

Shrew

BY NS Howard

The plane touched down with a jolt and then rolled down the tarmac towards the small terminal. Alicia Evans stared out of the window, frowning as she watched the workers and vehicles scurry about. She turned to give her boyfriend Sam Nichols a quick glance before leaning back in her seat and going into her purse.

The purse was small with a small green logo on the blue leather. Alicia pulled out a lipstick and a small mirror and carefully reapplied a layer of red on her lips. She took a quick glance at the rest of her soft complexion, blue eyes and her short black hair. After she ran her manicured nails through her hair she favored Sam with a quick smile.

“About time we landed. For first class seats these aren’t very comfortable.”

Sam sighed. “I thought they were fine. Drinks were good anyway.”

“Maybe for you. The wine was bland.”

He stood up and opened the overhead bin, easily able to reach the small suitcase. Sam kept his brown hair short and tidy, as a corporate manager his appearance was important.

A wave of heat and humidity washed over them as they left the airport. The taxi, yellow with green stripes along the side, bolted down the small highway to Alicia’s parents’ home away from home. Her parents were divorced; her mother remarried but her father remained single. Her father was a successful executive, operating a number of companies. Sam was employed by him as a manager in one of those companies when he met Alicia at a company social function. He believed her to be one of the many workers in the company and only later learned of her relationship to the owner. He found it awkward initially but found they rarely came into contact with each other during daily work activities.

The taxi drove them up the twisting narrow road to the gated home. Though the beach area was the most popular for homes, the Evans preferred the seclusion and the view of higher up on the hills that surrounded the small tourist city.

Alicia carried the small suitcase through the front door as Sam followed in with the two large suitcases. She put down the suitcase and plopped on the soft leather easy chair.

“I need a rest after that flight.”

“Sure. I’ll haul these suitcases upstairs.”

Alicia watched him haul all three suitcases, the smaller one under his arm. Feeling slightly guilty she got up and went to the kitchen. The cupboards wouldn’t contain much, some boxes of nonperishable and cans of soup. The fridge had more opportunity to have something of value and it was there she found some cans of pop and beer. After a slight hesitation she took two cans of coke, thinking they had enough alcohol to drink on the plane and went back to the living room.

Sam had just returned downstairs when she handed him the pop.

“Thanks. I left the suitcases on the bed; we can unpack them later.”

“Sure. Do you want to relax a bit or go to town? We have to pick up some groceries; nothing much here.”

“You know what I want to do.” He grinned at her.

“What?” She grinned back at him as he took her hand.

He opened his mouth to speak when his cell phone rang. “Damn.”

He looked at the number and then answered.

“Sam Nichols speaking.”

He listened to the other end of the conversation.

“Hold on. You’re saying Barcol has come back with another offer and you want to take it?”

Again he listened to the response.

“Look, it’s simple. Barcol had their chance. They didn’t make the best bid. If we accept their bid now then we’re saying they can put their best bid in after the others have committed.”

He listened once more but appeared to cut off the other conversation.

“Pay attention. I’ve told you what we should do and that’s final. I’m not changing my mind.” He closed his phone and put it down.

He looked at her. “Idiots. How hard can it be to stick to your decision?” He shook his head.

Alicia shrugged. “I change my mind when I shop for shoes all the time.” She smiled at him.

They rolled naked on the bed, wrestling for position. Alicia tried to get on top of him but he easily flipped her on her back. She giggled as he forced his legs between hers and then gave up as he sucked on her nipples. She opened her legs and wrapped them around him as he pushed deep inside her.

Sam took her hands and placed them above her head, holding her wrists together with one of his hands. His other hand squeezed her breasts as he began to thrust inside her.

Alicia didn’t resist him, enjoying his dominance. She closed her eyes as she fantasized that she was being forced. At work she knew how strong he could be, assertive and dominating. But with her he was a gentleman, sometimes to the point where she wished he show a little bit of that dark side.

She shouted his name as he gave a final push and exploded inside her. Alicia felt his weight as he collapsed on her and then a few moments later rolled off her. She received another kiss from Sam and then watched him as he got up from the bed. She finally lifted her hands from above her head, dropping them by her sides. Alicia didn't want to get up; the bed seemed so comfortable but knew Sam would want to do something.

