

Brat Tales – Book One

By

Maryse Dawson

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Café Connections

Chapter One

"He's here again!"

"Who?" Sasha asked her friend, Melanie.

"The man who was in here yesterday. The one who kept looking at you. Remember?"

"Oh...*him!*" Sasha flicked her long blonde hair over her shoulder and looked over to the other side of the café to see a very handsome man staring back at her. Her face flushed as their eyes met, and she hastily looked down at her coffee.

"Oh, my God, Mel! He caught me looking at him!"

"That's a good thing, hon. Especially as you fancy him. Well, you do, don't you?"

Sasha smiled. She could never keep anything from Mel. "Am I that transparent?" Mel nodded, shooting her a grin. "All right, you've got me. I have to confess that I *may* have noticed how pretty damn hot he is and the fact that he always looks well-groomed." She sighed and absently stirred her coffee. "Do you reckon he likes me, then?"

Mel laughed. "Well, the fact that he can't take his eyes off you is a dead cert, I'd say."

Sasha sipped her coffee delicately, knowing he might still be looking at her and making her acutely self-aware of how one should behave in a coffee shop. Not the usual 'throw it down her neck' affair, when she was in a hurry. She took a bite of her sandwich and carried on nattering to Mel, trying to ignore the fact that she was dying to sneak another glance at the hunk across the room. She could feel his eyes burning into her from across the tables and it took a lot of effort not to return his gaze. She'd only recently ended a year-long relationship, after finding out her boyfriend had cheated on her. She wasn't sure yet if she wanted another boyfriend...even though this one was rather gorgeous.

When their lunch hour came to an end, the two girls stood up to leave, pushing their chairs back. As she opened the door and walked out into the bright sunshine, Sasha felt a presence at her elbow. It was *him*. He was so close she could smell him, an intoxicating mixture of aftershave and masculinity. Her senses reeled, and it was all she could do not to stare. She gave him a cursory glance and then hurried after Mel, back to work. They both worked in the same street but in different offices.

Her boss was waiting for her when she got back, and he glanced at his watch, wagging his eyebrows at her. "What time do you call this, Sasha?"

"Huh? I'm not late, am I?" Sasha was rarely late, and when she was, it was usually with a good excuse.

He smiled back at her flushed face. "No, you're not late. I was just winding you up."

"Oh, funny!" Her boss, Simon, had a bizarre sense of humour, one known only to himself. Sasha had been working for him for three years and they both got along together famously; he appreciated her hard work and she liked the relaxed atmosphere. They worked together in a small office on Chiswell Street, in the heart of London, drawing up building plans, mainly for the construction industry. He was renowned for his attention to detail and had earned himself a worthy clientele.

Simon laughed at her derisive expression and continued, "You know I love to wind you up, now and then. Come on, relax; you're on time. Don't bother taking your coat off; I've an errand I want you to run. Follow me."

Sasha raised her eyebrows and looked at his retreating back, wondering what he wanted her to do. She traipsed after him, into his office. He was already seated and sifting through several documents on the desk. She waited patiently, until he'd neatly placed all the documents he wanted into a large padded envelope.

"Right, I need you to take this down to Scott Denvers of Denvers & Co. and it needs to be handed to him personally. If he's not there, find him."

"Oh, sounds important."

"It is. These are the updated building plans for the new complex going up in town. He needs them urgently, otherwise, the build will come to a standstill. And, as you know, young lady, time is money."

Sasha rolled her eyes; she'd heard him say it so many times before. "Yes, boss! Do you want them there like *pronto*?"

"Yep! The sooner the better. Take a taxi and put the tab on expenses. Oh, and make sure you hand it to him personally. I want to know he's definitely received it."

"Okay, will do." Sasha took the heavy envelope off him and rushed out to hail the nearest taxi. After failing dismally to attract the attention of three cabs merely by holding her hand out, she took to almost throwing herself in front of one to grab the driver's attention. The cab swerved alarmingly as it came to a standstill. Sasha opened the door and threw herself inside.

