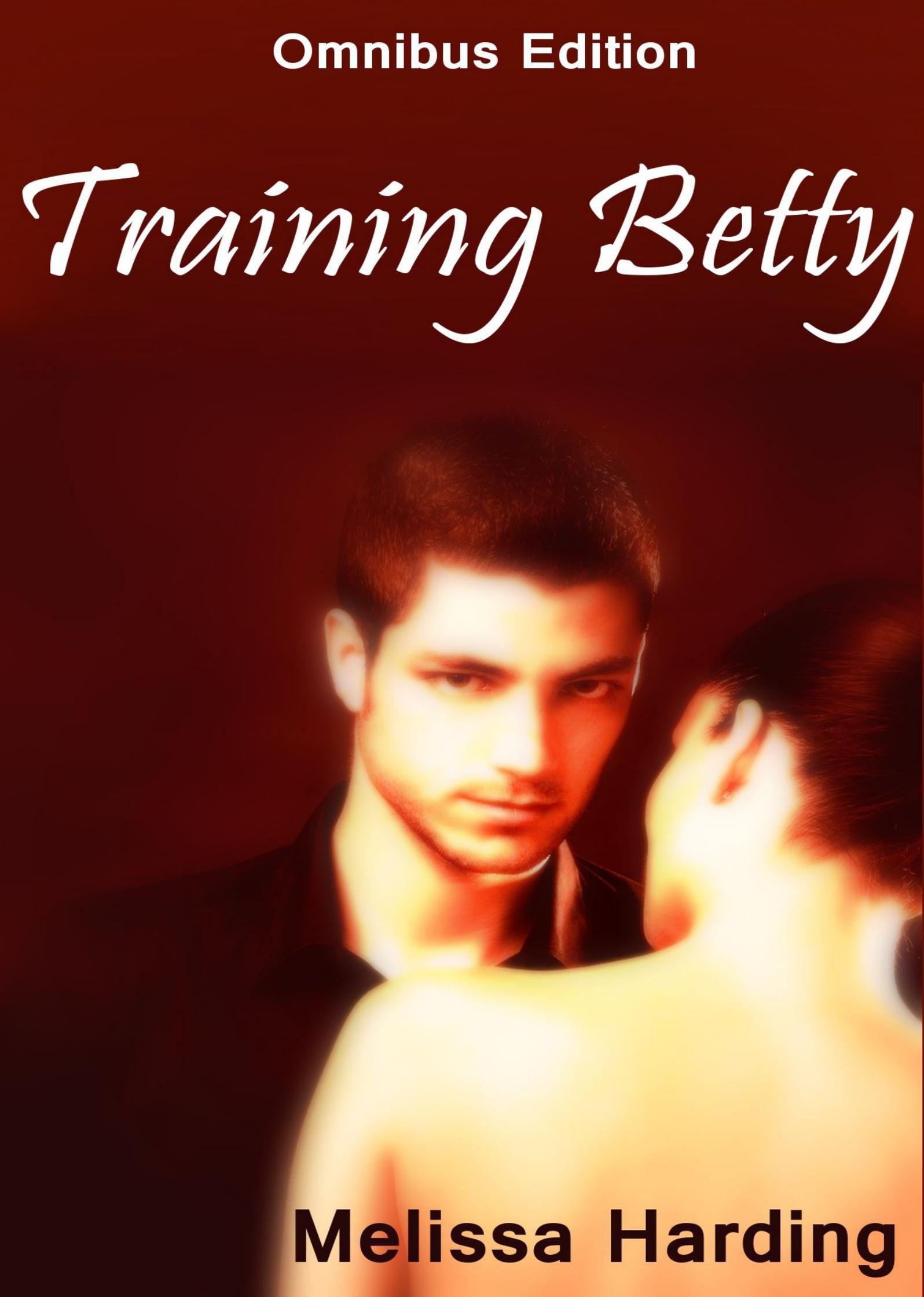


Omnibus Edition

Training Betty



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Book 1

Betty's Boot Camp

Chapter 1

It was an uncomfortable journey for Betty. For starters she was uneasy about the whole trip. Michael had insisted on it.

"I'm not going to marry a woman who disobeys me the way you do. If you want to be my wife, I have to make sure I can handle you. Away from everybody, I can make sure."

So he had chosen this remote cottage on a cliff above the sea.

"We were very lucky," he told Betty. "They had a last-minute cancellation. Otherwise I think the place is booked up solid all through the season."

Lucky indeed, she had thought. There wouldn't be a soul around, which was obviously the idea.

The other reason Betty was uncomfortable was that Michael had given her 'a foretaste of things to come' as he had put it. She had stayed the night at his place so as to be ready for the early start next day, and in the room where Michael had put her, she had stayed up late, lying on the bed in her Chinese silk dressing gown, reading magazines.

