

The Perfectly Naughty Bride

By

Stevie MacFarlane

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Part One

Engagement Escapades

The O'Malley Family

Sean and Maeve Murphy O'Malley

Children:

Rory married Theresa (Tess) Martinez O'Malley

Margaret (Maggie) O'Malley Kord married Nicholas Kord, children, Jason, Todd and Caitlin

Patrick married Molly McCabe O'Malley, children, Michael, Ryan

Colleen O'Malley Preston married Noah Preston, children, Devlin, Lilly and Rose

Bridget O'Malley Winston married Delbert Winston the 4th

Extended Family:

Mason (Nick's Brother) and Rebecca Moran Kord, children, Julianna

Connor McCabe (Molly's Brother)

Abigail Stevens (Bridget's Best Friend)

Chapter One

Bridget O'Malley plopped down on a bar stool at The Rose and Thistle and promptly jumped back off with a squeal. Her brother, Patrick, made no attempt to conceal his amusement as he took inventory of the liquor bottles behind the bar.

"Do you always laugh at the misfortunes of your customers?" Bridget asked tartly, standing at the bar. "Give me a beer."

"Not all of them," Patrick shot back smiling. "Only ones who are deserving of a little, ah what was it you called it? Oh yes, misfortune. I hardly see how a sore hind end can be classified as misfortune. Knowing Dell, I'm sure you earned it."

"Just shut up, Pat, and give me a beer."

"A 'please' would be nice."

"Do all your paying customers say please?" she asked sarcastically.

"No, are you paying?"

"Well, no but...just put it on my tab, will you?"

Patrick laughed. "You don't have a tab, Bridge - and if you did, you wouldn't pay it anyway," he told her putting a beer on a coaster in front of her. "What's the trouble about anyway? You've been surprisingly well-behaved since you and Dell got engaged. I thought things were good between you two."

"They are - or they were until a little while ago," Bridget replied, after taking a big gulp of her drink.

"So, what happened?" Patrick was genuinely concerned. He and his older brother Rory had put a lot of effort into this relationship, probably more than Bridget. They'd almost hand-picked Dell for their little sister. Frantic for her to settle down, at least a little bit, they spent hours talking to Dell and instructing him on the proper way to handle their headstrong, wild sister. No one in the family wanted Bridget to be unhappy, but they didn't want her to self-destruct either. She needed love, certainly, but firm guidance and stability were essential. The quintessential free spirit, Bridget sailed through life in the moment without a care or concern for the future. Her personal motto was, 'If it feels good, do it.' She loved everyone and assumed everyone loved her. Bridget had absolutely no sense of fear or restraint, and the entire O'Malley family had breathed a collective sigh of relief when Delbert Bertram Winston IV had somehow convinced her to marry him.

"We had an argument over St Patrick's Day," Bridget answered gloomily. "Apparently we have been invited to the St. Patrick's Day Dinner Dance at the country club and Winston told his parents we were going."

"So?"

"So, I told him there was no way in hell I was going to miss the St Patrick's Day bash at the pub. I said I wasn't spending one of the most important days of the year at his stuffy country club with a bunch of people who were so socially constipated they could barely fart!"

Patrick dropped the bar towel to the floor so he could bend down and have a second or two to recover. Biting the side of his cheek, he controlled his laughter not wanting to give his sister any encouragement. In all reality, she was probably right. Standing back up he noticed her flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. He could just imagine how angry and confrontational she had been with

Dell.

“How did that go over?” Patrick asked, watching her blonde ponytail swinging behind her.

“He said I was being unreasonable, that my language was atrocious and that he hoped I would not feel the need to be vulgar at the dance. I said vulgar? You want to see vulgar? Look at this honking big ring on my finger; now that’s vulgar,” she continued, sticking out her tiny hand adorned with a four-karat solitaire, surrounded by smaller stones.

“Oh Bridget,” Pat sighed. “I don’t think that was a good idea. Did he ask for his ring back?”

“No, and he wouldn’t take it when I tried to give it to him. He said I made a commitment to him and he was going to see that I kept it. I tell you Pat, I thought my head was going to explode, I was so pissed off. I don’t understand why his mother didn’t want me to keep the first ring he gave me. It was much smaller and prettier, but no, I have to wear this giant thing. I know it’s expensive and old, but I swear it’s so big it looks like it came out of a bubble gum machine.”

