

# Chapter 1

The ferry boat sliced through the salty waters carrying Demi closer to the island. The mystical sea air flowed through her very being, giving her confidence in her submission, telling her it was okay to agree to a domestic discipline marriage, complete with maintenance spankings, punishment spankings, and every other kind of spanking in between. She hated it as much as she loved it; resisted it as much as she craved it.

She stood on the bow of the vessel, all ten fingers curled around the railing to prevent herself from nursing the soreness in her disciplined bottom and focused on a pod of dolphins frolicking in the white-capped waves. She leaned further into the breeze, letting the mystic sea air welcome her home, refresh her soul, nurture her need to submit to her husband. She quivered, hot and wet, and looked at Kal standing next to her. So alpha—so strong. Would she be able to fulfill his needs and submit to him by placing herself over his lap the next time he patted his thigh? Even after a week of practice during their honeymoon, she still had difficulty putting herself into position, but as the ferry slowly inched closer to land, the island's magic oozed into her pores, and tonight she had every intention of going over his lap without assistance to prove to herself and to him her total commitment to live the domestic discipline lifestyle.

Kal moved behind her wrapping strong, loving arms around her waist and buried his nose into her hair. "Hmm. I wish I could bottle the scent of you up and always carry it with me."

Demi glowed, his words warming her insides. Kal nuzzled his face against her cheek. "Ready to see our home?"

"The excitement is killing me." During their honeymoon, Kal had gifted her with pictures of the beach house he had purchased for her, and she barely contained her enthusiasm. Bouncing on her toes, she wiggled her bottom against the front of his trousers. His excitement was instantly evident as he pressed his erection into the recesses of her crack. But his strict words sharply contrasted his throbbing bulge. With his lips to her ear, he said, "Have patience, wifey."

The endearment touched her soul, and she found that she fully agreed with Kal, for he was right. A lady never rushes. The words from *Inner Peace* calmed her, and she settled against his hardness until the boat docked. With her hand in his, she regally let him guide her to his speedy roadster, and then they cruised to the remote section of the island, away from the main tourist attractions.

Soon the crowded seashore gave way to sparsely placed houses and private beaches. A coral-pink house came into view. Sitting along the white sand, it was the most charming house on the strip, and it was all hers and Kal's.

"Oh, Kal." She held one hand to her chest as she absently fumbled in the side pocket of her handbag for the keys. She grasped the pink dolphin key chain, and as the car rolled closer, she seized the door handle, ready to spring from the vehicle.

Kal palmed her knee. "Do you need a reminder in patience?"

She quickly checked her disposition, wishing to carry herself as a lady, patient and calm in all situations, a goal Kal had promised to help her reach. She righted herself, gladly straightening her shoulders to thwart any thoughts Kal may have been conjuring about

baring her bottom in the driveway and giving her a spanking for all the neighbors to see. Not exactly how she wanted to greet any nearby sunbathers.

“No, sir.” She stilled, never taking her gaze from her house, and waited for Kal to round the car and assist her from the vehicle.

The exquisiteness of her new home, shimmering the color of a coral-pink sunset, stole her breath. The porch railings, trim, and shutters were the color of vanilla ice cream. A few yards past the dunes, the tide ebbed away from the sandy shore, sending a light breeze to tickle her skin and lift her curls. She tugged against Kal’s hand until he stopped.

The house captured all of her attention. A tear jagged to the surface, wetting her eyes. “What did I do to deserve this? To deserve you?”

He chuckled. “You bewitched me with your sweetness.” He caressed her cheek. Tender fingers traced along her jaw, gently pulling her stunned gaze from the beauty sprawled before her to look at him. Kal gulped, his Adam’s apple visibly bobbing in disbelief, his expression of fun and teasing turning to concern. “Demi-Anne Durango, are you crying?”

She swiped a tear. “It’s just... bliss.” She fell into his embrace, melting into him.

