

Chapter 1

“Are you going to be a good girl today?” Kal Durango asked his bride.

Heat rushed Demi’s face. Total embarrassment scorched her cheeks. Chin to her chest, she let her locks shield the redness as she busied herself with the pleats adorning the waist of her white sundress, her heart as blue as her sandals. Demi brushed the soft cotton smooth and sank into the plush first-class seat of the large aircraft bound for a week of honeymooning at Blissful Falls. She wished she could blink herself onto the secluded mountaintop and forgo the shame Kal poured on.

Kal claimed the seat next to hers, clicked into his seatbelt, and leaned toward her. Damn he smelled good. Powerful. He kissed her temple. “Hey now, lighten up.” Tender and patient fingers curled under her chin, lifting until she looked at him. His smile warmed her heart. “No one heard. Everyone’s busy getting situated.”

His words settled her racing pulse, and as the jet roared down the runway, Demi hooked her elbow with his. Resting her head on his shoulder, she held her left hand out in front of them and admired the glittery rose-gold bands on her finger. *Honor, cherish, and obey until death do them part.* She smiled up at the hunk of muscles sitting next to her.

Kal’s mischievous brown eyes twinkled down at her. In one hand, he held a rolled copy of *Inner Peace* drumming the thick cylinder-shaped tube detailing the rules of living as a submissive wife against his open palm. He winked. “Training begins now.”

Her stomach fluttered, and goose bumps danced at the nape of her neck, chilling her arms and shoulders but oddly warming her skin at the same time. His erotic words turned her into a hot mess. Abashed blood rushed her face. Did he have to mention their private life off island? Soon after dating Kal, she none too gently became aware of Dolphin Island’s strange little secret: ninety-nine percent of the inhabitants lived a domestic discipline lifestyle, and she learned the hard way that when she misbehaved in public, there would be witnesses to her physical reprimand.

Kal’s words had her squirming in her seat. Training actually began the night of their wedding on Dolphin Island where they not only blissfully consummated their vows but where

her husband also took the liberty of spanking her bare ass while she was still wearing her wedding dress after making her stand facing a wall and reflecting on her new life. The choice she made to live with him and practice domestic discipline was all too new, and here he sat on public transportation cloaked in dominance and not exactly whispering about her being a good girl, and pending spankings. Now that they were off island, Demi felt almost confident that Kal wouldn't spank her in front of the general public.

The imp deep within her wanted to rip the manual from his grasp and shred it, but she wasn't brave enough to test her theory. Her ultra-dominant husband just might pull her across his lap. What would the other passengers think seeing her head dangling in the aisle, her ass up and bared to his stinging palm? Not willing to provoke his controlling side, she smiled sweetly and held her hand open toward the instruction guide. The approving way he looked at her made it worth it. Her chest swelled; she straightened her shoulders, lifting her face closer to his as the love and affection from his heart poured into hers, making her feel as delicate and precious as the fragile morning sea shells washing to shore in a moonlit tide.

She nestled into her seat and fanned through the pages, suppressing a frown at the wealth of detailed information on how a young woman was expected to conduct herself when committed to domestic discipline. *When in public, a wife is to exude gentleness in all things, humbling herself toward others in a demure and soft-spoken manner.* First Demi wanted to gag then she immediately thought of Lexi and Abby. This sentence seemed to define the elegant way they conducted themselves: Lexi was always classy; Abby always a lady. They were also full of life and a blast to be around. The secret seemed to be balancing the fun and elegance to achieve the grace they both carried so well. Demi tapped at the text. "I want this."

Kal leaned toward her.

She shared the page with him, pointing. "Do you think I can be like this?"

His gaze pinned hers. "You already are." His voice, deep and commanding, declared.

She wrinkled her nose at him. "I don't see it."

Kal cradled her cheek in his palm and said, "Deep down on the inside, where it counts. Dem, you are the sweetest, most caring woman I know." He kissed the tip of her nose.

He and his smooth charm worked a world of good on her soul. Power poured through her, and she planned on being even sweeter, not just to Kal, but to strangers, too.

She settled further into her seat and fully immersed herself in reading about how DD worked and the different roles. The lifestyle allowed men to be manly and women to embrace their submissive temperament the way nature intended. *When each party executes his assigned position, a marriage rich in peace, harmony, and happiness is formed.*

Demi flipped the page. *Total Submission* stared her down. *A wife's absolute devotion to her head of household is reached...* the words began to blur into a dreamy wonder. Was complete submission to her HOH possible? What would a man have to do to get a woman to agree to absolute devotion?

