

# Vince and Sheila

By

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# Chapter 1

## Vince's Finds At The Beach

Vince Johnson loved living near the beach. Thus, it was with cheerful anticipation that he drove his car to the beach that was less than fifteen minutes away from his residence. The car had been silver when Vince purchased it three years ago but it was now bright blue because Vince had recently had it painted. That blue fit in nicely with the sky on a day like this on which the sky was such a soft, clear blue and the clouds were radiantly white and fluffy. Since Vince had been a child, clouds like these had reminded him of the beards of department store Santa Clauses.

A handsome man, Vince had recently celebrated his twenty-fourth birthday. He had chestnut brown hair that he wore parted on the left side and in a traditional men's haircut. There was a just a bit of natural wave in his hair. The shape of his face was oval and it had a distinguished overall appearance thanks to a high forehead and strong jaw. He had soft brown eyes that women tended to find enchanting. Women were also often quickly won over by his ready smile that showed off straight, pearly white teeth as well as dimples on both sides of his face. Vince also had a dimple in his chin that during his childhood he had sometimes regarded as a flaw but now recognized as an asset. On this summer Saturday, he wore a bright yellow t-shirt, khaki pants, and a pair of black tennis shoes with white socks. He sported a high school class ring with an oval-shaped red stone on his left hand. Around his neck he wore a simple gold-colored necklace with a cross dangling from it.

Regarding his body, Vince was in good shape thanks, in part, to maintaining a fairly active lifestyle. He also had good genetics in this regard. Vince's dad was in very good shape. Of course, thinking about Dad caused Vince pain. The two of them were still in the process of trying to repair a relationship that had pretty much gone haywire when Vince had entered his teen years and gone through something of a standard rebellious phase.

It had long been Vince's goal to enter the family business but Dad had not hired him to work for Johnson's Imports and Exports. "I'm not sure it would work out, Vince," Dad had told

his son more than once. “It seems to me that you just might not be dependable enough. I need someone I can be really sure of and you’ve fallen down sometimes.”

Cringing at this memory, Vince slowed his car and then stopped it at a red light. He lightly drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. A young dad pushed a stroller across the street through the crosswalk. Two young ladies made up in dark “Goth” clothing crossed the street.

The light changed. Vince’s foot pressed down on the accelerator.

The beach had been a favorite place for Vince since childhood. Unlike some people, he did not think going to a public beach violated Christian morals although he was a bit dismayed by the wearing of the thong bikini. That really was taking things too far. He tried to be careful not to allow the way women normally dressed on a beach to trigger too much “lusting in his heart.” Vince just loved the beach.

He was soon close to the beach parking area. He parked there.

In the changing room of a section of the beach, Vince shed his street clothes for swimming trunks. The trunks were loose fitting with a stretch band that came up to just below the belly button (Vince had an innie); the legs of the trunks came down to right above Vince’s knees. He took along some towels and a big yellow beach umbrella. Vince savored the familiar sea salty aroma of the beach.

As Vince sauntered across the sand, carrying towels and umbrella, he saw that the beach had attracted a fair number of visitors. There were women in bathing suits of varying colors and decorations, one-piece suits and two-piece, bikinis, and, yes, some showing off their bodies more than Vince believed appropriate in thongs. There were men in trunks, some with stretch bands and some with drawstrings. People of both genders sported sunglasses. Some people could be seen relaxing under beach umbrellas and on lawn chairs. A few dogs energetically cavorted. Children played with the dogs and with other children. Some children had sand buckets. Vince saw several crudely constructed sandcastles.

“Hey, Vince!”

Vince looked around. The person who had called out his name was Merton James, one of the deacons at Vince’s church.

“Hey, Merton!” Vince ran to meet Merton who was there with his wife Teresa, and their son Ronny. Merton was a ruddy, sandy-haired fellow in his late thirties who was just starting to

acquire a paunch while his wife was a thin redhead with bright green eyes. Little Ronny was a winning combination of his Mom and Dad with strawberry blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and a mischievous but affectionate smile.

The group talked for several minutes and Teresa said, “We’ll watch out for your things if you want to take a swim, Vince.”

“Thanks but they don’t usually get stolen.”

