



Spanked Wives - Book One

The
Spanked Wives
Club

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

TRENT EVANS

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Prologue

The heavy leather strap cracked against the pale, plump buttocks, leaving behind a scarlet line of pain, the reddened cheeks clenching in time with a forlorn, feminine groan.

“You know better than to tighten that bottom, dear,” Martin said, his fingertips testing the already swelling mark his stroke had left across her flesh. “Just a few more now, and we can be done with this unfortunate business. Be glad we don’t have time for you to join those other disobedient women in their corners.”

The smooth, varnished wood of the angled bench creaked as Martin’s wife, Brooke, stirred, her hips waving in the air as she tried to process the sting and burn of the punishment currently being meted out by her loving, but stern, husband. Her rich evening dress, the same color as her raven hair, was bunched up at the small of her back, her black lace panties pulled down her legs as far as the stout strap that ran across her thighs would allow. Bound tightly over the apparatus of punishment — one most homes in the very unique community of White Valley were equipped with — the attractive brunette had little choice but to await Martin’s further judgment.

He tapped the dark leather against his palm. “Next time, what will you be doing when you think it’s all right to spend just a *little* bit more on clothing you don’t really need?”

Brooke’s small voice sounded from the other side of the bench. “Calling you, Sir.”

“That’s right.” Martin whistled in another stroke, the leather landing with a satisfying smack, Brooke crying out for the first time as another thick line darkened upon her already well-marked rump.

“How many more?” Martin asked, glancing over his shoulder at the three men sitting behind the long, cherry wood table that lined one wall of the cozy study. Another common feature of most of the studies or offices in the community, these tables were where the Session sat — and where the women first presented themselves to hear what punishment the men of the Session intended to mete out for their misdeeds. Such informal gatherings were a weekly occurrence in most neighborhoods of White Valley, though the specific attendance of one couple or the next was strictly reserved for the judgment of each particular head of household.

Troy gladly hosted the Session today, his deep excitement at the array of punished females currently decorating his study — including his own beloved wife — was something that would never grow old.

“She’s got two more to go, then her dozen is paid off,” Keenan said, his long finger tapping the page of the large, open book before him on the gleaming tabletop. Sitting to Troy’s left, Keenan consulted the cloth-bounder ledger, nodding as he did so. “She’s the last for today. Too bad.”

Brooke Shafer, like any other woman required to appear at a Session, was expected to bring her Infractions Ledger with her — and woe betide the girl who forgot it.

Martin didn’t respond, instead turning his attention back to his well-disciplined wife, laid bare upon the spanking bench before everyone. He stroked her hip gently, tapping the thick length of the strap against her buttocks as if to measure his aim. Brooke stilled, surely knowing what was coming.

One stroke, then another, even harder this time, splatted against her martyred bottom, the last blow drawing a tight shriek from the woman. Lacey, standing in the corner between a wooden filing cabinet

and a tall armoire, jerked at the sound of Brooke's anguish, her own bottom still glowing an angry rose after her stiff paddling at Troy's own hand only minutes earlier. Troy would never tire of looking upon his wife's generously curved bottom currently bared to the onlookers courtesy of her floral-patterned sundress bunched in her hands at the small of her back, her white panties at half mast, stretched across her slightly spread thighs. He thought, even from this distance, that he could just detect the hint of glistening moisture between the close-lipped labia quite visible at the juncture of her pale, shapely legs.

Laying the strap upon the crest of his wife's swollen, inflamed bottom, Martin caressed her gently, bending over her bound form and whispering to her, the faint sounds of her soft weeping drifting over to the men seated at the table. Once he'd calmed her, Martin snatched up the strap and brought it back to the table, laying it neatly upon the table, fixing the watching men with a bright, toothsome smile, his well-groomed dark hair shiny with pomade. Rolling the sleeves of his white dress shirt back down muscled forearms, Martin nodded back toward his still-bound wife.

"I'm afraid we need to sneak out early, gentleman. Brooke and I still have an engagement to keep this evening."

"You really didn't tell her?" Von asked, leaning back in his chair, a wry smile curving his lips. "You're a cruel bastard, Martin."

Pulling on a fitted suitcoat the color of slate, Martin shrugged, buttoning his cuffs. "There's a lot to be said for keeping these women on their toes. We've still got plenty of time for dinner — it just won't be as early as she might have guessed."

