

Winter Spice

By

Vanessa Liebe

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Santa's Grotto

"I've got to start work in five minutes." Jenna glanced at her watch and moaned to her friend, Candice, who was sitting across the table from her.

Her friend sucked on a straw, taking a gulp of soda, before rolling her eyes. "Poor you," she sympathized. "But then your house did get kind of trashed, Jenna."

"Don't remind me."

The house party of the year. Well, it had started off like that. Everyone had been having so much fun and then it had all gone horribly wrong. Some drunken idiot had posted an open invite on social media, so that people had turned up, trashed her parent's house causing hundreds of dollars of damage, and disappeared before the police had turned up.

To cut a long story short, Jenna was more than sorry for trying to impress certain people in her social circle. She wouldn't bother doing so ever again and had cut herself off from that group now. They weren't particularly nice individuals and Jenna didn't like who they were trying to turn her into. A clone. She shook her head at how stupid she had been. At least now she was determined to show her parents that they could trust her. However, it was taking longer than she'd anticipated. She'd always been the apple of her dad's eye, able to twist him around her little finger—not this time.

"It's been five weeks, Candice." She sighed. "I haven't done anything wild. I haven't been out shopping, blowing my credit card. I've been good. Then my dad dropped his bombshell this morning." It had been the old 'responsibility' talk. Her dad had found her a job working in Santa's grotto for two nights. Hopefully she'd find the experience humbling was the gist of the conversation.

"At least it's only for a few evenings, Jenna." Her friend tried to placate her.

"But Christmas Eve, Candice!" Jenna pouted. "I've got to work tonight and Christmas Eve. I was hoping to be able to go out tomorrow night. Being grounded at twenty-one is so humiliating."

Candice smiled. "Yes, I know. However, if this gets you back in your parent's good books, what's the issue, hon? You can come to my New Year Eve's party then."

Jenna suddenly brightened. "There is that."

"Your dad might reinstate your allowance too. Think of the retail therapy afterwards. I'm sure you can suffer this job for two evenings and not get yourself fired."

Candice had a valid point. Maybe this job thing wouldn't be so bad after all. But then Jenna's smile slipped a bit, as she looked at her friend. "I have to be nice to little people though."

A laugh greeted that comment. "Those 'little people' are called children, Jenna and you can manage them for a few hours each night. All you have to do is show them in to Santa. What can go wrong?"

"Yes. Show the little people into a room with a bushy bearded old man so that they can get a present. Not my idea of fun."

Secretly Jenna liked kids. She just didn't know how to speak to them or behave toward them, having grown up without any siblings herself. And when she was unsure of herself, she tended to say the wrong thing. Even worse, she could be rude. She looked up to find Candice giving her a stern look. "What?"

"Whenever your friendly, welcoming smile starts to slip, just think of your shopping spree. Now get, or you're going to be late." Her friend made a shooing motion with her hand.

Jenna sighed. "I'm going." And she reluctantly stood up. Four hours of hell awaited her. She finished at ten o' clock, when the store closed. Which was obscene. How could anyone be expected to work so late? She sighed again, gave Candice one final look, before turning and heading to the escalator. As she stepped onto it, the other girl called out to her. "Remember to smile!"

Jenna shook her head. Then turned to glare at the blonde. "Not funny." There was absolutely nothing to smile about this situation. Still, her dad had insisted that she do this and if it meant Jenna could indeed go out again, then she would suffer working in Santa's bloody grotto for two evenings. Resolved to her fate, she carried on up the escalator, stepped off at the top and slowly made her way to the department store.

"You're five minutes late and you need to put this on," said a little squirt of a man, holding out an elf costume to her.

Jenna looked at the costume with distaste. Now, she had to put this monstrosity on? "You have to be kidding me."

"Put it on, princess. It's Christmas. And hurry up, or your fired."

Jenna snatched the costume off the man. No matter how much she didn't want to wear it, her pride wouldn't let her be fired before she'd even started the job. She stalked over to a dressing room near the grotto, grimacing when she saw the queue leading into it. *So many children*. She felt a headache coming on.

Ten minutes later, Jenna looked at her reflection in horror. "This is too awful for words." The outfit consisted of a green, knee length dress, zig zag cut at the bottom with gold balls attached on each point. She wore green and red stripy tights with red high heels. Red cuffs were on the long sleeves and a hideous red, zig zag collar was at her throat. As if this wasn't bad enough, Jenna felt like crying when she put her elf hat on. Cute, the costume was not. "Please don't let anyone I know see me. I will never live this down," she grumbled, before hurrying out of the changing room and into the grotto itself.

As Jenna took up her place outside Santa's inner sanctum, a voice called out to her. "You're fifteen minutes late, elf. Perhaps we can finally start, now that you've graced us with your presence."