According to the author, Jared Masters, Kal's friend and boss, submissive traits lived deep within every woman, even her, but for her, total submissiveness was a long way off. She'd start with humility and grace. "I can do better. Bring these qualities to the surface for all to see."

"And I will guide you on your journey."

Could Kal and his dominant ways actually bring out the lady in her? Smiling inside and out, Demi snuggled into her seat to read but soon found herself skimming the text . . . *practiced between two consenting adults . . . DD creates a structured environment in the home.* Made sense. Demi enjoyed the domestic part of it and what she could expect to gain, Kal's complete devotion. She already felt loved and cherished, so he was definitely fulfilling his role. She knew she had work to do to better understand all the rules and was appreciative that Kal had promised to be patient, and that was a blessing she'd take advantage of because it wasn't long before Jared's words had her rolling her eyes at the absurdity of the discipline aspect.

Types of Spankings: *Warm-up, warning, maintenance, bedtime, shocker, reminder, discipline, punishment.* He forgot to include birthday spankings. Would he take kindly knowing he left one off the list? Was she brave enough to tell him? And what the hell were shockers?

Having had enough, she peeked at Kal. When he signaled for a refill, she slipped a copy of *Vogue* inside *Inner Peace* and angled herself against the window with the back cover toward him, so it would appear as if she was engrossed in learning Jared's teachings when she was actually looking at hair styles for the upcoming fall season. As she wondered how she would look in a short bob, her mind wandered to the rules of DD and the consequences for breaking the agreed upon rules. Who knew there were so many types of spankings? She figured she would be subjected to maintenance spankings to help her learn her place and to ensure she respected Kal's authority as head of the household. What would happen if she fell short of agreed upon

expectations? Would Kal make her submit to a discipline or punishment spanking? She shifted in her seat.

The many different types of spankings bounced around in her head, and she cringed then squeezed her thighs together in an attempt to trap the dampness pooling inside her panties. She took a deep breath and admired the shiny straight hair on the models in the magazine. Did they ever get spanked?

Puffy white clouds so close to her window drew Demi's attention from the article, and all thoughts of spankings faded to the back of her mind. Amazing. Entranced by the way the tops of the clouds resembled mountains, she began daydreaming, making shapes out of the dense whiteness. Was that a paddle? Oh, Jared's words were toying with her imagination. She crossed her legs, pressing her thighs tightly together, and squirmed.

Kal's hand squeezing her knee sent shivers coursing through her body, pulling her thoughts to the wonderful sensations her husband created when he touched her bare skin. She couldn't wait to arrive at the secluded mountain lodge to see what else his mouth, lips, and hands could do to her. Moreover, the acts she fantasized about performing on him would soon be a reality. She licked her lips and wondered how he would taste when she finally worked up the nerve to take him into her mouth.

How many sexual positions were there? Was there a book on it? Would being on top feel different than being pinned underneath him? Would Kal let her be on top?

And what was he going to do about her anal sex fantasy? She had told him she thought about it once and wished she had been honest with him. It was more like a fetish, and she yearned to know what it would feel like when he finally took her bottom hole. Her nipples tingled; her clitty throbbed. He just had to do it soon—he had promised.

Kal cleared his throat, nodded toward the magazine, and frowned. An unwelcome chill replaced the delightful sensations. Demi gulped and slammed the book shut, closing *Vogue* inside *Inner Peace*. Busted.

"I know." Her voice was a scratchy whisper. "You're angry with me." She read the disappointment on his face. It said she'd soon be over his lap. She maintained eye contact with his scolding brows because that was what he would want her to do. Surely he would wait until they were in the honeymoon cabin before he bared her bottom for punishment. Demi ripped *Vogue* from between the pages and forked it over then hastened to resume her obligatory reading

assignment and was heartily thankful when her domineering husband let her focus on the ways of DD instead of pinching her chin between his fingers until she looked at him and forced an embarrassing, public lecture on her. The dampness, not so wet anymore.

Chapter 2

When the flight attendant said to prepare for landing, Demi was quick to follow directions and wondered if the stewardess had ever received a spanking for not following directions. Demi imagined the captain paddling the attractive redhead for not giving proper safety instructions and was smiling when Kal wrapped his fingers around her hand.

Kal laced his fingers through hers and held tightly during the landing, giving her a reassuring pat when the plane bumped along the runway. Demi was no stranger to air travel, but rough landings always jarred her nerves. Kal's steady grip had a special way of making her feel safe.