Michael had seen the light under the door and had come in without pausing to knock.

"You were supposed to go to sleep hours ago. That's exactly the sort of thing I mean. Now I'm going to give you a foretaste of things to come."

With that he rolled her over onto her front and with one deft movement of his hand, slid the dressing gown up. She was not wearing anything underneath.

"No, Michael, don't!" She had protested wildly. "I'll turn out the light now. It's just that I wasn't quite sleepy yet."

"I'm not interested in your excuses," Michael countered.

With that he put one hand firmly on her waist so that she couldn't roll away, and with the other he slapped her bare bottom several times, hard.

"There," he said when he had finished. "You can sleep on your front tonight." Without even kissing her, he had left the room.

Betty had sneaked to the full-length mirror on the door of the wardrobe and peeked at her bottom. Michael's finger-marks showed plainly on the white flesh. He had not spanked her sufficiently for them to blend into one mass of red, but the punishment had been severe enough for her to be squirming this morning on the seat of Michael's car.

It was still very early. Michael had had to rouse Betty from sleep, harangue

while she dressed and then steer her yawning down his front steps. His car was a convertible; he had opened the top to let the wind wake her up. Normally she would have minded because it would mess up her hair, but today she hadn't arranged it so it didn't matter.

They had one stop in which Michael propelled Betty forcibly into a motorway café and ordered her a coffee which she drank meekly.

While they were still some way away from their journey's end, Betty could smell the sea air. It reminded her of her childhood: a holiday every year on the same stretch of coast – fish and chips and winkles in a bucket. But she soon realised that this place was different.

Even she had to admit that the cottage was picture-perfect. It was low and white, with a grey slate roof and a little garden surrounded by a stone wall. The most wonderful thing about it was its setting: perched on the edge of a cliff that shelved steeply to a stony beach.

Michael parked the car in the lee of the garden wall and slid the roof up, but he didn't unpack the car straight away. Instead he went to stand almost at the edge of the cliff and looked down, the wind stirring his dark hair.

"It's low tide. I'll bet you there's no beach at high tide," he said.

Betty joined him and peered down also. "I guess so," she murmured.

"Don't go too near the edge," Michael admonished. "It might not be a sheer cliff but it would be dangerous to fall down it all the same."

With that he produced the cottage key from his pocket and unlocked the front door.

"Oh!" Betty gasped.

They walked straight into a large, airy living room with a chintz sofa and armchairs. The windows, one of which was a French window, looked out onto the sea.

"We can explore after lunch," said Michael. "We'll unpack first."

"No, please," Betty squealed. "Surely all that can wait. It might be high tide soon. Lets' explore now!"

Michael gave her a look which instantly quelled her. "This holiday is about you learning to obey me. Don't show me you're incapable of that in our very first hour here."

"OK," said Betty, putting on her best 'dutiful wife' look.

They unpacked and had the picnic lunch which Michael had had the foresight to provide, then they walked for a while along the cliff top. There was a wooden stairway down to the beach but Michael didn't want to go down there yet and Betty

didn't argue: she was on her very best behaviour. But she didn't even manage to get to the end of the day before she incurred Michael's wrath again.

She had forgotten to bring her make-up bag into the cottage. In the panic of the early morning she had crammed it into the glove compartment of the car. She remembered and went to open the car, but found it locked so asked Michael for the car key.

"I can do better than that," Michael teased her. He was in a good mood; the cottage was even better than the agent had led him to believe. He took the car key out of his trousers' pocket and pressed a button on it. Through the open front door, Betty heard a click and saw the car lights flash.

She reached into the car, retrieved the make-up bag, and went into the bedroom of the cottage to apply eye-shadow and lipstick so she would look her best when they went down to the Pub for their evening meal and a bit of socialising.

Suddenly she saw Michael in the mirror behind her. His expression was grim.

"I just found my car unlocked," he said quietly.

"I thought since we were just going out ..."

"Never mind what you thought. It was sloppy."

"I thought you'd realise! I got what I wanted, and all you had to do was press ..."

Betty never finished her sentence. Michael grabbed her from behind and took her to the end of the bed. He sat down, and with an incredible strength which Betty could feel all through his body, he manoeuvred her round and flipped her up so that she landed face down over his knee.

"What was that?" he asked in a quiet, menacing voice. "Did I hear you trying to blame me for your carelessness?"

"No, Michael, no! You didn't. We have to go out! They'll stop serving meals if we're not careful!"

"In that case we'll have to be quick. Quick and hard."

With that he flicked up the flimsy skirt she had chosen so carefully for their first evening out in the place, slipped his hand under the elastic of her knickers, and pulled them down till they were half way down her thighs.

"Now let's see how quick we can be and still get the same result."

The dressing table where Betty had been seated moments before was just in reach. He grabbed her hair brush and spanked her with the flat side, hard and fast till she wriggled and cried out.