"Gawd's sake, love! You almost killed yerself there!" The cab driver looked at her like she was from another planet.

"Sorry, I'm in a hurry. I had no choice." Sasha pursed her lips and nodded forwards. "I need to get to Denvers and Company, on Wood Street. Can you make it snappy please?"

He narrowed his eyes at her brusque attitude before sighing aloud and ramming his foot down on the accelerator. Sasha was thrown backwards and quickly put on her seatbelt, deciding it was the safest thing to do, if she wanted to arrive there in one piece.

The cab screeched to a halt outside the plush offices of Denvers and Company. "That'll be nine pounds, lady."

"Nine! That's daylight robbery!" Sasha huffed, but gave him the money anyway. It was, after all, to be put on the firm's expenses.

As she stepped onto the pavement, she leaned back in. "Do you mind waiting? I shouldn't be long."

He gave her a smug grin. "No can do...sorry, lady." She watched irritably, as he sped off into the distance. He almost seemed pleased to leave her there. Ignorant man! The fact that her attitude left a lot to be desired didn't enter Sasha's mind for one moment.

She slumped her shoulders; there was little chance of her getting another cab soon. Perhaps the offices here would telephone one for her when she was ready to leave?

She hugged the envelope close to her chest and pushed the revolving glass doors to enter the building. She hated revolving doors, always had this inane fear she would somehow get trapped in them and keep going 'round and 'round, with no way out. Luckily, that didn't happen and she managed to do a quick shimmy out. The receptionist looked up as she approached.

"Can I help you, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes, you can. I have a package for Scott Denvers, and I need to make sure he gets it today. It's urgent."

"Okay, if you hand that to me, I'll make sure he gets it. Unfortunately, he's out for the rest of the day, on site, and won't be back until tomorrow."

Sasha worried her lip. Her boss said Scott needed it today. She couldn't risk leaving it at reception.

She tapped her fingers on the counter. "Do you know what site he's at?"

The receptionist raised her eyebrows then looked down and began to leaf through her ledger, turning the pages slowly as she read through them.

"Ah, here it is. He'll be over on Newgate Street...about four blocks away. You can't miss it, it's the only building site there."

Sasha thanked her and walked with slight trepidation to the revolving doors. Quickly, she jumped in, on cue, and walked at the same speed as the moving doors, jumping out the other side, before the doors could swallow her up. She put a relieved hand to her chest before walking off towards Newgate Street.

After a couple of blocks, she realised she had completely the wrong shoes on for walking long distances, let alone for entering a building site. Three-inch killer heels looked very well in an office but for walking, nah! Her back was going to suffer later and all in the name of fashion.

She entered Newgate Street and passed several big offices, before happening upon the building site. It was huge. How on earth was she going to find Mr. Denvers in this mess of bricks and metal? She sighed heavily and walked through the iron gates, stepping onto the uneven ground. She grimaced and picked her way along as best she could over the clay and exposed rubble. She hadn't gone very far when one of the workmen noticed her. He approached her, enquiring, "Can I help you, miss?"

"Yes, you can." Sasha looked down at the mud and pulled a face. "Can you tell me where Mr. Scott Denvers is located, please? I have a package for him."

"He's in the main porta cabin but I'm sorry, miss, you can't come any further without a hardhat and suitable footwear. Health and Safety would be onto us, otherwise." He looked down at her stilettos pointedly, no doubt wondering how she'd managed to even walk this far onto site.

Sasha pierced him with a look. "I *have* to see him personally. Would you mind moving, so I can get by?"

He bristled and planted his feet firmly in her way. "No can do, miss. You'll have to wait outside the gates. Anyway, he's busy at the moment and he doesn't need to be disturbed by the likes of you."

"What do you mean, by the likes of me? Who do you think you are?"

"Site Manager, miss. Now, if you don't mind..." He pointed his arm at the exit, indicating she should leave.

