



*The 12 Nights Of
XXXMas: A
Steamy Holiday
Novella*

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

KELSIE CALLOWAY

Over
SANTA'S
Knee

OVER SANTA'S KNEE

A STEAMY HOLIDAY NOVELLA

12 NIGHTS OF XXXMAS

BOOK ONE

KELSIE CALLOWAY

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HOLLY



I pull up to the gates of The Palace and my stomach twists in knots. As the security guard emerges from his booth, I see that he's wearing a Santa hat. It's enough of a jarring distraction to make me giggle.

"Name, miss?" Does he know everyone who's supposed to be here tonight? He doesn't carry a clipboard or hold an iPad with a registry only he can see. He just looks at me with cold, hard eyes.

"Holly Snow," I reply anxiously. The cool evening air whips into the car and the hair on my arms stand straight up.

He nods his head and backs away. "Have a good night, Ms. Snow." He returns to his booth and presses a button. The gate starts to open and I'm met with a festive sight.

The Palace has gone all out. As I drive forward to find a parking spot, I see everything from Christmas lights strewn from the rafters to the inflatable cast of Peanuts. When they said they were celebrating the holidays, they weren't kidding.

Holiday music plays over the outside speakers as I climb out of my car and head toward the entrance. I shiver in the cold December air and regret wearing this ridiculous getup. But the card said to dress festive and a naughty Mrs. Claus costume was all that I could find. Despite being a BDSM club where any sort of dress is allowed, people loiter on the porch smoking cigarettes and wearing ugly Christmas sweaters. I wonder if they're here for the party or here for the favors.

I smooth out the red crushed velvet skirt and feel the tickle of the white fur lining against my thighs. I almost think that the goosebumps are from the adrenaline coursing through my veins, but they're probably from the cold.

A few people on the porch of The Palace give me a head nod as I make my way up the stairs. All I had were patent black heels that I wear to work functions, but they draw every eye in the nearby area as they click against the hardwood. The butterflies return.

I've never seen myself as the kind of girl who'd go to a place like The Palace. My interest in BDSM has never run too deep. I like a little rough sex as much as the next girl, but some of the stuff I've seen on those forums scare me. I can't imagine wanting someone to drip hot wax on me or dressing up in leather and latex. I don't understand those fetishes, they just aren't me. I'm probably what they call BDSM-lite, *real* lite.

The entrance of The Palace has two large, wooden doors ornately carved. This was a mansion for the upper class back in the day, but when it was foreclosed on by the bank, how was anyone supposed to know that a group of entrepreneurial fetishists would buy it and turn it into the hottest BDSM club in a hundred-mile radius?

Right inside the door is a smiling young woman with a clipboard. She keeps her eyes on the door while talking to people milling about and the second she sees me, she flutters over as quickly as a bunny. "Name, miss?"

My stomach is twisting again. You would think there wouldn't be any other ways it could contort after all the knots it tied itself into on the way here. "Holly Snow," I whisper to the woman so that the other guests don't hear.

She takes a peek at her clipboard, dragging her pen down the line until she comes across my name. "Perfect," she says with an even brighter grin. "You will be in the Mistletoe Room. Santa has already arrived."

Perfect, she says, as if she's not leaping out of her skin in excitement and fear. "There's a bar, right?" I ask her before

moving on.

The cheerful hostess points toward a wide arc past the stairwell that leads to a parlor. I can hear laughter and music coming from within. “Through there, miss. There is a two-drink maximum, of course. We don’t wish for any of our patrons to engage in unsafe behavior while inebriated.”

They don’t need to worry about that. I just need a glass of wine to calm my nerves and give me the confidence to go through with this. “Thanks,” I mumble as I walk toward the parlor.

The room still has the antique wood floors that came with the house. They’ve been refurbished and well-maintained given that half the clientele of The Palace frequently wears stiletto heels that could scratch up the surface. Standing around in little groups are people in all stages of dress. The only thing The Palace hosts requested was that all the bits and bobs were covered when you were downstairs. The rooms above, even the social space, are a different story.

“What can I get for you, miss?” A friendly bartender asks with a smile that sends waves of calm through me.

