

The Big Book of Brats – Vol. 1

By

Jodi Bella

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Published by Blushing Books®,
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ABCD Graphics and Design
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901
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EBook ISBN: 978-1-61258-426-3
Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

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A New Woman

Karen Jacoby, formerly Karen Smith, sat by the window of the fancy honeymoon suite, writing her new married name in various ways on the hotel stationery. Like a teenager with a crush, she scrawled *Karen Jacoby*, *Mrs. Michael Jacoby*, *Mrs. Karen Jacoby*, over and over, grinning wider and wider as a wonderful thought came to her.

Sweet, innocent, responsible Karen Smith, little Miss Goodie Two-Shoes, no longer existed! The name on her social security card, her Visa and American Express, her future paychecks, her driver's license, and even her library card was now Karen Jacoby. She giggled as she completed the new name once again with a fond flourish. It was sort of like she had a completely new identity, a totally new life which she could make into whatever she wanted. And she definitely had some ideas!

It wasn't that Karen didn't like the person she had always been. Karen Smith had a wonderful job and was respected and well-liked by her co-workers. She had a handsome, easy-going fiancé who understood her spanking desires and often indulged her with erotic spanking foreplay, and even a little 'bad girl' role play on occasion. But sometimes, being good old Karen Smith got really boring. There were times she wanted to let go and really let somebody have it, instead of always turning the other cheek and being understanding of others. Sometimes she just wanted to break out of her life-long 'nice girl' role and truly be the mischievous, naughty thing she sometimes fantasized about being. And she longed to have Michael take her in hand for being that naughty thing—for real, not just in play. She literally had ached for it before.

But sweet, nice Karen Smith would never—could never—break out of her good girl role. She just couldn't bring herself to do it. But Karen Jacoby? Well, she was a whole, brand-new woman, wasn't she?

Still grinning, Karen set aside the stationery and pen, and padded over to where Michael still slept in their love-tousled bed. She ruefully peeled the long, modest, white lace and cotton nightgown from her body and gleefully tossed it away, as if it alone were that boring old Karen Smith persona. She sat, naked, on the edge of the bed next to her sleeping husband.

She trailed light fingertips over his bare chest and arms, up his neck and along the line of his cheeks. But except for a ghost of a smile playing at his mouth, Michael slept on.

Karen knew that Mike was exhausted. His buddies had taken him out the night before last for a bachelor party at the local bar. Even though her new husband didn't drink, he'd gone along and stayed out fairly late with his friends. Then, yesterday had been their wedding day, an emotionally tiring day indeed, followed by a long, wonderful night of love-making. Karen Smith would have let her sweetheart sleep in, probably curling up beside him to watch him sleep, or maybe to quietly read a book until he woke on his own.

But Karen Jacoby had other ideas!

When her gentle touch failed to rouse him, Karen trailed her fingers along Michael's ribcage, knowing how ticklish he was. He jumped a bit in his sleep and one big hand swatted reflexively at her smaller one. She kept at it a few minutes, quietly calling his name, but he slept on, basically undisturbed.

Humph!

Next, she tried bouncing on the bed. She was sitting right next to him and she gave the mattress a couple really good jars, jostling the sleeping man mercilessly. He made a sleepy sound of protest and rolled away from her onto his side.

Well, now she was determined to wake him up. Maybe Karen Smith would have given up when her husband turned his back to her, but Karen Jacoby saw it as a challenge—one that she was going to win! She bounded around to the other side of the bed, leaned down on her elbows, practically nose to nose with Michael and pinched his nose closed.

That did the trick. Michael woke with a sputter, the first thing he saw being his sweet angel of a wife, right smack in his face, holding his nose closed with vise-like fingers. He pulled back and she let go, suddenly grinning ear to ear as he blinked at her in confusion.

"Good morning, sleepyhead!" she sang cheerfully.

Michael's brows drew together over his red rimmed green eyes and he glanced at the nightstand where the red numbers on the alarm clock read 6:55 a.m. He scowled at his wife.