Patrick watched as Bridget picked up her beer and drained it before slamming it down on the bar. He refilled it without a word and waited for her to continue. Knowing Bridget, he figured what she’d told him so far was just the tip of the iceberg. Bridget might be small in stature, but her ego was monstrous.

“So, was that the end of it?” Patrick asked after he served another customer.

“Hell no! He told me that for once in my life I was going to behave and do as I was told. I was starting to get a little nervous. Winston is really pretty strong, even for a geek, but I figured I was way faster than him. Turns out I’m not as fast as I thought. I finally just told him to kiss my Irish ass, and that I was not going to that damned dance, and there was nothing he could do about it. Turns out I was wrong about that too,” she finished, red-faced as she absently rubbed her bottom while sipping her beer.

“Look Bridge,” Patrick said gently as he walked around the bar and threw his heavy arm over her shoulder. “Maybe Dell’s not the man for you, after all. I really like him - we all do, but we thought you were in love with him. If you’re not...”

“That’s what really sucks about the whole thing, Pat. I do love him, the shithead,” she admitted with a grimace. “I really just set out to seduce him,” she stated, giving her brother a jab with her elbow when she heard his hissed curse. “Oh, shut up, Pat; guys do it all the time. For some reason I was immediately attracted to the big geek. I figured we could have some fun, and he really did make me laugh. He took himself so seriously that I couldn’t resist bursting his bubble. He was like a huge piece of bubble wrap that you just can’t leave alone after you pop the first one,” Bridget grinned unashamedly. “And besides that, what are you doing taking my side when you just about gave him lessons on spanking me? What’s up with that?”

“I know, it doesn’t make sense to me either,” Patrick admitted walking back behind the bar. “I just want you to be happy Bridget, and safe and loved. If I thought for one second that Dell did not have your best interest at heart...if he ever disciplined you without love behind it, I’d punch his lights out myself.”

“Don’t worry about it, okay? He hasn’t spanked me since Christmas Eve, so I figure maybe he owes me a little. As much as it pains me to admit it, I do have my moments when I can be a little exasperating. Winston is really a gentle-natured man, but he has his limits. I just have to figure out where the line in the sand is and dance on this side of it.”

Patrick smiled. “Cheer up Bridget; maybe you can bring some of those old codgers to life at the dance. You can be very charming when you want to, kid.”

“Thanks, Pat, for listening to me bitch, without judging me. I have to get moving. I’m meeting Mrs. Delbert Winston III for a shopping expedition. Apparently, she doesn’t trust me not

to embarrass them at their soiree, so she wants to help me find a dress. She's paying of course, 'Nothing is too good for Dell's little fiancé,'" she mocked, flashing her ring.

"Have fun kid: put a dent in her budget," Patrick encouraged.

"Hell, I couldn't put a dent in their budget if I insisted on a carriage drawn by six white horses. Wait till you see their house; I mean they have servants, for Christ's sake," she finished, giving a little repulsive shiver. "The place is like a museum," she called over her shoulder as she headed to the door.

Bridget met Clarice Winston in front of Madame Jolene's, accepted her air-kiss and followed her into the shop. Almost immediately they were escorted into a private room, but not before Bridget spotted an adorable emerald green corset dress on a mannequin that was just about her size. Short and sassy, the dress screamed her name as she docilely walked away.

After three hours of being pinched, poked, and measured, Bridget was about done. She had the wrong kind of undergarments, she needed to stand taller, and she might want to add a little padding under her breasts. No, that color wasn't right for her; no that was the wrong style, and no that dress wouldn't do at all.

Madame Jolene conferred with Clarice over every detail, never once asking Bridget what she preferred. They finally decided on a blush-pink, floor-length hooped gown that had bows and lace on every available inch of material. Bridget figured that if she had a staff and some sheep, she would look like Little Bo Peep.

After taking care of the financial arrangements, Clarice and Madame left the shop at the same time, Madame assuring her that she had been delighted to come in on her day off to take care of her personally.

Bridget trudged behind, the enormous dress bagged and over her arm. Clarice offered her a ride home in her car, but the driver barely waited for her to decline before shutting the door. The car was so large that it seemed to take six minutes to disappear from sight. Entering the shop, Bridget walked to the counter and flung the dress in front of the young clerk.

"I've changed my mind on this dress," she told her sweetly. "What size is that emerald green dress on the mannequin?"

"It's a size six," the startled girl replied as she struggled to push the huge dress down and see Bridget over the top, "but I don't think Madame will like this."