There’s a generous array of liquors on the shelf behind him, but I don’t drink the heavy stuff unless I’m at a bar with friends. “A Riesling, if you have it. If not, any white wine will do.”

His smile broadens as he nods his head in my direction. He isn’t a particularly handsome man, but his easygoing confidence does wonders for him. “A Riesling it is.”

I turn my head to stare at the people in the room, searching for my Santa. He will make my fantasies come true tonight, at least that’s what it said on the card. But I don’t see him anywhere.

“Here you are,” the bartender returns after a few moments. “Name?”

I wonder if the bartender ever looks his customers up on social media. “Holly Snow.” He walks over to a clipboard and puts a check by my name on the list. Will he search for me

later on Facebook? Will he find out that I'm a lawyer? Will he tell my law firm that I'm here?

Don't be absurd, I remind myself. The attendants of any Palace party sign non-disclosure agreements. Anyone we see or meet is kept strictly confidential. If it gets out that we told other people about their presence here, we face litigation. There has to be something equally in place for the staff. This man probably won't even remember who I am after a couple of minutes. He won't go home and look me up and he definitely won't contact my boss.

I bring the cool glass of wine to my lips and take a sip. Riesling is a mildly sweet white. This one has notes of peach and apricot. It has the perfect bouquet.

If I were a more outgoing person, I might try to ingratiate myself into one of the groups surrounding a cocktail table. Or I might sit at the bar and wait for someone to come up to me and start a conversation. But I have been an introvert since I was two years old and I refused to sit on the Easter Bunny's lap at the mall. I take my glass and wander back toward the staircase that leads to my destiny.

HOLLY



A month ago, I got an email from The Palace announcing their 12 Nights Of XXXMas. At first, I ignored it. I couldn't remember why I'd signed up for The Palace's event emails in the first place. But a few days later, I received another email. I took a peek and the first line read, "You're on the naughty list, Holly..." It was enough to convince me to read a little further.

Each of their nights was themed for a different kink. The fine print said that anyone could attend regardless of their interests, but that rooms would be supplied with specific materials for each of the themed nights. If you wanted to engage in electrostimulation on the roleplaying night, you absolutely could, but you'd have to bring your own equipment.

The first night caught my eye. *'Looking to kick off XXXMas with a bang? Get your name off the naughty list by paying your dues. It's our discipline night! Come if you're looking for a red bottom, stay until you're absolved of your sins.'*

I tried to ignore it, really I did. My fantasies ran along the lines of being spanked and punished, but it was something I kept to myself. I didn't want to show up at The Palace and let a stranger take a belt to me until he was satisfied.

But the email kept calling to me day after day. I'd think about it at the office or while I was driving home from work. I imagined what it'd be like to attend the festivities and if it'd be worth the \$50 per person, per night purchase. Was it worth paying for? Couldn't I just find someone to spank me for free?

The short answer: no. To admit that I had those kinds of fantasies made me feel shiver with vulnerability. Who would I tell? And what would they think when they knew that a high-powered attorney liked to have her skirt hiked up and her bottom bared?

I responded to the email. In less than 24 hours, I made arrangements to attend the first night of XXXMas. The hosts had me write a letter to Santa and said that they would take care of the rest. I'd been dreading it ever since.



I make my way up the staircase and the music from downstairs fades to a dull roar. It's replaced with the sound of wood hitting bare skin and a young man's grunts just a few milliseconds later. Right off the landing at the top of the stairs is an additional parlor. This one is more laidback than the one downstairs with people stripping off clothes and standing around watching the scene play out.

There's a large man bent over the side of the couch. I think he was wearing a pair of pants that match my outfit because I see the same crushed velvet at his feet. Behind him is a woman wearing strategically placed tinsel. She wields a wooden paddle that's almost as big as her. I watch in awe as she brings it down on the man's ass. From this angle, I can see his cheeks turning a dark shade of red. I wonder how long they've been at it.

In the opposite direction of the parlor are the six rooms available for the night. Each has been named for the Christmas season. Yuletide, Candy Cane, Blitzen, Nutcracker, Sugarplum, and Mistletoe. Attending XXXMas cost \$50, renting a room doubled the price. Many people engage in public displays of their kinks, but the few of us that are too shy to perform in front of people do so behind closed doors.

