

Let me reiterate... I am not a submissive woman. Having said that, I will admit I felt a little turned on by the thought of a man taking control, an odd mixture of woman/child filling my psyche. I had pondered the idea of what it would take to get me to actually submit to a man, and had decided that it would take one heck of a guy to get me there... he would have to be worthy of my submission, and I had never met a man who could fill those shoes.

Greg was that man. He was worthy. I knew this.

I proposed a compromise. There was no way that I was going to give him permission to spank me whenever he saw fit. That just was *not* going to happen. What I would do is offer my submission as a gift to him, when I knew it was warranted. When he was angry, he could tell me he wished to punish me. If I felt he was in the right, I would willingly submit to whatever punishment he decided on. It was my gift to our relationship. My trust in him to be fair.

Which brings us back to now, as I stand outside his office door.