"Do I look like I care what Madame will like?" Bridget asked, still being sweet.

"Well, no," the girl replied, "But..."

"What is your name?"

"Abby, Miss."

"Abby, I would like for you to bag up that green dress, and I would like a pair of those matching stilettos in a size 7. I am returning the dress you have in front of you, as I have decided it's not suitable for me. Now, do you work on commission Abby?"

"Yes miss."

"Good, then we will get along just fine. That woman who just left here is Clarice Winston; do you know her?"

"I know *of* her. I'm never allowed to wait on her. Madame Jolene takes care of all her needs."

"In a few short months, I will be marrying Mrs. Winston's son," Bridget told her waving her engagement ring. "Now, if you can arrange to bury that dress in the back somewhere and keep this transaction between us, I will personally request that in the future, you and you alone will wait

on me when I come in the shop. I imagine there will be many occasions where I will need your assistance.”

Abby glanced around the shop, making sure it was still empty, then pulled aside a curtain at the end of the counter and flung the dress into the opening.

“I think that will be very nice, Miss...?”

“Bridget O’Malley, for the time being - and Abby, if there is any trouble because of this, I will take full responsibility.”

“Thank you, I appreciate that, Miss O’Malley. I plan to forget the entire transaction unless I am questioned about it. Let me get that dress for you. Do you want to try it on?”

“No, I’m sure it will fit,” Bridget answered with a grin. “Don’t forget the shoes.”

Walking out of the dress shop, Bridget immediately spotted Molly’s baby-blue Fiat parked at the curb. The door swung open and she climbed into the car, not at all surprised. Molly was Patrick’s wife, and she had well, gifts. Molly was a seer and it was not at all unusual for her to pop up in unexpected places.

“Are you sure this is a good idea, Bridget?” she asked, fixing Bridget with what she thought was a stern stare.

Bridget laughed. It was really hard for Molly to be tough. The girl was as light as sunshine with her fair hair and crystal-blue eyes. In all the time Bridget had known her, she had never heard her raise her voice; after all, how loud could an angel yell? Molly was that and more. Beautiful, kind and compassionate, Molly had a way about her that soothed the soul. How Patrick had ever been able to snag her, Bridget would never know.

“Let’s leave Patrick out of this,” Molly advised, pulling away from her parking space.

“Geeze Molly, just jump in my head anytime.”

“I’m trying to help you, Bridge. I know that dress was, well, ugly, but really did you have to have such a drastic change? I’m sure we could find something in that shop that would please both you and your future mother-in-law. Not to mention Dell - I’m not sure he’s going to take this very well.”

“Molly, I love you and I appreciate you watching out for me, but I am who I am, and if Winston wants to marry me, he’d better get used to the idea that I’m nothing like his mother and would never want to be. I don’t want to go to that stupid country club, and he knows it. Going to the pub for St. Patty’s Day isn’t just about getting my way - it’s who I am, and I want to be with my family on the holiday, not a bunch of dweebs. Besides, he’s the one who wants to get married; I just want to have hot monkey sex.”

“Come on Bridget, be fair. You love Dell and you know it. Don’t you want to get married?”

“Yes and no. I do love Winston. I think I fell in love with him the first time I met him. He was just so lame with his suit, briefcase and pocket protector. I just wanted to mess up his hair and plant red lipstick kisses all over his face,” Bridget laughed, shaking her golden head. “He would have had a coronary right there. I swear I never met a man so in need of a good fuck in my life. I wanted to grab that ridiculous black umbrella he carries, rain or shine, prod him into his office and have my wicked way with him.”

Molly turned her face away and tried not to smile. Sometimes it seemed to her that this youngest O’Malley had gotten the bad habits of each one that had come before her. Bridget had Rory’s temper, Patrick’s stubbornness, Maggie’s pride and Colleen’s sneakiness. The language she used regularly was an education in itself. Molly just wished she had picked up a little self-preservation somewhere along the way. It didn’t bode well for a happy marriage if she and Dell

couldn't learn to compromise. Of course, Dell was a very practical and steady man. Maybe some of that would eventually rub off on Bridget, if he didn't choke her first.

"So where are you going to hide that dress until St. Patrick's Day? I assume you're not taking it to Dell's?" Molly asked, nodding at the packages in the back seat.

"No, better take me to Ma and Da's. There're a million good hiding places in that old house, and I know every one of them."