

A MARRIAGE FOR MIRANDA

SCHOOL FOR TRADITIONAL WIVES, BOOK ONE



NATALIE HOLLY

BLUSHING BOOKS

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CHAPTER 1



“*M*iranda, I’d like to introduce you to Mr. Colin Harrington. Mr. Harrington would like a tour of our facilities,” Mrs. Broderick said with her usual enthusiasm.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you,” Miranda offered as she reached out to shake the hand of the gentleman to whom she was to give a tour of Mrs. Broderick’s Finishing School for Traditional Wives. Despite the fact that she had worked at the school as a culinary and domestic arts teacher for the last three years, this would be her first tour.

“You as well,” he replied.

Niceties complete, Miranda began to make her way to the door of Mrs. Broderick’s office. “Please follow me. First I’d like to show you our culinary labs.”

“Mrs. Broderick tells me that despite being only twenty-two years old, you are one of her top instructors,” Mr. Harrington commented as they proceeded down the hallway. The school was a converted warehouse in Manhattan, but on the inside it gave the appearance of being an old Southern plantation mansion with an enormous foyer and grand sweeping staircases. “Where did you learn to cook?”

“My father was a chef, and my mother was an excellent homemaker. So I learned a lot about cooking and being a domestic diva from them,” Miranda responded with pride.

“Domestic diva, I like that,” he said with a broad smile. “They must be pleased to see you using all that they taught you.”

“Well I am sure that they would be, but they both passed away,” she said with a tinge of sadness in her voice that she tried hard to mask. Mrs. Broderick had told Miranda that she was to be as forthcoming and personable as possible with Mr. Harrington, explaining that unusual and awkward questions were not unheard of on these tours given the unique services that the school provided. Miranda had promised to do her best. She hoped that her outgoing nature and familiarity with the offerings at the school would shine through and hide her inexperience as a tour guide.

“I am sorry to hear that,” he replied with a look of sincerity.

“But I have been blessed with a new home here with Mrs. Broderick,” she continued, trying to divert the path of the conversation to more comfortable ground.

“How long have you lived here?”

“Almost three years. I had hoped to use the school’s matching services, but due to my age, I wasn’t eligible. However, Mrs. Broderick gave me a job here which I thoroughly enjoy.” They arrived at the room where Miranda taught her culinary classes. It was empty. The classroom was set up as a large kitchen with state of the art appliances, beautiful quartz counter tops, and a huge center island. The island was currently covered with desserts that Miranda had prepared for a meeting the school was having later that day.

“Wow. These desserts make my mouth water. Did you make them all?”

Miranda giggled, pleased that Colin’s eyes looked like those of a young boy seeing all the wrapped presents under the Christmas tree on Christmas morning. “Yes. I was very productive this morning. Please help yourself to some of the cookies. The rainbow

cookies are especially good,” she commented as she reached for a napkin for him to use.

As he took a bite of a rainbow cookie, his eyes lit up and he moaned with pleasure. Nothing gave her more gratification than witnessing someone enjoying one of her creations. “I am glad you like it, Mr. Harrington.”

“Colin. Please. Call me Colin,” he replied, suddenly very serious.

“Colin,” she responded tentatively with a blush. It was as if her tongue was trying out the sound of his name. Colin appeared to be in his mid-thirties. Tall and fit, he filled out his very expensive suit quite nicely. And it wasn’t the traditional type of suit that so many of the school’s clients wore. It was a skinny suit, now very much in fashion. His reaction as he had taken his first bite of the cookie had rendered his face all the more attractive. As she admired him, she found herself squeezing her thighs together trying to squash the sensations that were coursing through her core. She was never so glad that dresses and skirts were the required dress code for employees here at the school. Yikes! He was gorgeous.

Looking to distract her errant thoughts, she asked, “Would you like some milk to go with your cookies?”

With his mouth full, he shook his head. Miranda showed him the ultra-modern features of the culinary lab, as he ate a few more of her cookies. “Does your future bride like to cook?” she asked once he finished up with the sweet treats.

“Mrs. Broderick hasn’t matched me with anyone yet. I just wanted to get a look at the facilities before I continued with the process.”

“Oh,” she responded. “Well, she has an excellent track record for matching couples in happy traditional marriages.”

“How would you define a traditional marriage?” he asked.

She started rattling off the definition from the brochure for the school, when he interrupted her. “I’ve read the brochure. I am interested to hear your definition from the perspective of an instructor.”