“I’ve never seen you cry. Dem, this is a major break—for you to release emotions.” He pecked the top of her head then slightly pulled away to capture the phenomenon. He kissed the happiness rolling down her cheek. “Don’t you see, Dem. Now it will be easier for you to let go when you’re over my knee.”

Kal had made a big-to-do of her lack of tears when he was spanking her bare bottom. He wanted her to use the time she spent draped across his lap to bond with him, to become one with him, even more so than when he made love to her. He had promised the release of her tears would refresh her soul as he spanked the pent-up stress from her, but she refused to see how the two types of crying were related. She playfully smacked his chest. “Show me my house. You big goof.”

He teasingly slapped her bum, and before he could fire off another slap, she gripped the keys in her hold and skipped toward the beautifully constructed staircase hugging the side of the house. Once on the wide porch, she crossed to the closest set of doors and entered through the beachfront, walking into the entry between the living and dining rooms. All windows and space and gorgeous. She breezed through the rooms, noting all Kal’s meager pieces of furniture from his previous bungalow.

“How did you do all this? When?”

“I didn’t. Our family did.”

By family, Kal meant the other agents employed at NASH Global and their spouses. Another tear jabbed at her ducts. They didn’t need to put forth the effort. She swiped. “Wow.”

He took her in his arms. “Demi, they are here for you. When I’m away, anything you need—all you have to do is ask.”

Relying on family was a foreign concept to her. Sure, her brother Neil was great but nothing like this. “They didn’t have to do all this.”

“It’s not much. It’ll take a while for you to Demi-it-up. And I want you and the girls to have a fantastic time decorating the place while I’m away.”

Actually, she saw herself hunched over stacks of documents in need of translating, but wasn’t about to pick that debate just yet. She clung to him. “I wish we could choose the furniture together.”

He kissed her. “Me too, babe, but I can assure you Heather, Abby, and Lexi will be more of an asset than I will.”

She nodded, letting a smile tug at her lips and reach her eyes. “Probably.”

He chuckled. “Hey now. You promised to miss me.”

“And I will.” She slid out of his grasp. Keeping her hand in his, she pulled him through the downstairs, room by room, and then up the stairs into a large nook overlooking the ocean.

The space easily accommodated Kal’s hunky body. He said, “This area would make a great library.” He crossed to the wide window. “We could put some lounge chairs here for reading.”

Where Kal saw shelves of books and relaxing chaises, Demi envisioned a cradle and rocking chair. Murals of teddy bears and yellow duckies adorned the walls. Sailboats too—no rag dolls. She’d have a little girl first. She rubbed her belly in anticipation of becoming a mother, but with Kal leaving on the morrow, she placed her dream on hold and bounced into the master suite.

Kal’s bed and dresser barely filled the vast area. Her gaze fell on the wooden chair, placed threateningly between two windows against the long wall. Tall back, no arm rests. Embarrassed, she shivered and wondered who could have placed the menacing piece of furniture.

Kal moved behind her, running firm palms up and down the length of her bare arms. His warm touch tapped down the goose bumps. “It is exactly what you are thinking.”

Demi nodded and gulped as a heated awkwardness rushed up her neck and stormed across her cheeks.

Kal pointed to the far corner, flanked by windows. “That one will stay vacant.” He lovingly patted her bottom. “Please remember that when you are purchasing furniture.”

She tucked her chin to her chest, not wanting to think about how Kal expected her to spend time standing with her nose tucked into the narrow space where two walls joined, creating a special spot for her to reflect upon her actions and behavior when she fell short of her goals.

Seconds later, his fingers, gentle and loving, curled under her chin and lifted her face to his. “Dem, do you understand?”

She locked her gaze with his. So hot and commanding. He practically ate her alive with *the look*, while his dream of culturing a submissive wife dominated the atmosphere. “Yes, sir. I think I’ll paint those two walls a calming blue.”

