

# Under the Mistletoe

by

Tess Matthews

Copyright 2016 Blushing Books® and Tess Matthews

©2016 by Blushing Books® and Tess Matthews

All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,

a subsidiary of

ABCD Graphics and Design

977 Seminole Trail #233

Charlottesville, VA 22901

The trademark Blushing Books®

is registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Tess Matthews

Under the Mistletoe

EBook ISBN: 978-1-68259-937-2

Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book is intended for adults only. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

## Table of Contents:

Chapter One .....	5
Chapter Two.....	10
Chapter Three.....	16
Chapter Four .....	19
Chapter Five.....	26
Chapter Six.....	39
Chapter Seven .....	41
Chapter Eight .....	55
Chapter Nine .....	66
Chapter Ten.....	68
Chapter Eleven.....	76
Chapter Twelve.....	88
Chapter Thirteen .....	93
Chapter Fourteen.....	99
Chapter Fifteen.....	111
Chapter Sixteen.....	122
About the Author .....	124
EBook Offer.....	125
Blushing Books Newsletter.....	126
Blushing Books.....	127

# Chapter One

*Alabama, Christmas 1880*

Levi Atwood escaped. Freedom. Only a few more steps and he would enter the peaceful haven of the woods bordering his grandma's home. It's not that he hated Christmas; he just wanted to avoid the chaos. One moment his mother and grandmother wanted his help, and the next minute he was underfoot. No, he did his part helping his father fell an evergreen tree and dragged it home. That was all the Christmas prepping he cared to be involved in. Anyway, Levi knew his family would forgive him when he returned home; after all, it was Christmas.

The cold air turned his breath to mist as he jammed his glove-covered hands into his pockets. Winter in North Alabama is strange. It can be very cold, but hardly ever snows. And if snow comes, it usually is just a dusting. But Levi didn't mind the cold; it made the air feel fresh, clean and invigorating. He walked among the trees, which, void of leaves, appeared as skeletons of their warm weather selves. Only the pine and evergreen trees retained their foliage. Levi relished the silence of the hibernating woods. Dry leaves crunched under his feet only to be stifled by the occasional spongy patch of pine needles cushioning his steps. The woods he was in now were unfamiliar to Levi. Every few feet, he stopped, pulled out his knife and cut a notch into the rough, cracked bark of a tree to mark his path. While he was digging his blade into the hard bark of an old oak tree, he was startled by a scream piercing the stillness of the woods. Levi ran hard in the direction of the scream.

There, in a small clearing covered by a canopy of trees, stood a small figure of a girl. The girl stomped the hard ground, stopping to scream and shake her fists at the canopy above her.

"What did those trees do to you, girl? The way you were yelling, I thought someone was dying," Levi said trying to regain his breath.

The girl whipped around in the direction of Levi's voice. The fur-trimmed hood of her pale blue coat hid her face

She clenched her fists and stamped her foot in Levi's direction.

"Get out of here!" she demanded. "This is my spot!"

"I heard you screaming; I thought someone was dying!"

“Well, I ain’t dying, so you can leave now.” The girl placed her hands on her hips.

“You sure are bossy for such a little girl.”

“I ain’t a little girl.”

“You ain’t?” he said. “You can’t be more than ten.”

“I’m fourteen. So now you know how old I am, you can leave.”

“Hmm. Don’t think I will; I kinda like this spot,” Levi said, teasing her.

“You go away now!” the girl demanded and picked up a rock to throw at Levi.

“You better think twice before you throw that rock.”

The girl backed down and dropped the rock on the ground.

“I’ll wait for you to leave.” She sat on a hollow log and folded her arms across her chest.

Levi could hear her snuffle.

“Oh, come on, I was just teasing ya. You don’t have to go and cry about it.”

“I ain’t crying.”

“Sure sounds like you are to me.”

“Well, I ain’t.”

“Okay, whatever you say. How about we be friends?” he said. “My name is Levi Atwood. What’s yours?”

“I ain’t telling you my name. Why don’t you leave, Levi Atwood,” she said with a sneer.

“All right, I will leave, but it is a shame. I might have helped with whatever has you so angry.”

Levi turned to leave.

“Wait!”

Levi stopped and smiled to himself. “What? I’m leaving like you asked me to.”

“Oh. I-I just thought maybe you might could help me.”

Levi turned to face the girl. “So tell me what you are trying to do.”

“I’m trying to get mistletoe.”

“Mistletoe?”

“Yes. Haven’t you heard of mistletoe?”

“I have. Has something to do with Christmas?” he said.

“Yes, but it grows up in the treetops, and you have to throw rocks at it to knock it down, but it’s hard, ’cause it has roots growing into the tree.”

“A rifle would be easier than rocks. Sounds like a lot of trouble for a tree-growin’ weed.”

“It ain’t no weed.” She stomped her foot once more.

“What’s it for?”

“Kissing.”

“Kissing? You must be joking,” he said. “Why would folks need a weed to kiss, and who would a little girl like you kiss, anyhow?”

