

CASSIE CORRALLED

CASSIE'S SPACE BOOK EIGHT



PK COREY

BLUSHING BOOKS

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CHAPTER 1



Life on the river gets better every day. For two old folks with no ‘real’ family we’d happily surrounded ourselves with friends whose bonds were more real and binding than blood could be.

We had recently become the proud parents of a son. After years of pretending and daydreaming about Ryan being ours, now he really was. By adopting a twenty-two-year-old, we missed much of the anguish that can accompany child rearing and simply basked in the delight of a fully-grown and nearly perfect son. Ryan had been a young neighbor where we used to live and he had helped us with yard work since he was fifteen. When we moved to the river, he still often came and help.

It wasn’t long after our move that Ryan met and fell in love with the girl next door, next door to us that is. Allie was sixteen when we moved, and at that young age was already a beauty. Her long dark hair and vivid green eyes seem to capture Ryan the moment he saw her and they’ve been together since that day.

My dearest friend, Sue, and her husband, Steve, also joined us here at the river several years ago. They bought the house on the other side of Chris and Kate, Allie’s parents. Annie Holmes and her

husband Andy are dear friends who we haven't convinced to leave the west coast and join us, but we're still working on them. Sue and Annie, my two true sisters, though we share no blood. We three have had an inseparable bond of love and friendship for more than fifty years now. There is only one person I love more than these I've mentioned.

Tom.

My Tom is the finest man in the world. I've loved him nearly since the moment we met. He rescued me from a life that would have destroyed me. He's wrapped me in a cocoon of love for nearly forty years, despite his old-fashioned ways. Tom is most definitely the head of our family. Just as husbands of old expected their wives to mind them, so does Tom. Minding anyone is quite a challenge for me, and I often find myself over Tom's knee and he continues to drive his point home with the aid of the hated ivory hairbrush.

But in spite of his spank-happy ways, he can still sweep me away in passion with a look or a touch. He brings my temper to a rolling boil with his bossy and overbearing ways and can pull me into delightful laughter with a mere conversation. Simply put, Tom makes life worth living and I wouldn't change one thing about him.



DUE TO AN ACCIDENTAL injury I'd suffered a few weeks ago, and the time Tom felt I'd needed to heal, I'd been separated from Sue and Allie for two weeks. I was most happy to be healed and we girls set off for a day trip to tour Allie's college. We had a wonderful time catching up during the afternoon. The campus was so beautiful, and after Allie's meeting, she seemed to enjoy showing us around.

But goodness, I saw why young people were the ones in college. What a ton of walking! After our walking tour, we decided to head over to Ryan's condo to rest a bit.

I suppose the condo was really ours. Tom and I bought a building with four units, and Ryan lived there while he was in

school. He helped us keep an eye on it as well as being the maintenance man. There is nothing my boy couldn't do. We still hadn't rented his apartment for the next year. I would love for Allie to be able to use it if her parents were okay with it. They were still thinking it over. But it was surely a nice place to rest and catch our breath.

After getting Sue and I some iced tea, and a minute to catch our breath, Allie sat beside me with a hopeful look.

Seeming a little hesitant, finally she asked me, "Cassie you know I love your old stories. Please tell me who you shot."

I shot a glare over at Sue. "You've got a big mouth!"

"Aw... go on and tell her. You didn't kill anybody, although you might have done the world a favor with that one."

"Come on, please!" Allie begged.

"I don't want you thinking poorly of me, sweetie. That was not a good time in my life. I was just plain stupid. Think of me as the poster child for bad decisions."

"You don't think this is discouraging me, do you?" She laughed. "Come on, spill!"

"All right. But don't tell Ryan. Don't even let Tom know that you know. In fact, Tom doesn't know the whole story either."

"Do I?" Sue asked in surprise.

"I don't know, it happened more than forty-five years ago. I don't remember what I told you." Allie and Sue looked like two children eager for a bedtime story. I sighed and began my tale.

"Back then, my full-time career was doing whatever I wanted to do, whenever I wanted to do it. And let me tell you, I was good at it. I was living a totally useless life. I began seeing a man. He wasn't much of a man, but at the time I wasn't very picky. We never officially lived together, but he often stayed at my penthouse and he had many of his things there. We'd been together about three months on and off, when we had a huge fight at a party."

I looked over at Sue, "You remember?" I asked, knowing she would.

She grinned at me, “Oh yes, I remember. What was it you threw at him? A fondue pot?”

I nodded. “Complete with melted cheese.”

Allie looked stunned but she was hanging on every word.

I continued. “I told him exactly what I thought of him in great graphic detail and told him to stay the hell away from me forever. At home that night, I put his Italian leather shoes in the bath tub to soak overnight. The next day I packed up his things, including the shoes, poured a bottle of red wine all over them and mailed them to his work place.”

Allie stared at me, mouth agape, and Sue just grinned.

“Several days after he got the package he accosted me in a hotel where I was attending a luncheon. He grabbed my shoulders and started shaking me and telling me how much his shoes cost. I was startled, but not really scared. I could see security headed our way. However, I hated to pass up such a good opportunity and I kned him as hard as I could. I walked away with him lying on the floor moaning and clutching himself. I hoped never to see him again.

