

A woman in a red Santa suit with a white fur trim, white ribbed stockings, and red high-heeled shoes stands next to a decorated Christmas tree. The tree is adorned with white snow, pinecones, and blue ornaments. Several wrapped gifts in patterned paper are placed at the base of the tree. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

KEEPING
Little
KAYLEE

R
P
R

USA Today Bestselling Author
Sue Lyndon

KEEPING LITTLE KAYLEE

A Rawhide Ranch Story



SUE LYNDON



CONTENTS

[About this book](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[About Sue Lyndon](#)

[Also By Sue Lyndon](#)

©All rights reserved.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

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.

2023 © Published by Sue Lyndon and Red Hot Romance

Keeping Little Kaylee

A Rawhide Ranch Story

Edited by Maggie Ryan

Cover by AllyCat's Creations

This book is intended for adults only. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking/sexual activity or the spanking of minors.

For more Rawhide Ranch stories check out this link: <https://linktr.ee/Rawhide>

ABOUT THIS BOOK

He's the Daddy who wants to keep her forever.

If only she'll give him a chance...

After a devastating heartbreak, Kaylee decides to spend the holidays at Rawhide Ranch. She'll visit her friends, enjoy the breathtaking Montana scenery, and maybe find a sexy Dom to help take her mind off the dumpster fire that is her life. A little dungeon play, but nothing serious. No strings. No risk. Most importantly, no heartbreak.

But she's caught off-guard when she meets Stephen, a handsome Daddy whose mere presence makes her quiver with excitement. Not only does the dominant security guard awaken her Little side, he makes her question her plans to never open her heart to another man again.

Six years after losing his wife, Stephen thinks he's finally ready to start over. A retired detective, he embarks upon a second career as a security guard at kink-friendly Rawhide Ranch, where he hopes he'll also get lucky in love. He doesn't expect to meet a special Little his first month there, but one encounter with mischievous Kaylee and he's absolutely smitten.

There's just one problem—Kaylee insists she's not looking for a serious relationship. During the most magical time of the year, can he change her mind and show her that they both deserve a second chance at happiness?

CHAPTER 1



Kaylee stood frozen in the hallway, holding a bouquet of flowers in one hand and a bag of takeout Chinese in the other. She'd come home early with plans to surprise her boyfriend and Dom, Chad. It was their two-year anniversary.

But the sounds coming from the bedroom filled her with dread and made her feel like the biggest fool on the planet. There was no mistaking what was happening on the other side of the door. Gasps and amorous moans accompanied the familiar creak of the bed frame.

Happy anniversary to her.

She swallowed hard and turned, intending to leave the apartment. She would come back tomorrow while Chad was at work and collect her belongings. Her cousin, Amy, lived nearby, and Kaylee supposed she could crash on her couch until she found a new apartment.

For a moment, she entertained the idea of forgiveness and second chances. If he apologized and meant it and swore to never stray again... but no. No, she couldn't do that. Growing up, she'd watched her mother forgive her father for similar behavior too many times to count, and their marriage hadn't been a happy one. She'd always promised herself she would never put up with a cheater.

The gasps and moans became louder, and the headboard thumped harder against the wall. Tears burned in Kaylee's eyes, and she found herself turning

back to the bedroom door, curiosity getting the best of her.

She knew she should stop. She should turn and flee the apartment. But she had to see for herself.

She reached for the doorknob and braced herself for the scene of betrayal. But it was so much worse than she'd imagined. She nudged the door open wider and stared aghast as Amy—yes, her cousin and best friend—rode Chad on the bed.

The duplicitous lovers continued going at it, oblivious to Kaylee's presence. She lifted the bag of Chinese, intending to hurl it at them, only to lower her arm. No sense wasting good food. Especially when egg rolls were involved. So, she threw the flowers instead, and dark satisfaction rushed through her when she hit Chad right in his stupid face.

Screams echoed in the room. Chad and Amy scrambled under the covers as they looked in Kaylee's direction. She was proud of herself for holding back tears, and she managed to give them her best glare. The lovers sputtered and exchanged a horrified glance.

"Kaylee!" Amy had the decency to appear regretful.

"What's up, cuz?" Kaylee forced a smile. "So nice to see you and Chad getting along so well."

Chad plucked a flower petal from his face. "You're home early, Kaylee." His tone was cold and accusatory. "I wasn't expecting you for at least two hours. Why didn't you call?"

"Why didn't I call? I catch you boinking my cousin on our two-year anniversary, and that's all you have to say to me?" She clenched her jaw as she desperately tried to hold back tears. "How long has this been going on?"

"I'm so sorry," Amy blurted. "Please don't hate us. We didn't mean for this to happen, and we tried to stay away from one another, but, well, we're deeply in love. We were planning to tell you soon." Her confession was a knife to Kaylee's heart.

"How. Long."

Chad sighed and brushed another flower petal from his face. He didn't appear even slightly remorseful, only annoyed that he'd been caught in the act. "About three months."

"Well, in that case," Kaylee said in a bitter tone, "let me be the first to congratulate you both. Have a nice life." She turned and fled the apartment, ignoring Amy's calls for her to stay so they could sit down and talk about it like mature adults. Fuck that.

Kaylee called a taxi to take her to the nicest hotel in town, and once she was settled in her suite on the top floor, she opened the bag of food and shoved an entire egg roll in her mouth. She sat in a chair near the window and gazed at the bustling Richmond cityscape, her thoughts in turmoil, her heart utterly shattered.

She'd been so in love with Chad and so certain he would propose soon. She'd believed he was her perfect match in every way. Having met at a local BDSM club, they'd fallen hard and fast for one another. Or so she'd thought. Perhaps it had only been one sided all along, with her being the more invested party.

She touched the daytime collar she wore and gave it a firm tug. Thankfully, she was able to rip the chain, even though the clasp required a key to unlock it. She clutched the remnants of the collar as she recalled the moment Chad had given it to her. Tears streamed down her face, and she tossed the broken collar into a dark corner across the room.

Never again, she resolved.

Never again would she allow her heart to be broken. Never again would she be made into a fool.

Her best friend and her Dom.

How could such a worst-case scenario happen behind her back?

Three fucking months.

How could the two people she'd trusted most in the world betray her in such a horrendous fashion?

She sniffled and retrieved some chopsticks from the bag, then tucked into the General Tso's chicken.

As the sky darkened and the city lit up, she kept touching her bare neck, feeling the absence of her real collar—the heavier one she wore in the evenings and weekends while at home. She supposed that one was still resting in the bedside table drawer. After she got home each night, she would kneel in the bedroom while Chad removed the daytime collar and secured the nighttime one around her neck. The absence of that comforting ritual was a punch to the gut, and she blinked rapidly as more tears rolled down her face.

She'd belonged to him for two years, and now it was suddenly over. It was a complete shock to her system. During their relationship, she hadn't once suspected he was being unfaithful. They sometimes played with other people at clubs, but only when they were together and only if they both consented. But just play, not full-on sex. Not the giddy-up session she'd just witnessed in her apartment in her own freaking bed.

Her chest tightened with grief, and a sob erupted from her throat when a huge Christmas tree in a nearby shopping center lit up in its full glory, reminding her that not only were the holidays coming, but she would spend them alone. Hell, she couldn't even seek solace with her family. Her parents had passed away while she was in college, and she usually spent holidays at Aunt Mabel's house—yep, that would be Amy's mother.

What a shitshow. She almost laughed at the absurdity of the situation.

At least she had the funds needed to relocate. She owned a successful public relations firm and kept her finances separate from Chad's. Also, the apartment was leased in his name. Moving would be a pain in the ass, but it wouldn't break her—financially, at least. Emotionally and spiritually, well, that was another story.

For the rest of the night, she wavered between anger and heartbreak. When her phone started buzzing, she ignored it. She also ignored the incessant dings that indicated someone was text bombing her.

She peered at the Christmas tree and her spirits sank further.
Alone. In all her life, she'd never felt so alone.

CHAPTER 2



Stephen took one final walk around his home. Well, former home. Tomorrow, he would sign the closing documents and turn the keys over to the new owners. Tonight, he would sleep in a hotel. His belongings were currently on a moving truck enroute to Montana.

He walked from room to room, feeling an unexpected sense of closure. He'd expected to be filled with grief and perhaps regret over selling the house he'd lived in for the last twenty plus years—the very house he'd shared with his late wife and Little, Heather. But instead of sadness or regret, a strange hopefulness spread through his chest and buoyed his spirits.

After spending the last six years alone, he was eager for a change of scenery. Eager for a fresh start and maybe, just maybe, a second chance at love. Some people did just fine alone but he wasn't one of them. He longed for a special woman to share his life with. Not just any woman, but a Little.

Yes, more than anything in the world, he wanted to settle down and build a new life with a sweet Little he could dote upon.

He prayed he would eventually find what he was looking for at Rawhide Ranch. The kink-friendly resort would soon be his new home, as he'd recently accepted a job as a security guard there. He'd also been offered an employee apartment, though he could easily imagine himself building a home at the Ranch or perhaps in the nearby town of Porter's Corner. He'd been a

member of the Ranch's online forum for some time, and when he'd visited the resort for a long weekend several months ago, he'd instantly felt at home among the friendly, like-minded people he'd met.

A knock sounded on the door, and Stephen hurried to see who'd come calling, figuring it was a neighbor who'd stopped by to say farewell. But he opened the door to reveal Chuck, his realtor and close friend. Chuck grinned and held up a bottle of whiskey in one hand and two glasses in the other.

"Hey, Stephen. Saw your car as I was driving by and thought you might want some company. Lucky for you, I always keep emergency whiskey in the trunk of my car." Chuck waggled his eyebrows.

Stephen chuckled and invited the younger man inside. They sat side by side on the bottom step of a staircase, sipping the strong drink in companionable silence for a few minutes.

"Feels like the end of an era." Chuck swallowed hard. "Shit, man, I'm gonna miss you."

"I'll come visit now and then, and you're welcome to visit me too." Stephen took another sip of whiskey, reveling in the delicious burn as it warmed his insides.

"Sure you don't want to delay moving until after the holidays? You know you'd be welcome to stay with Barb and me. We'd love to have you for Thanksgiving and Christmas. New Year's, too."

"I appreciate the offer, but I'm sure." A wistful feeling came over Stephen as he peered around the empty house. "I can't explain it, but I feel like right now is the perfect time to leave. Besides, I'm all set to start my new job in five days. I already signed the paperwork. Can't back out now."

Chuck rolled his eyes and huffed a dramatic sigh. "If you don't show up for your job at Rawhide Ranch in five days, I highly doubt the kink police are gonna drive all the way to Chicago and drag you away to work for them. I swear I'm not trying to talk you out of your plans, I just want to make sure this is what you really want."

“This is what I want.”

“Okay, but you’re like a brother to me, and I want you to be happy.” Chuck paused to pour a second serving of whiskey into both their glasses. “I know you’ve been a member of the Ranch’s online forum for a while, but you’ve only visited the resort once. There’s also the fact that we both know you don’t need the money. Between your pension, what your parents left you, and the... uh, life insurance, you’re practically a Rockefeller.”

Stephen couldn’t help but flinch when Chuck said *life insurance*. He would gladly give up all his money for just one more day with Heather. Chuck, noticing his discomfort, shot him an apologetic look.

“Sorry,” Chuck said after a moment. “But it’s true. You don’t need the money. You could live large and spend the rest of your life going on one glamorous vacation after another. I just worry about you, man. I was thrilled when you hit twenty-five years in the force and finally decided to retire. I know being a security guard isn’t as dangerous as being a detective, but I’m still going to worry about you.”

Stephen took a long, calming breath and reminded himself that Chuck meant well. Guilt also settled over him because he hadn’t been totally honest with his friend about his reasons for moving to the Ranch. He hadn’t yet admitted he hoped to find love again.

“Listen, Chuck, I appreciate your concern, but I’m going to be okay. I’m not just moving to Rawhide Ranch for the job and the adult activities. I hope to meet someone special and like-minded I can share my life with permanently.”

Chuck’s head shot up, his face lit with surprise but also hopefulness. “Really? That’s wonderful. I thought... well, to be honest, I worried you’d never be open to finding another Little.”

“I threw myself into work after Heather died. I now realize that was a coping mechanism to deal with my grief and loneliness. But now that I’ve been retired for a few months, my mind has finally had time to settle. I’ve

had way too much time to think lately, but I believe I'm ready for a fresh start. A second career, a new place to live among people who share my interests, and eventually, a sweet Little to call my own."

Chuck smiled and raised his glass. "I'll drink to that. To new beginnings."

Stephen lifted his glass. "To new beginnings."

CHAPTER 3



Wearing her warmest sweater, gloves, and a hat, Kaylee peered out the lobby windows of Rawhide Ranch. Her heart leapt with excitement. Snow. It had just started snowing. She'd planned to enjoy a quick hike this morning, and she hadn't counted on snow, but she supposed if she didn't stray too far from the main building, it would be okay.

She headed for the exit, passing by the main desk on her way, and smiled at Sadie. She'd met the adorable brunette about a year and a half ago during her first visit to the Ranch and always enjoyed watching the Little's interactions with her husband and Daddy, Derek Hawkins, who was the owner of Rawhide Ranch. They were the cutest couple.

"Hey, Kaylee!" Sadie waved and smiled. "Where are you going? Are you seriously going out in that storm? If so, you'd better hurry up and escape before some bossy person sees you and tries to stop you for not wearing a coat and proper boots. There are *a lot* of bossy people around here." As she spoke, she shifted uncomfortably in her chair, and Kaylee couldn't help but shoot the younger woman a knowing grin.

"Yes," Kaylee said, "I am headed out in the storm. But in my defense, it wasn't snowing a few minutes ago when I left my room. I don't plan to go far though, just want to get my morning mile in."

"Morning mile?" Sadie affected an exaggerated shudder. "You should

join the dark side and take your mornings nice and easy with a side of delicious hot chocolate.” She lifted a mug with a lid to her lips, took a long sip, then sighed with contentment.

“Maybe I’ll do that tomorrow.” Kaylee glanced out the windows again and started moving in the direction of the door, only to pause mid-step when Sadie suddenly emitted a loud gasp.

“Oh! Actually, I have an extra hot choccy that you’re welcome to have.” She quickly produced a second mug. “Promise you won’t blab to my Daddy, but I swiped two from the cafeteria this morning. I’m happy to share!” Sadie’s expression turned serious. “No offense, and maybe it’s none of my business, but you look a little sad, and hot choccy might cheer you up.” She held the mug out with an air of determination Kaylee couldn’t resist.

“You know what? Hot chocolate sounds great.” She removed her gloves and shoved them into her pocket, then stepped forward and accepted the mug. “Thank you, Sadie, you’re very thoughtful.”

Sadie beamed, but a moment later, her expression went serious again and her eyes widened. She drew in a deep breath before an explosion of words left her. “*I’m sorry your Dom cheated on you with your cousin right before the holidays and now you’re here because your aunt whose house you spend Christmas at is that cousin’s mother and I can’t imagine how sad you must be, but I wanted to tell you just how sorry I am and that I hope you feel better soon and I hope you have the best Christmas here and I also hope your cheating ex stubs his pinky toe on a coffee table every day for the rest of his life.*” In the aftermath of her rapid speech, she panted a bit.

Kaylee was stunned. She’d confided in Master Derek, but only because he’d found her crying in a hallway on her first evening at the resort. He’d coaxed her into his office and gently questioned her. And so, she’d confessed the entire sordid tale while he listened patiently and offered words of comfort. She hadn’t expected he would tell anyone, especially not all the dirty details. But it would seem Sadie knew everything.

“Um, how exactly do you know all this?” Kaylee asked, still surprised that Master Derek would share her personal business. In her shame over what had happened, she’d specifically asked him not to tell anyone.

A guilty look came over Sadie and her cheeks turned bright pink. She fidgeted in her seat and toyed with the lid on her hot chocolate. “Um, I kinda sorta overheard you telling my Daddy everything. I know I shouldn’t have eavesdropped, but I was looking for my Daddy and neither of you heard when I cracked the door of his office open. I know I should’ve left immediately when I heard you crying, but I couldn’t make my feet move, honest I couldn’t, it was like they were super glued to the floor.”

It was difficult to be upset with Sadie when she looked so adorably remorseful, especially when she meant well. Kaylee released a long breath and gave the young woman an understanding smile. “It’s okay. I-I suppose I didn’t want anyone else to know what happened with Chad because it’s humiliating. They were going behind my back for three months and I never once suspected. I feel like an idiot.” She also felt like there must be something wrong with her, though she didn’t voice this thought out loud.

What did she do that caused her to lose Chad? Why couldn’t she satisfy him enough to keep him from straying? Maybe she wasn’t submissive enough or pretty enough or maybe he thought her personality sucked. She blinked back an unexpected wave of tears.

“Hey, hey, it’s gonna be okay.” Sadie set her beverage down and circled the desk to give Kaylee a quick hug. “He’s the idiot, not you. He’s also a lot of other bad words I’m not supposed to say.”

Kaylee managed to blink away her tears. Thank goodness. She’d believed she was done crying, but apparently her emotions were still raw. “Thanks. Logically, I know he’s the idiot, but it doesn’t lessen the sting of what happened.”

She glanced over her shoulder as a couple entered the lobby, their noses pink from the cold. A pang of envy resonated in her heart when she watched

the handsome Daddy help brush snow off his Little boy's coat. Once they'd wiped their boots, they hurried by and headed for the elevators, only pausing for a second to utter a brief greeting to Kaylee and Sadie.

"I should probably head out for my walk before the snow gets worse," Kaylee said. "Thanks for the hot chocolate—I'll take it with me—and thank you for your kind words. I promise I won't tell your Daddy that you eavesdropped, just please promise you won't tell anyone else about my breakup with Chad."

With a mischievous glint in her eye, Sadie mimicked zipping her lips and throwing away the key. She ducked behind the desk as a guest entered the lobby, Moses trailing behind carrying two suitcases.

Clutching her hot chocolate, Kaylee headed for the double doors, her steps rapid. She flung open the door, eager to get outside and hopefully clear her head, only to collide with a huge body. The lid on her mug popped off and hot chocolate splattered everywhere, including her hands. She hissed in pain and backed up, but momentarily forgot her discomfort when she met the gaze of the most handsome man she'd ever seen.

"Sorry!" they both blurted at the same time.

Wow, he sure was a looker. He had a strong square jaw and the lower half of his face held just the right amount of stubble. The beginnings of a beard, perhaps. His blue eyes were so bright they were almost otherworldly, holding a depth of wisdom. His dark hair was tinged with streaks of white, giving him a distinguished appearance. Late forties or early fifties, she guessed, and totally yummy.

Not only was he hella sexy, but he was wearing a uniform. Talk about icing on the cake. A security guard, she realized as her libido performed a little jig. She'd been at the Ranch for four days but this was the first time she'd glimpsed him.

