
CHRISTMAS FOR THE KING

The Dragon Warlords - Book Four

MEGAN MICHAELS

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Christmas for the King

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
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Chapter 1

Zorander closed the door to his den, sighing loudly, more than a little exasperated. But he didn't want his wife to see that. And before he could speak, his wife, Gossamer, began her tirade, the one he had anticipated. After thirty-two years of marriage, it was easy to know when an angry, angst-filled outburst would be occurring.

What was unpredictable was how to prevent it or make it end quickly.

"I told you! Didn't I tell you this would happen? They aren't sure they'll be home for Christmas." Gossamer leaped up from her chair, her nostrils flared, pacing his den.

"They didn't say anything of the sort, Gossamer. They just said it was too early to be sure what their plans were." He rubbed his forehead. It was going to be a long night if he didn't calm her down...soon.

"It's code. Are you so old you've forgotten how we used to delay your parents or mine for the holidays?"

"Watch that attitude!" He pointed his long forefinger in her direction.

She rolled her eyes dramatically, muttering under her breath and turning her back to him.

"Girl, I'm going to warn you only once."

Gossamer spun around, her eyes narrowed and sparking, her lips thinned, and she spoke through gritted teeth. "I have *every reason* to have an attitude. I have three sons and two daughters, and I shouldn't have to beg for them to stay home for Christmas."

"No one said you had to beg. You don't even know they aren't staying here. Will. You. Calm. Down."

"Because I just love when you dismiss me by telling me to *calm down*—said every woman, ever."

He rose from his chair, rounding the desk in two long strides.

Gossamer straightened, backing up a step.

Good to know, I still have it.

He sauntered up to her, pinching her chin between his thumb and forefinger. "Are you listening?"

"Yes, S-sir."

"All Drayce said was they were checking with their siblings' schedules and contemplating a vacation on Terron. Chances are you'll have every single one of them here, and you'll feel *foolish* for your reaction." He raised his eyebrows. "Okay?"

Her eyes brightened with tears. "Are you calling me foolish? Do you really think I'm foolish?"

It was his turn to roll his eyes. "Goddess Gem, help me! No! That's not what I'm saying, and you know it."

Gossamer had begun pacing again, and in exasperation, Zorander slumped in his chair, watching her. It was best just to let her wear herself out—unless she went too far with her temper and sarcasm, then he'd intervene.

"I've been waiting for grandchildren. I mean Drayce and Satin have been married for almost three years. What are they waiting for? What? And by the gods, Artemis and Thistle have been together for two! I mean, by the God Alpheas, are they

hoping for some miraculous conceptions for Gem's sake? I'm getting fucking sick of waiting for everything from these damn kids. Sick of it. And you, too!"

"Wait, what? I've done nothing."

Her eyes narrowed, her nostrils flared, and her chest heaved with her heavy breathing. "Exactly. Fucking nothing!" She flung her arms in the air, letting them drop to her sides in defeat.

"It's time." He leaped up from his chair; this time, he strode quickly to her side.

"Time for what?"

Snatching her by the arm, Zorander dragged her to the bed. Sitting on the corner, Zorander flopped her roughly over his thigh, tossing her dress up, and dragged her white panties over her upturned backside, then he stared at her gorgeous ass.

"Oh, Zorander. You cannot be serious."

"I'm very serious, bad girl. I know it's been a while, but you're getting your ass blistered."

He swatted her white, plump ass. The dimpled cheeks wobbled, and he delighted in the red bloom that quickly rose to the surface. He swore he'd never tire of his wife and loved her more and more over the years, but she never ceased to amaze him with her temper. That damn temper of hers had caused her to sleep on her tummy many nights.

He spanked her bare bottom mercilessly, her skin hot and inflamed. "You will not swear. You know better. And you do not speak disrespectfully to me. How. Many. Times. Do. We. Need. To. Discuss. This?"

"I d-don't know."

"I know you don't. You've been spanked so many times for this. When are you going to watch your mouth?"

"I don't know."

"You will settle down and leave our kids alone about Christmas. We'll celebrate it, regardless of who is here. And we'll enjoy it, too. You know why?"

"Why?"

"Because we'll be together." He smacked her thighs harshly several times until she was kicking and screeching.

Pausing, Zorander rested his hand on her thighs, keeping the heat in, examining his handiwork on her rear-end, and he determined if there were areas on her red hot ass which required more attention.

