

The Problematic Princess: The Wedding

By

Abigail Webster

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Chapter One

“Bring Dulcie to me!” the King’s deep voice thundered throughout the great hall and those within the walls wondered if finally the wild and spirited Princess had finally dared too much. There was no denying the King was angrier than ever before and it did not bode well for the Princess.

Only one man dared to stand there with a face of stone, seemingly impervious to the King’s righteous anger. He came from a land where no man was called King and leaders were chosen for their power and strength and wisdom, and for their power to protect. Canton was such a man, and his arrogant stance spoke volumes. No one had overheard the private conversation between the two men, but there was no doubt that Princess Dulcie was somehow involved, and speculation was high as to why the King sent for his youngest daughter.

The quiet in the hall grew deafening as the wait grew longer. After nearly an hour of complete silence Canton dared to speak to the King. “Perhaps ‘twould be quicker were I to fetch the lady myself?”

If the words alone were not enough to shock the court, the Princess’ arrival was even more cause for gasps! She was dressed in a soldier’s garb, and carrying a sword in her hand. Her black hair fell down her back in disarray, and there were smudges of dirt on her chin and her nose. “You have picked an inconvenient time to disturb me, Father! I trust this is important and not more posturing over some perceived insult or misdeed?” she asked caustically.

“I called you to present you to your new husband, Dulcie,” the King said with dignity.

“New husband?” Dulcie repeated, and then laughed. “I see no man here worthy of the title!” Her violet eyes raked over Canton in dismissal.

“Is that the way you would greet your husband, woman?” Canton demanded, more amused than angered by what he considered a childish outburst.

“If Father has mistakenly promised me, be assured I shall be husbandless by nightfall,” she stated, her voice full of insult.

“Your Father has told me you have much spirit and are in need of taming, wife. We shall begin now!” Canton stepped forward and took the sword from her hand with little effort. “It offends me to see my wife dressed as a soldier. Remove your outer clothing at once.”

“Go to hell,” Dulcie told the man and promptly dismissed him in favor of the angry King. “Father, have you finally taken complete leave of your senses? Who is this moron that you would even consider an unthinkable marriage between us?”

“I am Canton, and you are wed to me by the King’s decree, Dulcie. You owe me your obedience, and I will have that obedience here and now. Remove the offensive garb at once!” Canton did not yell, but his words were heard throughout the room, and there was not one person in the hall who thought the headstrong Princess would permit him to order her about. No, Princess Dulcie was the one who gave orders... even to the King!

“Dulcie, I have given you in marriage to Canton of Anopy. You will greet your husband at once and cease your disgraceful behavior.”

“I am not amused, Father, and your joke has gone far enough!” Dulcie turned to leave the hall, her head held high.

“It is you who have gone far enough, Dulcie,” Canton warned seconds before he reached out to grab her shoulder and spin her around. He took out a knife and within seconds the offending masculine garb was lying on the floor, completely destroyed.

Dulcie was not in the least embarrassed to be standing in the hall in her undergarments, but she was furious with the large man for ruining her clothing; clothing she had ordered made especially for her tiny frame! “How dare you!” she hissed angrily. “Guards, arrest this man! I will see him flogged for this outrage!”

“It is you who have need of punishment,” Canton declared, looking at the young woman before him with disbelief in his dark eyes. “When your Father told me you were spirited, undisciplined, and spoiled, I intended to gently tame you in the privacy of our quarters. But, no man who dares to call himself a man could possibly tolerate the insult and contempt you have shown me this day!” He reached for her, but Dulcie quickly moved aside, evading him.

“Father, would you permit this barbarian to put his hands on me?” Dulcie appealed to the King when it became obvious to her that Canton intended to reach for her again.

“Canton is not a barbarian. He is the leader on Anopy, and you are his wife, Dulcie. You have shamed me for the last time. Marriage and exile to another galaxy will spare me any more of your childish tantrums.” The King rose to his feet. “The Princess Dulcie is no longer of this land. Those caught coming to her aid against the wishes of her husband will be severely flogged and cast out.”

“But, Father! You cannot be serious!” Dulcie simply could not believe he was turning his back on her!

“I am serious. You have embarrassed me for the last time, Dulcie. Canton, may the gods have mercy on you.”

“I know how to deal with a wayward miss, King Betarn.” Canton was ready this time when the brunette tried to evade him. He easily caught her, and then knelt on one knee for the sole purpose of dragging her down over his bent leg. “If you act as a child having a tantrum, then you shall pay a child’s price, wife.” He brought his large hand down on the seat of her undergarment. It was of no little amusement to him that the women here wore old-fashioned drawers instead of the lacy garments the women of his galaxy preferred. Still, there was something very sexy about the white bloomers that came just below her knees and were trimmed with lace and ribbon. Perhaps he would insist she continue to wear these garments, he mused, spanking her again.

“You beast! How dare you strike my person!” Dulcie was furious, and worse than the indignity was the fact that he was causing pain! The spanking hurt, and Dulcie was not used to being hurt in any way! “Stop this at once and I may allow you to live!” His answer was to snort with laughter and spank even harder! “Ow!” she cried out, and then bit her lip to keep from doing so again. He had to stop soon, and in the meantime she would give him no satisfaction! She would not beg and she would not cry! And when he did release her, she would have him flogged to death!

Canton could tell the female was fighting him, and he was pleased to know she truly did have spirit. She would need that spirit to survive on Anopy, and marriage to him! Still, there was a limit to how much public abuse he would tolerate. Dulcie needed a sound spanking, and he meant to give her one she would never forget. Her people would never forget it, either, and from glancing at the smirks of satisfaction on some of their faces, the spanking was long overdue. Even the King seemed inordinately pleased. Canton thought that the man had failed miserably in raising his youngest child. If he had done his duty by her, then Canton would not need to publicly chastise her within moments of their first meeting!

Dulcie’s determination not to cry out or beg for mercy was rapidly fading. She never knew a child’s punishment could hurt so much! She kicked and tried to throw herself off his knee, but Canton was simply too strong and easily held her as he continued to apply his hand to her delicate bottom! Tears of outrage and pain filled her eyes, and she finally tired herself to the point of lying quietly and accepting the punishment.

“Do you think you can behave as a proper wife now, Dulcie?” Canton asked meaningfully.

“I do not choose to be married to a barbarian!” Dulcie said, remaining stubborn.

“You were not asked of your wishes, Princess. You are a female and subject to the laws as is every other woman. Your King and Father gave you in marriage, and it is your duty to conduct yourself as a married woman, not act like a child having a tantrum. He reinforced his words with another hard spank. “This spanking will not stop until you apologize for your rude, unacceptable, behavior, and greet me as a wife greets her husband.”

“Never!” Dulcie’s pride refused to capitulate.

“A most unwise decision,” Canton commented. “You will be most sore as we travel to Anopy,” he said, and then spanked in earnest.

Dulcie was shocked, and her reaction was immediate! “Stop! Please, no more! You are killing me! I am sorry! I am sorry!” She sobbed the words.

“Are you really sorry, wife, or merely trying to save your butt?” he asked with a chuckle of amusement. “I will give you a chance. You may make a formal apology now and say the proper words a wife would say to greet her husband.” He picked her up and stood her on her feet, and then rose to tower over her, speaking softly so that his words were for her ears only. “I warn you that the way you are treated when we leave this hall is dependant upon your behavior now; I am more than capable of giving you a battle should you decide one is necessary.”

Dulcie could not help but shiver at his words. Her bottom was scorched from his hand, and not one of her people, not even her Father, came to her aid! She was literally defeated and had no recourse but to swallow her pride for the moment. He might win this battle, but she would win the war. She simply needed to know her opponent much better before she laid him low, and she would lay him low, she promised herself.

Canton was not surprised to see anger simmering beneath the tears of shame and pain in her lovely lavender eyes. Princess Dulcie was full of pride, but she obviously knew when to be prudent. He read her surrender in the way she stood facing him. Her head was not bowed, but neither was she glaring at him arrogantly. “Well? I am waiting!” He challenged her.

Dulcie balled her hands into fists and it was all she could do to keep from attacking him! “I am sorry I behaved rudely. I greet you, husband.”

