

Romantic Tales

By

Maryse Dawson

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Alisha's First Spanking

Alisha Matthews clutched the bag of grapes she was holding tightly in both hands as she waited for the lift to ascend to the third floor of the hospital. She was on her way to visit her sister-in-law and best friend, Candice, who had broken her leg yesterday, falling from a step ladder.

The trouble was Alisha hated hospitals. She wasn't sure why. Maybe the smell, the noise, or just the realization of how fragile the human body could be, but whatever it was, it had taken a lot of courage to come. She swallowed hard when the lift shuddered to a halt on her floor.

A nurse pointed her in the right direction and she soon found Candice propped up against several pillows, one leg in a plaster cast and an expression like a box of frogs. Alisha quickly pushed aside her own feelings and pulled a face. "Aww, Candice, how are you, hon? Are you in a lot of pain?"

Candice raised a weak smile. "Thanks to the meds, no. I'm just pissed off that it's happened!"

"How did you do it again, exactly?"

She scowled. "Bloody step ladder toppled, that's what! Pox thing!"

"You over-stretched, didn't you?"

"You sound like David."

Alisha nodded knowingly. David was her brother and also Candice's husband. "Did he give you much of a lecture?"

Candice rolled her eyes. "What do you think?"

"I think yes! Poor you! I bet that was more painful than your broken leg." She plonked the grapes down on the bed. "There, I brought you a gift, sure to make the healing process so much quicker. Well, that's what they do on telly, anyway." She snickered.

"Yeah, like that's going to work!" Candice smiled back.

"At least it put a smile on your face." She pulled up a chair and sat down. "So how long will you be in here?"

Candice sighed heavily. "They're saying at least a week, if not more."

"That's not bad. I thought you'd be in longer than that."

"Yeah, but I'll be confined at home for several weeks after, whilst it heals. I'm angry with myself for letting this happen. If I'd just been more careful!"

Alisha patted her hand. "The weeks will soon pass, hon. I'll make sure to come 'round often and you have David. He's good around the house."

"Yeah, he is." Candice admitted, her face softening.

"Dominic says he's going to miss you. He even tried to rope me in to do your work but I haven't your skills. Imagine me trying to organize his diary."

Dominic Sears was her boyfriend and also Candice's boss. It was how they'd met. Candice had dragged her along to the annual dinner and dance, and that evening, she'd been introduced to him. He owned the big global marketing company, Sears International. Candice had been his personal secretary for four years and, although she had often spoken of him, Alisha had never actually met him. They'd hit it off straight away. For one, because he was unbelievably hot and, secondly, he was one of the most charming men she'd ever met. They'd been dating for six months and she couldn't have been happier.

Coming back to the present, Alisha realized Candice had turned a little pale. "What is it?"

"My files!"

"What files? Candice, what's the matter?"

Candice stared at her, her eyes full of fear. "If I tell you, will you promise not to tell Dominic?"

Alisha shook her head. "Of course I won't, but what on earth have you done?"

"I've been sort of... moonlighting, for want of another word."

"Oh, well, that's not so bad. As long as it's done outside your normal office hours then it's not a problem, is it? What work was it?"

She let out a heavy sigh. "I've been typing manuscripts for a local company. They pay well and I've been using the money to pay off my credit card bill." She shifted uneasily. "David doesn't know about that."

"Oh, Lord, Candice. I would not want to be you, if he finds out!"

"I know! The problem is that not all of it was done in my spare time." She coughed delicately. "I sort of did a bit during work hours." She bit her lip as Alisha raised an eyebrow. "I've got the files stored on my computer. I was going to finish them this week and transfer them secretly but this damned leg's put paid to that!" She cursed loudly.

Alisha nibbled her bottom lip. "What are you going to do?"

"If I could just get the files transferred to a key, I could finish them at home on my laptop."

"But how are you going to do that?" Candice stared back at her without saying anything but Alisha immediately knew what she wanted. "Whoa! You want me to transfer them? How the heck am I meant to do that?"

"I've got the keys to the office and I know the alarm code. All you have to do is pop in, transfer the files and get out again."

"Oh, yeah? You make that sound so simple that I almost believe you."

"Seriously, Alisha! No one will know. I know the times when the building's occupied and when it's not. It'll be a doddle!"

Alisha pulled a face. "Next, you'll be telling me nothing could possibly go wrong."

"I wouldn't ask if I wasn't desperate—and in pain."