“It was probably three weeks or more after that when I came home after a party. It was after two and I was exhausted. I barely had enough energy to hang up my dress and take off my makeup. All I wanted to do was crawl into my bed. I had just pulled back the covers when a hand clamped over my mouth and an arm grabbed me around the waist. I’d never been more terrified. I was nude and I could tell the man was also. He was breathing in my ear. ‘It’s time you realized you’re nothing but a piece of ass. And not a very good one.’”

I had to pause and take a breath. Reliving these memories was not easy. I took a moment to figure out how to relay what had actually happened. “Hearing his voice made me realize with whom I was dealing and much of my terror turned to fury. I recoiled as he stuck his tongue in my ear. I managed to put my foot on the footboard of the bed and kick back as hard as I could. It drove both of us back into the wall and lessened his grip for a moment.

"I jerked away, but he grabbed me and flung me on the bed. He hit me several times as I struggled and I made myself be still. His sickening grin frightened me more than the blows. 'Honey, all you need is a good fuck to get you back in line,' he said." I cleaned this up a bit for Allie's sake, but that's what he said.

Suddenly, I was back to being terrified. That was something my first husband had said to me often. Hearing it again caused my heart to constrict. The only thing running through my mind was, 'This is *not* going to happen.'

"He had my hands pinned above my head and came in as though he were going to kiss me. I head butted him in the nose. He let go of my hands to grab his face, but he was still on top of me. I was squeezed between his knees and I couldn't get away. He slapped me again and then grabbed a handful of hair to hold my head still and came again as though he were going to try to kiss me.

"Again, my mind said, 'not gonna happen,' and as he came near my face, once again I was able to bite him. And let me tell you that was *some* bite. I got him on the cheekbone just below his eye and I hung on. He was screaming and I was thrashing my head around like a wild animal. He finally tore away and fell off the side of the bed clutching his bleeding face.

"That was the chance I needed. I leaped from the bed and toward my purse, lying in the chair. I'd been carrying a gun ever since being widowed. I had learned quickly that shooting was one thing that came natural to me in the few lessons I'd taken.

"My assailant staggered to his feet, and as he looked my way, I assumed it was his turn to be frightened. The sight of a nude woman that you have just beaten and tried to rape holding a gun on you, must at least be a sobering sight. I had underestimated his stupidity."

"'You little bitch. You don't have the guts to shoot anybody,' was his only answer.

"I decided to prove him wrong. I shot him. It was a good shot too, upper arm. I was aiming for a flesh wound and that's what I

got. If I had wanted to kill him I could have, and felt justified, but I clearly remember thinking that I didn't want to have to deal with the hassle of a dead body in my home. He let go of his cheek to grab his arm and he sagged back against the wall staring at me, finally, with fear.

"I'm sending the next shot right between your balls. Anything else that gets hit is collateral damage."

"Don't shoot!" he begged me. "I need an ambulance!"

"My gun didn't waver as I told him, 'Then you better take your sorry ass to the lobby and see if they'll call you one.' I stepped back far enough for him to make it to the door. He grabbed a blanket from the bed and was gone. I've often wondered what he told them in the lobby and if he went to the hospital. He really didn't need much more than a Band-Aid."

When I finished my edited version, Allie was staring at me wide-eyed and breathless.

Sue said quietly, "You didn't tell me all of it. You just told me he broke in and you shot him."

I just shrugged. "You couldn't have done anything. It was a long time ago."

Allie was finding her voice. "Why didn't you have him arrested? Attempted rape, assault, breaking and entering..."

"It was different back then, honey. He would have had an easier job getting *me* thrown in jail for shooting him, than I would have with attempted rape charges. I was a 'woman of loose morals.' I lived in a hotel, we'd been dating, and I'd been out drinking and partying until after two a.m. The police would have just said I'd gotten what I deserved. Well, they may not have said it, but it's what many of them would have thought. I wasn't hurt, not really, and it wasn't worth pursuing.

"If he talked to the police about the gunshot, I don't suppose he told them who shot him. I never heard any more about it. I guess he finally decided to call it a draw. It would have probably been a good time for me to let it all drop too, wouldn't it? But no, I had to make

one more jab. The next day I found his clothes in the other bedroom. I sliced his new expensive shoes with a razor, but I took the rest to the shooting range. I put a bullet through the center of his shirt and one shot in the crotch of his pants and once again sent them back to him. I guess he got the message, but I'm surprised the man didn't come back and kill me. You see why I said I wouldn't have lived long if Tom hadn't come into my life?"

"Wow," Allie said softly, "when they make a movie of your life, who do you want to play you?"

I laughed at her. "I don't care as long as she's hot! Now remember, Tom doesn't know about this. I guess I told him the same story I told Sue. He tried to break in and I shot him." I paused, thinking back, "He still has a half moon scar under his eye.

"I've told you stories about this man before. Remember Peabrain? We still see him occasionally at conventions."

"*Peabrain!* This is the guy who grabbed your ass, and Tom punched him?"

"Well actually Steve's the one who punched him, but yes he's still around. I suppose you understand why I don't want Tom knowing 'the rest of the story'. There's just no need at this late date."

Shaking my head to move myself back to the present I said, "Okay enough of this ancient history. I'm hungry. Let's call the boys and tell them we're eating here."

"Wait," Allie cried. "What about the other time you shot somebody?"

"I never shot anyone else!" I exclaimed.

"You did so," Sue began.

"I did *not!*" I shouted. "She shot me!"

"Oh, who cares? Tell it anyway," Sue urged.

"No! Enough," I told her firmly. Seeing Allie's disappointed face, I softened. "Maybe another time."