It was not an elaborate greeting, and certainly not one worthy of his status, but Canton realized it was the only one he was going to get unless he bared her and took a cane to her in front of everyone, and it was best that such punishments were reserved for their private chambers. He gave her what appeared to be a forgiving smile. “Thank you for your greeting, wife. Place your hand in mine and we shall retire to our chambers to discuss our future together.”

If she refused it would be the worst possible insult to the proud man, and Dulcie wanted nothing more than to wipe the arrogance from the man’s face. She heard her Father’s indrawn breath and knew she would also insult her King if she refused Canton now. In spite of her words and her behavior, Dulcie did love her parent. It was for that reason alone she placed her small hand in Canton’s large hand and permitted him to wrap his fingers around hers. She knew his hand was capable of crushing hers, but his touch was surprisingly gentle as he led her from the hall. Dulcie was suddenly aware of her state of

undress, and while her cheeks turned pink with embarrassment, she held her head high and her expression gave all to know that speaking out of turn would earn them nothing but trouble! None were foolish enough to think the King would not punish them for ridiculing his youngest; he might be angry with her, but he would permit no one else to speak ill of her.

“Father, do you think that Leader Canton will refuse us the ore we need when he discovers he has made a poor bargain in Dulcie?” Prince Judd, the King’s eldest son asked quietly.

“He is a proud man; he will not admit he is wrong even if he regrets trading the ore for Dulcie.”

“Do you not care that he punished her in front of everyone?” the younger man persisted.

“I care, but I have been too lenient with your youngest sister. Perhaps Leader Canton can succeed where I have failed. In any event, Dulcie is no longer my problem and we have the ore our people so desperately need.”

“I hope she does not bring us to war with Anopy,” was Judd’s fervent prayer.

Dulcie was vexed when Canton led her through the hallways of the palace and into a wing reserved for important guests. “I will need to go to my own rooms,” she stated. “My clothing is all there.” What she needed was some time alone to inspect the damage to her poor bottom, and to gather a weapon with which to defend herself! Leader Canton needed to pay for humiliating her!

“Your belongings have been packed and brought to our rooms,” he told her, promptly squelching her plans to escape him. “Your Father thought it best to do this when you were in the yard exercising with the soldiers.”

“My Father should have discussed the matter with me,” Dulcie stated firmly. “I am most displeased that he did not inform me of his plans but instead left me to find out in the hall in front of everyone. It was not well done of him.” She felt betrayed.

“I agree, Dulcie. The matter was not handled with the customary sensitivity due a bride. I must accept some of the blame for that. I wish to return to Anopy first thing in the morning, and I encouraged your Father to make his decision today. He proclaimed us married, and ordered your belongings packed and moved, and then sent servants to bring you to us. I was not expecting to see you appear before me in soldier’s clothing.” Canton did not bother to hide his irritation with her.

“I am not conventional, but surely my father warned you of that?” Dulcie smiled sweetly, doing her best to upset Canton. If he denounced their wedding before claiming her as his

bride, it would be as if this horrible event never happened... except for the humbling spanking that seemed as though it would never stop burning and hurting! She really wanted to rub the injured area, but wasn't about to give Canton the satisfaction of knowing she was still in pain.

"King Betarn told me that you are somewhat spirited, and warned me that I would have my hands full in taming you." He smirked. "I am happy with our bargain."

"Bargain? And what did my father get for me in this bargain?" she demanded.

"Ore, of course. It is the one thing your planet needs."

"And you need a wife so desperately you would barter for one?" Her comment was meant to sting his pride just as much as his hand made her bottom sting! She wanted to wound the self-assured man.

"Your tongue is sharp, Dulcie. It would be best if you think before you speak unless you wish to learn that lesson the hard way. You are now my wife and I am the Leader of Anopy. People will judge me based on the things you say and how you behave. I will be quick to amend your behavior if you do not exercise some restraint."

"I am the Princess Dulcie, Leader Canton. I have no need to guard my tongue when in the company of anyone not born to royalty. I have been given in marriage against my will to a man I find beneath my regard. I will not bow down before you or anyone in Anopy. If your people judge you based upon my behavior, then it is because they know no better, and it will be up to you to treat me as I am accustomed to being treated. I have no intention of changing to suit you. I do not believe in marriage, and I will not be a conventional wife. You might as well know now, Leader Canton, that you have made a very poor bargain indeed. My Father has duped you out of your precious ore."

"Your Father admitted that he had despaired of finding a suitable husband for you, Dulcie. He said that no man in this kingdom would even discuss marriage to you, and several men have pleaded with the King not to wed you to them by royal decree. I understand how they must have felt, except you are my wife now and there is no more to be said. You will soon learn to stop behaving as a spoiled princess."

"If you do not like the way I behave, Leader Canton, you may refute the marriage and simply leave."

"If I do not like the way you behave, Princess Dulcie, I will take firm measures to change your behavior to that which is more to my liking."

"I cannot believe that Father would marry me to a barbarian!"

“I am no barbarian, Dulcie, but simply a man who leads. I have respect for the customs and traditions of my people, and I will bring home a wife who will behave as the wife of the Leader of Anopy should behave. You will learn much as we travel to my home.”

“Perhaps I do not wish to learn of your customs and traditions!” Dulcie stubbornly argued, turning up her chin defiantly.

Chapter Two

“What you wish is of no concern,” Canton said firmly, propelling her through the door to the chambers he was assigned. Although Canton was not aware that his suite of rooms was the best the palace had to offer, Dulcie was amazed and a bit shocked when she realized the seldom used quarters were at their disposal. This, more than her Father’s wedding decree, surprised her from the tips of her toes to the ends of her long hair! This suite of rooms was reserved for only those who held equal stature with her Kingly parent! Could it be possible that it was only Leader Canton’s title that was lacking and unassuming, and her new husband was truly the highest of the high when it came to matters of the world?

She looked around the luxurious room and smiled as she looked at her new husband in curiosity. “Would you explain the term ‘Leader’ as it applies to Anopy, Canton?”

If Canton was surprised by her question, he hid it well. “I am the Leader of Anopy, which means all of the countries of the galaxy are under my leadership. They all have elected representatives who act in their best interests, but it is my job to act in the best interests of all. Anopy is rich in ore and most of our wealth comes from the sale of that ore to the world at large. The ore provides jobs for our people to live on and is the basis of our economy and way of life. This land of yours has no ore, but produces much in the way of building resources. We trade often, but lately there have been skirmishes between our lands. Our people do not wish war, nor does your King. We met to discuss the situation and it was agreed that a union such as ours would benefit both countries.”

“You married me to prevent a war?” Dulcie was not impressed.

“I married you because I have seen you before, Dulcie, and was impressed by your beauty. You were too young to approach at that time, but it was obvious you would be a beautiful woman. I am the one who suggested the marriage.” He saw her lavender eyes widen in surprise and smiled. “Your Father argued against the marriage, giving me many reasons why I would not be happy with my choice. He suggested other ladies of your acquaintance, and said they were more biddable.” Canton smiled again and added, “I wanted you, Dulcie, and the taming of you.”

“Then you are a fool! I will bend to no man!” she informed him.

“You already did, in the hall.”

“I lied because you were hur... embarrassing me!” She silently cursed herself for admitting that he actually hurt her!

“I know that, Dulcie.” His words were gentle. “It is perfectly natural. In time you will wish to obey me out of respect, and hopefully someday out of love.”

“I have no wish to be married. I will make your life miserable,” she promised.

“You will certainly try, but I will make your backside just as miserable,” he stated, his words full of determination.

“I have trained as a soldier and I am good with a blade and other weapons.”

“You will not have access to weapons, Dulcie,” he told her matter-of-factly.

Dulcie simply glared at him. She did not intend to discuss the matter further. When the time came, she would deal with him as her enemy. She was not leaving her home, even if her Father turned her out!

“By the defiant expression in your eyes I can see it is time for another lesson, wife,” Canton said softly. “Shall I capture your attention first before asking you to bathe and dress yourself as a lady?”

“I do not choose to bathe!” she declared with a toss of her hair.

“Even though you smell of exertion?” he asked, wrinkling his nose in distaste.

“I will do nothing to make myself pleasing to you!”