“Yeah but it still might be nice to have someone watching them,” she observed.

Vince acknowledged that she was correct. He left his umbrella and towels with the James family. Then he walked into the water and took a swim.

After he enjoyed swimming, it was back to the shore where he vigorously dried himself. Then he searched for interesting seashells to add to his collection. He did not have to look long before he found an eye-catching seashell. It was of a fairly good size and pink on the pointy inner part while whitish on the outer part. This would make a fine addition to his collection.

As he walked along the beach, something quite astonishing caught his attention: an extraordinarily intricate, complicated, beautiful, and large sandcastle. He had to get a closer look at that wonder. Vince walked right up to this exquisitely crafted sandcastle of towers and turrets and drawbridges.

He was not surprised to see that the person who had constructed it was no child but a young adult. Indeed, she looked vaguely familiar to Vincent although he could not place her. But her beauty made Vince think he certainly should recall her if he had seen her before. She possessed a magnificent mane of coal black hair, completely straight, that hung in a curtain passed her narrow waist. Her eyes were blue, very bright, set wide apart, and almond-shaped. She had a small softly rounded nose and a rosebud mouth. She was slim, shapely, and of average height. She wore an orange top and matching thong. Although Vince disapproved of the bottom portion of her outfit, he was certainly not ill-mannered enough to mention it. He was there to compliment her artistic ability.

“That’s some sandcastle you’ve built,” Vince said with a beaming smile. “I think it’s really beautiful. I had to tell you how wonderful it looks.”

“Thanks, Vince, I’m glad you like it,” she immediately replied. Her smile showed no dimples but it did look friendly and warm as it put a set of attractive, straight white teeth on display.

“How did you know my name?” Vince asked.

“We went to high school together.”

Vince remained puzzled. “What’s your name?”

“Sheila MacDonald,” she answered.

Oh! Suddenly Vince remembered. Two years behind him, she had been one of the high school bad girls. She got in trouble for things like cutting classes which Vince himself had done more times than he cared to remember. However, she had also been known for sneaking liquor on campus and taking all types of drugs. Vince had stuck to ordinary cigarettes and even that had caused his Dad to go haywire. Vince understood why as he later turned strongly against smoking and was happy to have broken that habit. She also was known for constantly mouthing off to teachers and infamous for trying to take the boyfriends of other girls away from them. Even during his rebellious period, Vince had steered clear of Sheila, thinking her just too much.

While Vince was recalling these things, Sheila was remembering what a powerful crush she had gotten on Vince when the two were in high school – although he had seemed unaware of her existence. Sheila was thanking her lucky stars that she had enjoyed the good fortune to once again run into him. Now was her chance to get something going!

“Hope you have a nice day,” Vince said and began strolling away.

“Hey! Why are you leaving so soon?” She was obviously disappointed.

He shrugged.

She hopped in front of him. “We’ve got a lot of catching up to do,” she said, grinning heartily. “I’d really like to know how you’re doing, Vince. Did you go into business with your Dad like you said you wanted to?”

“No.”

“Why not?” Her black eyebrows knit together in a puzzled expression.

“My Dad and I started having problems,” Vince said with a shrug.

“What kind of problems?”

“Well, you know, for a while there I was cutting classes and . . . I got some speeding tickets. When I did work at the family business, I sometimes got distracted and left to spend time with my friends without checking it out with Dad first. You don’t get a reputation for being dependable when you do things like that. My dad puts a high premium on dependability.”

“I’ve never had a reputation for being dependable,” she admitted with a frank giggle.

“Do you have a job?”

“Well, I am kind of between jobs right now. I was working as a waitress and then,” she shrugged and sheepishly smiled.

He took that to mean that she had been fired – probably for not being dependable.

“I manage a grocery store,” he said.

“You must be pretty dependable to do that, Vince.”

“Well, yes, but Dad is still kind of sore from how I used to be. Still, I’ve got my hopes about someday being part of the family business.”

“I’m between jobs a lot,” she related with another sheepish smile. “That’s probably why I still live at home with my dad.”

“Yeah.”

