

Chapter One

Savi paced back and forth in front of her living room door, waiting for her mother to arrive. It wasn't like Sarah to be late, her mother was supposed to arrive fifteen minutes ago. She always came over to help Savi clean on Fridays, while Eric and her father were at men's bible study. Savi became worried as she watched the minute hand move on the clock above the dining room table.

Horrible thoughts came running through her mind.

Did she get in a car accident? Was she car jacked? Did something happen to Daddy? Unsure of what was going on, she finally called her mother. Sarah's cell phone rang and rang, with no answer. Concerned, she called the church her father pastored at to see if he knew where her mother could be.

After three rings, a woman answered the phone, "Hello, Bethel Pentecostal. How can I help you?"

Instantly Savi recognized the woman on the other side. "Momma, its Savi. What are you doing, why aren't you here?"

"Hey honey, I had some things to help with at the church tonight. I must have lost track of time."

Relieved that her mother was okay, she launched into panic because her apartment was such a mess. "Are you going to make it over tonight? I could really use the help."

"I don't know. We will just have to wait and see. I have to go baby. I will talk to you later, okay?" Without waiting for a response from Savi, Sarah hung up the phone.

After Savi and Eric's wedding, Savi left the state university and began to attend the local junior college. Being a wife was a lot harder than Savi ever imagined it would be. It had never crossed her mind that moving out of her parents' home would be so difficult. The responsibilities were overwhelming and with all the changes that had been taking place in her life, she knew being closer to her parents, especially her mother, was the only way she would be able to handle all the changes of being a newlywed and a new member of the church.

As a newlywed, Savi still relied on her mother for help. Every Monday evening at exactly seven o'clock, Sarah would arrive at her daughter's apartment to help clean, while Eric attended a men's bible study. Actually, Sarah didn't help clean, she did all the cleaning while Savi sat on the couch and watched TV. Savi rarely showed her mother any gratitude. She expected her mother to help, and that is just what Sarah did.

Savi had never felt the need to pick up after herself. Even when she lived at home, her mother always cleaned up for her. When she would come home from school, she would just throw her book bag, and wherever it landed, it would stay there until she needed it again. Every time she showered or changed her clothing, she would leave her clothes on the floor until she no longer had any clean clothes to wear. Instead of Savi taking care of her clothes herself, she would have her mother do it for her. Sarah would wash, dry and fold the clothes for Savi.

Having always relied on her parents, well, mainly her mother, for anything and everything, she never had much housework to do when she lived with them. Now, she really wished she would have. As a kept woman, one would think that she would automatically know how to keep a home, but Savi didn't. She had never been made to sweep the floors or to wash the laundry. She had never even washed a dish a day in her life. Savi was completely oblivious to how much hard work actually went into keeping a home clean. When it came to cooking, she was disastrous at that too; one time her landlords and neighbors, the Bennett's, actually came to check on her when they had heard the fire alarms going off.

Unsure of what to do or where to start, Savi just left the mess where it was assuming that Eric would look the other way, like he had the whole three months they had been married.

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Eric had been understanding about her lack of cooking and cleaning skills. She was the baby of her family and he knew she took full advantage of that growing up. He had let a lot of things slide during the first few weeks of their marriage. She was still attending school, and this was all new to her. But, it had gotten to the point that Eric couldn't handle the filth anymore, he didn't live like that before Savi, and he wasn't going to live like that now.

As Eric stood in his living room looking at the trail of filth that followed Savi throughout the apartment, he could feel the anger and disappointment welling up inside him. He couldn't believe that someone could be okay with living this way. There were plates full of food on the coffee table, and garbage sitting on the couch. There was even a dog toy in the middle of the

floor. They didn't even own a dog, so he couldn't fathom why that would be in their apartment to begin with. Eric took a few deep breaths, pushed some garbage out of the middle of the walkway before he went looking for his wife.

Knowing she would be in her favorite place, he went directly there. Just like he had assumed, he found her soaking in a vanilla scented bubble bath. He watched her as she soaked in the old claw foot bathtub, bubbles covering everything but the tip of her knees and the top of her breasts, her golden curls held in place with a pencil atop her head and her nose deep into a romance novel, oblivious that Eric was watching her from the doorway.