Alisha narrowed her eyes. "That's it; pull out your ace card." She sighed and slumped her shoulders. Dominic was paying Candice sick leave, but if he found out what she'd been doing, he could easily sack her. It left her with little choice but to help out. "Okay, okay, I'll do it! But if anything happens, be it on your own head!"

"Nothing's going to happen. Just please get me those files."

* * *

When Alisha arrived home, she threw her handbag on the sofa and walked through to her bedroom. She needed to find some dark clothing. Obviously, she wasn't going to dress like a thief, complete with balaclava, but she needed to be as inconspicuous as possible. The darker the clothing, the more she could blend into the night. She sifted through everything until she found a black sweater and black jeans. Perfect.

Candice had written down the access codes and the names of the files she wanted moved onto the USB key so all Alisha had to do was get inside, do the business and be on her merry way. So why was her stomach in knots? She rubbed her forehead. She knew the reason why. She was going behind her boyfriend's back and it didn't feel right. Heck, it wasn't right! But she couldn't

tell him what she was doing, that would be insane, and Candice would lose her job. No, she'd promised she would get those files, so like it or not, she had to do it.

But if Dominic found out, what would he do? He'd be as mad as a march hare, that was certain. What if he decided to break up with her? She sat down on the bed and stared forlornly at the floor. Candice had been foolish, but was what she was about to do even more so? She swallowed hard and stood up, staring at her reflection in the dressing table mirror. "Fool!"

Suddenly, her mobile rang. She reached into her pocket and pulled it out. Talk of the devil, it was Dominic! Taking a deep breath, she answered, "Hi hon."

There was a slight pause. "You okay? You sound worried?"

Geez, this bloke didn't miss a thing! "I'm fine. I've just been to see Candice."

"Ah, how is she? I thought we might visit her tonight, together."

Crap! She wanted to get the files tonight. Candice had told her to get them moved urgently, before a temp arrived. Once Dominic had given them the password to her computer, it would only be a matter of time before they discovered her duplicity.

"I can't tonight, I've got Pilates."

"I didn't know you did Pilates?" His deep voice queried.

"Yeah, I don't go often." As in, never. "But my friend Hannah's picking me up at seven. We could go tomorrow, though, if you like?"

"All right, sounds good. So, can I pick you up after your Pilates class, you could stay over?"

A buzz of excitement rippled through her at the thought but it would have to wait. "Oh, hon, I promised Hannah I'd go for a drink with her afterwards, but tomorrow, I can."

"I guess that'll have to do." His voice held a hint of disappointment. "I'll be 'round at seven tomorrow then, and Alisha?"

"Hmm?"

"Think of me tonight and what I'm going to do to that luscious body of yours tomorrow."

His words thrilled her as they always did. He was smoking hot, even down to his voice. She sighed and whispered back, "I always think of you. See you tomorrow, lover."

She ended the call and lay back on the bed. Oh, she'd be thinking of him tonight, only not in the way he intended. She'd be covertly entering his offices and hoping she wouldn't get caught!

* * *

At a quarter to eleven, Alisha dressed in black, jumped in her car and headed off towards Sears International offices. She had a small rucksack, containing a flash light, a USB key, the door keys and the notes Candice had given her. As she drove through the traffic, she cursed herself for agreeing to do this. She was no thief, no criminal. She felt physically sick, her nerves on a knife edge.

The offices were located on a quiet back street and, as Candice had described, it was almost deserted this time of night. She parked her car around the back and stepped out onto the kerb, listening intently. There was nothing apart from the dim noise of the traffic on the main road a few streets away.

Her heart in her mouth, she closed the car door as quietly as she could and locked up. Well, it was now or never! Slinging the rucksack over her back, she walked to the front of the building, and keeping to the shadows, studied it for a while, looking at every window to make certain no one was inside. After a few minutes, satisfied all was safe, she made her move.

The door opened easily, and slipping inside, she flicked on her torch. The alarm panel was located to the left of the wall and she quickly input the code to stop it going off before locking the door behind her. She was in!

Candice's office was on the second floor. She took the steps two at a time, all the while listening out for any signs of movement. Her office was the third door along. She sneaked inside and, walking over to the desk, threw her rucksack on the chair and rummaged for the USB key. Flicking on the computer, she was alarmed to see the screen light up the room like a beacon. Who knew computers could be so bloody bright! Quickly, she glanced at the windows and was relieved to see they had blinds. She pulled them down to conceal the light from being seen from outside.