Canton slowly smiled as he looked at the defiant woman standing before him. He wondered if she had a clue how beautiful she looked? Her undergarments were those from earlier centuries of Earth’s history, and proclaimed that Earthlings were the ones who settled this galaxy centuries before, bringing some of their old traditions with them. The soft fabric was trimmed in ribbon and lace and clung to her body in all the right places. She had lovely, full breasts, and her nipples were puckered from the chill in the room and stood proudly, begging for attention. Her bottom was rounded and perfect for spanking. Her hair fell in curls around her shoulders and almost to her tiny waist. Her hands and feet were small and delicate, and it was difficult to imagine someone so feminine and petite handling a soldier’s sword. Dulcie didn’t smell as bad as he stated earlier, but if she did not remove herself from his sight, he was not going to be able to wait until the darkness was upon them to make her his wife in more than name. Still, such defiance had no place in their marriage and it was best little Dulcie learn that lesson right now.

Dulcie could not help but watch helplessly as Canton locked the door to the suite. No one on either side would be able to open the door unless they used the emergency override, and since it was this particular suite of rooms, only the King or Prince Judd had the authority to do so. She was trapped!

Canton crossed the room to where Dulcie was standing and watching him warily, and took her arm and led her into the bedroom, and sat her on the bed. "You will sit here until I tell you otherwise."

The huge bed dominated the room, and Dulcie swallowed hard. Canton had every right to her body, but she was not ready. She knew she would die if he forced her, and she knew that she would fight if he attempted to have his way with her! "Please, do not, Canton! I am not ready to be a wife!" Her every instinct told her to run, but the locked door in the other room assured she wouldn't get very far!

"I have no intention of raping you, Dulcie. I am not the barbarian you keep calling me."

"Then why are we in this room?" she demanded, her fear making her nauseous.

"Because you are in need of a lesson in obedience," he answered, opening a drawer and removing a cane. It was short, and not very thick. It was good for giving a sound spanking with very little effort, and he had a feeling that Dulcie would be willing to take her bath and change into feminine clothing once her bottom was properly weltd. "You may rise now, and lower your undergarment to your knees and bend over the bed, Dulcie."

"No!" she exclaimed in horror as she saw the cane. "No! I will not permit you to beat me again!"

"I am your husband, Dulcie. You need to learn that when you are told to do something, I expect obedience and not defiance. You refused to bathe, and now I will give you a reason to bathe. Stand and lower your drawers to your knees."

"I will bathe instead," she offered.

"You will most assuredly bathe, but not until you have paid the price for your defiance. I will give you one last opportunity to make this lesson less painful by doing as you were told. Refuse again, and I will prepare you for your punishment myself."

"But, you have already punished me. You honestly cannot mean to do so again so soon!" Dulcie was horrified at the idea of having more pain inflicted on her sore bottom. "I have said I will do as you asked and bathe myself!"

"You will receive a lesson first," he said softly, and before Dulcie had time to react, he was at her side, pulling her to her feet. Even though she struggled, he had no difficulty in pulling the undergarment down to her knees. He then pushed her face-down on the bed while he knelt on one knee beside her, balancing himself with one foot on the floor. His left hand held her down when she tried to get up. "Lie still, Dulcie. Your defiance earned this lesson, and you shall have it."

Dulcie was helpless to prevent Leader Canton from punishing her again, and she felt the first stinging blow to her vulnerable backside. The sting was sharp and then a line of fire raced across the wounded area. A second stroke landed beneath the first, and then a third before she could gather her breath to cry out in protest at the pain! “No! No more!” she yelled, trying to scramble away.

Canton easily held her and gave her several more strokes of the cane. He had to admit that he was surprised by her reaction to the mild spanking. Yes, there were lines appearing on her skin, but he was in no way giving her his full power! She was acting the baby by carrying on so much!

“Please, stop! I beg you, Canton. I cannot bear this!” Dulcie pleaded with him. “I am sorry for refusing to do as you asked! No more!”

Her actions were those of a thoroughly caned woman, not one who has been mildly spanked. However, Canton chose to stop. He could always apply his cane to her bottom again if her tongue turned sharp. “Will you now bathe and dress properly?” he asked in a firm tone of voice.

“Yes, Canton!” Dulcie agreed. Anything to stop the horrible torment of her backside! How could her Father give her to a man who believed in corporal punishment! It was beyond cruel!

“I am not sure that you are not play-acting,” Canton declared, releasing her. “If I need to punish you again this day, you will not find me so agreeable.”

“Agreeable! You have beaten me like the lowest of servants, and subjected me to pain and indignity. There is nothing agreeable about you, Leader Canton. My Father has made a terrible mistake in decreeing this marriage!”

“And you lie here and insult your husband? Are you so foolish?” Canton asked, his eyes flashing. “I thought to be gentle with you, but Princess Dulcie, you are in need of a sharp lesson. The men of this land must all be cowards to tolerate your attitude.”

“They are not barbarians!” She flung the words at him, and then jumped from the bed before he could grab her again. She tossed her curls and declared, “I will now bathe since I promised to do so. I trust you have had clothing placed for me in the bathing chamber?”

“There is plenty of clothing in the closets for you to choose from, but before you bathe, we will address your attitude and your sharp tongue. He rose from the bed to approach her and was almost amused when her green eyes grew wide and she backed away from him. There was only so far she could go.

Dulcie suddenly felt helpless when she heard the click proclaiming the doors of the bedchamber were now locked. She had no where to run but into the bathing room, and

she did just that. However, Canton anticipated such a move and he was right behind her, easily preventing her from locking the room as she planned to do. “I would have privacy for my bath!”

Canton knew that Dulcie was every inch the Princess as she attempted to rule him, but he was a Leader, and no one ruled him... least of all a pretty little female. “Princess, I will give you privacy to bathe,” he said quietly, and then smiled when she visibly relaxed. “After I give you a lesson in the proper way to speak to one’s husband.”

“No! Can you not understand that I have had no time to adjust to this impossible situation? I insist you leave me now.”

“I insist you come here,” Canton said softly. He gave her his back as he opened a storage unit in the bathing chamber and removed a bag meant to contain his toiletries. He took out a small vial containing a red liquid, and a small jar of ointment, and placed them on the counter surrounding the sink. “Dulcie, I am already tired of your sharp tongue; what follows now is a lesson in controlling your speech and addressing me befitting my position as your husband. Come and open your mouth and stick out your tongue.”

“What do you mean to do?” Dulcie asked as he opened the small vial. There was a dropper in the lid, and he squeezed out all but just a drop or two of the liquid.

“I mean to lesson you and remind you it is best to hold your tongue and speak kindly from now on. Do as I say, Dulcie, or do I need to take you over my knee again to assure your cooperation?”

Dulcie cringed. Her poor bottom was much too sore to contemplate another spanking. The liquid looked like water, and why would Leader Canton go to the trouble of taking her to wife if he meant to poison her? She watched the impatience grow in his eyes, and knew that another spanking would be most unpleasant. Bravely, she stepped forward. His raised eyebrow reminded her there was a second part of obedience demanded from her. Reluctantly, she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue.

Canton placed one drop of the liquid on his wife’s tongue and then quickly replaced the cap, waiting for her reaction. It did not take long before Dulcie’s eyes widened in shock, and then in horror as the burning sensation grew unbelievably fast. As he expected she would, she grabbed a glass from the counter and filled it with water and tried to rinse the horrible burn from her mouth. Water only intensified the burn and spread it around. “This is not a pleasant punishment, is it?” He slapped her backside hard and then said firmly, “Place your hands on the counter and look into the mirror. You will stand here and realize that your suffering is a result of the stinging words you threw at your husband, Dulcie.” Tears were running from her eyes now and her feet were dancing in place as her mouth and tongue burned like fire. “The worst will subside in a couple of minutes now. You intensified the punishment by using water. Two or three drops mixed with water is the standard punishment for lying on Anopy, along with a caning. What you receive now

is a mild punishment, usually reserved for children who are disrespectful and need a reminder that it is better to speak carefully.”

Princess Dulcie closed her eyes against the pain, but Canton gave her another hard spank. “Look at yourself in the mirror, Dulcie. Do you wish to endure this punishment a second time because you didn’t fully accept it the first?” She shook her head no, still unable to speak. The burning was terrible, and her tongue felt as though it had a hole in it! The water she instinctively grabbed made the sting unbearable, and even worse was having to stand here and watch herself suffer! No one in her lands would dare use her so abominably! She was a Princess and she would bow before no man!