Sam checked the oil in the Suzuki Sidekick, a basic two-seater with an open cab. The small back half of the jeep had various loose items in it; a small tool box, some rope, duct tape and a case of empty wine bottles. He closed the hood and pronounced everything looked alright. He thought about wiping his hands on his green T-shirt but changed his mind to use a paper towel.

Alicia took a cloth and wiped down the hard vinyl seats.

"It's kind of a dusty."

Sam shrugged. "It's been in storage since the last time your mom was here. That was almost two months ago."

"We should get it cleaned."

"We will. Come on; let's head to the big city."

She got in the passenger side, looking for anything that would put dirt on her short white tank top or her tan shorts. The ride was rough and noisy with Sam dropping her off near a cluster of shops. He then continued on to get the vehicle washed, agreeing to meet her at a coffee shop at the end of the block.

Alicia browsed through the various shops, picking some clothes and a pair of sandals. She stopped in a jewelry store, looked at some necklaces and then a quick look at engagement rings. She pursed her lips and then carried on to the coffee shop. She spotted him sitting in the back reading a newspaper. She sat down across from him and dropped her packages on the floor as he looked up.

"Got some shopping done I see."

"Yeah, some cute outfits. I could really use a cold mocha. Would you get me a medium sized one? I hate standing in line."

Sam let out a small sigh and went to the counter, returning a few minutes later with her drink. She had taken out a small blue top from one of the bags.

"What do you think about this colour on me? The salesgirl said it looked good on me but you know how they will say anything to make a sale. I like the way it shows off my waist."

"I think it looks fine." He took a drink of his now cool coffee. "After your drink do you want to go for a ride on the boat and take it out to that little island we found last time?"

"That sounds okay. But I want to go back to cottage first for a change of clothes."

"What's wrong with what you have on now?"

“I don’t want them to get wet and dirty on the boat.”

“You’re kidding, right? That boat is half the size of the cottage. You’re not going to get wet unless you jump off the deck.”

“It’s been in storage like the jeep and probably all dusty.; Trust me I need to change first.”

The ride to the docks wasn’t far out of town but Sam pushed the speed, feeling time was wasted because of Alicia needing to change her clothes.

She came out of the cottage wearing flip-flops, blue jean shorts and a red halter top. At the last minute at the cottage she decided to put a bikini in a bag with a towel and then announced she was ready to go.

Sam had an additional delay. He decided to stop at the liquor store and then at a KFC for lunch later. Fortunately the boat was ready to go when they arrived; the Evens paid money to have the boat maintained at the harbour. Soon they were on their way and Sam opened up the motors of the fifty foot boat as soon as he could.

“How long until we get there?”

“Maybe an hour.”

“I think I’ll change and put on my swimsuit and lie in the sun.”

“Why not just go nude? No one is around here.”

“It’s a thought. But planes fly over head and if my daddy found out he would have a fit.”

He shook his head. “No one gives a damn what you do out here. Pass me a beer.”

She passed him two cans of beer. “Would you open mine? I might break a nail.”

He noticed later she did wear just her bikini bottom, white with a pink trim and used string ties on the side. It wasn’t a thong but still showed a fair bit of her cheeks. He suspected the missing top probably didn’t cover much either. He took off his own shirt and continued to steer the boat and began to think about lunch.

They stopped near the island, using a rubber dingy to get to shore. Alicia had changed back to her shorts and had put her red top back on after seeing another boat on the opposite side of the small island, explaining her bikini wasn’t meant to get wet.

Alicia looked into the bag and frowned. “They forgot to put in those wet napkins.”

“Lots of water here, we don’t need them.”

They ate lunch but after they were done she complained once more about the lack of wet napkins. “Why didn’t you check before you took the bag? These plain napkins don’t do a very good job.”

He took another drink of his beer. “Let’s go back to the boat.”

He steered the dingy towards the boat.

“Are you even listening to me? I said the sun is getting blocked by clouds...”

“I heard you fine and I’m getting tired of your whining and spoiled girl attitude.”

“Is that so?” She gave him a small smile and crossed her arms. “Too bad there’s nothing you can do about it.”

