I don't know, just the whole idea.” She looked at him a little more carefully, as if considering how much she should say. “He's supposed to be some kind of inspirational leader or something.”

“Inspirational leader?”

“My boss said he has some good ideas about the proper technique, or the proper demeanor for businesspeople, or some kind of bullshit like that. He said he would inspire me to change my ways.” She shrugged, while laughing and shaking her head. “It just sounds like a bunch of shit to me.”

Jason tried not to smile. This had to be Cheyenne. “I take it your boss wants you to meet this guy?” She nodded her head. “Why? Does he complain about your business demeanor?”

“Constantly. He's always on my ass about something. I'd

tell him to go to hell, but I kind of need this job, so I put up with the constant nagging.”

“Is he a decent guy other than complaining about your demeanor?”

“Yeah, he’s not a bad guy, I guess, other than being on my ass all the time. He doesn’t bitch about my work or anything, just my professional ethics, as he calls it.”

“If he complains that much, maybe he has a reason. What does he complain about?”

She sighed, and thought a moment before answering. “Dan just gets real prissy about things. He wants everyone to kiss ass to any client, or possible client.”

“I take it that’s not something you’re noted for?”

“Hey, if someone’s a real asshole, I’m not kissing up to them.” Jason finished his iced tea, deciding he’d heard enough. Just as he was about to say something, she stood. “Well, I’m going to assume this Jason guy’s not showing. I’m outta here. Nice talking to you.”

Jason stood, reached out and gently took her elbow, turning her to look at him. She tried to pull her arm loose, but he held it firmly. He waited until she met his eyes. “Cheyenne, I think you better take me to meet Dan now.”

He handed her his card and watched her face change from angry to embarrassed. She went back to angry and said, “You son-of-a-bitch. You sat there and led me on.”

“Cheyenne,” he said in a stern but gentle voice, “I did no such thing. I had no idea who you were when I sat down. Dan told me a lady named Cheyenne would have a description of me and would find me. The only description I had of you was red hair. That’s why I came over here, but when you didn’t seem to recognize me, I assumed you were just someone killing time while waiting on someone, as well, and thought maybe we could talk a few minutes while we both waited.”

Jason could tell Cheyenne wanted to argue, but was struggling for words. He offered her an easy way out. "How about if we start over. I'm Jason Jenkins." He held out his right hand, but she just glared at him. Reaching over and taking her right hand and shaking it, he said, "Nice to meet you, Cheyenne. Are you ready to go see Dan?" She didn't say a word, but turned and left. Jason shook his head and sighed. He couldn't say anything to her about her attitude because she hadn't agreed to his program yet, but he sincerely hoped she did. If ever there was a lady deserving of his special care, it was her.

He picked up his bags and followed her to a bright yellow Mustang. She silently opened the trunk and looked at him. He put his bags in the trunk, then went to the passenger's side and got in. She drove back to her office, not looking at him once or saying a word. She got out, again opened the trunk, then turned and walked into the building. He caught up and walked beside her. They went up an elevator to the tenth floor. She got out and walked toward a lady at a desk, who smiled at them. "Tell him we're here," Cheyenne said, and sat down on a sofa.

Jason looked at her, stunned at how rude she'd been. Looking back at the lady at the desk, he smiled and said, "Hi. I'm Jason Jenkins."

He held out his hand and was pleased when the young lady shook it and replied, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Jenkins. I'm Jenna, Mr. Miller's assistant. I'll tell him you're here. Please make yourself comfortable. Would you like some coffee?"

Jason smiled and said, "Nice to meet you, Jenna. No, thank you, I just had some tea," and he went and sat beside Cheyenne on the sofa. He decided if Cheyenne didn't want to talk, he wasn't going to force it. He'd let Dan talk to her first.

It was only a few minutes before Dan opened the door and came out to meet them. “Jason, good to see you again, buddy.” He gave him a robust handshake. “Let’s have lunch together in a little bit here and catch up.”

“Sounds good to me, Dan. How have you been?”

“I’ve been good. Hey, thanks for coming. I appreciate it. Come on in, both of you.”