"How rude!" Realising, for now, she would have to fool him into thinking she was leaving, she turned her back on him and, with a ramrod straight back to show her indignation, she picked her way as best she could towards the exit. She glanced over her shoulder but he was still staring at her, his arms folded across his broad chest. She huffed and continued until she was standing outside the gates. Then, she leaned against them, giving him a false assumption that she was going to wait for Mr. Denvers. The Site Manager, happy that she'd obeyed him, went back to oversee his men, hard at work on another part of the site.

Once Sasha had made sure he was out of sight, she snuck in and hid behind a partially built wall. Then, after making sure the coast was clear, she ran, or rather stumbled, on further and hid behind a stack of wood. If she was careful, she should do this, no problem, without that interfering Site Manager seeing her. She darted out again and headed towards the main porta cabin, before darting behind another stack of wood. There was a lot of hammering and clanging going on, and most of the men seem so involved in their job that, thus far, she hadn't been spotted.

Sasha giggled. This was quite fun. Almost like being a naughty kid again! Not that she was naughty when she was a child, well not often...only six days out of seven! She peered 'round from the stack of wood to get her bearings. Okay, Mr. Denvers, she thought, I'm coming to get you! She suddenly felt a tapping on her right shoulder. She froze. Oh, no...not the Site Manager again? She turned 'round slowly, to find herself face to face with a broad chest covered in a fluorescent yellow site vest. Her eyes travelled upwards until they were met by a set of piercing blue eyes.

"Do you mind telling me what you're doing?" a deep voice drawled.

Sasha gulped. Oh, Lord! It was the man from the café! What the hell was he doing here? Of all the luck!

"I was...umm...just... Look, I have a parcel to deliver," she blurted.

"I don't care if you have a parcel to deliver or not. You should not be on these premises without a hard hat, and your footwear leaves a lot to be desired." He looked down and raised one eyebrow as he noted her strappy heels.

Sasha started to bristle, good-looking man or not, he was in her way, and who was he to tell her what to do? She'd already managed to evade the Site Manager, so she didn't need this man's wrath on her head, either.

"I don't like hard hats and, anyhow, I don't intend being on this site any longer than I have to. Do you think I like walking 'round in this mud and muck?" He was momentarily stunned by her outburst, and she took full advantage of the situation by prodding her finger into his broad chest.

"So, if you don't mind...I'd like you to skedaddle and leave me alone. I have an important errand to run and don't need you on my back. Go back to your work...whatever that happens to be!"

His eyes darkened angrily. "You're extremely rude, do you know that? You're trespassing onto a building site, you're not wearing the correct clothing and you have one hell of a sassy mouth on you." He grabbed her wrist and twisted her arm behind her back, frogmarching her towards the exit. She struggled in vain, but his strength was no match for her.

"*Get off me!* I have to deliver this parcel. It's important." When they got outside the gates, he released her arm and she spun 'round to glare at him. "I'm rude, you say! Listen here, Mister! You're the one who's rude. I'm going to report you to your boss! I know him, and you're now in real trouble!" She folded her arms and gave him a haughty told-you-so look.

He raised an eyebrow and rubbed his chin. "So, you know my...*boss?*"

Sasha gave him a smug look. "Yeah. Mr. Denvers and I are *real* close!"

He took a step forward and lifted her chin with one finger, looking into her eyes. "How close?"

His eyes moved from her eyes to her lips. For a few seconds, she was mesmerised; there was that divine masculine smell again, pervading her senses. She almost melted against him but remembered where she was and jerked her chin back.

She pushed him away with her free hand, clutching the parcel with the other. "Just close...that's all you need to know. Now, let me pass!"

"*No!*"

Sasha was now so fired up that she was determined nothing would stop her from finishing her mission. "Oh, my God...look!" She pointed behind him, making out something atrocious was happening. When he turned to look, she sped past him and ran full pelt across the building site. Her shoes were sinking fast into the mud and sand but she paid little heed. Mr. Denvers needed this parcel and Mr. Denvers was going to get it! Next thing she knew, she was lifted up by two large hands and held fast against the pursuing man's side. She tried to struggle and only managed in kicking out her legs uselessly. The parcel dropped from her hands, falling with a slosh into the oozing mud, as he wrestled with her writhing form.

