

Neighbors

By

Lynn Forest

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Chapter One

Elizabeth Hawkins paced furiously back and forth in the living room, speaking rapidly and gesturing frantically in her anxiety. Her husband Patrick watched, with a touch of confusion and a large dose of amusement and fascination, as his thirty-five-year-old wife of ten years spoke in the rapid-fire manner typical of when she was highly emotional. He had always been amazed at how she could speak for so long without pausing to take a breath. It seemed to happen once a year, at a time of high emotional stress. And as he thought back, he realized that she had been almost overdue for another meltdown.

Even under typical circumstances, Elizabeth was as attractive as any woman Patrick had ever met. She walked around the room in her fury of feelings, her long red hair sweeping back and forth across her shoulders and middle back, her shapely backside swaying and her finely sculptured legs arrayed in front of him.

She put her hands out to help her express her emotions. "So before you got home from work, I finally got up the nerve to go out into the garage and pick out this little board for you to paddle me with, and I went into the bedroom to get the study pillow..." She gestured toward the sofa where the triangular study pillow rested on the center cushion next to a small plywood board about eighteen inches long and three inches wide.

"So I took everything off from my waist down. Of course, I know that you had to notice that the minute you walked in the door because you've always been so complimentary about my body, and you've always talked about how much you liked my behind. And I thought that if my butt was already naked and waiting for you, you might have less reluctance to start whacking it like I want you to..."

Patrick walked over to his wife and put his hands on her shoulders as she continued rambling, "...and so I have been nervous all afternoon and afraid that you would decide not to do it, even though you know I really want for you to. And I can hardly put into words how much it will mean for me to help me with this crazy problem I'm having. And I understand that you're an old-fashioned guy who is chivalrous and all that and doesn't believe in hitting a woman, but I

hope you understand that this is different, because it's really important to me for you to give me some really good whacks. And even if I yell and cry, you need to go ahead and do it, until both of us are sure I have had enough so that I have paid a sufficient penalty for what I..."

Patrick gripped her shoulders more firmly to settle her down. "Lizzie...Lizzie...I want you to slow down."

She continued to ramble on.

"Lizzie...settle down, and listen to me."

She continued, until he finally placed his fingertips over her lips. He slowly lowered his fingertips, and then in exasperation, ran his fingers through his thick, black, shaggy hair. He was relieved that she had finally settled down to the point that he could look her directly in the eyes, something that he found to be an advantage during serious discussions, as they were both five-foot-ten-inches tall.

Just to be sure that she was under control, he then placed both of his hands firmly on her shoulders, and every time he did that, his muscular, wide-shouldered frame subconsciously reminded Elizabeth that if he wanted to force her to sit down and listen, he could have done so, effortlessly.

He took a deep breath and then leaned toward the beautiful woman with a soft smile creasing his lips. "Okay...I'll do it...I'll do it. I have to say, though; I would have preferred that you would find some other way to impose some discipline on yourself for having such a hard time getting up in the morning when the alarm clock goes off..."

She returned a smile as she looked up at him. "It's just such a bad habit that I have now, and I end up running late every morning, and I've almost been late to work a few times. Businesses don't like their bookkeepers to run late to work. You're a businessman, so you know that."

Patrick sighed loudly. "Maybe if I just gave you a good spanking with my hand, that would do the trick."

Elizabeth put her hands to the sides of her head and shook it back and forth animatedly. "No...I was always terrified of being spanked with a paddle. I thought it would have to be a horrible experience, so that's why I chose it for this purpose. Hopefully, it will be so bad I will never want to take a chance of having it happen again, and I will have this wonderful incentive to get out of bed when the clock goes off."

Patrick rubbed his chin. "But don't you think you may want to keep your jeans on? After all...that's really going to..."

Elizabeth began another monologue, "But the idea of having you paddle me is so that I'll feel sufficiently punished, and if I have any clothing on, it's not going to hurt as much, and that would seem to defeat the purpose of doing this. Of course, even though we have been married for ten years, and you have seen, or been inside, virtually every nook and cranny of my body, it's still going to be embarrassing bending over and having my bare bottom paddled, and I know that the embarrassment is going to make it an even more effective penalty for me to pay..."