I travel down the hall toward the Mistletoe room. Blitzen's door is open but the lights are out, signaling that the guests who have rented this room are either finished or haven't

arrived yet. I hear a woman's cries coming from the Nutcracker room and I wish that I could peek inside.

I've spent a lot of years watching young women get spanked on camera. If you know where to look, there are plenty of videos that are more than just a slap on the ass during sex. The women I watch are generally playing a role—a naughty girl that got caught coming home late or a wife that got a speeding ticket—but the videos do the trick. When paired with a vibrator, I come as I watch their bottoms turn red.

The door to the Mistletoe room is closed. My Santa must be inside. This is my last chance to turn around and leave. My stomach tightens a little more and my face feels flush. If I wanted to, I could waste the \$100 I spent and run for the hills. Nobody has to know that I've done this.

But I put my hand on the doorknob and turn because for the first time in my life, I'm going to get what I want.

SANTA



I was shocked to receive the letter. Scratch that, I wasn't *shocked*, per se, I was pleasantly surprised.

In my wife's own handwriting was a fantasy that she wanted to play out. I knew that she had an interest in being spanked, but I didn't know the depths of her interest until The Palace reached out to me.

"Your wife has requested your attendance on December 13th at The Palace. She would like to participate in the 12 Nights Of XXXMas." The woman on the other end of the phone was very formal, but maybe that was necessary for a situation like this. "She has written out her Christmas list and if you agree, we'll send that over to you. As Santa, you will endeavor to give her what she wants this year."

I think I was more shocked that my wife had told her fantasies to someone else before me. But once I read what she wanted to happen, it made sense. It was the kind of thing that could arouse the right man or turn off the wrong one.

I took up the mantle of Santa Claus and I was determined to give my wife everything she wanted this year.



When she walks through the door and I see her tan, taut legs under the Mrs. Claus dress, I'm as hard as a rock. She rarely dresses up in the bedroom because she says it makes her self-

conscious, but the glass of wine in her hand tells me that she's trying to push past that.

“Well, well, well,” I get up from my chair and greet her with a grim look, “if it isn't the naughty Holly Snow.” I take a deep breath in and wear my dominance like a second skin. She's usually the one making demands and handing out orders; the role reversal is almost as big a turn-on as looking at her in that form-fitting red dress.

“Santa,” she breathes out my name like she's already on the cusp of an orgasm. Her fingers tighten around the glass of wine as she nibbles on her bottom lip.

I reach down to my waist and unclasp the big black belt that came with the suit. “Do you know that you're on the naughty list, Ms. Snow? What do you plan to do about that?”

As the belt travels through the loops of the suit's pants, Holly's eyes dilate. If I were close enough, I bet I could hear her heart racing a million miles a minute. From this distance, I can already smell the arousal between her legs. She tightens her thighs together and sets the glass of wine down on the nearest flat surface.

“I want to make amends, Santa.” There's a nervous edge to her tone as she takes a step forward. “I want to be on the good girl's list.”

Does she struggle to say those words? They look like they embarrass her. The pink on her cheeks says that she's struggling.

If this were another scene in another world, I'd double up the belt I just pulled out of my suit and use it on Holly. But her fantasy wasn't to be spanked with my belt, so I discard it on the floor. “Being a good girl all year is hard work, Holly. Since you were naughty, you're going to have to be forgiven if you want to get presents this Christmas.”

My pulse gallops in my wrist as I step toward her. Each step is punctuated with a button from my suit coming undone until I'm right in front of her. I strip off the top and let it fall to

the floor behind me. “Do you think you have what it takes to be Santa’s best little girl?”

She nods her head, unable to summon any other words. Her bright blue eyes are the largest I’ve ever seen them. This is the most aroused she’s ever been.

I take her by the arm and lead her toward the bed. “Good,” I announce as I push her forward, “because Santa’s going to make sure you earn your spot on the nice list.”

Holly lands with a sharp intake of breath. The heels she’s wearing put her at the perfect height for the lifted bed. The edge of her skirt trails up her thighs and I see the hint of her white panties beneath poking out.

