



CHERISH & OBEY

Melissa Harding

Cherish & Obey

sequel to Betty's Boot Camp,

Two's Company and The O-Bay Club,

by

Melissa Harding

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Chapter 1.

Betty inhaled the perfume of the yellow and mauve freesias one last time, then flung the bouquet over her shoulder towards the crowd behind her. It was caught with a squeal by someone – Jenny’s sister, probably.

Jenny had been her matron of honour. She hadn’t been married to Jake very long – less than a year – and was still as giddy and irresponsible as a single woman when let loose with other women. It was she who had organised their disastrous Hen Night.

In point of fact the Hen Night had been a roaring success until the two of them had piled out of the taxi afterwards, drunk as skunks, at the feet of their respective partners who were standing arms akimbo on the pavement waiting for them. They had pretty much sobered instantly and Betty had tried to argue.

“You were just as late after your stag night,” she slurred in Michael’s direction.

“The stag night was on a Saturday and this is a Tuesday – or rather a Wednesday,” Michael snapped. “In case you’d forgotten, you have a job to go to later this morning.”

“I’ve not vowed to obey you yet,” Betty said rudely.

Jake was scooping Jenny up and transferring her to his own vehicle for the short ride to their home.

The two women compared notes afterwards. Jake had given Jenny a prolonged session in their Punishment Room the next day, while Michael had flung Betty over the bed that very night, bared her bottom and given her a taste of his belt – as much for the rudeness as the tardiness he had explained as he slithered the instrument out of its loops.

During the wedding ceremony Betty had been conscious of a trace soreness

under the tight skirt of her wedding dress which had added a certain spice to her feelings as she uttered her vows. She and Michael had locked eyes when she promised to 'Love, Cherish and Obey' him. She meant it; this would be a fresh start and she would try so hard to please him, so hard to do everything right. And avoid his corrections, her mind added.

Now, the Reception behind them, they were ready to leave. There was no rear window on Michael's car to decorate with the standard 'Just Married' in shaving foam, since it was a convertible, but some tin cans and an old shoe had been tied to the rear bumper.

In her 'going away' outfit of a tight mini skirt and matching jacket, Jenny climbed into the car. Michael shut the door for her, as befitted the groom, and looked down at her. As he did so, she glimpsed that predatory look in his eye - like an eagle fixating its prey - that she knew of old always heralded a spanking. She gulped, suddenly serious. Fortunately it was easy to wave and blow kisses as the car drew away and the wind caught her hair, without anyone noticing a change in her, but her mind was racing. What had she done?

They had reached the countryside, the motley collection of objects still rattling behind, when Michael enlightened her.

"You were abominably rude to my aunt," he said, turning his head towards her.

"But she said my lipstick was garish!"

"And so it is. I was hoping to see you in more modest make-up. But that was still no reason to stick your tongue out at her like a child."

"I don't think she saw me."

"That doesn't matter. I did. And I'm the one you need to worry about."

He pulled into a lay-by, got out, untied the cans and the shoe from the bumper, and dropped the cans into a waste bin. The shoe, however, he brought to the car. It

was an old plimsoll with a split between the sole and the upper. It looked very flexible.

“Get out,” Michael ordered Betty.

She clambered out, full of trepidation.

“This will be your first spanking as a married woman,” he said. “Do you understand why you’ve deserved it?”

“Yes. For being rude to one of your relatives, even though she didn’t see me.”

Michael looked dangerous. “Not quite,” he said. “Your spanking is for disrespect to me. You knew perfectly well that I would see you, and you had no thought for my opinion of your behaviour. Plus,” his voice dropped to a menacing growl, “you’re still cheeking me now.”

This was beginning to look serious. It was no ‘slap and tickle’ between newly-weds; it was a punishment meted out by a man to the woman he was in charge of.

“Bend over the bonnet,” Michael commanded.

“What here?” Betty gasped. “By the roadside?”

“Absolutely,” said Michael.

Betty’s mini skirt was very difficult to pull up but Michael was well practised. He rolled and yanked it up and then he put his hands inside the elastic waist of her knickers and pulled them down just past her cheeks.

“It was kind of someone to provide us with this shoe,” he joked grimly.

Very kind. Betty silently cursed the person who had thought to tie it on the car.

Michael slapped her bottom with the sole of the shoe repeatedly, one buttock, both buttocks, imprinting the tread pattern on her flesh, while she hugged the bonnet, her head turned away from the road so she would not have to see any of the

witnesses of her shame.

A car went by and honked joyously. Then a second. A third one actually slowed down and Betty was in mortal fear that someone might stop and try to join in, but they moved off.

Finally Michael stopped. "Pull up your pants," he told Betty.

Thank goodness for that. Very often, after a spanking, Michael made her keep her knickers down as extra punishment, but this time he perhaps thought she'd been embarrassed enough. Either that or he was concerned about the upholstery of his car seat because he knew only too well that spankings usually had the effect of turning her on.

She pulled up her knickers and wriggled her skirt down over her hips. Her bottom both stung and ached but luckily she was going to be able to sit down. Not that she would have had any choice in the matter anyway.

She got into the passenger seat beside Michael and they pulled out of the lay-by. The shoe was lying on top of their luggage on the back seat, where Michael had flung it.

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