

The Errant Bride

By

Dinah McLeod

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Chapter 1

The last spanking I'd gotten was on my wedding day. It was from my father, who rarely punished me; I was his only daughter, his little princess. We had been planning my wedding for months, and I'll admit there were times I'd gotten a bit bratty. My parents ignored it, chalking it up to pre-wedding jitters, and I grew bolder.

When the morning of my big day finally arrived, my stomach was full of fluttering, and I could barely eat. It didn't help that there were clouds in the sky, which didn't bode well for my outdoor wedding.

"You should eat, honey," my mom said as we all sat around the breakfast table.

"But mom, she's still trying to lose those last five pounds," my older brother Russ teased.

"Well, as the dress has already been ordered I'd say you've left it a bit late, honey," my father joined in, chuckling.

I glared daggers at the both of them. My weight was a sore subject with me. Even though I was a healthy 135 pounds at 5'4, I always wished I could be thinner. I just couldn't seem to shed weight like other girls I knew, no matter how much salad I ate or how long I worked out.

"Now, now," Mom chided as she pushed a piece of toast toward me. "You two leave Sara alone. It's her special day, after all." My mom smiled warmly at me, and I thought I could see the beginnings of tears forming in her eyes. My mom was beautiful; she was slim and athletic, even though she had just hit her fifty-first birthday heads still turned when she walked by. Her hair was long and blonde, her eyes a sparkling emerald green. Her nose was cute and pert, and she had legs that went on for days.

My brother had inherited all of her beauty, which made me feel like he made a better looking girl than I did. I shared my father's bland brown hair, and coupled with dark brown eyes I wasn't anything special to look at. Even though my fiancé, Ethan always insisted that was beautiful I had trouble believing him.

I could feel the blush warming my cheeks, and their laughing at me had quickly soured my mood. "I have to get ready," I told her as I pushed the toast back across the table and stood up.

"Oh, but you really should eat something, Sara," my mom insisted.

"I'm not hungry."

"The wedding doesn't start for almost five hours, baby. Why don't we—"

I could hear the pleading in her voice, but I didn't want to give in. "No, we can't, Mom." I ignored her pained expression and flounced out of the room and up the stairs. I even went as far as to slam the door behind me.

I was feeling annoyed with my family, and worried about the fact that I was going to pledge my life to another person, no matter how perfect I believed he was for me. Not to mention the fact that I worried about having rain soaking through my veil as I did so. Another peek out the window revealed that the clouds were starting to look gray and ominous.

I jumped onto my bed and buried my face into my pillow and screamed. Again and again, I let my anger, fear and frustration go into the soft down of my pillow. Without noticing, I had begun to cry.

“Sara Marie.” My mother’s voice was gentle as she shook my shoulder.

“Um,” I groaned as I pulled away from her.

“Honey, you have to wake up now.”

“What?” I asked, yawning. It took a couple of attempts before I could open my eyes. I still felt so tired, and it seemed like there was something weighing my eyelids down. Irritably, I rubbed the sleepiness from them.

“Baby, you must have fallen asleep.” She smiled at me, and squeezed my shoulder affectionately. “We have to get going soon.”

A quick glance at the clock showed me that I had been sleeping for over an hour. Tremors of panic shot through me. “Mom! How could you let me sleep so late? You know that I have to be at the salon in forty minutes, and I haven’t even had my shower yet!”

“I’m sorry, honey. There’s still plenty of time. I’ll help you, and—”

“Thank you, but I don’t need your help. I think I can find the bathroom just fine on my own.”

My father chose that moment to walk in. He seemed to take it all in: my mother’s exasperated, hurt expression, and my defiant one as I lounged on the bed, still in pajamas. I could tell by his face that he’d heard the entire exchange. “Sara!” His voice was sharp, and even at twenty-two years old a part of me still wanted to run and hide.

“I can’t talk right now,” I huffed, glaring at my mother. “She let me oversleep and—”

“Young lady, I’ve had enough of this!” He barked. “It is not your mother’s responsibility to watch over you every moment. You have an alarm, and you know how to use it. You need to stop being disrespectful to every member of this family, and I mean now.”

“I need to go shower,” I said stubbornly, trying to hold my ground even though I was shaking on the inside. I had extensive firsthand experience with my father’s lectures, and they always made me feel ridiculously childish. I didn’t need that, today of all days.

“No, I’ll tell you what you need,” he said, as he rolled up the sleeve on his right arm. “What you need to do is to apologize to everyone, starting with your mother. But since you want to keep misbehaving, I’m going to give you some incentive.” With menace in his eyes he stepped toward me.

I tried to dodge him, but even as I was backing away from him I knew that I was no match for my father—I’d learned that years ago. With little effort he subdued my escape attempt. In no time I found myself facedown over his lap, staring at the pretty blue flowers on my bedspread.

“Carl, I don’t think this is the time—”

“She has to learn, Lauren,” my father replied.

“It’s her wedding day. I think this once—” When my mom stopped abruptly and clamped her lips together I knew that he had silenced her with a look, like I had seen him do before on occasion.