“There is. I’m going to teach you a lesson.”

“As if.” She grinned but it quickly disappeared when as she looked at his eyes.

She saw he was truly angry with her. She shifted her position on the boat, suddenly feeling vulnerable. He seemed to have grown in size with his anger. He helped her onto the boat and started the motors.

“What, what do mean by teaching me a lesson?”

“I’m going to give you a spanking.”

“You can’t do that!”

“Wanna bet?”

She stared at him.

“I think a spanking is exactly what you need.”

“I hope you’re not serious about this spanking thing because I just won’t accept it.”

He walked over towards her as she backed up. “Won’t accept it? What will you do to stop me?”

“I..I don’t know.”

Her back now was at the edge of the boat where cushioned seats were bolted down. He sat down and grabbed her arm, pulling her over his lap.

“Please not here.”

She squirmed under his arms and then suddenly the first blow hit her bottom. Twice more her cheeks felt the sting. One of her hands pushed against the floor while he held the other arm behind her back. She stopped struggling.

“You’re spoiled rotten. You know that?”

“Yes. I’m sorry. Let me go please.”

Instead she felt his hand reach under her and undo the buttons to her shorts. She squirmed again but couldn’t stop him from tugging them down. She looked over her shoulder as he lifted them off her feet and in a quick motion tossed them to the floor. “No!” she gasped.

Sam smacked her on the ass again, the pain sharper without her shorts on. “What did you say?”

“Nothing.”

“Say you deserve this spanking.” He smacked her ass twice more.

“I deserve it, I deserve it!”

He let her up.

“You’re going to be in real trouble when Daddy finds out what you did.”

“Threatening me?”

“No, just telling you what’s going to happen.” She took a step back from him.

“Then I’m going to tell you what’s going to happen. First you’re going to put on your bikini and throw the rest of your stuff overboard. Next, when we get back to the dock I’m going to drive you straight to the cottage where you’ll get spanked again.”

“No way is that going to happen.” Alicia took another step away from him.

“You have sixty seconds to toss everything overboard except for your bikini or I’ll toss you overboard.”

She stared at him, holding her shorts in front of her. “Please Sam, let’s not fight about this. I won’t tell Daddy. I promise.”

“Forty seconds. I don’t care if you tell your daddy or not.”

“Damn it Sam! This is ridiculous.” She dropped her shorts and then took off her top in a jerking motion, dropping it at her feet.

“Better hurry, twenty seconds.”

Alicia tugged down her thong panties, scooped up her clothes from the floor and tossed them overboard.

“Ten seconds.”

She looked puzzled for a second and then tossed her bag, towel and shoes overboard. She then stood naked with her hands on her hips and glared at him. “Satisfied you humiliated me like this?”

“Don’t get your hopes up; I’m not finished with you yet.” He turned and jammed the throttle open, causing her to fall back on a seat.

After a few minutes the boat began to cruise at a steady speed and she stood up again, quickly putting on her bikini. She went to the cooler and took out two more beer cans, opening each one carefully. She handed him a can.

“Here.” She gave him a smile. “Sorry, I was being difficult. Can’t we just make up now?”

He took a long drink of his beer and then looked at her. “Doesn’t matter what you say now. You’re still getting another spanking at the cottage.”

She walked to a chair and sat down, taking a gulp of her own beer. “Going to tie me up too Mr. Macho?”

“That can be arranged too. Yeah, why not? Then you can tell your Daddy you didn’t have a chance to defend your ass from being spanked.”

She glared at him and crossed her arms.

The boat came to a stop a few miles away from the dock. Alicia had given up threatening him, pleading with him and then finally screaming at him. She began to resign herself to getting another spanking.

“Why did we stop?”

“I’m going to see what that bathing suit looks wet. Climb onto the front deck.” He took a pail and scooped up sea water. She almost said no and then changed her mind and climbed to front deck.

“It’s a white bikini; you know damn well it becomes see through when wet.” She knelt on the deck.

He shrugged. “You have a nice body, like showing it off. I think part of you wants to be paraded on the dock in a wet bikini.”

He tilted the pail, pouring water over her shoulders.