Concern brimmed in the man's eyes, such a soft caring look that she instantly melted. He placed his hands on her shoulders and gently guided her

to sit down on a nearby bench, allowing the door to shut behind them and keep out the cold. He grasped her hands, peering at the red splotches on her hands and wrists.

“I’m sorry I ran into you.” He caressed a finger over a red mark. “Does this hurt?”

“It’s okay, it wasn’t your fault, I was in a rush and not really paying attention. It just hurts a little. It’s fading already.” Kaylee couldn’t help but blush. Her cheeks felt so warm she almost worried she was coming down with a fever. “Um, I’m sorry I got hot chocolate all over your uniform.” He was wearing a coat, though it was partially unzipped, and the hot beverage had stained both his coat and the top of his blue uniform shirt. She glanced at the mess and realized his hat and gloves were on the floor. He must’ve been holding them when she ran into him and they went flying along with the hot chocolate.

“It’s all right, sweetheart. Accidents happen.” The concern in his eyes deepened as he continued inspecting her hands and running his fingers over the red marks. “You know what, I think we ought to get your hands under some cold water. I don’t want you to develop any blisters.”

She opened her mouth to protest, only for him to level an authoritative look on her. Her pussy clenched, and she swallowed hard. “Okay, I guess that would be fine.”

A slight smile tugged at his lips, revealing dimples. As if he couldn’t be any more handsome. Her mind whirled and she wondered if he ever visited the dungeon. She couldn’t help but speculate as he helped her stand, his touch sending waves of pulsing heat straight to her core. He grasped her left hand, careful of the red marks, and began leading her out of the lobby.

Kaylee glanced over her shoulder at the mess near the doors. “Um, maybe I should clean that up first. So nobody slips.”

“I’m on it!” Sadie, clearly having witnessed the entire exchange, bustled out from behind the front counter and placed a bright yellow caution sign

near the double doors. “I already called housekeeping and they’ll be here in a jiffy. You two should go get cleaned up and maybe talk and stare into one another’s eyes for a while.” She grinned and scurried back behind the counter.

The man, whose name Kaylee realized she still didn’t know, snorted and gave a derisive shake of his head. “That young lady has been trying to play matchmaker for me ever since I moved here.” His eyes gleamed with warmth as he looked at Kaylee, and his hand tightened around hers. “I’m Stephen, by the way.”

“Hi, Stephen.” Her mouth went dry, and she inhaled a shaky breath as she tried—and failed miserably—to calm her nerves. “I’m Kaylee.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Kaylee.” His eyes filled with more warmth, if that were possible.

She was too stunned to speak. In all her days, she’d never experienced such an instant attraction to anyone.

They neared the end of a hallway in a section of the main lodge she’d never explored before, and he withdrew a keycard and opened an unmarked door. As he ushered her inside, the room illuminated. An employee bathroom, she realized. A quick glance around proved they were alone, and flutters of excitement stirred within her.

He guided her to a sink and turned the water on its coldest setting. “Let’s get you taken care of, sweetheart.”

CHAPTER 4



To say Stephen was smitten with the adorable blonde would be an understatement. His blood hummed with desire and purpose as he held her hands under a cool stream of water. He was sorry she'd gotten hurt, but he liked taking care of her. He imagined taking care of her in other ways and his heart filled with warmth.

He'd love to brush and braid her long golden hair, help her get dressed, feed her, bathe her, and a number of other intimate activities. He imagined her curled up on his lap in front of a cozy fire while he read her a bedtime story. Was she a Little? God, he hoped so.

"Does this feel better?" Still holding her hands underneath the flow of water, he reached for her hair and tucked an errant strand behind her ear, which was partially covered by her hat, unable to help himself. Her eyes dilated and a brief shiver affected her body.

"Yes, thank you, it feels much better." A pretty blush stained her cheeks, and she peered down quickly as though unable to hold his gaze. It was a sweet, shy gesture that made him want to wrap her in his arms and cuddle her for hours on end.

"I'm glad." He finally turned the water off and reached for a towel. She made to grab it from him, but he shook his head and waited for her to hold her hands out. Her breath hitched and she stared at him for a moment, her

gorgeous dark eyes lit with uncertainty, before she complied with his unspoken wishes and allowed him to dry her hands.

“You’re a Daddy, aren’t you?” Kaylee met his gaze and flushed.

“I am.” He continued patting her hands dry with gentle caresses of the towel.

“Well, why would Sadie try to play matchmaker with us? I-I’m not a Little.” She uttered the last few words in a hesitant whisper, as though she weren’t entirely sure. Or perhaps she was curious.

Stephen strove to keep his expression neutral as he held her stare, not wanting her to think he was disappointed she wasn’t a Little. “You aren’t the first non-Little she’s tried to set me up with. I’m not so sure she knows I’m a Daddy, but she’s aware that I moved to the Ranch so I might eventually find a special someone to share my life with. Pretty sure she caught the end of a conversation I was having with Derek one day.” He tossed the towel in the basket and admired the way the overhead lights bathed Kaylee in gold. He longed to remove the hat she was wearing and comb his fingers through her hair, but he supposed such an action might be too bold. The last thing he wanted was to scare her away. He wanted to earn her trust.

“Where did you move from?” Kaylee asked in a breathless rush.

Hope brimmed in his chest because she was clearly attracted to him. Perhaps she would agree to spend more time with him even though she claimed not to be a Little.

“Chicago. Ever visited?”

She nodded. “Many times. I work in public relations and I have quite a few clients from the Chicago area.”

“Where do you live?”

“Richmond. Ever visited?”

“Yes, but it was over twenty years ago. Took a road trip from Chicago to Miami and passed through on the way.” Memories washed over him. He’d been with Heather at the time, newly engaged, and she’d wished to stop at an

art gallery in Richmond. He gave himself a mental shake as he tried to refocus his attention on Kaylee. He glanced around the bathroom and shook his head. “Chatting you up in the bathroom probably isn’t very romantic. Forgive me for my manners, but I’ve been out of the game for a while. How about we head to the cafeteria, and I buy you another hot chocolate?”

Her eyes filled with alarm as she peered down at her stained sweater, and Stephen’s spirits sank when he feared she was about to decline his invitation. “That sounds very nice, actually, thank you. But would you mind if I went back to my room and changed first?”

And just like that, his spirits brightened. He was sure he smiled like a fool. “How about we meet in the cafeteria in fifteen minutes?”

“Okay.” She gifted him with another one of her shy blushes, and his cock hardened in his pants. “Oh! Wait! I’m not keeping you from work, am I?”

“My shift just ended. I don’t usually work nights, but I filled in for Rhodes who’s sick.” He tried to ignore the fatigue that tugged at him. He wasn’t about to turn down the opportunity to spend more time with Kaylee. Besides, he had the rest of the day off, and tomorrow as well, so he could catch up on sleep later.

“Well in that case, I’ll see you in fifteen minutes.”

He escorted her into the hallway and toward the elevators, feeling more hopeful than he had in years. Something about Kaylee called to him. When they’d crashed into one another and he’d first gazed into her eyes, it was as though the heavens opened and shined a spotlight on her. She radiated sweetness and warmth, but he also sensed troubled emotions from her as well. A darkness that occasionally clouded her eyes. He wanted to demand the name of every person who’d ever hurt her and hunt them down one by one. The possessiveness he felt for her after just a brief interaction was startling.

Once he saw Kaylee off on the elevator, he hurried back to his apartment. As he passed through the lobby, he grabbed his hat and gloves off a rack

where housekeeping had set them to dry. He had just enough time to hurry back to his apartment and change out of his soiled clothing. The hot chocolate had gotten on his shirt, pants, and coat. He wanted to make a good impression on their first date.

Whoa... what?

Was this a first date?

His heart raced with excitement at the prospect. It was just some hot chocolate in the cafeteria, but it certainly seemed like a date. They'd made plans to meet at a specific time so they might enjoy a beverage together and... yes, it was a date. The first of many, he hoped.

A punishing wind swept down from the sky, and he wondered why Kaylee had been on her way outside in nothing but a sweater. He recalled she hadn't been wearing warm waterproof boots. If she were his Little girl, he wouldn't let her go outside when there was a windchill in the negative teens. Absolutely not. He would keep her inside where it was warm, and if she tried to sneak out—especially while dressed improperly for the harsh weather—he would take her over his knee and redden her pert little bottom. His blood heated to feverish levels as he imagined doing just that.

Back at his apartment, he changed into a pair of jeans and a flannel shirt. He also brushed his hair and teeth, applied a smidgen of cologne, and stared at himself in the mirror for a solid thirty seconds, trying to decide if he looked respectable enough. He hadn't gone on a first date with a woman in well over twenty years. He did the math in his head. Okay, twenty-one years to be exact. He'd dated Heather for one year before they eloped to Vegas, both of them content to get married quickly without the fuss of planning a wedding and dealing with busybody relatives.

He swallowed hard as he took in his appearance. Shit, was he too old for Kaylee? He judged her to be in her early thirties, though he didn't want to assume her age. What if she were even younger than that and she'd just decided to humor him?

Doubts and insecurities rushed through him, but he took a steadying breath and reminded himself that even if things didn't work out with Kaylee, there was no harm in trying. At least he hoped there wasn't.

He hoped he didn't fall hard for her only to be rejected.

A glance outside showed the snow was coming down in sheets, so he used the underground tunnel that connected the apartment complex to the main lodge. He jogged past the carts that were frequently used for travel, deciding to go on foot. It wasn't very far, and besides, he needed to burn off some of his anxious energy.

He arrived at the cafeteria a minute early to find Kaylee already waiting in the hallway. She hadn't noticed him yet, and he watched as she spoke to a woman who'd just exited the cafeteria.

"Hey, Amanda!"

"Hey! So good to see you again, Kaylee. Where's Chad?" the dark-haired woman asked as she peered up and down the hallway. "He sleeping in?"

Stephen didn't mean to eavesdrop, but it was impossible not to hear the conversation that ensued. He continued heading in Kaylee's direction, though he slowed his pace, not wanting to interrupt the two women. Okay, if he were being honest, he also wanted to know who the fuck Chad was.

"We broke up just before Thanksgiving. I came to Rawhide on my own. In fact, I'll be here until the second of January."

Stephen perked up at that. Today was December fourth. He had almost a full month to get to know Kaylee before she returned to Richmond.

But was it foolish to spend time with her if she was eventually leaving?

Maybe he should stick to dating people who lived and worked at Rawhide. Logically, he would have a better chance of developing a long-term relationship with someone who called the resort home rather than a woman who lived on the East Coast. As he stared at her, however, he couldn't fight his intense attraction. Nor could he suppress the surges of possessiveness that kept heating his blood.

“I’m sorry to hear you guys broke up,” the other woman said. “Are you okay?”

“Thank you, but I’m fine.” Kaylee waved a dismissive hand in the air, but the wobble in her voice indicated she was anything but fine. This Chad guy had hurt her.

“Are you looking for a new Dom?”

Kaylee shook her head. “Nope. I just came to the Ranch to unwind. I’ll probably enjoy a few sessions in the dungeon once I finish getting settled in, but I’m not looking for a relationship, just the occasional play partner.”

“Gotcha. Well, I hope you have a great time. I’m here for another week, so I’m sure we’ll run into one another again. In fact, how about lunch tomorrow?”

“Lunch tomorrow sounds great. How about the Italian restaurant? I’ve been dreaming about the eggplant parmesan they serve. Noon?”

“Perfect! I’ll see you then.”

The other woman headed down the hallway. Stephen waited a few seconds before clearing his throat to alert Kaylee to his presence. She turned and gave him a furious look that confused him.

“You were eavesdropping on me, mister. Don’t try to deny it. I saw your reflection in the wall art just as we started discussing lunch plans.” She gestured at a framed print of a mountainous landscape. “*For shame.*”

Stephen gaped at her. He opened his mouth to apologize, only for her to break into a fit of giggles. “Um…” He rarely found himself at a loss for words, but he didn’t quite know how to respond.

“I’m not really mad.” She took a deep breath and pressed her lips together, but her eyes sparkled and she appeared to be holding back more laughter. “Look, if the roles were reversed, I would’ve totally listened in on your conversation if I happened to walk by and heard you talking about your ex.” She giggled again and pointed at him. “Oh man, you should’ve seen your face.”

God, she was breathtaking, and as he watched her attempt to stifle her laughter, his desire for her heightened. She had a mischievous side. If he were her Daddy, he might swat her butt a few times in retaliation for the little prank.

Deciding to play along, he crossed his arms over his chest and gave her the sternest glare he could muster. But a few seconds later, his visage cracked, and he joined her in laughter.

Once the moment passed, he encroached on her space and placed his lips at her ear. “Try to behave yourself in the cafeteria. When you’re out in public with Daddy, he expects you to be on your best behavior.”

Her breath caught and her eyes widened. A deep flush overtook her features. He straightened and winked at her, trying to assume the role of a playful, confident Daddy, but inside he was a tad nervous. It had been ages since he’d flirted with anyone.

What if he wasn’t doing it right? What if she rejected him?

She claimed not to be a Little, but he wondered if he might tempt her into playing with him. How he would relish the opportunity to not only coax her Little side out, but to nurture it as well. If she gave him a chance, he would do everything in his power to ensure the experience was an enjoyable one for her.

To his utter shock, she lifted her chin, stepped closer, and whispered, “What if I’m naughty in public, Daddy? What will you do to me?” Her voice came out sultry, but her eyes glimmered with more mischief.

He growled, and his cock thickened with the urgency to be buried deep inside her. “If you’re naughty in public, little girl, I’ll take you over my knee and give you a spanking on the spot. I bet that would make you very embarrassed if Daddy had to punish you while others were watching.”

A whimper left her throat, and her chest rose and fell rapidly. With the way she kept fidgeting and pressing her legs together, she must be getting achy between her thighs. She opened her mouth a few times, but no words

escaped, and her blush deepened.

“Come on, sweetheart. Let’s get that hot chocolate.” He turned her toward the cafeteria, keeping his hand at the small of her back, needing to feel her close. If he sensed her growing uncomfortable with his nearness, he would give her space immediately, but he noticed she sidled up close to him as they walked. “Have you had breakfast yet?”

“No, I’m not really a breakfast person. I’m not really a hot chocolate person either, to be honest, but Sadie thought I looked sad, so she offered me the extra cup she had in hopes of cheering me up. Obviously, I couldn’t refuse.”

“Well, what would you like? Coffee? Tea?” He grabbed a tray as they got in line, and he noticed her staring at the huge icing-covered raspberry danishes.

“Coffee sounds great.”

“Cream and sugar?” He let his voice drop an octave and reveled in the effect it had on her. She stammered for a moment and her cheeks pinkened as she played with a strand of her hair.

“No-nope, just bl-black, please,” she finally answered.

He nodded at a secluded booth in a corner. “Why don’t you grab us a seat over there and I’ll get the drinks and food.”

“Okay. See you in a minute.” When she turned and headed for the booth with a spring in her step, his gaze snagged on her bottom and he looked his fill. She was wearing tight exercise pants, and the new sweater she’d put on didn’t go below her hips, giving him a perfect view of her shapely bottom.

The person behind him cleared their throat, and Stephen realized he was holding up the line. He hurried to grab their coffees and two raspberry danishes.

CHAPTER 5



When Kaylee turned to head to the booth, she felt Stephen's eyes on her butt, and a glance into a decorative mirror that hung on the wall confirmed her suspicions. Smirking, she put some sway into her hips as she approached the table. She took her seat, her heart racing with excitement as she watched Stephen approach with a tray.

Maybe he was just what she needed—a quick holiday fling before she returned to her brand-new apartment in Richmond. The chemistry between them crackled as he scooted into the seat across from her. It seemed whenever their gazes collided, her breath caught in her chest, her mouth went dry, and heated pulses affected her core. She resisted the urge to squirm in her seat to assuage the growing achiness. What would it be like if he touched her?

He slid the tray to the back of the table, then passed her a cup of black coffee. He also set one of the scrumptious-looking raspberry danishes she'd been ogling right in front of her, and she noticed he'd gotten one for himself too. She gave him a grateful smile, touched that he'd been paying such close attention to her. Usually, she skipped breakfast, but her stomach gave a loud rumble as she glanced at the pastry.

“Thought you might be hungry, sweetheart.”

Sweetheart. She loved when he called her that. And he said it in such a

natural way that it didn't sound patronizing or as though he were coming on too strong. He said it in a way that made her feel special.

"Thank you, Stephen. I have to admit, it looks delicious."

"Trust me, they're good. I had one last week."

She took a sip of her coffee and nearly groaned with pleasure. Dark roast. Her favorite. She watched with amusement as he poured cream and five packs of sugar into his own coffee and stirred. It would seem the handsome older man had a sweet tooth. He appeared exceedingly fit for his age, however. The sleeves of his flannel shirt hugged his muscles and she quickly found herself undressing him with her eyes, wondering how sculpted his chest was and whether he had a lot of chest hair. She had a thing for mature men with a nice smattering of chest hair.

"Kaylee?"

Oh shit. He'd said something she completely missed, she was so lost in her daydreams about his muscles and possible chest hair. She felt her face grow hot. "Sorry, what did you say?"

"I asked how long you've lived in Richmond." A slight smile tugged at his sensuous lips, as though he knew the dirty turn her thoughts had taken.

"Oh." She accepted the fork he offered her and pushed her pastry around. "Thirteen years. I went to college in Virginia, and Richmond seemed like a good place to set up a PR firm." She chuckled. "I can see you doing the math in your head trying to figure out my age. I'll save you the trouble. I'm thirty-four." She took particular delight in the slight blush that took over his face, a brief crack in his otherwise confident demeanor.

"Well, can you blame me?" He sipped his coffee, his eyes gleaming wickedly over the rim of his cup. "I'm a bit older than you, obviously, and I was worried you might be in your twenties."

"Twenty-something me would've totally drooled all over you," she was quick to assure him. "All right. Spill the beans. Since you seem worried about the age gap between us, why don't you get it over with and tell me just how

old you are?” She spoke in a playful, haughty tone, swinging her feet under the table as she awaited his reply. She scooped a bite of pastry into her mouth. *Mm.*

He cleared his throat. “I’m forty-eight.” A look of uncertainty passed over him, and he shifted in his seat. Suddenly she felt guilty for teasing him. “Look, if you think I’m too old for you or that—”

She reached across the table and grasped his hand. “You’re not too old for me. I’ve played with older men before.” The second the confession left her lips, the tips of her ears burned, and she worried maybe she shouldn’t have added that last part. What if he wanted exclusivity? She might be able to give that to him during her time at the Ranch, but she was leaving in a month.

To her relief, however, Stephen relaxed at her words. His gaze bored into her hand that was still touching his, but she didn’t retract it right away. She allowed her fingers to trace his knuckles as she slowly pulled her hand back.

“Have you ever played with a Daddy before?”

His question caught her off guard and she struggled to swallow her coffee. She coughed a bit and was stunned when he joined her in the booth seat and patted her back a few times.