"You know the rules," Michael warned her. "If you wriggle you get more. I can

pull your knickers down to your knees and spank the back of your thighs as well."

Betty lay still after that and Michael didn't carry out his threat. The pain was intense but the punishment was soon over, just as he had promised.

Chapter 2

The Golden Lion was everything that Betty had always thought so perfect in an English pub: cosy lighting, dark furnishings, and the wonderful smell of all varieties of alcoholic drinks. She had availed herself of Michael's offer of a cushion in the car, but it would have looked decidedly odd if she had carried it into the Pub with her and the seats, although upholstered, were quite hard.

Michael had said in the car: "That was number one. Let's see how long you can go before number two."

He was the perfect gentleman all evening, making sure everything was to Betty's liking in the meal, and fetching drinks for her afterwards. They talked about their plans for while they were there. He wanted to get some serious reading done for his job as a Sixth Form College English teacher, and she had ambitions of doing sketches of the views.

"As long as you show me you're capable of being a proper wife, then whatever else you do is fine by me," said Michael, "I also insist that I get some time completely undisturbed."

They would explore the area as well: their own little beach, and the broader beaches nearby where the cliffs were shallower or non-existent.

"I'd like to look round some Art Galleries and markets," Betty enthused.

"You know I'm not keen on that kind of thing," Michael frowned.

Betty said flippantly, flirting with her eyes to try and show Michael that she was joking: "Well I'll just take the car and go on my own."

Michael did not take it as a joke. "You'll do no such thing," he growled. "And I think you've just earned that number two."

He got up, helped her into her coat with elaborate courtesy, and walked to the car. She followed, a sinking feeling in her heart. Why had she been so flippant? Couldn't she even manage to behave herself in one otherwise perfect evening?

They drove back to the cottage in silence, but as they pulled up, Michael said:

"Go to the bedroom and wait for me."

Betty obeyed. She sat on edge of the bed, listening to the sounds of Michael closing and bolting the front door. There was a little tremor in her stomach. Although Michael's spankings almost invariably hurt, she had to admit, very, very privately, that she enjoyed the feeling of being overpowered by someone who was so clearly in charge.

"Right, my girl," said Michael as he closed the bedroom door. "What is it to be? Over my knee or over the edge of the bed?"

Betty thought for a moment. If she was bent over the edge of the bed, Michael could get more force into the spanking. If, however, she went over his knee, the personal contact with his body made the whole experience somehow more humiliating. But then they were presumably going to sleep together in this lovely soft-looking bed with the embroidered bedspread, and so some initial closeness would be appropriate.

"I'll go over your knee," she chose.

"Right," said Michael again. "You can take down your own knickers this time, and lay yourself over my knee." He sat down on the bed.

Betty felt the flutter again. She knew she was getting a little damp between the legs. Please God, may Michael not notice, she thought to herself.

She took off her shoes and, in an effort to please her Master, her skirt as well. However she knew he never liked her to take her knickers off completely. He had told her once that he liked to have the option of pulling them down different amounts, possibly even during the course of the punishment.

Once her skirt had been laid neatly on a chair – there was no point in antagonising Michael further with untidiness – she walked over to where he was sitting. With a sort of gulp, because it was so difficult to put oneself in line for pain in this way, she placed herself so that her buttocks were over the top of his thighs. Her arms rested on the bed with her head flopped forward, and her legs dangled.

Betty never knew why Michael should have thought of this, but the first thing he did was insert a finger between the cheeks of her buttocks so that he was touching the lips of her fanny.

"You're a very naughty girl," he said sternly. "You're not supposed to enjoy being spanked."

He slapped her bare buttocks very slowly, obviously choosing exactly how he would place his hand each time. After a number of strokes of this kind, he slapped her right buttock for a while, and then her left buttock. Her whole bottom was on fire. He finished with a few well-aimed slaps on both buttocks at once.

He hoisted her off his knees and onto the bed where she lay face down for a few moments, allowing the stinging to subside a little – except that it didn't; it seemed to grow more intense.

"Look at yourself in the mirror," Michael ordered.

Betty got up and peered at the make-up which had run on her face due to the inevitable tears which Michael's spankings always caused.

"No, not your face," said Michael. "Your bottom. I want you to see the colour of it."

Betty did as she was told. There were no finger-marks: Michael's slaps had

blended together into a single fiery colour which covered the whole of her behind.

"Now, that dampness I felt," said Michael. "I hope it's still there."

It was. They passed a wonderful night and for once Betty was allowed to be on top, which she much preferred.

"What with my weight and your weight pressing your bottom down onto the sheet, you might not cope," Michael had said with a smile.

It was strange. He never seemed to let it rankle when he had to discipline her. It was like the sun coming out after a storm once a session was over. She loved him for it; and she tried so hard to make the sun stay out. It was just that it was so difficult to predict what direction the next of her failings would come from. One day she would be the perfect wife.