Jason waited for Cheyenne, who looked pretty nonplussed watching the men, then followed them into the office. Dan pointed to the two chairs in front of his desk, and Jason seated Cheyenne before sitting in the other chair.

Dan cleared his throat and began with a bit of a warning. “Jason, I haven’t said much to Cheyenne about why I called you out here, so I’ll talk to her now. Feel free to jump in if I misstate something or leave out something you feel is important.” Jason nodded in agreement, and Cheyenne looked from one to the other, with narrowed eyes.

“Cheyenne,” Dan began, “you know what I think of your abilities in the graphics design department. I truly believe you’ve got more talent than anyone I’ve had working for me.” Cheyenne beamed, relaxing a little. “However,” Dan continued, “you also know I’ve been less than happy with your attitude and the way you treat clients. I’ve had complaints from several of your coworkers and a few clients, and you seem to think you have the freedom to set your own hours and come in whenever is convenient for you.”

Jason watched Cheyenne’s reactions closely and saw her face pale and her eyes wander down to the floor. “This all came to a head two weeks ago when you met with Mr. Pippendale. Do you remember your meeting with him?”

Cheyenne squirmed in her seat a little before answering. “Absolutely I remember him. What a jerk. He wouldn’t recognize good art if it bit him in his freaking ass.” Jason was

flabbergasted. His eyebrows shot up, and he shook his head as he looked at her, then over at Dan.

“See, Cheyenne, that’s my problem. That jerk, as you call him, came and talked to me after you told him to go to hell. He was shocked at your lack of professionalism. He said you were just downright rude, and he would never be able to work with someone like that, no matter how good an artist they were. Not surprisingly, he took his business elsewhere, and we were looking at a large—very large contract. So, explain to me why, after you lost this latest large client, I should keep you in my employ.”

Cheyenne was speechless. This was the first time he’d actually talked about her job being in jeopardy. Well, at least the first time she’d taken him seriously. She looked over at him and realized he was waiting for an answer, but all she could come up with was, “I’m sorry, Dan. I’ll try to do better next time. Please don’t fire me.”

Dan shook his head. “Cheyenne, that’s not the first client we’ve lost because of your attitude and your mouth. I’ve talked to you about it several times in the past, but you just can’t seem to stop yourself or your mouth. You’re extremely good at what you do, and you could be bringing work in for us as word gets out about your talent. But that’s not what’s happening.” He let her think about this for several moments. “Do you want to keep your job here, Cheyenne?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to keep it bad enough to do something to control your temper and your language, along with your constant tardiness?”

Cheyenne thought a moment, then looked at Jason. It occurred to her that apparently Jason had been brought in to work with her, and to be honest, the idea didn’t sound nearly as bad as it had not too long ago. After all, he was incredibly good looking, and she’d felt an attraction to him the minute

he sat down beside her at the airport. He had gorgeous wavy brown hair and captivating caramel eyes, and was tall with an athletic build. Definitely a man's man. He was someone she could be interested in, but she knew that someone like that would never be interested in her because she really didn't know how to act around someone she might care about. She basically had no people skills. She generally didn't care, but even she would admit there were times when knowing how to act around people would be nice. Changing a few bad habits couldn't be that hard, could it, especially with a handsome hunk like Jason helping you? She looked back to Dan and quietly said, "Yes, I do."

"If you're serious and you're willing to change, I have one option for you. Jason has a program that might help you. If you successfully complete his program, you can retain your job. I sincerely hope you do."

"What kind of program is it? You said he would inspire me to change."

Dan chuckled a little and smiled. "Jason has definitely inspired a woman or two to change, haven't you?"

Smiling, Jason agreed, but quickly added, "I can inspire them to change, as long as they want to change and will accept my help."

Cheyenne looked at him again and narrowed her eyes. "And just how do you inspire them?"

Jason looked into her eyes and calmly said, "With a spanking."

"With a what? Are you crazy?"

Jason had a serious expression on his face as he answered her calmly. "I may be crazy, but I'm serious about this. It works well."