“From my experience here, it seems to vary. For some, it is just having a wife at home to take care of the household and the kids. On the other extreme, there are women who come through here that I know will never even make more than a piece of toast for themselves or their families or touch a vacuum, but they recognize the headship of their husband in their relationship. Most are somewhere in between, but almost all seem to embrace the practice of domestic discipline in some form or another in their marriages.”

“Did your parents practice domestic discipline?”

“Yes,” Miranda said with a little embarrassment, no longer able to look him in the eye. “When I was about ten, my parents’ marriage was volatile, to say the least. But then Dad started to spank Mom when she was fresh, as he called it. After that their marriage changed for the better. Of course, I didn’t know what had happened. They were very discrete, and I was young.”

“How did you discover their secret for a happy marriage?”

“Well my dad died in a car accident when I was seventeen. And mom got cancer later that year. During the eighteen months I took care of her before her death, we talked about lots of things. One of those things was domestic discipline.”

“Do you foresee a marriage like that?”

She knew that he was asking her questions that were highly personal and that she wasn’t required to answer, but she felt compelled to reply. “Absolutely. I know Mrs. Broderick will match me when she thinks I am ready. But until then, I am happy working at a job that brings so much happiness to its clients. Now, we had best be getting on with our tour, before she sends out a search party to find us,” she replied with a smile trying to detour the conversation away from her own life.

Next she showed him the exercise facilities complete with personal trainers, the spa facilities for hair, nails, waxing, and massages, the dance studio, and the rest of the classrooms, as well as an empty guest room where the brides stay while they complete their education.

Finally they were at the discipline room. Miranda explained that this was the room where the brides received their daily spankings and that Mrs. Broderick believed this put each of the ladies in the proper mindset to receive the rest of their training. It was currently empty as spankings were given first thing each morning. Mrs. Broderick strongly believed in what she called ‘maintenance spankings’. She felt this cut down on the need for punishments.

As an employee, Miranda received a weekly spanking from Mrs. Broderick herself. She wasn’t sure if this was standard operating procedure for all of the employees, all of whom were females. The only male in the facility was Mr. Broderick, who handled security. Miranda had often wondered whether Mrs. Broderick received her own share of maintenance spankings. As close as the two ladies were, she had never gotten up the nerve to ask Mrs. Broderick that question. Having taken Miranda under her wing and saving her from homelessness, Mrs. Broderick had become like a second mother to Miranda, and she was more than happy to accept Mrs. Broderick’s authority over her.

On the wall of the discipline room there were a number of implements: paddles of various sizes and shapes, belts, a riding crop, and even a caning stick. Colin walked over to them, inspecting each of them with great interest. “Who administers the spankings?”

“We have two women on the staff who handle most of them, although Mrs. Broderick usually handles any of the punishments.”

“Why would one of the prospective brides need to be punished?”

“When a couple decides to use our school, a code of conduct is agreed upon by the couple and Mrs. Broderick. Punishments are required when that code of conduct is broken.”

“What kinds of things are included in the code of conduct?”

“It varies considerably, but it may include prescribed amounts of exercise, dietary requirements, dress code, sexual conduct, and curfew. It can include anything really.”

“Sexual conduct?” Colin asked as he removed the riding crop from the wall and turned towards Miranda. “What might that include?”

She wanted to drop her gaze to her shoes but remembered that she was conducting a professional tour. This wasn't a personal question. It was a professional one. So as she watched Colin using the riding crop to repeatedly slap the palm of his left hand, she responded, “I believe it is mostly about whether the prospective bride is allowed to touch herself during her stay at the school.” Miranda found herself squirming trying to ignore the wetness that she felt gushing between her legs.

Thwack. Thwack.

The sight of Colin slapping his palm over and over again with the riding crop and thoughts of touching herself were causing her pussy to throb. No doubt she would need to change her panties before her next class.

Thwack. Thwack.

“How would Mrs. Broderick know if the bride had used her fingers to touch the wet folds of her pussy and her swollen clit to bring herself pleasure?” he asked slowly, emphasizing each word as he continued to hit his palm with the crop.

Thwack. Thwack.

“We work on an honor system here.” Miranda was squeezing her thighs together tightly now. She chuckled in an attempt to change the intimate tone of the conversation.

Thwack. Thwack.

“Some of our brides have been known to ask to have their hands bound to the bed post when they feel they might lose control,” Miranda continued. This had only happened once or twice with the brides. But she regularly asked Mrs. Broderick to restrain her after her weekly spankings.

Thwack. Thwack.

He looked at her as if he were reading her mind. Feeling way too exposed, Miranda quickly sought to end the tour.

Thwack. Thwack.