Taking Candice's notes, she entered the password into the computer and sought out the files she needed. Inserting the USB key, she actioned the transfer. "*Thirteen minutes!*" she whispered aloud. "What the hell have you got on here, Candice?"

She leaned against the desk, waiting impatiently for it to transfer. Ten minutes passed and felt like half an hour. She held out her hand and looked at it; it was trembling. She glanced at the screen again, muttering, "Hurry up, for pity's sake!"

Two minutes to go. Suddenly, she heard voices. Her jaw dropped open and she stopped breathing. Fuck! Who the hell was that? Quick as lightning, she flicked off the computer screen, grabbed her rucksack and fell beneath the desk. She had never been so scared in her whole life!

She heard men's voices, getting louder as they approached. What if they were burglars? Oh, God! What if they found her! She wanted to scream with fear. Abruptly, her office door opened and the light flicked on. She pressed herself against the desk tightly.

"Hmm...there's no light on in here, Clive, but you say it was definitely this side of the building?" Dominic's deep voice filled the room.

"I definitely saw it, boss. Saw the blinds come down n'all!"

Crap! What the fuck? She clapped a hand over her mouth. What was Dominic doing here and who was the other bloke? He called him boss, so he must be an employee, but Candice had said the place would be deserted.

Dominic spoke next. "The alarm was off, as well. Either someone forgot to set it or it's been tampered with." There was silence for a moment and then Dominic said, "This computer's on, I can hear the hum. Which is odd, as this is Candice's computer and she hasn't been in for a couple of days." She heard his footsteps approach the desk and then he was directly in front of her. There was nowhere for her to hide, she stared up at him, her eyes wide. He did a double take. "What the..."

"You okay, boss?" his employee asked.

"Yes, yes I'm fine. I just...it was nothing." He cleared his throat. "Go and wait for me in the foyer. I'll be down presently."

"What about the intruder?"

"They're long gone now, by the looks of things. Nothing's been taken. I think your diligence scared them off. Listen out on the ground floor to see if you hear anything. I'll just turn this off and come down to join you."

"Will do."

The man left and Dominic waited until his footsteps disappeared before bending down and looking directly into Alisha's eyes. His face was like granite. "I'm going downstairs to dismiss my security man for the night and then I'm coming back to deal with you. Don't you dare think of moving, do you hear?"

Alisha nodded but said nothing. She was too embarrassed and scared. She had never seen this side of him. The best word to describe him was menacing.

When she heard his footsteps disappear, she shot up from the floor and turned the computer screen back on. The files had finished so she pulled out the key and rammed it in her pocket. At least that was hidden, although what the fuck she was going to say to him when he came back, she had no idea! Lord help her!

And why the hell had Candice failed to tell her about the security guard? How could that possibly have escaped her notice? She rubbed her forehead. This was terrible, just terrible. What reason could she possibly give Dominic for being here? She looked around the office frantically, her eyes falling on the lever arch files. Running over, she grabbed one entitled 'Correspondence' and jammed it into her rucksack. Seconds later, Dominic returned.

She watched him warily. Part of her was intrigued by this stern side of him, her femininity responding to his dominance of its own volition. He walked nearer to her and crossed his thickly muscled arms over his broad chest. "You have exactly one minute to explain yourself before I turn you over my knee for a good hiding!"

Whatever she had expected him to say, this wasn't it. "Y-you're going to spank me?"

He nodded. Alisha swallowed hard. A spanking? What the? How the? She backed away. "Now listen, Dominic. I'm not doing anything untoward. I know it may look a little...umm...underhand but, truly, I was just picking up this file for Candice." She moved to her rucksack and pulled out the lever arch file. "You see? She's such a good employee that she wanted to do some work at home whilst she's incapacitated. That's all."

He said nothing but a nerve ticked in his jaw. He looked really pissed off. He unfolded his arms and, taking hold of her upper arm, he pulled her towards an office chair, where he sat down and drew her straight over his lap. Oh, no! This wasn't happening! Alisha struggled to stand back up but his strong hands kept her in place.

"That was the worst lie I have ever heard uttered from someone's lips!" She felt his hands underneath her belly and, suddenly, her jeans were around her knees. Oh, Lord, he really did mean business!

