
A FIRST CHRISTMAS

The Alex and Anna Chronicles - Book Three

JOANNIE KAY

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

“**A**lex, would you please spank me?” Anna asked, chewing on her lower lip, a sure sign that she was upset about something.

She’d been quiet all evening, introspective, but he’d decided to wait until after they ate dinner to ask her what was wrong. However, it appeared that the discussion needed to happen now. “I have a feeling that you aren’t asking for a sexy spanking, Anna. Talk to me and tell me why you need a spanking.”

“I did something absolutely awful today,” she confessed. “I feel horrible, guilty, and I earned a spanking. Mr. Marckle was not happy with me.” Her green eyes reflected her guilt, and Alex felt bad for her.

“What did you do, honey?”

“I lost my temper.”

“That doesn’t sound like you.”

“I normally try to be patient, but the new girl, Brenda, is about the stupidest person ever born! She has no computer skills, and she can’t do a simple task without supervision. I asked her to do a mock up poster for this new client; not only did she do the wrong concept, she spelled the client’s product wrong! I have a

meeting with those people tomorrow morning, first thing. I lost my temper, ripped up her poster and threw it at her. Told her she was worthless, had no brains at all, and expressed my disgust that Mr. Marckle hired her in the first place. She can't spell, can't compose a simple presentation, and she dresses like a cheap hooker." She looked at Alex and whispered, "I told her all of that too. Once I started talking, I couldn't shut my mouth. I was screaming, and Mr. Marckle walked in and found Brenda in tears and me screaming like a banshee. He sent me home. I feel terrible. I must apologize to Brenda for all of the hateful things I said to her. I was out of line."

"You don't like her perfume, either, correct?"

"It smells so awful. Oh, Alex, I am so ashamed of myself. I earned a spanking, for sure."

"I agree." He did not try to make excuses for her, but it was truly unlike his little wife to throw a fit of that sort at work, at least, not without a very good reason. "We'll take care of the matter after dinner. You won't feel like eating if I spank you right now." Anna looked at him in dismay. "Was I supposed to absolve you of guilt and tell you that you did nothing wrong?" he asked. "I won't do that, Anna."

"I was hoping to get it over with right now," she admitted. "I'm not going to be able to eat anything with my stomach so upset," she explained. "Please don't make me wait."

"Anna, I am the one who decides when a punishment is going to happen. I will tell you that you aren't going to get off with a few spanks to your shapely bottom. You behaved unprofessionally. You were also cruel to Brenda. I am surprised Ted Marckle didn't take you into his office and paddle you himself. I am equally surprised he didn't call me to discuss the matter." He saw the guilty look in her green eyes. She would never be able to hide anything from him, or lie to him – not with eyes that revealed her thoughts so clearly. "What, Anna?"

"He said I was to tell you everything."

“I see. When did you plan to tell me that?”

“I didn’t think I needed to; I told you, and I would have anyway!” she insisted.

“I will call him after dinner. I want to hear what he has to say about the incident.”

“I told you the truth.” Anna was insulted.

“Are you stressed over Christmas?” Alex asked quietly. “I know you have a couple of things to finish yet.”

“I am doing fine with time. What I am stressed over is that incompetent blonde bimbo Mr. Marckle hired to work while Karen is on maternity leave. I don’t like stupid people. She isn’t even trying to get things right. She says she has all of this experience, but I think she is lying.”

“How long will dinner be?” Alex asked.

“Another hour. I decided to make lasagna and it needs to finish cooking and then it has to sit a while before we can serve it. I have salad ready if you want that right now?”

“No. I have some work I brought home. I’ll be in my office if you need me.” Alex walked from the kitchen, through the family room, and into the main foyer of the house. His study was at the front, off the entryway, where it would be convenient to welcome a business associate for a meeting in his home office. Alex sat at his desk and opened his briefcase. He took out his laptop and a few file folders. He tried to get started but found he couldn’t concentrate. His mind was occupied with Anna and her temper tantrum, which was so unlike her. He shook his head, took out his cell phone, called Ted Marckle.

Ted answered on the first ring. “I was expecting your call, Alex,” he said without preamble. “What is going on at home that has our girl so upset?” he demanded.

“Nothing that I am aware of, sir. I asked if she was stressed over Christmas, but she denied it. I am calling you to see what is going on at work.”

“Anna took an immediate dislike for the new girl I hired to

help us through the holidays since Karen is on maternity leave. Brenda is not catching on as quickly as I hoped she would, and Anna is normally very patient with new people. She does not like Brenda, period. I was shocked by her temper today. I've never seen her blow up like that. Never. I wondered if she and her sister were fussing?"