Jenna stiffened at the sarcasm. Of all the cheek. She flipped back the glittery, white strands that made up the doorway and saw 'Santa' sitting in a wooden chair and gave him the finger. "Whatever. I was only five minutes late actually, jobsworth. If I didn't have to put this ridiculous costume on, I would have been working with your fat self a lot sooner."

With that, Jenna flipped a strand of long blonde hair over a shoulder, turned abruptly on her heel and went back to her position outside the door. A stranger had no right to criticize her like that. *Oh well, get over it, Jenna*. It wasn't like she had to talk to him or anything. She simply had to show the children in.

Ahead of her, a door opened and the first child came in. The onslaught had begun. Jenna put on her best smile. "Hello, sweet pea. What's your name?"

"Mary Jane," answered the cute little girl with dark curly hair. "I want to see Santa. I've already waited a long time to see him. Mummy says we haven't paid to wait."

Jenna could feel her smile slipping already at the sound of the whiney little voice. However, she forced herself to be nice. "Of course you want to see him. He's right through here." She waited for the little girl to approach her, before she held the white strands to one side. She watched Mary Jane go in and stuck her head around to look at Santa.

"There he is, sweetheart. He's sitting down because he's gotten stuck in his chair after eating so many mince pies."

The girl giggled just as Jenna hoped she would. Then she gave Santa a look as if to say 'See. Don't mess with me.' After she saw the flash of annoyance in his eyes she popped her head back out of the doorway to wait for the next child. She knew it was bitchy, but the man had infuriated her with his uncalled for sarcasm when she had turned up. She needed encouragement, not hassle.

While waiting for Mary Jane to finish, Jenna couldn't help hearing the conversation inside Santa's room. The walls were so thin in the makeshift grotto. The little girl was asking for an extensive list of extravagant things and the guy playing Santa was being surprisingly patient with her. In fact, he didn't sound at all like she expected him to sound. Why hadn't she noticed what a sexy rumble he had? Because she'd been too cross with what he'd said to her earlier, that was why. Yet, that gorgeous, deep voice sent shivers down her spine. Jenna shook her head. It just didn't equate. That voice did not match the Santa disguise. Maybe it was a younger man than she thought impersonating the seasonal figure.

"Oh what do I care?" muttered Jenna under her breath. "He still had the nerve to tell me I was late." And she certainly didn't want to have fantasies about Santa simply because of a man's voice. Determined to ignore whoever it was in the grotto, Jenna spent the next two hours showing in child after child. Every now and then she couldn't resist making a comment directed at the man sitting in the chair, knowing damn well he couldn't retaliate in front of the children. Not usually a mean person, Jenna couldn't help herself tonight. There was something about him that rubbed her the wrong way and besides doing it brightened her shift considerably.

When there was a lull in the number of people coming in to see Santa, Jenna took the opportunity to phone Candice. "Hi. Yes, I'm still here. Amazing I know. I was five minutes late and then I had to waste ten minutes putting on some ghastly elf costume."

Jenna winced when her friend laughed down the phone at her.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned that. No. I'm not taking a photo for you. Some things simply shouldn't be seen. Take my word for it, it's one ugly outfit." She listened to Candice and sighed. "No, I'm working with some total jobsworth. Couldn't wait to tell me I was late... How do I know what he looks like? He's playing the part of Santa, Candice. Let's just say I doubt he had to put on the pounds for the role."

She didn't really mean that because Jenna would never ridicule someone's weight, not when she had been plump in high school herself. No, she said it knowing that 'Santa' could hear her. Again, it was childish, but some inner devil seemed to be driving her tonight. She decided to change the subject, spoke for another five minutes and then ended the call. Another child had come through the door.

Jenna remained oblivious to the growing anger of the man playing Santa.

* * *

Trey was furious.

Jenna Wright had changed from a plump, pleasant teenager into a pretty, spoiled princess. When her father had told him she was out of control, Trey had been surprised but immediately offered to help out. Despite being only thirty, he was an old family friend and as such had been the one to suggest that Jenna get a job for a couple of evenings over Christmas to see if she could redeem herself.

Of course Trey had also offered to keep an eye on her while she was working. He had the perfect job for them, he'd informed her father. Tanner Wright was only too happy for Trey to arrange it. He'd even invited Trey to stay at their family home, starting the first night of the job. In fact, the older man trusted Trey so implicitly that he felt comfortable about leaving the two of them alone. He was treating his wife to a holiday now that someone could keep an eye on their errant daughter.