Leader Canton saw the fire return to her eyes and realized the worst of the small punishment was over. The memory of it would remain with her forever, and the next time he took out the small vial, she would endure the punishment of knowing what to expect. He placed it in his bag, and then put his bag in the storage compartment, leaving the jar of ointment lying on the counter. “You will have privacy to bathe now, Princess.”

Dulcie looked at the jar and then at him. Canton smiled. “You will discover what is in the jar after you bathe and dress, Dulcie. I will leave you to contemplation.”

Princess Dulcie put her hands over her face and wept silently. Never had anyone treated her with so much disrespect for her station in life. Clearly Leader Canton was not impressed that she was the daughter of a most powerful King. He had spanked her, which was unforgivable, and then put that horrible burning liquid on her tongue! The burning was gone now, but the shock of it was not. She felt as though she wanted to brush her teeth and rinse her mouth, but she was afraid of reawakening the burning sensation if she did. She stuck out her tongue and was relieved to see there was no evidence of burns. Somehow she would see Canton repaid in kind for his cruelty to her.

Dulcie pressed a button after setting the controls, and the large tub filled with scented water. She then made sure the door was locked to insure her privacy and keep Canton out of the room so she could enjoy soaking in the warm water. She leaned back and imagined she could feel the warmth of the water taking away all of the soreness and pain from her bottom. Her face turned scarlet as she recalled the callous way Canton treated her in the hall! Spanking her in front of her Father and King, her brother, Prince Judd, and so many others! By now the news of her submission had reached the corners of the kingdom and made her humiliation complete! It was almost too much to bear. Dulcie considered plan after plan to avenge herself upon the arrogant man, but either they were so horrible she knew she could not go through with them, or they weren’t painful enough!

“Dulcie, you have been in there for an hour now. It is time you join me for our wedding dinner. I expect you in the dining room in fifteen minutes time. Do not be late... and bring the jar of ointment with you...”

Chapter Three

Dulcie's green eyes flew to the small jar of ointment on the counter beside the sink and she cringed. What other painful torture did Leader Canton have in mind for her? She could not believe she had forgotten the small jar while she was bathing in the large tub, but she had, and she did not relish the thought of meekly carrying the jar to Canton and permitting him to punish her in another way. Still, she had no doubt that if she was not standing before him in fifteen minutes, he would come for her, probably with his cane in his hand. She did not desire another punishment.

Dulcie dressed in appropriate clothing, and pulled her hair back with combs. She knew she looked her best when she carefully picked up the ointment and carried it from the bathing chamber after releasing the lock she set. Leader Canton was not waiting in the bedroom, so she walked into the public living quarters to find him. He was already seated at the dining table and rose to his feet when she came toward him.

"You look lovely, Princess Dulcie," he said, his deep voice reflecting his pleasure.

"Thank you," she automatically replied.

"Would you please place the jar on the table beside my plate," he said firmly, his dark eyes studying her to see what she would do.

Dulcie knew she had no choice; she simply could not bear another session with the cane on her very tender bottom. She put the jar where he said, her hand trembling.

"Thank you," he said, pleased by her acquiescence. "Now you may pull up your skirts and lower your undergarment and I will apply the cream to your lovely bottom."

Dulcie closed her eyes in dread. What torture did he have planned for her now? She really did not want to obey him, but she was locked inside this suite and no one would help her. Her father made that very clear, which left her no options since all of her weapons were back in her old chambers. Doing her best not to cry, Dulcie raised her skirts and nervously untied her drawers and let them drop to her knees. Leader Canton had already seen her bare, and being modest at this point would prove nothing! Once she was bared, Canton reached for her and gently pulled her across his lap.

"Your skin must be very sensitive, Dulcie. You are wearing stripes across your very red bottom." The women of Anopy were not so tender. He must remember that when issuing punishments as he had no wish to cause her harm.

She heard him pick up the jar, open it, and even though she was afraid, Dulcie had to admit that his hand was gentle when he touched her. It took her a few moments to realize that whatever was in the jar was soothing and taking away her pain! She was too amazed to say anything at all!

“Is that better now, Princess Dulcie?” Leader Canton asked in suppressed amusement.

“Yes, it is,” she admitted. “Thank you, Leader Canton,” she said formally, remembering to be polite, even though she was still upset with him for coming here and disrupting her life. However, he was being kind to her and deserved the courtesy of an acknowledgment.

Canton helped her to her feet. “You may adjust your clothing and then sit down to enjoy our wedding feast.”

Dulcie was only too happy to fix her clothing and to her absolute surprise, her bottom that was so sore and painful only moments before now felt much better. Oh, she was still a bit tender, but nothing like before. She was amazed at his thoughtful kindness, and that fact must have shown on her face.

“You seem surprised that I would relieve your pain, little Princess...?”

“I am.” She did not lie for any reason. “Why would you go to the bother of punishing me if you meant to take it all away?” No one relieved a punishment in her father’s kingdom.

“You deserved the spankings you received, but I am not completely without sympathy to how upset you must have been to learn you were wed without your knowledge to a man you do not know. I tested your obedience. If you had failed to bring me the jar after being told to do so, then you would have received another spanking and then you would have been seated on a very sore bottom to eat your meal. Since you obeyed me like a good wife should, I rewarded you this one time. However, I feel I should warn you that relieving a spanking after given is not the normal way of my people. If you earn another punishment anytime soon, I promise you shall wear it until it disappears in due time.” When she looked at him as if he was the lowest of worms, he forced a smile upon his face and said, “Let us speak of pleasant things now and get to know each other. I would much rather see a smile on your face than a scowl.”

“I am not sure I can smile, Leader Canton. I feel betrayed at the moment.”

“By your father?” he asked mildly.

“Yes, and by my brother, and my people. It hurts to know that my own father considers me expendable.”

“That was his embarrassment and pride talking, little Princess. He treasures you,” Canton said with a reassuring smile. “And, we will visit often so that you may see your loved ones. Your family will also be welcomed as honored guests on Anopy; of this I give you my word.”

“I know very little of your lands,” Dulcie confessed.

“Life is not easy there for those who must work hard in order to survive. Retrieving the ore is hard work for a man, and living on the mine acreage is not easy for a woman. They both earn the wages they work for. We use the ore to buy food from other galaxies, and other necessities and luxuries. We will get building materials for homes from here, and it will vastly improve living conditions for my people.”

“What will my role as your wife be?” she wanted to know.

“At first it will be to get to know my family and our customs. Then it will be the tasks I assign you. Most of all, your role will be that of my wife and mother to our children.”

“Children? I do not wish to have children,” she stated with conviction.

“What? You are a woman. All women want to have children.”

“Not this woman!” She was emphatic. “I am a warrior and warriors cannot fight if their belly is swollen with a babe or if one is nursing at her breast. I refuse to be a mother. I do not know what a mother does, but I do not want to do it.”

“You will change your mind, Princess Dulcie.”

“No, Leader Canton, I will not change my mind. I do not wish a child and that is final.”

“Dulcie, do you wish another spanking so soon?” he demanded.

“You cannot punish me for being honest with you, Leader Canton.” She rose from her seat. “I have no appetite, and I wish to retire... alone. You said you would not rape me, and that is what it would be if you try to consummate our marriage this night. Excuse me.” She turned to march from the room, but went only a few steps before a large hand clamped around her shoulder, spinning her around.

“You need a sound spanking, little girl. Perhaps you are not aware, but it is rude to rise before your husband, and since your husband is Leader of Anopy, you *NEVER* rise without first asking his permission and waiting for him to dismiss you. If you make this mistake on Anopy, you will be harshly condemned and I will punish you publicly.” Her lavender eyes widened in shock.

“You are not King!” she declared.

“No, I am Leader,” he corrected. “We earn our title and are not born to it as your father and you were. Now come with me. You will learn this lesson well and truly!”

“No! It is not fair to punish me for something I did not know!” she argued.

“Perhaps not, but it is fair to punish you for your rudeness and your condescending attitude.” He took her arm and propelled her into the bedroom and over to the bed. He sat down and quickly hauled her over his lap. Up went the skirt of her dress and down came her underclothing.

