
WARNING MERRY

Holiday House Book 2

MISTY MALONE



Published by Blushing Books
An Imprint of
ABCD Graphics and Design, Inc.
A Virginia Corporation
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901

©2019 by ABCD Graphics and Design, Inc. and Misty Malone

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. The trademark Blushing Books is pending in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Misty Malone
Warning Merry

EBook ISBN: 978-1-64563-020-3

v1

Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's
advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

Holly Rudolph was pacing the floor in her father, Daniel's living room, stopping every time she passed a window to glance out and check the driveway. "I'm sure we'll hear their car when they pull in," Daniel said. "What's up with you today? You're always anxious for Clint to get here, but you seem nervous. I thought you two were getting along just fine. Is everything okay?"

"Everything is fine," she said a bit too quickly to be easily believed, even to her own ears. She sighed and sat down on the couch across from him. "I feel bad because I did something stupid the last time we were together and it disappointed him. I felt terrible." She paused a moment. "I still do."

"You always feel bad when you disappoint the one you love, but if Clint wasn't able to forgive you before he left you Sunday night, it must be something serious. Anything you want to talk about?"

"No, hopefully it's not that serious, and he did forgive me. Well, at least he said he did. I guess I'm just nervous. I mean, what if he just said he forgave me because he feels he should, but he hasn't actually been able to?"

“Clint's a smart man and he seems to know his mind. I'd say if he said he forgave you, he did. He seemed fine when he left two weeks ago; certainly not angry. But I understand what you're going through. A young relationship is a wonderful thing, but there are always challenges. You're still getting to know the little things about each other, like how each of you will react to certain things. I'm sure he's fine, though, or he wouldn't have called you nearly every day this week,” he said with a reassuring smile for his daughter. “I doubt he's going to be asking for his ring back or breaking your engagement.”

“I don't think he'll do that, either,” she said rather quietly, “but I hate disappointing him. I hope it's been long enough that he's been able to get past it.”

“I'd be willing to bet he has,” Daniel said, “but I know you won't be able to relax until you see him. It shouldn't be long now. To be honest, I'm rather surprised they aren't here yet.”

“Yeah, me, too. I'm going to go get a drink. You want something?”

“No, thanks.”

She went to the kitchen and got a glass of lemonade, but her mind wandered as she did. She recalled clearly the last time they'd been together, which unfortunately had been two weeks ago. They generally spent every weekend together, one weekend at her home in Mt. Hope and the next weekend at his home in Cliffdale. Last weekend, however, he'd had to attend a seminar that was important to his work as a general contractor. The homes he built were known for not only good quality, but furnished with the latest trends and gadgets, which many of his home owners hadn't heard of, but were thrilled with once they had them.

Normally she didn't mind him attending seminars at all, but of all times to have to skip a weekend of visiting, last weekend was terrible timing. She'd been trying to deal with seeing the

disappointment in his eyes for the last two weeks. He seemed okay in their phone calls, but until she saw him in person she just hadn't been able to relax. As she sipped her lemonade her mind wandered, going over the last few months, from the time they met up until their last weekend together.

She was a writer, having had several novels published. She worked hard during the year, but took a much-needed break during the month of December, which she called her rejuvenation period. She felt more grounded after the break and found she was ready to attack her writing again with gusto, and her writing was much better, fresher.

Last year her family decided to rent a house for two weeks in Overton, Colorado over Christmas and New Year's. It had been a rather difficult year for her, and she'd decided to go to Overton early. Her family consisted of herself and her father, Daniel, as well as her sister, Merry and her husband Lance, along with their son, Seth, and their daughter, Ellie. They had rented an entire house so they could all stay together. She couldn't afford to rent the whole house an extra two weeks, so she rented a small condo for the first two weeks of the month, until her family arrived.

The rest of her family all enjoyed snow skiing, but she'd never tried it. They were planning on doing a lot of it on this trip, so she was determined to learn how to ski before they all got there. On her first full day in Overton she stood at the bottom of a hill at a ski resort, looking up and wondering how in the world she would ever learn to do that, after discovering all the slots for ski lessons at the local ski resorts were already filled, when she met Clint Calloway.

