
Chapter 1

The illness had started ten years ago, like most illnesses which had plagued human society it had had a proper name, but it had simply become known as the "feminine illness." It had become known as the feminine illness because the surprised and unknown infection developed in the majority of grown women. It first attacked the woman's reproductive system and then settled into other parts of the body before slowly killing them. This caused the female population to dwindle.

When the news spread of the feminine illness, mass hysteria began, arguments over cures, endless funerals, and literal fights to the death over the few precious females left. Two years later, scientists had found a cure for the mysterious feminine illness, but things had changed forever. There were now roughly two females for every ten males and women were seen as rare and practically worth gold. With the loss of more than half of the female population, the majority of children were raised in government houses if they didn't have a living relative or parents. Women in these government houses were married off to rich clientele the second they turned eighteen

and these women knew marriage was a better option than the alternative. Female children who still resided with their families often met the same fate and were married off when they turned eighteen years old, to partners who could cherish and provide for them.

The rights women had once possessed had been stripped, it seemed, almost overnight. Women were under the strict care of their closest male relative; they couldn't own property or their children, and having a career was out of the question. Their only focus was to be loyal wives and to produce children in order to return the population to normal. Even though a cure had been discovered, in some parts of the country, mass hysteria remained. Men who feared they would never find a mate would resort to stealing any available female they could find. It was essentially a dangerous world for women who now, more than ever, relied on strong male protection.

Thirty-two-year-old Grayson Baker seemed almost oblivious to what was happening in the outside world. To him, he only had one world, his small farm on the outskirts of a small town in Colorado. He owned a modest property which he couldn't really call a farm since he only had a couple of goats and chickens, but the animals kept him company at least.

Grayson was a tall man, towering over the majority of men at six foot four. He had a deep tan from working in the sun, wavy black hair, and dark blue eyes. Grayson had been working as the local mechanic since he had been eighteen and had taken over his late father's business. People said he could fix "anything", but he was too modest to agree, and he would protest that he was just good with his hands.

Grayson had been working on fixing the engine of a police car when he saw a familiar blue car pull into the driveway. He immediately recognized the car belonging to his old childhood friend, Mason Peterson. Mason and Grayson had been friends since childhood, but while Grayson had decided to take over

the family business, Mason had decided to go a different route. Mason worked for one of the government homes; he was specifically in charge of the marriage department. He paired up young women with their new partners, who had often paid a large amount of money for them.

He thought it was weird that Mason was visiting him in the middle of the week before lunch. Mason smiled at him and waved as Grayson pulled back from the engine he was fixing. He was covered in oil and dirt, but after working as a mechanic for years, it hardly fazed him. Grayson nodded at Mason as he wiped his hands with a nearby towel. "Hey, Mace, did we have plans for today?"

"No," Mason responded slowly. "I actually came to tell you something. I found you a wife."

Mason laughed awkwardly, but Grayson was not laughing. Instead, he raised an eyebrow, not amused at all. Knowing Mason, he was about to drag him into something he did not want to be involved in.

"Funny," Grayson said dryly as he walked back to his cabin with Mason quickly following behind. "I don't remember asking you to find me a bride, let alone buying one. If this is your idea of a joke, then it's a bad one, Mason."

"It's not a joke," Mason admitted as both men entered through the door which led to the kitchen. Grayson opened the fridge and grabbed two beers. He handed one to Mason and took a sip, indicating he was listening. "We have a girl who is perfect for you. She's a cutie pie, she's intelligent, she is of breeding age—"

"What's wrong with her?" Grayson blurted out.

"There is *nothing* wrong with her. Do you always have to be so pessimistic?"

"I am being realistic." Grayson laughed as he finished his beer. "Do you seriously expect me to believe that you have this gorgeous girl who could bring you thousands of dollars in

profits and *I* was your first choice? I can't even afford to make an appointment at one of your government houses. I'll ask again, what's wrong with her?"

Mason rolled his eyes as he threw his beer bottle in the trash. "Fine, Lorelai has a bit of a temper which can sometimes make her hard to handle. She just needs a little discipline and love. I promise you she can be very sweet. I can get you a really good price for her because you're my friend. Please tell me you'll do it. Lorelai being on her third husband doesn't exactly attract eligible prospects—"

"Excuse me, her *third* husband?" Grayson interrupted. "Are you offering me a black widow?"

"Her first husband was an older gentleman and he died of a heart attack two weeks after they married." Mason looked defensive. "And her second husband, Kieran Olson, was an abusive asshole who mistreated her. Kieran returned Lorelai to us when she nearly bit off his manhood when he try to force himself on her. The state wants me to send her to the streets. They have a pretty strict one strike policy, but you know what will happen to her if we let her out on the streets with no husband or guardian."