She closed her eyes, holding her hair away from her shoulders as the water poured on her, knowing he had hit a nerve in her.

Alicia stood up after he finished soaking her and looked down at her top, the white fabric outlining her breasts and erect nipples perfectly. The strings holding the top on sagged under the weight of the water, letting more of her breasts to be exposed. The bottom she knew was the same; her cheeks were now well defined and even her sex wasn’t entirely hidden.

The boat arrived at the dock where he helped her off. She walked barefoot on the wood dock close to him, feeling almost everyone was looking at her. She felt embarrassed but excited at the attention. She could feel her nipples standing erect.

They crossed the length of the dock and Alicia limped as they crossed the gravel parking lot. He didn’t slow his normal walking pace for her and she complained he wasn’t considering her feelings.

“If you want I’ll carry you over my shoulder.”

“No thanks. I feel foolish enough walking like this in my bikini.”

They reached the Sidekick and he held open the small passenger door for her. “Okay you have a choice now. If you get in the jeep you are submitting to a spanking and whatever else I choose to do to you. Or you can walk away now to the town. If you can make it all the way to that coffee shop we were at this morning and phone me on my cell I’ll come and pick you up without a spanking. Your choice.”

She looked at the jeep and then the town centre several blocks away. “Some choice; all I have on is this wet bikini.”

“Still, you can walk there and avoid the spanking.”

Alicia looked at the hard road and pictured herself in her bikini, asking to use a phone. Then she considered what Sam was going to do to her at the cottage.

Alicia stood thinking several seconds as she looked down the road. Then she climbed into the Sidekick and sat, crossing her arms.

Sam wasn't showing any emotion as he drove but she knew that just meant he was set on a course of action. The Sidekick pulled out of the parking lot and she noticed he was using a slightly different route back to the cottage. He then made a turn on a small rarely used road that ran behind a closed and boarded up service station.

"Why are we stopping here?"

"To follow up on your suggestion earlier." He went to the back of the jeep.

"My suggestion?"

"Yeah, to tie you up."

She turned around and watched him unravel the rope at the back.

"Sam, please. Not here. I'm not resisting."

He stood by the open passenger door. "Put your wrists together."

She looked at him holding the rope. "I guess you're not giving me a choice." She clasped her fingers together in front of her and watched him as he wrapped the rope around her wrists and then knot it.

"That's pretty tight."

"It's meant to be." He ran the rope down to her ankles where he tied them together as well. "I think you look secure now."

She glared at him. "I told you I wasn't resisting. Why do you have to tie me up to?"

"Because I wanted to." He looked at her erect nipple under her bathing suit. "Besides I think you're enjoying this." He reached over and cupped her breast.

"Damn it Sam."

"You look good this way, tied up. You know that?"

"Whatever."

"I got a feeling this won't be last time you get tied up."

Alicia looked at him. "A big strong man like you tying up helpless females. If that turns you on."

"It does and it turns you on too."

Sam smiled as walked back to the driver's seat.

Alicia looked down at her wrists and ankles tied with the rope. She wasn't going to admit her feelings to him.

The Sidekick pulled up to the cottage and Sam walked around to her side. "I guess, since you can't walk, I'll have to carry you inside."

“You could untie my feet.”

“Yeah, but I think I’ll carry you in anyway.”

Alicia felt helpless and intimidated by his strength as he easily picked her up in his arms and then carried to the cottage. He placed her on the couch and looked down at her. She pulled her knees up and looked up at him.

“You deserve a spanking,” he said.

She decided she wasn’t going to argue or deny. She almost wanted him to get it over with. “If you say so.”

“Roll over on your knees.”

Alicia struggled a bit but managed to put herself face down on the couch with her ass in the air.

Sam smacked her ass twice on each cheek and then undid her bikini top. “Best spank you naked.” He then undid the strings to bottom.

Alicia didn’t say anything. She refused to ask him not to hit her hard, not wanting to sound like she was whining. She also knew there was a growing part of her that wanted to be spanked; to be taken control over.

He began to spank her, the palm of his hand increasing in intensity as he struck.

“You deserve this spanking, don’t you?”

She groaned. “Yes, if you say so,” she stammered.