“I’ll be right back, sweetheart.”

Confused, she watched as he darted away from the table. For a moment, she feared he was abandoning her. That perhaps he didn’t like her reaction to his question and had decided to end their breakfast date prematurely, never mind that he’d said he would be right back. She’d had dates skip out on her mid-meal before.

Stephen hurried to the drink area for a glass of water, which he promptly brought back to the table. Joining her in the booth, so close his thigh brushed hers, he pressed the glass into her hands and said, “Drink,” in a commanding but affectionate tone.

She obeyed, taking a long drink of the water. But when a cluster of ice on the bottom of the glass shifted, something terrible happened. Nearly half the

glass ended up rushing down her neck. She squealed at the sudden chill as the cold liquid ran down her neck and soaked the front of her sweater and the shirt underneath. Oh God. He probably thought she was the clumsiest person in the universe. It wasn't even noon yet and already she needed a second change of clothes. How embarrassing.

But Stephen's response touched her and helped lessen her humiliation. He removed the glass from her hands and set it aside, then grabbed a handful of napkins off the tray and proceeded to wipe her face and neck. He pressed a few napkins against the top of her sweater, though his touch didn't venture to her breasts. She dared a glance at him, and her heart went pitter patter at the affectionate gleam in his eyes. He didn't seem to mind cleaning her up. In fact, he seemed eager to take care of her. Her insides went soft and mushy.

"Thanks. Sorry about the mess. I-I didn't get any on you, did I?"

He glanced at his lap, and she gasped at the huge wet splotch on the front of his jeans. Oh no. She grabbed a handful of napkins from the dispenser on the table and pressed them to the wet area of his pants.

"So sorry," she murmured. Then it occurred to her that, holy shit, she was pretty much feeling up his crotch in the middle of the cafeteria. Her eyes widened and she tore her hands away. Her face had never felt so hot. What must he think of her?

A low chuckle left him, and she was relieved to find he wasn't upset. His eyes glimmered with warmth and humor, and he grasped her hands in his as he peered down at her, his lips oh so close to hers. The murmur of the late breakfast crowd faded into the background, and it felt like they were the only two people in the room.

"It's all right, sweetheart." He squeezed her hands. "But you'll forgive me if I'm vain enough to sit in this booth until my pants dry completely, won't you?" A sexy smile spread over his face, his teeth flashing white and his dimples deepening.

"It's perfectly understandable."

He released her hands and removed the napkins from around her neck, as well as those he'd placed on her sweater. He tossed the wet napkins onto the tray. Wanting to show her appreciation for his help and understanding, she reached for his coffee and half-eaten danish, pushing the items in front of him.

“Thanks, Kaylee.” He gave her another one of his award-winning smiles. Her insides fluttered and warmth spread through her like melting butter. “Now, I’m still waiting for an answer to my question. I think I know the answer, but I’d like to know for certain. Have you ever played with a Daddy before?”

She struggled for air. “No, I haven’t.”

A long, sexually charged moment stretched between them as they simply stared at one another. Kaylee was thinking about what it would be like to have Stephen as her Daddy, and she suspected he was thinking the same thing.

She decided to break the silence first. “Since you’re probably going to be stuck in this booth for another thirty minutes, why don’t you tell me about yourself?” Thus far, all she knew about him was his name, age, that he’d recently moved to the Ranch, he was a security guard and a Daddy. Oh, and he used to live in Chicago. That was pretty much it. “Um, have you ever been married? Have any kids?” A shadow crossed his face when she mentioned marriage and kids, but he blinked and the darkness quickly dispersed, making her wonder if she’d only imagined it. But his next words confirmed her suspicions.

“Yes, I’ve been married before. Just the one time. I’m a widower. My wife, Heather, passed away about six years ago. No kids.” His voice came out calm and steady, though a muscle in his jaw feathered.

“I’m so sorry to hear that.” Shock resounded through her. His wife must’ve died rather young. Why? How? She wanted to ask, though she wasn’t sure it was appropriate. Thankfully, he saved her from having to ask

the question.

“Thank you.” He sighed. “It was an inoperable brain tumor, and it happened fast. Two months after the doctors found it, she was gone. She was only forty.”

Tears burned in Kaylee’s eyes. “Oh, Stephen, that’s tragic. Again, I’m so sorry.”

He nodded slowly, his lips pressed in a firm line. “What about you? Marriage? Kids? Pets?”

“None of the above. As you know, I recently got out of a long-term relationship with my Dom, but I’ve never been married. As for kids, well, I’ve never really wanted any, so much so that I got a tubal a few years ago. And I love cats and dogs but sadly, I’m highly allergic to both. I sneeze like crazy when I’m around one and my eyes get all red and puffy.” She held her breath, awaiting his response. Would he think less of her for not wanting children? In her experience, a lot of men did, and she always made a point to tell a romantic interest about her tubal on the very first date. It helped weed out the... well, weeds. She had nothing against children, and she was an honorary auntie to many of her friends’ kids, she just didn’t want any of her own. She knew her mind better than anyone else and didn’t appreciate some rando trying to tell her that she would change her mind once she met the right guy and settled down.

To her utter relief, Stephen’s sparkling blue eyes held no judgment. He was silent for a while, as though digesting her words. Finally, he said, “I don’t have any pets either. As for wanting children, well, I was always on the fence about having them. During my years as a police officer, and later, a detective, I saw a lot of bad things that made me hesitate to bring a child into the world.” A troubled, faraway look stole over him. “Heather felt the same way for the first few years of our marriage, though she later changed her mind. I wanted her to be happy, so we tried, but it never worked out and then she got sick and...” His voice trailed off.

Overcome by the need to comfort him, Kaylee placed her hand on his thigh, careful to avoid groping his crotch again. She didn't have any words of wisdom, so she took the coward's way out and decided to ask a question unrelated to his wife. "How long were you a police officer and then a detective?"

"Twenty-five years in total. I retired a few months ago. Spent the first six years as a police officer and the rest as a detective specializing in violent crime." He peered around the cafeteria, a look of appreciation filling his gaze. "Even though I saw a lot of dark things, I felt called to the job and wanted to make a difference. But I must admit, I'm enjoying my semi-retirement. Working at Rawhide has been a breeze so far compared to what I was used to."

"Sounds like you earned your retirement. Do you just work part time now?"

He nodded. "Usually about twenty hours a week, though I'm always happy to take an extra shift if they need me. I was a member of the Ranch's online forum for a few years, though I was more of a lurker than a poster. I always dreamed of visiting this place, and once I finally did, I knew it was exactly where I wanted to move."

"I'm more of a lurker too," she confessed. "But I've been to the Ranch about a dozen times. Chad and I used to come together. This is my first time coming alone."

Stephen took a long sip of coffee, then set his cup down and turned to face her, giving her his undivided attention. "Tell me about Chad. I get the sense he really hurt you. I mean, you're planning to spend the holidays here rather than with any family or friends back in Richmond. I'd like to know if I need to buy a plane ticket so I can kick his ass."

CHAPTER 6



Thankfully, Stephen's attempt at humor not only lightened the mood, but it also made Kaylee laugh. He watched as she settled deeper in the booth as a contemplative look crossed her face. He waited patiently, not wanting to rush her. A thrill undulated through him that they were getting along so well. They'd only spent about an hour around one another in total but damn if it didn't feel like he'd known her for years. He was that comfortable around her, and he hoped she felt the same way in his presence as well. He very much wanted her to feel safe and at ease with him.

"I met Chad at a BDSM club. He was my first and only Dom, and we lived together." She drew in a shaky breath. "About two weeks ago, I arrived home early—on our two-year anniversary of all days—and found him in bed with my cousin, Amy. Turns out they'd been sleeping together for a few months, and they claimed to be deeply in love. So, that about sums up my reasons for coming here. Don't want to be home alone in my new apartment during the holidays. I can't exactly spend Christmas with my relatives. Not when Amy will be there, likely with Chad as a plus one. You see, my parents passed away over a decade ago, and my family was pretty small to begin with. All that's left is my aunt and Amy, and a few distant cousins I usually just see once or twice a year." Her shoulders slumped and she suddenly appeared exhausted. He placed his hand atop hers and gently rubbed circles

on her soft flesh.

“That’s quite a story. God, I’m sorry. I was joking about buying a plane ticket, but now I’m seriously considering it. Chad needs to have his nose broken.”

“Not gonna lie, I’d love to see someone punch him in the face, but I’d like to try to be the bigger person. I’m a little ashamed to admit that when I caught them in bed, I hurled a bouquet of flowers at his head.”

“That’s nothing to be ashamed about, sweetheart. He deserved far worse.”

They finished their coffee at the same time, and Stephen went to get them a refill, completely forgetting about his wet pants until he returned to the booth with the cups in hand and noticed Kaylee staring wide-eyed at his crotch, her cheeks flushed dark pink.

She shot him an amused look, then peered around the cafeteria, cupped her hands to her mouth, and whisper-shouted, “It’s just water, folks! He didn’t pee himself!”

Stephen scooted into the seat next to her and gave her a stern look. “Not funny, young lady.”

Her eyes danced with mischief. “Oh, I thought it was funny.” She giggled. “Relax, Mr. *Oh So Serious*. No one even heard me.”

He growled. She laughed again.

They spent another hour talking and getting to know one another, and Stephen felt like he was on cloud nine. He enjoyed spending time with Kaylee. She was sweet and playful and so absolutely precious that he couldn’t stop imagining her as his Little.

“How about dinner tonight?” he asked once they finished their second cup of coffee.

She flushed and nodded, her expression a mix of relief and excitement. Her eagerness to see him again boosted his ego and gave him hope. He only prayed he wasn’t making a mistake by getting involved with a woman who would be leaving in a month. But he quickly dashed those worries aside. He

knew better than anyone that life was too short not to take risks.

He escorted Kaylee to the elevators and turned to face her. “I had a wonderful time this morning, Kaylee.”

“So did I and—” She stepped closer to him at the exact second he attempted to close the space between them, causing them to collide awkwardly—and painfully. His chin bumped the top of her head and they both gasped. “You’ve got to be freaking kidding me,” she burst out in an exasperated tone. “You must think I’m the most uncoordinated idiot ever. First I spill hot chocolate on you, then I get your crotch all wet, then I accidentally grope you, then I—”

He cupped her face in his hands and pressed his lips to hers, cutting off her speech. She tasted like raspberries and coffee and mint. He couldn’t get enough, and he emitted a low growl and deepened the kiss. She whimpered as he delved his tongue in her mouth. His mind whirled with pleasure, warmth rushed through him, and his pants became uncomfortably tight as they stood in front of the elevators making out.

“Oh oh oh! I *knew* it!” Someone standing behind them squealed with delight, and they broke apart to see who it was. Sadie. Of course it was Sadie, Little Miss Matchmaker herself.

Derek hurried up behind Sadie as he scolded her about running indoors, but he stopped speaking when he noticed Stephen and Kaylee. Sadie bounced on her heels, looking much too pleased with herself.

“Look, Daddy, look!” she said, pointing. “I told you they’d make the perfect couple, and you said I needed to mind my own business, blah blah blah, but look how right I was! Did you see how he kissed her, Daddy? The way he held her head and how she whimpered and he growled like a lion. Oh, it was so romantic.” She placed a hand over her heart and peered intently at them. “Kiss again.”

Derek sighed and glared at his wife. She glanced his way with a *who, me?* sort of look and batted her eyelashes, then returned her attention to Stephen

and Kaylee. “Well, are you gonna kiss again?”

“Young lady, that’s enough.” Derek’s voice was calm but infused with authority. “Stephen, good to see you. Thanks for picking up Rhodes’s overnight shift. I hear he’s pretty sick. Kaylee, I’m glad to see you out and about, and I hope you’re enjoying your stay at Rawhide so far.”

Stephen rubbed his sore chin and exchanged an amused look with Kaylee. He grasped her hand and laced his fingers through hers. “Good to see you, Derek, and it was no trouble at all.” He nodded at Sadie and gave her a polite smile.

“I’m enjoying my stay, thanks,” Kaylee said to Derek. “It’s been really nice catching up with old friends, and, uh, meeting new ones.” She glanced at Stephen and blushed.

“When are you guys getting married?” Sadie blurted. “Can I be a bridesmaid? Can the dresses be pink?”

“That’s it,” Derek said with a sigh, “I’m going to duct tape your mouth shut forever. I hope you’ve enjoyed your last day of talking, young lady.”

Sadie smirked. “I think that’ll punish you more than me. Think about it, Daddy.” She wagged her eyebrows.

Derek groaned and started dragging her away. “I think we’ll take the stairs. You guys can enjoy a peaceful elevator ride.”

“Good idea, Daddy,” Sadie said. “Maybe they’ll join the Elevator Club.”

“What’s the Elevator Club?” Derek asked as they made their way down the long hallway. “Do I even want to know?”

“It’s like the Mile High Club but for people who do *it* on an elevator.” Their conversation faded as they rounded a corner.

Kaylee chuckled. “Well, that was fun.”

Stephen drew her closer. “I agree. Our kiss was very fun.”

She snorted. “I was talking about the interruption, but yes, I agree, the kiss was quite enjoyable. I’m still a bit breathless. No one’s ever kissed me like that.”

The elevator dinged and the doors opened. They waited for the occupants to step off before boarding, and Stephen was glad they had the elevator to themselves.

As soon as the doors shut, Kaylee said, “I hope you’ll forgive me for not having sex with you in the elevator right now. I usually save that for the third date.” She turned in his arms and smirked up at him with a playful twinkle in her eye.

“I didn’t get in with you because I’m hoping to join the Elevator Club. I thought I’d be a gentleman and escort you back to your room. But I’m also hoping to kiss you again.”

She brushed her hands down his chest. “Only if you promise to growl like a lion.”

He emitted a playful growl, pulled her closer, then pressed his lips to hers as the elevator jolted upward.

CHAPTER 7



Kaylee entered the gift shop, still uncertain if the plan she'd worked out in her head was a good one. But she was so excited about her date with Stephen tonight and thought maybe, just maybe, they'd end up back in her suite or maybe at his apartment afterward, and she wanted everything to be perfect. She wanted to wear something special for her date. Maybe something a Little would wear. Nothing too obvious, but an outfit he would appreciate. An outfit that would signal her desire to let him Daddy her. Sure, she could just tell him outright that she was interested in exploring her possible Little side with him, but if she showed up in a cute, frilly dress, that was an action that spoke louder than words. Plus, the idea of dressing up for him sent a thrill through her.

"Hey, Kaylee," said the dark-haired woman wearing thick glasses who stood behind the counter. "Welcome. It's good to see you again."

"Hey, Becky. Good to see you, too." Kaylee was relieved to see a familiar face. Becky was a switch who frequented the dungeon and Kaylee had seen her in action a few times. They'd met several months ago, but this was Kaylee's first trip to the gift shop. During all her previous visits, Chad had always wanted to come to the gift shop alone to pick out whatever implements or toys they needed. Looking back, she supposed it was because he was a bit of a control freak, but she pushed thoughts of him aside, not

wanting to dwell on the past.

Becky walked out from behind the counter. “Can I help you find anything in particular today?” If she thought it strange that Kaylee was here without Chad, she made no mention of it, and Kaylee appreciated that she wasn’t nosing into her business. It was one thing to tell Master Derek and Sadie and Stephen about the dumpster fire that was her love life, but she didn’t want the whole resort finding out her ex-Dom was boinking her cousin.

“Well, to be honest, I could use your help finding the right outfit.” Kaylee moved toward a few racks that held Little clothes. Some were colorful and bold with patterns, while others were pastel and very feminine. “Um, so I have a date tonight with a Daddy, and I never thought I could be a Little, but around this Daddy I feel like I might want to be, and I need an outfit that says, ‘I’m totally open to the idea of exploring my Little side with you,’ but I don’t want the outfit to be too Little. Does that make sense?”

“I think I know what you mean.” Becky smiled. “Sounds like a lucky guy. Okay, let me see what we have that might work.” She perused the racks and came away with a gorgeous red and green plaid dress that would reach just above Kaylee’s knees. It was trimmed with ribbon and had puffy short sleeves.

“That’s beautiful.”

“Pair it with some white tights and a pair of shiny black Mary Janes and you’ll be good to go. We also have a nice selection of holiday ribbons for your hair, but we can pick those out later. How about you try this on and see how it works?”

Kaylee eagerly accepted the dress and hurried into a changing room. It fit like a dream, and as she twirled in front of the mirror, her anticipation for the evening grew. She imagined Stephen’s face lighting up when he saw her dressed as a Little. Would he remind her to be a good girl in public? Would he oh so sternly threaten to smack her bottom if she misbehaved? What would happen once dinner was over and they retired together for the

evening?

“How’s it going in there?” Becky called.

Kaylee stepped out to show the shopkeeper how well the dress fit. “Tada! I really like it. Thanks for helping me pick it out.”

“You’re quite welcome.” Becky lifted her eyebrows. “Why don’t you get changed, and then I’ll help you pick out some tights, shoes, ribbons, and maybe even some cute matching panties? We have lots of holiday undies, including some with cheeky phrases across the bottom.”

“Sounds great. Thanks.”

A short while later, Kaylee bustled out of the gift shop with her bags in hand. She hurried back to her room and set everything out on the bed. She’d purchased a selection of new panties, unsure which ones she ought to wear tonight. She could go with lace-trimmed red panties or maybe the white ones with tiny Christmas trees covering them. Or even just plain white underwear. Those held a certain innocence to them, didn’t they? Hm. In the end, she decided on the holiday panties. She didn’t think she needed a bra, since the front of the dress was snug and supportive, and she wasn’t sure if Littles were supposed to wear bras anyway. For a second, she considered rushing downstairs to find Sadie or another Little who might offer her some advice, but she quickly decided against it. She was probably overthinking things, and it likely didn’t matter whether she wore a bra or not.

What about makeup? It was an evening dinner date. She didn’t plan to go full glam, but should she wear a moderate amount or none at all?

At the restaurant, should she order what she really wanted to eat or opt for one of the Little-friendly meals like nuggets or pizza? She groaned and flopped onto the bed, scrubbing a hand down her face.

She let her thoughts return to how dreamy Stephen was. He checked off all her boxes. Older, handsome, tall, broad-shouldered, good sense of humor, caring demeanor, playful, and the list went on and on. A spasm of heat flared in her core when she recalled how scrumptious he looked in a pair of jeans.

Those pulses intensified when she remembered the feel of his bulge when she'd impulsively rubbed a napkin over his wet crotch. She still couldn't believe she'd done that.

She checked the time. It was just after four. She had two hours to go until her date with Stephen. Since she'd missed her morning walk and it was still snowing outside, she decided on a trip to the gym followed by a long swim in the Olympic-size pool. To her shock, when she exited the pool after completing her usual thirty laps, she spotted Stephen walking around the other side near the lifeguard stand.

Speedo. He was wearing a Speedo.

Her mouth went dry as she ogled him from afar.