"You and I are going to my office. It's only makeshift but will do for what I need to carry out!" he growled ominously.

"What do you mean? Get off me! Who the devil are you? You can't do this!"

"Oh, I can...and, by the way..." She detected a hint of amusement in his voice. "Allow me to introduce myself, Mr. Denvers, at your service."

Sasha gasped and stopped kicking. Oh, Lord! *He* was Mr. Denvers. She slumped against his side. What had she gone and done?

* * *

He kicked open his office door and set her down in front of his desk. Sasha didn't know where to look. She was angry and embarrassed, all at the same time, and her senses were somewhat confused after being held so close to his powerful body. The man oozed masculinity and was far too handsome for his own good.

She watched him from under her lashes as he prowled around his office before coming to a halt, glaring at her. "Do you know how irresponsible you are?"

She blinked rapidly as she digested his words. "Me! Irresponsible! I am not!"

He sat down on the corner of the desk and folded his arms. "Yes...*you are*. This is an extremely dangerous place to be...and you waltz in, with no hard-hat on and no steel toe-capped boots. What would have happened if a piece of scaffolding had fallen on you...huh? How about if a piece of timber went flying and knocked you for six? Not to mention, if the Health and Safety Officer had seen you."

She put her hands on her hips, defiantly. "The Health and Safety Officer didn't see me though, did he? And nothing hit me, *did it?* As you can see, I'm perfectly unharmed." She looked down at her filthy, mud caked stilettos. They were definitely ruined. She continued, "Also...there is *no* way I would be seen dead in a pair of steel toe-capped boots. So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!" She knew her mouth was running away with her but she hated being bossed around.

* * *

Scott stared back at her. She was petite, the perfect blue eyed, blonde. He'd first seen her about two weeks ago, when he started visiting the small café in town for lunch. Since then, he'd been in practically every day, in the hope she would come in. He'd been going to ask her out, lunchtime, at the café, but she'd given him a quick glance and then rushed off before he'd had the chance. Now, here she was in front of him, with the sassiest attitude he'd seen in a long time.

"You have a very bad attitude...did anyone ever tell you that?" He frowned at her. "You cannot simply walk onto a building site, like you were visiting the local shopping mall! What was so urgent that you had to give me, anyway?"

Sasha crossed her arms angrily and rolled her eyes to the heavens. "I had some building plans for you from Simon Macintosh, my boss. And now...*thanks to you*...they are laying in the mud on *your* building site!" She tapped her foot angrily as she glared at him. "My boss is going to be mad with me and it's your fault entirely—it certainly isn't mine."

Scott was incredulous. "You're blaming *me*?"

"Well, if the boot fits!"

"I've taken just about enough of your attitude. You either calm down or I'll make you!"

For a second, she looked disconcerted. "W-what do you mean... 'make me'?"

"Exactly that...if you carry on bad mouthing me, you'll get a spanking."

A flush stole up her cheeks. "Huh! Excuse me, Mr. Denvers...I think you'll find that's abuse. Nobody spansks this day and age...how ridiculous! Look, let's just forget this happened; you have your plans, albeit dirty ones, so I've done my job. Goodbye, Mr. Denvers."

Sasha swiftly turned on her heel and headed for the door, only to find his hand on her elbow, halting further progress.

"I don't think so...not without one of these." He held out a hard-hat to her and fixed her with a stare, daring her to resist.

* * *

Sasha looked down at the hat and pursed her lips. He thrust it forward and raised his eyebrows, waiting to see if she would take it. Her eyes sparkled with anger but, nevertheless, she took the hat from him with absolutely no intention of wearing it. Instead, she threw it straight at his desk. His eyes darkened and they both watched as the hat bounced off the desk and hit the window, shattering the thin glass. There was a muffled, "oof," from one of the workmen below, as the hat found an unfortunate target.