“Please do not do this again today! I am sorry I was rude. I am not myself!” she pleaded.

“I believe that you are yourself, Princess. I think I am beginning to see why your father said you are such a problem. I asked for the taming of you, and I will see the job to its end. You will quickly learn that I do not tolerate insulting behavior from my wife.”

Dulcie cried out in pain when his hand landed on her bottom once again. She hated being spanked! Canton did not care that she hated the spanking, he continued to impart the lesson he meant to teach her, and to her absolute horror, she heard the drawer beside the bed open and she knew he had the cane in his hand. She heard it swish through the air and then she felt its bite across the crease between her bottom cheeks and her thighs. She let out a yell, but that did not discourage Canton, either. He dealt her a thorough spanking with the small cane, and when he finally released Dulcie, she was sobbing loudly.

“You may prepare yourself for bed, wife, but make no mistake about it, I will be joining you, and we will consummate our marriage this night. What’s more, there will be no rape involved. Now, get up and do as I say, or I will assume you wish another session with my cane.”

“I did not wish for that one!” Dulcie told him, pouting for all she was worth. She ran to the bathing room, and once inside, she locked the door, and then fell to the soft mat beside the bathing tub and sobbed. How could her father give her to such a cruel and heartless man? She cried and cried until the initial pain of the punishment left her. She heard Canton try the door a couple of times, but she did not answer him, nor did she open the door. She had no wish to face him. She decided she would stay in the bathing chamber until Canton was forced to call her father, and then she would tell her father about what she had endured at Canton’s hands. Surely he would deal with the man as he deserved then.

“Open this door, Dulcie,” she heard Canton speak from the other side.

“No, I will never open the door. You have punished me for the last time and there is no way I will be your wife. I hate and despise you, Leader Canton. Go and get my father and tell him I need his assistance. Ask him to bring Kornacel with him as I am gravely injured.”

“You are not injured, Dulcie, and you are behaving like a spoiled child. Come out so we may discuss this as two adults.”

“No, you will only find another excuse to cane me!”

“I did not cane you, little girl. I used a little cane to spank your bottom. I only tapped you.”

“You injured me and I need Kornacel to come and give me aid.”

“Dulcie, I am trying very hard to be patient. Open this door, and if you need aid, I will send for this Kornacel person.”

“I do not trust you.”

Canton cursed himself for taking out the cane. While a lesson was necessary, he should have been more patient. Princess Dulcie was completely undisciplined and he'd expected too much too soon, and now she feared him. “I give you my word as Leader of Anopy that I will not harm you. Come out and let me assist you. If need be, I will call for your father and your healer.” She did not answer and he waited, giving her time to make up her mind. Finally, he heard the door lock slide open. He gently pushed the door open and felt like a criminal when he saw her face. Her lavender eyes surveyed him warily, terrified he would grab for her. “I will not harm you, Dulcie. Turn around and let me see how badly you are marked.” He knew she would not have a single bruise, and only a welt or two that would fade by morning.

“I wish for Kornacel to examine me,” she said with as much dignity as possible.

“No, Dulcie. I will be the one to decide whether or not you need aid, and if aid is warranted, then I will administer it, or call for your healer. Now, show me that you have learned to obey and show me your injury.”

He was mocking her and Dulcie wanted to kick him for doing so. Her backside hurt more than she thought it possible to hurt and at the moment she wanted nothing more than to prove to him that she was suffering beyond her endurance. She turned her back to him and raised her skirts. Her drawers and shoes were lying on the bed chamber floor where she kicked them. “See!”

“I see a thoroughly spanked bottom,” Canton said calmly. “You have a few welts from the cane, but nothing that has caused injury or that will not heal within a day or two at most. By morning the spanking will be a memory unless you forget to sit gingerly.

“I have lines from the cane!” she argued.

“Yes, you have a few welts, but those are to be expected, and endured as your reminder to obey and keep a respectful tone. Do you think you will remember to ask permission to rise and leave the table the next time we dine?”

He saw the anger in her eyes and knew she wanted to tell him to go to Hell, but she restrained and simply nodded her head in agreement. “Good. In spite of how it seems, little Princess, I do not enjoy spanking you every few moments. It will please me when we get through this initial testing phase and settle into marriage. Are you sure you are not hungry?” he asked, thinking of all the good food on the table that neither of them had a chance to enjoy.

“I am hungry but I cannot sit,” Dulcie admitted.

“I am hungry, too,” Canton told her with a smile. “While you change into a nightgown, I will go and prepare a tray from the table and we will lie on the bed and enjoy our meal. I will not ask you to sit right now since I know you are in more pain than you are accustomed to feeling. I regret taking out the cane, Dulcie. I did not intend to make you fear me, and I will use only my hand for the next day or two while we get acquainted.”

“You are planning to keep on punishing me?” she asked in dismay, her lavender eyes reflecting her horror.

“That is solely up to you, Dulcie. As long as you are respectful and obey, there will be no spanking. I will only punish you when you earn punishment.”

“I do not intend to earn punishment,” she told him, her eyes snapping with temper.

“Then I suggest you stop looking at me with temper in your pretty eyes, little girl,” he warned, his own dark eyes telling her he was perfectly serious. “Your problem, Dulcie, is that you have been pampered and spoiled. I will only pamper and spoil you when you behave well.” When she made no response, he smiled and said, “Get comfortable, Dulcie, and I will fix a picnic to enjoy in bed.”

When he left the bed chamber, she exhaled the breath she was holding. Her bottom was hurting less now that the initial spanking was wearing off, but it still smarted. Dulcie did not wish to change into a nightgown, especially when she opened the wardrobe and found the one she was expected to wear. It was lovely and befitting a Princess who was also a new bride! The fabric was soft and would cling to her curves. There were real diamonds sewn by hand to the lace trimming the bodice and neckline and cuffs. Dulcie did not wish to put it on her body, but she really had no choice. She did not wish another spanking for disobeying or defying Canton. Still, how could her father put her in this position. He had to know that Canton would insist on exercising his rights as her husband. Dulcie was sure her father thought her experienced, but she was not. She had never met a man who made her feel as though she was ready to lose her virginity. And now it would be taken... Whether or not she was willing. A tear rolled down her cheek as she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She looked like a sacrificial lamb.

She walked out into the bedchamber again and decided she would simply lie on her stomach on top of the bed. She could not sit, even on a soft bed, right now. Hopefully, if Canton thought her truly miserable from the spanking, he would leave her alone tonight. That would give her the opportunity to escape him the next day, and she would, she vowed.

Canton carried a large, heavy tray into the bedroom and carefully placed it on the bed. He removed most of his clothing and then joined her, lying on his stomach on the other side of the tray. "This food looks lovely, but not nearly as lovely as you, Princess Dulcie."

Chapter Four

Princess Dulcie pretended she didn't hear the compliment that Leader Canton gave her. The words made her feel warm inside, but she wasn't going to allow Canton to sweet talk her. He was a man and he was a big bully who believed in spanking and using corporal punishment to control females. He'd admitted as such, and his actions and her burning bottom were proof of that. Dulcie could not live with a man who believed in spanking. It was simply unthinkable for a Princess to be treated in such a rough manner!

"I expect you to have some of this food now, Dulcie. We have a very long trip to Anopy tomorrow and the food aboard the Traveler is meant to nourish, not please the palate. Everything prepared for our wedding feast looks and smells tempting. Is it customary to have so many choices for a meal?" he asked in a curious tone of voice.

"My father could, of course, command meals of this sort on any given day, but he usually reserves the bigger meals for guests. We dine well, and our cooks do strive to please all of us, but father remains frugal and insists there be no waste. I agree with him," she stated, looking at Canton meaningfully. "When there is a feast, the food that is not eaten is shared with the poor. We feel it is a sin to waste food when others scramble for food."

"I applaud your king for his wisdom. I am also pleased that my wife shares her father's views. My people will approve of this," he said with a smile. He filled a plate as he spoke and then handed it to her. "Please eat now, Dulcie. I know you are nervous in my company, and I know that I should have shown more patience. I promise you shall only experience pleasure the rest of this night. It is my wish to show you that I can be gentle and patient."