Her husband, once again, stepped forward and placed his fingertips over her lips. "Don't misunderstand, Lizzie, I want to help you."

She closed her eyes and sighed, as if a feeling of relief had come over her. "And you're really going to do it?"

Patrick nodded slowly in agreement, a familiar grin of resignation on his face. "But couldn't you just...I don't know...I think you could just deprive yourself of dessert or your nightly glass of wine whenever you do that. That would seem a little less drastic than having me paddle you."

Elizabeth leaned her head against his chest and sighed audibly. "All I know is that for as long as I can remember I always responded to the threat of a spanking so much that I never, ever got one. I think this will work, and as I was thinking about it, I decided this would be the most efficient way to go about it because it seems kind of scary. I think that being in that position, I will feel really vulnerable and helpless, and that will add to the feeling of being punished." She looked up at him with a twinkle in her eye. "And you can't tell me that you will not get at least a little bit of a rush out of doing this."

Patrick's face turned dark pink, and he looked at her with a scowl that she did not find quite convincing. "Are you sure that this isn't something that you think would be...sort of...hot...to try? This isn't some little secret desire of yours you've been holding inside all these years, is it?"

Now her face turned crimson. "Of course not. I just told you, it was something I always avoided all my life, and since I never wanted it to happen, having you paddle me would seem to be a good way to punish myself."

He teased her with a wink. "That doesn't mean that you didn't think it might turn you on."

She placed her hands on her hips, a scolding glare on her face. "I do not have some kind of spanking fetish. I just thought that it would be a good way for me to ensure that I paid a proper penalty if I didn't break that bad habit. Please take this seriously, Patrick." Her expression was one of pleading.

Patrick put his arms around her and gave her a tight squeeze. "Okay...let's get on with it. I suppose I can hardly object to any reason to come home and find you wearing nothing but one of my old tee shirts. I guess I can do this." In return, he heard a whispered..."Thank you."

Elizabeth turned away to walk to the sofa but stopped when Patrick tapped her on the shoulder. "Think maybe we should film this?"

Elizabeth turned slowly around, facing him once again with one hand resting on the hip and shaking a scolding finger at him with the other, incensed by the teasing grin she was staring at. "I expect you to take this seriously."

Suddenly, Patrick found his attention focused on the large study pillow resting in the center of the sofa. He then watched with more than a little fascination as Lizzie's face turned a mottled combination of pale and crimson red. She then took tiny steps toward the sofa, knelt down behind the large pillow and leaned across it, revealing what would be their mutual object of attention for the next couple of minutes.

* * *

The house in which Patrick and Elizabeth live is on the outskirts of Oklahoma City, too far out to be considered part of the suburbs. In fact, their dwelling is an old and quaint farmhouse, from which all the land had been detached and sold. It had the old-fashioned charm one would expect to find in a generations-old farmhouse, although it was smaller than many. For them, that was fine, as they were childless by choice. And one hundred yards away was another farmhouse, though this one was still attached to the large grain farm worked by its occupants, Polly and Morgan Powell.

It happens that Polly and Elizabeth are quite close friends. Patrick and Morgan had also always gotten along well, and they frequently visited with each other, went out to dinner or attended sporting and cultural events together.

The two women had become so close and familiar that each felt free to borrow such things as household items and gardening tools from each other without bothering to come to the door to ask. And on this particular day, Polly was taking a break from helping with the farm paperwork to take a stroll over to Elizabeth's house to return a small stepstool she had borrowed for the purpose of some window cleaning. The previous day had been rainy, and she had been in the house all day. Now she felt the urge to get some fresh air and sunshine.

In Elizabeth's and Patrick's living room, Elizabeth was in place, bent over the wedge pillow on the sofa. There were five dark pink overlaid outlines of the small plywood board evident on her upturned bottom as she reached back and rubbed energetically. And just as Polly began to walk past the house on her way to the small shed from where she had borrowed the stool, she was startled from the sounds that came through the open window in the warm June day: *crack...* "Umph!" Polly stood frozen in her tracks, standing like a statue and holding her breath. And then...*crack...* "Ouch."