Chapter 3

That first morning in the cottage, Betty slept late. It was nearly 10 o'clock when Michael came to rouse her.

"That's the first and only self-indulgent morning you're going to get," he said, putting a cup of black coffee on the bedside table.

Betty drank the coffee gratefully, squirming her legs pleasurably under the soft duvet. The bedroom had a view along the cliffs but a little piece of sea was just visible. Maybe she was going to enjoy herself after all!

Michael was not going to let that happen straight away. As soon as she had swallowed some cereal, he said:

"It's going to be your job to get provisions. I've got the cottage for a week so it's a matter of planning ahead. It's not cost-effective to be making a trip into town every day."

Betty looked at him. So he really was serious about getting her in training.

"You know that's not my strong point," she said. "You'll help me, right?"

"No," said Michael firmly. "This is your chance to learn. I'll pick you up where you go wrong, but that's all."

I bet you will, thought Betty cheekily, but she was careful not to let this insolence show on her face.

"I'll drive you into town, but after that you're on your own," he pronounced.

In the market, which they just happened to catch that morning, Betty was overwhelmed by a feeling of panic and inadequacy. What should she get? She knew what to do with potatoes, vaguely. She could boil them, and there was a microwave in the cottage to do jacket potatoes. But what vegetables did Michael like? She went for carrots, and cauliflower.

Michael was sitting in the car, reading the newspaper he'd bought.

"All right for him," she thought.

She went into a supermarket for the meat, and got chicken legs in a packet, and some mince also in a packet. Butchers intimidated her so she preferred not to get meat over the counter.

She went back to the car. She had two carrier bags that were nowhere near full.

"Is that all?" asked Michael, peering at them.

"Yes," said Betty.

"Well, if you say so. But you know what the consequences will be if we have to come here again straight away."

Yes, Betty knew them. But what was she to do?

On the way back to the cottage she remembered she'd forgotten the bread. Oh God, that was so basic. And the butter, and the milk ... There were things like tea, coffee and sugar already provided in the cottage; perhaps this was what had lulled her into a false sense of security.

When should she confess this to Michael? Now when they were part way back and the supermarket might be closing? (It was such a small one, it was entirely possible.) Should she let him discover what they were lacking? Should she make up a story to excuse herself?

Michael pre-empted all this by saying suddenly: "I trust you got the sort of bread you can make sandwiches with?"

"Erm, I forgot the bread." Betty hung her head.

Michael said nothing. He turned the car round in the mouth of someone else's garage, and zipped back to the town. Betty just managed to get in before the supermarket doors closed; she'd been right about that.

Phew! This was her chance to act on all her second thoughts. She filled another carrier bag almost to the brim.

When she got back to the car: "That looks a bit better," said Michael. "Pity you didn't manage it right the first time. I'll have to take account of that in your training."

What did he mean by that? Betty was not left in doubt very long.

As soon as the shopping was put away,

"Come here," Michael ordered.

Betty was putting some individual yoghurts in the fridge and he was standing by the kitchen table so she didn't have far to go.

"Pull your knickers down and bend over the table."

Betty pulled up her going-into-town skirt, slipped her knickers down to her knees and bent forward onto the table. She knew what this was all about. Why hadn't she remembered to buy everything in the first place? Why did she always need prompting?

"Right over," came Michael's hard voice.

Betty flattened herself against the scrubbed pine, even laying her cheek on the rough surface. Her bottom felt chilly and very vulnerable in such a position.

He spanked her using a stinging swipe, careful, she supposed, not to slam her

too hard against the table. But it hurt, and it was so shaming, to be punished like that in the middle of the whole situation which had let her down. Or which she had let down.

"Do you want me to give up with you?" Michael asked when at last she was able to stand up and pull her knickers back up over her burning bottom.

"No, please don't!" she exclaimed. She meant it. She wanted to do right for Michael but there was so much to learn. A lot of women her age (and she was twenty-one, after all!) would know all these things, either instinctively or because their mothers had shown them. But what could one do if one's mother had been an alcoholic who thought about food one meal at a time and ate out in Restaurants whenever she could? It wasn't fair. But Michael was giving her the chance to prove herself.

She made ham and cheese sandwiches and they took them down the rickety wooden steps to what appeared to be their own private beach. It was a stony beach, mostly littered with debris from the cliffs around it, but there was a little patch of sand on which they spread a rug. There was no wind at all down there, and it was quite warm.

Betty produced her sandwiches, made from soft white bread.

"Hard-boiled eggs would have been nice," Michael remarked.

Damn! She had forgotten the eggs! What else had slipped her mind? Was it going to be enough for her to earn another spanking?

She just wished she had a way of getting to a shop by herself, secretly, so she could make up any shortfall without him knowing. It was something to think about.