Grayson nodded. If a female were seen by herself, she would either be a kidnapped bride, sold to a brothel, or worse. He shuddered and even though he had never met the girl, he couldn't help but feel sorry for her. She had limited options; either she had to fend for herself in the streets, or she had to marry for a third time.

"Do you want to be a bachelor for the rest of your life?" Mason pounced when he saw his hesitation. "Lorelai is a pretty girl. She will make a lovely wife and she will give you plenty of children. She will make living in the middle of nowhere bearable."

Grayson rolled his eyes at his exaggeration. "It's not the middle of nowhere, the town is twenty minutes away. You're

right about one thing, I do want children and having a wife might not be the worst thing in the world." The words slipped out of his mouth before he could help himself. "All right, I accept your offer. Bring me my wife and I'll give her the discipline she needs."

Lorelai Johnson Olson, apparently now Lorelai Baker, was looking out the window as Mason drove the car to what felt like the deep country. She had never lived in the country before, only in government houses. She had only been ten when her mother had died from the feminine illness. Mason assured her she was only twenty minutes away from town, but who really knew. Mason had also told her Kieran Olson would make a fine second husband, and here she was, badly bruised after being married and divorced in under two years.

Lorelai ran her fingers down the side of her knee where a purple bruise was slowly healing on her olive skin. The problem of living in the country was it would be so much harder to escape what felt to her like indentured servitude. What if this Grayson tried to hurt her as well? The only reason Kieran hadn't managed to kill her was because he had started screaming like a maniac when she had bitten his cock.

She wrinkled her nose, remembering the bitter taste of his cock in her mouth. When Mason stopped the car, she looked up and saw a cabin with a porch. There were a couple of farm animals roaming around and many trees and bushes. It was a bit sad looking and desperately needed a woman's touch, but it was much better than Kieran's cold house.

Her green eyes landed on a very tall man with wavy dark hair who was dressed in jeans, boots, and a tucked in light blue button-down shirt. Her pussy throbbed when she saw him as she held her breath. She couldn't deny that he was attractive.

He had a curious look on his face as Mason opened the door for her. She had only been wearing a thin nightgown when she had left Kieran's home and Mason had given her a blanket to wrap around her shoulders on the car ride.

They both had black hair, she noticed as she stood next to the car, the only difference was that her black hair reached her butt. Mason pushed her gently forward. "Lorelai, this is Grayson Baker, your new husband. Grayson, this is Lorelai, your new wife."

Unless you were wealthy and liked to show off, people hardly had weddings anymore. Usually, the appropriate signatures and money were collected and sent to the state which Mason had already done for Grayson.

"Hi," Grayson greeted her, his blue eyes never leaving her even though Lorelai was avoiding his glance. "Welcome, Lorelai."

"Lorelai," Mason scolded as he placed his hands on her shoulders and practically forced her to stare at her new husband. "Don't be a brat and say hello."

Lorelai hesitated as she saw Grayson offer his hand towards her in an attempt to shake it. Without thinking twice, she slapped his hand out of the way and ran back to the car. Mason was too fast for her, and within seconds, he wrapped his arms around her slim waist and placed her over his thick knee. She hissed at him when she felt him pulling up her nightgown, showing her new husband her bare bottom.

Mason slapped his hand harshly on her upturned rear. Lorelai yelped as his hand landed in the middle of her cheeks. They wobbled as the slaps continued to rain down, turning them pink. She fussed over his knee, trying to get away from him, but he had a tight grip on her waist. Mason's slaps fell hard and fast, determined to turn every part of her bottom pink. When he started spanking her lower thighs in quick

succession, she let out a low whine as she inadvertently spread her legs, giving Grayson and Mason a good look at her pussy.

"I'm sorry," Mason said sheepishly as he helped her up and pulled down her nightgown. Lorelai hissed as the cloth touched her sore flesh. She glared at Mason, but she refused to cry. There was no way she was going to embarrass herself even more. "She's just a little jumpy. Behave for Grayson, Lorelai, or I'll take off my belt and really make you sorry."

Lorelai pouted at him. This was not the first time she had been spanked, but she hated the belt with a passion. The idea of being spanked again in front of her new husband irritated her. All of her bravado would disappear if he saw her getting spanked and crying like a baby.

Mason seemed to feel a bit sorry for her because he quickly petted her cheek. "I'm leaving, Lorelai. Be a good girl, okay? You're running out of chances." He looked back at Grayson. "Call me if she's too much trouble."

"Don't worry." Grayson chuckled. "I am more than capable of handling this form of trouble."