“Let me take your phone number, Vince,” Sheila said enthusiastically. “I’d really like to talk with you some more.” There was a very large purse close by, made of straw and painted in vibrant primary colors. She dug a cell phone out of that purse. Against his better judgment, Vince gave her both his cell phone number and his landline number. She also got him to tell her the name and phone number of the store he managed. Then she turned back to her purse and fished out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. Handing the lighter to Vince, she said, “I know you’d like a chance to be gentleman.”

He took the lighter and lit her cigarette. Even as he did so, he experienced a sense of distaste because he so strongly disapproved of smoking. After kicking the habit, he had become repulsed by the smoke odor. The two of them talked for a few more minutes until an antsy Vince said “good-bye” and hurried away. Although he had given her his phone number, he did not ask for hers. Vince thought it unlikely her personality had changed much in the years since high school and pushy women definitely were not his kind. Nevertheless, he had to admit to himself that Sheila was pretty – very pretty.

At any rate, Vince spent several more hours enjoying the beach and occasionally picking up a seashell. With each seashell, he would carefully brush the sand from it, and then examine it to decide whether or not he wanted to take it home with him.

He took three seashells home with him.

That home was a modest, but far from shabby, apartment. The living room had a plasma TV sitting on top of a large round table. The top of the table was made up of rectangular stones



in varied hues of pastel blues, greens, and pinks. The floor of the living room was covered with a dark carpet that mixed threads of black with moss green and beige.

There was a couch on which Vince sat and a matching ottoman on which he rested his stocking feet. Obviously from a set, both couch and ottoman were dark blue. The couch had three parts to it and the ottoman was perfectly round.

A maple desk with a small computer on top of it was on the opposite side of the room from the table and television.

That side of the living room opened into the kitchen.

The walls of the living room were eggshell white. One framed painting was the traditional reproduction of the painting of Jesus Christ, long wavy brown hair streaming and his eyes looking heavenward. Another framed painting showed a beach scene with a child wearing a blue and white horizontally striped bathing suit and digging in the sand.

Seashells of varying colors, shapes, and sizes were all over this living room. The three seashells Vince had just acquired were placed at various spots in the living room.

There was a glass-topped coffee table with legs made of dark wood. Contemporary magazines were strewn across it. Just as Vince was about to turn the TV on, the black telephone on the small brown wooden end table next to the couch rang. Vince answered, "Hi."

"Hello," Vince's dad said. "How are you doing, son?"

"Good. I just got back from the beach."

"That must have been nice. I know how much you like the beach, Vince."

"Yeah."

"Did you get seashells?" Dad inquired.

"Three."

"Wonderful. Did you like watching all those young ladies on the beach, too?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I ran into a woman I hadn't seen since high school."

"Who is she?" Dad asked.

"I'm sure you wouldn't remember her, Dad. Her name is Sheila MacDonald."

"It's vague but I think I remember that name."

"I'm surprised you'd remember."

"And what I remember isn't good. I believe you told me she was the type of girl who is often in some kind of drama. I think you called her a 'drama queen.'"

“I probably did. A lot of the kids called her that – and other things as well.”

“Steer clear of a woman like that.”

“I plan to.”

It was only after their phone conversation ended that Vince started thinking more about Sheila MacDonald. Although MacDonald is a Scottish name, Vince knew that Sheila’s dad was a full-blooded American Indian. Vince did not recall the tribe to which her dad belonged but he did know that Sheila’s mother had been white. Sheila’s mom had been killed in a car wreck before Sheila got to high school.

Vince well knew how family trauma could unhinge a kid. His own teen rebellion had undoubtedly been aggravated when his mom and dad divorced when he was fourteen. He remembered going back and forth between blaming one parent and blaming the other and thinking they were both idiots and rotten. Although he winced to recall it, he had even bitterly called his divorcing mom and dad hypocrites for considering themselves Christians.

Of course, Vince knew he was luckier than Sheila because having your parents split up was a lot less traumatic than a parent dying. In addition, while parental break-ups are all-too-common, Vince was lucky because his parents had reunited. After divorcing and living apart for almost two years, Jonah and Rita Johnson had married again. Vince viewed that as the answer to prayers.