His sculpted chest was covered in a layer of dark hair, thick but not too thick. Not wanting to be caught staring, she grabbed her towel and wrapped it around herself, then sat in a nearby chair. Stephen spoke to the lifeguard for a few minutes before heading to the diving board. His thigh muscles flexed as he climbed the ladder, and oh how she wished she had a better view of his butt.

She felt like a total voyeur and wondered if she ought to leave. What would he think if he discovered her sitting near the pool watching his every move like a freaking stalker? She promised herself she would leave the moment he dove into the pool. That way she'd only be a half-stalker.

His form was perfect. She held her breath and clutched the towel tighter as he tucked his sexy as fuck body down and dove into the water, his movements quick but graceful. Wow. Color her impressed.

Remembering her plan not to get caught stalking, she hurried to the locker room, rinsed off, and got dressed. She would take a much longer shower, or maybe a bath, back in her room. She wanted to do a better job of shaving her legs than she had this morning and groom her nether area. Maybe even shave it. Yes, that's exactly what she would do.

She hurried upstairs to get ready, her anticipation for the night to come

growing with each passing second.

CHAPTER 8



Stephen waited by the elevators, his heart skipping a beat each time the doors opened. He was about twenty minutes early, but he was so excited about his date with Kaylee that he hadn't been able to remain in his apartment. So, he'd come to the main lodge to hold vigil at the elevators he knew Kaylee would take, hoping for an early glimpse of her.

After their impromptu breakfast date, he'd returned to his apartment to get some sleep, but he hadn't managed more than four hours. After tossing and turning, he'd gone for a long swim followed by a jog on a treadmill in the gym. He enjoyed running outside, but that simply wasn't possible during a snowstorm. Last he'd heard, it wasn't supposed to stop snowing until tomorrow morning.

Hm. He realized he never did get around to asking Kaylee why she'd been on her way outside this morning in the snow. Wearing nothing but a sweater, hat, and gloves. No coat. No boots. Little or not, he would have a talk with her and make sure she understood it wasn't safe to go out in such severe weather. Especially when the visibility was so poor. She could've easily gotten lost while walking outside.

There it was again. That protectiveness he felt for her.

The elevator opened yet again but sadly it wasn't Kaylee. A Little wearing a holiday dress stepped off, her hair done up in pigtails tied with

festive ribbon. But suddenly he did a double take. Because it was Kaylee, and she was dressed like a Little. Shock resounded within him. God, she was so adorable he found himself momentarily speechless as she approached.

He reached for her hands and looked her up and down. “Wow, sweetheart, you look beautiful.”

Her eyes gleamed with uncertainty, and a shaky breath escaped her as she fidgeted in place. “I kept thinking about how you’re a Daddy and I like the way I feel around you. I visited the gift shop today and got this outfit because I thought...” Her voice trailed off and she flushed.

“Because you thought what?” He pulled her closer and inhaled deeply of her scent. She smelled like vanilla and peppermint and something else he couldn’t put his finger on, but he wanted to devour every inch of her.

“Nothing, just wanted to surprise you, I guess.” The uncertainty in her eyes deepened.

He gave her a skeptical look and guided her to a bench in a secluded alcove. There was a steady flow of people going to and from the restaurants and he wanted to have a bit of privacy with Kaylee before they had dinner. He wanted to know her exact reasons for dressing up for him.

He placed a finger beneath her chin and forced her eyes to his. “Tell me what you’re thinking, sweetheart. Why did you dress like a Little for our date?”

Her face fell. “Are you disappointed?” She tried to move away from him, but he grasped her face gently and scooted closer to her, not allowing her to escape. “I thought you would like how I was dressed.”

“I’m not disappointed, baby. Not in the least.” He paused for a moment as he searched for the right words. “Yes, I’m a Daddy, and yes, I’m hoping to find a special Little to call my own. That’s the main reason I moved to Rawhide Ranch. But I wouldn’t want you dressing up just because you think I won’t like you if you wear adult clothes. I really enjoyed our time together today and I want to spend more time with you, even if you don’t have a Little

side. That being said, if you think you might have a Little side, I would be honored if you choose me to help you explore it.” He stroked her cheek with his thumb and gave her an encouraging look. Desire pulsed through him and not for the first time in her presence today, his pants became too tight.

She exhaled slowly and the worry in her eyes dissipated. “I never thought I might have a Little side until I met you,” she confessed. “The way we flirted and the way you playfully scolded me... well, it made me feel all warm inside and very excited. I couldn’t stop thinking about how you helped take care of my burned hands and then how you cleaned the water off me and how gentle and sweet you were. I thought if I showed up dressed like this that you’d possibly consider...” Her voice trailed off again. “Oh, please don’t make me say it.”

“Possibly consider what?” He gave her another encouraging look, this one infused with a bit of sternness. He never wanted to assume her needs. He wanted her to voice them and ask for what she specifically desired. “You’re safe right now, sweetheart, and I promise I won’t judge you for whatever you’re about to say.”

She sighed. “Okay, okay. Um, well, I thought if I dressed like this, that maybe after dinner we might end up back at your place or my room. I thought we might enjoy some Daddy/Little activities together.” Tears sprang to her eyes, and she blinked rapidly and tried to pull away from him, but he wouldn’t allow her to hide. He didn’t understand why she was crying, but he wrapped her in his arms and gave her a big hug.

“I think you’re a very brave girl, Kaylee, for telling me all that.” He caressed her back for a long moment before withdrawing slightly from the embrace to peer into her tear-filled eyes. “Tell me why you’re crying, baby. Do you feel scared or unsafe right now?”

“I’m not scared. I feel very safe around you.” She sniffled, and he withdrew a tissue from his pocket and wiped at her eyes and dabbed her nose.

“Then what is it, sweet girl? It’s okay, you can tell me. Whatever’s

wrong, I'll help you figure it out.”

“It’s just that being around you has made me realize what an ass Chad was to me. I used to think he was a good Dom but now I’m starting to think he was a total fake. You’re so kind and caring and... if I would’ve spilled water on myself at a restaurant, he would’ve glared at me for being clumsy and embarrassing him and he certainly wouldn’t have helped me get cleaned up. And if I’d gotten water on his crotch, he would’ve been very angry. You didn’t mind. You didn’t even yell at me.”

“Oh, baby.” His heart contracted with sorrow for her, and he pulled her onto his lap and cradled her in his arms, rocking her slightly, desperate to comfort her. “You can cry some more if you need to, darling. It’s okay. Daddy has you.”

Her shoulders heaved and she sniffled into his chest, though she didn’t sob very loud. He continued rubbing her back, and he resolved to have a chat with Derek and make sure the fuckface known as Chad was no longer welcome at Rawhide.

“Oh no. I’ve ruined your shirt.” Kaylee peered at his dress shirt with a frown. “I’m sorry.” She rubbed at her swollen eyes. “I probably look like a tomato right now. My whole face gets red and splotchy whenever I cry. I guess we can’t go to the restaurant now. I’m sorry I ruined our date.”

“I don’t care about my shirt, and our date isn’t ruined. Furthermore, I think you’re the most beautiful Little girl in the whole world even when your face is all red from crying.” He meant every word, and he relished the feel of Kaylee sitting on his lap. She fit in his arms perfectly.

“But how can we go to the restaurant when I look like this?” She emitted a defeated sigh.

He removed a fresh tissue from his pocket—a Daddy always comes prepared—and proceeded to clean the rest of the tears from her face. He also held the tissue to her nose and ordered her to blow. She shot him a wary look but finally complied.

“How about we order in tonight? We can go to my apartment or your room here. Your choice. Wherever you feel safest. Or, if you want to wait until tomorrow night, we can do that. But I would love to keep our date going, Kaylee.”

The worry faded from her eyes, and she slowly nodded her agreement. “That sounds really nice. Um, how about your place?”

“My place it is.” He tucked the tissues back into his pocket and cupped her face. “I’d like you to promise me something, sweetheart.”

“What’s that?”

“If anything happens tonight that you don’t like, I want you to tell me immediately.”

“Okay, I promise.”

He pressed a kiss to her forehead. “Good girl.” He gently lifted her off his lap and helped her to her feet, then clasped her hands in his. “One more thing before we go. If you’d like to call me ‘Daddy,’ please feel free to do so. But if you don’t feel comfortable with that yet, it’s okay. You can call me ‘Stephen’ or ‘Daddy,’ your choice.”

Her expression brightened and her breath hitched. “I’d like to call you, ‘Daddy’.”

“Okay, little girl. We’ll take the elevator down to the lowest level and we’ll take the tunnels to my apartment complex. Have you ever been in the tunnels before?”

She shook her head. “No, but I’ve heard about them. Are there really golf carts down there that you can drive from building to building? Because that sounds kinda fun, Daddy.”

He smiled and led her to the elevator. “Yes, there are carts down there. Would you like Daddy to take you for a ride?”

Her pigtails bounced as she gave an enthusiastic nod. His heart lightened to see the sadness gone from her eyes. He also beamed inside because she’d just called him Daddy.

CHAPTER 9



They ordered several dishes from the Mexican restaurant and placed everything in the middle of the table to share. Stephen helped her into a chair and then surprised her with a makeshift bib using a napkin. She flushed as he tucked it under the ruffled collar of her dress. “You have a history of spilling things,” he said with a playful wink, “and I wouldn’t want your pretty new dress to get dirty.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” Her face grew warmer. She liked calling him *Daddy*. She also liked when he called her *young lady* or *sweetheart* or *little girl*. Or *baby*.

He scooped food onto her plate, though she was relieved when he didn’t try to feed her. The enchiladas were amazing and so was the Aztec soup. There was a platter of chips with salsa, guacamole, and sour cream too. No margaritas, though, and she frowned a bit at that. Stephen said he wanted them to be completely sober if they were going to embark upon their first Daddy/Little activities together. Some liquid courage would be nice, but she supposed he might be right. She appreciated that he was being so sweet and careful with her, but another part of her longed to see his stern side. She was curious about how strict he might be if she ever disobeyed him.

“So, how did you spend your day, sweetheart?” His gaze roved over her like a warm caress.

“I went back to my room for a while, checked emails and made a few work-related phone calls. Had a video meeting with a client too. After work was finished, I went to the gym and also... to the pool.” Her insides heated as she recalled how she’d basically spied on him, watching him walk around in a Speedo then climb up the ladder and dive into the pool.

“Oh? What time were you at the pool? I went for a swim around four.”

“Uh, I’m not sure what time it was. I zone out when I’m doing laps.” She toyed with her makeshift bib and couldn’t quite meet his gaze.

“*Kaylee.*” His voice held a note of sternness that caused flutters to erupt in her tummy. “What is it you’re not telling me? You’re acting evasive.”

Her head shot up. “Who? Me?”

“*Kaylee.*”

“Okay, *fine.* I was there at four too. I saw you strutting around in a Speedo and I sorta spied on you for a while and then I finally left because I didn’t want you to think I was a weirdo for watching you.” She spoke rapidly and struggled to meet his eyes. “By the way, Daddy, you’re a total snack in a Speedo.”

A smile pulled at his lips. “I was not... *strutting around.*” He cleared his throat and straightened in his chair. “How long did you spy on me, little girl?”

“About ten minutes,” she admitted. “I left after you dove into the water. Who taught you to dive like that anyway? Michael Phelps? I’m not so great at diving myself, but my cannonball is top notch.”

He chuckled. “My father taught me. He made me practice until I got it right. He was an avid swimmer and competed for a spot in the Olympics when he was in his twenties, but he didn’t quite make it. He tried to make me follow in his footsteps, but, well, once I started maturing, he announced that I had the wrong body type for competitive swimming—legs too long and shoulders too broad. I was thrilled because that’s not what I wanted to do with my life. From an early age, I knew I wanted to go into law

enforcement.”

“Well, Daddy, I really like your body type.”

“You mean the ‘total snack’ body type?” His eyes glinted with amusement.

“Yep, that’s the one.” She placed her fork down, completely stuffed. She hadn’t meant to eat so much but she had zero self-control when it came to enchiladas.

“Are you finished eating, little girl?” Tension sparked between them as he held her stare because ohmygodohmygod now that dinner was over, that meant the fun was about to start, right? Although Kaylee wasn’t sure what they would do first. She suddenly wished she’d spent her afternoon doing some internet research or perhaps reading an age-play romance novel.

What did a Daddy do with his Little after dinner was over?

She supposed she was about to find out.

He rose from his seat and rounded the table to her side. He used her bib to wipe the corners of her mouth even though she was fairly certain she hadn’t gotten messy. Not wanting him to think she was a total klutz, she’d been extra careful during dinner. But she had to admit she liked the way he was taking care of her. Again, it made her all warm and gooey inside. She loved how his eyes gleamed with affection as he tended to her, as though it were his favorite thing to do. She knew she shouldn’t spend any more time thinking about Chad, but it was difficult not to make comparisons. In contrast to her asshole ex, Stephen was a thousand times more patient and caring. She liked how he seemed to thrive on being a caregiver, and she supposed that’s what made him a good Daddy.

“How about you watch some television while Daddy finishes cleaning up the kitchen? Then we can enjoy some snuggle time together and maybe I’ll read you a book too.” He bent down and placed his lips at her ear. “And, if you’re comfortable with it, Daddy would like to give you a bath. Little girls should always have a thorough bath before bedtime.”

He removed her bib and helped her out of her chair, and she was too stunned to speak. A bath. Stephen wanted to give her a bath. She was equal parts nervous and excited over the idea. Warmth panged in her smoothly shaven nether area, and she nearly gasped when she felt her panties growing wet.

“Okay, Daddy,” she finally forced out.

He gave her a paternal smile and sent her off to the living room with a light smack to her bottom. “Be a good girl and don’t watch anything that’s inappropriate,” he called. “PG-rated shows only, young lady.”

She settled on the plush sofa, grabbed the remote, and turned on the television. As she flipped channels, she quickly decided that PG shows weren’t any fun, and she glanced toward the kitchen to see if Daddy was headed this way. When she thought he was still busy cleaning up, she turned back to the movie about a con man pretending to be Santa on Christmas Eve so he could rob department stores. It was hilarious, though probably not something Daddy would consider *appropriate*. But in her defense, she’d seen this movie twice before.

She giggled at a particularly raunchy sexual joke just as she heard footsteps behind her. Uh oh. She hurried to turn the channel and settled on a sitcom from the eighties that looked safe enough. She pretended not to notice Daddy’s approach, and when he stepped into her line of vision, she feigned surprise and smiled up at him.

“Hi, Daddy!”

“Don’t you ‘hi, Daddy’ me, young lady. I saw exactly what you were watching.” He crossed his arms over his chest and gave her a severe look. “That movie was rated R and not something a sweet Little girl like you ought to be watching. What did Daddy tell you before he sent you to the living room to watch TV?”

She flushed and squirmed in place as the pulsing between her thighs grew stronger and the wetness in her panties increased. Getting in trouble with

Daddy made her nervous but it also made her pussy feel warm and achy. “Um, you said to keep it PG. But I didn’t think it would matter if I watched that movie because I’ve seen it before. Twice! So how can you be grumpy with me about it when I’ve already seen it twice? Really, you can’t. It doesn’t make sense if you think about it and—”

“You disobeyed me, young lady,” he said, cutting her off. “Doesn’t matter if you’ve seen that movie a hundred times before. You did something you knew you weren’t supposed to be doing. I’m the Daddy and I told you not to watch anything above PG, yet you did it anyway. That’s very, very naughty.” He sat on the sofa beside her and placed a hand on her thigh. He grabbed the remote and turned the TV off. “Little girls who disobey their Daddies get punished. That means you’ve earned yourself a spanking, Kaylee.”

“A spanking?”

“That’s right, little girl. A spanking on your bare bottom.” He squeezed her thigh. “Now, I realize this will be the first punishment you’ve ever received from me, so I plan to go light on you. You’ll receive ten smacks. Just enough to make your bottom sting and remind you that when Daddy tells you to do something, it’s in your best interest to listen and obey. Stand up, sweetheart. I need to pull your tights and panties down.”

CHAPTER 10



Stephen's blood heated as he watched Kaylee rise on trembling legs. She wore an adorably nervous expression, and she lowered her head slightly in a show of penance. Shuddering breaths left her, and she kept squirming in place, clearly rubbing her thighs together.

Did her pussy ache? Was she throbbing for his touch?

If she was a very good girl and took her punishment well, he might be inclined to reward her by stroking her kitty. His balls tingled and his cock thickened at the prospect, and he forced in a few deep breaths when he became momentarily lightheaded, his excitement over disciplining Kaylee for the first time was so great.

He toyed with the hem of her dress and gazed up at her with a stern look.

“Tell me why you're in trouble, little girl. Tell me why Daddy's going to spank your bare bottom.”

She whimpered and continued shifting in place, squirming around as though she needed to visit the restroom. But he very much doubted that was the cause of her distress.

“I asked you a question, young lady, and I expect an answer.”

“I-I'm in trouble because you told me not to watch anything above PG on television and I was kinda sorta naughty and didn't listen to you and started watching a rated R movie instead. Sorry, Daddy.” The remorse in her gaze

deepened, and the tension in the room heightened as Stephen lifted the skirt of her dress and took hold of the waistband of her white tights. A tiny gasp emitted from her, and her eyes widened.

“That’s right, Kaylee. You disobeyed me. Now, tell me how Daddy’s going to punish you?”

“I’m going to get a spanking.” She whimpered again as he started pulling down her tights, forcing her to part her legs slightly. He let the garment rest just above her knees, then focused his gaze on her adorable Christmas-tree print panties.

“That’s correct. A spanking on your bare bottom, to be precise,” he eventually added. He trailed a finger up the insides of her trembling thighs. She shivered and her breaths came faster with each passing second.

Then he saw it. The telltale wet spot on her crotch. His cock lurched and he fought back a growl. He continued dragging his finger upward until he reached the core of her. She mewled as he trailed his finger lightly over the crotch of her festive panties.

“You’re getting wet, aren’t you, little girl?”

“Yes, Daddy. I-I can’t help it.” Her hips jolted forward when he pressed harder upon the damp fabric and felt the outline of her smooth nether lips. The fabric was sheer enough that he could tell she was completely bare, and this realization caused him to experience another bout of lust-fueled dizziness.

He made a mental note to visit the gift shop soon. There were so many Little things he wanted to buy her. More pretty dresses, of course. More tights and cute panties, too. But he also wanted to outfit her in drop-seat pajamas and buy her books and stuffies. He had a small number of items stashed away in his apartment that he’d purchased recently, but he wanted to lavish gifts upon her. She was a special Little girl and she deserved nothing but the best.

“Is your kitty throbbing for Daddy, sweetheart? Are you getting wet

because you know Daddy's about to pull your panties down and take you over his knee?"