Jenna had no idea about this and was bound to react badly when she did find out. However, Trey was prepared to use certain measures with her over her behavior if he felt she required it. Like now for instance. The sulky blonde had not only turned up late for work, but she had succeeded in throwing insults his way a few times. Currently, she was taking advantage of a brief respite in the queue of customers to bitch to a friend on the phone. Enough was enough. At the end of their shift, Jenna was going to take a trip over Santa's knee. He'd give that spoiled little madam a sore backside to remember.

Trey counted to ten when he heard her insult him. Thought the padding he wore for the costume was real, did she? He'd soon show her what a physique he had. Sorely tempted to go ahead and give Jenna that spanking now, Trey managed to restrain himself. Just in time too. Jenna finished her call and was soon showing in another child. A little boy.

He knew something was up, because she was smirking at him as the little boy came over to him. When the boy was close enough, he reached out a hand and jabbed a finger hard into Trey's belly. "Your elf wanted to know how squishy you were," the boy said as way of explanation.

"Did she indeed?" Trey narrowed his eyes. "I think I need to put my elf on the naughty list, don't you?"

"Yeah, I guess." The boy retracted his arm. "Can I tell you what I want for Christmas now?"

Trey turned his gaze on to the child. "Certainly, son," he said politely, while mentally deploring how commercialized Christmas had become.

* * *

Finally, her shift was over.

Jenna glanced at her watch as she escorted the last child through to Santa. Four hours of hell was over. Now, she had twenty minutes to get out of this awful costume and leave before the store was locked for the night. She couldn't wait to relax with a glass of wine at home, to tell her parents how well she had done. They were going to be proud. However, as she walked over to the exit, a deep voice called out to her.

"Jenna. Wait."

Shocked by the sound of her name, she froze for a second, before swinging around to face Santa. "How do you know my name?" She frowned at the sight of Santa pulling off his beard, his wig and hat. The man in the disguise looked familiar to her. "Trey?"

Jeez. Life hasn't been good to him.

"Yes. It's me," came the somewhat grim sounding response.

Jenna couldn't hide her surprise at his appearance. When she was younger, she'd secretly had the hots for Trey. But in the—what? five or six years since she'd seen him last—he'd changed a lot. The poor athletic man had grown quite the beer gut. "You've... erm... changed since I last saw you," she couldn't help blurting out, her eyes going to his large stomach. She felt kind of sorry for him.

"So have you, Jenna."

This time she couldn't ignore the hint of menace in his tone. She narrowed her eyes at him. "What's that supposed to mean?"

He didn't reply. Instead, she watched as he lifted the jacket of the Santa suit up, drew it up his torso and over his head. He dropped it to one side and Jenna could only watch in awe as a perfect, black-t-shirt-clad upper body was revealed. No spare flesh on him anywhere. The sight of the gorgeous alpha male in front of her nearly had her drooling. Santa wasn't a chubby old man at all. He was a dark-haired, blue-eyed piece of devastation waiting to happen. The belly had been a fake and Trey was all rippling muscles, how he used to be. *Oh boy*. She could only gulp as he took a step toward her.

"You're on Santa's naughty list, Jenna."

"I am?" she managed to croak out through suddenly dry lips. She wasn't really listening to him; she was too busy ogling.

"Yes." He took another step forward. "You're a spoiled little princess in need of some discipline."

Jenna stiffened at that, raising her gaze from his impressive torso and the sexy tattoo peeking out of his t-shirt on his left upper arm. "How dare you?" Just because he was a family friend, it didn't give him the right to speak to her like this. Although for some reason, the thought of being disciplined by Trey sounded extremely hot.

"Oh, I dare." He took two more steps nearer. "You've changed from a friendly teenager to a shopaholic, party obsessed bitch."

She sucked in an incensed breath. The nerve. She'd tell him a few things. She felt like slapping his face.

"You've treated me like dirt today," he added, as he closed the final distance between them, to grab her by the upper arms, "with your snippy comments."

"You annoyed me with your sarcastic welcome." Jenna attempted to defend herself. Yet, she knew he was right about her behavior. She lowered her head in shame. She had gone a bit too far, which wasn't like her.

"I was here to keep an eye on you, Jenna and you've succeeded in earning a punishment."

Her head shot up at that, staring into his blue eyes. "Punishment? I thought this job was punishment for the party debacle?"

"I'm not talking about that. It's your whole attitude, especially how you've been tonight. You need a good spanking to sort you out."

She looked at him in horror. "You are kidding me, right?"

Trey's hold tightened on her arms. "Unfortunately for you, I'm not."

"I have never been spanked in my life," she told him indignantly.

"I know," he said grimly. "That's part of the problem."

"Go to hell, Trey." She tried to shake free of his hold, but he was too strong.