"Couldn't we have slept in a bit?" he grumbled.

She pouted at him. Rather prettily, but Michael couldn't remember ever seeing Karen pout before in all the time he had known her.

"If you want to sleep, fine," she complained, toying with his chest hair. "But I want to have sex and then go for a horseback ride."

His brows shot up. She wanted to have sex? Karen always called it making love. He'd never heard her call it sex before.

She bent over him and laved at one bare nipple. Then she glanced up at him and whispered, "Come on, baby. Fuck your wife."

What?

Michael sat up and held Karen at arm's length from him. What had gotten into her?

"Watch your language, Karen," he warned in a low growl.

"What?" She feigned innocence, looking at him with doe eyes, knowing all the while how much Michael hated foul language, especially from a woman, and most especially from her. "All I said was fu..."

"That's enough," Michael interrupted. He studied her through narrowed eyes. "You know I hate bad language, especially from a lady like you."

She frowned at him. Poor Michael, he just didn't understand it yet. His lady was no more.

She moved the sheet from where it had bunched around his waist and her fingers immediately grasped his manhood, making him gasp with sudden pleasure.

"I'm tired of being a lady, Michael." Karen purred, sliding her hand up and down the silky hardness of him. "I want you to fuck me."

This time when she said it, he saw the sparkle in her eyes and the way her little bow of a mouth tilted up at the corners. And he understood what she was up to, or at least he thought he did.

"Oh, my, someone's going to get herself a good spanking for talking that way," he growled huskily. When she looked up into his eyes, he winked.

She frowned.

Hmm. He couldn't imagine what else she'd be after with this out of character behavior. But, even as he tugged her over his lap, Karen was still frowning.

Karen Jacoby lay over her husband's knees as he playfully spanked her bare bottom. It felt good, like always, warm and a bit stingy. But his swats were light, as usual, and his scolding was playful, almost silly. He figured she was out for a role-play session. He still didn't get it. His sweet, sugary Karen Smith was gone. Sassy, bratty Karen Jacoby was the one he had to deal with now.

She sighed and gave herself over to the spanking foreplay. Later, she'd get the message across. For now, she let her husband spank her with his light, stinging smacks until she was wet and writhing over his lap, rubbing shamelessly over his arousal through the sheet. He told her what

a naughty little minx she was and threatened her with a good spanking every day of the rest of their lives together, joking that he should have included that in his marriage vows to her yesterday. When he finally turned her onto her pink backside after dallying a long while with his fingers inside her slick sex, she nearly came immediately as he plunged deep inside her.

Michael glanced at his wife as she tugged his hand, skipping beside him, on their way to the stables. He didn't know what was up with her, but she was like a different woman. And he was beginning to really dislike the change.

The sweet, kind Karen that Michael had fallen in love with would never have flirted so openly with their waiter at breakfast. Nor would she have stuck her little foot into the aisle and tried to trip her husband on his way back from the men's room. From the moment he'd woken up this morning, courtesy of his little wife pinching his nose closed so he couldn't breathe then boldly grabbing hold of his erection and announcing that she wanted him to fuck her, it was like she was someone else.

Where was the cute, nice little lady he'd fallen so hard for and married just yesterday?

At the stables, Karen argued with the groom, who wanted to put her on a gentle old mare. She spotted an antsy black stallion pacing in one of the stalls and demanded him. When Michael began to agree with the groom that the black was too spirited for her, she angrily told him to mind his own business—she knew how to ride and could take care of herself.

Michael stared at her in open surprise and confusion. His first instinct was to forbid her from getting on that horse. Actually, what he thought to do first was turn her right around and march her back to their room for an honest to goodness licking, then have her spend some time in the corner to reflect on her behavior. He'd never punished her for real, only in play, though. While the idea popped right into his mind, he just as quickly rejected it. This was the year 2000, and he wasn't a caveman. If he did that, whether she deserved it or not, Karen would probably divorce him on the spot.