Clint's brother, Gabe and his wife, Nina, and their son and daughter, Isaac and Jessica, had recently moved back to their hometown after having lived in Alaska for two years for his work. They, along with Clint and the rest of their family, which included their mother, Sarah, and their sister, Danielle and her

husband, Jay, and their children, Austin and Lydia, had all rented a house over Christmas, as well, as a sort of family reunion. Clint had gone earlier than the rest of his family, also needing to get away after a long season of building homes.

She and Clint had hit it off instantly, from the moment he offered to teach her how to ski. They spent most of their first two weeks together, learning how to ski and getting to know each other, until their families arrived in town.

They were both shocked the night her family arrived and they were to move into the house their family rented. Once they were at the house they used their key to open the door, only to walk in on a stunned family already in their house. As fate would have it, it was Clint and his family. The family that owned the house had made a mistake, and two of them had rented the house to two different families and sent the renters a key, without realizing the other was also renting it out.

After talking about the problem, the discussion led by Clint and Holly, the two families decided the house was large enough for all of them to stay, and the families quickly became friends. Their six children, three boys and three girls, were all ages four to seven, and totally enjoyed having new friends to share the holidays with, while the parents found they had much in common, as well. Although it was about a five-hour drive for both families to get to the rental house, they only lived about an hour's drive apart once they were all back home.

During the two-week stay in the shared house, Clint and Holly spent most of their time together and their relationship quickly blossomed. As it turned out, though, they weren't the only ones to become close. Daniel and Sarah also found they enjoyed spending time together. The two couples had been dating ever since, and often spent weekends together. If Clint went to visit Holly, he usually took Sarah along with him. He spent the night at Daniel's, while Sarah stayed with Holly. On other weekends they reversed it, with Daniel driving himself and

Holly to Sarah's, where Holly stayed, while Daniel spent the night in Clint's home close by.

The long distance relationships were not ideal, but both couples continued to grow closer. In fact, Clint and Holly had become close enough that he'd proposed on Valentine's Day, and she accepted readily, much to the delight of both families.

The two families had vowed to stay friends, even before the engagement, and were planning on getting together for major holidays. The owners of the house they had all rented felt bad about the mix-up and offered two free weeks of rental of the house over the Fourth of July. They decided to share the house at Christmas, and again over the Fourth of July. In the meantime, they were planning a conference call this evening at seven o'clock to make plans for getting together over Easter.

Holly smiled as she thought about how their families had met and gotten along so well so quickly. She also had to smile as she thought of how nice it was seeing her dad interested in someone again, especially Sarah, whom Holly liked a great deal. Her thoughts then turned to two weeks ago, when they last spent time together.

She could easily say she and Clint had a good relationship. He was very protective of her by nature, and said he wanted to protect her and keep her safe, healthy and happy. That was all fine and dandy to her – in fact, it made her feel special. However, in her opinion he worried too much. He worried that she took risks she shouldn't be taking, and should take better care of herself.

When she was writing, she occasionally got too involved in her book and wrote continuously, only taking a bathroom break, until her book was done, or at least a portion of it containing a certain story line. When the idea was in her head, she felt driven to transfer it to her computer before she forgot it, or any little part of it. Breaks interrupted that train of thought, and she couldn't always get it back. From that point on it felt forced to

her, and she knew from experience she might as well stop until the ideas started flowing again. Sometimes that could take a couple of hours, but sometimes it took days, or even weeks.

The last day they'd been able to spend together, a Sunday, they were relaxing on her couch with his arm around her, pulling her in against him. They were casually talking about their weeks, and he asked if she'd had a good week writing. She'd been excited when she relayed how wrapped up she'd been in finishing the one section of her book, and how she knew it would be good. Those were the times her writing was at its best. She could feel it, and she knew this time was no different.

She thought back to the expression on his face at hearing that news. He was happy for her success in writing, but there was also concern in his eyes as he asked about these intense writing marathons. It was customary to her, so she wasn't concerned as she explained how the words just seemed to come into her head and out through her fingers on the keyboard, seemingly on their own. She was surprised when he hesitated a few moments, then expressed his concern for her health during those periods, especially when she admitted they occasionally lasted a full day or two.