"And she'll be taking it on a roasted backside too." Keenan said, his eyes glittering.

Martin took up the strap, handing it to Keenan. "Appreciate letting me borrow it. Need to get one made for Brooke one of these days. I'm sure Amy doesn't like sharing it with the others."

"Amy will share anything if I tell her to," Keenan said quietly.

The men glanced over at Keenan's wife, laid atop the broad plane of Troy's office desk. Her hands, bound in heavy metal cuffs at the middle of her back stirred only slightly, as if she were lost in thought. Her bottom was decorated with a veritable storm of thin red lines painted over smooth buttocks flushing a congested pink, the aftermath of the stiffest birching Troy had seen meted out in quite some time. Between those punished cheeks, the rectangular base of a very thick polished steel plug could clearly be seen.

Troy had been positive such a large toy could not possibly fit into Amy's tight bottom, but the men had watched in aroused silence as Keenan proceeded to prove just how well he'd trained the woman who was both his wife, and slave. The man had been as patient as he was relentless, working Amy's well-lubricated anus until the plug finally sank fully home, her breathing reduced to panicked pants.

A mute buzzing sounded and Von dug in the pockets of his slacks for his phone, cursing as he stared at the screen, his thumb flicking quickly through the texts.

Troy and Keenan watched Martin lead Brooke from the room, the man giving them a deeply satisfied smile as he ushered his wife before him, the woman transformed from weeping penitent to the elegant beauty she was, her dress restored to the classy attire of a woman about to go out on the town. Only Brooke's stiff gait betrayed the no-doubt still throbbing buttocks rolling under the form-fitting black dress.

"Cori giving Lee trouble again?" Keenan chuckled. "I knew it. She's too old for him."

Von winced, shoving his phone back in his pocket. "They can't make it. She's refusing — again. Lee said she and her friends joke about the Sessions — they call it the 'Spanked Wives Club.' I think it's time she goes before a full Session — but that's up to Lee. We'll talk about it later." With a sigh, Von looked over at Troy. "You asked me here even though Celina didn't need to come to this week's little, uh, get together. So what's the big deal? Spill it."

"Wanted to talk to both of you, actually." Troy said. "It's about my friend, Hunter."

Lacey's head snapped around at the mention of his best friend's name. She peered back at him from her lonely corner, color high in her cheeks, her lips quirking hopefully despite being forced to display her

naked, punished bottom to the men in the room. When it came to all things Hunter, Lacey always seemed... more than interested.

“I think I want to have Hunter out for a visit, at least for a few days — maybe longer.” Troy met Lacey’s dark, intent gaze, smiling at her. “See where things go.”

Chapter 1

The woman's lush, round buttocks twitched at the sharp sound of the can's pop top snapping open.

"Hunter — it's your deal." Von sipped his beer, the bright overhead light glinting off the aluminum.

"Ah, sorry." Hunter cleared his throat. "Big blind to you, Von?"

Von's dark blue eyes narrowed, but a smile played upon his lips. "If you weren't spending so much time staring at my wife's ass you'd know the answer to that question."

Troy, sitting to Hunter's right, shook his head, chuckling. "Rookies."

Hunter dealt the cards, trying to ignore the heat at his cheeks. "Kinda hard to concentrate..."

"Do you want me to send her away?" Von's eyes glittered.

"I didn't say that."

Hunter set the deck down, checking his hole cards. A two of clubs and a seven of hearts.

Fuck.

"Told you," Troy murmured, not looking up from the two cards he held in his hand. "After what I saw when Hunt was over for Christmas, I knew he'd be a fit."

Von glanced at Troy with a quirk of an eyebrow. "We'll see about that. Boy hasn't even so much as dipped his toes in, and he's already jumpy."

"You didn't see him with Lace." Troy gave Hunter a wink. "He seemed to have the way of it."

Von dropped two fives into the pot. "You find somewhere to stay yet?"

Relieved at the change of subject, Hunter still had to will himself not to look over at the naked woman facing the wall at the far end of the darkened living room.

"Right now, I'm at the Redwood. The one right there on the highway?"

