

Part I: Anna

Chapter One

This was why I hated the outside world.

I straightened as much as was possible with the painful ache in my back. My toes screamed out in protest as I settled all my weight onto them to gaze out over the huge campsite.

I was lost. I had no one to blame but myself. Well, myself and my adamant cousins who practically forced me to come. I was going away to southern California to start medical school in just a couple short days. I was terrified and excited. My cousins decided that it was the perfect way to guilt me into going camping with them for the weekend since I wouldn't be seeing them again for several months.

We were hiking on our last day in the mountains, and I was exhausted. It was a little too much for me physically, so about two hours into the hike I told my cousins to go on ahead of me while I rested for a few minutes. Naturally, after eating one of the granola bars I packed and waiting for my headache to go away, I stood up only to find that I had no way of figuring out which way my cousins had gone. I finally decided that the best idea was to go back to camp and wait for them there.

I headed back down the mountain, tired and more than a little thirsty. My feet hurt, and since they were both left feet, they forced me to trip over every other root that got in my path. The birds chirping in the trees sounded like they were mocking me, but I ignored them.

I froze after about twenty minutes of walking when I realized that nothing looked familiar to me. As I tried to gain my bearings, the world around me seemed to spin as panic settled in, further disorienting me. My heart rate doubled as I forced myself to take deep breaths.

I was just about to turn to go back the way I had come, hoping to run into my cousins on their way back down the mountain, when I heard the faintest sound of laughter in the distance. I spun around in the direction of the sound before sprinting toward it.

Naturally, my foot got caught on something and due to the momentum I already built up from running, I flew forward into some bushes before landing hard on my stomach.

"Hey, you okay?"

I lifted my head from off the ground and looked up. A young woman, probably just a couple years older than I was, stood before me. I blinked when I realized that she was wearing a cat-ear headband and an extremely short baby blue dress. From my spot on the ground, I could practically see her underwear. I quickly averted my eyes with a blush.

"Y-Yeah, I'm fine!" I sputtered quickly, leaping to my feet. I froze as I took in my surroundings. A huge Victorian style mansion stood proudly before me. It was a strange location for a home, surrounded by trees as if it was meant to be hidden. Dozens of people were milling around the front, all men and women in strange outfits. Many of the women were dressed as animals. Almost all of them had extremely short dresses. Many of the men were dressed in ordinary street clothing, there were some cowboys, doctors, and businessmen walking around as

well. Round tables with white tablecloths dotted the vast courtyard in front. People were drinking from wine glasses and talking amongst each other while others danced to upbeat music, grinding against one another.

"Oh good! I'm glad!" the girl went on. She brushed some of her short black hair away from her large doe eyes. "I looked over and saw you on the ground! I like your costume by the way! Are you supposed to be a naughty park ranger or something?"

I blushed, glancing down at my short camo shorts and fishing vest.

"There you are!" a deep voice boomed before I could answer. Both the girl and I looked towards it in alarm. A man, with dark hair, was stomping toward us. He was wearing a white lab coat with dark jeans.

"I have been looking all over for you!" the guy thundered as he approached. He grabbed the girl by the upper arm, making her squeak. He shook her roughly. "I told you that you are not to wander off!" My eyes widened in alarm at his harsh tone.

"I-I'm sorry!" she whimpered, her cheeks turning red. She looked in my direction. "M-My new friend here fell, and I was just making sure that she was okay."

The guy followed her gaze and looked me up and down. "That right? And what's your name, little girl?"

I could feel my face heat up with annoyance at that. "My name is Anna, and I am not a little girl. I'm twenty-three actually."

The guy laughed at that. I bristled when he spoke. "Well my wife here is twenty-five, and she sure knows that she still needs to be treated like a little girl, don't you, young lady?" He looked down at his wife, who nodded meekly.

"Now you hold on!" I snapped. I pointed a finger at him. "You can't talk to your wife like that! What a bully! All she did was walk away from you! I know I certainly would if I were your wife!"

His eyes darkened slightly as he scrutinized me, but he smirked. "You're feisty. You're lucky that you aren't my little girl or you'd be in big trouble." He looked down at his wife, whose eyes had grown wide at my outburst. "I think your new friend would benefit from watching you get punished for wandering off. What do you think?"