“Er... Unfortunately, I have a class to teach shortly. Do you have any more questions before I return you to Mrs. Broderick’s office?”

Thwack. Thwack.

“No. I think I know all I need to know,” he replied slowly, not taking his eyes off Miranda. Then he returned the riding crop to the wall and followed her from the room.

They walked in silence. As they entered the office, Mrs. Broderick rose from her desk to greet them. “So what do you think, Mr. Harrington?” she asked.

“Perfect,” he responded to her with his eyes still glued to Miranda.

Feeling the need to retreat, Miranda spoke quickly, “I have a class to teach now. It was a pleasure to meet you.” Then she turned to leave, not even taking the time to shake Colin’s hand.

“Miranda, please come see me on your next break,” Mrs. Broderick called after her kindly.

“Of course, ma’am,” she replied as she scurried from the room, grateful she had a class to teach. Otherwise she would have needed her hands tied to her bedpost. Colin was hot and the memory of his stare had her horny as hell. The sound of the riding crop hitting his palm still echoed in her mind. Changing her panties was an absolute necessity!



MIRANDA WAS grateful that the topic of her next class was cleaning bathrooms. Nothing like scrubbing toilets to put a damper on the libido. It also didn’t require a lot of brainpower. She could have taught it in her sleep. Most of the time was spent offering encouragement and making suggestions about techniques.

However, as the class time marched on, she kept replaying her time with Colin in the discipline room. Her imagination took the errant thoughts from memory to fantasy.

Thwack. Thwack.

First she had slowly removed her dress to show off her lacy push-up bra, thong, and thigh-high stockings held in place by two silky garters.

Thwack. Thwack.

Then she had laid herself over the padded spanking desk, before asking Colin if he wanted to try out the riding crop that had caught his interest.

Thwack. Thwack.

Miranda could almost feel her Double D breasts pressed into the padding of the desk.

Thwack. Thwack.

Without responding, Colin had walked to her, first rubbing her round ass before spanking her with the crop.

Thwack. Thwack.

She had never been spanked with a riding crop but her imagination was filling in the details that experience could not provide.

“Miss Cassidy, Miss Cassidy.” Hearing her name called jolted her back to reality.

“Yes, Chastity?” Miranda replied to the heavy set, bubbly brunette who was scheduled to be married later this week.

“How often do you recommend cleaning the toilets?”

Chastity was marrying a man who expected her to do all the cleaning. To her credit, she was dead set on learning as much as she could before she began taking care of her own home.

“Once a week for a thorough cleaning, but I suggest that you do a light cleaning with just a rag and a toilet brush daily. At least for the master bathroom. It takes just a minute and will save you a ton of work in the long run.”

“Thank you, Miss Cassidy.”

“Chastity, please call me Miranda. You make me feel like a spinster school marm when you call me *Miss Cassidy*.”

“I’ll try to remember, Miranda. You have been so helpful. I hope that George will be pleased with all I’ve learned.” George was her intended and at least twenty years her senior. The way he doted on her, I was sure that they would be very happy.

“When he tastes your fried chicken and mashed potatoes with gravy, he will have nothing but compliments for your hard work. And remember to email me if you have any questions about cooking or homemaking.”

“Thank you, Miss Cass... Miranda.”

After dismissing the class, Miranda headed back up to Mrs. Broderick’s office. She hoped she would receive positive feedback about the tour. She loved her so much and hated the idea of disappointing her. Despite being in her early fifties, she was a strikingly beautiful woman. Long and lean, she stood nearly a head taller than Miranda’s five-foot tall frame. Her long, straight auburn hair also stood in stark contrast to Miranda’s blonde wavy locks. They couldn’t have looked more different, but the connection between their hearts couldn’t have been much stronger.

“So, Miranda, how did the tour go?”

“I think he seemed to like the facilities. Was he pleased with the tour?”

“Yes. He had high praise for his guide.”

“Well that’s good to hear.” Miranda was delighted that the attraction that she had felt for Colin hadn’t affected her ability to give him a decent tour. She would never want to do anything to hurt Mrs. Broderick or the reputation of the school. She had seen numerous men touring the facilities in the past and had never felt like this. She hoped that she wouldn’t feel this way on every tour she gave, or she would have to invest in more panties.

“What did you think of Mr. Harrington?” Mrs. Broderick asked, bringing Miranda back from her thoughts of panties and the effect Colin had on those panties.

As her mind at that very moment had been so pleasantly engaged in contemplating her attraction to Mr. Harrington, she found herself blushing. “He was very nice,” she responded before asking in an overly casual voice, “has he decided to use your services?” After all, there was no point in sounding too interested in his future plans, as he was off limits.