"No, they talk every day and their relationship is great. Anna is finished shopping for Christmas. We aren't cooking for anyone, so there is no pressure there. The office party is being catered by Mrs. Davidson, and it is a low key affair. We're going to Stacy and Trevor's for Christmas Eve, and to my parents' for Christmas Day with my family. Do you think she could be fretting over that?" he asked. "My parents already love her."

"I don't know what else it could be. I had to let Brenda go, but I didn't want to do it right before Christmas; I planned to wait until the end of the year. However, it was necessary. She was making so many mistakes, and there was something about the girl that was off."

"Her perfume," Alex answered. "Anna said her perfume was sour on her, and it made it difficult to be in the same room with her."

"You could be right. Anyway, please tell Anna that Brenda is gone now. I will help her get a presentation ready to present in the morning; in fact, I am working on it right now. I know Anna is planning to quit soon, but in the meantime I don't want her too upset to come to work."

"Miss Anna is going to get her rear set on fire for the way she behaved today, Ted. I will not permit her to behave in that manner. It is inexcusable. She owes you an apology, as well as Brenda. Do you have a number for the woman so my wife can call her and apologize?"

Ted gave him Brenda's number, and then said, "Don't be too hard on her, Alex. This is a first time experience, believe me. There has to be something serious going on for her to act like

such a witch. I was praying that you two weren't fighting. You have reassured me on that score, but if you learn anything, please let me know. If you need any help, I am always available for Anna. She is precious to me."

Alex thanked the man and then hung up, wondering what had his wife in such a dither she would explode like that. He tried again to concentrate on his work, but put the folder down in disgust. It was no use. He needed to find out what was at the root of her temper, then deal with it.

He found her in her sewing room. The suit she was making for his mother was a striking blue, and his mom was going to love it. Anna had also made bags and scarves for his sisters, and ties for his father and brothers-in-law. They had also purchased gifts, but having the added handcrafted items would be a bonus and show thoughtfulness. Everything was finished, or close. "I know I've told you before, but Mom is going to love that blue, honey."

"It will go so well with her beautiful blue eyes and her silver hair. I'm so happy you approve."

"Honey, what is bothering you?" he asked softly, his hand rubbing her back gently. "You never blow up like that; something is bothering you."

"I am not upset about anything, darling. Truly. I am looking forward to Christmas. I am not a bit stressed over going to your family's Christmas. In fact, I am looking forward to getting to know all of them better, and your little nephews and niece. I am not alone any longer, and I am so much in love with my dear husband. Stacy and I are sisters again, and she has a special husband I truly admire. Karen and Chip are happy with their little baby. Life is wonderful. I am ashamed to admit that I simply lost it. I was mean, and I know I deserve a spanking for being cruel to Brenda."

"Ted fired her. He was planning to wait until after the first of the year, but he said he couldn't afford to keep fixing her mistakes. He also said to tell you he was working on the presenta-

tion for the meeting tomorrow morning. He is worried about you. He thought I was being mean to you.”

“Oh no! I will set him straight right away!” she said, reaching for her phone.

Alex took it from her before she could call her boss. “He believed me, honey. We both think there is something you aren’t telling us.”

Anna shrugged. “If there is something, I am not aware of it on a conscious level. I’m sorry; I was just a bitch today. I’m not perfect,” she admitted, her cheeks turning red with embarrassment. “I will need to get Brenda’s number from Mr. Marckle and call her and apologize for my name calling. I do feel bad.”

“Stand up,” he said firmly. “We are going to deal with this matter right now. I am not pleased that you behaved so badly. You are my wife, and that is not the way I would have my wife conduct herself.”

“I’m truly sorry, Alex,” Anna said, rising to her feet. Her stomach was filled with dread, and the muscles in her buttocks were clenching with dread at the mere thought of the punishment awaiting them. He took her arm and pulled her around behind the chair she used at her sewing machine. The chair was small but very sturdy; it had a short back on it, and storage under the padded seat. Anna had taken the wheels off the chair because she didn’t want it to roll, and because her table was very short. Alex bent her over the back of the chair and had her put her hands on the seat.

“You are going to stand here like this during your spanking, Anna. If you pick up a hand or a foot, you will add ten extras with my belt each time. Extras are given to your sit spots and your upper thighs. They will hurt on top of the spanking you are going to get. You lost control today and that is why you are going to get a lesson in control right now. Do you understand this?”

“Yes.”