So did his fraternal twin sister Raquel and his younger brother Dave. Neither Raquel nor Dave had displeased Dad like Vince had so it seemed like the family business was likely to go to one of them. However, the irony was that neither Raquel nor Dave showed much interest in Johnson’s Exports and Imports. Raquel was basically killing time as a receptionist until she could get married and become a stay-at-home mom while Dave was interested in acting.

For Vince, the next few days were fairly uneventful; he attended church and went to work at his usual hours. It was the Wednesday after the Saturday at the beach that Sheila MacDonald found him. Oddly, she had not phoned. He was at work at the store in his back corner office. Sheila had asked a cashier where she could find Vince Johnson; the cashier sent her over.

The office had beige walls and a speckled linoleum floor. Vince sat on a black swivel chair behind a large wooden desk. Upon the desk were papers and forms, a small calendar, and a ceramic pen and pencil holder. Bearing the legend “Lead, follow, or get out of the way,” that

holder was almost overflowing with writing implements. A small computer also stood on Vince's desk.

Vince had been doing some paperwork when Sheila appeared. She was dressed in an immodest manner that turned Vince off, cut-off denim shorts and a pale pink halter-top. However, she looked lovely. Her make-up was light and flattering. That moist pink lipstick made her mouth look like something any normal man would yearn to kiss – and Vince was a normal man.

“Hi,” she said. “One of the workers here said this is where I'd be likely to find you, Vince.”

“All right, Sheila. What can I do for you?”

“Take me out on a date.”

Vince laughed. Then he asked, “What do you really want? Is something wrong at this store?”

“No, nothing that I can see. I want you and me to get together.”

Vince was really taken aback by her audacity. “Don't you think you're being a little pushy?”

“I don't care. I want to be your girlfriend.”

“Sorry, Sheila, but I'm a man and I like to make my own moves. Please leave my office so I can get some work done.”

She sighed and said, “Okay.” She was very reluctant to leave.

“I've really got to get some work done, Sheila,” Vince told her in a no-nonsense manner.

“All right.” She turned and left but it seemed to Vince that she made a special attempt to wriggle her denim clad behind as she walked to the door.

Sheila's mind was in turmoil as she went to her car. Why couldn't she attract Vince? She wanted so much to get something going with him.

By the time Sheila reached her white car, her walk had lost its swagger. She was quite dejected as she got behind the wheel of her automobile. At the same time, she was determined to find a way to make Vince like her. She knew the two of them belonged together.

She just knew it.

While Sheila thought of herself as persistent, Vince began to think the pushy woman was crossing the line to become an out-and-out stalker. She started showing up everywhere he was, at work, before and after work, at the library, at the beach, at the bowling alley, and other places.

However, he experienced relief when he saw her in a back pew at his church.

She was appropriately dressed for church in a soft pink dress. She wore a necklace with a gold cross dangling from it.

When Vince turned his head around and saw Sheila, he smiled at her. She grinned back. But then he started wondering if this was just a ploy to get to him.

He did not wonder long.

After services, she caught up with him on his way to his car.

“Could you drive me home, Vince?” she asked.

“Can’t you drive yourself home, Sheila? I know you’ve got a car.”

“I do but I got here on the bus. Sometimes I just don’t feel like driving so I take the bus when it’s easy.”

“I’m sure you can get back the same way,” he said as he opened up the driver’s side of his vehicle.

The last straw occurred when Vince decided to take a nighttime accounting course. There was a row of desks before a blackboard. As Vince turned his head around to look at the other students, he saw Sheila. She gave him an open-mouthed big smile.

He returned a frown.

Sheila looked nice. Her thick black hair was pulled back in a neat ponytail with a pretty red ribbon on it. She wore a forest green dress with white lace around its collar and high-heeled green shoes. Her make-up was light and flattering.

But Vince was angered that she was pursuing him so aggressively.

It was not too long before the man seated next to Vince handed Vince a folded up note. When Vince unfolded it, he read: “Come on, Vince. Lighten up. Let’s get together. It’s about time. XOXOXO, Sheila.”

Vince let out a deep sigh. He wrote a note, folded it, and passed it to Sheila.