“I like that idea.” He swatted her rear. “Now go check out the closet.”

With all the flair of a well-bred lady, Demi graced into the large room designed to display clothing. And display it did. Same as on their honeymoon, Kal had stocked the shelves and racks with beautifully crafted designer labels. Demi lost herself in the gift and spent way too long coveting the cedar shoe rack. It was all hers, and she loved it. “How can I ever thank you?” When he provided no suggestion, she turned. Kal had left her alone in the closet. “Hey, where did you go?” She went in search of her husband and had to look no further than the wicked spanking chair.

With his spine rigidly braced against the high back, Kal’s large palm rhythmically patted his muscular thigh.

*Oh no.* With quick thought, she said, “You should be going. I don’t want to make you late for work.”

His hand kept the even tempo. “I have time to administer one last maintenance spanking, and have dinner with you.”

“How about we eat first?” Nervous laughter bubbled from her. His stern gaze locked with hers; his eyes smoldered with dominance. Looked like she was going to get spanked.

## Chapter 2

Demi slid her hands into her pockets and pulled her fingers into tight fists, turning slightly from Kal's piercing stare. The teaching of *Inner Peace* was fresh on her mind. Kal had read the manual detailing the specifics of living a domestic discipline lifestyle to her on their honeymoon, and she promised to learn and abide by its teachings. But he wasn't being fair. He knew she was still struggling with many of the concepts the author, Jared Masters, dictated. Mostly, she found it difficult to place herself in position for discipline. One reason was that she found it down right humiliating—who wouldn't? Especially tonight. This was their last evening together for goodness knows how long. She expected his sexy browns to be twinkling with a feverish pitch, saying, 'Let's make love,' not demanding she take her position over his lap.

Disappointment ruled his features. Frowning, he said, "You hesitate." He held his arm outward, palm up. "Do I need to unpack the rosewood?"

Heavens no. Fear of the unknown coursed through her, prickling her skin everywhere. She shambled to his side, slid her palm into his, and stilled.

His thumb swept over her knuckles with a reassuring stroke. "I thought the mystical island air would help you comply."

The simple touch filled her with his love. She stood straighter. "It does." Ever since her very first visit to Dolphin Island, she felt the pull on her femininity and knew she was home. "It's just that it's too embarrassing knowing that whoever placed this chair here knows that you spank me."

"Aww, Dem." He tugged, pulling her between his spread thighs, holding her hips in a commanding grip. "Ninety-nine percent of islander men spank the women they care about. The maintenance spanking was designed to keep wives in a contented state of mind where she is happy with her husband, with the bonds of marriage, and with herself."

He was quoting directly from *Inner Peace*. Demi knew the rest: *regular spankings keep her moods pleasant, keep her content, and keep her aware that her husband is her authority figure.*

"And since I'm crazy in love with you, over you go."

She braced her hands against the sides of his thighs and let her head bob toward the floor. Oh. Nice. A Persian rug of browns, blues, and pinks contrasted beautifully with the darker wood flooring, but inspecting her home's décor was hardly the reason for her position.

"I think you just need more practice." Kal's instructive tone reminded her of her place, of her submission, of her bottom presented for his discipline. "Am I going to have to send you to spanking school while I'm away?"

Giggling, she said, "Spanking school's not a thing. You made that up."

He smoothed the soft material of her slacks over her rump, molding his palm to her roundness. "It's all too real, love." He patted her rear. "Jared oversees Chateau Dreambox as a branch of his sex club. His goal is to teach young ladies and naughty wives to submit."

She tossed her head back, fighting her long hair, to see if he was joking—he wasn't. "Oh no, I don't need that." She melted into his thigh. "Look, I'm holding position."

“For now.” Kal smacked the center of her rump, lightly with a steady pace. When his next swat landed upon her right cheek, he rested his palm on its target. Squeezing and rubbing, he massaged the other cheek too, then drew back and delivered another gentle tap. “Let’s see how many of these you can endure.”