It was a surprisingly well appointed and — thankfully — quiet little motel just off the White Valley Canyon highway, the main drag that snaked through the community of White Valley, Washington. Troy had told him how beautiful White Valley was, but his friend's words hadn't even come *close* to doing it justice. The first time Hunter had come to visit Troy in his new town, the community had reminded him of a cross between a Norwegian fjord and a sleepy hamlet nestled against the broad, green flank of a mountain in the Austrian Alps.

Von grunted. "Figured you'd be staying with Troy until you found something more... permanent."

"I tried, but the asshole turned me down cold." Troy laid down the Flop, pointing at Hunter. "Your bet."

"I'm just here for a week or two." Hunter dropped a fifty into the pot, despite only having a pair of sevens.

Those are lucky numbers, right?

"Week or two?" Von looked at Hunter the way a father might look at a naive child. "You'll change your tune."

Hunter flipped over the Turn card. A two of hearts. Things were looking up.

"You gonna ask?" Troy grinned. "I know you're dying to, Hunt."

"Ask what?" Hunter said, already knowing.

Troy lifted his chin toward the silent woman twenty feet away.

Shit.

Von didn't look up from his cards, but Hunter knew the hulking man was paying keen attention.

"So... why *is* she standing there like that?"

"Like what?" Von lifted his gaze to Hunter's.

Hunter lowered his voice to a murmur. "Well, *naked*, for starters."

"You don't like what you see?" Von laid an elbow on the table.

"No, it's not... that."

Hunter would be damned if he'd be caught commenting on the shapeliness of Von's wife's ass. It didn't mean such shapeliness wasn't noted — or affecting him. His cock had stirred to life the moment he'd seen her silently emerge from the hallway and take her spot facing the wall. He'd never seen a woman actually... do that.

But it seemed part of him liked it. A lot.

"Then what is it?" Von set his cards down, sipping from his glass of amber-hued single malt.

"Because this is just the start, my friend. A taste. If this is too much"—Von flicked a glance at Troy, doing it in a way Hunter couldn't help but see—"then maybe this isn't a fit after all?"

"He *is*, Von." Troy fixed his friend with a look somewhere between sober and icy. "I brought him here. I know him. With what he's been through? With how I saw him handle Lacey? You'd know it too, if you paid any fucking attention to what I told you."

Von was silent for a moment, regarding them both, a long, deeply tanned finger tapping the rim of his glass. "No time like the present then, is there?"

Troy grunted. "What about the game?"

"Fuck the game," Von murmured, already gazing out at the bewitching sight of his wife waiting in the darkness, the deep shadow rendering her ass into a hint, a suggestion of twin, pale moons. "Celina. In here, please."

Hunter's mouth was as dry as his cock was hard, the naked woman padding — rather reluctantly, he thought — across the room, and into the circle of warm yellow light cast by the crystal fixture over the card table.

Her buoyant breasts swayed a moment as she took her place at her husband's arm, looking down at Von, her big brown eyes reflecting either excitement or fear — or both.

Von's gaze dropped a moment to the lush growth at the apex of her soft thighs.

"Still letting her grow it out?" Troy said, looking upon her displayed charms without an ounce of bashfulness, his gaze frank... and with more than a hint of lustful avarice.

Celina's cheeks colored at the words, but she remained silent, her eyes locked upon her husband.

Von sipped from his whiskey, then set the glass down, his gaze not leaving his wife as he spoke. "I like it that way. I think it actually makes them even more embarrassed to display their pussies, if you can believe that."

"You always did like that part of it," Troy murmured, reaching over to Hunter, sliding his cards across the green felt of the card table.

"Getting in their heads is when the real fun starts," Von said, his voice almost a whisper.

This wasn't much different from what Troy had let him experience at Christmas last year, but sitting there, mere feet from Celina's gorgeous form had Hunter more than anxious. He didn't know what he struggled with more — wanting to touch that soft, olive skin or take a walk in the cool evening air. Hopefully, that would at least calm the steel bar currently twisting in the confines of his jeans. Looking at the coral color of the woman's large — and very erect — nipples wasn't helping matters.

Not one bit.

Von looked over at Hunter. "Troy's explained to you what's going to happen tonight?"

Hunter nodded, a lump in his throat.

"We don't need to go over this," Troy said, rolling his eyes as he slipped the deck of cards back into

its case. “He and I talked about this — at length. He knows the rules, what’s expected, what might come next.”