"Your father said you were out of control, Jenna. I can see that he's right. You need a firm hand to guide you, for your own good."

What! Jenna was hurt by that, if indeed it was true. It had been one party—one that had got out of control granted—but it wasn't like Jenna had deliberately let people trash the house. She thought her dad knew that. She glared at Trey. "Don't be so ridiculous." But she saw the look in his eyes. He was serious. He actually meant to spank her. This very minute by the looks of it. His next words confirmed it.

"You're going over my knee."

With that, Trey let go of one of her arms and tugged her over to the wooden chair he'd been sitting in. The chair he'd received all the insults from her in, she realized with a gulp. She glanced at him. This was Trey, for heaven's sake—a family friend. He couldn't possibly mean to spank her. He must just be toying with her. Getting a little of his own back. So she let him tug her over to the chair, sit down and even lay her across his lap. Sure enough, she was face down with nothing happening for several long seconds. The longest seconds of her life. "Okay, Trey. You've had your fun. You can let me up now."

Still there was silence.

"Trey?" She shifted on his lap, about to get up. He was starting to scare her.

"Stay!" The word was commanding and menacing at the same time, as he put a hand down firmly on the small of her back.

Jenna was so shocked that she did as told. And by the time she began to disobey him by struggling, he had whipped up her elf dress and pulled her tights and panties down, baring her ass to him. "No. Trey, you can't do this." She tried putting her hands over her bottom to protect it.

Trey removed his hand from her back, grabbed her hands and held them at the small of her back with a firm grip. Then he gave her two hard slaps on her bare buttocks, ignoring her cry out as he did so. "Stop fighting me, Jenna. You need this."

Two more smacks landed on her ass. "Ow! Please, Trey..."

He ignored her plea and covered her bottom and upper thighs in a flurry of smacks, each one covering a different area and with a varied amount of force. "You need to learn your lesson thoroughly before I let you up."

Jenna sobbed as she felt the stinging blows. It hurt like hell. It was also humiliating. She had to make him stop. "I'm sorry for being rude to you, Trey," she managed to stutter between sobs and the sound of his hand hitting bare flesh.

"Are you?" Trey's hand stopped spanking her, to rub her sore flesh. She gasped in response, mortified that it made her shiver with pleasure through the pain. *Oh, this is nice. He can keep caressing me like this.*

"Yes. I'm sorry." She finally answered his question, while willing his hand to caress her again. Thank goodness he'd stopped the spanking though. She might even forgive him if he rubbed it better. However, her hopes were dashed when he leaned low over her to say near her ear, "I don't believe you're sorry at all, Jenna."

She sucked in a breath. "I am Trey. I am." She must convince him. She'd die if he started all over.

"No. I'm not convinced. Only a sore bottom is going to remind you to behave." He pinched her bottom cheeks while he said it, before sitting up straight once more. Jenna couldn't hold back her moan as her skin tingled.

"Six more strokes, Jenna. Because we have to get out of here, before we're locked in for the night."

"No. Trey..."

Smack! Smack! Smack! The palm of his hand landed on alternate cheeks. Jenna grunted with the pain. She hated Trey Masterson for giving her a stinging ass. How she was going to make him pay for this. She counted the last three strokes in her head, determined not to give him the satisfaction of crying out. After the final smack, her panties were pulled up, along with her tights, her dress was flipped back down and Jenna was helped to sit up. Wincing at the effect the movement had on her sore behind, she refused to look up at him. She angrily wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Let's get you home then, Jenna," Trey said, standing up, helping her up as he did so.

She sniffled. Then paused. *Wait a minute.* He made that sound as though he was coming with her. Her head shot up to give him a look of enquiry.

"Yes. You've guessed it. I'm coming home with you."

Stunned by this turn of events, Jenna opened her mouth in protest. Before she could speak however, Trey closed her lips with a thumb and finger. "Don't even think about giving me sass, princess. Your parents have gone away over Christmas leaving me in charge. I'm moving in to keep an eye on you."

Her eyes widened.

"That's right," he told her sternly. "I'm going to make sure you behave, get to your job on time, and don't throw any other wild parties."

Jenna pulled back from him so that she could speak. "That's not fair. I didn't mean for my party to get out of control like that and for my parents' house to get trashed."

"No. Perhaps not. Yet it happened. You need to learn to be more responsible for your actions, to show your parents that you can be trusted. You're twenty-one, not a teenager."

Jenna stiffened. "I have shown them for the past five weeks that I can be trusted. And I not only turned up to this job, I put on this hideous costume and managed not to get fired today. That has to count for something."

Trey raised a brow. "Did you offer to pay for the damage, Jenna? Or were you hoping that daddy dearest would forgive you after a few weeks?"