Sasha's mouth hung open and she started to apologize, "I...oh, Lord... I didn't think it would do that! I'm sorry!"

"Sorry? I'll give you sorry! You're one bad tempered brat and I have a great way of fixing brats; come here!"

Sasha backed away but, too late, he had her by the arm. She was led over to his chair and made to stand in front of him. She tried struggling but he was too strong and his large hands held her firmly between his thighs as he sat down.

Her heart was beating ten to the dozen and her mouth had suddenly gone dry. Surely, he wouldn't carry his threat out, would he? Surely, it was literally that...just a threat? She gulped and watched as he removed his fluorescent jacket, his eyes fixed on her face the whole time.

She tried to reason with him. "Look...it was a mistake. I realise I should've worn a hat... I'll wear one now! Where do you keep them?"

He shook his head. "Uh-uh! Don't think you can wriggle out of this. I warned you, didn't I?"

He manoeuvred her until she was at the side of his strong thighs and swiftly pulled her down over them. She squealed indignantly and tried to rise but he put one large hand on her back. "Down! Try to rise again and I'll make the punishment longer!"

"You wouldn't dare do this. You can't! I'll have the law on you."

"Oh, go ahead, brat. I'll have Health and Safety onto you and I'll inform your boss of your shenanigans. What's it to be?"

Sasha slumped over his knee as she digested his words. This wasn't fair! What had she done to deserve it? On consideration, perhaps she had been a bit sassy...but he'd asked for it! She certainly didn't want her boss to know. "Okay...okay. But you'll regret it!"

He shook his head as his hand rested on her bottom. "No, I think you'll be the one regretting your actions, miss."

His hand resting on her bottom was doing strange things to her insides. She'd only had a spanking once before, from an ex-boyfriend, and although she'd protested mightily at the time, she had secretly enjoyed it. But this time, it was different. This time, she was older...twenty-eight...and over the knee of a man she fancied the pants off. Oh, Lord!

His hand began to rub her backside and Sasha closed her eyes tightly, waiting for the spanks to rain down. She didn't have to wait long. His hand descended again and again, with full force onto her pert cheeks.

Smack, smack, smack.

Her body moved forward with every slap and she hung onto his trouser leg to steady herself. She wanted to cry out but refused to give him the satisfaction. No, he could go whistle if he thought she was going to surrender that easily.

Smack, smack, smack, smack.

She wriggled uncomfortably, trying to evade the hefty swats, but his arm was firmly 'round her waist, pinning her to his lap. Her bottom was beginning to warm up. Thank goodness, he wasn't spanking her on her bare bottom. That would have been far too embarrassing. This was bad enough. Just as she was beginning to think about crying out, he stopped.

"Right, that's you, warmed up. Feeling sorry now?"

Now, she had two choices here...did she say yes or no? If she said yes, then she was giving in, on the other hand, if she said no, then she might get some more swats...and she had had quite enough!

He narrowed his eyes as he waited for her response...almost as though he knew what she was thinking. While she was wrestling with her conscience, he made the decision for her.

"You're not sorry at all, are you?"

Sasha answered quickly. "I am! I am! Honestly... I-I'm sorry!"

She felt her skirt being lifted and she struggled futilely to get off his lap, but his grip was strong.

"Stop struggling!"

He slapped her hard on one of her thighs and she winced with the stingy sensation, giving out a strangled, "Ooooooh, shee...."

He interrupted quickly, "*Don't you dare!* I won't have swearing added to your list of misdemeanours." His hand came down on her panties in rapid succession, hardly giving her time to breathe. *Smack, smack, smack, smack.*

Her bottom was on fire and she was seriously regretting her outburst that had put her in such a position. Why did he have to have such large hands? She breathed a sigh of relief as his hand stilled.

"I want a proper apology or I'm going to continue." He waited expectantly.

Sasha couldn't answer straight away as she was still getting the pain under control. After a few moments, she answered him, "Yes, I'm sorry. Please...can you just stop? I won't be rude anymore...honest! Can I stand up now?"