Tender spansks swatted her bottom. The loving attention to her derriere warmed her mood, soothed her spirit. “Millions.”

Kal chuckled. If he stayed in the warm-up phase of a maintenance spanking, Demi would be more than compliant to stay sprawled across his knee until the end of time. His love taps moved lower, gently heating her sit spot. One huge problem with that—at the rate her excitement dripped from her, she’d soon be dehydrated. People died from thirst, proving that a spanking could, in fact, kill her.

The loving swats pittered and pattered onto the top of her slacks, filling her with warmth and comfort.

“All warmed up now, my dear.” Kal increased his tempo. His large hand fell heavily and hard, and moved lower. “How many of these?”

*Seven.* She knew exactly how many whacks it took before she attempted escape. Slap number two contacted her left cheek, and three fell across her crack. The sting built up quickly, and as number four bounced off her right cheek, Demi sucked her bottom lip between her teeth, holding her breath through five and six. *Smack, spank.*

Demi braced herself for number seven. Squeezing her eyelids closed, she kicked her feet and squealed out her discomfort on the brusque impact to her sit spot. Her heels thudded to the floor. Whew. She made it through phase two of Kal’s maintenance with two more rounds to go: panties then bare.

As predicted, Kal reached under her waist where he expertly unfastened her belt and opened her slacks. The silky material betrayed her as Kal was able to smoothly and effortlessly glide her pants down to her mid-thighs and expose her panty-clad, upturned bottom. Instinctively, she reached back to cover herself. This time, catching her error before he tsked his reprimand. She returned her palm to the side of his thigh and waited for him to bring the heat.

His palm struck her sit spot. The smack landed with a thud onto the thin satin material covering her cheeks, and she appreciated the flimsy protection. Though these routine sessions across her husband’s lap weren’t harsh, she didn’t like them, almost detested the daily reminder, sometimes as many as three a day, of her submission to him. After a week of complying, she’d thought it would be simple to endure the humiliation and would have had an easier time with the ritual if it were something he and she kept private, but blast it all, the whole island probably knew where she was right now. And what about warm summer days when she chose to open the windows? Swimmers, sunbathers, and joggers alike would be witness to the sounds of her disgrace. Would placing herself over Kal’s lap when required ever be easy? She entertained the notion of enrolling herself in Jared’s spanking school while Kal was away. Would he be surprised to return from saving the world to find his new wife docile and trusting? *Crap.* That reminded her to remember to mention to Kal that she had asked Gus to look into his past, but the sharp sting he bounced onto her panties turned her attention back to her current position. What did her hiney look like to him?

As if he read her thoughts, and probably did, he said, “Your cheeks are pinking up nicely for me, Demi. You have a beautiful bottom.”

A slight heat crept into her facial cheeks. The next spank went for full coverage and landed slightly harder. She bounced her hips. "Ouch, Kal. That one hurt."

He rubbed. She melted into him, drawing a more peaceful warmth into her heart. How could that be? One minute his palm delivered quick stings that heated her bottom, and the next tender fingers made her feel like she was the most important person in the world to him. She smiled. She was the one he wanted for all time: of all the gals in the world, she was the one he chose to spend a lifetime over his lap.

When his fingers slipped under the waistband of her undies, her smile faded. It was time to attempt escape, for the last round would be quick and painful as he reminded her that he was head of their household. He pulled her panties down, and his grip to her hip was faster than her motion to bolt, almost as if he predicted her maneuver. With what had to be a wide open palm, Kal aimed for full coverage and hit his target.

She bucked her hips and screamed. An iron grip to her hip bone meant she was staying put until he was ready to release her.

He held her exactly where he needed her and landed blow after blow upon her stinging rear. "Why are you over my knee, young lady?"

She drew a breath. "Maintenance spankings help me remember to follow the rules we set for our marriage."