Hand in hand they made their way through the small airport. Demi read overhead signs looking for baggage claim, and when Kal veered left, Demi protested, nodding toward fellow passengers from their flight as they took the long corridor on the right. "Bags are this way."

"Restrooms are this way."

A few more paces and Kal pushed open a door tagged 'Family Restroom.'

"Um. This one is for people with kids."

Kal ushered her inside the family bathroom against her objection. "Kal, what are you doing? I am not going to pee in front of you."

"Goodness no, darling. I don't expect you to. These rooms aren't just for parents. They are also perfect for husbands who discipline their naughty wives."

Demi's mouth flopped open. Her hands covered her rear end. "What did I do?" Her words were more of a whine than the calm defense she was going for.

Kal, wearing his no-nonsense, domineering expression, showed her the *Vogue*.

Dread and doom crept up her spine, making her lips pout, forcing a frown to wrinkle her forehead. "Oh, that." She needed to explain and was quite certain one pathetic excuse after another tumbled out of her mouth, but her brain only half focused on rambling her way out of a spanking in the middle of the damn airport. The fear of being punished had her backing away from him, but the tender touch in his fingers as he gripped her hands had her cooperating as he turned her under his strong arm and folded her forward, tucking her bent torso against his muscular side, firmly holding her against him. She had never been spanked standing up and

wondered if . . . “Ow.” It did. It hurt just as much as the other times his large hand had smacked her bottom.

“Oh no, Kal, not here. Please. No. You can’t.”

His movements were steady and sure. The lacy hem of her white sundress flopped across her back. Kal was in a hurry. In the past, he had always started spanking her over her clothing, but here, his fingers were already gripping the elastic band on her panties. He’d never gone straight to the bare before. “No. No. Please. I want a warm-up.” Her jumbled brain quickly pulled the phrase from her reading passage. A courtesy she had taken for granted in the past.

One smooth yank to her panties, and her bottom was bared to him. A firm open palm spanked her exposed ass with rapid-fire strokes, never slowing, never stopping. Each blistering swat quickly followed the one before. The middle of her ass took the brunt of the discipline. The pain was immediate and intense, making her forget to beg, forget to breath, forget to wiggle from the onslaught.

She stood tucked under his strong arm and accepted the harsh punishment to her poor bare bottom for disobeying the rules, and now Kal worked to punish slightly lower on the tender sit spot just above her thighs. He slapped the agitated area over and over.

Her poor bum was ablaze. Demi drew a quick breath and concentrated on holding it in to distract her from the scorching fire heating her rear. The tactic failed; now her lungs burned too. Her exhale hissed through clenched teeth. Dancing feet sent her sandals into the tiled wall with a thud. “Ow. No.” He spanked on, his large teaching palm covering both cheeks with each painful swat.

Demi swore to never read *Vogue* again. No, that wasn’t the issue. Kal was punishing her for not reading *Inner Peace*. Furthermore, she knew it and worse, felt it.

The spanks aiming for full coverage fell harder, and Demi begged for a truce. “Please, Kal, stop. I’ll be good.” Her words fell in a strained whisper to conceal her humiliating fate from passersby.

Kal paddled his disapproval with his oversized masculine hand onto her scorched bum, never slowing the harsh rapidity at which he began. Each thud to her rear echoed the small chamber, and she pretended no one could hear the smacks. “Oh. I’ll read the manual. I promise.”

“I don’t want empty promises, Demi-Anne. I want action.”

Indeed, he did. Each punishing blow struck high on the summit of her ass then he took the time to reheat her aching sit spot.

“No more. Ow. Shit! That hurts. I’ll be a good girl.”

The spanking stopped at once—only for the time it took her hulky husband to rotate her up and under his other arm—then the onslaught began anew. Harder than she thought possible or maybe the pain was more severe and stinging because she was already so sorely spanked, but the way he pounded out his lesson so low on her ass and so close to her thighs reminded her that ladies did not swear. It hurt. Her bare feet hopped in place. Her arms stretched before her, hands clawing air.

He spanked harder and faster, making breathing difficult. She wished to scream, but thankfully, a tiny part of her brain remembered there were people on the other side of the door. They could definitely hear his palm blistering her naughty bottom, but they would never hear a howl from her. His hand spanked dead center and then on the very lowest part of her bum. “Oh. Not there, Kal, it hurts so badly when you spank me there.” She complained between heaving gasps. He slowed but didn’t stop. His disciplining palm re-taught the lesson, giving her entire bottom another once over, covering her from tiptop downward, and it broke her. If ever she wanted to sob over a spanking, this one was the winner. The embarrassment—the pain—but the tears stayed locked deep inside. People would know that she had been crying. Kal would see, and she wasn’t ready to show him that he could hurt her. “Ow. Sorry about cursing.”