“Oh! Just go away,” she yelled. “I don’t want your help! You don’t know nuthin’.”

“I’m just trying to make sense of it, is all. What ya want it for?”

“It’s for my Ma and Pa to kiss on Christmas.”

“Why can’t they kiss without it?” he asked.

“You are a dumb boy. Don’t you know if a girl stands under mistletoe at Christmas, then the boy that loves her has to give her a kiss? My Ma loves to stand under the mistletoe and wait for Pa to kiss her.”

“Seems silly to me.”

“Then never you mind, Levi Atwood. I will get it myself.”

“How do you propose to do that? Throwing rocks at it hasn’t worked.”

“I’m gonna have to climb a tree and get it,” she said.

“Wait!” Levi yelled, but he was too late. The girl was already making her way up a tree. “Hey!” Levi yelled from the base of the tree. “You ain’t a monkey. You need to get down before you break your neck.”

“Go away. I don’t need your help.”

“Come on, come on. Dang it, what is your name?”

“I ain’t telling you,” she said as she reached another branch.

“Well, since you look like a monkey trying to climb that tree, I will call you Monkeyface. So, Monkeyface, you better get down. I don’t want to climb up there and get you.”

“You don’t have to; I told you to go away.”

“You are very irritating, Monkeyface. Now get down here.”

Monkeyface stretched her arm to reach a sprig that resembled mistletoe, but lost her balance and slipped off the limb.

“Ewff!” Levi gasped as he caught the falling girl. “Monkeyface, you sure are a lot of trouble.”

The girl's hood slipped off her head, revealing her face, which was nothing like a monkey at all. She was the most beautiful girl Levi had ever seen.

Her braided hair was a glossy midnight black, which contrasted with the luminous, milky white skin of her face, her complexion flawless, even with a smattering of pale freckles. Her cheeks were light pink, maybe a result of the cold weather, but Levi did not think so. Her pink lips were the shape of a rosebud. But what stunned Levi were her large almond-shaped eyes. They were piercing with their arctic blue color, and they held him in her gaze.

"My," she whispered. "You are like one of the knights in the books I read, the ones that save the lady from peril." Her gaze became soft and dreamy.

"Do any of those knights spank these ladies, Monkeyface?"

"I don't know. Wait, what?"

"You heard me, Monkeyface."

"You don't have to call me Monkeyface." She smiled. "My name is Jane Dunn, but folks call me Janie."

"I prefer Monkeyface," Levi said as he placed her on her feet. "I gotta go home. Don't climb anymore trees, Monkeyface."

"Please, it's Janie, and wait."

"What?"

"Please, Levi, um—will you please help me get some mistletoe?"

"What's wrong with the mistletoe in your hand?"

"Oh!" Janie looked at her hand and was surprised to see mistletoe in her grasp. "I didn't realize I got it; mistletoe usually grows high in the tree tops. Was I that high up?"

"No," said Levi. "You got lucky. So now you can go stand under it and wait for a kiss."

"Not me, silly, Ma."

"Oh, that's right, your Ma gets kissed by your Pa, I forgot," he teased. "Hey, where did you find out about mistletoe?"

"I know a lot of things; I like to read."

"You do?" Levi asked.

"Yes."

"I like to read, too. I don't know anyone who likes to read like I do. My friends from school call me a bookworm."

“A bookworm.” Janie laughed. “I suppose I must be a bookworm, too.”

“No, you will always be a Monkeyface.”

Janie smiled. “You are still in school. How old are you?”

“I’m seventeen, and I don’t go to school anymore. I help with the farm.”

“Your folks have a farm around here?”

“No, we ain’t from here,” he said. “We came here to visit my grandma for Christmas.”

“Oh,” Janie said with a hint of disappointment in her voice. “I live in town. My Pa is a banker.”

“Janie?” Levi asked, using her real name. “Do you have to go home right now?”

“No, I can stay a little longer.”

“I don’t know anyone who likes to talk about books. Do you want to stay awhile and we can talk about the books we have read?”

“Oh, I would love that,” Janie answered, thrilled he wanted to stay. “I have a couple of apples in my knapsack, do you want one?”

“Sure.”

Janie retrieved the apples and joined Levi, who was sitting on the hollow log.

“So tell me,” Levi asked. “What is your favorite book?”

An hour had passed before they knew it.

“I need to get home, Levi,” she said. “I had such a good time talking to you. I’m sorry I was in such an ill temper when we first met.”

“It’s okay, Monkeyface, I wish we didn’t have to go. I like talking to you.”

“I like talking to you, too,” Janie said

They sat in silence for a moment.

“Hey,” Levi said, “we come here every Christmas to see Grandma, I could meet you here next Christmas Eve.”

“That would be wonderful.” Janie’s face radiated. “And we could write, too. All you have to do is address the letter to me and put Henderson, Alabama on the letter and I will get it.”

“And you can write me, too, only I live in Ashland, Alabama.”

“Oh, Levi, I’m so glad I met you.”

“And I’m glad I found you under the mistletoe.”