In her mind, as she thought back on that day, she could hear his words as if he were just saying them. "Holly, have we talked about your eating habits before?" He'd reminded her of a few times they'd discussed it, and how she had said she understood his concern and would make sure she ate better meals, instead of nothing but junk food for days on end when she hadn't made it to the grocery store and didn't want to take the time off to go.

She'd assured him that she had started buying healthier foods and cooking meals instead of living on snacks, other than these times when inspiration hit. He'd been proud of her for that, but was not at all happy to hear she'd gone over twenty hours with no sleep and very little food or drink. She tried to assure him she was fine, that it wasn't unusual for her to do that when she was

writing, but she hadn't been able to convince him it was harmless. In fact, the more she talked, trying to convince him it was fine and she'd done it numerous times before, the more upset he became.

Instead of being able to convince him, in the end, he'd successfully convinced her it wasn't okay. In one quick movement he'd pulled her over his lap and had her skirt draped up over her back and her panties down to her knees. His hand rested on her bare bottom for mere seconds while he reiterated his thoughts on going that long without food, water or sleep.

That same hand then began to tattoo a pattern of handprints on her bare bottom as he reminded her they had talked about that very thing before. He'd suggested at that time she get some power snacks, like energy bars and almonds to keep next to her computer that she could eat while she typed. He also suggested keeping lots of water close by, and possibly a small refrigerator to keep them in.

She'd felt terrible as he talked, because he was right; he had suggested those things before, and she hadn't seen the need for them at the time and had basically brushed off the idea. Now, though, the more he talked, the more she realized she'd let him down by ignoring his suggestions. On top of that, she could see that he wasn't just upset that she hadn't listened to him, but he truly was worried about her health. Seeing the disappointment in his eyes and hearing it in his voice was her undoing, and she had cried long and hard. And worried about it ever since, even though he had insisted he'd forgiven her after the spanking. She wished he'd get there soon, because she knew she wouldn't be able to completely believe that and relax until he was holding her and she could see for herself that he was fine.

Clint was at his mother, Sarah's house, as he'd been for the last

forty minutes. Normally a patient man, he was struggling to maintain his control now as he paced his mother's living room, waiting for her to appear so they could get on the road. "Mom, what's going on? You've always been ready when I get here. In fact, you're always the one worried we'll be late getting to Daniel's house, although there's usually not any specific time we need to be there by. Today, though, we need to be there before seven o'clock, and this is the one time you're not ready, which tells me something's wrong. What is it?"

Sarah came out of her bathroom, looking a big sheepish. "You're right. I'm sorry, Clint. Let me go change clothes and I'll be ready."

"Mom, wait. Why do you want to change? You look fine."

"Daniel commented once that he likes when I wear a dress or skirt, so let me go change into one. I'll hurry, I promise."

"But I heard him tell you he likes that blouse you're wearing, too. What's causing this case of nerves today? Is everything okay between you and Daniel?"

"Yes, it's fine," she said, although he wasn't totally convinced. He'd talked to her a couple of days ago about their trip this weekend, and she hadn't acted like anything was wrong then. He knew that like himself and Holly, his mother and Daniel usually talked on the phone every night, and he wondered if they'd had some type of argument last night.

She certainly wasn't very forthcoming with information, and Clint was beginning to worry. The two families had set up a call to be made by Gabe at seven o'clock that evening to Daniel's house. Clint and Sarah would be there by then, as would Holly, and Merry and her family planned to be there, as well. Danielle and her family would be at Gabe's, so when he made the call, all of both families would be able to talk and they planned on making arrangements to get together over the upcoming Easter holiday.

That call could be in jeopardy, though, if Clint couldn't get

his mother in his car within the next ten or fifteen minutes. He frowned as he checked his watch, but didn't say anything. Ten minutes later, though, he couldn't stay silent any longer. "Mom, what's going on? Did you and Daniel have some kind of disagreement or something last night?"