She was crying, her long white hair hanging like a curtain around her face. "I'm sorry."

"I know, baby." He pulled her hair away, draping it over her shoulder. Rubbing her ass and thighs, he quietly watched her cry, waiting for her to process her thoughts and the pain. He murmured over and over, "Such a good girl. I love you, Gossamer."

"I I-love you."

Once her breathing had returned to normal, he rubbed her abraded backside, watching her stiffen and flinch with the pain. His hands were rough and weren't always comforting, but he'd trained her to tolerate it because his intention was what was important.

Both of them had changed over thirty-two years. They were both teenagers when they'd gotten together. She was slender and lithe, so was he. Now, the years had added wrinkles and weight, but their love had only deepened and solidified. They weren't given to the winds of change or swayed by the trials or storms of life; they had learned to endure those winds, clinging to each other.

The issues and scuffles that could have easily torn apart their marriage in their younger years no longer seemed to matter at this age. They had learned to ignore the things that weren't life threatening. The characteristics and foibles of each of them, which had annoyed them in their thirties, were endearing now.

And although he could overlook the minor irritations and fits of temper that he found adorable in his wife, she knew what

behaviors triggered a discipline session. And when she pushed him too far, as she had done today, she wouldn't be shocked when she was sent to bed for a nap with a sore ass.

In some respects, Zorander wondered how often she pushed, knowing a punishment would ensue, not caring and part of her hoping he would paddle her bare bottom. It seemed that some days, she would get a glint in her eye, daring him to toss her over his lap. And he never failed to answer her nonverbal demands for a spanking, either. If she deserved it, he didn't care how old they were or how many children or grandchildren they had; she'd get an old-fashioned paddling.

"Do you think you can figure out to restrain your tongue? Or do we need to make this a lengthy punishment?"

"N-no, Sir. I'll keep my mouth shut."

"You *will not* berate them about Christmas or grandchildren."

"Okay."

"Get up." He helped her up, depositing her on his lap. Kissing her neck, he wiped away her tears with the pads of his thumbs. "It's been a while since you've gone to bed with a sore bottom. Think you'll feel better now you've cried and released some of your tension?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Daddy.

It's been a while since she called him that. He didn't realize how much he missed hearing it.

Definitely, time to add more spankings to their repertoire.

"Babygirl, you knew when you pushed, this would be the result, yes?"

She blinked, her eyes filling with tears again, her lip quivering. "Yes, Daddy."

"Have you missed calling me Daddy and the dominance?"

"Yes."

Tilting her chin up, he said, "It hasn't been that long since you were punished. It seems to me what you need—what we

both need—is a maintenance night. We'll make it every Saturday evening, deal?"

Her eyes crinkled with her smile and she nodded, her spirits lifted. "Yes, Daddy."

Kissing her on the nose, he whispered, "Good girl, for letting me know." Patting her very warm, freshly spanked bottom, he said, "Up you go. In the corner."

Her mouth opened in a mew and she quickly stared at *her corner*. It'd been a while since she'd been required to stand there, but Zorander knew quiet thinking with a sore hind-end would do her some good.

She shook her head. Only a bit, but it was defiance nonetheless.

"Do you wish to change your answer? You have three seconds." He dipped his chin in warning. "One. Two. Th—"

She jumped up, shuffling with mincing steps, hobbled by her panties, and stood in the corner as requested.

"Pull your panties to just under your cheeks. I want to see the contrast of white against the red backdrop of your bottom. And keep your dress up, or you'll get extra smacks."

She stomped her foot on the floor but did as he said, regardless of her thoughts about it.

Zorander growled within his chest. *Fuck!* Her ass looked amazing framed by her white underwear. Shifting on the corner of the desk, he adjusted his cock, giving it room to grow in length. He would have never guessed they'd still be this active in their fifties, but although their physical state had deteriorated some over the years, their emotions and love were still the same—maybe more—than when they'd first met.

"If you berate your children, what do you think will happen?"

"You mean besides getting spanked?" She peeped at him over her shoulder, her large blue eyes glassy with her tears.

"Yes, besides the spanking you'll receive." He twirled his

finger, asking that she turn back around.

Gossamer dropped her head in despair, her ash-blond hair draping over her face, and she responded, "I guess they'd avoid me."

