

Lizbeth Dusseau

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Surrender: The Spanking Tale

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Get out, get out, get out!" Liza shouted.

Aubrey turned on her with eyes flaring, though he was still impeccably civil.

"You bitch," he seethed. He pulled a nylon sock over his thin foot and slipped it into the Italian loafer. "No need to fret, I'm gone." He straightened his tie in front of the mirror, and then adjusted his pale tan suit coat. He looked at her as if he wanted to say more, but didn't.

His impeccable clothes once again adorned his impeccable body, despite the fact that he'd dressed in haste. She wanted to scream, her throat burned. Lust and hate consumed her. As he left the apartment, his accusation rang in her ears with a dead thud, "slut tease."

The vase on the table in the hallway went flying through the air crashing against the door and shattering into a thousand small pieces.

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"You're too critical, both of you," Cynthia charged, as she stuffed the last of Aubrey's clothes into a duffel bag later that day.

"You're wrinkling everything," Liza observed.

Cynthia looked at her disgusted. "See, you think too much like him, he'd tell me the same thing. Well, he can't have it both ways, if he's going to send me to get his stuff he can take it the way I give it to him." She pulled the last of his socks from the dresser drawer. "Why do you care anyway?"

"I don't."

"Bull."

"I don't care; I really don't, not anymore, not after . . . this morning." She cocked her head sassily, an impertinent pout adorning her face.

"It's lust, that's all it is," Cynthia continued, "And what do you mean "this morning"?"

Liza considered telling Cynthia everything about Aubrey's flaming indictment of her scandalous sexual appetites, but that was a Pandora's Box she didn't want to open.

Cynthia finished packing Aubrey's things, then grabbing her beer from the dresser, she sank into the bed to finish it off. "You just liked his tight buns, and sparks fly, and you think it's love." She sighed wearily. "But it's not."

"You're one to talk."

Cynthia laughed. "I may not know what love is, but I know what it isn't. You like the image of each other . . . this, this perfect picture you manage to produce for the world. But it has nothing to do with who you really are inside, so when you unwrap the package, what do you have? Nothing."

Liza looked at her, feeling pained and bored; she'd heard this before.

"You just never had a way of drawing out the best in each other, you're both so self absorbed. I wish I'd never introduced you."

"It was a lot more than what you think. And frankly, you're being too kind to him, but I suppose that's expected from his sister."

"Oh, I know he's a selfish slut, and he wants his way on everything. God I lived with him for years, but . . . the truth?"

She looked at her so sincerely that Liza could have spit! She'd tell her anyway, and was probably right, she always was—unnerving as it is to be best friends with the most reasoned, sensible, wise person on earth.

"You need someone that's not so pretty, not so much like yourself, someone raw around the edges, who drinks too much, who wouldn't care if he embarrassed you; someone without all your rules, some decadent old hippie who won't put up with your whining, but who won't drop you because you do." Liza looked at her friend's thoughtful expression for

a moment as she waited for her to finish her speech. "You need someone to put you in your place with a firm hand."

If only Cynthia knew how right she was, Liza thought to herself.

It had not been a good season for men in Liza's life. Three in two years, all making her explode sexually for a few brief months; but when it came to listening to her, and understanding the dark secrets of her bruised soul, and being patient with her odd needs, they couldn't be bothered.

Why did Cynthia always make sense? Liza wondered. She was always there to calm her, observe every little detail of her tempestuous relationship with men, and then dispense tidbits of wisdom with amiable brutality when the break-up was over. Cynthia may not have known everything about Liza. She didn't know all the hidden things, the secrets fears in her mysterious convoluted mind. Although she know – practical intuition, she supposed – that Liza needed a different kind of man, not another of her 'pretty' attractions.

But despite the advice, both of them knew Liza would probably do the same thing over again, letting the place between her legs overrule her reason. She'd find herself in bed with another man who couldn't give her what she needed and secretly desired. Trying to turn some transient lust into meaningful love ended up looking painfully ridiculous.

"Let me put a frozen pizza in the oven before you go," Liza suggested.