He released his tight grip and assisted her so she stood before him. His eyes settled on her; watching whilst she rubbed her throbbing bottom through the material of her skirt.

"That hurt! You had no right to do that!" she complained.

"Yes, I did. You have a lot to learn, young lady. Now...I'm going to accompany you across the site, you *are* going to wear a hard-hat and you *are* going to watch that attitude."

She nibbled her lip and shrugged her shoulders. "Okay. But what about your papers?"

He handed her a hard-hat, making sure she put it on, before he replied, "They should be okay. Was the envelope lined with plastic?"

"Yes...at least, I think so."

"It should be fine, then. I'll pick it up on the way; come on, follow me."

He led the way out of the office, with Sasha following behind, tip toeing her way over the rubble and mud. Scott paused to pick up the envelope and handed it to a nearby worker. "Can you see this is put in my office? I'll be back shortly."

The man nodded and took the messy envelope off him, giving Sasha more than a casual glance as he assessed her from top to toe. She bristled and pulled herself up to her full height of five-feet-two. Bloody workmen, she thought belligerently.

Once they reached the gates, Scott turned to look at her. "What means of transport did you use to get here?"

"A cab...well, I took a cab to your main offices but walked from there to here. Bloody..." He coughed as she swore and raised his eyebrows. She stammered, "I...err...mean *stupid* cab driver drove off and wouldn't wait for me."

He gave a wry smile. "Come on; I'll give you a lift. My vehicle's only 'round the corner." He walked off, expecting her to follow him. She stood there, nonplussed for a few seconds. She didn't know if she wanted to be in close proximity with him just yet. Her bottom was still sore and she was feeling miffed with him, also, confined in a small space with him might be too much of an assault on her senses. On the other hand, she didn't want to hang around here all day trying to get a cab. Slumping her shoulders, she followed after him. As they rounded the corner, she watched as he walked up to a large, pick-up truck. He held open the passenger door and waited for her to get in.

"Sorry, it's only a work truck...but when you get this dirty at work, it's not worth bringing your own car."

"Oh, that's okay." She looked down at her shoes. "My shoes are filthy, shall I put them on some paper or something?"

He shook his head. "No. Like I say, it's a work truck...it's seen worse."

She hopped up into the seat and winced as her bottom made contact with the hard leather seat. She caught him smirking at her so she quickly looked away and stuck her chin out, ignoring him. He pulled open the driver's door and sat down, putting the key in the ignition.

"So, back to the offices in Chiswell Street, is it?"

"Yes, if you don't mind."

He reversed the truck then drove up the busy street towards her offices. They drove in silence for a while, allowing Sasha time to regain her composure. Her bottom hurt and every bump of the truck made her angrier with him for administering her punishment. The nearer she got to her offices, the more worked up she was getting. Also, the fact that his heavenly, manly smell was invading her nostrils was doing strange things to her mind, and she didn't like it. Okay, so he was attractive but he was also a bully. She hadn't deserved that spanking. He glanced over at her, whilst waiting for a green light at the traffic lights, and couldn't help laughing. "You've got the hump, haven't you?"

"I have not! I just don't wish to talk to you!" She turned and stared out of the window, giving him a view of the back of her head.

"Admit it...you're annoyed with me, aren't you? I know a sulk when I see it."

She spun 'round. "I am *not* sulking. I just don't want to talk to a-a bully."

"A bully! I thought we'd sorted this out?" He paused then spoke softly, "You don't give up, do you?"

He pulled up outside her firm's offices and she hastily pulled open the truck door, jumping down from the seat and slamming it behind her. As she walked past his window, he called out, "Can you tell Simon I'll be in next Wednesday. I have another project to go through with him. Don't forget, now!"

She smiled sweetly, although her eyes shot fire at him. "No, sir!"

He chuckled to himself as he watched her walk into the building. He was looking forward to seeing more of that minx, of that, he was certain.