

The Wedding Lingerie

By

Jodi Bella

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Chapter 1

Christina glanced at her wristwatch and grimaced at it when she saw the time. How had she wasted two hours in this lingerie store? What had started out as a quick stop on her way home had morphed into a mountain of hangers in her arms and the disappearance of most of her free time for the night.

As she walked across the store, gently touching the items in her arms that she was about to buy, she smiled, imagining wearing her purchases. Her wedding was only in a couple days, and these little snatches of lace and silk were intended for her honeymoon. She couldn't wait to see her husband's face each night when he saw the items she had chosen.

As she neared the counter, the sales clerk turned to welcome her, the smile on the clerk's face widening as she took in Christina's full arms.

"Honey, you've been busy!" the older woman crowed happily as she reached out to take the frilly things from her customer. Christina was suddenly very glad to be the only customer currently in the store. The clerk fussed a few moments as she removed each naughty item from its hanger, and folded them up into a neat little stack. As she worked, she asked Christina what the shopping spree was for, was there a special occasion? Blushing slightly, she answered that she'd been shopping for her honeymoon, hardly believing even now that it was so close to actually happening. This news excited the clerk who exclaimed over what a lovely bride Christina would make, then launched into an appreciation of her lingerie tastes. Finally, humming to herself, the woman began to efficiently enter each price from its tasteful little tag into her register. While she worked, Christina rummaged in her purse for her wallet and then handed over the new Visa card that she and Brian had opened together. She fingered the white georgette pleats on a see-through nightie with a small smile, daydreaming, as the cashier ran her card through to complete the purchase.

A moment later, the woman was pushing the receipt and a pen her way. Christina accepted the slip of paper and blindly signed her name, still daydreaming. The woman said, "And don't you worry a thing about your man fussing over the cost; trust me, there ain't a man alive that would complain about paying for fun like this on his honeymoon. This is one bill that they *never* mind paying, even when it's not for a special occasion."

Christina blinked stupidly at the woman for a moment. The cost? Good Lord, she'd been so busy fantasizing about the honeymoon lingerie she'd just picked out, she hadn't even been paying attention to the total of the bill, as the clerk rang everything up.

Wincing now, she glanced with a sinking heart at the amount: three hundred and seventy-seven dollars and forty-seven cents.

Holy shit!

"Whoops, honey, I nearly forgot!" the clerk suddenly announced. A moment later, she was cheerfully snatching back the receipt. And then, to Christina's abject horror, she took up a stamp and loudly smacked it down on top of the sales draft: ALL SALES FINAL.

Oh, boy.

"Um..." Christina began, looking up at the woman imploringly. "I think there's been a mistake. I mean... *I made* a mistake. I wasn't paying attention to how much this stuff was all going to cost."

The clerk, an ample sized woman who was sixty, if she was a day, smiled winningly at Christina. She looked more like someone's grandmother than the kind of person who would be working in a lingerie shop; especially one like this that sold some of the kinkier stuff. "Now, don't you get cold feet, honey. I promise you, you don't have a single thing to worry about. That man of yours is just gonna love this little honeymoon surprise you put together for him. They all love this stuff. Mark my words, he won't even bat an eye when he sees the receipt."

Christina didn't even consider this for a moment. She knew Brian. He wasn't going to be happy about her little surprise, once he saw how much it had cost them.

"And besides, dear, if you're really worried about his reaction, you just hide the bill from him. What he doesn't know won't hurt him, right?"

She felt her eyes grow large and round at the cashier's suggestion. Maybe it wouldn't hurt *him*, but when he found out about it (and he inevitably always did find out about her little indiscretions), it would surely hurt *her*!

"Now, you just put your fears to rest and go on home and plan your honeymoon."

Christina reluctantly accepted the bulging bag that the other woman shoved her way. "Are you sure there's no way you could bend the rules about returns, just this one time?" she begged. "I haven't even left the store yet, let alone worn anything other than to try them on here in the dressing room."

"All sales final, dearie. I'm sorry."

She didn't look very sorry, Christina thought. In fact, she really looked rather pleased with herself!