"No, I don't need it, besides I have to go, Aubrey wants his things by eight, he's planning some weekend away." She rolled her eyes.

Liza nodded, slightly wistfully. There were things about him she'd miss, it seemed strange to be alone again, another ending . . . .

"Don't do it," Cynthia charged. Don't spend your weekend pining in this apartment, eating everything in

sight. I've seen you do it before." One tear began to form in the corner of Liza's eye, as Cynthia gave her a quick hug, and then flung the duffel bag awkwardly over her shoulder. "And don't cry anymore, it's just wasted. He may be my brother, but he wasn't worth it."

"I just had such hopes, and now?"

"We'll get by, Liza, we always do." She smiled tenderly. "Now don't eat," she ordered.

"I won't, I have lots of work at the gallery this weekend, a little auction Evan has planned. And he'll be delighted about this break-up!"

"To hell with Evan!"

"Well, there's another story just bubbling its way out of me. That should keep me happy."

"As long as it's not about Aubrey." Cynthia looked deadly serious.

"No, not this one."

"Good." She moved clumsily through the door with her brother's three overstuffed bags, "I've got to quit doing this, the little tramp," she added exasperated, and she was down the hall and in the elevator managing a quick wave toward Liza before the door closed.

The apartment was strange without him; his ten month tenure beneath her roof had begun with his little boy excitement and her lust. Thrilled, she'd been thrilled with his handsome face, his wit, his lively eyes, and the dedication to his art. He'd been the perfect man in every way, except that he never understood what she wanted from him. He had called her kinky, perverted, some kind of weirdo. How many times had he said, "I'll never do that, it's ridiculous!" His words rang in her ears.

But still, he was gone. She had that emptiness again. And what was worse, that strange obsessive voice dissecting her brain, to find the crack in her consciousness that would allow it entry, and then free reign. So many things she pushed aside for so long. Cynthia was right about her. She

needed that 'other kind of man', whoever that was, who would take control and give her what she wanted. Yet as much as she yearned for that kind of man, she was scared to surrender.

## Chapter Two

Liza didn't need to unlock the gallery; Evan was already there. Normally he didn't come in until late afternoon on Monday, if at all. Should she explain her tardiness? No. She didn't owe him an explanation.

"God, what's wrong with you?" he exclaimed, seeing her flustered face.

"What do you mean?"

"You look horrid," he said. Horrid was his word of the month. The new paintings were horrid, the customers were horrid; the Devon studio showing across town was horrid. He used the word as if he'd just invented it, and was demonstrating its usefulness.

Liza shoved her purse under her desk and looked up at him, employer, former lover, friend and genuine lout. His flashing eyes seemed incredibly bright for the time of day.

"You been in long?" she asked.

"It's 11:00 my dear, where have you been?"

She didn't want to answer him. He didn't seem too terribly upset with her, but it was hard to tell; his persona depended on his mood, the season, the climate and probably the positions of the planets.

"You could have called," he suggested civilly. He was posturing, waiting to pounce on something.

"I suppose I could have, but you're not normally here at this hour."

"My, are we playing bitch today, you having problems, with ah...what's his name?

Liza would cock her head at Evan when he annoyed her, look up through a fallen lock of blonde hair and eye him, her lips pursed to an irritated pout.

Evan Mills could be damned charming, gallant, effusive, expansive and shameless; though anymore to Liza, he was a dictatorial ass.

"Are you going to give me any credit for what I did until the wee hours Saturday?" she asked. "He's left you, hasn't he?" He followed Liza to the back of the gallery as she carried a load of prints in her arms.

"You could help me," she said.

"Oh no! This is your concoction, not mine," Evan reminded her.

"And you're going to make me regret it." Liza had demanded he leave this one show to her genius alone. She was intent on proving that she could manage, design and coordinate the entire effort without his haughty ego leering over her every few minutes. He agreed to her demand because he was bored of shows, bored of the gallery, and more interested in looking for conquests between his legs, than conquests in the art world.

"And are you regretting it yet?" He looked at her sternly, swaggering toward her.