It’s going to be tough to keep it in my pants long enough to give her what she wants. Just looking at her in this naughty getup and knowing that when I’m through, I’ll be buried deep in her tight, wet little pussy is almost too much to bear. I readjust myself for comfort and tell my cock that despite being ready to go, we need to hold it in for a few more minutes.

If Holly had told me that she was into being spanked back when we were dating, I would have married her even sooner. I’ve given her a few taps on the ass here and there, almost always playful. I’ve walked in on her watching a few videos with her headphones in and her hands pressed between her legs. With embarrassment and shame, she fled the room. I’ve wanted to ask her for years if she had something to tell me, but I knew that she’d tell me in time.

Thankfully, the time has finally arrived. As I lift up the back of her dress and place it on her back, I thank God that she trusts me enough to fulfill her fantasies. Even if I do have to dress up as Santa Claus to do it.

HOLLY



It feels like all the air in my lungs is sucked out the second Nick throws me over the edge of the bed. I'm bent at the waist with my hips propped up and I'm living the videos I've watched a hundred times. I can already feel a wet spot growing on my panties as I look forward.

There's a large window on the other side of the bed covered with an opaque curtain. Just beyond the glass, I can see the Christmas lights lighting up the trees around The Palace. It's a beautiful sight considering I'm bent over and waiting to have my ass spanked.

A rush of cool air touches my bottom when Nick grabs the hem of my dress and drapes it over my back. Goosebumps dapple the skin when his fingers start to skate over the panties I put on earlier in the evening. The white lace doesn't leave much to the imagination, but it's the last vestiges of clothing between him and my bare bottom.

"A naughty girl must always be punished on the bare," Nick says as if reading my mind. His fingers hook into the waistband of my panties and I feel the lace slide off as he brings them down my thighs. He kneels behind me to slowly remove my underwear and his hand brushes my ankle as he has me step out of them. "You're already wet, Miss Holly," he chastises after a few seconds. "It's almost like you're *excited* for your punishment."

His words make my stomach do backflips. I am excited, but also afraid. I've spanked myself a few times over the years to see what it felt like. The sting of a dozen swats from a

wooden spoon was all that I could take. What if I set up this Christmas fantasy only to find out that I don't like being spanked after all? What if my only interest is imagining my ass being red and not actually having it spanked until it is?

But momentary fear that this isn't what I want is replaced with lust when I feel his finger trail through my center. "Widen these legs," he commands after a moment. "I want to see all of you. *I* get to determine what's punished."

My skin already feels like it's on fire. I separate my feet a little bit, opening myself up to more of him. With his whole hand, he pats my center repeatedly. "That's a good girl," he says with a low chuckle. But just as the words bring a smile to my face, his hand comes down a little harder on my wet pussy. It isn't enough to cause any actual pain, but I breathe in sharply and reach forward to grab the blankets. My back arches, making my ass a little more pert.

"There we go," he praises, "that's what Santa Daddy was looking for. Now I know how to get your attention."

My stomach aches with desire. If he pulled out his cock right now and buried it inside of me, I wouldn't even mind that we didn't get to the juicy stuff. But Nick is committed to his role. I've always loved that about him.

He brings his hand up to my cheeks and warms the skin by running his palm all over the skin. "What a cute little bottom you have," Nick says. "It's so pretty and pale. You've probably never been spanked a day in your life."

My parents weren't too into physical discipline. I was grounded a few times growing up, but that was the extent of my punishment. They say the things you crave in the bedroom are often linked to your childhood. Would I have less of an interest in being spanked if my parents had taken me over their knee as a kid?

"But that changes today, Holly." His hand stops moving. It hovers over the center of my left cheek as he speaks. "If you want to make it to the good girl list, then you're going to have to pay for all the naughty things you did this year."

I know that at any time I can say *Merry Christmas* and the scene will end. Nick will stop whatever he's doing, back away, and it'll be over. If I want to, now is the time. Before he gives me that first swat, before he introduces me to my first real spanking, I can say *Merry Christmas* and end it all.

But I don't say it in time. His hand comes down on my bare skin with a crack that scares me more than the shock of the pain. I jerk forward a little and gasp. That was different than when I used the wooden spoon on myself. It didn't hurt quite as much, but it still left a little fire where his handprint landed.