He hoped the groom wouldn't give in to her, but before long he was seated beside her on the docile mare she'd rejected, while she was sitting astride the prancing black. He didn't have nearly as much riding experience as she did and was content with the pretty little paint. He let his wife take the lead and his horse followed contentedly behind.

The riding path was clearly marked and only about a mile long. Karen had sharply refused the groom's offer to guide them along the trail and Michael hoped his unusually disagreeable wife was as capable of handling that horse as she thought she was.

It wasn't long before Karen kicked her mount into a trot, then a canter. Michael's mare was slow to follow, but he managed to catch up to her after a few minutes.

"Karen, slow down," he suggested as he came abreast of her. The black stallion was restless and impatient as he ate up the ground. It looked to Michael like Karen was having a hard time keeping the horse in line.

She tossed her blond braid over her shoulder and laughed. "What's wrong, husband?" she taunted him. "Can't you keep up with your little wife?"

He scowled at her, his hand itching to spank some of her attitude away. "No, I'm just worried about that horse you're riding. He seems half wild and if you give him too much head..."

To his amazement, Karen suddenly shot off ahead of him, yelling out, "Bet you can't catch me!"

Michael's old mare held back naturally as he openly stared after his wife. She rode up and over a rise in the path, disappearing from sight.

That does it, Mike thought, urging the little mare to speed up. Being bratty and trying to goad him into spanking her was one thing. But something more was going on here, and racing off wildly on that stallion was damn dangerous. When he got a hold of her, he was going to...

The thought died uncompleted as Michael rode over the rise and reined in when he saw Karen on the ground, her horse prancing away from her.

He dismounted, started running, and reached her in seconds.

"God, Karen! Are you okay?"

She was moving slowly into a sitting position. "Yeah, Mike, I think so." She sounded shaky. All of the previous attitude was gone from her voice.

Mike helped her stand and held on to her arm as she took a couple of hesitant steps. She gave him a crooked smile and said in a watery voice, "I'm okay. I'll just be a little sore tomorrow, that's all."

Relief that she was unharmed quickly was overcome by anger. Michael grabbed hold of her arm when she started back towards the horse as if to remount and ride off again.

"That's where you're wrong, Mrs. Jacoby," he growled, pulling her with him towards a large rock. He planted one booted foot on that rock and turned his surprised wife over his raised knee and smacked her hard after each word he spoke, "When I'm through with you, woman, you'll be very, very sore!"

And there, to the side of the horse trail, in the middle of the Pocono Mountains, Michael Jacoby proceeded to spank the daylight out of his new wife.

Even through her jeans, Michael's hard smacks made Karen yelp. He'd never spanked her so hard. And as he smacked her bottom, he railed at her for her behavior, emphasizing each word with another spank. "I don't know what's gotten into you Karen Elaine, but you'd better get over it right quick. You could have broken your crazy neck on that horse. You're damn lucky you're not hurt worse."

"Ow! Ah! Michael, stop. Ow!" Karen kicked and struggled over his knee, trying to get away from his punishing hand. There was no escape for her, though. And the spanking went on and on.

"You scared me to death." Smack. Swat. "What is going on with you?" Whack! Crack! "All morning, you've been like a different person and I want my Karen back!"

"Ow! Mike! Please, you're hurting me!"

"Too bad."

"Mike, stop. Please, I'm sorry!" She was actually crying large, fat tears that dropped from her chin onto the rock below. She couldn't believe a spanking through her jeans and panties was making her cry.

After another dozen hard smacks, Michael set his tearful wife on her feet. She wiped at her face and looked down at the ground, away from his stern gaze.

Michael grabbed her chin with his hand and forced her face up. "Look at me, Karen." He waited till she met his eyes. Lord, he looked like he could kill her with his bare hands. Her bottom stung awfully with the reminder of exactly what those hands could do. "I don't know what's going on with you, but you've got a lot of explaining to do for your behavior today. We're going back to our room, and we'll finish your spanking there."

"Finish?"

