

MELISSA HARDING



Betty's
Mentor

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*sequel to Betty's Boot Camp, Two's Company, The
O-Bay Club and Cherish & Obey*

by

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Chapter 1

Michael kept his word to Betty on the return from their honeymoon. She had committed the cardinal sin of telling him a blatant lie on the morning of their departure, but he hadn't punished her for it because she'd already been soundly spanked for another offence the previous evening. He planned instead to make her answer for it at the O-Bay Club.

The O-Bay Club, as she knew well, was an organisation aimed at helping men to keep their wives in order. It was entirely run by men and the wife had no vote at any stage. She didn't get a say in whether her husband became a member or not, and she wasn't informed about what kind of membership he had. She didn't even know when meetings were going to be held.

At a meeting, her husband could put her forward for a spanking in front of the entire assembly. He controlled how severely, with what instrument, in what position and how long she was spanked. As a basic member he delivered the spanking in person. As a more advanced member he could, if he wished, delegate the delivery of the spanking to a volunteer. As a top-ranking member he could himself volunteer to administer spankings to women other than his wife.

So far as Betty knew, Michael was a basic member of the Club. They had been introduced to it when they were engaged, which apparently was quite rare as normally a prerequisite was to be married, but Bernard, the manager of the supermarket where she worked, must have pulled some strings.

Betty tried not to think about what was in store for her. Michael abhorred a lie above all else and so she would probably be punished more severely this time than her first time. What was more, she was now his wife and so more accountable. She guessed he would want her to have fully recovered from her punishment just before the journey, which all the sitting had not allowed her to forget, and so she would have a few days of grace in which – she told herself – anything might happen.

They could be good days as long as she was able to forget the menace at the end of them. She was still off work, having allowed herself a couple of extra days to unpack properly, sort out the washing, take the photos to be developed, write to people who had sent them wedding presents, and change her surname in various official places. It was quite exciting, being married; apart from anything else, she loved her neat, shiny gold wedding ring. Michael had declined to wear a ring; he told her it wasn't a good idea to wear a ring when delivering a spanking and he couldn't be taking it off all the time.

Michael was not one to let the grass grow under his feet. When he came home on the afternoon of their first day back, tired from his out-of-term job of teaching English as a Second Language to 'hordes of brats' as he put it, he had some news for Betty.

"I've got someone you need to meet," he told her.

Betty turned round from the sink where she was washing lettuce. "Who?"

"A woman the O-Bay Club has chosen to be a sympathetic ear for you. Someone you can confide in and get advice from."

"I don't need anyone like that," Betty said rashly.

"It's part of the Club structure. Once you've fulfilled two conditions - you're married to a member and you've fully participated in one meeting - you're entitled to a contact like that and believe me you'll want it. I've arranged to take you over to her house this evening."

"What? But ..." Betty splashed the lettuce around rebelliously. There was a good film on the television. She'd planned to curl up in front of the box with her salad supper.

"This evening," Michael repeated, giving her a 'look'.

The woman was called Deborah and she lived in an elegant Victorian house with a leafy patio at the back. Michael introduced them and said he would return in a short while.

Deborah was as elegant as her house. She was what Betty's mother would have called 'soigné'. Her rich chestnut-coloured hair was swept back into a French pleat and she wore a silk dress with sage-green and white stripes. When Betty was seated in a wicker armchair on the patio, she offered her a choice of lemon tea or white wine. Betty chose the wine: she had some idea that the looser her tongue the better if she were to get the best out of this encounter.

"So you're just married?" Deborah asked.

"Yes," Betty replied shyly.

"My, my," said Deborah. And then again: "My, my." But she didn't elaborate further.

"Have you been - has your husband been a member for very long?" Betty asked.

"No, not that long," said Deborah. "He's quite young as members go but he's got to the top rank." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "I know where he keeps the programmes so if ever you want to know when the next meeting is, just ask me. But don't let on who told you or I'll be for it."

"When is the next meeting?"

"Tonight. Didn't you know?"

"What?? I'd no idea!" Betty was horrified. She felt totally betrayed. Her bottom was suddenly conscious of it's last thrashing, even though moments before she'd felt quite comfortable.

"They like to keep us in the dark," Deborah commented. "It's all part of making us submissive. We don't know when, we don't always know if, and we never know what order we'll be called in."

"I'll be called for certain," Betty confided. "Michael told me. I'm not sure I can bear it, though."

"You have to, my dear. You have no choice if you want to be married to a member of the Club."

"How about you?"

"I think I might get the night off. But the worst thing you can do is assume that and then have the shock of being involved, so I keep an open mind."

"Why do the pair of you have to go at all?"

"Because my husband's a third-level member. He can volunteer to spank a second-level or third-level member's wife and I have to go along for the privilege of watching him. It is actually a privilege, because when it's happening to someone else, it isn't happening to me."

"I tried to escape the first time," Betty confessed.

Deborah looked at her over the rim of her wine glass. "That was a bad mistake," she said.

"If I ever do it again, the Club Secretary said I'd have to have a private session in front of him."

"Don't let that happen," Deborah said pointedly.

"Why?"

"You'll see if it happens. But there's one piece of general advice I can give you: always think you deserve your punishment. Even if right up to the last minute you're protesting inside, once you're over the man's knee and he's started to belabour your bottom, consider he's right to do so. It hurts less that way."

"I'll try and remember. So when Michael comes back, he'll take me straight there?"

"Yes. Don't think all bad of him. By not telling you it was tonight, he spared you the agony of anticipating it all day."

Yes, only to give me an hour or so of far more ferocious suspense, Betty thought. Thanks a million, Michael.

"You've done right to have some alcohol," Deborah continued. "Take some aspirin just as the meeting starts. Have you got any?"

Betty always carried some in her handbag.

“If I get summoned, I’ll be in the room at the back same as you. But if I don’t, you can see me at the end or any time you want. Oh, ice is good afterwards,” Deborah added.

It was at this moment that Michael suddenly appeared on the patio.