Most of the clients of the school were placed after using Mrs. Broderick's matching services, although some of the placements came from married couples looking to change the direction of their marriages to a more traditional flavor.

"In fact he has, and he has asked if you are available."

Miranda stood there in shocked silence. He was interested in her. She knew he had flirted with her. Despite her rather sheltered upbringing, she knew that. But the fact he was interested in a potential match truly stunned her.

Mrs. Broderick continued, "His father was an old friend of mine, although I didn't really become reacquainted with Colin until a few years ago." Miranda waited for her to continue, but she didn't, looking a little bit sad.

"How old is he?" Miranda asked trying to forward the conversation.

"Thirty-two. When I met him, he had just come through a difficult break-up with his fiancée. She had apparently cheated on him. But I don't want to tell you too much. I think it is better, if you are interested, for you to learn about him first hand."

"Do you really think I would be a good match for him?"

"I do. In fact, I have thought so since the first time I met you. And these last three years have cemented that opinion. But I would like you to look through his matching information for yourself."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Were you attracted to him?" Mrs. Broderick asked. Miranda dropped her gaze blushing furiously. "Good," Mrs. Broderick said knowingly. Then after a moment of consideration she asked, "Will I need to bind your hands tonight?"

Despite the fact that her weekly spanking was not scheduled for tonight, she answered emphatically. "Absolutely." She definitely didn't trust she wouldn't touch herself. Even hours after she had bid Colin adieu, she could still feel her core responding every time she thought of him.



AFTER DINNER, as Miranda went to her room, she found herself very anxious to look over Colin's file. In fact, she had thought of little else since receiving it. She knew Mrs. Broderick didn't usually hand over the prospective groom's file to a prospective bride. Mrs. Broderick usually passed on the pertinent information herself. However, Miranda guessed that given the unusual circumstances of her being an employee, Mrs. Broderick must have felt it was appropriate.

The first few pages were just basic information. Colin Harrington was a healthy (doctor certified) thirty-two year old male who had residences in New York City, Los Angeles, and North Idaho. The multiple residences didn't really shock Miranda given that most of the cliental of the school tended to be wealthy. What did surprise her was that he was a movie producer. As a huge movie fan, this totally sparked her interest. She found they shared other interests, such as hiking, camping, swimming, and working out. Apparently, he also enjoyed fishing, hunting, and skiing, none of which piqued Miranda's interest.

The biggest turnoff in his file was that he was a vegetarian. As an avid cook, many of her favorite dishes would hold no appeal to him.

He admitted to being very regimented in his schedule, a creature of habit. It was clear he expected to be the head of his household – no surprise there – and hoped to have children.

Turn-offs for him included laziness and disorder. He was definitely a type A personality.

She was sitting on her messy bed rereading his file for the third or fourth time trying to glean every nugget of information she could, when there was a knock on her door.

"Come in," she called out.

Mrs. Broderick walked in. She was a creature of great grace and beauty, seeming to float rather than walk.

"I see you are reading Colin's file," she stated. "What do you think?"

"We have a lot in common."

"Yes, you do."

"Do you really think we would be a good match?" She trusted Mrs. Broderick's opinion even above her own.

"I think you will bring the spark to Colin's life that is missing. And in return he will bring you the stability that you need."

Miranda knew she had a tendency to get swept up into whatever new interest caught her eye and that she didn't always take the best care of herself. She could be a bit of a bouncing ball, flitting from one thing to the next. It made life fun, but it often left her feeling a bit exhausted and unfocused.

"If I decide to pursue the match, what would be the next steps?"

"Given that you are already here at the school and that you've already met, it would differ from my other matches. We can skip the usual introductory steps – emailing and phone calls. I would suggest daily video chats for a few weeks. After which, if you both want to proceed, the three of us will meet to decide on your curriculum here at the school."

"I would go through the training?" Miranda asked a bit incredulously. "As an instructor, I figured we would be skipping that step."

She laughed. "Of course, you might be a cooking and cleaning diva, but there is still plenty for you to learn in other areas."

"How long would the whole process take?"

"I wouldn't think any more than 4 to 6 weeks."

Miranda was shocked to think that if they clicked, Colin and she could be married in a little over a month. Later as she lay in her bed with her hands bound to the bedpost, she tried to imagine what it would be like to be Mrs. Colin Harrington. But mostly she imagined him with the riding crop in his hand.

Thwack. Thwack.