"What if I do not wish to consummate our marriage this night?" she asked, her voice sounding fearful even to her own ears. A warrior should not sound fearful, nor should she be afraid to speak her mind. She squared her slender shoulders, trying to fool him into fearing her!

"Dulcie, you know that I cannot take you with me until our marriage is consummated. To not make love this night would be an insult to both our peoples, and to your king who commanded it. I will do all I can to make this night one of pleasure and I will address your fears with tenderness and patience. I find you a beautiful woman and I desire you as a man desires a woman. I have felt this way for some time now, and waiting for you to reach a marriageable age has been difficult."

"Are you trying to tell me that you have practiced celibacy since deciding you wished to marry with me?" she asked in disbelief. The men she knew certainly did not live a celibate life, even if they were betrothed and pledged to be married. Until they actually

spoke their vows, both parties were free to bed with anyone they pleased. Most women were more selective in their partners, but men were men, and would lie with any female who would have them!

“On Anopy a man does not lie with a woman when another owns his heart. I have waited for you, Dulcie,” he answered with quiet dignity. “I would ask now if there has been another?”

Dulcie felt her face flood with color. “That question is inappropriate!” she declared, thoroughly embarrassed. Most women her age had had several partners by this time, but not her. She was very picky.

“I am now your husband and I would have the truth, please. What occurred before our marriage is in the past. I will not hold you in judgment.”

Dulcie took a sip of her wine to stall for time. The dark eyes looking at her demanded honesty. “There has been no one,” she finally admitted, prepared to face his ridicule. To her surprise, his gaze softened and he smiled in pleasure.

“I will be gentle with you this first time,” he said softly. “There is no need to fear what will happen between us.”

“That is easy for you to say!” She was not ready and would not allow him to touch her intimately, no matter what he said!

“Have you been told many fearful stories?” he asked knowingly, remembering his sister’s fear upon her marriage day. “Most of them are untrue, just tales of maidens exaggerating to frighten others. The ones that are true... The husband was clumsy and awkward and either selfish to have his own pleasure, or too inexperienced to realize a woman needs a lot of reassurance and tenderness. I am neither of those, Dulcie.”

She did not answer for there was nothing she could say that would not embarrass her, or bring shame to her father. She drank more of the wine, hoping to deaden her senses. When she reached for the bottle to refill her glass, Leader Canton picked it up and put it out of her reach.

“No more wine until you eat what is on your plate, little Princess. I do not wish you to pass out.”

She gave him a dirty look, but was careful not to say anything he could term disrespectful. She did not want another spanking anytime soon. Her bottom was still stinging and reminding her that she needed to mind her manners. She forced herself to eat some of the food while Leader Canton continued to make conversation. She answered him, but was so nervous she knew she would never be able to tell anyone what they discussed. He did fill her wineglass again, and she quickly gulped the liquid, praying she would fall asleep before the horror of facing her wedding night.

“You have had enough to drink, little Princess,” Canton said as he took the glass from her trembling fingers. He got to his feet and removed the tray into the dining room. When he returned Dulcie was nearly asleep. He smiled, and then lie down beside her. His touch was gentle, and Dulcie was relaxed. “You are beautiful, Dulcie, and I have waited to make you my bride for a very long time.”

“But you don’t know me,” she reminded him.

“We will come to know each other much better before morning,” he promised, and then kissed her lips tentatively. To his amazement, she kissed him back. Canton prided himself on not being foolish. He was not about to rush headlong into making her his, but instead, his plan was to woo her. He would not use force on the woman he wanted to make his for so long. She deserved the very best of him, and he wanted her to ask him to make her his own sweet wife. A marriage bed was no place for force or for selfishness.

Dulcie knew that she would have been able to fight Canton’s advances if he was impatient or rough with her, but he was so gentle, and his touch reassured her and relaxed her. His kisses were like a sweet wine, and she craved more of the intoxicating flavor of his lips. She was truly shocked when she moved closer and her hand went around his neck to urge him to kiss her a bit harder. It felt good to press her upper body against his bare chest. Her nipples hardened as the kisses deepened, and as his tongue gently caressed her lips. It was not long before she wished the barrier of her nightgown did not exist, but she was much too shy to remove it herself, and she knew she would die of embarrassment before asking him to pull it from her body.

Canton was struggling to keep from rushing Dulcie. His body was more than ready to seek hers, but her body was not ready to receive him. He knew that many men made the mistake of rushing headlong into satisfying their own need, and he knew that many women suffered a painful, and shocking initiation into the pleasures of lovemaking. He vowed not to make that mistake with his bride, and he stopped kissing the pretty Dulcie and smiled at her. “You taste lovely,” he murmured, breathing deeply, and purposely trying to quell his need.

“If I taste so lovely, then why have you stopped kissing me?” she asked, and it was obvious she was pouting.

“I have stopped because I am a man, and a man’s body aches for release much too quickly. I will not rush you, Dulcie. What I would like, if you are ready, is to remove your gown so that I may look upon you as your husband. Your gown is very nice and you show it off well, but I would like to touch your soft skin and feel your nipples harden against my chest. Does that frighten you?” he asked, his voice gentle and persuasive.

Dulcie knew she was blushing, but she told the truth, her voice nothing but a whisper. “I wish for that, too.”

"Your wish is my command," he replied, his voice light and teasing as he grabbed the hem of her pretty gown and gently pulled it over her head, leaving her completely bare. His dark eyes feasted on her, and he hoarsely stated, "You are even more beautiful than in my dreams, lovely princess. I am smitten!" Her body suited her, he decided. Her breasts were large for such a small woman, and her nipples were hardened into little pebbles just begging for his attention. He did not want to startle her by simply grabbing her, and he waited for her reaction to his obvious desire to touch her.

Dulcie smiled. It was obvious to her that he was telling the truth. She felt her body relax in the face of his approval. It was the first time a man had seen her nude, and the fears she had harbored for the last years were swept away in just a few moments. Canton liked what he saw and the pleasure in his dark eyes could not be faked. Dulcie was proud of herself and amazed that she held such power over the handsome Leader. "I am happy you find me beautiful. No other has said that to me."

"Then they were blind," he said quietly, and then he kissed her passionately. Canton was powerless to resist the urge to touch Dulcie's breasts and her answering moan assured him that she was eager for his caress. He was gentle as he touched first one breast and then the other. When he lowered his mouth to gently take her nipple inside his lips, she moaned and arched her body, begging for more. His tongue tormented her nipples, and he grew even harder and wondered if she was aware of how much he wanted her.

Canton feasted on her breasts for a long time and Dulcie felt the pressure pain/pleasure building between her legs, and she knew she was soaking wet down there. It was embarrassing, but she needed his touch on her sex. She could not bring herself to ask, to beg, but she writhed, arching her body even more. She was not shocked to feel that he was hard, and she wished he was as bare as she. The need within her was growing and growing, and was painful in its intensity.

Canton felt as though he was going to explode and lose his seed like an inexperienced boy! He never dreamed that Dulcie would respond so fully to his touch, and he had to remind himself not to blow it at this point. His hand stroked her, moving lower and lower, teasing, but not touching her most private of places. He did not wish to frighten her by rushing, but he truly needed her. Finally, almost desperately, he touched the little nubbin and Dulcie cried out.

"Please, Canton! I cannot bear this longer! I want..."

"You want what?" he asked softly.

"I want you to take off your pants so I can see and touch you!" she breathed the words. "Please! I need more of you..." Dulcie was shocked by her own words. It did not sound like her at all. It sounded like a sexy woman speaking to her lover...!

Canton quickly shed his pants, and his manhood stood proudly, wanting to be noticed. He saw Dulcie's lavender eyes widen in shock and surprise, but then she reached out and touched him. "You are hard and so soft at the same time!" she said, amazed.

"If you keep touching me I am going to cum all over your hands. I would rather do that inside your willing body." He repositioned himself so he could pleasure her sex with his fingers, and she was soon writhing beneath him, moaning.

"Please, Canton, I am ready now," she whispered, squirming uncontrollably as he gently stroked her.

"Let me see if you are wet enough, little one." He was gentle as he inserted a finger. "You are soaking wet," he reassured her. "Tell me if I need to slow down," he ordered as he knelt between her legs and raised them to his shoulders so he could enter her. He placed the head of his cock between her swollen lips and slowly pushed inside her warm passage.