"Well said." He spanked on.

It hurt. Kicking feet sent her pants sliding further down her legs. She pleaded and begged for release. "I'll be good while you're away. I promise."

*Smack-spank.*

"Owie! Can I stand in the corner instead?"

He paused, his large hand rubbing in a circular pattern over her heated rump. "You know the rules, darling." He resumed the spanking, increasing his tempo; she increased her wiggles. Her attempt to dislodge his descending palm sent her pants sliding off her feet; her panties dangled on one ankle.

"Settle down, Demi. We're almost finished here." With each spank, his hand moved lower across her bottom with a solid six to her sit spot finishing off the lesson in submission.

He stopped spanking her. Keeping a firm hold on her bottom, he leaned forward until his mouth touched her ear. "That was to make sure you remember to be a good girl and listen to your husband." The encouraging words slid out of his mouth cool and steady. The way his heated breath swirled across her earlobe made her promise to try to take her place over his lap whenever he needed or wanted to remind her to submit.

She nodded. "Yes, sir."

As he lifted her from him, she swiped her brow and adjusted her curls, standing straight and proud beside him as her undies pooled around one ankle. "Whew." She'd endured another session across his lap, and managed to hold on to her poise.

Until Kal pointed to the corner.

Her eye sockets strained as she bulged them widely in disbelief. Her mouth dropped, forming a huge 'O' before she corrected her posture. Composure and grace in all things—even spankings and corner time. Dignity gone, she stepped out of her panties and slowly scuttled toward the corner.

Kal met her there and removed her blouse. "Bra too," he said and unhooked the delicate closure. He slapped her bottom and pushed her nose into the crease.

Lips pouty, shoulders slumping, bottom burning, Demi stood with her nose touching the corner. Rubbing at the submission Kal had colored across her bottom, she remembered how a lady should conduct herself. She stood taller, nose higher, a thick cream between her legs. She needed Kal's fingers to stroke her.

She seductively shook her head. Long locks cascaded down her back in a buoyant attempt to get her husband to notice her, get him to do something about the erotic pulsing. The heated juices pooling at her opening seeped onto her thighs, her desire for Kal growing fervently. She shifted her weight from leg to leg attempting to dislodge the tingly ache and tormenting throbbing. She never needed Kal to ram himself between her legs as much as she did at this very moment.

Demi exhaled loudly. Why wasn't Kal helping her out with this sticky affair? He was definitely still in the bedroom. She sensed his presence, the way his masculine body dominated the air. She rubbed her bum more ferociously, this time with both hands in an attempt to get his attention.

Suddenly, a loving palm anchored her shoulder. "Do you need another spanking?" His words, delivered in his most threatening tone, greatly contradicted his touch and made her nervous and excited at the same time.

Did she need another round across his lap? Hell yeah she did, and a little something to help her get the cursing under control too. Not just need but wanted him to give the kind of swats he delivered that brought her to orgasm. The excitement trickled a heavy moisture onto her thigh, further arousing her desire. Now she wanted to taste him one last time before he shipped out.

Kal cupped her bum cheek, squeezing her punished skin. "Answer me, Demi."

She tensed her glutes but giggled and then wiggled her bottom against his hold. "As a matter of fact, I do."

Kal pinched Demi's chin between his thumb and forefinger, tilting her disobedient mouth toward his. "Beware of what you ask for." His voice darker, laced with both peril and passion.

Fear and wonder rolled through her like the tide reaching for shores unknown on a full-moon night, and she nodded for him to fulfill her needs.

Immediately, Kal lifted her, quickly carrying her back to the spanking chair and pinning her over his lap. Without warning, his hand smacked her bootie. She wailed, but her protests seemed to encourage more discipline from him. She wiggled from the onslaught. Had she been crazy asking for another round? "I didn't mean this kind of spanking—I wanted the feel good kind—I need you inside me." Would her husband grant her request?