I swallow the lump of fear in my throat and push my ass back out to meet his hand. "Another one," I whisper.

My virgin bottom is no longer untouched. And just as I always thought, I want more.

SANTA



*M*y wife loves to be in charge. In the boardroom, in the kitchen, at the grocery store, wherever we go. She thrives when she's leading an event or in charge of a group of people.

But tonight, I am the one in charge of her. She lies before me with a red blotch on her bottom from my first swat, asking for another. She is still in charge, in a way, but I have all the power.

I bring my hand down again on the opposite cheek, a little harder this time. She gives a moan of pleasure when my hand meets her ass. "You like that, don't you," I tease. I let my fingers fall to her wet center and run a couple of digits through. She is slick with lust. I've never felt her wetter for me.

Holly moans as I rub her clit a few times. I see her grip on the bedsheets tighten as she pumps her hips back toward me, a silent demand for more attention. Instead of giving her the pleasure she wants, I smack her pussy once again. A small, sharp little bite that puts her back in the right headspace. Her moan is half pleasure, half pain as I take control of the situation.

"You like being a naughty girl, Holly. You spend all year taking what you want and ordering people around, but not Santa." I leave her center alone and return my attention to her ass. With her arousal renewed, I spank her again. "Santa gives little girls what they deserve. Do you know what you deserve this Christmas, Holly?" Another swat.

Her globes are turning pink. The untouched skin that was here just a few moments before is now being replaced with heat. “What do I deserve, Santa?” Holly asks in a strained voice.

I give her another couple of spanks, one on each cheek. I watch the colors become a gradient. The edges of her bottom are a crisp white while the apple of her cheeks bloom with shades of pink. “You deserve to have a bottom as red as my suit, Holly Snow. A bright,” swat, “toasty,” swat, “delicious,” swat, “red.” The last swat is harder than the ones before it and it catches Holly off guard. She jerks forward once more with a startled moan.

I give her bottom a break as I run my fingers through her center again. Her desire is now trailing down her thighs, drenching her skin with lust. I drag my wet digits to her clit and start rubbing slow circles around the erect button. The pleasure gives the pain in her backside a chance to ebb, but the pink doesn’t disappear.

I return to my ministrations when she starts getting audible. When her hips start twisting to manipulate my fingers, I pull my hand away and bring it back down on her ass. “Naughty girls don’t get to orgasm,” I tell her as she hisses from the pain. “You can come when you’re on the nice list, little lady.”

Our sex hasn’t been boring over the years. I’d call it far from that. She doesn’t mind when I pull out the fuzzy handcuffs I got her for Christmas on our fifth anniversary and use them to cuff her hands behind her back. She likes it when I pull her hair as I’m riding her from behind. Last year she didn’t even balk when we came out of a movie and I was feeling particularly horny. We did it in the movie theater parking lot in the back of her SUV. Thank God for tinted windows, am I right?

But the way she lights up with pleasure every time I bring my hand down on her ass has changed the game. The bar has been raised. I watch her cunt get wetter every time I drag my fingers through it or bring my palm down to gently sting her swollen lips. I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to go back to

fucking her side by side without slapping her jiggly little bottom until she's begging me to stop.

"Beg for another one," I demand as her ass starts turning a brighter shade of red. Her moans from the first few swats have now turned into sharp breaths of pain. She's getting everything she asked for in her letter to Santa, now I have to bring it home.

Holly pushes her hips back toward me and stands on her toes to present herself. Her pussy is dripping with her pleasure. "Spank me again, Santa."

I do so, bringing my hand down on the spot where her ass meets her thighs. She hisses as she takes my well-intended pain. "That wasn't good enough. More."

She whimpers as she arches her back once more and begs again. "Make me your good little girl, Santa."

Santa wants to give Holly his candy cane, frankly. Right now it's pressing against the silk pants and making a tent that's almost embarrassing to see. But I still bring my hand down on her ass with a crack that causes her to moan and scream at the same time.

This time when I allow her to recover, I don't let my fingers play with her wet cunt. Instead, I run my thumb down the seam of her bottom, lingering over the puckered rose. Holly takes a breath before her hips are once again begging for more. We've never played like this before. I've always left her ass alone assuming that it was an untouchable zone. But right now, the way she's responding, I want to see where it goes.