He used his hand again. “On your bare ass?”

“Yes, on my bare ass. You should always spank me on my bare ass.” She suddenly cried out.

He spanked her harder, turning her cheeks red. Alicia found that after the initial stinging the pain was numbing. She couldn’t help herself but look back as his open palm came down on her cheeks. She knew she was getting wet with moisture trickling down her leg. He was alternating between stroking her bum and then giving a quick slap. She heard another moan escape from her lips.

He stopped to undo the rope around her ankles.

“Spread your legs.”

She complied and then a series of rapid hits on her cheeks followed. He stopped and placed his hand between her legs, feeling her pussy.

“You enjoyed that I see.”

“Okay maybe I do. Maybe I like you to dominate me this way. Satisfied?”

He hit her ass again. “Yup. From now on you will do as I want. Understood?”

“Yes, damn it.”

“Now get up.”

She stood up before him. He felt her breasts, squeezing them and then fondled her nipples before taking the loose rope hanging from her wrists and pulled her to a closet door. “Some new rules are in force now.” He pulled the rope over the door, lifting her arms up high and then closed the door, pinching the rope at the door jamb.

She stood up straight, her cheeks burning as they pressed against the wood door. “What new rules?”

“While we’re here vacationing you’re not to wear underwear of any kind.”

“Okay.”

He surveyed her and nodded. “I like you naked. From now on you will be naked in the cottage unless I give you permission to wear something.” He played with her breasts as he spoke, lightly pinching her swollen nipples.

Alicia moaned. “Naked, if you say so.”

Sam took off his own clothes and then opened the closet door. He took the rope and led her to an armchair where he sat. “Get on your knees.”

Alicia went on her knees between his legs, looking at his large, stiff cock.

“Take me. Swallow everything and don’t take it out of your mouth until I say so.”

Alicia bent down and licked his cock and then eased his head into her mouth. She played her tongue around his cock working downward.

“I said I want my whole cock in your mouth. Take it all.”

Alicia wasn’t certain she could take all of it but pushed down, resisting the urge to pull back as his cock reached her throat. Gradually she was able to put the whole shaft inside her and she worked her tongue around it as she sucked.

He finally ejaculated and placed his hands at the back of her head, holding her there as the hot fluid poured down her throat. “Remember to keep my cock in your mouth.”

His voice of command pushed her arousal even more and she found herself near climax. His cock began to lose its size and firmness but she continued to suck at it and keep it in her mouth.

“You did well. Keep working on my cock.”

Alicia kept her mouth around him, sucking in air as fast as she could. She took in his scent as she pushed her face close to him. She wanted to get him hard again, to show him she could do as he asked.

He waited until she had him hard again and then told her to lift her head. “I like having you tied up, makes you much more compliant. You do enjoy being tied up, don’t you?”

She stopped licking him to answer. “Yes, I like it when you tie me up. I enjoyed being spanked as well. You have me, own me.” She resumed licking him.

He grabbed her hair and lifted her head. “Time for me to get into that pussy of yours.”

Alicia didn't even pull at the ropes that tied her ankles and wrists to the four corners of the bed. Her back was arched from the pillow underneath her ass and she breathed slowly as she waited for him to return. He had also blindfolded her and her other senses were sensitive as she listened to him in the bathroom showering. He had screwed her hard after he secured her and then left her tied up. She found it erotic that he treated her as if she had been bad and then used her for his own pleasure.

She heard him come back into the bedroom.

“Are you going to let me go to the bathroom at least now?”

He untied her and she hurried to the bathroom.

She came back to the bedroom and heard him downstairs and went to join him.

“So is this how you're going to treat me from now on?”

“It is if we're going to stay together.”

She sat at the kitchen table and took a drink of her beer. “Does that include...”

“Include what?”

“We once discussed marriage. You said you weren't sure about the husband and wife thing. You never told me exactly what you meant by that.”

He took a long drink of his beer, studying the label carefully. “My wife will submit to me.”

Alicia finished her beer and went upstairs, returning a minute later with the rope.

“Here.” She gave him the rope.

Sam watched her as she bent face down on the table. Then she slowly crossed her wrists behind her back.

End