“I need *her* to hear that,” Von said, turning his gaze upon Troy, tipping his head toward Celina. “You’ll have to humor me on this one. It’s not like it’s *your* wife that’s standing here with her naked cunt on display, is it?”

“Not this week, anyway,” Troy murmured, his smile an almost predatory flash of white teeth.

Um, what?

“We don’t bring strangers into this very often, and if we’re going to do this, we’re going to do it right. All the way.” Von looked at Hunter once more, the deep blue of the man’s eyes suddenly going cold, flat, as a shark’s might just before delivering the fatal bite. “So, I need to hear it from you, Hunter. Do you understand what this means once we take this first step? Once we go far enough, there’s no going back — even if you wanted to.”

“I’m ready,” Hunter croaked, the pulse in his neck pounding in time with the throb of his aching cock.

This was really happening.

“Good.” Von looked up at Celina, reaching for her, spreading her long, slender fingers across his broad palm. “Did you bring the Infractions Ledger then?”

Chapter 2

Squinting against the warm afternoon breeze whipping down the sun-drenched valley, Ford held the slim silver phone up in the air. No bars.

God damn it.

He needed to call her before she got here. It definitely was not a good day to have the media in town. Though if it were up to Ford, *no* day would be a good day for the media to be snooping around White Valley. It would only cause trouble, and Ford was one who believed in not rocking the boat, if at all possible.

Especially in his town.

He held up the phone again, raising it higher, hoping even those few extra inches would let him get some kind of service. Cell reception was notoriously bad; the steep cliffs that dove down to the churning foam of the White River snaking through the canyon was a topography not exactly conducive to mobile phone signals. It was only one of the reasons his department still used radios.

He'd pulled his truck over on one of the viewpoint gravel turnouts that lined the highway as it winded its way up the mountain valley. He hoped the precipice over the cool, rushing water would allow him to get at least one short call out.

The staccato din of a passing eighteen-wheeler riding his Jake brake momentarily deafened Ford, the roar of the big semi receding as it coasted down the hill toward town.

He took a deep breath, extending his arm almost straight overhead. "Come on. Just one bar."

"Problem with your phone, Sheriff?"

Well, shit.

Ford spun around, already knowing who it was. "Ms. Moore... I didn't hear you drive up."

The pretty blonde cocked her head, glossy pink lips quirking. "Imagine that? Me sneaking up on a cop."

He held his phone out, as if it were a disobedient puppy found piddling on the carpet. "Was trying to call you. Damn service is so bad out here."

"Price you all pay for living in alpine Heaven, right?" Her hand plunged into the dark leather bag slung from her shoulder. The wind rippled the hem of her knee-length navy skirt as her fingers danced on the screen of her tablet computer. "Am I here on the wrong day? No, this is right." She turned the screen toward him. "Tuesday, as we agreed."

"We need to reschedule."

"Why is that, Sheriff?"

Ford rubbed the back of his neck, slipping his phone into his pocket. "Just... not a good time, Ms. Moore. Maybe I can call you when I can work you in to the schedule for an interview?"

A lock of hair the color of spun gold danced along her smooth jaw, her smile beaming. "You're not doing anything now, are you? Maybe you could just talk to me right here?"

"No."

"Trouble in paradise?" Her smile dropped a few watts, but didn't disappear altogether.

“Look, Ms. Moore—”

“Falon, please.”

Ford cleared his throat. “Falon. Can I be honest with you?”

“I wouldn’t want anything else, Sheriff.”

He looked away from the hint of the sun-kissed cleavage revealed in the open neckline of the woman’s crisp white blouse. A tiny, pale scar, not much more than a thin line, could be seen just above the hollow of her throat. Her snug blazer did nothing to soften her dramatic curves either, instead seeming to showcase and present her full breasts in all their soft, round glory.

She’s trouble, Ford. Stop thinking with your dick.

“This place,” he continued. “The people here... like their quiet.”

“You’re saying this place is always quiet then? That’s not what I hear.”

“I’m sure you hear all kinds of things, Falon.”

Her smile beamed again at the sound of her first name. She probably thought she had him already, charming him with her beauty — and tits that made his mouth water. She might be right about the beautiful part — but she was sadly mistaken about the rest.