She squirmed under his scrutiny. He had her there.

"I thought so. It's why I suggested you take this job in the first place."

"What! I have this crap job because of you?"

Trey nodded. "You're going to do this job with me, young lady. As I said, I'm moving in with you over Christmas. If I don't approve of any aspect of your behavior, I shall put you over my knee again. Are we clear?"

"Crystal," she said through clenched teeth. Argh. This man. He wasn't gorgeous at all. He was some kind of sadist. Why she had ever had a crush on him at sixteen, she had no idea. He stared at her intently for a few seconds, before seemingly satisfied he'd gotten through to her and that she would obey him. Like hell she would.

* * *

Trey watched Jenna get out of her parked car. The furious blonde didn't wait for him before she was striding toward her house on long legs. Even in her ridiculous elf costume, which she'd had to wear home or risk being locked in the department store, her hips swayed in a

tantalizing way. It was going to be hard keeping his hands off her in more ways than one while staying with her.

He sighed, then opened the passenger door. He got out, closed it and headed after her. Jenna must have heard it shut because she turned briefly to aim her key at the car and lock it. She completely ignored him, continuing toward the house. He had a good mind to put the sulky little madam over his knee again. His cock immediately hardened at the thought. The sight of her beautiful, bare, firm ass reddened by his hand was fresh in his mind. But, Trey wanted to get to know Jenna more. He was convinced that she wasn't all spoiled rich bitch, that she put on an act half the time. He wanted to meet the kind hearted girl she had once been. "Jenna. Wait up!"

Of course, she was still too cross with him over the spanking. She ignored him, opened her front door and would have shut him out, if he hadn't run the last few yards to put his hand on the door and stop her. His jaw clenched as he walked in after her.

"A little childish, don't you think?"

Then he could have kicked himself. This was not the way to build bridges.

Jenna whirled to face him. "I don't want you here, Trey. You don't need to keep an eye on me. I'm an adult. I will do the job, without you having to check on me. I know I was rude to you, which looking back was uncalled for. In my defense, I hated putting this costume on and didn't appreciate your sarcasm when I arrived." Long lashed blue eyes glared at him. "I could have done with your support, rather than how you greeted me, because I'm not as confident as I like people to think. There was no need to spank me, Trey."

He didn't back down. "One day, you'll thank me for what I'm doing, Jenna. No matter what you say, you need a firm hand." And when she calmed down enough, he'd explain that he cared deeply for her.

Her chin lifted. "I want you to leave, Trey."

"No."

They stared at one another for an age, before Jenna finally gave way. "Whatever," she muttered, turning away. "I don't need this crap right now. I'm going to bed. You can sort yourself out." She waved a hand around airily, indicating the whole house. "I'm sure you can find a spare room." Preferably as far away from hers as possible was the implication.

He watched with a tightened jaw as she stomped up the stairs. Maybe a few days wasn't enough to change her. Then Trey's stomach rumbled. God, neither of them had eaten dinner. He

was starving and Jenna sure as hell must be, too. He couldn't let her go to bed hungry. He'd rustle something up and take it up to her, as a peace offering. There was no doubt she deserved a few spanks, but he didn't want her to hate him. He wanted her to understand why she needed discipline.

However, twenty minutes later, when Trey knocked on Jenna's door, it was to find her wearing make-up and a sexy dress.

"Yes?" she snapped out at him.

Trey managed to drag his eyes away from the amount of bare skin on display long enough to hold the tray out to her. "I've made you some dinner as you didn't eat anything earlier." She glanced at it. He thought he saw her eyes soften for a moment, but then she looked at him in that haughty way of hers.

"I don't want it. I'm going out clubbing. I shall get some food while I'm out."

Trey bent down to place the tray on the floor out of the way, then he stood up. "Like that?" His gaze ran over her, from her pretty, made up face, down over her cleavage, her exposed belly button, where her strapless, knee length dress had a chunk missing out of the side, and down her shapely legs.

"Yes. Like this, Trey." Her chin lifted in defiance. "I haven't been out for weeks, so I'm going out tonight. I believe I've earned it." She gave him a look as if daring him to try and stop her. "Don't worry. I won't get too drunk and I shall make it to work tomorrow to dress up as Little Miss Elf again."

Trey blinked hard a few times, struggling to rein in his temper. She was absolutely not going out dressed like that, or rather not dressed; there was too much creamy, soft skin on display. He couldn't let another man see her like this, gift wrapped for his pleasure. She was his, damn it. "You're not going out, Jenna." His voice was raspy from anger and frustration. "And definitely not dressed like that."

She narrowed her eyes at him. "You can't stop me."

Wrong thing to say. It was the red flag to a bull. "Oh. I can, sweetheart and I will. Now get back in your room and take the dress off."