"Please, Dominic, don't do this. You don't know what you're doing." She tried to shift forward in the hope of wriggling off his lap and running for the door, but he simply wrapped one of his strong thighs over her legs and she was trapped.

"Oh, I do, my sweet. You've overstepped the line and I'm not about to stand back and let that happen. I'm going to punish you, whether you like it or not. I've been on this earth long enough to know a lie when I hear one."

He tugged her panties down to join her jeans. Alisha's stomach did somersaults. She'd often had erotic dreams about spankings but, now, when she was about to receive a real punishment spanking, she was mortified. "Dominic, please! No! *Ow!*"

She felt a sudden sting where his hand made contact with her soft buttocks, then another and another. Soon, he was raining down swats, until her bottom felt like a furnace. He paused and his large hand kneaded one buttock whilst he spoke to her.

"Now, the truth, if you please?"

She paused and he spoke sternly. "And I mean the truth. You're dressed from top to toe in black, you're in my offices in the dead of night and you're on Candice's computer. Explain!"

Her bottom was on fire but his hand kneading her buttock was doing crazy things to her senses. "But if I tell you, then you'll be really mad! Promise me you won't spank me anymore?"

"Alisha I will make no such promise. If I deem that you deserve more, you will get more, but I still need you to tell me the truth."

Alisha mulled over her predicament. She knew she would have to reveal the truth, but at the same time, she didn't want to spill the beans on Candice.

"I'm waiting!" Dominic smacked her sharply on both buttocks and she shrieked loudly.

"Oooouch! All right, but please don't sack Candice."

"That, I cannot promise. What's she done?"

Alisha went on to explain to him the real reason she was in the building. At the end, she looked over her shoulder at him to find his gaze sterner than ever.

"You should have come to me and told me. I'm very disappointed in you, Alisha."

She pouted. "There was no reason for you to know. I should have been in and out of here, with no one the wiser. What were you doing here, anyway?"

She realized it was the wrong thing to say, too late. His grip on her waist tightened and his hand stopped kneading her buttocks. "Did you really just say that?"

"What I meant to say was..."

"I know what you meant, Alisha. You would quite happily have allowed me to sit between you and Candice tomorrow night at the hospital, ignorant to the fact that you two conspired against me!"

"It isn't like that!"

"Oh, it is. From my point of view, it is exactly like that." He shifted his knees a little and pulled her bottom more tightly against his lithe frame. "And I'm now going to make you realise what a terrible mistake you've just made!"

"No! Please Dominic!" Alisha protested, straining to get away.

His hand came crashing down on her bottom, one cheek after the other, covering every spot until she was panting for release.

"Ow! That hurts! Oh! No!"

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

She had never experienced a full on spanking, and she hoped she never had to again. The worst of it was the disappointment she had heard in Dominic's voice. She should have denied Candice but it was too late for regrets now.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

She wailed miserably, tears running down her face, but still, he didn't stop. The full impact of his hand made her body move with each stroke. His hands were huge, like the rest of him, and he made sure to cover every surface of her soft bottom with stinging smacks.

Finally, he stopped. "This is what happens to bad girls, Alisha. Do you understand?"

Alisha nodded, her lower lip pouting. She felt extremely sorry for herself. He pulled her up and sat her on his knee, cupping his strong arm around her back and waist for support.

"I know you were trying to help Candice and that is admirable—in a way—but lying to me is wrong and I won't allow it. If you ever lie to me again, that bottom of yours will be over my knee so fast, you won't know what's happening."

She threw her arms around his neck. "I'm sorry. I didn't want to do it in the first place, but Candice was so worried about losing her job." She pulled back and looked into his face. "You're not going to dismiss her, are you?"

"No, I won't sack her. I have another punishment in mind."

"What will you do?"

"That is for me to know, bad girl, not you. Now, pull up your jeans and panties. I want to lock up the offices and take you home to bed."

Alisha's feeling of misery quickly disappeared, to be replaced with desire. Her bottom might sting like crazy but that only seemed to fuel her yearning to feel him inside her. She hurriedly did as he bid.

They arrived back at her house, and once inside the front door, Dominic quickly drew her against him, his lips capturing hers, strong and demanding. Alisha entwined her hands behind his neck, submitting readily to his dominance. A few breathless moments later, he scooped her up, and taking the stairs two at a time, he entered her bedroom, laying her on the soft covers. She eyed him eagerly as he undressed, revealing his muscular body to her appreciative gaze. He was already hard and reaching out; she closed her slim fingers around his swollen shaft. He closed his eyes for a moment and Alisha shivered with excitement when he opened them again. They were dark with desire.