HOLLY



I'll tell you what *wasn't* in my Christmas letter to Santa: Santa playing with my asshole. But Nick strokes me back there and it sends me to a whole other level. I half consider telling him to shove his thumb inside, but he needs no commands to know how to read my body.

I feel the pressure of his thumb after a few moments and I breathe in deeply to prepare myself for its entry. He's slow as he breaks the rim of my puckered hole. I don't know what to expect, but the deliciously naughty feeling that overwhelms me is almost too much. Until his free hand comes down on my already-warmed bottom.

The pleasure hits me like a flashbang and despite not having any clitoral stimulation, I swear I have a miniature orgasm. My core clenches for a second before releasing a rush of endorphins into my body. "Santa," I moan, "I need to feel you inside of me." As much as I want this fantasy to keep going, I have needs. Specifically, I need Nick buried to the hilt in my soaking-wet center because I don't how much longer I can keep going without it.

Nick's thumb carefully pops out of my backside and I hear the zipper on his pants come down before I feel his cock rubbing against my entrance. He spreads my legs a little wider and runs the tip of his head through my seam. "I guess you've been a good girl during your punishment," he announces as dips his tip into my core, "but I want you to beg me to fuck you."

I'm frustrated beyond measure. Sexually, that is. "Fuck me, Santa," I toss a look over my shoulder. "I want you to take that festive cock of yours and bury it balls deep inside of me. I want you to slam into me over and over again until I'm screaming. Fucking fill me up with that thing." Dirty talk, another first.

My husband isn't a large man, but he knows exactly how I like it. He shoves inside of me without another word, filling me until it feels like my insides are stretching to take all of him.

I grip the bedsheets once more and thrust my hips toward him. I want him to fuck me as hard as he can. I've never loved him more than right now.

Nick doesn't need any coaching. He grabs my hips and starts jackhammering inside of me. His cock slams into my cervix and a shock of pleasure and pain course through my body. I'd tell him to stop, but the feeling of his body pressing against my sore, hot bottom is a whole new level of pleasure.

"Take all of Santa's cock, baby," he growls as he thrusts. "You take this merry dick and you take it good. If you don't come all over daddy, I'll take you over my knee and give you twice the spanking I did before."

I don't know what it is, but the words and the sensations send me over the edge. I tumble like a waterfall, screaming his name as he keeps pounding into me.

"That's right," he roars over me, "my good little girl. My fucking best little girl." His fingers on my hips tighten, leaving tiny little bruises on my skin as he fucks me like we're in a porno. "I'm going to put little babies in this belly of yours. Splash my spunk all over your hot little walls."

Nick fills me like a donut. He comes with a grunt and I feel the warmth of him leak out of me before he's finished pumping his hips. He swivels and swirls his member until every last drop of his semen is buried inside of me or trailing down my thighs. "That's my good girl," Nick announces as he pulls his sensitive prick out of me. "That's what making it to the nice list feels like."

If that's the case, I plan to be bad as often as I can. I want to be taught a lesson every day of the week.

HOLLY



In the afterglow of our fucking, we lie on the bed provided by The Palace. I stare out the window across from the bed and Nick curls up behind me, his arm draped over my stomach. The heat of my ass is reflecting off his thighs, but it feels good. I feel warm, loved, and properly fucked.

“Holly,” he says after a while, breaking the spell of the moment. I know what he’s going to ask. I knew when I was talking with the hosts of The Palace that regardless of if Nick agreed to come or not, we’d have to talk about this.

I’ve spent my entire life hiding my spanking kink from everyone I’ve ever dated. When I married Nick, I thought that one day I would surely tell him. I’d let him in on my dirty little secret and we’d live happily ever after. But every time I tried to get up the courage to tell him, I would be sitting in front of him at the dinner table and I’d lose all my nerve.

Somehow it was embarrassing to say that I liked to be punished. That I wanted Nick to create some imaginary transgressions to spank me for. Maybe I didn’t do the dishes one night or I let the clean clothes pile up in the closet. Then he’d take me over his knee and give me a proper spanking until the two of us were so hot that we fucked like rabbits.