She made a startled noise in her throat. "Yes, no, I don't know." She twisted her hands together for a few seconds before dropping them at her sides. "I know the spanking is gonna hurt, Daddy, and I'm nervous about it, but my kitty won't stop aching and I just wish you'd keep touching me there. If I promise to be a good girl, can you play with my kitty instead of punishing me? Pretty please?" She stuck her bottom lip out in the cutest pout.

Holding her gaze, he shook his head slowly. "Absolutely not, young lady. You can't talk your way out of a spanking. Besides, if Daddy doesn't follow through and punish you when you're naughty, how would that make you feel?"

A contemplative look entered her eyes and she peered at the ceiling for a moment. "Um, I guess I'd feel guilty for the naughty thing I did and maybe I'd worry you didn't care that I was naughty and then I'd overthink things and worry it meant maybe you didn't care about me or that maybe you were getting tired of me." She sighed. "Gosh darn it."

"And I would never want you to doubt how much I care about you, little girl. I think you'll feel a lot better once Daddy spansks you. Yes, it's going to hurt, but it'll be over soon and then Daddy can play with your kitty. But only if you're a good girl and take your punishment without too much fuss. Do you think you can do that? Can you be Daddy's obedient little girl?"

She nodded. "I'll try, Daddy."

"That's all I ask, sweetheart."

He reached for the waist of her panties and slowly, almost reverently, began sliding them down. When her kitty was finally revealed to him, he nearly groaned at the sight of her smooth folds that held the tiniest bit of wetness on the outside. Judging by the immense dampness in the crotch of her panties, he knew he would find her soaking if he delved his fingers into her core.

“All right, young lady. Time to go over Daddy’s knee. Time for your spanking.” He assisted her in lowering herself across his left knee. Once he had her positioned to his liking, he draped his right leg across her calves to help hold her in place and prevent any possible kicking. This was his first time spanking her and he wanted to keep her safe, wanted to make sure she didn’t flail around too much and hurt herself. He also wanted her to feel the full force of every stinging smack he gave her.

He spent a few minutes rubbing her bottom cheeks, and as he caressed her creamy flesh, he detected the scent of her excitement growing stronger in the air. It made him ravenous to taste her and feel her orgasm on his tongue. It also made him want to bend her over and sink balls-deep into her wetness.

“Before I start your spanking, little girl, Daddy wants to have a good look at how wet and swollen your kitty is becoming.” He grasped her bottom cheeks, one in each hand, and spread her wide apart. “Oh, baby, you’re soaking, aren’t you?” He gazed upon her gleaming pink core as well as her adorable pucker. Her back hole clenched and unclenched a few times as he continued to hold her cheeks spread wide. Sweltering desire swept through him and his mouth went dry.

“Yes, Daddy, I-I’m soaking.” She whined and tried to move her hips, but he released her cheeks and tightened his hold on her, preventing her movement.

“Remember what I said earlier. If you take your spanking like a good girl, Daddy will play with your kitty afterward. Imagine how nice it’ll feel to have Daddy stroking your slickness and rubbing your clit.”

“Okay, Daddy. Please. I don’t think I can wait any longer. I’m so achy I’m about to try humping your leg.” Though her words were a tad humorous, her tone was high-pitched and desperate, and he decided to take mercy on her.

He lifted his hand and brought it down with a resounding crack across her right cheek. He wasted no time in delivering a slap to the left one, and he

continued on, smacking her bottom as she whimpered and gasped and her flesh turned beautifully pink under his hand. As he spanked her, he had a nice view of her exposed kitty and the glimmer of arousal that covered her pink folds. Some of the moisture had leaked to the insides of her thighs, and his cock hardened as she writhed briefly upon his knee, causing her legs to part further.

“Just two more swats,” he announced, pausing briefly to caress her reddened cheeks. “How are you doing, Kaylee?” Even though she wasn’t begging him to stop, he still felt the need to check in on her.

“My butt stings, Daddy, but I’m okay.” She was breathing hard, but she wasn’t crying.

He spent a few more seconds rubbing her bottom, then delivered the final two smacks. She released a long breath, perhaps a sigh of relief that her punishment had ended, and she peered over her shoulder at him with pleading eyes. Though she didn’t speak, he understood what she was asking for.

He stroked his fingers along her slit with a featherlight touch. She shivered and moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head. She turned around and clutched at the leg of his pants, lurching her butt up to meet his caresses.

“Is this what you want, babygirl? Do you want Daddy to make your kitty feel better?”

“Oh, yes. *Please, Daddy.*”

CHAPTER 11



Kaylee's bottom was on fire and her pussy throbbed so fervently she had trouble catching her breath. She shuddered with pleasure as Daddy started caressing her folds, his touch so gentle at first it was little more than a tease. She couldn't stop whimpering and moaning, and her body felt alive in a way it never had before. She honestly couldn't recall ever being so excited or so on edge.

Daddy's fingers glided through her wetness with ease, and she released a wanton cry when he nudged two digits into her core. He worked his fingers inside her as though testing to see just how aroused she'd gotten during the spanking. Or maybe he was testing how tight her kitty was. She flushed at the idea. Would he put his hard cock inside her later? She felt him growing larger and stiffer against her, and she couldn't resist squirming over his erection. A thrill skittered through her when his breath caught and then he growled a second later.

She recalled how Sadie had commented that he growled like a lion, and she thought the description to be apt. It wasn't a full-on roar, of course. More like a warning growl. But her excitement grew each time the sexy feral sound vibrated from deep in his chest.

He splayed her pussy wide open with one hand and continued stroking her with the other. She bucked her hips and tried to urge him to touch her clit,

but his fingertips only grazed over her pulsing nubbin on occasion. A series of heated flushes assailed her entire body. She was practically feverish as she writhed over his knee, felt the hardness in his pants growing larger, and hoped he would pay her clit some proper attention soon.

A gasp burst from her throat when he shoved his fingers deeper at the same time he circled his thumb over her clit with the perfect amount of pressure. Oh God. Oh yes. Her eyes fluttered shut and she moaned. A pulsating wave of pleasure descended upon her, and she undulated her center against Daddy's masterful touch as stars exploded behind her closed eyelids. Daddy held her close and kept stroking her throughout the quaking, toe-curling release.

In the aftermath of the thunderous climax, she panted breathlessly over his lap, little shudders rushing through her otherwise limp form. Her head whirred and for a long moment, she felt as though she were floating above the clouds.

She became vaguely aware of Daddy turning her over and placing her upon his lap. He cradled her to his chest and rubbed her back. She melted into his embrace.

"You're Daddy's good girl, aren't you?" He kissed the top of her head, and she melted all over again.

"Mmhmm," was the only response she could muster.

He reached underneath her and cupped her bottom. "Are you sore, baby?" She sighed and nodded into his chest.

"How about Daddy rubs some lotion on your butt. Would you like that?"

"Oookayyy," she murmured sleepily, blinking fast. Exhaustion weighed her down and she could barely keep her eyes open. She covered a huge yawn and flushed as she peered up at Daddy.

"Looks like someone is all worn out."

"Uh huh." She rubbed her eyes.

He set her on the couch and went to grab a bottle of lotion from the

bedroom. Once he returned to the living room, he helped her lie stomach-down on the couch. Lifting up the skirt of her dress, he applied a generous amount of lotion to her reddened cheeks and commenced rubbing it in.

“How does that feel, baby?”

“Mm. Much better. Thank you, Daddy.” She peered over her shoulder at him and tried to give him a smile of gratitude, only for another huge yawn to take over her face. Her eyes grew heavier, and the couch suddenly felt extra comfortable.

He patted her butt. “How about I get you into some jammies and read you a story and then you can take a nap? I was going to give you a bath first, but I think you might be too tired.”

“Okay, Daddy.” She loved the thought of having Daddy give her a bath, but he was right, she was far too exhausted for that. Getting spanked and then having her kitty played with had stolen all of her energy. She hoped she wouldn’t sleep for too long, however, because she really wanted to spend more fun time with Daddy. Especially if it meant he would be giving her a bath. The idea of him washing her made her stomach flutter.

He lifted her in his arms and carried her into his bedroom. Her tights and panties were still tangled around her knees, and she wondered if he’d pull them back up and tuck her under the covers. But to her surprise, he set her down, removed her shiny black Mary Janes, and tugged her tights and panties completely off. As he knelt before her, she rested her hands on his shoulders for balance. He tossed her tights and panties aside and she flushed anew when he stared at her pussy, his face only a few inches away. He leaned closer and she felt his warm breath caressing her most sensitive parts.

“Maybe after your nap, Daddy will feast upon your kitty. Would you like that?”

She whimpered, and tingles rushed through her as she imagined what it would feel like to have his tongue on her nether folds and clit. She also couldn’t help but wonder if he would expect her to pleasure him after he

finished tending to her pussy with his mouth. Would he order her to her knees, withdraw his big hard cock and press it between her lips?

“What’s this?” Still kneeling in front of her, he reached out to run a finger along the seam of her nether folds. “You’re getting wet all over again, little girl. You must be having naughty thoughts.” He shot her a faux-stern look that left her burning with need.

“I can’t help it, Daddy. I keep getting wet down there.”

His eyes darkened with pleasure, and he finally rose to his feet. “Let’s get you into something more comfortable for sleeping, and then Daddy will clean your privates quickly before you take a nap.”

She felt her eyes go wide.

Clean her privates? What did that mean exactly?

He’d said he wasn’t giving her a bath until after her nap, so she wasn’t quite certain what he intended to do about the wetness between her thighs. But no matter how hard she tried to keep her thoughts clean, she couldn’t stop thinking about Daddy’s tongue on her clit. Or his erect shaft pressing into her mouth. Or how dreamy he’d looked in a Speedo. She went hot all over and squirmed in place.

She pressed her thighs together as Daddy crossed the room to rifle through a drawer. Finally, he pulled a big long-sleeved shirt out and turned to face her. “This should serve as a nightgown for you until I visit the gift shop and get you proper jammies.” He hurried back to her, set the shirt on the bed, and started lifting her skirt up. “Raise your arms, sweetheart.”

Her heart thudded against her ribcage as she obeyed Daddy. Once she raised her arms, he carefully pulled the dress over her head and set it aside. Anxieties raced through her and she found herself shielding her tiny breasts, worried that Daddy might not like the way her body looked. She was tall and skinny and barely had hips, and she also didn’t have much in the chest department. In high school, boys used to tease her and call her Flatty Patty, even though her name wasn’t even close to sounding like Patty. After all

these years, the insults still stung.

“Hey, baby, what’s wrong?” Daddy gave her a concerned look, but he didn’t scold her for covering up her boobs.

Feeling shy, she lowered her head and fumbled for a response. “Um, well, I... I have teeny tiny breasts and I’m scared you won’t like them.”

His eyes filled with warmth and understanding, and for some reason, the kindness in his gaze made her want to cry. She managed to swallow back the emotion, though it wasn’t easy. She’d never realized how starved she was for simple kindness until she met Stephen. *Daddy.*

“I think you’re beautiful the way you are, sweetheart. Your body makes Daddy very excited. I think you’re breathtaking, Kaylee. Forgive me for the bad language, but whoever made you feel like you weren’t enough is the stupidest fucking person alive.”

She didn’t bother telling him it wasn’t just one person but many. Not just the assholes in high school but boyfriends who would make offhand comments. More than once, Chad had asked her if she would ever consider getting surgery. She didn’t disparage any woman who went that route, but she always had a terrible reaction to anesthesia and never wanted to get surgery unless it was a life-or-death situation.

“Thanks, Daddy,” she eventually said. “You’re sweet.” Summoning her bravery, she took a deep breath and removed her hands from her breasts, allowing him to see all of her. Fully naked, she stood still as his gaze traveled up and down her body. His eyes lit with appreciation, and he made another one of those low, sexy lion-growls. Her heart fluttered.

“So beautiful.” He reached for the shirt. “I hate to cover up that gorgeous body of yours, sweetheart, but I want you to be warm and cozy during your nap.” His words rang with truth, and her throat abruptly burned. It would seem she’d normalized a lot of behaviors and comments from men over the years that really weren’t okay. Being around a caring Daddy like Stephen was a balm to her soul, and she liked how safe and joyous and hopeful she felt in

his presence.

He urged her to raise her arms again so he could put the shirt on her. She'd never been dressed by a man before and she liked how gentle he was. He took his time and made sure he didn't accidentally pull her hair. Once she was dressed, he guided her to lie down atop the covers, which confused her since he'd just mentioned wanting her to be warm and cozy.

“Daddy has to clean your privates before naptime, remember?”

Her face heated and butterflies flitted in her tummy. In her worry about her appearance, she'd completely forgotten about his earlier promise to clean her. She peered up at him as a sense of vulnerability swept through her, but as she searched her heart, she realized she truly trusted him to take care of her. Even if what he planned to do was a little embarrassing.

After guiding her to lie with her knees bent slightly, the shirt pulled back to settle at her stomach, he kissed her forehead and said, “Be right back, baby.”

She wasn't sure whether she liked *baby* or *sweetheart* or *little girl* the best out of all the endearments he called her. All of them made her feel warm inside and so very, very special. She watched as he hurried into the bathroom and came out holding a hand towel. On his way back to her, he also pulled a small blue box from a drawer. Correction. It was a container of baby wipes. She flushed from head to toe.

The bed dipped slightly as he sat beside her, that warm affectionate look still gleaming in his eyes. His gaze landed on her nether area, and he grasped her ankles and lifted them back, forcing her to lie in the diaper position. With his free hand, he flipped the lid on the blue container open and grabbed a wipe.

“Sorry, sweetheart, but this is going to be cold. I promise I'll get a warmer soon so next time it'll feel more comfortable for you.”

“It's okay, Daddy.” She doubted the brief cold sensation on her kitty would be more difficult to withstand than the spanking he'd given her.

Besides, it might help settle her rampant arousal.

With slow, thorough caresses, he glided the cool wet wipe over her slick, aching pussy. He made sure to get every little crevice and fold. “Daddy likes taking care of you, baby.” He set the used wipe aside and inspected her center. “Hm. I think I need to use another wipe on you. You got very, very wet when Daddy was spanking you and stroking your kitty.”

She trembled with renewed desire as he proceeded to rub a second wipe over her privates, cleaning away the wetness of her arousal. He finished up by using the hand towel to dry her, gently patting it over her privates while still holding her in the diaper position. He set the used wipes and hand towel, as well as the container, on the bedside table and returned his focus to her, gazing down at her with a warmth that filled up the cold, lonely places in her heart.

“That’s much better. You’re all clean now.” He released her legs and allowed her feet to finally touch the bedspread again. He pulled the oversize shirt she was wearing down over her body, and he even retrieved a pair of socks from a drawer and put them on her feet.

“Thanks, Daddy. My feet always get cold.”

“Anything for my sweet Little girl.” He stroked one of her pigtails and leaned down to kiss her forehead. Then he lifted her slightly and pulled the covers back to tuck her into bed. “Would you like Daddy to read you a story? Or are you so tired you just want to go straight to sleep?”

“A story sounds nice, Daddy, thank you.”

He smiled. “Let me go grab a book. I’ll be right back.”

CHAPTER 12



Stephen sat in a chair near the bed, watching Kaylee sleep. A sense of peace surrounded him. It had been a long time since he'd taken care of a Little. Six years, to be precise. He was touched Kaylee had decided to try being Little with him, and he hoped she was enjoying the experience thus far.

I want to keep her.

The thought echoed in his head.

I want to keep her and make her mine forever.

He'd arrived at Rawhide less than two weeks ago, but would it be reckless to follow Kaylee back to Richmond? Would she think him a lovestruck fool if he tried?

Shit, he was falling hard and fast. Just like he'd feared he would. But he couldn't help it. The Little girl sleeping soundly in his bed calmed the darkest parts of him and made him want to be a better man.

One month, he reminded himself. She would be spending one month at the Ranch. He hoped to see her every single day for the rest of December. A smile touched his lips when he imagined spending Christmas Day with her.

A tree. He would get a tree for his apartment, and they could decorate it together. A real tree, he decided. Not a fake one. A real tree that would fill his living space with the scent of pine. He compiled a list in his head of all the items he needed to acquire in addition to the tree. Ornaments. Lights. Tinsel.

A tree skirt. Hm, what else? Maybe he'd better write it all down. He didn't want to forget anything.

He wanted to make Christmas perfect for Kaylee.

His heart broke as he thought about how terribly Fuckface Chad had hurt her. He resolved he would do everything in his power to make this a holiday to remember for his adorable Little girl.

Yes, he already felt like she belonged to him.

A sigh escaped the sleeping form on the bed, and Kaylee rolled over and stretched. Her eyes blinked open and she smiled tiredly when she saw him. "Morning, Daddy. Or evening. What time is it?"

"It's nine thirty at night, baby. You only slept for about an hour and a half. Did you have a good nap?"

"Yep, Daddy, I slept great." She sat up against the pillows, her pigtails coming undone, and he regretted he hadn't brushed her hair out before tucking her in. He hoped the hairstyle hadn't caused her any discomfort as she'd slept.

With a jolt, he realized how out of practice he was, but he resolved he would pay better attention to such details going forward. Not just because he longed to win Kaylee over, but because he wanted to help her heal from the recent pain she'd endured.

He rose from the chair, eager to touch her. Eager to take her in his arms. He settled on the bed and wrapped his arms around her, giving her a tight hug, needing to assure himself she was real and this was actually happening. After too many years of solitude, he was spending time with a delightful Little who radiated pure sunshine.

"Daddy?"

"Yes, baby?"

She peered up at him with a shy expression. "Could I, um, please sit on your lap?"

"Of course, you can, Kaylee. I'd like that very much." He lifted her in his

arms and carried her to the rocking chair in the corner of the room, a recent purchase he'd been unable to resist. It was a thing of beauty, built and carved by Cole, another Ranch employee. He'd met the master craftsman in the first few days of his arrival and they'd hit it off. Though he hadn't had a Little at that time, Stephen was very grateful he'd had the insight to buy the chair to have on hand. He sat down and got her settled in his lap, cuddling her close.

"Thanks, Daddy. This is nice." She snuggled against him with a contented sigh.

"I agree, sweetheart." He inhaled the lavender scent of her hair, and relief filled him when he recalled that he had lavender bubble bath. He was glad he'd purchased a scent she liked.

Kaylee shifted on his lap and her bottom pressed upon his groin. He inhaled a rapid breath as his cock grew hard while she continued wiggling around.

"Little girl, what are you doing?"

She glanced up at him. "Um... trying to get comfy. My butt hurts, Daddy."

"Ah. Well, that's what happens when you're naughty. You end up with a sore, red little butt." He flicked her nose in a playful manner and kissed her forehead, overcome with affection for her. He'd never been the sort of person to believe in love at first sight. He'd dated Heather for weeks before he'd fallen in love with her. But it was different with Kaylee. He already felt as though he could happily spend the rest of his life with her.

Kaylee laced her arms around him and hugged him back. His heart contracted with warmth. He rested his head atop hers and started rocking the chair. He was glad she'd asked him for snuggles. He would never deny her physical affection.