Slowly he made his way into the bathroom. He sat along the edge of the tub and pushed the book down away from her face. Looking into his wife's beautiful chocolate eyes, he placed a kiss upon her soft lips, inhaling her pheromones.

"Hey baby, why don't you turn around? I'd like to wash your back." Instantly he could see that she was excited by the idea. A smile appeared across her face, as she did as she was asked. Eric then grabbed her purple loofa off the hook and put her favorite jasmine scented body wash on it. He drew small circles on her back with the loofa as he spoke.

"There are a few things that I would like to talk about with you Savannah. I know you have been busy with school and all, but there is some work that needs to be done around the house." Eric paused for a moment to gather his thoughts. "You know, it doesn't just stop because you're tired." He continued washing her back, gently moving to her shoulders, he tenderly placed a kiss upon her collarbone. "I think it's time that you took on more responsibilities around the house."

Savi turned around to face Eric, sitting up, her full breasts completely exposed. "Wait, what's that supposed to mean?"

Having a hard time concentrating with Savi's breasts exposed, Eric backed himself away from the tub. "It means that our house is a pig sty, and I can't live like this anymore. I didn't live in a dirty place before we were married, and I won't do it now. You really need to start cleaning up after yourself." Pointing to the bathroom floor he said, "Look at this Savannah, you have like two weeks' worth of dirty clothing in here. I can't even go to the bathroom without tripping over something you left around. I have tried to let it go, because you had your mom here helping, but I can't take the filth anymore. It has to stop. You need to be more responsible, more accountable."

"Eric Matthews, how dare you ridicule me!" Savi yelled at him, she then immediately splashed her bath water into his face, soaking his shirt.

Eric was becoming annoyed with his new bride. He typically didn't have much of a temper, but his wife knew how to push all the right buttons. "Savannah, you need to calm down. I suggest you stop this foolish behavior and just listen to what I have to say."

"Me stop? You have got to be kidding me! You are the one standing there all high and mighty telling me what I should be doing! Where do you get off telling me how to live my life?" She splashed him again, soaking him from head to toe.

"Get out of the tub Savanna!" Eric couldn't remember the last time he had had to punish her, but he knew it was before their wedding. This would be the first time he punished her without an article of clothing to protect her perfect little behind from his hand, and the thought of that excited him.

With the way Savi had just yelled at him, he knew that he had let too much go in the past. He let a lot of her sassy little comments slide off his back the last three months. They were newly married and he wanted the honeymoon stage to last forever, but look what that got him. A wife with no consideration for anyone but herself.

As Savi exited the tub, the water and bubbles dripped down her voluptuous naked body. Eric went to hand her a towel, wanting to cover the temptation in front of him. But Savi pushed his hand away, refusing it. As she walked out of the bathroom, she removed the pencil from her hair, letting her golden curls fall down her back. "Where do you want me?" she quipped as she looked back to him.

Lust was overwhelming Eric. He needed to get control of himself. Savi had always had a way with him. No matter what she did or where she was, Eric couldn't deny the way she had made him feel. Pushing the lustful thoughts out of his head, he followed her out of the bathroom. "I would like you to follow me to the bedroom," he said, making his way in front of her, attempting to remove the image of her sultry body from his head.

After making his way to the bedroom, he rolled up his sleeves as he spoke to her. "Since the wedding we haven't had the time to discuss the new punishment rules. We will have to do that later." Looking back to Savi, he gave her a little smirk and continued with his thoughts. "Being you are already naked, you can stay that way. I would like you on all fours on our bed Savannah." He turned to her, wanting to see her picture-perfect face, but she gave him no

reaction. "Go on," he said as he pointed to the bed. Watching her as she made her way to the bed, her curvy bottom jiggled with every move she made, her curls swayed along with her every step.

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Doing as she was told, she slowly made her way over to the bed, trying to manipulate him and the situation with each and every step as she took. Wanting to make sure he watched her as she crawled onto the bed, she looked back to him achingly. Hoping he wouldn't deny her and that he would forget about the punishment. Savi made sure to reveal her femininity to him by arching her back and spreading her legs in a come-hither fashion.

"This punishment is for your behavior in the bathroom tonight." Eric told her as he rubbed his hand across her bottom and up her back, causing goose bumps to appear. Savi had never been so eager before, his touch was particularly sensual. Wanting him to take her right then she turned to look at him, hoping he'd see her desire and stop, but he didn't see her. She could see that he was too focused on the task at hand.