"That's right. I'm not done with your butt by a long shot, little girl." He tugged her by the hand back to the horses and ordered her up on the mare. She was too surprised to do anything but

obey him. She watched in silence as Michael collected the black and turned resolutely back towards the stables, walking in front of the horses with angry, purposeful strides.

Karen swallowed nervously. What had she gotten herself into?

Back at their suite, Michael led Karen in by the hand and placed her right in the corner of the sitting room. She looked back over her shoulder at him, obviously confused. He was putting the 'do not disturb' sign on the outside of the door. When he looked up at her, he pointed to the corner.

"Put your nose in that corner, Karen Elaine."

Sighing, she obeyed, feeling like a little child.

A few minutes later, Michael was at her side. He unsnapped her jeans and pushed them down over her hips till they puddled at her feet. He instructed her to step out of her sneakers and the jeans, which he then took away. He returned to make her humiliation complete by peeling down her panties in the back, baring her bottom to the empty room. Karen flushed bright red at this, even though this man was her husband and had seen her naked before.

Michael looked at Karen's pretty behind, still pink from the spanking he'd given her over her jeans earlier.

"Does your bottom hurt, sweetheart?" he asked softly, laying one hand against her warm skin.

"A-a little," she admitted.

Michael patted her firmly. "Good. When I'm finished it will be good and sore and ought to remind you to behave yourself and be the good girl I married. Now, you stay right here in this corner for a bit and think about everything that happened today. Because when I call you out of the corner, I'm going to expect an explanation. Understand me?"

She nodded glumly. Michael gave her a kiss on the forehead, another little pat, and then left her there to wait.

It seemed interminable to Karen, but Michael really only kept her in that corner for ten minutes. He closed all the blinds and curtains in the room and sat on the sofa, watching how she impatiently shifted her weight from foot to foot, sighing. She must be feeling pretty sorry for herself by now, he figured. He steeled himself for her tears, determined to be stern with her. He wouldn't have his wife putting herself in danger the way she did today. Not ever again. He planned to get that point burned into her mind, by way of her bottom.

"Okay, Karen. You may turn around and pull up your panties. Come on over to me."

Karen's steps were hesitant as she approached her husband. He settled her on one knee and tilted her chin up with his hand.

"Now then, what do you have to say for yourself, Karen Elaine?"

Her eyes were watery and her chin trembled. "I don't know. I can't explain it."

Michael shook his head. "That's not an acceptable answer, young lady. You can explain it to me, and you will. Or else I'll start spanking you until you start talking. Then, after you explain yourself, I'll give you the spanking I have planned for you now. Do you want a double punishment like that?"

"No." Karen hid her face in Michael's neck, and slowly, through her tears, told him how she'd had the thought that morning that Karen Jacoby was a totally new person. And how she'd decided to have fun, for once, and leave the old, boring Karen Smith behind. When she finished, she glanced up at him tentatively and gasped at the anger burning in his eyes.

"Let me tell you something," he growled, "I fell in love with that boring Karen Smith and I married her. You are her. You are not the bratty, foul mouthed little witch you've strived for all morning. And I expect to have my Karen back. Do you understand me?"

She nodded. She felt so ashamed now. She'd treated her sweet husband horribly for no reason at all. And, in truth, she hadn't had any fun goading him at all. She'd felt mean and unfair the entire time.

"And, furthermore, you should know right here and now that if I ever hear you speak like that about yourself again—if I even suspect you're thinking that way about yourself again—I will paddle you so long and hard you won't sit for a month. You are the kindest, gentlest, funniest, best woman that I have ever known. You are not boring. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, but," Karen swallowed and looked away from the hard glare she received, "I think your opinion's probably pretty biased, Mike."

Mike laughed at that, surprising her. It was so good to hear his laugh again. He'd been so serious since he'd found her thrown from her horse. He said, "So what if I am biased? If I am, it's only because I love you, you little ditz. And I wouldn't love you if there wasn't a lot of great things about you to cause that love." His smile vanished suddenly as his eyes narrowed. He tipped her chin up and added, "You wouldn't be doubting my taste, would you?"