She glanced at me nervously, then nodded.

My head was spinning at this point. What on Earth was going on? I watched transfixed as the guy, right in front of me, pushed his wife down so that she bent at the waist. The back of her dress rode up just enough to reveal the white panties that she had on. He then wrapped an arm around her before smacking her bottom with his hand.

I backed up in shock, nearly falling over in the process. He was spanking her! He was spanking her in public, out in the open! I was about to start yelling for help when I heard loud cheering behind me. I whirled around to find all the men and women rushing over to form a circle around the scene that had broken out.

"You are not allowed to leave my side without informing me first!" the guy was saying, raising his voice to a yell to be heard over the cheering. Even over the loud hoots and hollers, I could hear his wife's squeaks as well as the slapping sound of his hand landing on her panties.

The man was yelling harshly at his wife, but I could now see the teasing gleam in his eyes and the huge grin on his face as his hand rose and fell. His little wife was crying out in pain, her face burning with embarrassment but there was a trace of a smile on her lips as well. Her lower cheeks bounced upon contact, making the crowd go wild.

They were both enjoying it.

There was something else as well, though. She wasn't just having fun. Her hips started to sway back and forth after a while, and her squeaking turned into deep-throated moans. I felt my face begin to heat up, and my heart pound wildly against my ribcage.

Finally, I was able to get ahold of myself.

I decided that the smart thing to do at this point was to go into the mansion to try and get help. Maybe I could use their phone or something. All the people had moved to watch the spanking, so that left me to tiptoe awkwardly up to the house. The double doors were made of wood and had intricate designs of nude figures carved into them. They had to be about fifty feet tall.

I hesitated for half a second before pulling one open and slipping inside.

In retrospect, I shouldn't have been extremely surprised by what I saw next.

I found myself in a large living room. The room was dimly lit and soft, romantic music was floating through the wide space. The furniture had been pushed up against the far walls and stations were set up in the center. The unmistakable sound of slaps echoed in the large room. I squinted and saw benches, about a dozen of them, each with a person strapped onto them. Each one was surrounded by a small group of people that watched the individual over the bench get spanked.

"Are you top or bottom, Sugar Plum?"

I was almost back out the door when the deep male voice called out to me. I turned my head, one foot inside and the other out. I came face to face with what could only be described as the definition of physical perfection. He was definitely a man, with a strong but lean build, golden hair and cerulean blue eyes. Even in the dim lighting, he seemed to glow.

"Excuse me?" I finally got out.

He rose a perfect eyebrow. "Top or bottom; which is it?" He smirked. "Just judging by your body language, I'm going to hazard a guess and say bottom." His eyes glinted.

I had no idea what he was talking about. I couldn't help but feel like it was something embarrassing.

"Neither!" I blurted out. "I don't know. I'm actually lost."

Pretty Boy just stared at me. He frowned, his face forming into a glare. "Did you come here alone, sugar? Answer wisely because if I discover you're lying, I might take the pleasure of turning you over my knee."

For about the hundredth time in the last five minutes, the blood in my face burned. "That won't be necessary! I got here by accident! I was camping with my cousins and got separated from them. I was trying to find my way back to our campsite! I swear it's true!"

His teasing expression smoothed over as he regarded me suspiciously. Finally, he nodded with a laugh. "Okay, I can't think of any reason someone would lie about that." He held out his hand, and I took it after realizing that he looked slightly embarrassed. "I'm Kayden. Sorry for not believing you. I'll get you back to your cousins. Just follow me." He released my hand before wandering deeper into the house.

He seemed genuinely nice and not creepy, so I followed him, not that I had much of a choice. I tried to pretend as if I didn't hear the sound of hard spanks or see the plethora of red backsides as we crossed the large room.

Kayden led me down what seemed to be one of the many hallways before opening a door. We stepped inside a small office.

"Have a seat," he paused, and then asked, "what's your name? I don't believe you mentioned it."

"Anna," I murmured quietly.