Suddenly, he recalled how inappropriately she'd been dressed this morning. If they hadn't crashed into one another, she would've gone out in the freezing cold during a snowstorm without proper attire. He needed to

make sure she never attempted to do something so dangerous ever again.

Her safety was important to him, and if he was going to be her forever Daddy—he prayed the universe would find a way to let him keep her—he wanted to ensure she understood his rules and expectations when it came to her safety. Protecting her, even from herself, would be one of his most important jobs as her Daddy.

“Sweetheart, we need to talk about something.” He loosened his arms around her, allowing her to lean back and peer up at him. The innocent gleam in her eyes made his cock rock hard.

“What’s that, Daddy?”

“I’d like to know what you were doing this morning when we crashed into one another. It looked like you were headed outside in the snowstorm.”

“I like to take a walk every morning. I was headed outside to do a quick mile, that’s all.” Her lips quirked in a tiny smile. “Yes, I know I probably wasn’t dressed warm enough. I promise next time I go out in a storm, I’ll wear a coat.” She settled back against his chest as though she considered the matter settled.

“Young lady, this discussion isn’t over yet.” He waited until she straightened a bit and met his gaze. “Visibility was very poor this morning. It wouldn’t have been safe for you to go out in the storm, especially if you were planning to walk a *mile*. You would’ve likely gotten lost. Furthermore, there was a windchill in the negative teens. I doubt you get weather that cold in Richmond very often. And don’t even get me started on your poor choice in footwear. You could’ve very well ended up with frostbite on your toes.” Anger flared inside him as he considered the immense danger she would’ve found herself in had she actually gone outside.

Her gaze clouded with worry, the mischievous glint in her eyes fading. He could tell she was thinking about what he’d just said and taking it seriously. Good. He didn’t want to scare her, but he wanted her to understand that risking her safety was unacceptable.

“You look really mad, Daddy.” Her face fell and she peered at his chest, avoiding his gaze. Her chest rose and fell more rapidly, her expression became more troubled, and he feared she was on the verge of a panic attack.

He placed a finger beneath her chin and forced her eyes to his. “Breathe, baby, breathe. Daddy isn’t going to yell at you. I’m not planning to punish you for this either. I just wanted to talk to you and get you to understand how dangerous it would’ve been for you to go outside like that by yourself. Your well-being is important to me. I feel very protective of you, Kaylee.”

“You do? Why? We haven’t known each other for that long.”

“Yes, I do. I’ve felt protective of you from the first moment I looked into your eyes. And when I saw those burns on your hands, all I could think about was helping you feel better.” He rubbed her back as he spoke in the gentlest tone he could muster, and to his relief, her breathing returned to normal, and she no longer appeared on the verge of panic. Not for the first time, he thought about how badly he wanted to punch Fuckface Chad in the nose. The sort of fear he’d seen in her eyes didn’t come from nowhere. Stephen could only imagine how her ex had treated her during disagreements.

Kaylee appeared deep in thought for a long moment. Finally, she said, “I came here to distract myself from what happened with Chad and Amy, and I’m afraid I wasn’t really thinking straight this morning. I need to stay busy so I won’t think about him and how lonely I feel most of the time, so I hopped out of bed and went into autopilot and got ready to go outside for a walk like I usually do each morning. I didn’t check the weather, so I didn’t know about the windchill, though in my defense, I was wearing layers. I packed boots but didn’t know it was snowing until I got downstairs. I suppose you’re right that it would’ve been very unsafe to go outside, especially alone. The idea of getting lost in a storm does sound scary, and I appreciate that you’re looking out for me.” She squared her shoulders and looked him straight in the eye. “I promise I’ll try to be more careful, Daddy. It’s a good thing we ran into each other this morning. Literally.”

Shit. He couldn't fault her for needing to stay busy. Hadn't he done the same thing after Heather died? He'd worked himself to exhaustion and he'd also taken some of the most dangerous assignments. He knew all too well the toll heartbreak could take on a person.

"I can understand needing to stay busy, sweetheart. It's my hope that each morning you wake up is easier than the one before. Thank you for promising to be more careful." He pressed another kiss to her forehead, then started taking out her pigtails. He removed the ribbons and combed his fingers through the braids, causing her hair to fall in luxurious golden waves around her shoulders. She leaned into his touch with a soft sigh, allowing him to take care of her.

He petted her and snuggled her for a few more minutes. He loved the feel of her in his arms. But she couldn't seem to sit still. She kept shifting in his lap as though she were struggling to get comfortable.

"Is your bottom still sore?"

She blushed and nodded, then squirmed around more as though to demonstrate just how sore she was.

"Would you like Daddy to rub your butt?"

"O-okay." Her blush deepened, her face turning a rosy hue.

He placed her facedown over his lap, lifted her shirt, and set to work caressing her bottom, though he saw only the faintest hint of red. As he kneaded her cheeks, he noticed the glimmer of arousal between her thighs. His Little girl was getting wet again.

CHAPTER 13



Kaylee couldn't believe how quickly things were progressing with Stephen. *Daddy*. She was over his lap letting him rub her sore bottom, and her face heated when she thought about why it was sore in the first place. He'd given her a spanking. He'd punished her because she'd disobeyed him.

Little girls who disobey their daddies get punished. That means you've earned yourself a spanking, Kaylee.

Is your kitty throbbing for Daddy, sweetheart? Are you getting wet because you know Daddy's about to pull your panties down and take you over his knee?

Before I start your spanking, little girl, Daddy wants to have a good look at how wet and swollen your kitty is becoming.

If you take your spanking like a good girl, Daddy will play with your kitty afterward. Imagine how nice it'll feel to have Daddy stroking your slickness and rubbing your clit.

His words from earlier in the night kept replaying in her mind, causing her pussy to clench repeatedly. Warmth undulated in her center, and she had to fight the urge to squirm. She liked the feel of Daddy's hands caressing her sore butt cheeks, but she was starting to wish he'd touch her somewhere else instead. Between her thighs. She felt herself getting wet and she ached for him to touch her kitty.

To her shock, he abruptly grasped her bottom and spread her wide.

“Daddy, please.” Shame rushed through her because she knew he could see everything. But for some reason, her embarrassment over knowing how exposed she was only heightened her excitement. Her face burned and her clit throbbed so hard she was tempted to try reaching under herself to stroke it. Whimpers left her and she hoped Daddy would touch her privates soon.

“Please, what? Tell me what you want, baby.”

“I’m all achy and wet, Daddy. I-I need you to help make the ache go away.”

“Are you asking Daddy to tend to your kitty, sweetheart?”

“Yesssssss. *Please.*”

It happened fast. One second, he had her center splayed wide apart, and in the next second he had two—or possibly three, she wasn’t certain—fingers shoved into her aching depths.

He pressed on her clit with his thumb and swirled her moisture around, driving her wild with the increasing pressure to her most sensitive spot.

Oh god. She could scarcely take in air. Hell, she could hardly remember her name or why she was here. All she cared about was the deliciously wondrous sensations he was eliciting within her. He pumped his fingers into her kitty with deep drives that left her moaning and writhing upon his lap.

She blinked fast as her vision blurred, and the exquisite fullness of his digits plunging into her combined with the precise rubs to her clit had her soon climaxing with a keening groan.

Once the final remnant of her orgasm faded and she stilled, he withdrew his hand from her kitty and gave her bottom an affectionate pat.

“Feel better, baby? Or do you need Daddy to rub you some more?”

“Mm. Much better. Thank you.”

He lifted her up and placed her on his lap again, and she clutched on to him for support as a wave of dizziness swept over her. Wow. She didn’t think she’d ever had such an intense release in her life. It was even better than the

one he'd given her after the spanking.

She felt the immense bulge beneath her and experienced an overwhelming urge to get on her knees and take him in her mouth. Not because she thought she owed him pleasure in return, but because she was eager to taste him. Eager to feel him shudder and hear him cry out in the throes of his own climax. Heat rushed through her as she imagined sucking him until he erupted in her mouth.

Slowly, she crawled off his lap and knelt between his spread legs. He shot her a curious look, but his gaze turned heated when she reached for the zipper of his pants. He leaned forward and cupped the side of her face.

“Do you want Daddy’s cock, sweetheart?”

She nodded and attempted to unfasten his pants, but it was a difficult task to accomplish with him sitting down. He rose to his feet and stepped around her, and her heart raced with panic as she feared he didn’t want her mouth. But then he faced her and unfastened his pants. She watched with bated breath as his manhood sprang free. She gasped at the size of it.

Daddy’s cock was massive. It was also fully erect with a glimmering drop of his essence on the thick, bulbous tip. She doubted she would manage all of him in her mouth, but she vowed to try her best. She wanted to make him feel good.

“I’m clean, by the way,” he said, and it took her a second to comprehend his meaning.

“Oh!” She flushed. “Well considering you haven’t dated in years, I expected you would be. I should’ve probably mentioned this sooner, but I got tested the day after I left Mr. Assface. I’m clean too.”

He stepped closer and stroked her hair, his gentle touch causing a rush of endorphins to prickle her scalp. “I’m glad to hear that, baby, because I plan to eventually take all your holes. But I think for now we’ll start with your pretty little mouth. Open.” He nudged his huge length to her lips, and she opened to take him as ordered.

The heady scent of him surrounded her, a masculine spicy aroma that corresponded with the delicious taste of him. She whimpered as he pushed a bit deeper in her mouth, and she braced her hands on his thighs. The saltiness of that drop of his essence melted on her lapping tongue.

“Good, good girl,” he growled. “That’s it. Lick Daddy’s cock like it’s your favorite dessert.”

She spent a while twirling her tongue over his bulbous tip, then she commenced a steady forward and back thrusting motion, taking him as deep in her throat as she dared. He placed his hands on her head, though he didn’t hold her in place and take over. Instead, he let her explore at her own pace, let her figure out which movements made him growl or moan, let her go as slowly as she needed to lest she gag on his hugeness.

“Your mouth feels so good, little girl. Daddy’s not going to last much longer.” He combed his fingers through her hair. “Try to swallow as much as you can. I want to feel you swallowing my seed, baby. Daddy wants to nourish you.”

She bobbed her head faster over his cock, hollowing her cheeks and taking him even deeper. Growls emanated from his chest and his fingers tightened in her hair. Though he’d allowed her to take the lead earlier, he thrust into her suddenly and cried out as his length pulsed in her mouth. His salty essence coated her tongue, and she attempted to swallow all of it, though she felt a few drops gliding down her face and neck.

Next time, she promised herself. Next time, she would succeed in swallowing every last drop.

She wanted to be Daddy’s good girl in every possible way.

A spasm affected her kitty and she realized she’d grown wet as she’d sucked him. As she’d licked Daddy’s cock like it was her favorite dessert. She blushed at the sensually descriptive phrase he’d used.

He withdrew from her mouth and gazed down at her with a look of adoration that stunned her to the depths of her being. After returning his shaft

to his pants, he said, “Stay on your knees for a moment, sweet girl. Daddy will be right back.”

He disappeared into the bathroom. She heard the sound of water running and a cabinet being opened and closed, and he returned shortly with a warm damp towel that he applied to her neck and the corners of her mouth, cleaning her off.

She flushed under his attentions and the aching in her core deepened.

Once he’d finished cleaning her up, he tossed the towel into a hamper and helped her to her feet, only to immediately reach between her thighs and test her wetness. His sexy blue gaze became heated, and his nostrils flared.

“You did a good job sucking Daddy’s cock, Kaylee.”

Her lips parted on a gasp as he worked a finger over her clit. She grabbed on to his arms for support, her legs still weak in the aftermath of the orgasm he’d given her after rubbing her sore butt.

“So wet,” he said in a deep, gravelly voice. “Did you like the taste of Daddy’s cum? Did you like feeling it go down your throat?” He backed her against the wall, his finger still tending to her swollen, needy clit. She could hardly believe she hovered on the edge of yet another release.

“Yes,” she gasped. “Yes, I-I... oh!” She fell apart in his arms, but he didn’t let her fall. He waited until she ceased moaning, then carried her to the bed.

CHAPTER 14



The scent of her arousal beckoned to him, and he had to taste her. He also wanted her thoroughly satisfied, and a fourth orgasm ought to do the trick.

He arranged her at the edge of the mattress and guided her legs over his shoulders as he knelt before her. She propped herself up on her elbows as a look of surprise colored her features.

“Daddy?”

“Lie back and get comfortable, baby. Daddy wants to taste you.”

A long breath shuddered out of her, but she finally settled back on the bed, her legs still propped over his shoulders.

Her pink folds gleamed under a thick sheen of her essence, and he leaned closer to take a long breath as he savored the scent. Fuck yes. He tapped at her clit and she jolted on the bed, her center lifting upward. A sweet whimper emanated from her throat, and he watched as she grew wetter while he played with her engorged button, alternating gentle taps with firm caresses.

She was so perfect and responsive, this sweet Little girl who would soon belong to him in every way. He would do whatever it took to keep her. Move heaven and Earth. Lasso the fucking moon. Whatever it took to convince her that they were meant to be one another’s second chance.

He ceased tapping her clit and spread her kitty wide, revealing the dark pink glimmering core of her. He shoved three digits into her depths and

finally touched his tongue to her swollen nubbin. Her whimpers and moans echoed in his head, encouraging him to circle his tongue faster. He paid homage to her clit as he drove his fingers in and out of her tight core, and when he sensed the imminence of her release, he shoved his digits deep within her and felt her inner walls contracting.

She writhed on the bed and tightened her thighs around his head, but he didn't remove his tongue from her clit until the final cry of ecstasy vibrated from her throat and she ceased undulating her hips. She lay panting breathlessly on the edge of the mattress, the comforter balled up in her hands, a fatigued but dreamy look upon her face.

He pulled back and met her unfocused gaze. "Time for a bath, sweet girl." He scooped her up in his arms and carried her out of the bedroom.

Once they reached the bathroom, Stephen set Kaylee down, though he didn't let her go since she seemed unsteady on her feet. He placed a towel on a stool and helped her sit atop it. "Your kitty is soaking wet, and you don't want to make a mess on the stool, do you?" His comment caused her to blush deeply.

He got the bath running and added the lavender soap, and the tub soon filled with bubbles. When he turned back to Kaylee, he found her squirming on the stool and glancing at the toilet.

"Do you need to use the potty, sweetheart?"

Her head shot up and her eyes widened. "Nope."

He gave her a stern look. "I hope you're not lying to me."

Worry flared in her gaze, followed by a glimmer of guilt. "I don't want to go in front of you, Daddy." She glanced at the door, then shot him a pleading look. "Please could I have some privacy?"

"Baby, I'm not sure you could stand up right now if your life depended upon it. I don't want you falling and getting hurt." He knelt in front of her and grasped her hands. "It's okay. Let me help you."

She swallowed hard and peered around the bathroom, as though looking

for a means of escape.

“How about I set you on the potty, then I’ll leave the room briefly so you can do your business?” he offered, not wanting to push her beyond her limits. Perhaps one day she would gladly allow him to take care of her in this way, maybe she would even agree to wear diapers on occasion, but he didn’t want to make her so uncomfortable that she shut down on him.

Biting her lower lip and still looking dubious, she gave a quick nod.

“Good girl. But you must promise you won’t try to stand up until I come back.”

“I promise. Thank you, Daddy.”

“Okay, just call out when you’re done. I won’t be able to hear very well over the sound of the bathtub filling up.”

He got her settled on the toilet, kissed the top of her head, and slipped out the bathroom door. He left the door cracked an inch and waited until she called out. She wouldn’t meet his eyes when he returned to the bathroom, but he was glad she hadn’t tried to stand on her own. He could see her legs were still trembling. He reached for the toilet paper, but she shook her head and pushed his hands away.

“I already did that, Daddy.” Her cheeks turned red, and she cast a longing look at the bathtub, which was nearly filled with water and bubbles.

“All right, sweetheart. Let’s get you into the bath.” He helped her stand, only for her to hastily turn in his arms so she could close the seat and flush the toilet. Her blush was adorable, and he again imagined putting her in diapers.

He guided her to the tub. After ensuring the temperature was just right, he assisted her into the water and turned the faucet off. He reached into his pocket for one of the ribbons he’d removed from her hair, using it to arrange her hair in a messy bun. “There you go, now your hair won’t get wet.”

“Thanks, Daddy. You think of everything.” The look of gratitude she gave him caused his heart to skip a beat. The bubbles floated high on the

surface, and she released a contented sigh as she finally leaned back in the tub. “Mmm. This is nice. Lavender is my favorite, too.”

He smiled at her as he grabbed a few handcloths from a shelf. She watched his every move with an air of curiosity and anticipation. He settled on the side of the tub and dipped a cloth into the water. “Don’t get too comfortable. As much as I’d like to let you relax in the tub for a while, baby, I’m afraid you might become too relaxed and start nodding off.” He applied the soapy cloth to her back and began washing her with gentle caresses. “Daddy’s going to give you a quick but thorough bath, baby, then we’ll get you into some fresh jammies.”

If the gift shop were still open at this hour, he would send for a special delivery of cute drop-seat pajamas, but he could dress her in another one of his oversized shirts and a long pair of socks. Besides, he rather liked seeing his clothing on her.

Kaylee yawned widely and blinked at him. “I can’t believe I’m getting tired again. Especially since I had a nap earlier, and I never take naps.”

“You had an eventful day.” He winked at her and continued cleaning her back with the soapy cloth. Next, he moved to her arms, taking his time as he soaped her up and scooped water from the tub to rinse the suds away.

“After my bath is over,” she said, her tone uncertain, “shouldn’t I go back to my room? I don’t want to impose and... well, I usually get up pretty early for work. I have a video meeting with a client tomorrow morning at eight.”

“I won’t force you to stay here tonight and sleep next to me, sweetheart, but I’ll be honest, I’d very much love to have you stay.” He paused in his scrubbing. “I’m an early riser myself. If you spend the night, I’ll make sure you’re up in time to get back to your room. I’ll even fix you a big cup of black coffee.”

Her expression remained wary. “That sounds wonderful. But are you sure I’m not imposing? I’m not keeping you from anything?”

“Baby, I’m sure. You’re my number one focus, and it would bring me joy

to sleep with you nestled next to me in bed. It's been a long time since..." His voice trailed off. Fuck. He didn't want to talk about the past, but sometimes the words just slipped out.

She patted his hand and smiled. "I'll stay, Daddy. As long as you don't rescind the offer of coffee in the morning." She giggled, and just like that, the atmosphere in the room lightened.

"I wouldn't dream of it." Satisfied that their evening wouldn't be cut short, he returned to bathing her. He moved the soapy cloth over her breasts, then under her arms and down her sides.

She laughed and jerked in the water. "Daddeeeeee." She pouted. "That tickles."

He smirked but avoided touching the sides of her stomach again. He'd filled the tub a little too high and he didn't want her splashing water on the floor.