“Then tell me what you understand.”

“Alex, I hate this! I don’t want to talk about it!” she wailed.

“You have just earned ten extra for your attitude and for not doing what I said. Do you wish to make it twenty?” Alex was going to need to be firm.

“No! You said that I am to stand here for my spanking; if I raise my hands or my feet, you will add ten extra each time. You plan to use your belt on my sit spots and upper thighs for the extras.”

“Now, was that so hard?” he asked, giving her rump a sound spank that caught her off guard.

“Ouch!” she cried out. “No,” she admitted. “Just embarrassing.”

“A punishment is supposed to have embarrassment connected to it,” he told her. He grasped her long skirt and pulled it up to lie on her back, and then he took her panties and pulled them down to her knees. “You look just like a naughty wife posing for a sound spanking. You will remain like this while I go and find a good paddle. My hand alone isn’t enough for this punishment, Anna. Do not move. I want you to think about the paddling you have coming.” He left the room.

Anna felt tears fill her eyes. She was absolutely mortified to stand with her bare bottom sticking out, begging to be spanked. She thought that Alex’s hand was more than enough to make a firm impression and deal with her guilt, but he wanted a paddle of some sort. She was sure that whatever he found was going to hurt her delicate skin, but her words hurt Brenda, she reasoned. Anna knew she earned a spanking, but she wasn’t looking forward to the actual spanking. She wanted to skip to the being held part. She stood there and stood there and she was beginning to wonder if Alex forgot about her. She knew she’d been standing there for at least thirty minutes when he finally returned. Her nerves were stretched thin by that point. “I don’t like being humiliated!” she snapped. “I don’t like being made sport of and ridiculed, either!”

“Do you think Brenda enjoyed being humiliated and ridiculed in front of your coworkers?”

“No,” she tearfully admitted.

“For the record, I was not ridiculing you. I wanted you to have time to think, but I also thought I should take our dinner out of the oven so it didn’t burn while I was burning your butt.”

“Oh!”

“People do not always have the worst possible motives, young lady. Now remember, keep your hands flat on the seat of the chair. Keep your feet planted on the floor. You are not going to want the ten extras you have already earned, and you do not wish to add to that number.” His hand landed on her bottom with a crack. “Spread your feet farther apart,” he ordered. “It will keep you from tensing your cheeks and keep you from bruising so much.”

Anna obeyed him, and when he started spanking this time, he did not give her a break. He simply set her cheeks, sit spots, and upper thighs on fire. She had to struggle to keep her feet on the floor because her instincts were to try and shake off the pain. Anna finally started crying and begging Alex to stop, and he eventually did.

“Do not get up,” he warned her. “We are not done.” He walked around to show her the paddle he held in his hand. “Isn’t this beautiful workmanship?” He admired the paddle. “This wood is African mahogany, and since the paddle is very thin, it will impart a serious sting and burn without bruising as much as a thick, heavy paddle would. Chip made this for us as a wedding present, telling me I would have need of it sooner or later. Karen has one just like it, and he assures me it gets the point across. I am going to paddle you now, Anna. You were rude and unprofessional. Ted Marckle has every right to be upset with you, and you will go to him tomorrow and apologize. You will also tell him you were punished thoroughly with a paddle for your behavior. If you do not tell him this, you will get another paddling after work

tomorrow, and then I will take you to his home and you will tell him in front of me.” He paused, knowing she was dying of shame inside. His wife did not like humbling herself. “Remember to keep your hands and feet in place. It will be much harder to do while I am paddling you,” he promised.

Anna yelped in pain as Alex used the paddle on her bottom cheeks. It hurt! Her skin was already sore and burning from his hand, but the paddle made the burn and sting soar to new heights. She couldn’t stand it. “Please stop, Alex! I can’t bear anymore! Please!” she begged.

It hurt Alex to ignore her pleas, but he needed to make a point. He didn’t enjoy punishing his wife, but when it was necessary, he would do a thorough job and make sure she regretted earning punishment. She finally raised a foot off the floor and he realized she was losing her control. “That makes twenty!” he announced. He gave her a few more with the paddle and then stopped. She was sorry, and she was at the point where staying in place was too difficult. Anna had lasted longer than he’d expected her to last. “I’ll give you a moment to compose yourself, Anna, then I will give you your extras.” He was sure she would feel no guilt when this was over. She’d more than paid for her lapse.

Anna hurt and the thought of twenty more with Alex’s belt caused her to sob even harder. “Please, honey. Spare me this one time? I don’t think I can take any more.”