"No, Michael."

"Good." He gave her a quick peck on her frowning mouth. "Because we've enough to address with this spanking without adding that to the list."

"Please don't spank me, Mike. I'm sorry I acted the way I did. I won't do it again I promise. Please?"

Karen's husband shook his head, looking almost sad. "No, baby. I have to make sure I get the point across to you that your behavior today was unacceptable. Most especially the danger you put yourself in while on that horse. And also, I want to emphasize how disappointed I am that you would try to be anyone other than the great girl I married. I don't want to be married to the defiant little brat I saw today."

Tears welled in Karen's eyes and she blinked hurriedly, trying to clear them. Michael looked into her face and asked, "Are you ready to be my girl again?"

She nodded jerkily. "I'm not very good at being bad," she admitted. "It took me forever to wake you up this morning and I felt so mean the way I spoke to that groom. And then I fell off that blasted horse."

Michael nodded, agreeing silently as she spoke. "Well, baby, you weren't good at it because that's not you. So, let's deal with it all, put it behind us, and enjoy the rest of our honeymoon."

That said, Karen allowed her husband to guide her over his lap. She closed her eyes as he lowered her panties, tugging them to her knees. From the first hard swat, it was obvious that this first punishment spanking would be extremely different from the light, playful warmings Karen was used to, and liked. There was nothing she liked about this. Why had she ever yearned for it?

Her husband's hand was hard and each spank hurt just as much as the one before it. He peppered her bottom thoroughly, five times over, then worked on her yet untouched thighs. Karen squealed and wriggled as he turned her from pink to red, but Michael was determined to make his point known. He kept up the painful, rapid tattoo, never once missing his wiggling target and turning a deaf ear to her pleading.

He scolded her as he labored, telling her she was not to flirt with waiters, or be rude to grooms, or say words like *fuck*, after forcing him awake by cutting off his air supply. She was

promising to be good and never do any of those things again when, some ten minutes later, he set in for the last two dozen smacks with renewed strength.

"And so help me, Karen, if you ever pull a stunt like you did today with that horse, I'll take my belt to you. Do you hear me?"

"Yes! Ow! Please, Michael, stop!"

He finally did stop then and ran his hand over her hot, blistered skin. "Okay, little girl, back into the corner for you."

Sniffing and wiping at her tears, Karen stood in the corner again, her chastised bottom on display. She somehow managed to resist the urge to rub at the throbbing sting.

When Michael called her back to him a while later, he sat her gingerly on his lap again and wiped away her lingering tears. "Well, baby, what did you think of your first bad girl spanking?"

"I hated it!" she exclaimed. Michael chuckled and hugged her to him.

"Good! That was the idea. I hope that means you'll remember to behave yourself from now on so I won't have to repeat it. Because I'd like very much to have the sweet, nice lady back that I married. I missed her today."

She rested her head on his shoulder and sighed. "I'd give anything to be your good girl again, Michael," she whispered sadly.

Mike raised her chin up and gave her a kiss on the lips. "That's what's great about a spanking, baby. Afterwards the slate's clean and you are my good girl again. Besides, I don't think she went anywhere. She just tried to make herself into something else. Right?"

Karen nodded shyly, still feeling silly about the whole thing. Michael kissed her again and gave her one of his playful stern looks, so different from the hard mask of anger he'd worn not so long ago, and patted her warm bottom. "Now what do you say we take a little nap so I can rest some from all this spanking? Not to mention the early wake up I received."

Karen's eyelids were already drooping and the idea sounded wonderful to her. Michael carried his bride up the stairs to their bed and cuddled her to him beneath the covers. "Sweet dreams," he whispered. He savored the feel of his little wife pressed against him, the sweet smell of her hair and the soft weight of her small hand over his heart. Her warm backside fit just perfectly into his hand as he wrapped her in his arms and closed his eyes with a sigh.