“Why the hostility, Sheriff? I’m just here to get some background. That can’t be too painful, right?”

“I’ve heard that one before. Background becomes in-depth becomes investigative. Then the shit hits the fan. You sure this is the story for you?”

Falon shrugged, hooding her eyes with her hand as she looked down the valley toward the afternoon sun. “I’m not a threat. I’m not here to make your life difficult.” She dropped her hand, and adjusted the strap of her purse, licking her lips nervously. “I... probably shouldn’t say this, but I’m not *actually* a full reporter. Yet.”

“Jesus,” Ford muttered, shaking his head as he kicked a rock, sending it arcing out over the precipice of the viewpoint.

“Not on air, anyway. Just a producer.” Her slim throat worked as she swallowed. “Look, Sheriff. I’m trying to... impress my boss. I need this — something. Can you help me? A harmless producer girl here, asking for a tiny favor?”

Now she *was* charming, though he wasn’t sure she meant to be. Perhaps pity was an alternate tactic taught in J-school? It didn’t matter though. It wasn’t going to work either.

“There’s a very particular... way of life followed up here.” Ford tucked his hands in his back pockets, hoping to convey an ease he didn’t feel. “The people who live in White Valley love it, and they’re protective of it. They’re not particularly keen on strangers rolling in and asking questions about things they’ll never understand.”

“Who says I can’t understand the way of life up here? Try me.”

“I’m not here to try anything, Ms. Moore.” Ford grasped the radio handset at his shoulder, clicking the mic, his gaze still on the pretty blonde. “I’m here to tell you it has to be some other day. Take it or leave it.”

“Take it, of course,” Falon murmured, a frown creasing her lips for a fleeting moment. Reaching into her bag once more, she pulled out a white card, one of the corners creased as if it had spent too long swimming around in the Purgatory at the bottom of her purse. “I’ll be in town for a few days — probably until Friday.”

Thank, Christ.

“I’ve already got your number, Ms. Moore,” he said, holding the card out to her.

“On the back. Room Fifteen, if you decide to change your mind.”

He turned it over. The Redwood. She wasn’t the only stranger in town, though she was by far the least welcome.

The Walk was happening on Saturday, and snooping reporter or not, there was no way he’d be able to convince the Council to cancel it this close to the event. If she was done and gone before then, it would be one less thing for him to worry about.

Even Ford would have a tough time explaining away what she'd be witness to if she stuck around long enough for The Walk.

He keyed his mic again, looking off to his left as he spoke into the handset at his shoulder. "Unit One, returning. Eastbound White Valley." He met Falon's blue-eyed gaze. "Nothing found up here, dispatch."

Chapter 3

Hunter pulled his truck into the steep asphalt driveway at the side of the house. He'd been warned it was a bit of a drive up to Keenan Wingate's place, but with a day as beautiful as this one, he didn't mind. Gave him a chance to think about what in God's name he was doing here.

Might've been a better idea to think about that before you showed up, don't you think?

The house was a modern, low-slung structure, the deep green siding, dark windows and huge conifers that surrounded it lending an air of a place that meant to share space with the wild, while still providing all the comforts of home. It must have cost an arm and a leg to build this far up into the canyon, several miles from the main town, but for a man like Wingate — who was reputed to have more money than God — it obviously wasn't an issue.

The front door, all wrought iron and glass, opened the moment Hunter set foot on the steps leading up to the expansive covered porch. The crisp, pleasant smell of cedar drifted on the wind, the coolness of the shade provided by the towering trees a welcome relief from the unrelenting afternoon sun.

Keenan stepped out onto the porch, mirrored lens sunglasses perched on a strong nose, a shock of black hair streaked with gray waving in the wind. The man was tall, lean, a faded red button down and well-worn blue jeans over scuffed boots making him appear more like a grizzled ranch hand than the uber-successful writer he really was.

"Hunter?" Keenan asked, leaning a shoulder against one of the carved wood posts that flanked either side of the stairway leading up to the porch.

"That's me, Mr. Wingate." He took the steps two at a time, the stairs creaking, taking Keenan's offered hand as he reached the top.

"Mind if we stand out here for a few? I have, uh, a little something to take care of first. Actually, might be good for you to see anyway." Keenan cracked a grin. "See how the natives *really* live."