COLIN PACED around his NYC apartment. He felt like a caged animal, knowing that he should be focusing on his work but thinking of nothing but his meeting with Miranda. She was so beautiful, pint sized with her head only reaching up to his pecs, even in heels. But despite her diminutive size, her breasts and hips were full and luscious. He was tired of the underfed actresses who were constantly throwing themselves at him. He did not subscribe to the practice of using the *casting couch* to choose his actresses. He and non-reputable producers had nothing in common on that count, if rumors could be believed.

Obviously affected by him, he hoped she would at least give him a chance to show her how good they could be together. When Mrs. Broderick had suggested that she had the perfect girl for him, he had scoffed. But after a year of her subtly dropping hint after hint, he had relented and agreed to meet Miranda if only to satisfy the older woman. He was unprepared for how drawn to her he would be.

Taking the riding crop into his hands to examine it had not been a calculated move. But seeing Miranda's reaction to his slapping his palm with the tip of the crop had sparked the idea to begin the seduction. It was not a seduction that was meant to yield immediate results, but rather to fan the flames of whatever interest might be brewing on Miranda's part.

Thwack, thwack.

She had been so enthralled with the sight and the sound of the crop that it had been difficult for her to continue the tour. And despite her attempts to hide it, he knew that she was aroused. He knew then and there that he had to have her and not just for a fling. He needed her forever.

Usually cautious, he had told Mrs. Broderick right then and there that he wanted Miranda as his match. The half hour drive through the heavy traffic of the city streets and the hours he had spent pretending to work at his desk hadn't changed his mind. Miranda was going to be his.



LATER THAT WEEK Miranda and Colin had their first video chat. She was extremely nervous and in spite of her normally talkative nature, she found herself at a loss for words. He looked just as handsome as she remembered, wearing a casual polo shirt that fit snugly to his muscular chest. He didn't look at all flustered.

"You look pretty tonight, Miranda."

"Thank you, Mr. Harrington," she replied looking down at her floral top with cutouts in the shoulders and a flowing skirt. She had wanted to feel very feminine for their first time. She expected he would tell her to call him Colin as he had during the tour, but he didn't.

"Did you have a good day today?"

"Well, I have a new crop of brides that don't know a Bundt pan from a can opener, so it was a bit trying but overall not too bad."

"Is that usual?"

"More than you would think. Many of our clients come from privileged backgrounds and are used to having servants. But a good number of grooms want their wives to be able to at least prepare simple meals."

"Why do you think that is?"

"For some, I think they like the idea of the little woman being at home tending to their needs. For others, it might be that self-sufficiency enables the couple to have more privacy without staff always hanging around."

"I bet you look cute in an apron." Miranda blushed thinking of herself greeting him at the door in nothing but an apron. "You have a dirty mind," he commented teasingly, reading her thoughts perfectly.

Not sure how best to respond to that line of thought, she asked, "So how was your day?"

He held her gaze for a moment or two before cutting her a break and answering her question. "Lots of meetings with my

production staff. We are about a week or so away from wrapping up the film I am working on, so there is a lot to do.”

“Are you in New York now?”

“Toronto. I am working on a sci-fi film up here. I only flew down to New York to meet you.”

Miranda looked at him in surprise. “You came here specifically to meet me?”

“Yes. Mrs. Broderick has been telling me about you for months, just general things. I finally squeaked out some time to visit the school and meet you.”

“What did she say about me?”

“That she thought we would be a perfect match.”

“Did she say why?”

“Not really. She just gave me enough details to pique my interest.” When she looked at him expectantly, he continued, “She told me that you are a vivacious young woman with a desire to live in a traditional marriage.” It was quickly evident that he wasn’t going to say anything further on the subject.

“Did she let you read my file?”

“Yes. But not until I had met you. She said it was only fair to let me read yours as she was going to give you mine.”

“True.” Miranda looked down at her lap as she found herself feeling shy and a little bit vulnerable, wondering what her file said.

“Don’t worry about it. I liked what I read. Are you attracted to me, Miranda?”

“Yes,” she said a bit breathlessly.

“Then do you have any questions for me? Because I am attracted to you and I am ready to seal the deal.”

Miranda looked up at him in shock. He was already sure he wanted to marry her.

“How can you be so sure?”

“I trust Mrs. Broderick’s opinion and quite frankly I have thought of nothing else but you since I met you. Please say that you will be my match.”

She looked into his eyes and felt her pussy clenching and unclenching with need. Her mind flashed with the thought of him holding the riding crop.

Thwack. Thwack.

She wanted him terribly. She knew that she should take some time to think about it. But then she heard herself answering him.