When I felt his hands at the waistband of my pajama bottoms I began to squirm. “Please listen to mom, Daddy. She’s right. Please, I’m sorry. I—”

“Hush,” he commanded as he slid my pants down in one fluid motion. “You had your say this morning, and I have to tell you, I didn’t like it one bit.”

“I’m really sorry—”

He cuts me off with a resounding slap to my panties, and whatever excuses I would have made were replaced with a cry of pain. “I told you to be quiet.” Those last words were emphasized with a few more smacks to my poor bottom.

My bottom was starting to sting, and I was feeling pretty sorry for myself. I was supposed to be getting married in a few hours! How could this be happening to me? This was supposed to be the happiest day of my life, and instead my dad was about to make me cry—and they sure wouldn’t be tears of joy!

“I have had quite enough of this attitude from you, Sara.” The steady stream of slaps to my backside was proof enough that he meant what he was saying. “Everyone in this house has done everything we can to help with your wedding.”

The sternness in his voice combined with the stinging slaps he was delivering at a steady pace to my backside caused my eyes to fill with tears. My bottom was hot, but I knew better than to say anything.

“Instead of being appreciative,” he continued, “you have been rude and disrespectful. We don’t have you to ourselves for much longer, so this behavior is going to change now.” With that proclamation, he began to pull my panties down too.

“Daddy!” I cried out, my vow of silence forgotten. “Please, no. I have learned my lesson, I mean it! I’m sorry, I really am.”

“Not as sorry as you’re about to be,” he replied grimly.

“Please,” I begged as I stretched my hand behind me in a futile attempt to grab my panties and put a stop to this.

“You know better than that,” he growled, and I began to cry out as he delivered smack after smack to my bare thighs. He paused after an even dozen, by which point I was breathing hard as tears streamed down my face. “Now, you’re a grown woman. I expect you to put your hand back to your side and keep it there. You know how to behave.”

I considered pointing out that if he really thought of me as a grown woman, then he shouldn’t treat me like a child, but I thought better of it. My butt was warm enough already, and likely to become warmer in the near future if I knew my dad.

He didn’t disappoint me. When I put my hand back in front of me he continued spanking my butt, even harder than before. There was no more lecturing, just swat after swat. He gave them ten to a side before he switched to the other cheek. At first I tried to count them, but eventually the pain distracted me and I lost track.

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” I whimpered, but the only answer I received was another ten swats to my left buttock. Am I going to be able to sit down tonight? I wondered. And then, with a jolt of shock I remembered my wedding photos and wondered how I was going to be able to keep my eyes from looking puffy and red.

Before he was finished, even those worries were forgotten. My world shrank to nothing but his powerful, strong hand, and the licks he kept delivering to my bare behind.

“Now,” he cleared his throat, his voice still authoritative. I’m shocked to realize that he’s stopped, and that I have been sobbing over his lap for a good minute while he’s waited for me to

calm down. I tried to sit up, but he kept me pinned with his hand firmly on my back. “I want you to apologize to me, and thank me for spanking you.”

My eyes widened in surprise. He’d never asked me do that before. “Um...I’m sorry, Daddy.”

“For what?”

I furrowed my brow. He knew for what! Why did he have to embarrass me further by making me say it out loud?

“Sara?” He prompted. It didn’t escape my notice that he did not sound patient.

“I’m sorry for upsetting you.” I blurted out the first thing that came to mind, hoping it would be enough to save my bottom further pain.

“And?”

I sighed loudly. “And...I don’t know.”

Those words were apparently the wrong ones. I felt the shift of his weight as he reached over to my nightstand. Before I could groan or offer any sort of protest, the back of my wooden hairbrush was flattening the right cheek, and then quickly flattening the left. Four more of these swift, stingy swats were delivered before he was satisfied.

“Try again.”

“I’m sorry...I’m sorry...I...”

“Sara.”

His voice was firm and filled with warning, and I immediately burst into tears. “I’m sorry, Daddy. I’ve been bratty and stubborn and I haven’t helped Mom around the house and... and you’re paying for my w-wedding. It’s going to be a-am-azing, and it’s all thanks to y-you!” I laid my head down and continued to sob for a few minutes. I felt him gently rubbing my back, and my sobs turned to sniffles. “I’m sorry. I’ve just been making your life m-miserable!”

“Now, honey. No one is saying that. But yes, I have been working hard, pulling night shifts and working weekends to make sure you have everything you want for this wedding. You have been moody with everyone in this family, and I want you to remember that your actions impact other people. They also have consequences.”

Even though his tone had softened, and I felt like I can relax, I began to think about more than my sore bottom. I started remembering the all-nighters my dad had been working for the last three months, and it’s all been for me. I hadn’t even told him thank you.

My thoughts were interrupted by another six hard swats to my flaming rear. This time I didn’t kick my legs or cry out. I knew I deserved the punishment I’m getting.

“And your mother?”

I raised my head to look at her through watery eyes. She’d been leaning on the doorway, watching with a pained expression. In that moment I was hit with an unexpected rush of love for her. I had really taken her for granted in the last few weeks. I’d been demanding, sulky and rude, and yet, it still hurt her to see me in pain, even when I deserved it.