Stunned at first by the confusing sounds, after a couple more seconds, Polly was shocked as she came to realize what was happening. And against every shred of manners and propriety she had been taught, she could not fight the urge to rush to position the stepstool beneath the window and see if her deductions had been correct. It was only way she would be able to see in the window, as she was quite petite in stature.

As she carefully peered over the windowsill, her eyes adjusted to the dimmer light inside the house just as she saw Patrick pull the board back in an arc and then bring it down solidly on the already reddened backside of her close friend, raised to prominent display. The sight and the sounds unnerved her, so much that she inadvertently stepped backward in response and fell, knocking the stool over against a decorative rock.

Clamping her teeth shut to avoid screaming and giving away her presence, Polly squirmed on the ground in pain as she tightly grasped her newly sprained ankle. She was terrified in knowing that the stool had made a distinct sound when it hit the rock.

As she slowly pulled herself to stand on one foot, and tears of pain began to roll down her cheeks, she once again heard...*crack...* "Whoa!"

As she began to panic at the prospect of being found out as some kind of peeping voyeur, Polly clenched her teeth and hobbled the remaining twenty feet to the shed, and with as much stealth as possible under the circumstances, she opened the old creaking wooden door and set the

stool back inside. Then she began the painful trek back to her house...*crack*... "Yeesh!" As she limped back to her house as fast as possible, she wondered how she was going to explain her injury to Morgan when he returned from the field. And now someone else would have to fill in for her the next day, driving the load of grain to the terminal.

Back inside the Hawkins's house, Elizabeth stood next to the sofa, her hands swiftly rubbing the sting from her sizzling bottom as Patrick held her closely. "I hope I wasn't too hard on you. I've never paddled anybody before. And if I had, it couldn't have been anybody with a behind like yours."

Even though she was grimacing, and tears were beginning to roll down her cheeks, Elizabeth managed to smile and shake her head. Before she spoke, she even leaned forward and kissed her husband on the lips. "No, actually, I think you got it just right...sort of like you were reading my mind. It was just what I had coming for not hustling my butt out of bed in the morning on time. Mr. Hawkins, I declare you to be my official and personal disciplinarian."

She pressed against her husband and began to giggle. "Why, Mr. Hawkins...I do believe that I am detecting evidence that you found paddling me rather...let's say...stimulating."

Patrick took a deep breath, then closed his eyes and shook his head. "I can't help that. You know how much I love that butt of yours. It's just so cute...so shapely. So I guess that I...okay...it did have an effect on me. I can hardly conceal it from you now, can I?"

She pressed against him once again. "Actually, I see no reason for you to conceal it from me any longer."

Elizabeth leaned toward him and kissed him once again. "It's kind of funny. I mean, it really...really hurt. That little board stung like fire. But still..." She moaned loudly, kissed him again and squeezed him tightly. "It's unbelievable to me how much that turned me on. As soon as I bent over the pillow, and I felt that shirt slide up to my waist...I felt like there were butterflies inside of me. I just found the sting to be so exciting. I guess it made me crazy waiting for the next one...and the next one. And now, it seems like everything below my waist is all kind of...warm...tingly." Another kiss... "And very ready for anything my handsome husband has to offer. I certainly wasn't expecting this to happen. But I can't help it either. I guess we better just make the most of our situation."

Patrick surprised her by scooping her up in his arms, and she began to squeal in delight. Just as he began to step away to carry her to the bedroom, she began to giggle, reached toward

the sofa and took hold of the study pillow. "I think that when we get to the bed, I'm just going to reassume the position I've been in for the last few minutes."

* * *

Inside the Powell residence, Polly sat on the sofa with her swelling ankle raised on the ottoman packed in ice cubes. She had learned enough first aid over the years to know that her ankle was not broken, and there was little to be gained by going to the emergency room. For the moment, first priority was to explain to her caring but no-nonsense husband how she had managed to hurt herself in such a way when she had told him that her plans for the afternoon consisted of nothing more than making a few calls to get prices from fertilizer dealers.