Dan explained further. "Cheyenne, I care about you, and you could be an asset to this company. Jason's program is not cheap, but it's worth every penny and then some. The

company will pay for the program if you'll do it." After giving her a moment for those words to sink in, he finished his explanation. "I'm willing to give this a shot if you are. I just can't, however, keep you on here the way you are now. I'm sorry. I hope you give this a try. His program has an excellent success rate. I've seen the results firsthand."

"What do you mean by that; that you've seen the results?"

"Do you remember when my dad died and I suddenly became my little sister's guardian?" When Cheyenne nodded Dan continued. "Remember what a spoiled, out-of-control brat she was?"

"Of course. No one wanted to be around her. I felt sorry for you."

"Exactly. Remember the change in her?"

"Yeah, sure. I always wondered how you did that."

"I didn't do anything except call Jason. I heard about him and his program, and when I was ready to pull my hair out dealing with her, I called him. He graciously agreed to work with her, and you see the difference. That's how we became friends. My sister can't say enough good things about Jason, by the way. I can give you her phone number if you want to talk to her about it."

"Really? He beat on her and she doesn't try and scratch his eyes out every time she sees him?"

Jason interrupted at that point. "Cheyenne, I didn't beat on her. I would never harm a lady. My program outlines what behavior we want to change and how we're going to change it. I tell you what is expected of you, and guide you through the process, encouraging you along the way. I'd love to be able to do that smoothly with no bumps along the way, but old habits are hard to break. When a young lady I'm working with stumbles, there has to be consequences for that stumble, or she'll stumble again. There are a number of

things that will work for consequences, and I use several different ones, but the one that's most effective and, therefore, the one I use most often, is spanking. It can be done at the time of the offense, unless we're in public, and it's quick. Then it's over with and we go on with our day. It's not a long, drawn-out process. A few minutes and it's over, but it serves really well as a deterrent to repeating a bad behavior in the future. Once you've been spanked two or three times for the same thing, you start to automatically think of the consequences before you do the act."

Cheyenne was listening, but looked doubtful. Jason continued, hoping to get her interested. "One of the parts about this whole program that I really like are the good friends I make. I've worked with nine ladies now, and all nine finished the program successfully. I'm good friends with all nine of them. One of them is engaged, and her fiancé and I have become good friends. I'm going to be the best man at their wedding in a few months. My favorite part of this, though, is watching the young women change. They become so much happier. That's fantastic to see."

"They're happier? Are they sadists?"

"No, not at all, Cheyenne. They just realized they needed a little help with their lives, and once they were in control again, rather than their anger or their temper or their tongue controlling them, they were happier."

Dan could tell Cheyenne was thinking, but not convinced. He made a suggestion. "Cheyenne, this is a lot to think about, and a big decision to make. I've arranged for you to take the day off so you can think it through. Go home, or to the park, or wherever you think best, but please think about it. If you decide you don't want to try it, I'll understand, but I'll have to terminate your employment. So please give it some thought."

"When do you have to know my decision?"

“Nine o’clock tomorrow morning. I want to see both of you in here again then.”

“If I decide to try it, when will it start?”

Dan looked at Jason, who answered, “Right away. If you say yes tomorrow morning, we’ll start right then. The first thing we’ll do is go to your apartment and go over the program in detail, so you know exactly what to expect.”

Cheyenne sighed. “Okay, I’ll be back tomorrow morning.”

Dan told her, “Okay, nine o’clock. Good luck, Cheyenne.”

She nodded and turned to leave. Jason stood and gently took her arm, turning her to look at him. He handed her his card and said, “Cheyenne, this is a lot to think about. If you have any questions, any concerns you want to talk about, or if you just want to get to know me a little better before making your decision, I understand. Give me a call and we can meet wherever you want. Just please don’t think of me as the enemy. I really am here to help and encourage you.” She looked at him intently, then took his card, turned and left without saying anything.

Dan looked at Jason after she left. “Well, what do you think? Will she do it?”

Jason shook his head a little. “Boy, I don’t know. She’ll be a challenge if she does, because I can’t read her at all yet. Your guess?”

Dan laughed and shook his head. “I’ve known her long enough to know better than to guess what she’ll do. Right now I don’t think she has any idea herself. I guess we’ll find out tomorrow morning. Now, how about lunch? We’ve got some catching up to do. I understand you’ve expanded your business?”