It was perverse the way he would flirt with her when they weren't living together, and ignore her when they were. He put his hand on her ass, and smacked it hard so she nearly dropped the prints.

"Dammit, Evan. Stop it!"

"Ah, now you're looking better, your eyes are snapping. You always respond so nicely when you're being chastised. So when did he leave?"

He knew. She didn't hide herself well, and Evan knew her moods, the changing light in her eyes, and the shallowness of her face when she was strained and angry and tight inside.

"We've been together too long," she said. She put down the prints and began to shuffle through them for the one she needed. Black, lots of black and splashes of red orange, laced with turmoil, this could be a very strange show, if she didn't watch herself. She noticed years ago that her choices in art were often the choices of her soul's changing state responding to her sexual fulfillment, or lack thereof.

"When did he leave?" Evan repeated.

"Why do you care?"

"Cause I want to torment you. You're my little experiment, Liza, I like knowing my predictions are accurate."

At first, she wondered if it was because she walked out on him four years before. Although he told her then that he didn't care; he only cared that she didn't leave the gallery. She was indispensable. All Evan seemed to care about was having control of her. Whether it was in the bedroom or at work, it didn't seem to matter.

To him, that she stayed clear of his bed for months, even years at a time wouldn't matter, she'd return; and in the interim, he'd have some recklessly gleeful sex, happy not to be fighting with her in middle of lust, waiting for her to be *emotionally ready* for the moment.

"He left Friday morning," she said.

"For good?"

"Yes."

He put his hands on her waist. She shook him off, even though his hands were large and warm, and so very masculine. They were controlling, just like his personality.

"No Evan, this does not mean you have license to do anything to me."

She could have pummeled him on the spot, but he grinned so warmly with his winning wonderful sweet mouth, that she couldn't be angry. This was always when he was the worst. She stared at him while he shrugged his shoulders, and gestured widely with his arms as if in a great exclamation, 'Amen! I've won again.'

"No problem precious Liza, hands off," he said. He should have added, "until later," for that was certainly what he was thinking. Instead, he turned around and sashayed toward the front of the shop, Liza knowing that if he had the talent to whistle, it would certainly have been the perfect moment.

Would that he wasn't so incredibly gorgeous. She couldn't remember how many thousands of times she thought that when she was about to give in to him again.

His beautiful dark brown hair, his charming bright smile, and dashing bright eyes, and of course, his perfectly conditioned, always well tanned body.

That evening, as it was about time for their select patrons to arrive, she watched him. It usually began that way, looking at Evan as something other than her tormentor. She imagined herself with him again, what it would be like to be at his side, in his bed, fixing his breakfast, and doing all the other things that being his lover would require. Would it be so bad? Wouldn't it be easier to have him and be done with it, to forget about other men? He knew her better than anyone else; he didn't balk at all her obsessive needs; he didn't even scowl or judge the crazy stops and starts when it came to sex.

Most of all, Evan enjoyed the really deviant side of herself, the one that thrived on old-fashioned over the lap justice, corporal punishment, complete with tongue lashings—that healthy dose of scolding that made her tremble.

Breaking in another lover would be so very difficult. So few men understood these curious needs in her, and had the creative inspiration to play her games with as much pizzazz as she required. Evan did. He had the capacity to be a breathtaking dominant, to hold her grasped in his authoritative presence, so that she'd shiver right down to her panties.

The gallery was glowing, the incandescent light flickered just enough to make the artwork glimmer. It was a small, but perfect showing, and it was hers.

"Mr. Hawke, may I take your coat?" Liza asked. The burly bearded fortyish man was Evan's most precious client. He looked typically "Hawke" that night, brusque, in scruffy blue jeans, cowboy boots and a black suede shirt.

He handed her the coat and eyed her carefully with his cold eyes, a penetrating stare that went right through her, as if he could see every detail of her soul. "You look remarkable this evening," he said, and walked away.