Upon getting back to the house, she had struggled to pull off her jeans, replacing them with a pair of loose fitting running shorts so as to not further aggravate her ankle when moving. Both of their children were away at her parents' farm for the week, and she had no one to help her. Then she realized that was best because she still had not decided what to tell Morgan, but she knew he would not be happy with the truth. He had scolded her in the past, for being what he referred to as a 'busybody' and a gossip. Her mind raced in moral confusion, trying to decide if telling a fib would be the easiest course of action. She knew that she would feel guilty if she did so, but she wondered how she could tell her husband that she had been watching their neighbors' personal activities through an open window. She had done silly and impulsive things before, generating some memorable scoldings from her husband. But voyeurism was a low rung on the moral ladder.

She leaned back on the sofa and brushed her shoulder length, brown, curly hair from her eyes as she closed them and shook her head. She certainly had herself in a pickle this time. What a situation she had stumbled across and managed to get herself in trouble as a result. And to top it all off, in spite of the pain in her ankle and her anxiety over the situation in general, she was bewildered that she could not resist replaying the images and the sounds in her mind, for there was something about it she was finding...alluring...mesmerizing...hot. She did not know if they were engaging in some kind of intimate play, or if they were being serious about it, or that there was a side of their marriage that she had been oblivious to. In either case, thinking about it gave her some pleasurable, although unsettling, feelings.

The pain in her ankle had settled down to a constant throb when she heard the unmistakable sound of the diesel engine of a tractor approaching. She moaned to herself, and her mind raced until she heard the back door open and the steps of her brawny, sandy-haired husband approach. She was in a pure state of panic.

As was typical with Morgan, the well-being of his wife and children was always his first concern, and the moment his eyes settled on the vision of Polly nursing her swollen ankle, he rushed to her side and sat down next to her. "Oh my gosh...Polly. Are you okay? Do I need to take you to the emergency room? What happened?"

Polly turned slowly to look at Morgan, the genuine concern in his expression only making her feel much worse and much more guilty than she already did. "Uh...no. I fell. It's just a minor sprain. I'm sorry it happened this week, but maybe we can have your brother's boys help with the grain hauling."

Morgan shook his head. "You're really okay? Maybe we should have somebody take a look at that. It's swollen really badly."

Polly reached out and put her hand on his shoulder. "It's okay, Morgan. It's just a simple sprain. Nothing's broken. I'm just going to be limping around for a while. Good thing I still have those old crutches in the closet that I used when I had that broken bone in my foot. But I'll help out around here as much as I can."

Morgan shook his head again. "All I care is that you're okay. But what happened?"

Polly remained silent for a moment. It was as if she was unable to speak, and Morgan looked at her with increasing confusion as she silently chewed on her lower lip.

Now Polly and Morgan had, like Elizabeth and Patrick, been married for ten years. And Morgan knew Polly's mannerisms and habits well enough to know when something was amiss, such as when there was something she did not want to tell him. After all, it had happened before.

"I...umm...I fell off a stepstool I borrowed from Lizzie and Pat."

"What were you doing on the stepstool? Did you just lose your balance?"

The lower lip was getting a workout. "I...actually...I was just taking the stepstool back to put it away in their shed. That's how I hurt my ankle."

Morgan was becoming impatient and highly suspicious of her tone of voice and her facial expressions. "So you fell off the stepstool when you were taking it back to their house? I don't get it. Did you trip?"

Polly exhaled deeply, another familiar sign to Morgan. "I mean, I fell off of it at their house when I took it back."

Morgan lowered his head and began to rub his hand across his forehead, and that was a familiar sign to Polly that he was not buying her story. Morgan knew that Polly was not the type to lie to him, but he knew that her path to a final answer was not always a straight line. "Polly, I just want you to tell me exactly what happened."

Polly gulped so loudly he could hear. "I-I-I...you see, I was using the stepstool to...umm...oh wow...to...umm...peek in their living room window."

Now Morgan always found that when Polly was into some form of mischief, that was when he found her to be the most adorable and enchanting. It was only heightened by watching her blue eyes darting back and forth, as if she was looking for something or someone to come to her rescue.

At this point, Morgan was straining to keep a stern countenance. After all, he knew Polly well enough to know that she was not capable of doing something horribly wrong, but mischief and minor misbehavior seemed to frequently be the order of the day. "Okay, Polly. I want you to tell me exactly what happened. After all, you know that you're going to end up telling me."