With a heavy sigh, she picked up her ill-begotten purchases and shuffled dejectedly out of the store.

A shiver of apprehension tripped down her spine, as she mulled over her actions and the repercussions that were sure to follow. And while she felt dread, there was also a healthy dose of sweet anticipation in that shiver.

She was going to get her butt spanked.

Oh yes, she was going to get spanked, and good, and on her honeymoon, no less. Of course, knowing Brian, he would have found some excuse or another to spank her on their honeymoon anyway, but now she'd just given him a whopper of a reason to really let loose on her butt.

As she let herself into her car, tossing her goodies into the back seat, a second, stronger shiver shook through her. *I must be crazy*, she thought, as she started the car. *Only a crazy person would actually start to fantasize about getting spanked...*

It almost made her wonder if on some level she'd known what she'd been doing all along today...

"Hey, Chrissy, what's this?"

That same shiver of anticipation and trepidation slithered up Christina's spine later that night when Brian called out to her from the living room.

She'd purposefully left the receipt where he would find it; though the wedding lingerie itself had been intended originally as a surprise, she knew better than to keep such a large purchase from him. Doing so would immediately qualify her for a serious disciplinary spanking once he found out about it, as he always did. While she wasn't exactly sure that fessing up now would save her butt, she hoped it might grant her some leniency.

Taking a deep breath for courage, she abandoned the suitcase she'd been starting to pack and joined her fiancé. He held up the lingerie receipt and raised his eyebrows.

"Please tell me you didn't spend three hundred and seventy-seven dollars and forty-seven cents on lingerie."

Christina winced. She didn't exactly have to tell him; he could see for himself already, considering the amount on the receipt and the name of the store at the top.

Brian groaned. "Chrissy! Woman, what did you do? I can't believe you! We just had that long talk about saving money—what, last week?" He shook his head at her in amazed incredulity.

"I know! I'm sorry! I just... I wasn't planning on spending that much, but I wasn't paying attention to how fast things were adding up! And then before I knew it, I'd handed over the card and signed the receipt, and only then did I really look at the total! And it was too late then! I tried to get her to let me return some of it, Bri. I really did, but she wouldn't budge..."

He shook his head at her. "You shouldn't even have gone shopping there in the first place, young lady," he growled. "You know that my favorite way to find you in bed is just plain and simply as God made you—naked. You should know by now that you don't need any fancy lingerie to peek my interest."

She cast her eyes down to the floor, shamed by his words. "I just wanted to make our honeymoon extra special," she told her bare toes.

She heard him sigh, and then his index finger appeared beneath her chin, tipping her face up to meet his gaze again. "I know," he said gently. He shook his head again, his mouth quirking slightly at one corner. "What am I going to do with you, huh?"

Christina figured she knew exactly what he was going to wind up doing with her over this little episode. But for the moment, she wisely kept her mouth shut; let him figure it out on his own. Maybe for once, he wouldn't come to the usual conclusion.

"It's a good thing we're not going to fly somewhere on our honeymoon. Then you'd have to try to fit all your clothes, plus all that lingerie into a carry-on bag and just one check-in bag, or else we'd have to pay those airline additional bag fees."

She nodded quickly. She'd already had that thought herself. Honeymooning at Brian's father's vacation house in the Pocono Mountains was looking better and better to her every day...

He fixed her with a steely blue gaze. "Well, I think I need some time to think all of this over. And then when we get to Dad's house, I'll let you know how I've decided to handle your little shopping spree. But I suppose we may as well see that all those delicate little nighties and things don't go to waste, especially since you can't return any of them." He handed her back the receipt. "Here, missy. You hold onto this. But don't you lose it. I want that brought along with us on the honeymoon, you hear me?"

She smiled shyly, blushing at his scolding tone. "Okay."

"Okay, then." He pulled her to him for a kiss, then turned her around and sent her back towards their bedroom with a sharp swat to the seat of her jeans. "You better get back to packing. Only three days left to go 'til the big day, and even if you don't have to limit the number of bags you bring, you still have to start packing them!"