For three years Nathan Hawke had been coming to the gallery and never had he so much as spoken one personal word to her. Whatever possessed him now? Liza wondered. He always did business with Evan alone, always ignoring her. She had long considered that he was a throwback to the Neanderthal notion of women in their place, and their place was not in the business world—even an art gallery. Once, but just once, he'd eyed her while he waited in the reception area for Evan, and posing such an ominous picture, his stare so unnerving, she quickly found a reason to excuse herself to another part of the building.

What did he mean by "remarkable?" she wondered from the safety of her assigned place at the front door. He was sitting with his back to her, waiting for the auction to begin. His rudeness fascinated her. He'd make a fine character in one of her novels.

She stood with eyes glued to him, when he suddenly turned around and looked at her with a severe stare, then smiled lightly. He'd caught her.

He should have politely turned back around, but he didn't. Instead, he continued to stare, watching her squirm uncomfortably. She didn't want to blush, but she did anyway. Evan's appearance at the front of the room ended the peculiar encounter, as Nathan turned his attentions to the auction.

When Liza figured the accounting the next morning, Nathan Hawke had purchased \$30,000.00 in art, an impressive sum.

"Good God, he spent a fortune!" she announced.

"I love it!" Evan exclaimed.

"What does this guy do?" Liza inquired.

"Everything."

"Everything?"

"I really don't know, stocks I think, but lots of rumors surface when you're as rich as he is. All I care about is that

he loves my art, and he loves to pay for it," Evan said flippantly.

"Well, he must have loved *my* art last night," Liza reminded him.

"Oh, you want to take credit for this?" he said.

"And why not? I did a damned good job on the showing."

"It'll do," Evan said absently, going back to his books.

"Maybe if your Mr. Hawke wants more, I could show him some things personally," Liza suggested, trying to rouse Evan's interest.

"I don't think so, my dear."

"And why not?" she replied, baiting him.

"Don't set your sights on him," Evan said in a typical warning tone.

"Why not?"

"He's a nasty ass with women." Evan didn't even bother to look at her as he continued to pour over his accounts.

"Not married?" Liza inquired.

"I have no idea; I'd be surprised if he was." He looked up at her. "I can't imagine your sweet sensitive self in biker bars, and going to boxing matches, and the race track every Thursday."

"That's what he does for fun?" she asked.

"That's what I hear, that and shelling out a lot of money for a print that should have only gone for about half the price." Evan smiled deviously.

"You're kidding. I thought that was a fair price for that piece."

"I made a killing. He wanted that print. I don't know why, but I made certain he paid exactly what I wanted him to."

"Maybe he doesn't have to care about money?" Liza speculated.

Evan shrugged. "I suppose he doesn't, but what do I care?"

Liza stared at her boss. To her dismay, her loins began to respond. Why when he was being such an ass did she

fantasize about his prick, and all those other things?

He looked up, catching her expression. "You look as if you'd like an interlude in the stockroom, maybe play our little games again, now that you're free of who was it? Aubrey?"

She couldn't stop staring.

"Yes, Aubrey," he repeated. The memory of her latest love amused him. "How about some rope, care to be tied up?" he asked.

"No," she replied determined. That had been years ago, why did he think of it now? She was surprised he even suggested sex with her; he was supposed to be embroiled in a hot relationship with a little nineteen year old 'friend of the family.'

"I think you're lying, Liza," Evan said, rising from his desk, and moving around to put his hand gently on her chin. While she tried to keep from looking at him, he lifted her head, so that her eyes couldn't help but look into his.

"I don't think this is a good idea, Evan," she replied, though she was already beginning to lose her resolve.

"Oh, but that doesn't matter does it? You can't help yourself."

"I can," she countered.

"Perhaps, but you won't." He dropped her chin, and took her hand, leading her into the stockroom. "See," he said, pulling out a leather strap from the closet. "It's still here, right where we left it."

Liza shuddered looking at it, remembering how many times she'd had the thing peppering her bottom with one mean stroke after another, while she gasped in excited, panting, throbbing need.

"How long has it been?" he said, while his eyes gleamed.

She didn't want to give herself away, but she was certain that he knew her mind and loins anyway, no matter how indignant she acted, or how she might protest. She didn't know how long it had been since the last time he'd strapped