“I’m sorry, Mom. I should be h-helping you around the house more. I should have told you how much...how much all your help m-means to me,” I sobbed.

“Oh, honey—” she made a move toward me, but my father wasn’t through with me yet.

“Did it occur to you—” SLAP! “—that this was the last time your mother would get to have breakfast with you—” SLAP! “—before you got married? Hmm? Well, did it?” The question was punctuated with a couple of well-placed smacks to the back of my thighs.

“No,” I wailed, practically choking on the word. “No, it didn’t. I’m s-sorry.”

“Ok. Ok, Angel. I think you really are.”

My entire body relaxed as I felt him put down the hairbrush, and I burst into tears all over again. I heaved with sobs again and again. I couldn’t remember the last time I’d been like this, crying like a little girl over my daddy’s lap. At that moment, I remembered that my bottom was bare, and I flushed with embarrassment realizing that he’d seen my sexy lacy panties.

Almost as if he’d read my mind he pulled my panties up over my sore, throbbing behind, followed quickly by my sweat pants. Even though my clothing had been restored, he still didn’t help me up, and I didn’t move to get off his lap. I just continued to cry, feeling all the stress of the past months melt away as he gently shushed me and patted my back.

When I stopped crying, I tried to sit, and my dad helped me up. I winced at the pain I felt when my butt made contact with the bed.

“Luckily, you won’t be doing much sitting,” he said with a grin, managing to read my thoughts again.

“What about dinner, Daddy?” I moaned.

“What dinner?” my mom asked with a laugh. “You’re not going to get to eat any! You can trust me on that, sweetie.”

“I really am sorry,” I said to them both, smiling shyly. Normally, I had to swallow quite a bit of pride to say those words, but after what I’d just endured, I don’t have any left.

Mom came around and joined us on the bed, being careful not to make the mattress shift when she sat down. She leaned toward me, and soon the three of us are hugging.

“Now, as for your brother,” my father began

“Dad!” I cut him off with a squeal. “He was being totally mean to me!” There is a warning look in his eyes, so I modified my tone before continuing. “I don’t like it when he makes fun of my weight. Sir.”

He studied my face carefully before nodding. “You’re so beautiful, I always forget how sensitive you are. I’ll talk to him.”

“Thank you.”

“Come on, Sara, better get in the shower!” Mom urged. “We have a wedding to get ready for.”

I bounded off the bed with renewed energy. “Give me ten minutes. And then...I was thinking we could grab some coffee and a muffin before going to our hair appointments.”

Her smile was immediate and ear-splitting. I didn’t think I’d seen her so happy since the wedding planning began, and I felt another pang as I realizes how thoughtless I’d been.

“That sounds great, honey.”

My mom had known what she was talking about—I didn’t get a chance to sit down that night—and I didn’t really force the issue. Our wedding was a whirlwind, and it couldn’t have gone better.

I blushed when my father saw me in my floor length-wedding gown for the first time. It was a beautiful dress, decorated with intricate lace and seed pearls. Seeing him reminded me of the fact that he'd seen me in just a t-shirt earlier, but if he was having the same thought he didn't show it. He'd taken my arm in his and even though he didn't say anything, I could read everything he wanted to say in his eyes. In that moment it felt like our bond was renewed in a way it hadn't been in years—I truly was Daddy's little girl, and I knew that would never change.

My new husband, Ethan, seemed to lose his breath when he saw me. When I was beside him and my dad kissed me goodbye, Ethan touched my face gently, trailing a finger along my cheek, seeming in awe of me. "Beautiful," he mouthed.

I had tears in my eyes when I whispered, "I Do," but they were the good kind this time.

Before I knew it our reception was over. We had said our goodbyes, and ran to the car amid fond farewells and a shower of rose petals. It was at the hotel, as I shyly undressed for my groom that I remembered my sore bottom. Ethan had been horrified when he saw the marks the brush had left.

"I am going to call him first thing in the morning—hell, I'm going to call him right now!" He fumed.

"Please, don't, baby," I begged. "It's over now and—"

"Sara, he hurt you!"

"It does hurt," I admitted. "But...I deserved it."

He eyed me skeptically, but finally nodded. "Alright. But he better never do that again. You're mine now."

I shivered at his words, and he grabbed me in a gentle, protective hug.

"That's not ever going to happen to you again, Sara," he murmured, his voice husky in my ear.

I took deep breaths, breathing in the smell of him: pine, and all spice.

"Since you're um...in pain..."

I looked up at him, wondering where he was going with this.

"Well, I just thought, ah...would you rather be on top?"

We just started at each other for a long moment before both bursting into laughter.

He promised me, I thought bitterly as I came out of memories of happier times. He told me I didn't have to worry about that stuff anymore. He said he'd never hurt me.

Even as the thoughts occurred to me I was aware that my accusations were—at least a bit—unfair. I pushed that nagging thought away, though, because I didn't want to be won over by reason. I was determined to stay mad. It was the only thing that would save me from feeling scared, hurt and miserable because my husband had just called to tell me that he was going to spank me when he got home.