"You think?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Jesus, I can't get over how much I missed hearing that from her.

"Do you want to be alienated from them when they have our grandchildren?"

She choked on a sob. "N-no. Oh, Daddy. I'm sorry."

"You think on that for a bit, and then we'll talk again."

With wide eyes, she looked at him, afraid he meant to spank her more, which he didn't, but she didn't need to know that. "Turn around. Now."

She cried quietly, her body quivering with her sobs, and that gorgeous ass wobbled with the motion.

Zorander sighed; his cock was about ready to explode. He unzipped his pants, releasing his penis and his tail. He stroked the hot length of his cock with his hand and his tail throbbed, wagging with need.

If anything convinced him to do maintenance night, it was staring at his wife's red ass, evidence of his fingerprints around the edges, watching her juices seep along the inside of her thighs. Yup, there would be weekly spankings—and fuckings—in the Quinn Castle again.

"Come over here, girl."

Pivoting, she turned, her teeth nibbling her lip. The panties framed her pussy, the puffy lips glistening with her juices, and her scent wafted on the air.

"By the gods." A pearl of semen pooled on the tip of his cock, which he swirled over the purple head with the pad of his thumb, squeezing his girth hard. Releasing himself, he cupped both of her buttocks with his hands, plumping them.

With a hiss, she stiffened, clenching her cheeks tightly. "Oh,

Daddy." The slight thrust of her hips belied the whine in her voice. She was enjoying this as much—maybe more—than he was.

Zorander pushed her panties down, the material gliding to her ankles. "Step out of them."

She pulled both feet out of the holes. Zorander then pulled her dress over her head, leaving her gloriously naked. He ran his hand down the length of her body, reveling in the satin silkiness of her skin.

Gossamer had barely found her balance again when he wrapped a hand on the back of each of her thighs until she straddled him, carefully depositing her onto his length.

Her tight sheath gripped him tightly, gliding easily over him, and he gritted his teeth, doing his best to retain control of himself.

His girl growled, her head tossing back, rolling her eyes up. "Fuuuuuuuuck."

He didn't hesitate to give her a hard pop on the ass, the crack sounding loud in the quiet den.

Gossamer's eyes sprung open, staring at him in shock, and although she shouted with the pain, her pussy clenched him with a vice-like grip and she pistoned him rapidly with reckless abandon.

"Daddy, I'm coming. I mean, may I come?"

He chuckled. *God, I love her.* "No. I want you to hold off a bit." He could have said yes, but exerting his dominance is what she enjoyed—craved. He'd push her, forcing her to submit further than she wished but just what she needed, especially today, after their discipline.

"Don't you dare, girl. Do you hear?" He let his tail slither around her, the pointy tip pressing against her anus.

She gasped, stiffening for only a moment before arching her back, widening the divide between her cheeks, exposing her dark channel and pressing back, opening herself for the tail.

"Yes, Sir. Oh. Oh, shit."

Angling himself, he rubbed against her G-spot, and with a press of his thumb against her clit, he had her gasping and keening, her shouts intermingled with the thrashing of her head until she keened loudly. He swirled his tail within her bottom hole, seeking and probing into her dark depths.

"I can't, Daddy, please."

"Come for me, girl."

She screamed with her orgasm, her hot little cunt strangling him, and with a tingle starting in his balls, his ejaculation spurted into her. Both her holes spasmed and contracted around him.

They each rode out their climax, milking each other, the tremors and quakes of their bodies dissipated, leaving each of them sexually sated.

Dropping her head onto his shoulder, Gossamer sighed loudly as he brushed his hand along her back, damp from the exertion of their activity.

"Such a good girl." Scooping her up, Zorander brought her out of the den and up the stairs to their bedroom.

"I have so much to do; I can't go to sleep."

"Nothing is more important than you sleeping, girl. Whatever you need to do can wait until later."

She whined loudly, burying her face into his chest. Once again, Zorander shook his head, marveling at how adorable she was.

Now, he needed to talk to his sons and figure out Christmas, or there would be hell to pay. And he wasn't talking about his wife being on the receiving end, this time. His sons knew how he felt about keeping their mother happy. It was a sign of not only their love but also their respect. He expected them to honor her at all times, and since Christmas was one of her favorite holidays, he'd be talking to them about their plans before she had another meltdown requiring his intervention.