"No." She folded her arms across her chest, glaring at him defiantly.

Trey took a step toward her. "I *said*. Take the dress off, or I'll take it off for you and blister your backside again."

Blue eyes widened. "You wouldn't dare!"

"Try me." A part of him hoped that she would continue to defy him.

Jenna hesitated while she considered whether he was serious or not. Then she unfolded her arms, smirked at him, slammed the door in his face and locked it. He smacked his hand on her door. "Damn it, Jenna. Why do you have to be like this?" There was no answer. "Well," he said crossly, "your dinner's out here when you want it." He turned on his heel to head back downstairs, when a door opened further down and Jenna came running out. He couldn't believe it. The room was so large it needed two doors!

Trey shook his head and ran off after her. Of course, the devious little madam didn't stand a chance in those ridiculous heels of hers. He quickly caught her around the waist, bringing her kicking and screaming against him. "I did tell you what would happen," he said in a menacing tone near her ear, "but you chose to defy me anyway."

"I'm sorry, Trey," she said, as he half carried her back along the hall, to the door she'd come out of.

"I don't think you are sorry, Jenna. But I'm going to see that you are."

"Asshole," she swore at him.

"That will earn you an extra three strokes."

He carried her through the bedroom door, glancing around the opulent space, his gaze landing on the queen sized bed. *Perfect*. Trey took her over to the bed with him, sat down, keeping her pinned standing between his strong thighs. He looked up at her while he held onto her wrist tightly. "Take the dress off, Jenna, or I'll rip it off you."

She glared mutinously at him, not moving.

"Do it. I won't warn you again."

"Bastard," she snapped, but her free hand went to the hem of her dress and began to pull it up.

"Another three strokes." He let go of her wrist so that she could use both hands. The dress slid up her firm thighs, over her sex—clad in a skimpy pair of black lace panties—up her stomach, over her braless chest and over her head. Her gorgeous, full breasts jiggled with the movement and Trey's breath caught at the sight of them. Fuck, she was lovely. Her pink nipples were simply begging him to suckle and nibble on them. But he refrained. She needed a spanking first.

"Drop the dress on the floor. Then take off your panties." Trey didn't know how he got the words out, without reaching for her. And he thought Jenna might balk at them. Yet, she seemed uncaring of her nakedness. She was too cross with him. If looks could kill, he'd definitely be a dead man by now. Her lip curled at him as she scrunched her dress up, threw it a fair distance away. Once again, her breasts jiggled with her movements and Trey barely bit back a groan at the erotic sight. He opened his legs to give her room to take her panties down. If she decided to run again, he'd soon catch her. She didn't even try. She glared ferociously, stepped back, hooked her thumbs through the thin elastic band on her hips and pushed her panties down. Continuing to stare at him, she pushed them down her thighs, exposing her pretty pussy, the hair trimmed into a neat little line.

The lace panties got to a certain part above her knees, then Jenna let them simply drop to the floor. She stepped out of them and kicked them away. "Happy now, Trey?" She challenged him with a raised brow, hand on her hip and a glint in her eye.

Trey gulped at the stunning beauty of the naked woman in front of him. He'd never wanted to make love to someone so much in all his life. Jenna was his perfect woman. He'd always felt they would be together one day. He'd waited five years for her to grow up enough. He just needed to set her straight on a few things was all. Confirm that the gawky teenager he'd once admired was indeed a woman of substance.

He looked her body over, slowly. "I can't believe you were going to go out like that, Jenna. With no bra on." She was not going to show another man what was his!

"I was adequately covered in my dress, Trey," she told him scornfully. "You're such a killjoy."

Her attitude tipped Trey over the edge. He grabbed her by a wrist. "You're so damn full of yourself, Jenna. Now lay down across my lap."

"My father will hear of this, Trey," she warned him furiously, in a last attempt to prevent the inevitable.

"Your father will approve. Deep down you're a nice girl, Jenna. You were a sweet girl at sixteen. What happened? It's not too late to lose the attitude."

Instead of softening, his words infuriated her further and she glared at him. "I don't want to hear it. I will never forgive you for this."

God, she was so fucking stubborn. "Lie across my lap, Jenna."

One more defiant glare later, she actually did as commanded. She put herself face down across his lap. Trey held her down with one hand firmly on the small of her back, the other stroked her firm, naked ass cheek. "I only made your bottom pink earlier, Jenna. This time, you're going to get a proper spanking. We're somewhere private and I have all the time I need to administer a proper punishment."

"Whatever gets your rocks off, you sicko!"

Trey's reaction to that was two hard slaps to her lower cheeks. "Sweetheart, you have no idea. I could get you off if I spanked you long enough."