Sheila opened the note and read, “Sheila, would you be willing to become my girlfriend for a period of exactly five minutes?” Puzzled, Sheila frowned. This was so odd. She could not

imagine what it might mean. On the note sent to her, she penned a reply, “Why for five minutes?”

The note was returned to Vince who penned an answer that Sheila soon read with utter amazement: “That is how long it will take for me to give you a good old-fashioned spanking!”

Sheila gasped. Eyes wide, mouth open, she stared at Vince.

When the class was over, Vince walked past several people heading out of the building and milling around in groups to chat with each other, to get to Sheila. “Are you coming home with me, Sheila?” he whispered.

In an even more subdued voice, she answered, “I guess I am.” She thought, I really do deserve a spanking. I really do.

“My car is there,” he pointed.

Both were silent as they walked to the vehicle. Vince opened the passenger side for her. As he drove, there was more silence. Vince left the radio off. The only sounds were the usual noises of traffic.

After Vince parked his car, he got out first and again opened the passenger door. Side by side, but not touching they walked into his apartment.

Sheila looked around at the modestly furnished living room and the many and varied seashells ubiquitous within it. Vince said, “Wait a minute.” He left the living room for the bedroom. When he returned, he had a little white egg timer in one hand and a 12-inch long wooden ruler in the other.

He took a seat on the couch. “Across my knees, Sheila,” he ordered.

Sheila said nothing. She hesitated. Then she again thought, I probably do deserve a spanking.

Chills ran up and down her spine but she draped herself across Vince’s lap despite her fear and embarrassment.

Vince set the egg timer for five minutes.

He did not bare her bottom but went to work on it through her forest green dress. Swat! The wooden ruler made a crisp sound as it landed on Sheila’s clothed but sensitive buttocks.

She gasped but made no other sound.

Vince brought the ruler down hard and swiftly.

“Ouch!” Sheila exclaimed. She was genuinely surprised at just how much the spanking stung. But sting it did – very much.

Vince continued spanking her.

“Ooo! Ouch! Oh!” Sheila wanted to ask him to stop but she did not. For some reason, she simply could not. She knew she deserved this spanking and she had to see it through.

Vince kept up the swats until there was a loud ding from the egg timer.

The five minutes was up. Vince stopped swatting. “You can get up now, Sheila,” he said. “It’s over.”

Her bottom still stinging and her mind in turmoil, she rose from Vince’s lap. She did not understand the feelings churning inside her.

She did not feel angry toward Vince. She felt a strange, unexpected sense of intimacy. She also felt an equally strange and even more unexpected sense that was oddly akin to gratitude. Somehow, she felt he had done something positive for her by physically punishing her bad behavior. However, the confusion of feelings prevented her from saying anything.

She stood up but stared shamefacedly at the floor. She wanted him to say something.

He was also silent for a few moments. The spanking had drastically altered his feelings for Sheila. Instead of the anger and annoyance, he experienced a sense of closeness and caring for this woman who had allowed him to give her a well-deserved comeuppance.

Now it was his turn to be uncertain. He had done so much to nix the possibility of a relationship between the two of them. Would she be open to one now? Because now he wanted a relationship with her.

“Sheila, I feel differently than I did about you,” he finally said.

She still could not say anything. But she looked at him. She gazed at him, waiting for him to continue.

“I’d like for you to date me if you still want to,” he told her.

“I do,” she said. “I want it more than ever, Vince.” She rubbed her stinging bottom and smiled at him despite, or maybe because of it.

“Should I take you back to the school so you can get your car?” he asked.

“No, that’s not necessary. I took the bus over there.”

“Then I guess I’ll drive you home.”

“That would be nice, Vince,” she easily acknowledged.

They ended an evening that was full of unexpected surprises, both painful and otherwise, in front of Sheila's house. It was a small, one-story wooden abode painted in an odd but attractive combination of white and purple. Most of its outside was white but the windows were trimmed in purple, the door was purple, and the little round awning over the porch was striped purple and white.

As they stood on the porch, Vince asked for her phone number. She was very happy to give it to him.

"I will call you soon, Sheila," Vince told her.

"Good. Do you want to kiss me?"

"I think you can guess the answer to that."

They kissed. Both thought it the sweetest kiss ever.