And he made sure that she and her bottom were remorseful with even firmer smacks, concentrating on the most sensitive area of her bottom. Demi tried to hold her breath against the pain, not wanting to entertain the people waiting to use the lounge, but as his spansks grew in intensity and went on forever and ever, she released the pent up pain louder than she intended. “Ahh. Ouch. Oh. Sorry about cursing and the magazine. I’ll read the book cover to cover as soon as we get into the car.”

The spanking stopped save for six light swats across her punished bottom patted out as he spoke each lecturing syllable. “Good girl, see that you do.” Even those were painful on her sore bum.

“Yes sir, I will,” she gasped as her breathing returned to normal.

Kal pulled her panties into place and righted her skirt. Grabbing her hand, he waited for her to step into her sandals, kissed her, and said, “Hey, why the frown?” He pulled her into his arms. “You still want this, right?”

The way his loving embrace snuggled and comforted her made her crave the lifestyle even more. She wanted to fit in with the islanders and learning their rules was the only way, not only that but she also wanted Kal’s family to love her as much as she loved all of them. She nodded. “More than ever.”

His index finger skimmed her chin. “Smile for me.”

She beamed at him, and he led her toward the baggage carousel.

Demi pinched her lips shut, tucked her chin to her chest, and desperately itched to rub the throbbing pain from her bottom. Kal had left a brutal sting on her, one she would remember for a long time.

To keep herself from comforting the inflamed, stinging bundle of nerves dancing across the plains of her scorched rear, Demi ran her free hand through her curls, fixing her hair as she kept his pace. He walked proudly and confidently across the airport, and soon she followed his lead. Hoisting her nose into the air, she soared toward baggage as if she weren’t the naughty wife taken in hand. Though it seemed she spent hours tucked under his arm being punished, it wasn’t but a few minutes, for the carousel began to rotate as they approached. Demi stood among her fellow travelers, acting as though her husband and she had not made a spontaneous detour into the family room. As much as she tried to keep the appearance of a normal couple, deep down, they weren’t.

Now that they were off the island, she vowed to mind her manners and read every last word Jared Masters had written in his island guide to wife training. The people here wouldn’t understand their domestic discipline lifestyle, but she wished they could understand that though she recently had her bare bottom soundly spanked, the stinging burn was beginning to fade, leaving warmth and comfort and safety in her heart and dampness between her legs.

That was until Kal escorted her onto the seat of their rental Jeep. The bright shiny Wrangler was the color of her bare ass and had a knack for catching every bump in the road, reminding her of what a naughty girl she had been today. That spanking had been just enough to help her remember her wedding vows. And obey she would.

As they made their way farther into the mountains, Kal switched over to four-wheel drive and pulled off the road where it only took him minutes to remove the roof and sides of the vehicle. He returned to the driver's seat and handed her a hair clip.

The considerate gesture melted her heart, making her fall in love with him all over again.

The crisp mountain air refreshed her spirit and cooled her skin. She looked over at Kal and smiled, loving the way the wind toyed with his hair. Leaning over, she ran her fingers through the thickness. His smile, damn sexy, warmed her soul. She was right where she wanted to be.

Winding higher toward the peak, tall pine trees and beautiful aspens welcomed them deeper into a peaceful seclusion perfect for newlyweds. The way the afternoon sun beamed through the treetops and bounced off the rocky mountainside promised a relaxing and warm vacation. They hadn't passed another resident or business for quite some time. Basking in the solitude made Demi forget about her sore rump until Kal turned off the dirt road to navigate an ill-groomed narrow lane that twisted and turned taking them to even higher altitudes. Just when Demi thought the road couldn't get any rougher, it turned into what seemed like one massive pothole of varying sizes, topped with silvery-gray stones. The huge tires bounced her up and down, sending slivers of pain across her paddled ass, making her forget the beautiful scenery. Bumping along, she said, "Kal, hon, can we slow down a little bit?"

"We're almost there." When he glanced at her, she pouted her lips. He laughed, understanding her request and downshifting to a slower speed.

"It's not funny." As she looked at her handsome husband, the love he held for her radiated from him and warmed her more than the golden rays of sun falling across her skin.

Was this total submission? Was she there yet? Her heart swelled with happiness, feeling cherished. She forgave him for punishing her at the airport, but since she was nowhere near the point of thanking him for spanking her, she had failed at absolutely devoting herself to her HOH. What would it take to get there? Demi joined in his laughter.