**Kelly's Wedding Day Spanking**

by Janno Jones

Kelly Summers was a hot number, and she knew it. She had silky blonde hair, blue eyes, a pert little nose, and a body that caused men to stop what they were doing and stare at her. She liked nothing better than to lord it over men, to bat her long eyelashes at them and twist them around her little finger to get what she wanted.

She was a cockteaser. Kelly wore short-short miniskirts, low-cut blouses, and stiletto heels. She loved to get men all hot and bothered and then flounce away on her heels, laughing at the bulge in their pants.

When she met Brad Dillon he seemed different than most men. He had an edge to him, and even though he was obviously in love with her, he didn't throw himself at her. He was an ex-Marine, a man who owned his own construction company, and he took no nonsense from anybody.

They were engaged in a matter of months, and Kelly had the pleasure of planning a big wedding. She wanted it to be an event to remember, and she got her father to take out an equity loan so she could have the most lavish reception at the most exclusive country club in the State.

But that was nothing compared to her dress. It was a white silk number that fit her like a glove, and it had a low cut front and back to show off her assets. She wore satin gloves that went up past her elbows, and had a lacy veil and a train that rustled as she sashayed up the aisle in her impossibly high heels.

She loved how all the men in the church got flustered looking at her, and how the women gave her jealous looks. She winked at smiled at them all, basking in all the attention.

At the reception she flirted outrageously with all the guys, especially after she had a few glasses of champagne. She noticed that Brad was clenching his teeth as though he was Êangry, but that didn't bother her. This was her time to show off, and she was enjoying every minute of it.

After a few more glasses of champagne she decided to play a little game. She'd see how many guys she could get to dance with her, just to see the jealous looks on their wives and girlfriends' faces. She picked out one guy after another and danced with them, pushing her body close to them, especially on the slow songs. On the romantic, slow songs she ground her hips into each one of them, laughing to herself when she felt their erect penises pushing against her. She actually kept count of how many guys she got to cum from rubbing herself up against them. She could tell as they shuddered with pleasure when she pushed her pussy against those hard bulges.

Brad was standing on the side of the dance floor, and by now she could tell he was fuming. He was clenching and unclenching his fists, and his face was flushed. Kelly didn't care. He would have to learn who was boss in their marriage, and now was as good a time as any. She was dancing with Brad's best man, a guy named Eddie, and she was busy trying to get him to cum. It was a fast song, and she turned and pushed her cute round ass tight against him, feeling his throbbing cock pushing against her ass cheek.

All of a sudden she felt a hand on her shoulder. It was Brad, who grabbed her and pulled her off the dance floor. He marched her over to a spot right in front of the head table, next to the DJ, and waved his hand to make the DJ stop the music.

The room went silent as all eyes were turned to Brad and Kelly.

What's going on? Kelly said, trying to break free of Brad. His grip on her upper arm was strong, however, and she couldn't get away.

I've had enough of your little game, Brad said, and I'm not going to let this go any further. It's our wedding day, and it looks like I have to teach you a few lessons about being my wife. He turned to the people in the room and said, Could somebody get me a chair? With pleasure! It was Eddie's wife, who had a broad smile on her face and seemed to know what Brad had in mind. She quickly brought a metal chair over, and in seconds Brad was seated in the chair with Kelly across his lap.

What are you doing? Kelly said. Stop it, Brad! She struggled and squirmed, but Brad held her tight.

Brad looked at Eddie's wife and said, Could you give me a hand with her dress? Again, Eddie's wife said, With pleasure!, and in seconds she had Kelly's train unhooked and then she pulled the zipper of Kelly's dress down, exposing her white thong panties and garter belt, and her creamy pink ass.

The crowd gasped, but nobody moved to stop Brad. In fact, there were a few exclamations of support from various women in the audience.

Kelly, you're a spoiled, selfish bitch, Brad said. But now you're going to learn who's boss in our marriage. Take your punishment! He brought his open palm down hard on Kelly's sweet ass, and the sound reverberated through the room like a gunshot.

Ouch! Kelly screamed. That hurts! She struggled to get up, but Eddie's wife held her by the ankles, and Brad had one burly forearm across her upper back, so she couldn't move.

Yes it does hurt, Brad said. But it's the only way to show you who's boss. We'll see how long it takes you to learn your lesson. He brought his palm down again, and again the sound rang out. Kelly's cheeks quivered, and she howled in pain.

Stop it! she screamed. You bastard! What do you mean spanking me in front of my-- SLAP! Brad's palm came down again.

And again.

And again.

Kelly howled in pain and humiliation, hot tears coursing down her cheeks. She was furious, too, that this was happening in front of her friends and family. And all those women who were beneath her! She had flirted with their husbands and boyfriends, gloating in her power to turn them on, and now they were all laughing! She could hear their laughter at the site of her bare ass, getting redder with each slap of Brad's palm, at her humiliation on her wedding day. It was enough to make a girl spit!

In minutes, though, the pain overcame her anger. Her ass stung more with each blow, and the tears were flowing heavier now. She writhed and squirmed, but she could not get away from that big, calloused palm of his coming down on her bare ass.

She was awash in humiliation and pain, crying and screaming, and then something happened.

She realized she liked it.