Polly exhaled a deep breath and then began to speak slowly. "I was taking the stepstool back to their shed, and I was walking past the window, and I-I...umm...heard something that concerned me."

Morgan peered at her through narrowed eyes. "And just what did you hear that concerned you?"

Polly began to nervously wring her hands. "I wasn't sure at first...I mean...I thought I knew what it was..." She seemed to shrink before his eyes as she continued, "So I went over to the window and got up on the stepstool...and...umm... I looked in the window. And then I fell off the stepstool."

Morgan groaned as he once again lowered his head. "Okay, Polly. Stop dancing around the facts. I want you to fill in all the blanks. Why are you peeping in the window of our neighbors and your good friend?"

Polly's face turned dark red. "Well, I couldn't help it, when I realized...umm...that...umm...Patrick was...umm...spanking Lizzie."

Morgan's eyes popped wide open, and then he simply began to nod slowly, a hint of amusement in his expression. "Did you say he was...spanking Lizzie?"

Polly nodded slowly in response. "Hmm...yeah...isn't that awful? Or I guess you would say he was...umm...paddling her...instead of just spanking her."

Morgan leaned closer. "The distinction being?"

Polly put her hands out to explain something. "Because...he was using...a wooden...I mean this small...board to...umm...whack her. And she was on the couch, bent over this great big pillow...and her bottom was...umm...quite...umm...very...bare." She seemed to lower her head between her shoulders. "And pretty red, too."

Morgan sighed loudly, and he turned slightly toward her and clasped his hands. "And you felt it was your place to peep inside their window because?"

Polly sat in silence for a moment, her eyes growing wide as she shook her head slowly back and forth. "I guess that I was just feeling..."

Morgan leaned even closer. "Perhaps nosy? Enough to make you want to watch something obviously private and intimate going on between your close friend and her husband?"

Polly's jaw dropped open, stunned by the words he had chosen. "Morgan, I don't think it's the same as if I was watching them get it on in their bedroom. I mean, come on, I heard my gal pal getting her ass paddled. Don't you understand?"

Morgan slowly moved his head back and forth. "And whatever was going on, that was between the two of them. Do you think for one moment, you're going to convince me that what you did was justifiable?"

Polly sat still and silent for a moment, then looked down and began to slowly move her head back and forth. "No, I don't."

Suddenly the expression on Morgan's face turned quite serious. "And if I told you that you had to confess to them what you did?"

Polly's face drained of all color, and she was visibly trembling. "Morgan, I can't do that. It's bad enough that I-I did what I did. I just can't let Lizzie and Pat know what I did. You know how I am, I did it impulsively. If I tell them, our friendship will never be the same. Please understand. I can't do that."

Morgan stood up abruptly, pressed his hands into his pockets and began to pace back and forth in front of his injured wife. Suddenly, he stopped walking, and he gazed at her with an

expression that gave her a chill. "So Lizzie was getting spanked. How about that? And just what do you think about that?"

Polly did not like the direction in which the conversation was heading. "Like you said. It's their business, not mine."

Morgan shook his finger back and forth in front of her face. "No, no, no...I don't think you understand my question. I want you to tell me what your opinion is of the fact that a husband was spanking his wife."

Polly found it difficult to breathe, let alone talk. "I-I have...no opinion...on that." She felt as if her heart was pounding in her throat.

Morgan nodded and clasped his hands behind his back. "But you seemed to have found it fascinating enough that a husband was spanking his wife that you had to see for yourself. Of course, I've never even seriously thought of actually raising my hand to you in such a manner." He took a couple of steps closer and leaned down so that his face was directly in hers, "Not that there have not been quite a few times when it would have been in society's best interests for you to have had your bottom warmed."

Polly suddenly felt as if her blood was turning hot and cold, and she felt a distinct fluttering throughout her abdomen, and there was an instantaneous confusion in that the sensations were not totally unpleasant. She remained silent, content and wise enough, at the moment, to just listen to her husband as he continued.

Morgan slowly returned to the sofa and sat down next to Polly. "Think you can remember what that board looked like that he was paddling her with?"

Polly felt her mouth turning dry as the meaning of his question sunk in immediately. All that she could do was nervously nod her head.