His mom suddenly appeared in a dress, looking concerned. "Why would you say that? Have you talked to Daniel?"

"No, I haven't," Clint said, "but I've never seen you like this. What were you doing in there?"

"I was changing a couple outfits I had packed."

"Mom, it's not like you to be second guessing everything like this. Trust me, whatever you have packed in your suitcase will be just fine. Let's get it and get started on our way, and you can tell me about whatever happened between you and Daniel that has you so unsure of yourself." She took a quick glance at her watch and hesitantly nodded her agreement.

Fifteen minutes later, once they were on the interstate heading toward Daniel's house, Clint tried to get his mother to open up. "Okay, Mom, what happened? I take it you talked to Daniel last night, since everything was fine with you two nights ago. So what happened; did you two have an argument, or what?"

"I don't know exactly," she admitted. "Not that I know of."

He glanced over sideways at her. "You didn't have an argument that you know of? If you had an argument I would think you would know about it, so what has you so upset?"

"Like I said, I don't know exactly. He said after you and Holly leave tonight we have something we have to talk about."

"Okay," Clint said, waiting for her to continue. After a pause, during which she said absolutely nothing, he looked over at her. "So he has something he wants to talk to you about. Is that what has you concerned?"

"Well, yes, of course," she insisted. "What could he be upset about, that we have to talk about?"

“Oh, he was upset when he said you had to talk about something. You didn't tell me that. You don't have any idea what he was upset about?”

“No, of course not. That's why I'm so worried. I have no idea what's wrong.”

“And you know something is wrong because he was upset when he said that; am I understanding this correctly?”

“Yes.”

“Okay. Now, how upset was he? What were you talking about before he said you had to talk about something?”

“I don't remember what we were talking about, but he didn't seem at all upset. He just all of a sudden blurted out that once we were alone we had to talk about something. Then someone knocked on his door and he had to go, so I have no idea what it could be.”

Clint was quiet several moments while he thought about what she was saying. “So, he wasn't upset, then said he had to talk to you about something this evening, and then said good-bye so he could answer the door, and you've been worried ever since.” He looked over at his mother, a serious look on his face. “Mom, are you afraid of Daniel for some reason?”

She quickly turned to look at Clint, her eyes wide. “Of course not! Why would you even ask such a thing?”

“Well, think about this for a minute. You've been dragging your feet all evening, doing everything you could to delay our trip, and that's not like you. You're usually ready to leave Friday evening before I even get home from work. I have to ask you, if you're not afraid of Daniel, why all the worrying and delays?”

He watched her expression and was completely baffled when she flushed and looked away from him, first out the window and then down at her hands. “I'm not afraid of Daniel, son, so please don't worry. He's a wonderful man. I guess maybe I might be overreacting a bit, but it's because I have no idea what he wants to talk about. When your father used to say there was

something we had to talk about, it was usually something I'd done that he didn't care much for. One time it was because I'd invited some people over for dinner and had forgotten to tell him. He found out when he saw the man in town and he told your father that he and his wife were looking forward to dinner at our house Saturday night, and your father didn't know anything about it. It turned out he didn't care much for the man."

"Who was that?" Clint asked with a grin.

"Never you mind," she said in a motherly way. "Most of the time when he wanted to talk about something it was because I'd been working too much or helping other people out a lot and he felt I was doing too much for them and letting them take advantage of me."

"I can understand him talking to you about that," Clint said with a smile. "As Gabe and I got older we could see that happening, too."

"Well, maybe, but I always said if I'm wrong I'd rather be wrong for helping people too much instead of not doing enough to help them."

"I understand, Mom, and trust me, no one will ever accuse you of not doing enough to help people. But getting back to Daniel, are you saying he's like Dad used to be, and if he wants to talk to you about something, you're assuming it's something like that?"

She thought a few moments before answering. "I guess I am saying that, although I'm not sure that's entirely fair to Daniel, now that you asked me that. I don't know him as well as I knew your father, obviously, so maybe that is jumping to conclusions."

"Maybe you'd be better off waiting to see what he wants to talk about before you get all upset and worried. After all, what's worrying going to do to help, anyway?"