"Okay then, Anna," he smiled at me. "Have a seat," he told me, pointing to a chair that was in front of a large mahogany desk. I sat before letting out a sigh, not even realizing how tired I had been. Kayden moved to the other side of the desk and began going through the desk drawers. "Just give me a minute to find the park ranger's number. Did you and your cousins realize that it's illegal to camp in this area?"

"No," I answered honestly, making a mental note to throttle my cousins when I saw them. "Sorry..."

Kayden laughed. "Don't apologize! It happens pretty often, so you guys won't be in trouble or anything." He pulled an index card out of one of the drawers. "I'm sorry you had to stumble in here for help! That must have been a shock, seeing some of the things you did."

It was my turn to laugh. That had to be the largest underestimation I had ever heard. "So, this is your place, I'm assuming?" I questioned.

He grinned boyishly. "You assume correctly."

It was silent for a minute while I decided how to ask my next question. "So... umm... what... that is... uhh..." I struggled for the right words.

Kayden understood immediately of course. "I host spanking parties once in a while," he explained simply.

"Spanking parties," I repeated dumbly. "So, everyone out there is... into that?"

He made a weird sound between a choke and a laugh. "Well, I would hope so. It would be a strange place to spend your time if you didn't but, yes, this particular event is exclusive to members of one of the clubs I own."

"Clubs?" I had to sound like a freaking parrot. I could feel another headache forming.

He frowned suddenly, his eyes growing serious. He placed the index card down on the desk before taking his seat across from me. He laced his fingers together before leaning toward me slightly.

My eyes widened a bit, and I subconsciously sat back in my chair.

"Normally, if someone with no experience in this lifestyle stumbled in here the way you did, I would have reported them for trespassing." His eyes darkened.

I gulped fearfully.

He continued as if he didn't notice. "You genuinely surprised me, Anna, which isn't very easy to do," he smiled then. "Tell me, do you really have no interest in what you saw here today?"

"What? No!" I yelped immediately, like a dog that had gotten its tail stepped on. "I told you the truth. I really had no idea where I was. I got here on accident."

He put a hand up to silence me. "I believe you, Anna." Good grief, the way he was saying my name felt as if we had known each other for years, it was giving me the creeps. He opened another drawer and pulled out a business card. He slid it across the table to me. "We're having our biggest event of the year in a few months, and I hope you'll consider coming by."

"What? But- you said you believed me!" I cried out in dismay.

"I believe that you ended up here by accident," he corrected me. "I can't say I believe that you have no interest in spanking, however. You're not making any promises by taking this, but if you do decide to come, it's all you'll need to show at the door."

I took a deep breath to calm myself, trying to fight the blush that was rising in my cheeks. "Thanks, I just really need to get back to my cousins. We're heading back into town today." I pushed the card back toward him, trying to ignore the way my hand shook.

He just smiled. "Okay, then. Let me get Roger on the phone; he's the park ranger. I'll have him pick you up."

He explained the situation to Roger, over the phone, as I sat there awkwardly, looking anywhere but at the gorgeous guy in front of me. As promised, the park ranger, a nice middle aged man, picked me up, and I was able to get ahold of my cousins on his phone. Roger brought me back to our campsite, and we were told politely to leave as soon as we could.

"Glad you're okay!" my cousin, Devon was saying as he drove us out of the woods. There were four of us total, myself, Devon and our two cousins, Drew and Erin.

"How did you get lost anyway?" Erin asked, her voice conveying her dismay. "There was only one trail up the hill."

I was thankful that she was sitting in the back with me while the two guys took the front so I could glare at her. "Thanks for looking for me by the way. I thought I was going to die."

Drew laughed from his spot in the front passenger seat. "We'd have fun explaining that one to your parents. We'd make your death sound more epic than that, though, don't worry."

"Knew I could count on you guys," I muttered, my voice dripping with sarcasm. The three of them laughed, and I couldn't help joining in. I grew up with the three of them; they were my best friends.

I thought about telling them about stumbling into that party, but Kayden had asked me to keep the place a secret since a lot of the members of the club prefer to keep their interests separate from their professional lives. I completely understood.

I heard Erin sigh. "It's gonna be weird not having you here."

"I'll visit as often as I can," I promised. "It's a six-hour drive; it's kinda far, but it's doable."