Something about admitting those desires was hard for me. To say out loud that being forced to submit to my husband was the humiliation fantasy I so desperately wanted was, for lack of better words, humiliating.

“I want to do this again,” Nick follows up after a few beats. “Unless you didn’t like it,” he adds quickly.

I roll over in his grasp until I’m facing him. His beautiful brown eyes sparkle in the dimly lit room. “Of course, I want to do it again. I just,” I pause, “I just don’t want you to do something you don’t want to do. That’s one of the reasons I didn’t tell you sooner.”

Sometimes when you tell someone you’re into something, they feel the need to partake in it with you just because you ask. I don’t want Nick to be that guy. If one time was all he wanted, I’d understand. I would be heartbroken that we couldn’t play like this again, but I’d be understanding. Spanking isn’t for everyone.

“Oh, I’m not saying I want to do it again for you,” he chuckles. “I’m saying it because that’s the hardest I’ve ever been. God, that was the wettest I’ve ever seen you, too. I’d do that every night if you wanted.”

My heart soars as he says the words. I’ve dreamt about this day for so long. I’ve imagined us having this conversation and I’ve always been excited by the prospect. But none of those imaginary conversations compare to Nick actually saying he wants to be involved in my fantasies. “Really?” I whisper as a smile breaks on my face. “Because we don’t have to do it every night. Just maybe like, once a week or something,” I compromise.

Nick leans forward to kiss me on the forehead. “How into this are you, Holly? You can be honest with me. I know I’ve caught you watching spanking videos before but we’ve never talked about it.”

I feel like if I caught him masturbating to a fetish I knew nothing about, he wouldn’t talk to me about it either. But now that he’s interested, I don’t mind telling him. “I’ve always been into the idea of being spanked. A few times before we got together,” I blush, “I even spanked myself with a wooden spoon just to see what it felt like.”

His eyebrow raises. “A wooden spoon, huh?” Nick is a chef. His kitchen utensils are his life. “I wouldn’t mind seeing

you dance on the end of my wooden spoon. Do you like being spanked hard?”

“I’m not sure,” I admit with a sheepish grin. “Tonight was the first time I’ve really gotten what I wanted, ya know? Maybe we could experiment.”

Looking at his face, I can see the thoughts running through his head. His brain is racing a million miles an hour. “I think we could do that. Your ass was a nice bright red tonight. How was that?”

I tell him that it was nice. “There were moments when there was a lot of sting, but you took the edge off that pain a few moments later and I forgot all about it until you started again.” My cheeks are probably the same shade as my ass now, but I have to keep going. If I’m going to get everything I’ve ever wanted, I have to be as honest as possible. “I think I could take more though, probably a lot more. And,” I look away from his eyes, “I think I might want you to make me cry some time. You know, like a real, hard spanking until I’m in tears.”

I’ve always been head over heels for those videos. Watching women cry and beg their husbands to stop spanking them and being spanked anyways always made me hot. I’d like to try it, just once, to see if it’s something I’m into.

Nick reaches up to grab my chin and tilts my head up until I’m looking into his eyes again. “Hey, don’t be ashamed of what you like in bed, Holly. I will always be happy to give you what you want.”

“What if I want mascara running down my face from crying as you fuck me in front of a mirror? What if I want you to punish me until I can’t sit for a week and then take me in the ass?” Those are the things I’ve been afraid to say out loud for so long, the fantasies I’ve kept to myself.

But Nick doesn’t shame me for them. His smile only broadens as he leans forward to press his lips to mine. He kisses me hard and he lingers for a few seconds before pulling back. “I’m your husband, Holly Snow, and if anyone gets to take that sweet ass of yours, then it’s going to be me. If

painting that bottom red is what I gotta do to get it, then so be it. I want every part of you, Holly, even the naughty little girl that wants to be disciplined.”

I should have told him sooner. I know that now. We could have been living very different lives if I had. But I’m happy enough that I’ve told him now. I snuggle into his arms and relish what’s to come.

I might not be into the whole BDSM lifestyle like some of the people at The Palace tonight, but I’m happy to dip my toes into the discipline and submission waters. Maybe it’ll open other doors of interest down the line.



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