"I know, I know," she agreed, "but worry isn't something I can just turn on and off. Especially not after having three kids

who seemed to be able to get into trouble rather easily, or fall and break a bone or something.”

Clint laughed out loud as he thought about her words. “I never thought about that before, but I guess the three of us did give you and Dad enough grief over the years, between trips to the emergency room and trips to the school.”

“You certainly did,” Sarah confirmed. “Do you remember that one winter we had a lot of snow, when the three of you were all sledding, and Gabe bet you couldn't go down the other side of the hill with all the trees? You were sure you could steer your sled between the trees safely,” she said, laughing as she recalled the incident.

“Oh, I remember,” Clint admitted. “I hated using those blasted crutches. But it was even worse when Gabe snickered at me every time I picked the darn things up.”

“He got sent to his room for that a couple of times, too.”

“I know, but he still kept laughing at me. The only thing that got him to stop laughing was when we were back at the hill sledding again a few days later and he was making me feel bad because I had to just sit on the bench and watch that day because of my cast. He was showing off, telling me how much fun it was to run with the sled and then jump on as it was starting down the hill, when he missed his mark and hit the corner of the sled with his chin. He split it open, along with his lower lip. Remember how much it bled?”

“I certainly do. That was our second trip in four days to the emergency room.” She shook her head. “Then two days later the school called and said your sister had been outside at recess and been hit in the head with a snowball that had a stone in it, and she needed stitches. When I showed up at the emergency room later that afternoon with her in tow the receptionist there smiled and addressed me by my first name. The same doctor saw all three of you, and he asked me if I had any more kids I'd be bringing in this week yet.”

The two of them laughed and talked more about some of Clint, Gabe and Danielle's adventures growing up as they made the hour-long trip to Daniel's home. Sarah seemed much more relaxed by the time they got there.

Clint had to wonder what Daniel wanted to talk to her about, and why she seemed so concerned about it, but he put his thoughts aside once they got there. Traffic had been light and they'd made better time than normal, which was good, considering the late start they'd gotten.

Daniel came out and met them when they pulled into his lane. He helped Sarah out of Clint's car and gave her a quick kiss on her cheek and they headed into the house. Meanwhile, Holly came running out of Daniel's house and straight into Clint's arms. "I've missed you, Holly," he said as he wrapped her in his arms before giving her a kiss.

"Me, too," she returned.

"That's an understatement," Daniel said, happy to see Clint in such a good mood.

"Why do you say that?" Clint asked.

"She was worrying herself half sick until you got here."

Clint was instantly concerned. "Why? What were you worried about, Holly?"

"Oh, nothing," she said, trying to end the conversation. "I'm just glad you're here. I missed you."

"She was afraid you were upset with her about something. I told her if you were upset with her I would think she would certainly know it." Daniel shook his head and chuckled a little. "Sometimes I think women try to look for problems."

"I hear you there," Clint said, looking directly at his mother, who seemed to be comfortably wrapped in Daniel's arms and looking a bit sheepish.

"Well, we have half an hour yet before the big phone call," Daniel said. "Sarah and I are going to go in and get the phone ready, but it's a nice evening out. If you two want to take a

little walk or sit on the porch while you get caught up, feel free.”

“Thanks, Daniel,” Clint said. “I think we’ll enjoy the weather on your swing in the backyard for a bit, but I’ll be sure we’re back inside before the expected phone call.” Daniel nodded and led Sarah into the house, with his arm still wrapped around her waist.

Clint led Holly around the house to the backyard, and the glider they had back toward the end of their property in a quiet, private location. As he sat down, pulling her down with him and straight onto his lap, he took her face in his hands to give her another kiss, more private than the one he’d given her when he first arrived.

She melted into him, returning his kiss. Afterward, she leaned against his chest as he started rocking them slowly. “What’s this your dad was saying about you thinking I was upset? Did I say something in a phone call this week that upset you?”