Three days had never blown past her so fast in her life. It seemed only a moment ago that Christina had been having that conversation with Brian in their living room. Now they were pulling up into the driveway outside his father's secluded cabin in the Poconos, where they would spend the next week enjoying their honeymoon.

The wedding had been a treasure, even if it had been a blur. Her mother had confided to her that the happiest ones always were, and her advice had been to try to find moments during the day to pull back and take in as much of the love and memories surrounding her as she could.

Though she'd tried to do that as much as possible, the day had still gotten away from her quickly, and before she'd known it, she and Brian were driving off into the sunset.

Now her stomach flip-flopped as she glanced across the seat at her new husband. He sent her a wink and a lopsided grin. She hadn't forgotten the suitcase of lingerie sitting in the car trunk, or the promised retribution for it. She was sure he hadn't forgotten either, although he hadn't mentioned it again since she'd confessed it to him the other night.

Brian parked the car and stepped out, stretching his long legs for a few extra moments before coming around to her side. She waited for him to open her door, not because she was spoiled that way, but because she'd learned a while ago that there were certain things that Brian liked to do for her, and when she refused to let him do those things, it was with unpleasant consequences to her posterior.

He took her hand, as she stepped out of the vehicle. "Pretty, isn't it?" he asked, indicating their surroundings with a nod of his head.

Christina forced herself to focus on the beautiful, wild surroundings. A forest of trees and woods stretched out as far back behind the cabin as she could see, and a sparkling pond beckoned beside it. Everything was lush, green, and alive. She smiled back at him and nodded. "It's beautiful. Perfect for a honeymoon."

"And nice and private, too," he pointed out, in case she hadn't noticed that they hadn't seen another house for miles on the way out here. "We can hoot and holler and carry on as long and loud as we want to."

Christina blushed and laughed softly. She knew he was referring to having sex, but in the back of her mind, she also thought of another activity that would surely have her hollering up a storm.

"Come on inside. I'll bring the bags in later."

She allowed him to tug her towards the cabin, and then waited while he fished out the key. A moment later, she giggled, as he hoisted her over his shoulder in a fireman's carry, his way of changing up the tradition of carrying the bride over the threshold.

The inside of the cabin was cozy. A living room opened off the front entrance, informal and rustic. The kitchen was open to the living room and decorated cheerfully in country-accented sunflowers. A table and four chairs served as a divider between the two rooms. There was only one bedroom nestled in the back, though it was large. A fully appointed bathroom adjoined the bedroom, complete with jetted tub, separate shower stall, and his and her sinks.

"What do you think?" Brian asked, and Christina felt him holding his breath. Clearly her opinion mattered a lot to him. "I know it's kind of small and maybe not what every girl wants in a honeymoon retreat, but I promise you when we have the money, I'll take you any place you want..."

She turned to him and placed two fingers over his lips. "Shh." She moved her fingers and replaced them with her lips, just briefly. "I think it's very romantic and sweet to honeymoon here, just us, all alone." She kissed him again, looping her arms around his waist, and arching against him. Then she nuzzled in along his jaw line and back along his neck to his earlobe, where she whispered, "So, stop worrying already, and make love to your wife..."

She felt his grin even with her eyes closed. A moment later, he was cradling her neck in one hand while the other began the arduous task of undoing all those damn pearl buttons along the front of her wedding dress. "All right, wife. But you may have to pay later for being such a demanding little shrew on your wedding night..."

Well over an hour later, lying entwined together on top of the covers on the king-sized bed, Brian finally dropped the bomb.

They'd been talking about the wedding and the reception, things that had happened, and their family. And then suddenly, as though it was nothing out of the ordinary to say, he just plopped it right in her lap.

"By the way, I don't want to keep you wondering about this. I've decided the fair thing to do about the lingerie is to give you one spank for every dollar spent. So if, for example, you show me a nightie that cost twenty-four dollars, you will get twenty-four spanks for that nightie. I want you to wear the lingerie for the spanking; since you can't return it anyway, we may as well put it to good use."