Morgan leaned closer to her and gently grasped her shoulder. "Polly, you have always been a spirited and very interesting woman, and I couldn't love you any more that I do right now. But you have crossed the line this time."

Several comments she had just heard spoken by her husband echoed in Polly's consciousness. "Uh-oh."

"I know that I've always been a determined man in my own right, but I hope that I have never been overbearing with you and the kids in having things my way. But this time, I'm going to present to you some non-negotiable terms. Are you listening?"

Polly had turned pale, her breath quick and shallow as she fixated on his question about the board she had seen her friend being paddled with. "I am...I'm listening."

Morgan leaned back a bit, cleared his throat and rested his elbows on his knees. "When you are all healed up, you are going to have a decision to make. You are either going to visit Lizzie and Pat and confess what you did, or you and I are going to go out to the barn, choose a good specimen from my stack of scrap lumber, and you are going to drop your jeans and undies, bend over and get a butt whuppin', the likes of which your twin sister will feel all the way over in Texas."

Although Polly knew what he was going to say in so many words as he stood up with a deep sigh and walked slowly away, she remained silent, her jaw nearly dropping to her chest. She knew better than to call after him and insist that he really didn't mean what he had just said. Morgan had before said things he didn't mean. Perhaps twice in the twelve years she had known him.

Just as he was about to leave the room, he turned with a sly smile on his face. "I suppose it would be justice to ask Patrick to do the honors. What do you think?"

He then grinned at his wife, who was sitting there with her jaw, once again, hanging open. "I just had to say that to see the look on your face. I think I can take care of business." He began to step away and stopped once more. "I always love it when you wear those shorts. You just have killer legs."

After her injury and the painful walk home, coupled with a conversation of the nature she and her husband had just engaged in, Polly felt suddenly exhausted. She was thirty-three years of age, and more than two decades had passed since the last time anyone had whacked her backside with the serious intent of causing pain. At the same time, she could not help but smile at the memory of the comment Morgan had made about her legs. Then she reminded herself that those legs led to a generously plump backside that was certainly going to be feeling some fiery discomfort on the day, in the not-too-distant future, when she would put the crutches back in the closet.

After all, she knew that she certainly would not take the option of going to Lizzie and Pat to confess what she had done. That meant that she would have to accept that she and her husband would be taking a trip to the barn. Morgan had always been a determined and goal-oriented man, but he had never been dictatorial. In fact, Polly felt as if she was quite the liberated woman. But

this time, she had astonished even herself, at least to the point that she was now accepting that, regardless of her age, a good hard paddling would be most appropriate.

She was amazed at what she had gotten herself into. At the same time, she had other issues to attend to. Morgan worked long days, if not in the fields then teaching classes on agriculture and farm science at the local community college. She did not work outside the home, instead, taking care of the home, the kids and their farm business records.

She leaned her head against the back of the sofa and exhaled a deep breath of exhaustion. At least, she had possessed the foresight to freeze a number of meals that she could just pop in the oven in case of some type of emergency. She decided that this situation certainly qualified.

She also had a lot of disposable plates and cups stored away in a cupboard. And with their laundry being on the first floor, as was their own bedroom, she should be able to get by until her ankle healed and she could declare herself fit. And at that point in time...Ouch!

She closed her eyes and tried to relax. If nothing else, she would take advantage of some of her down time to get caught up on some of her crafts. She had several unfinished birdhouses to be painted to sell at the occasional flea market, and she would also have a chance to practice her calligraphy. She had to do something to keep her mind occupied so that she would not dwell on the spanking of a lifetime that awaited her.

But no matter how hard she tried to divert her thoughts, she could not help but imagine the scene that awaited her: Morgan, standing behind her with a board in his hand, taking aim at her bare, plump bottom. She recalled the sounds coming out of her friend's house and the verbal response after each slap of the board against Lizzie's flesh.

She found it more than a little vexing and intriguing that as she envisioned the scenario, she imagined Morgan eyeing her bare bottom hungrily as he prepared to begin paddling her. That, in itself, made her begin to stir and squirm. Then she again began to relive the sounds she had heard through the open window down the road, and she found her anxiety being joined by curiosity and additional unexpected and unwelcome twinges of arousal.