“I have. When I started this business I didn’t really know how it would be received, or if I’d have much interest at all.

Now, I've had to turn so many people down, or they've had to wait so long, that I hired three men and trained them. It wasn't long before all four of us were busy most of the time, so I hired three more."

"Interesting. I can't really say I'm surprised, though, seeing how good your system works. How hard is it to train your employees?"

"It's pretty intensive," Jason admitted.

"Let's go eat. I'd love to hear more about how you train these guys, and what's going on in your life. Any lady yet?"

"Not yet," Jason said with a bit of a chuckle. "How about you; what's new in your life?" The two men were catching up as they left for lunch.

After lunch, Dan walked Jason over to a car and handed him a set of keys. "Here's your car. The keys to the company condo are on it, as well. Do you remember how to get there?"

"Sure do," Jason assured his friend. "I made enough trips from your house, to your office, and to the condo when I was working with your sister that I don't think I'll ever forget the route."

Dan smiled. "I imagine you're probably right about that. I'll see you tomorrow morning in my office."

Jason went to the condo and sat down to relax. Normally he'd spend this first evening unpacking, getting groceries, and making up a schedule for the upcoming session. This time he really didn't know what to expect. He figured he had as good a chance of staying as going home tomorrow, which is exactly what he'd be doing if Cheyenne refused the program.

He took a moment to consider Cheyenne. If she agreed, he would certainly have his work cut out for him. What he'd seen today made it look like a daunting task. However, he'd read her personnel file, which was provided before he agreed to take on the case. She had some very impressive credentials

and had won several awards for her work. The only thing negative anyone had to say about her was indeed about her, and not her work. He had some theories as to what may be causing the problems, but he wouldn't know until, and unless, he got to talk to her.

He hoped she would accept his help. It was always a very satisfying feeling for him to see young ladies who were struggling for one reason or another, when they're able to change their lives around. It was like watching a butterfly come out of its cocoon and spread its wings. Moreover, in this particular case, he had a special reason for hoping she agreed to the program. He'd felt an attraction to her the first time he touched her arm and looked into her eyes. That was something that had never happened to him before, but he wanted to explore those feelings. This could be difficult, though, because he'd have to be very careful not to get too personally involved, or at least not until this intervention was over. Then he'd be free to pursue his personal interest in her, assuming he was still interested.

Jason decided to unpack only the things he'd need tonight and tomorrow morning until he found out if he was staying or leaving. After doing that, he sat down at the desk. He wanted to have a preliminary plan written up in case she accepted the program. He got out the paperwork she would have to sign, then began working on his plan, when the phone rang. "Hello, this is Jason," he answered.

After a pause, he heard a faint, unsure, "Umm."

Jason waited another second before trying again. "Hello, is someone there?" After another few seconds of silence, he reacted to a hunch he had. "Cheyenne?"

"How did you know it was me?"

"I didn't. I'm not sure what made me think it might be you. Are you okay?"

"Yeah, fine. I just—"

Jason waited another several moments, and when she didn't say anything else, he tried to help. "Cheyenne, would you like to get together and talk a little bit?"

It was a good thing he was listening carefully, or he would have missed her response. "Yes."

Jason thought she sounded like a little lost child, and his heart went out to her. "We can do that. Where would you like to meet?"

"Would you be able to come over here?" What a change from the rude, outspoken Cheyenne he'd seen not so long ago.

"Sure, no problem. Where do you live?"

Jason was at her apartment ten minutes later. Cheyenne opened the door and motioned him in, pointing in the direction of her living room. He was pleasantly surprised when she asked, "Can I get you some coffee or iced tea?"

"Some iced tea would be great. Thank you."

She came in the room a couple minutes later and handed him a glass. She sat down in the chair across from where he sat on the couch, and set a glass down on the table beside her.

Jason wanted to put her at ease if possible, so he started an easy conversation. "Thanks for the tea. This is really good. You should share your secret with the lounge at the airport. It wasn't nearly this good." He smiled at her as he took another sip.

"Thanks. It's actually my grandma's secret, not mine."