"No problem. Hard to see how the day could be any more perfect than this."

"We'll see if we can make it even better," Keenan murmured. He adjusted his glasses, lifting his chin toward the access road Hunter had followed that led up to the house from the highway. "She should be along in a minute or two — if she knows what's good for her anyway."

Not sure how to read that, Hunter spun slowly, taking in the impressive view down into the lower part of the canyon, the west side of town just visible, nestled along the banks of the White River.

"We know how to pick a site for a town, don't we?" Keenan said, pride plain in his deep voice.

"You were around when this was built?" Hunter looked at him. "You don't seem nearly old enough, Mr. Wingate."

Keenan chuckled. "Grandfather. One of the founders, actually. Couldn't get my Dad to set foot in the place." Keenan shrugged. "Philosophical reasons. But once I was old enough, Grandpa explained the, uh, way of things. And no matter how much Dad tried to change my mind, I knew exactly where I wanted to live. Someday anyway."

Hunter spotted the car, just as Keenan muttered an "about time" under his breath. The silver BMW followed the twisting access road as it coursed up the hill, the switchbacks slowing its pace to almost a

crawl in places.

“Must be a bitch in the winter,” Hunter said, needing to fill the silence with something other than the sound of the cedar-scented breeze.

“We don’t even bother with cars after November. Snowmobiles work just fine.”

Finally, the car pulled into the driveway, next to Hunter’s truck. A slim woman got out, holding two bags of groceries, her bright auburn hair striking in the sunlight. She turned pale eyes up toward them as she closed the door, her brow charmingly furrowed as the wind caught a lock of her hair, whipping it across her forehead.

Keenan placed a hand on Hunter’s shoulder. “Remember that this is... how we do things. And it’s something we all sign up for. I know Von and Troy have explained to you. Just watch, and listen. We can go over any questions you might have later.”

“Of course,” Hunter said, not really knowing *what* he was agreeing to. His heart had already begun to gallop though, especially as he watched the woman traverse the steps, her tight red short-sleeved top only emphasizing the clear paleness of her skin, the tops of creamy breasts plainly visible in the plunging neckline of the shirt, her jeans so tight, he wondered how she was even able to walk in them. Her heels clacked on the boards as she stepped onto the porch. She looked from Keenan to Hunter.

“This is my wife, Amy,” Keenan said, clapping Hunter on the back. “He’s going to be in White Valley for a few weeks, girl. I asked Von to send him up for a visit.”

Amy’s plump red lips moved soundlessly for a moment, then she smiled, stooping gracefully to set down one of the bags and offering her hand. “Nice to meet you, Hunter.” Her gaze flicked to Keenan for an instant, then her pale blue eyes returned to Hunter. “I’ll be making dinner in a bit. Will you be able to stay?”

Hunter looked to Keenan, who grinned. “I assumed you would.”

“I’d... love to.”

Something isn’t right here, Hunt. Be careful.

“Good!” Keenan’s grin faded so fast, Hunter almost took a step back at the abruptness of the change in the man’s mood. Keenan reached out and tapped a finger on the top edge of the paper bag Amy still held in one arm. “Why don’t you go put those away, and head back to your room?”

Her clear, pale skin lost what little color it had, her eyes going wide. “N-now? What about...?”

Keenan regarded Hunter for a moment. “It’s up to him how much he wants to see.” His gaze fell upon Amy then, a muscle in his jaw twitching. “And it’s up to *you* to decide how red that bottom’s going to be when I get done with it.”

“Sorry...Sir,” Amy murmured as she bent down to scoop up the second bag of groceries. She gave Hunter one last quick glance as she passed by, a warm, shy smile curving her lips for a moment.

The door closed behind her, Hunter trying but failing not to notice the roundness of the woman’s plump backside, the tight jeans lifting and separating each generous cheek.

“You ready for this?” Keenan asked, pushing his glasses down his nose to look at Hunter over the rims, the man’s eyes as dark as his hair. “I wouldn’t blame you if you wanted to peel out of here. A lot to take in, I know.”

Hunter took a deep breath, slipping his hands into his pockets. “What the hell, right? I’m just visiting.”

Keenan clasped Hunter’s shoulder again, turning him back toward the house. “They all tell themselves that — right before they decide to stay for good.”