He pulled her towards the edge of the bed and quickly removed her clothing, his eyes sweeping down her body passionately. Placing his hands under her heated bottom, he lowered his mouth over her womanhood. Alisha gasped with delight when his hot tongue touched her sensitive skin and began a steady assault on her senses, her soft cries filling the room as he took her nearer and nearer to orgasm. With a shudder, her body tightened and she climaxed, calling his name in ecstasy.

Dominic entered her in one swift move, his thick length filling her to the hilt. Alisha gasped with delight, moving sensuously as she adjusted to his size. With steady strokes, he began to thrust his hips against her, pushing himself into her welcoming body. She moaned with pleasure, her small hands grasping his hips, urging him on.

He moved with ease, each thrust bringing her closer to the fulfilment she needed. With a joyful cry, her body soared once more as the world around her exploded into a million stars. His mouth covered hers in a crushing kiss as he drove himself to completion, his body tightening with ecstasy. He collapsed against her before rolling onto his side, facing her. She looked at him, contentment written all over her face.

"Nightcap?" he asked, kissing her nose.

She nodded and watched lazily while he put his boxers on. He passed her robe to her, and barefoot, she followed him into the kitchen. He clicked the kettle on and pulled her into his arms, whilst leaning against the counter. She lay her head against his chest and sighed happily. "I'm sorry for what I did, Dominic."

"Hopefully, you've learned a valuable lesson tonight. Don't ever lie to me."

"I won't. I promise." Alisha chewed her bottom lip, hoping she could keep that vow, knowing what would happen if she didn't!

* * *

Candice's face lit up when she saw Alisha enter her hospital room but her smile faltered when she saw her expression. Dominic followed directly behind Alisha, his hand on the small of her back.

"Hi, you two, everything all right?" she asked, her voice slightly hesitant.

For an answer, Dominic placed the USB key on her bedcovers. She looked down at it nervously. "Oh, what's this?"

"Don't pretend you don't know, Candice," he stated.

Candice glanced at Alisha and she sighed in response. "He caught me, last night."

"Oh!"

"Yes, *oh!*" replied Dominic.

"But how?" she asked.

"I hired a security guard, a few days ago, to keep an eye on the grounds. He phoned and told me about an intruder."

She looked at Alisha apologetically. "I didn't know. Truly." She looked back at Dominic nervously. "Are you going to sack me?"

"No. You're a good worker and usually responsible. I'm going to treat this as a glitch, but I won't forget it, and you won't get a second chance. Think yourself lucky that I am being so lenient. In future, you will do this extra work outside hours and not on my time. Do you understand?"

Candice nodded.

"I have also explained everything to David."

"You've what?" Her eyes opened wide and her jaw snapped open with shock.

Right on cue, David walked in. "Yes, that's right, honey. He's told me everything, including the fact you have a massive credit card debt you haven't told me about." His voice was silky smooth but Alisha knew her brother, and that tone harbored retribution.

"But—"

He leaned over and kissed her on the mouth, stopping her mid speech. "We'll talk about this later, when you're home and back to health."

Alisha watched Candice pale and wondered if she'd be in for a spanking. She glanced at Dominic and a jolt of excitement rippled through her when she found him staring back at her. Her bottom still ached from yesterday but it seemed to fuel her desire for him. A reminder of his dominance over her.

She admired him for the way he had kept Candice in his employ after he'd discovered what she'd done, but he was no pushover. He'd made sure that Candice would pay for her actions, but in a way he thought fair. Telling David the truth would mean they had no secrets in their marriage. Perhaps Candice would even thank him. Alisha frowned. Not if David spanked her, she wouldn't!

Oh, well, it was no less than she deserved. Candice's actions had warranted Alisha receiving a spanking so it was only fair she received the same.

Dominic and Alisha left when visiting hours were over and made their way to their favorite restaurant. Dominic laid a possessive hand over her bottom before they went in, turning her to face him. "Promise me now, that there will never be any lies between us again."

Alisha smiled. "I promise."

"Because you know what will happen, if you do." His hand squeezed one buttock, informing her without words of his intentions.

Her senses sprang to life. "I won't forget."

No, she wouldn't forget, ever. But she knew in her heart, it wouldn't be the last time she experienced it, either!