"Whoever came up with it, it's delicious. Did you see your grandmother a lot growing up?"

"More than I wanted to."

Jason looked at her quizzically. "You didn't care much for your grandmother?"

"No, I did, it's just that whenever my mom got too drunk, she'd send me to Grandma's house. It's not that I minded

seeing Grandma, because she was great, she really was, but I just hated that Mom was drunk again.”

“I understand. I’m glad you did like your grandmother, at least.”

“Yeah, she was terrific. She raised me from when I was ten on.”

“Did something happen to your parents?”

“Yeah, you could say that. Mom got drunk one night when I was at Grandma’s, and she forgot to come home, or call and check on me ever again.” Jason saw the sadness in her eyes, but she continued. “Dad forgot to ever show up in the first place. I got a card and a teddy bear from him on my twelfth birthday. I always wondered how he knew I was living with Grandma. Anyway,” she said, visibly regaining her strength, “I survived just fine.”

“Dan says you’re a terrific artist,” Jason said, changing the subject. “Have you always liked art?”

“Always,” she said, her eyes brightening. “It’s something I’ve always loved, and I’ve always been pretty decent at it.”

He asked her about school, and they discovered she went to college in his hometown, while he was finishing school and starting to work in another state. They soon found people he’d gone to high school with that she knew, as well. Before long they’d both relaxed and were talking like old friends. Jason was delighted to see the easy, casual way they were interacting. He was also happy to note an improvement in her language. There were far fewer four-letter words in her verbiage tonight.

He watched her stiffen noticeably and she sighed. “So, can we talk a little bit about this program?”

“We can talk about any part of it you want, Cheyenne. I promise you, I will answer any question you ask, and I’ll be honest with you; no holding back. You may not like all the answers I give, but you can count on them being honest. I

don't want to misrepresent anything, and I don't want you to have any surprises."

She studied him carefully for several moments, and nodded her head. "Thank you. I appreciate that."

Jason smiled and tried to reassure her. "That's one thing you can count on from me for sure. I believe honesty is very important, in everything."

Again she nodded. "Can you tell me more about this? How long does it last, how often will I be—you know?"

Jason smiled. "Spanked?" When Cheyenne nodded, he answered, "The program lasts a minimum of six weeks, and the longest I've had one last has been thirty-six weeks. As far as how often you'll be spanked, that's up to you and how quickly you learn. We'll go over what things we'll be working on and what things you'll get spanked for, and you'll catch on real fast, trust me. I don't look for reasons to spank you, honestly. I'd rather guide you toward decisions and actions that will earn you praise rather than a spanking."

"Will they—"

After a few silent seconds, Jason again tried to help. "Hurt? Yes, they will hurt, and you won't like them. I told you I'd answer you honestly, and I am. I'm sorry, but the truth is yes, they will hurt. Some will hurt more than others, as the punishment will fit the crime. And they will be more frequent at first, but as you start changing, they will occur less and less, until we've accomplished our goals. Your job will be secure again, and you'll be smiling a lot more." He smiled at her and caught a small smile of her own.

Cheyenne sighed, looking down at her hands in her lap. Jason gave her all the time she needed. Finally she seemed satisfied. "Okay, thank you for your honesty. I don't like all the answers, but I appreciate knowing the truth. I don't think I have any more questions."

Jason reached over and gently put one finger under her

chin, pulling it up to look in her eyes. “You’re welcome, Cheyenne. I’ll always be honest with you, I promise. You know now pretty much what to expect, so you have some thinking to do. I think it comes down to how much you want your job, or possibly your career. And how happy you are with your life as it is. Dan said you have a reputation around town with other companies, and he’s not sure you’d get another job offer in this field. According to him that’s a shame, because you have entirely too much talent to let it go to waste.”

Cheyenne looked at him seriously for a long moment. “He could be right.”

“Well, I’ll leave you to your thinking now, but if you think of any other questions, call me. I don’t care what time it is; just call me.”

“Thanks.”

“You’re welcome. Be sure and lock the door when I leave, and I’ll see you at nine o’clock in the morning. Good night.” Cheyenne did lock the door after he left and went to the kitchen to fix a pot of coffee. It was going to be a long night.