“No,” she said quickly, but when no other explanation was forthcoming, he looked down at her, only to be surprised to see her face flushed. He thought back to their phone calls during the week, but came up with no possible explanation for her to be embarrassed. Then he recalled the last afternoon they’d spent together. Her face had turned red that afternoon, as well, when he’d spanked her. “Does it have anything to do with the spanking you got the last day we were together?”

Holly fidgeted a bit on his lap, but didn’t answer, which in essence was his answer. “Holly, honey, look at me a minute.” He waited until she did slowly raise her face and her eyes met his. “That wasn’t the first spanking you got, and I thought we’d talked all this out with your first couple. There’s no reason for you to be embarrassed. But is that why you thought I might be upset?”

Again, she didn’t answer, but slowly nodded, then looked down again. He used one finger to bring her chin back up so she

was looking at him again. “Why would you think that? I remember I specifically made sure you knew, or I thought you knew I'd forgiven you. You don't remember that?”

She sighed, but squared her shoulders and slowly shared her thoughts and concerns with the man she loved. “You did tell me that, but people say that all the time without really meaning it. I knew you'd told me before that I should get some of those healthy protein bars, but I didn't.”

“Because you didn't really see the importance of eating regularly, did you?”

“I'll admit it. No, I didn't. I thought you were worrying too much. But after you talked to me during the spanking and explained about the sugar levels and what happens when you don't eat, you were right. I felt awful for ignoring what you'd said. But I also saw the disappointment in your eyes, and that's why I wasn't sure you'd really been able to forgive me. Then when I got your package Tuesday, which was a whole box of protein bars of assorted flavors, I felt bad again. I thought you were still upset with me, and sending me that was like rubbing it in, and you hadn't really been able to put it behind you and forgive me yet.”

“Then we need to clear that up right now,” he said with a determined look on his face. “First off, I don't say things I don't mean, so when I told you I'd forgiven you, I meant it. The reason I was able to forgive you is because you'd paid the consequences for ignoring what I'd said. That's why I believe so strongly in spanking. When you said you sometimes go for hours or even a day or two without eating or drinking much, I was concerned. I know how sugar levels can spike and drop, and that's why I talked to you about it and suggested you get some protein bars and keep water on hand. It was my way of trying to protect you from that happening to you.”

“Now I see that you told me those things to try and help me, and I ignored you, so you bought me some and sent them to me.

It wasn't meant as a reminder, to be rubbed in my face. You were being kind, and I didn't deserve it."

"It was absolutely not meant to be rubbed in your face," he said as he gave her a little squeeze. "I was looking out for you. I meant it to help, so you would have some on hand for the next time you got inspired and did a writing marathon." He turned enough to be sure she was looking at his eyes. "But you absolutely did deserve my kindness, honey. I love you and will do anything I can to protect you."

"I understand it now, and thank you. Knowing you're looking out for me makes me feel safe, and special."

"Good, because you are special. Going back a minute to when you said you didn't know if I meant it when I said you were forgiven, I want to clear that up. I was completely honest about that, and it's because of the spanking. To be honest, if you had simply said you were sorry and you'll do better next time, I'm not sure I would have been able to forgive you and move on, because saying you'll do better next time is something else people often say and don't really mean. But once you pay the consequences for that and I know that you now understand why it's so important to me, and I can see it in your eyes and your demeanor, I know you've received the lesson I was trying to teach. Then I can absolutely believe you mean it, and it's easy for me to forgive you. Does that make sense?"

"It does now, yes. I know you explained all that before, but I guess I had a hard time believing it. Now, though, you've proven it to me. Thank you."

"You're welcome. There is one other thing I want to touch on here quickly before we go inside."

"What's that?"

"You being able to forgive yourself. I can tell by what you're saying now that once you understood what I was saying, you felt bad, and were fighting guilt. However, once I forgive you, you need to be able to forgive yourself, and a spanking should help

Warning Merry

with that. It should not only make it possible for me to forgive you, but it should allow you to forgive yourself. If it didn't, I need to concentrate more on that next time and make sure you do. It's important. It will help you feel better and will avoid needless worry, like you apparently have been doing.”

“Again, you're looking out for me. I am a very lucky lady. Thank you, Clint.”