Silence greeted his words and Trey couldn't help smiling down at her beautiful ass. No doubt she didn't believe him. Perhaps he would show her. "Don't believe me, huh?" He lightly caressed the area where he'd spanked her, then pinched the firm flesh. She bit back a moan in response. He knew it, because he'd heard the slightly muffled whimper. The stubborn girl was going to enjoy being spanked, despite the fight she felt she had to put up.

"I didn't hear that, Jenna," he leaned down to say, before sitting up straight, administering two more quick slaps and then running his hand over the pink skin. She hissed in pleasure, but Trey wanted words from her. He slipped his hand between her legs to stroke her pussy, easily finding her clit to begin massaging.

"Uh. Oh. Ah."

That was better. "Such a slick pussy. Do you believe me now? Do you think I could spank you into an orgasm?"

"Oh my god. Trey!" she cried out.

"I'll take that as a 'yes', shall I?"

* * *

He was evil.

Spanking shouldn't feel good. Yet, somehow this did. The smacks on her bare ass hurt, and Jenna knew that he'd barely gotten started, but the caresses on her stimulated flesh, combined with him massaging her clit felt incredible. She suddenly had no trouble believing he could make her come. However, his finger then stopped stroking her nubbin. "No. Put your finger back, damn you," she told him.

Trey ignored her. Instead, he gave her five or six swats of the hand over her lower butt and upper thighs. They were harder this time and Jenna's eyes watered at the sting.

"Ow! Ow!" she cried.

Fuck, this hurts. She tried to push herself up, off his lap, but his hand on her back held her easily over him.

"Stay put!" *Smack! Smack! Smack!*

Each time, the stroke was harder. Jenna began to sob and whimper at the punishment her bum was receiving. "Please stop, Trey. I will change my attitude."

"I know you will, Jenna."

She was so grateful when he quit smacking her to caress her ass again. It was on fire, but his touch created pleasure through the pain and she felt herself grow more slick. "Please touch my clit." If he didn't, she was going to have to. He must have decided to stop teasing her though, for his finger strummed her throbbing clit.

"Yes, Trey. Make me come." She was uncaring whether it was begging. She needed her release.

"Oh, I will. I'll do it by hitting your sweet spot."

What the fuck is that? However, coherent thought became an issue as Trey expertly massaged her nubbin. So close. She was so close to falling over the edge. Just a little more of that special rubbing.

He took his finger away.

"No!" Jenna cried out in frustration. Then tears ran down her face as Trey really gave it to her behind. He spanked her lower buttocks and upper thighs in a series of concentrated smacks. Her ass was throbbing. She couldn't even cry out it was that painful. Yet, through the sting, Jenna felt an answering jolt in her pussy every time he slapped her bottom. Unbelievably, she felt the twinges of an orgasm. A few more smacks and she felt the rising ripple of pleasure flowing through her. His finger found her clit to take her over the edge in a mind numbing crescendo. Face down, tears drying on her cheeks, Jenna could only pant in wonder over Trey's lap. Never in her life had she experienced anything like it.

When Trey eased her up, wiped the tears on her cheek away with his thumb and gathered her to him, Jenna went willingly into his embrace.

"Shh, sweetheart," he crooned, stroking her back, comforting her.

Despite being overwhelmed by the experience Jenna was touched by his actions. He cared enough about her to discipline her and comfort her after. Dare she hope that she meant

something to him? She desperately wanted that to be true. Tonight had been a revelation. Her feelings for Trey had never stopped, merely lain dormant. Now they had been reawakened, albeit stronger. She wanted what this man could offer her: love, protection and discipline when required.

Once her breathing was under control, Jenna raised her head to look at him. "I can be good Trey, but I need your guiding hand." A look of such fierce love appeared on his face that she was taken aback for a minute.

"You've got it," he said, before lowering his head to take her mouth in a possessive kiss.

She opened to him, wrapping her arms around his neck, reveling in his passion. Thank goodness he had suggested the job in the grotto to her dad, or she wouldn't be here with him now. Despite her throbbing bottom, she wanted him to make love to her. She pulled back from the kiss to catch her breath and to say, "Love me Trey."

He groaned. "I'd like nothing better, sweetheart. But first, let's take care of that bum of yours. I'll massage some cream in."

"Why? Not that I would say no to a massage."

"You need to look after your skin. So go and lie down on the bed and I'll find some moisturizer."

Jenna carefully got off his lap, wincing when her buttocks stung. "Ooh."

"They'll sting for a while yet, Jenna. But they'll certainly remind you not to try me," Trey informed her as she walked stiffly around the side of the bed and gingerly climbed on.