"All right, sweet girl, do you think you can lift your bottom out of the water for me?" He gestured to the front of the tub. "Get on your knees and lean forward. You can brace your hands there. Daddy needs to make sure you're clean *everywhere*, including your kitty and your cute little bottom hole."

Her lips parted on a tiny gasp and her eyes went wide. At first, he worried she was about to refuse, but she eventually got onto her knees and lifted her butt out of the water. She placed her hands on the front area of the tub for support and as she turned to look at him, a shiver coursed through her body.

"Are you cold? I can turn up the heat."

She shook her head. "No, I'm not cold at all." She gulped hard and watched as he grabbed a fresh cloth and dipped it into the water. "I'm just getting excited again, that's all."

"Hm." He probed her kitty with his fingers. "Does my sweet baby want Daddy to give her special rubs before bed?"

A desperate whimper came from her, and she nodded as another shiver

racked her body. He set to work immediately, strumming the sensitive bit of flesh while her bottom hovered above the water. As he circled her clit with his pointer finger, he splayed her cheeks wider apart, wanting a better look at her pucker. Then he nudged his thumb to her back entrance and applied pressure, though he didn't intend to breach her tight hole. He would never do such a thing without proper lubrication to guide the way, and at present he didn't have any within reach.

“*Daddy.*” She writhed in the water and tossed her head back, her eyes fluttering shut. “*Ohhh.*”

His cock hardened as he imagined claiming her tightest orifice, slamming into her from behind while his balls impacted on her engorged clit.

“Be a good girl and come for Daddy.” He applied more pressure to her pucker, and she gave a shuddering moan as her body convulsed. “Be careful,” he admonished. “If you splash water on the floor, you’re going to be in trouble.”

She didn't heed his warning. In fact, he couldn't be certain she didn't do it on purpose, but as she cried out in the throes of her release, a wave of water not only pelted him but splashed upon the floor as well. He retracted his hand from her center and gave her a censorious glance.

“Uh oh. Sorry, Daddy.”

Her words belied her expression, however, as the mischievous Little girl didn't appear very apologetic. If anything, she seemed a bit pleased as she gazed at the water on the floor, and a smile tugged at her lips when she noticed his pants were wet too.

“*Uh oh* is right. Now Daddy has to punish you.”

He scooped soapy water over her bottom and watched as the bubbles cascaded down. Once he repeated this action a few times and her butt was nice and wet, he gave her six quick but firm swats, three on each of her quivering cheeks. She gasped and wiggled around but didn't make any real effort to evade his punishing hand.

“Next time I expect you to behave yourself in the tub, young lady,” he said in a scolding tone. “In fact, next time you’re naughty during bath time, Daddy will paddle your wet soapy bottom with a bath brush.”

She peered at him with wide eyes and gave a wordless nod.

God, she was so fucking cute.

After placing a towel on the floor to soak up the water she’d splashed out, he pulled the plug and helped her stand. He grabbed the retractable shower head and turned it on, then rinsed all the suds from her body, urging her to turn in a slow circle as he did so, though he kept one hand on her at all times so she didn’t lose her balance.

The rest of the evening was perfect. Stephen dried Kaylee off and helped her into another one of his shirts and a pair of his socks that reached her knees. He untied the ribbon from her hair and spent a solid half hour brushing her silken locks. He offered her a bedtime snack, helped her brush her teeth, and read her another story.

The experience of getting her ready for bed and then tucking her in next to him solidified his desire to keep her forever. She fell asleep first, and he was content to lie awake for another two hours just watching the steady rise and fall of her chest. She also made the cutest noises in her sleep. He gathered her closer and finally shut his eyes.

CHAPTER 15



Kaylee sat across from Amanda in the Italian restaurant. It was their third time having lunch this week at the same place, and she could tell her friend was brimming with questions. As they ordered, Amanda kept peering at Kaylee with an overly curious gleam in her eye. Once the server walked away, Amanda's eyebrows shot up and she said, "Well, how are things going between you and that hunk of a Daddy you're seeing?"

A heated flush stole over Kaylee and she couldn't suppress a grin.

"That good, huh?" Amanda leaned back in her chair, returning Kaylee's smile. "Well, you look a thousand times happier than when I ran into you the other morning. Not gonna lie, I was worried about you. Also not gonna lie, Chad never quite passed the vibe check with me. I don't know Stephen at all, but there's a glow to you I've never seen before. He must be doing something right."

"I didn't expect I'd be spending time with a Daddy during my solo trip to Rawhide," Kaylee admitted, "but he makes me happy. He's sweet but also stern sometimes, and every night I look forward to our bedtime ritual." She flushed. "I've stayed over at his place every night for the last six nights. I never thought being a Little was something that would appeal to me, but submitting to a Daddy like Stephen has awakened a yearning inside me that I can't stop. I can't get enough of him. It's too bad it can't last." She blew out a

rapid breath and her heart sank a little.

“Can’t last? What do you mean?”

“I mean I’m returning to Richmond in about three weeks, and Stephen just moved to Rawhide. I doubt I’ll be able to come back before summertime, and I certainly don’t expect him to wait around and pine for me. He’s the total Daddy package and I’m sure he’ll meet someone else after I leave.” She tried to ignore the surge of jealousy that coursed through her when she imagined Stephen taking another Little under his care, but it wasn’t easy, and it also wasn’t easy to ignore the heartache that pierced her at the idea of eventually saying good-bye.

The server bustled over with their drinks and Kaylee used the pause in conversation to further ponder the situation. She considered herself lucky for having met Stephen, but she wished the prospect of losing him didn’t hurt so badly. How could she return home and suddenly be without him?

Dammit. She’d broken the rules she’d set for herself before coming to Rawhide. She’d planned to unwind by playing with a few Doms in the dungeon and nothing more. No strings, no attachments, no heartbreak. Shit. She hadn’t wanted to open her heart to another man so soon after her breakup with Chad and for good reason—getting your heart broken sucked.

As soon as the server departed the table, Kaylee took a sip of her iced tea and wished Amanda wasn’t looking at her with pity.

“Ever considered a long-distance relationship?” Amanda ventured as she swirled a straw in her lemonade. “I know it’s not optimal, but you could take turns visiting one another. Plus, you could video chat every day if you wanted. If you really like this gentleman, I don’t think you should let geography fuck it up.” The gleam of pity left her eyes to be replaced with an encouraging smile.

“We haven’t had sex yet,” Kaylee whispered. Then she glanced from side to side to make sure no one had overheard. She expected Amanda to appear surprised, but she didn’t so much as bat an eye.

“Are you worried he’s not into you just because you haven’t done the deed yet? Because I’ve seen the way he looks at you, Kaylee darling. I walked past you guys yesterday in the cafeteria and you were so lovey-dovey into one another that you didn’t even see me. My point is, he’s probably trying to take it slow-ish and earn your trust. I realize you’ve shared a lot of other intimate activities, but just because you haven’t had sex yet doesn’t mean he doesn’t want to put a ring on it.”

“Don’t talk about rings! We’ve only been hanging out for a week.”

“Hanging out? Is that what the kids call it these days?” Amanda smirked and took a sip of her lemonade. “My guess is he’ll probably try to follow you back to Richmond. I mean look at you. You’re adorable and sweet as pie. What Daddy wouldn’t want you?”

Kaylee glared at her friend. “I wouldn’t want to ruin his plans. He moved to Rawhide to take a job as a security officer. He’s a retired detective and this is his second career. I’m not worth—” She stopped speaking the second Amanda’s eyes widened with outrage.

“You listen here, missy.” Amanda stabbed a finger in her direction. “You’re an amazing woman and you *are* worth it. If I hear you put yourself down again, I’ll tattle to your Daddy.”

“*Fine.*” Kaylee crossed her arms and huffed. “Now, let’s change the subject. What about you? How’s your life going?”

Amanda patted her perfectly coiffed hair as a soft smile played about her lips. “Curious about my most recent exploits in the dungeon, are you?” She leaned forward with a wicked glint in her eyes. “Very well. I suppose it’s only fair I tell you about my recent escapades since you’ve told me about yours.”

The women continued chatting and enjoyed a delicious lunch at the restaurant, Kaylee opting for baked ziti while Amanda had chicken parmigiana. They shared a basket of crusty bread and eventually ordered a bottle of wine. Amanda didn’t have anywhere to be until eight tonight—a

session in the dungeon with a Dom she'd recently met—and Kaylee wasn't due to meet up with Stephen until five.

She wasn't certain what tonight's festivities would hold, but he'd promised her there would be a special surprise. She couldn't keep the smile from her face whenever she thought about him, and she felt a little guilty for zoning out a few times while Amanda talked about her new job or her favorite new store in town.

Maybe the surprise was another cute outfit. She still couldn't believe how many Little outfits he'd purchased for her this week. Short pretty dresses in pastel shades, more brightly colored holiday dresses, a collection of drop-seat pajamas, a schoolgirl uniform, knee-high socks, and the list went on. He'd gotten her books and numerous stuffed animals too.

She'd felt strange the first time he handed her a stuffed animal, unsure what to do with it. Of course, she'd thanked him and she was touched by the gift—a soft stuffed bear—but later in the night as she'd settled more into Little-mode, she'd found herself contentedly hugging the stuffie while she and her Daddy watched a movie together.

Heat flowed through her when she recalled some of the naughtier toys Stephen had acquired. Like the butt plugs and the vibrating wand. He'd used both on her already and she fought the urge to squirm in her seat as she remembered how violently she'd shattered with a plug seated in her bottom and the wand teasing her clit.

Lunch concluded, Kaylee hugged Amanda good-bye and started back to her room. She answered an unexpected work call and finally got ready to go to the gym and pool. Too bad a certain muscular Speedo-wearing Daddy wouldn't be there, but she reminded herself she would see him soon. She would spend another amazing night in his arms.

She only wished she could freeze time and make December last forever.

She considered Amanda's advice, but a long-distance relationship sounded complicated and stressful. How could she continue falling deeper

in... well, love wasn't the right word—affection?—for Stephen but not see him every day?

Her fear of loneliness, especially during the holidays, had driven her to take the month-long vacation to Rawhide Ranch. But what if Stephen had other plans for Christmas and New Year's? He hadn't specifically asked if she wanted to spend those days with him. For all she knew, he might have friends nearby he was planning to visit. Hell, he might even be planning a quick trip back to Chicago.

The more her mind whirled, the darker her spirits became, and she found herself suffering in a loop of panic that wouldn't cease. Breathing fast, she found a bench to sit on and pretended to be engrossed by her phone, not wanting anyone to approach her. If anyone thought she looked sad or worried or scared and tried to help her, she would probably burst into tears just like she had on her first night here when Master Derek had found her crying.

Chad. Why wasn't she enough for him?

Tears burned in her eyes. What if Stephen eventually discovered the defect in her personality that had turned Chad off? What if he fell for another Little and turned his back on her? She shouldn't care because she was leaving soon. She should want him to be happy with someone else since she couldn't stay.

Oh God. Oh no. A few tears hit her phone, and she leaned down and let her hair obscure her face. Thankfully, no one passed by her close enough to notice her crying. She blinked fast, did some deep breathing, and strived to settle her worries.

Finally, she calmed down enough to stop the flow of tears. She entered the nearby elevator when no one else was on it and sighed with relief when she reached the safety of her room. She curled up in bed and tried to turn off her mind.

So much for her trip to the gym and the pool. She only hoped she'd manage to calm down enough to enjoy her date with Stephen later. *Daddy.*

She sighed and burrowed her head deeper in the pillow.

CHAPTER 16



Stephen finished placing the large Christmas tree next to the living room window and stood back to inspect his handiwork. After disposing of his gloves, he checked the time and was relieved to find he had less than an hour until his date night with Kaylee started. Several boxes of lights, tinsel, and ornaments sat on the floor nearby, and he hoped she would enjoy helping him decorate the tree. He'd hinted he would have a big surprise for her tonight, and he smiled to himself as he recalled the excitement that had filled her eyes as she tried to guess what it was.

Tired and sweaty from his exertions hauling the tree into his apartment, he rushed to take a quick shower. As he got ready, he considered whether Kaylee might be open to discussing a future together. Would she think him a lovestruck fool if he told her he didn't want to say good-bye to her in three weeks?

Seven days. They'd only known one another for seven days.

He groaned as he stuck his head under the water spray and washed his hair. Dammit. How could he make her understand how much he adored her? How fervently he believed they were a perfect match? He could easily imagine spending the rest of his life with her and God how he hoped to make it happen.

If he admitted he loved her (and he very much did), would she look at

him like he was crazy? Would she think he was a walking red flag?

Only one way to find out, he decided, and hurried to finish getting ready.

They met near the lobby elevators at five, and his heart skipped a beat. She was beautiful as always. This evening she was wearing a light purple dress with sparkly, pink tights. He immediately wrapped her in his arms, breathing in the familiar lavender scent of her. He picked her up and playfully spun her in a circle as she giggled, then set her down and gave her another hug.

“Daddy, what’s gotten into you?” Her eyes shone brightly, though he thought something looked off about her. As he inspected her more closely, he realized she’d been crying recently. Her eyes were slightly red-rimmed, and it was obvious she’d tried to cover up the evidence with too much makeup. His protective instincts rose to the surface, but he didn’t want to question her while they were in public.

“I’m just happy to see my sweet Little girl,” he finally replied, then kissed her nose. Her answering smile warmed his heart.

“Well, I’m *waiting*.” She shot him an impatient look. “What’s this big, humongous surprise you’ve been blabbering about?”

He narrowed his eyes at her. “I don’t blabber.”

“Oh, I think you blabber sometimes. You also yammer and blather and jabber. Especially when you’re being all bossy and explaining why you’re right and why I need to listen to you and blabber yammer blah blah.”

“One of us is blabbering right now, young lady, but it’s not me.” He playfully tugged on one of her braids.

She gave him an impish yet challenging look, as though daring him to scold her in the middle of the semi-crowded area off the lobby. Guests were headed to and from the restaurants and other areas of the resort, and workers kept bustling in and out with holiday decorations.

Seeing the resort looking more festive made Stephen anxious to reveal his big surprise, so he grasped Kaylee’s hand and tugged her to the elevators. He

took her down to the tunnels and they used a cart to reach his apartment building. She held on to his arm and said, “Weee,” a few times even though he didn’t drive fast, and her exuberance made him hopeful that whatever had caused her to cry was now resolved, though he fully intended to question her later. If something was bothering her, he wanted to help in any way he could, even if the problem was completely unconnected to their relationship.

He used his keycard to open the door and ushered her inside. As soon as she rounded the corner in the hallway and spotted the tree, she stopped in her tracks and her mouth dropped open. He held his breath, awaiting her reaction. When she didn’t utter a word and the light in her eyes dimmed, he grasped her hand and turned her to face him.

“Baby, what’s wrong?”

She blinked fast. “Nothing.”

He guided her into the living room and settled on the couch with her on his lap. He tilted her face upward and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead. A minute ago, she’d been all smiles and impish behavior. What had happened in such a short period of time to change her demeanor? He didn’t understand how the appearance of the tree would upset her. Unless she thought it was a ridiculous surprise. His spirits plunged at the prospect. He’d rushed to town after his shift had ended earlier than expected to find the perfect tree, wanting to get it set up in time for their date night.

“Talk to me, Kaylee.” He nodded at her encouragingly.

“I am talking to you.”

“You know what I mean. Tell me why you were crying earlier and why you suddenly shut down when you saw the Christmas tree.”

“I wasn’t crying earlier, Stephen,” she said, using his name for the first time in days. What the hell was happening with her? What was happening between them? “And I didn’t shut down when I saw the tree. It’s a very nice tree and it looks great in your apartment.”

He placed a finger beneath her chin when she attempted to avoid his gaze.

“*Kaylee.*”

Her bottom lip quivered.

“*Kaylee.* Daddy’s here. You’re safe with me and you can tell me anything.”

“Okay, fine!” Her face crumpled. “I’m leaving soon. I’m going home. And you’re going to meet someone else and everything we shared is going to be over and I wasn’t even sure if you wanted to spend Christmas Day with me or New Year’s and... and...” She burst into tears and tried to slide off his lap, but he held her tightly in his arms, preventing her escape. She wasn’t going anywhere. Not until they talked this through. Not until he made her understand just how much she meant to him.

“I care about you very much, *Kaylee,*” he said, stroking her back while she cried into his chest. “The truth is that I’ve never fallen so hard and so fast for anyone in my entire life. Not even my wife. I don’t want this to end, sweetheart, but I understand you have a life to get back to. I can’t expect you to stay, but *fuck*—pardon my language—I don’t want you to leave. The prospect of saying good-bye to you breaks my heart, little one. In the short time I’ve known you, you’ve become my whole world. I don’t even care about keeping my new job and apartment—I’ll follow you home, baby, if you’ll let me.”

She withdrew from his arms partially and peered at him in shock. “I like a lot of the things you’re saying, Daddy. Keep talking.” Cautious hope flared in her gaze, and the tears cascading down her face slowed.

He kissed her forehead again and then used his thumbs to wipe at the tear tracks on her cheeks. “You’re special to me, *Kaylee.* You’re my Little girl and I’m your Daddy. I want to keep you forever.”

“Forever?”

“Yes, baby, forever.” He nodded at the tree. “I got the tree because I thought you might enjoy decorating it with me. I’d hoped we would spend Christmas together, and I’m sorry I didn’t ask you sooner.”

Tears filled her eyes anew, but Stephen was fairly certain they were the happy kind. His suspicions were confirmed seconds later when a wide smile broke across her face.

“I wanna spend the holidays with you, Daddy. Nothing would make me happier. I just started overthinking today and I worried about whether you already had plans for Christmas. I didn’t want to presume they included me. Sure, I know you just moved here, but for all I know you have friends or extended family in town or someone else you’d rather—”

He clasped her face and pressed his lips to hers. “Sweetheart, you’re spending Christmas with me and that’s final. You understand?”

She smiled and nodded and blinked away more tears.

“Now, I’m going to ask you something and you need to be completely honest. Don’t worry about hurting my feelings, either. Okay?”

She gave him another nod.

“Do you want to be my Little permanently?”

“Are you asking me to go steady, Daddy?”

“I suppose I am.”

“Well, the answer is yes, big guy.” She planted a loud kiss on his lips, and he chuckled as joy resounded within him.

He officially had a girlfriend. A Little. One day, he would convince her to marry him. However, he’d save that conversation for another day. “You’ve just made me the happiest man alive, baby. Thank you.” He stroked her hair and reveled in the sweet look of affection she leveled upon him.

“Can I ask you something, Daddy?” A hint of worry clouded her eyes. “It’s um, about the things we do. Or rather, this is about the one thing we haven’t done yet.”

“Ah.” He nodded in understanding. “You want to know why we haven’t had sex yet, don’t you?”

“Yes. That’s what I’m wondering. Is it cause you’re a virgin, Daddy?” Her eyes sparkled bright with mischief. “Cause if so, I promise I’ll be real

gentle with you the first time.”