Dulcie was eager to have him within her body, but she was surprised to feel stretched wide as he slowly entered her virginal body. The sensation was not painful, but it was different. She cried out when he pushed against the membrane protecting her innocence. He immediately stopped pushing.

"There will be a little pain when I push through, my sweet. This is normal and will only happen this one time. Are you ready?" he asked, praying she said 'yes'. He was aching with need and it was difficult to hold himself completely still.

"Yes, please. I need you," she pleaded with him to simply take her. There was a sharp pain and Dulcie cried out, shocked by how much it hurt. Her body tensed at the invasion, and any pleasure she might have felt before was suddenly gone. Her private area burned and she felt ripped in two, and she wanted him out of her immediately. Dulcie pushed against him, crying. "Stop!"

"Calm down, little one. The worst is over now. Try to relax your muscles," he spoke in soothing tones, and he gently nibbled kisses on her face and ears and his hand gently touched her aching nipples. He finally felt her vaginal muscles relax.

Dulcie was stunned when all of the pleasure she had experienced earlier returned in full force. She stopped wishing for him to withdraw, and finally decided that having him inside her felt 'right'. Canton's kisses were deeper now and Dulcie responded, moving against him in a rhythm that felt completely normal.

Canton wanted to smile. His patience was being rewarded and sweet Dulcie was moving beneath him, wanting more. He moved with her, taking his time, making his thrusts gentle, mindful that this was her first time. He was not a small man, and her body was tight and small, and he was positive she would be sore for a day or two after this first time.

Dulcie felt the pleasure building within her and finally there was a small explosion of intense spasms that took her breath away and she cried out at the suddenness and surprise of the phenomenon! A few seconds later Canton cried out, too, and she felt him stiffen as he reached his climax. She did not know what to expect after he withdrew from her, but Canton pulled her close and simply held her for a long time until their breathing returned to normal. He finally looked at her and said, "Do not be embarrassed, sweet princess. What we shared was truly special. I treasure you and will cherish you for all of our years. Thank you for giving yourself completely. It was much more than I dared hope for."

Dulcie did not know what to say. Her emotions were whirling and warring with each other. Part of her hated the fact she had given in to him without a struggle, and the other part of her was reveling in the new experience of making love. She finally found words to express her thoughts. "I was sure I did not want this, but you made it easy for me with your patience and care. A lesser man would have hurt me and left me in emotional pain for the rest of my life. I am grateful for your care, Leader Canton."

"I hope you will not find marriage to me something to abhor, Princess Dulcie."

"I am me, Leader Canton. I will not make a good wife because I consider myself a warrior. You would already be dead if I had access to my weapons," she freely admitted.

"Only men are warriors on Anopy, wife," he said firmly. "I think it best we sleep now. We will leave early tomorrow."

"I do not wish to leave my home," she stated clearly and loudly, only to have him flip her over on her stomach and give her ten very hard spansks on her still burning backside. She bit her tongue to keep from crying out, wondering how he could be so gentle with his touch just a few moments ago, and then punish her with that same hand!

"You are my wife and you will obey me, Dulcie. Now go to sleep before I decide you need another hard spanking with my cane." He was baffled how she could give herself so freely one moment and then defy him with such arrogance in the next. Dulcie's pride needed a good lesson, and he would make sure to start out the next day with a good reminder of who was Leader and husband. She was a woman and she would learn to behave like a wife should behave.

Chapter Five

Dulcie was shocked when she woke in the morning to find herself in bed with another person. She was even more shocked as the events of the day before came crashing into her memory, and the fact that her body ached in her most private of places when she tried to move proved that she did not dream of making love, but actually permitted Leader Canton to make her his wife. When she sat up on the side of the bed, her bottom quickly reminded her that she had been soundly spanked as well as bedded! How on earth could she permit a man who spanked her to make love to her? What was she thinking? Dulcie pulled a blanket from the bed and rushed to the bathing chamber. She needed a bath, and she needed time to think of how she was going to escape the man who claimed her. She would not leave home to go to Anopy with him. The thought of doing something so foreign made her stomach churn in anxiety.

She locked the door, and then turned on the tub and programmed it to fill. She applied scented bubbles to the rushing water, and while the tub was filling, she relieved her full bladder. It hurt to sit on the toilet, and the ache in her vaginal muscles was even more pronounced. She could even smell him on her body, and there were streaks of blood on her legs. Dulcie moaned in shame. Had she no pride at all? Why had she permitted herself so much wine the night before? She had dulled her senses to the point she had behaved without reserve.

She stepped into the tub and sank into its warmth. The water soothed her aching muscles and relieved the soreness of her bottom. It also soothed her nerves. She was starting to relax when there was a sharp knock on the bathing room door. "What?" she asked sharply. As Princess, the servants in the castle knew better than to interrupt her morning bath.

"Your tone of voice is unacceptable, Princess. I bid you hasten and finish. We will be leaving in one hour's time," Canton declared.

"You may leave if you wish; I will be remaining here where I belong."

"You belong with your husband and you will go where your husband tells you."

"I am a Princess, and I obey no man but my King. I will speak with my father and beg him to permit me to remain here. I know he will support me in this."

"You would shame your King in this manner?" Canton was shocked, and then he was angry. "Open this door at once, Dulcie."

"I am bathing, Canton, and I am not to be disturbed while having my morning bath."

She sounded very much the Princess, and Canton was not amused. Dulcie needed to learn here and now that she was his wife and she was in for a sharp lesson. "I will give you one more chance to open this door, Dulcie. Defy me and you will regret it for many hours."

"I will open the door when I am ready to open the door and not one second before!" she dared tell him, her tone of voice as royal as she could make it, clearly intending to remind him of his place.

Canton did not hesitate. He went to his visiting bag, removed an object, aimed it at the lock, and within another second, the door was flying open, the lock completely destroyed. Dulcie gasped in shock, and slid further down into the tub to hide her body. "What have you dared!" she shouted at him. "Get out and give me my privacy."

"You are my wife and there is no privacy between us," he informed her, his tone of voice cold and angry. "Do you willingly step out of the bath or do I lift you out?" he demanded.

"Leave this room and I will get out."

"You do not bargain with your Leader, wife." He reached into the water and easily lifted her from the warm water and carried her, dripping and shivering, to the bed they had shared so pleasantly the night before. "You need a lesson in obedience, and one that will last throughout our journey home to Anopy." He placed her face-down over the mattress, sat beside her, and started spanking her still tender bottom. She immediately tried to scramble away, but he put his left arm over her lower back and then spanked... hard.

"Stop!" she screamed. "STOP! You are hurting me!" She was crying then, and still Canton did not stop.

"You are going to stop defying me, Princess. If you behave this badly in front of my people I will be forced to publicly punish you according to the laws of Anopy. I do not wish that, but if you place me in that position, I promise I will shame the both of us by baring you and making you regret your actions. This is but a mild punishment compared to the one you would get then. Do you hear me?"

"Yes!" She could barely get the word out. She hurt and Canton still spanked. Her bottom and upper thighs burned.

"Yes, what?" he asked, demanding her respect.

"Yes, sir!" she quickly responded, praying he would stop.

"Your sassy tongue has earned you a punishment that you will endure while we eat our morning meal and while you say your goodbyes to your family, and while you greet my people. I guarantee you will not forget your place, and should you think to defy me, your

punishment will endure until we retire for the night and the strapping you receive then will reflect either my pleasure or displeasure at your actions this day.” With that he gave her sore bottom one last painful spank before rising. “You will keep your head and arms on the mattress, but rise to your knees, Dulcie. I want your backside up in the air, and your knees spread wide. Do not think to test me unless you wish me to use the cane and give you another sound spanking. I do not wish to delay our schedule, but I will do so if necessary.”

Dulcie’s butt was throbbing mercilessly and she did not wish another spanking, especially with the cane. She cursed herself for obeying Canton, but knew she had no choice. She could not escape him until he unlocked the guest chamber. She heard him moving around and suddenly he was behind her, spreading her bottom cheeks wide. “What are you doing?” she asked, horrified when he touched her anus with something cold and wet. She dropped to her stomach and rolled over to protect herself from whatever he intended. When she saw what was in his hand, her mouth fell open in shock at the realization of what he planned to do to her. “No! I will not permit you to put that in me!” Her voice was shaky and scared. “You promised not to harm me or hurt me!”