She pouted at him. "You mean I have to stand wearing that ghastly elf costume with a sore ass tomorrow evening?"

"I'm afraid so."

His tone brooked no argument and Jenna knew she wouldn't be getting out of work. Which was a good thing really. She knew that Trey would indeed be firm with her if she took the piss. She glanced at him as he walked over to her dressing table to look for a tube of moisturizer, his jeans pulled tight across his backside. Her man. In a moment that tight butt of his was going to be naked and her hands were going to be holding onto it. She couldn't wait.

She lay on her stomach on her bed, with her face to one side, while Trey went and turned the lights low. She couldn't help smiling at the romantic gesture. However, her smile soon

slipped as he stripped off, revealing his gym honed body to her. Boy, he was hot naked. And she felt a thrill of anticipation of what was to come the moment he finally took her.

Once completely naked, Trey came over to the bed. He squirted something onto his hands and Jenna could smell it was almond oil. "Mm." She sniffed in appreciation. "I love almond oil."

"It smells good and its good for your skin," he said, climbing onto the bed to straddle her thighs. "It's also perfect for a massage as it's not too oily but my hands can glide smoothly over your skin."

"Oh, really? Smooth is good. You may begin."

He laughed. "Just you wait. I'll soon have you purring beneath me."

Jenna kept quiet. She didn't think so. Oh, the massage would be nice she was sure, but she doubted it would be as sensual as he made it sound. She closed her eyes ready for him to begin. Expecting him to go straight for her ass, give her a brief rub of oil and then flip her over for some hot loving, it was a pleasant surprise when Trey placed his hands on a shoulder, applied pressure with his fingers and thumbs and start rotating slowly.

"Ooh yeah!" She couldn't hold back a groan of delight as his magic fingers loosened knots she didn't know she had. "You're good at this. Really good."

"Sweetheart, you have no idea how good, but you're going to find out."

When he had taken care of all her knots, Trey stroked his hands down her sides and over her back. This was a different type of massage and made her toes curl in pleasure as he stimulated her sensitized flesh with his light touch. "God, yeah. Down my sides again, Trey!" she ordered.

He obeyed, spending plenty of time simply stroking her. But then his hands finally moved to the area where she most needed it, on her buttocks. This time he kneaded her. His palms massaged her cheeks in circular motions, gradually increasing the pressure and Jenna wriggled beneath him, groaning as the kneading action relieved and stimulated her sore bum.

"Oh, Trey. This is gorgeous."

He didn't respond to that. He didn't need to, because the sexy man knew damn well what he was doing to her. Jenna had never had a massage like it. "Touch me," she begged him. She was so wet and her clit was crying out for a rub. "Please."

"All in good time. Turn over, Jenna."

Turn over! She didn't want to. She wanted to get up on all fours and let him fuck her hard from behind.

He pinched an ass cheek. "Turn over, sweetheart. I promise it will be worth your while."

Jenna had to trust him on that. She opened her eyes and turned over. He straddled her hips and stared at her breasts. Her nipples hardened into stiff, sensitive peaks. Then he started to stroke and massage her chest area. Jenna gasped and mewled, arching her back as he slowly ramped up her desire even more. "Please Trey. My nipples!" *What was wrong with him?* So far he hadn't touched them. Instead he rubbed her breasts, brought them together and squeezed them. When she was about to shout at him, he finally ran a finger over her nipples. Jenna almost cried with relief.

Trey was watching her as he stroked, pinched and pulled on her nipples. "You're so beautiful, Jenna. I like you submitting to me."

"Uh hm."

She arched higher, offering her breasts for him to feast on, crying out as his hot mouth finally closed over a nipple. "Yes, like that." Incoherent words burst out of her as he licked, sucked and nibbled on each nipple.

Suddenly he stopped and she looked up at him in a daze.

"Are you ready Jenna?"

She could only nod, but opened her legs for him so that he could move off her hips and into position between her thighs. One of his hands reached down and a finger stroked her pussy.

"So wet for me sweetheart."

"Uh huh."

He smiled. Then stroked her slippery folds some more, before taking hold of his hard cock and rubbing it over her.

"Please, Trey. I need you in me."

"Anything for you." He grabbed her thighs and thrust deep into her. "Wrap your legs around me."

Jenna did and held onto his shoulders for an anchor as Trey gave her the fiercest loving of her life. She met each of his thrusts, reveling in his strong, powerful possession of her. It was intense and long, but they found completion soon after one another and lay panting on the bed.

"Never doubt how I feel about you, Jenna," he told her, gathering her to him.

"I love you Trey," she said, cuddling into him. "This is going to be the best Christmas ever."

"Yes. It is," he agreed and she smiled when his hand cupped her bottom. "And all because you were naughty."