Christina had gone still in his arms when he'd started talking. Now that he'd stopped, she very slowly sat up and looked down at him in the gathering gloom of the room.

"That's three hundred and seventy-eight spanks!" she shrieked at him. "I... I... I'll *die*!"

He waved his hand dismissively. "No, you won't. Besides, you didn't let me finish. It won't all be at one time, silly. We'll be here all week. How many little outfits do you have?"

She closed her eyes, wishing for the billionth time that there was a way to go back in time and have never purchased the wedding lingerie in the first place. "Seven. One for every night we'll be here." That had been her little idiot plan all along. If only it hadn't wound up costing her so much, it would have worked great!

"Perfect! So there you go, one outfit each night, one spanking per outfit, based on how much that outfit cost, and at the end of the week we'll be all squared away." He suddenly bounded up out of bed. "Wow! Look at the time. I better get our bags in and see what food the welcome committee put together for us, so we can figure out what to have for dinner. We're both going to need some strength for tonight, huh?"

And with a jaunty lift of his eyebrows, he pulled back on his tuxedo pants, sans shirt, and left the cabin in bare feet to retrieve the bags from the car.

Christina lifted her eyes to the ceiling. "I am in the middle of nowhere with a spank happy husband," she told it solemnly. "And there is no one around for miles to hear me screaming for help!"

An hour later, Christina lifted her wedding night lingerie from the suitcase and spread it out on the bathroom counter with a gentle hand.

After bringing in their bags, Brian had found that their friends and relatives had left enough food in the pantry and refrigerator to feed an army. The newlyweds had made a feast out of various dishes, eating off each other's plates to taste what they may not have dished up for themselves. Then, after quickly doing the dishes together at the kitchen sink, Brian had turned her around and had sent her off towards the bedroom with a swat to her sweatpants-encased bottom. "Time's up, missy!" he'd informed her jovially. "Get on back there and get gussied up in something slinky for me!" She'd made a face at him behind his back, but she'd reluctantly gone.

Now, she set aside the suitcase of lingerie and slowly stripped out of her worn sweatpants and tee shirt. She pulled on the thong panties and white nightie, and then stood in front of the cabin's one full-length mirror to admire her image.

It was made of whispery georgette fabric, in the palest white pleats, that was so finely meshed, the dark points of her nipples showed through it. The pleated bodice had spaghetti straps with ruffles and ended in a little ruffled skirt that came about a third of the way to her knee and was completely sheer. Underneath the skirt, she wore a crotchless white thong, which had to be one of the most wicked things she had ever bought herself. The waistband of the thong was wide

and completely made of white lace, and in the back, where it came around above her bottom, there was a big satin bow. When she turned her back to the mirror and angled her head over her shoulder she could just make out her bottom, all wrapped up with that bow, just as though it was a prettily wrapped present that she was about to give to her new husband.

She didn't have to look at the receipt Brian had had her bring along to remember how much the outfit had cost. The nightie had been thirty-four fifty and the panties eighteen. All together, then, fifty-two fifty. Whew. That was a lot of money for so little.

Drawing in a deep breath for courage, she felt the cool air hardening her nipples beneath the thin, whispery fabric. The skirt ruffled around her legs, tickling her thighs as she walked. Christina wrenched open the bathroom door and came back into the bedroom.

Brian lay on the bed waiting for her, his hands folded on his chest and a lopsided grin on his face.

"Well, well," he said, when she came hesitantly through the door. "Isn't that pretty. Turn around for me, honey bun." Self consciously, Christina did a three-sixty-degree turn, her face heating under her husband's hungry eyes. As she turned away from him, her skirt ruffled out from her legs and played peek-a-boo with her thong underneath, drawing his eyes. "What have you got on under that nightie, Chrissy, hmm?"

Turning red now, she wanted to shy away from him, but she knew he'd never allow that. He'd tackle her to the floor, if he had to, and then wrestle her over his lap to throw up the skirt of the nightie himself and see what was there. Besides, she admonished herself, telling him was surely the least of the embarrassments the night would bring her.