“I suggest you rise to your knees again and accept this punishment, Dulcie, or I promise I will use the cane to spank you thoroughly and then insert the plug. I am not doing anything that will cause you hurt or harm. Discomfort, yes. That is the purpose of the punishment. I do not intend for it to feel good. I want you stretched so wide and full that you have a reason to watch your sassy mouth and control your feisty attitude toward your husband. Testing me as you have done since yesterday will no longer be permitted. Now get on your knees, or I will take my cane to you until you beg to have the plug inserted.”

“Noooo! I am a Princess! I will not agree to being punished in this manner! You are a barbarian, Leader Canton! I demand to see my father immediately! He will never permit you to do such a despicable thing.”

“You are my wife. Your father has relinquished his control over your life, Dulcie. All you are accomplishing now by your refusal to accept what you have earned is to ask for further punishment.” He went to the drawer and took out the short cane.

Dulcie managed to scramble off the bed on the other side, but Canton easily trapped her in the corner. He pulled her forward, and she suddenly found herself lifted off her feet and dangling over his left arm. She screamed when the cane landed on her sit spots! She knew he was leaving welts on her already well-spanked bottom. “Please stop! Please! I will obey you from now on, Canton!” she desperately promised. “No more! No more!” He continued to use the cane on her backside, covering every inch of her cheeks and her thighs. “Stop! Oh stop! I beg you for mercy, Canton! I cannot take any more pain!” “Are you ready to kneel on the bed and accept the plug?” he demanded.

She nodded, sobbing. He released her and held her arm to march her over to the bed. “Kneel and spread your legs wide. The plug will stretch you and be uncomfortable, but it will do no damage to your body,” he reassured her while she got into position.

Dulcie could not stop crying as he applied more of the cold liquid to an area that was even more private than the one he'd explored last night. He pushed at her opening with his finger, in and out, mimicking what he had done to her in pleasure the night before, only there was no pleasure in this. She was humiliated and wanted to beg him to stop.

"Please do not do this, Canton. I will behave," she promised.

"This will remind you of your promise," he stated matter-of-factly, picking up the plug and starting to insert it into her backside. She was tight and her body resisted the plug, fighting against the invasion. He suddenly gave her another hard spank and while she was coping with the sharp sting, he pushed on the plug and the tip entered her body.

"No, it hurts!" she pleaded with him and tried to wiggle free. Canton did not permit that. He quickly wrapped his arm around her waist and said, "Relax your muscles, Dulcie, and it will not cause as much discomfort. Only the tip is inside and you have several more inches to take before I will be satisfied."

Dulcie tried to push it out, but each time she did that, it slid further inside her body. She felt stretched wide with the plug and her tears were genuine. She felt shamed and she wanted to expel the device, but it was so firmly wedged she knew she could not remove it without pulling it out. She feared that was going to hurt, too, but the moment Canton released her, she reached back to do just that! He quickly grabbed her hand and pinned it to her back, and then he spanked her again. It truly hurt, and the plug hurt even more. She pleaded with him to stop.

"Are you going to keep your hands away from the plug?" he asked in a stern voice.

"It hurts, Canton. Can you not take it out? Please? I will behave; I give you my word as a Princess," she promised.

"You have already been told that you will wear this plug through our morning meal and our goodbyes to your family. And that you will wear it while greeting my people with respect. After that, your behavior will determine if you wear the plug another hour or for the rest of the day. I am the only one permitted to remove the plug, Dulcie. If you do so without my express permission, you will be harshly punished. I will insert a larger plug and coat it with something that will cause you to regret disobeying me. Now get dressed and make yourself presentable. We are due to dine with your family in twenty-five minutes, and we will not be late... unless you wish to endure the plug until we retire." He then left the room, sensing that Dulcie would recover more quickly if he was out of sight.

Dulcie felt devastated. She was married to a man who treated her far worse than a servant was treated here! She had no choice but to appeal to her father for his help. Planning what she would say, she went to the bathing room and washed her face. She quickly applied her make-up and did her hair, and then she went to the wardrobe to find

the clothing she was expected to wear. She wrinkled her nose at the color, but since she had no other clothing to choose from she wore what was expected. She looked in the mirror to learn that her own drawers were too long to wear with the short dress! The ones that Leader Canton provided were scandalous by her standards, but unless she wished to be completely bare under the short skirt, she had no choice but don the lacey garment. They hugged her cheeks tightly and to her dismay, held in the heat of the spanking. They also held the plug even more securely.

How on earth would she tell her father that Canton had shoved something inside her rectum? It was not proper to speak of such things, and Dulcie did not want anyone to know of her humiliation. If she spoke to her father in front of anyone, Canton would hear, and she would suffer even more punishment. Maybe she could appeal to Judd, and he could reason with their stubborn father? Surely Judd would not wish her to suffer as she was suffering now...?

“Dulcie, it is time we left these rooms,” Canton called to her.

She took a deep breath and stepped out of the bed chamber. “I am dressed,” she stated the obvious.

“Do you recall my words, wife?” Canton asked, his voice low and stern.

“Yes.” He raised an eyebrow, expressing his disapproval. “Yes, sir,” she tried again.

He took her arm, unlocked the door to the opulent apartment, and then escorted her into the large hallway. Dulcie was shocked that so many of the servants seemed to have tasks in the hallways leading to her father’s quarters, but she forgot all about that when Canton led her past the royal rooms to the more public dining hall in the castle. “I thought we were dining with my family?” she asked.

“We will be seated at the head table, of course,” Canton stated, unperturbed.

“We are eating with others as well?” she stammered.

“We are, and I will thank you to mind your manners.”

“How am I to sit there for a formal meal when I can barely sit and that plug is making me miserable?” she hissed angrily, her temper flaring.

“Do we need to return to our chambers for another lesson in obedience?” he asked, stopping to look down at her.

“It would be like you to do just that!” She threw the words at him. “Did it not occur to you that I would prefer to see only my family this morning? I do not wish to be put on display!”

“Your wishes do not matter. This was of your King’s doing. Now behave or you will sorely regret your actions.”

Dulcie was angry and she was determined to let her father know of her displeasure. When they passed the smallest of the two dining halls, she groaned inwardly! How dare her father do this to her? And how on earth would she sit for the two or more hours this affair would last? She wanted to cry, but when the door was opened for them by two warriors, she pasted a calm smile on her lips and walked in to be greeted with cheers and applause. Her entire family was there, even the smallest children. King Betarn gave her an assessing look, and then glanced at Leader Canton, who nodded slightly.

“Welcome to our honored guests!” King Betarn said loudly as he got to his feet. When he stood, everyone else in the hall stood, no matter how old or how young. It was protocol. “I am pleased to announce that Leader Canton has taken my youngest daughter, Princess Dulcie, for his wife. This union will solidify relations between our two galaxies and bring an end to the skirmishes that have plagued us both. Leader Canton and Princess Dulcie will please take their seats now and we will celebrate their marriage!” King Betarn saw the heated look in his daughter’s lavender eyes and cut short the speech he had prepared for the occasion. She was certainly not happy and when he saw her close her eyes in pain as she sat gingerly on the cushioned chair he was positive that his new son-in-law had taken her in hand. It was long overdue, he thought to himself as he motioned the servers to bring in the food.

“Remember to smile, wife. Your people and some of mine are observing and trying to decide if I have misused you.”

“They would be right,” she replied under her breath, the comment for his ears alone.

“You fared well from your bedding?” Prince Judd leaned toward her to ask, a worried expression in his eyes as he studied her pale expression.

Dulcie was tempted to lie, but knew she could not. She was a Princess, and she always told the truth. “Leader Canton was most patient in that regard,” she replied.

“You are in pain from the spanking he administered in the great hall?” Judd continued to pry.

“He has spanked me many times, Judd. He is a bully and a brute. I hoped for a private breakfast with Father.”

“Do not embarrass Father with complaints, little sister. This match is too important to him and to our lands. He loves you, but he will not support your complaints. You must learn to obey.”

Dulcie looked at her brother, then at her husband, and decided Judd was right. It was time to do what was expected of her.

Watch for *The Problematic Princess*, *The Voyage* coming soon.