"I wanted to have an adult conversation with you in the bathroom tonight, but you couldn't handle that." Smack! "I love you Savannah, but I do not like your childish attitude." Smack! "I will only use my hand, this time." With that, he gave her a firm smack right on each of her sit spots, causing her to become wet. "But if you behave like that again, I will use a spoon, do you understand?"

As soon as Savi nodded her head in agreement, Eric brought his hand down hard, making contact with her bottom. Smack. Smack. Smack. Savi enjoyed and embraced each and every one of his touches, her juices dripped down her inner thighs. "I hate to do this Savannah, but it's what needs to be done."

Each time his hand made contact with her bottom, she let out a moan. His touches caused her body to quiver, her back arch and hips rock back and forth. Her moans continued to get louder and louder as her vaginal walls throbbed uncontrollably. Causing a shockwave of pleasure to move throughout her body, becoming feeble she fell to the bed, every ounce of strength leaving her body.

Eric instantly moved to the side of the bed to shift her back into position, wrapping his arm around her hips. Holding her tight, he caressed her bottom. "I know this was hard baby." Savi snickered to herself, she didn't find this hard at all, it was the most exciting thing that she had ever done, or had ever had done to her.

He continued to move his hand softly across her bottom, "But you will never speak to me like that again. I am the head of this household, and I deserve respect." Smack. Smack. Smack! Eric continued on, but it had no effect on Savi, her bottom became numb. Savi soon realized that if this spanking was ever going to come to an end she would have to show some type of emotion, even if she had to fake it.

Savi knew that pretending like the spanking was actually bothering her would cause Eric to end the so-called punishment. Savi had other ideas in mind for their night and being on all fours waiting for her punishment to end was not one of them. Soon she began to yelp as if she was in pain, her bum was hot, but numb. Smack. Smack. Smack. Eric continued. Soon Savi began to push the tears out so he would see that he was having some type of effect on her.

Without notice, Eric released her hips and leisurely moved up towards her head. Savi let out a sigh of relief. Unsure if Eric was done with her punishment, she stayed in the assumed position. "Savannah, I expect that you will watch your tongue when talking to me."

She gave him a nod of agreement. Looking up at Eric, she could see his solemn face. Uncertain of what he was feeling, she gradually moved herself off the bed. Eric didn't stop her, so she continued towards him. She made her way directly in front of him. She grabbed his hands and placed them on her hips, careful not to put them near her fiery backside.

"I promise to try harder Eric, I never should have yelled at you the way I did." Pulling him up by the collar of his wet shirt, she pressed her lips against his, and little by little she moved her tongue into his mouth.

Eric slowly moved his hand to her breast. "Oh, not yet." Savi giggled and she moved his hand back to her hips. Gradually moving her hands to his belt, she undid his damp pants, wet from the water she had splashed on him. Savi watched in anticipation as his slacks fell to the ground, and his erection freed itself from its constricted location.

Bit by bit Savi unbuttoned his soaked dress shirt, taking her time as she undressed him, tracing her finger over each and every one of his delectable abdominal muscles. He stood there in front of her, exposed, a spectacle of a man, her man, her husband. She pushed him onto the bed, wanting to please him the way he had always done for her. Savi mounted him, her burning flesh coming in contact with his cool skin, causing an erotic uproar to flow throughout her body.

Not only had she just received the first spanking of her married life, she also experienced her first orgasm that wasn't completely sexually oriented. Savi never knew how intimate a

spanking could be, yes it was painful, but it was also fulfilling. She had never felt as close with Eric as she had now. This experience showed her that a Christian domestic discipline marriage was the right decision for her and Eric.

Lying next to her husband watching him sleep, she played back everything in her head- the way he had washed her back and spoke lovingly to her, the way she lost her temper when she knew all along that Eric was right. She thought back to the way he touched her between the swats and the way his hand felt each and every time it made contact with her skin. Her excitement came rushing back as she thought of everything her husband and she had just done. Savi rolled onto her side and snuggled up close to Eric, pulling his arm over her bare stomach. Tired from the evening's escapades, Savi closed her eyes and quickly fell asleep.