"It's a thong," she told him, leaving out the part that it was crotchless. Let him find that out for himself.

"Let me see, please," he implored patiently.

Swallowing down her nerves, Christina lifted up the skirt of her nightie and showed him the front of the thong, and then let the skirt flutter back down. When she just stood there after that, Brian flashed her an irritated look and said, "Now the back, please."

Sighing softly, she turned around and repeated the process. Except, when she did, Brian immediately said, "Now, hold it right there, missy." A second later, he was standing right behind her. He fingered the fine lace and satin bow of the thong, and then ever so gently put pressure on her lower back, urging her wordlessly to bend over at the waist. Just as soundlessly, Christina complied, her face now turning a new shade of red.

With her bent over nearly double, Brian urged Christina's legs apart. And, once that was done, it was very apparent just exactly what type of thong she had on. The pad of his thumb grazed the exposed inner lip of her vagina, and a tremor rocked through her.

A long, low whistle cut the air right by her knee, which was where her husband's head currently was, looking up at the crotchless area.

"Why, Christina Marie Reinmiller!" he exclaimed. "These are dirty, bad girl panties!" He shot a mock-startled look up at her face. The pad of his thumb rubbed her clit in just one slow, delicious circle. She was helpless to stop the soft moan that fell from her throat. "You bought bad girl panties!"

Christina couldn't decide which urge was stronger—the one to laugh from the mock sternness in his voice or the one to melt into a puddle at his touch.

"This little outfit looks so innocent and sweet, even if it is a little on the transparent side," he remarked. "And then you have on these naughty panties. They belong on a little slut. These panties alone are a spankable offense."

He had stood back up, now, and was leading her over to the bed by one hand. When they got there, he sat down and stood her in front of him, her body held very closely between his knees. "I'm going to go a little easy on you tonight, since it *is* our wedding night, and I have plenty of other... physical activities planned. So, I'm only going to use my hand, and you'll be in a comfortable position. But the condition of those panties makes me feel that I must spank you very hard. That nightie makes you look all sweet and innocent, even angelic, but those panties are about as far from all those things as you can get. Plus, I'm not forgetting the little promise you broke about not spending money! So, with that in mind, how much did these things cost us, Chrissy?"

Looking down at his knees because she couldn't see the floor, Christina said, "The nightie was thirty-four fifty and the thong was eighteen."

Brian was an engineer; she knew she didn't need to do the math for him. He nodded his head and a beat later said, "So, fifty-two fifty then, for this little outfit, hmm?" He looked her up and down then, again seeming to reconsider it. "Well, shortcake, it's cute, but I don't think it's *that* cute. Do you?"

Pursing her lips miserably, Christina shook her head, still looking down.

"Chrissy, don't look down, please," he asked gently. Brian waited for her to meet his eyes again, and only then did he continue. "All right, then. So, I'm going to spank you fifty-three times with my hand. You can lie over my lap here on the bed. I've also decided that each night, after you get your spanks to match the price of your outfit, you will get five more with the strap, and you will be completely nude when that happens. That will be to reinforce that I prefer you that way, not trussed up in some expensive bit of lingerie. There will also be ten minutes of corner time each night, five with you in the corner with your back to me, and five with your front to me, and you will be naked. This is also to further reinforce to you and help you accept that I love your body the way that it is, without anything to enhance it. After that, I will expect you to remain naked for the rest of the night."

Chrissy blinked, taking all this in. None of it was new, and she wasn't surprised by any of it, really. Except perhaps to learn that he had obviously brought along an implement with him; she wondered if he had brought along more than just the strap?

"Do you have anything you want to ask me or say before we get started?" he asked.

Christina considered this briefly and then shook her head.

"All right, then." Brian sat back. He led her out from between his legs until she was standing beside them. Then he guided her over his lap, so she lay stretched out across both his thighs, her bottom up high for his attentions, the way he liked it. "There's a good girl." He patted her lightly, just once, over the whispery skirt of the nightie. Then he lifted it and let it settle onto her back, inverted but lighter than air. "Now, let's get down to business, hmm?"