He settled a faux-glare on her that left her clutching her sides with laughter. Once her laughter faded and she grew quiet, he decided to tell her the truth. He grasped her hands and waited for her to meet his gaze.

“I wanted to fully claim you during our first night together, Kaylee, and every other night since then, too. But I worried if I took things too fast, I might scare you away. I realize that might sound strange considering all the other ways we’ve enjoyed one another’s bodies, and all the Daddy/Little activities we’ve shared, but I couldn’t risk pushing you away. From our very first night together, I knew I wanted to keep you. I knew I’d do whatever it took to make you mine, baby.”

She laced her arms around his neck and suggestively wiggled her bottom upon his lap, causing his cock to shift and his balls to draw up tight with pleasure. “Well, Daddy, since we’re going steady and you want to keep me forever, maybe tonight we ought to seal the deal if you know what I mean.” She squirmed again.

CHAPTER 17



Kaylee's heart soared. They hadn't ironed the details out, but they were one hundred percent absolutely staying together. Daddy had mentioned not caring about leaving Rawhide to follow her back to Richmond, but what he didn't know is that she was suddenly considering relocating her PR firm to Montana. Most of the time, she worked from her laptop anyway, and more than once she'd thought the office space she rented was a waste of money since clients rarely met with her there. Her assistant and the other two consultants she'd partnered with also frequently worked from home. It really was a possibility.

She hummed along with the holiday music as she placed another ornament on the gorgeous Christmas tree, still stunned that Daddy had sneaked away to Porter's Corner today to buy it. She was sorry her first reaction to the tree hadn't been one of pure delight like he was clearly hoping, but she was thankful he'd pulled the truth out of her and the conversation that ensued had a happy ending.

She grasped his hand, and he paused mid-reach as he was about to place another ornament on the tree. He turned to face her and smiled, revealing those sexy dimples she loved so much. "I'm sorry I wasn't honest with you right away when you asked me what was wrong earlier, Daddy." She drew in a deep breath, summoning her courage. "I'm thankful you were so patient

and didn't get mad at me." Chad would've yelled if he asked her a question and she didn't answer truthfully right away, but Daddy wasn't like that. His kindness and his endless patience drew her in and made her feel safe and treasured.

"Oh, baby. It's okay that it took you a while to talk to me, but I hope going forward you'll be quicker to tell me when something is bothering you." He hugged her and kissed the top of her head. He cupped the side of her face. "Only a few more ornaments to go. What do you say we finish up and then we'll order dinner?"

She nodded and abruptly felt breathless. They'd already discussed what would happen tonight. First, Christmas tree decorating while listening to festive music. Followed by dinner, snuggle time, and finally, they would go to bed together. Her heart raced at the thought and her kitty grew warm and achy. She couldn't wait to feel him filling her up with his hugeness.

They opted for Mexican again and shared a huge serving of enchiladas and a nacho plate. Sadly, no margaritas, but she was holding out hope for next time. Instead of watching TV while he cleaned the kitchen, she insisted on helping him.

"I think you're eager to get in my pants, little girl, and that's why you're helping me," he said, watching her hurriedly load the dishwasher. When she bent over again, he gave her bottom a playful swat. She flushed and redoubled her efforts to finish up while he put the leftovers away and wiped the counters down.

"All done!" she announced, practically bouncing up and down. "Time for snuggles, Daddy!"

His eyes darkened as he stared down at her, and her heart rate increased as he closed the space between them and placed his hands on her shoulders. "Before snuggle time, Daddy wants to put you in a cute pair of pajamas and help you get ready for bed. I want you to be extra comfy, okay? We'll save bath time for later on in the evening, however."

“Okay, Daddy.” Little spasms affected her kitty, and she couldn’t resist squirming in place. She didn’t need to ask why he wanted to save bath time for later. Her face heated as she imagined his seed leaking out of her and trailing down her thighs. Yes, she would definitely need a long, thorough bath after that.

He wrapped an arm around her and guided her to the bedroom. She stood in the middle of the room trembling with desire as she watched him gather pink drop-seat pajamas, a pair of white panties with ruffles lining the butt area, a hand towel, and the container of baby wipes that was now attached to a warmer. She flushed as she realized his intentions. He planned to clean her kitty before putting her in fresh panties and pajamas.

He turned and gave her a knowing look as he held up the wipes. “I’ve been watching you squirm all evening, little girl. I know your kitty is probably soaking and you need Daddy to clean it for you, don’t you?”

Her face flamed with embarrassment even as her insides flittered with excitement and the heated pulses in her core intensified. “Yes, Daddy. I’m getting wet.”

After placing the items on the bed, he helped her out of her tights. Her pulse raced as it always did when he undressed her. Because whenever Daddy undressed her, it usually meant he was going to touch her privates and make her feel good. Special rubs, he sometimes called it.

“Lift your arms, sweetheart.”

She did as he asked and he promptly pulled her purple dress off her, folded it neatly, and set it aside. His nostrils flared and he made a sexy noise in his throat when his eyes dropped to her breasts. She wasn’t wearing a bra, and she felt her nipples tightening under the intensity of his gaze.

“So beautiful,” he murmured, trailing a hand from her bosom down to her stomach. He rested his fingers at the waistband of her panties, which were sparkly and pink just like her tights, and pulled them down slightly. Instead of taking them the whole way off, he knelt in front of her to inspect the wet

spot in the crotch, as well as the moisture that coated her kitty. “Just as I suspected. Daddy’s little baby is soaking wet.”

His words sent a heated thrill through her and she whimpered as he drew one finger over the seam of her nether lips. Eventually, he delved deeper and pushed a digit into her core, gliding in and out slowly as he tested her wetness.

A growl of pleasure left him, and as her knees wobbled, she found herself holding on to his shoulders for support.

Her vision blurred and she struggled for breath. The achiness in her privates was almost too much to bear, and when he finally withdrew from her depths to tap his finger on her needy clit, she groaned and thrust her center forward.

“Yes, you definitely need Daddy to clean your kitty. But I’m a bit worried you’ll soak through your panties and the pajamas right after I’m finished. Hm.” He rose to his feet and guided her to lie down on the bed. Affection gleamed in his stark blue eyes as he caressed a hand through her hair. “There’s one more thing I need to get, I’ll be right back.”

“Okay, Daddy.” Breathless and achy and brimming with excitement, she watched as he walked to the same dresser in which he stored her brand-new pajamas and panties. She thought perhaps he meant to retrieve a thicker pair of panties, but she gasped with surprise at the item he withdrew from the bottom drawer. A diaper.

She opened her mouth to protest and tell him she was a big girl and she absolutely positively didn’t need to wear a diaper, but she couldn’t seem to find the words. Her mouth went dry and for a reason she couldn’t fathom, her excitement increased. Maybe it was because Daddy could be so sweet when he took care of her.

He wouldn’t really expect her to use the diaper, would he? She watched with wide eyes as he approached and sat next to her on the bed.

“I don’t want you to soak through your panties and pajamas, sweetheart,

so instead of panties, I'm going to put a diaper on you. That way if you start having naughty thoughts and getting achy and wet after Daddy cleans your kitty, you won't make a mess." He gently patted her tummy and the caring gleam in his eyes shined brighter. "Will you be a good girl and let Daddy put a diaper on you?"

"Yes, Daddy."

CHAPTER 18



Kaylee's sweet capitulation pleased Stephen beyond measure, though he wouldn't have forced the diaper on her if she'd said 'no'. He gazed at his precious Little girl adoringly as he set to work cleansing her soaked kitty. He instructed her to hold her legs up so he could drag a warm wipe through her slick folds.

A whimpering moan came from her when he grazed over her clit, and her hips jerked upward. "Hm. You're awfully excited. Do you want special rubs before Daddy puts the diaper on you?"

She nodded. "Mmmhmm."

"All right, but let's get the diaper underneath you first. That way if you get exceedingly wet you won't make a mess on the bed." He lifted her bottom just enough to slide the opened diaper under her butt. "Keep holding your legs in place. I want a nice clear view of your private parts as I'm rubbing you."

He glided two fingers into her wetness and smoothed it over her vastly encouraged clit.

"Oh!" Her face became more flushed, and she pressed her eyes shut as a cry burst from her lips.

Taking his time, he continued caressing her growing moisture overtop her swollen button, occasionally pausing to tap gently upon it as she gasped and

moaned. Desire heated his blood to scorching and his cock throbbed in his pants. God, he wanted her, and his heart resounded with joy with the knowledge that not only was he keeping her, but tonight he would claim her fully.

While he was eager to release his cock and pound her sweet little pussy, he wanted to draw the experience out for her and make her as excited as possible. He wanted her desperate and pleading to be filled up with his shaft before he finally thrust inside her. Yes, he wanted to hear her beg.

Heat pummeled him as he watched her essence leak from her kitty down to the diaper beneath her. Fuck yes. He wanted to make her soak the diaper with her arousal, then he would clean her up and fetch a fresh one before putting the drop-seat pajamas on her.

Opening the bedside table drawer, he retrieved the wand and set it to vibrate on its lowest setting. Her eyes opened and flared with confusion when he covered her pussy with the front of the diaper.

Meeting her gaze, he pressed the wand to her crotch and relished the look of bliss that crashed over her.

He gradually increased the vibration of the wand, and she undulated her center against it, her movements wanton and eager. He guided her legs down and allowed her to place her feet upon the comforter, wanting her to have more freedom as she thrust her kitty into the wand.

“Are you getting achy and wet, sweetheart?”

“Mm.” She whimpered. “Yes, Daddy.” Her eyes closed again, and a look of concentration came over her, a sign that her release was approaching. Wanting to prolong her pleasure, he reduced the vibration of the wand to its lowest setting. Her eyes popped open and she shot him a pleading look.

“Are you soaking your diaper for Daddy?”

She inhaled a shaky breath and fisted the comforter. “Yes. Oh, please make it go faster. *Please, Daddy.* Please don’t tease me.”

“I don’t think so, sweetheart. Daddy’s in charge, and I don’t think it’s

time for you to climax just yet. I want you positively drenched before you come, baby.”

“But, Daddy!” She eyed the wand in his hand and made a sudden grab for it, but he was quick to yank it away.

“That was naughty, and when my baby is naughty, she gets her butt spanked.” Stephen lifted her legs back and the diaper fell open, revealing her gleaming folds. But it was her bottom he focused on, and he applied five rapid, firm swats.

She fisted the comforter and squirmed around, and when he glanced at her kitty again, he noticed just how swollen and distended her clit had become. The engorged pink button was protruding from her slick folds. When she continued struggling and tried to reach for the wand again, he brought his fingers down in a resounding slap directly on her clit. That got her attention, and she instantly stilled.

“Do you want Daddy to get a ruler and smack your kitty with it, young lady? Because if you don’t settle down and be a good girl, that’s what will happen.”

“I’m sorry, Daddy. It’s just that my pussy aches so much I feel like I’m gonna scream if you don’t let me come. Please don’t spank my kitty with a ruler, Daddy. I-I promise I’ll try to be a good girl.” She was panting hard, and her hair was splayed around her on the pillows in disarray, but he thought her flushed, disheveled appearance was adorable. She looked like a young lady who’d just been thoroughly ravished, never mind that he hadn’t even allowed her to climax yet.

“I’ll give you another chance, baby, but I have a ruler—as well as other implements—within easy reach in my closet, and I won’t hesitate to grab one if I think you need it.” He settled a stern look on her and waited for her agreement. She nodded and gave him an apologetic look, and he finally lowered her legs and placed her feet down, forcing her to keep her knees bent and her thighs spread wide.

He flipped the front of the diaper back over her kitty and pressed the wand to her center, still keeping it at its lowest vibration. He watched with dark pleasure as she struggled to obey. She clutched the covers tightly in her hands and whimpered, her hips rising and falling as she undulated against the torturously slow vibrations of the wand.

“I never imagined you as a sadist, Daddy,” she said with a pout.

He grinned. “I’m not a sadist, baby, but I do like watching you struggle sometimes. Do you have any idea how beautiful you are to me right now? Do you have any idea how hard Daddy’s cock is? Watching you become desperate with need excites me very, very much.”

“Yes, well, I think you’re being a big meanie.” Her center jolted up when he increased the vibration by two levels. “Oh! Oh yessss.”

Again, he took her to the brink of a climax only to yank the wand away and return it to her center on its lowest vibration a few seconds later. This time, however, she didn’t attempt to steal the wand. She gave him a dirty look but otherwise behaved herself.

He reached for her right breast and tweaked her hardened nipple, pinching before rubbing it gently to assuage the pain. He did the same to her left breast and kept alternating between them as he brought her to the brink of another orgasm again and again, only to retract the wand before her climax could descend. She whimpered and her face twisted with agony as she no doubt fought for self-control. He knew it was difficult for her to keep being his good girl when she was so desperate for relief.

He turned the wand off and peeled back her diaper. “Daddy wants to see how wet you’re getting, baby.” Her kitty was glistening and pink, her engorged clit still protruding from her smooth, swollen folds. And the diaper was soaked with her arousal. He couldn’t restrain a growl of pleasure at the sight. “You’re being such a good girl,” he said, petting her hair. “You’re being very good for Daddy.”

She mewled and lifted her center, but he didn’t touch her privates. Not

yet. She was almost wet and achy and desperate enough, but not yet. Only when she was delirious with need would he allow her to shatter.

“Daddy, I can’t take it anymore. *Please*. Please help me.”

He pinched one of her nipples again and then allowed his hand to travel down between her breasts and to her lower stomach. With the faintest touch, he glided a finger through her slick folds, though he purposely avoided her clit. She shuddered and tried to press herself against his roaming digit. He retracted his hand for a moment before splaying her glistening privates wide apart, exposing her completely.

A wave of dizziness gripped him, and he struggled for words. He’d never seen her so wet before, nor had he seen her nether parts so swollen with need. Deciding she was finally ready, he prepared to swirl her moisture over her button. He gathered the wetness and hovered his finger just above her clit.

“Daddy’s going to let you come now, sweetheart. Okay?”

“Oh god, thank you, thank you, Daddy.” A few tears escaped her eyes, and she shot him a look of immense relief and gratitude.

“All right, baby, here we go.” He started rubbing her clit. “Daddy’s going to watch as you come hard. Daddy’s going to watch as you soak your diaper with your arousal like the good girl you are.”

CHAPTER 19



A pulsating wave of ecstasy slammed through Kaylee, and a scream tore from her throat. She gyrated her center into Daddy's caressing finger, her eyes fluttering shut as she gasped through the undulating remnants of her release. Her heart pounded against her ribcage, and she panted desperately for air. All energy seemed to drain from her, and she was left weightless and limp in the aftermath. Tears of relief coated her face, but she didn't have the will to brush them away.

She became vaguely aware of Daddy speaking to her in a deep, gentle voice, though she wasn't able to comprehend his words. Her mind had gone to mush. She eventually stopped trying and simply lay sprawled upon the bed as she tried to catch her breath and wait for her hearing to return. Her vision, too. Whenever she opened her eyes, everything went blurry.

A warm sensation between her thighs slowly brought her back to awareness, and she peered down and made out Daddy's handsome form. He was cleaning her kitty using the warm wipes, his expression filled with so much adoration, it made her throat burn. How could he care about her so much? How could he take such pleasure tending to her needs? She had trouble wrapping her brain around it, but she supposed it was what made him the best Daddy in the whole wide world. And she loved him for it.

Her heart skipped a beat. Yes, she loved him. Maybe she would be brave

enough to tell him soon. Perhaps after she finally found her voice. Why was her mouth so dry? Was that normal?

“You completely soaked your diaper, baby.” His words finally penetrated her consciousness. “But don’t worry, Daddy’s going to get you all clean and then we’ll put you in a fresh diaper and those cute drop-seat jammies.” His words made her melt.

“Okay, Daddy,” she whispered. Or at least she thought she did. She didn’t actually hear her voice. She remained still as Daddy continued taking care of her, applying the warm wipes to her drenched kitty as he endeavored to get her cleaned up.

He retrieved a new diaper from the drawer, removed the old one from underneath her, and ran another wipe over her folds one last time. He applied the hand towel to her folds, patting her dry as he gazed down at her with a loving look that wrenched at her heart. She smiled up at him. He returned her smile as he lifted her bottom to place the new diaper under her, then he made quick work of fastening the sides and making sure it was securely on her butt.

“My sweet babygirl.” He leaned down to kiss her forehead. “Have I told you how beautiful I think you are lately?”

She giggled. “Only about a hundred times, Daddy.”

“Well, it’s true, darling. I think you’re gorgeous. I still can’t believe you’re mine.” His eyes shone with tenderness. “I promise I’m going to take care of you, sweetheart. But I’ve been out of practice for a while, so I hope you’ll tell me if I’m not giving you what you need. Do you think you can do that? Do you think we can help each other, baby?”

She nodded. “Yes, Daddy, I promise. It’s hard for me to open up sometimes and ask for what I need or want, but I swear I’ll try my best. Thank you for promising to take care of me. It-it means a lot.” Her throat closed up and she found herself blinking back tears. She wasn’t alone anymore. She had a sweet, loving Daddy who wanted to keep her forever, and god how she loved the idea of belonging to him.

He lifted her, setting her on the edge of the bed. She pressed her hands to the mattress, momentarily lightheaded. Her legs felt weak, but luckily, he didn't expect her to stand yet. One by one, he placed her feet in the drop-seat pajamas, then drew the garment up her legs. He gave her an assessing look.

"Baby, do you think you could stand just for a second and hold on to my shoulders? Daddy needs to pull the jammies up over your bottom."

She took a deep breath. "Yep, I think so."

Once she stood up, he was quick to pull the jammies over her butt. He urged her back on the bed and helped her place her arms in the sleeves. Warm softness surrounded her, and she found herself blinking hard. Shit shit shit. She didn't want to be tired right now. She wanted to be wide awake so Daddy would claim her after the snuggle session he'd promised her.

"Daddy?"

"Yes, baby?"

"Could you pretty please make me some coffee?" She batted her eyelashes at him, hoping to persuade him into doing her bidding. Unfortunately, he didn't take the bait.

"Absolutely not, young lady. It's just after seven. If you drink coffee now, you'll have difficulty falling asleep later and might mess up your sleep schedule."

She blew out a long breath. "Ugh. *Fine.*" She supposed he had a good point, though she hoped she would manage to perk up soon. She didn't want to fall asleep and muck up their plans of finally sleeping together. Tonight was supposed to be special, and she despaired over the thought of ruining it.

He flicked her nose in a playful manner. "It's okay that you're tired, Kaylee. After the torture I put you through," he said with a smirk, "I'm not surprised. Even if you fall asleep during our snuggle time, I'm sure you'll wake up in an hour or two. And even if you sleep through the night nestled in my arms, I would honestly be fine with that. Even if we don't sleep together tonight, you're still mine. I'm still keeping you, baby. Try to run away and

I'll chase you." He lifted his eyebrows and made an overexaggerated serious face that made her smile wide.

"Fine."

He stood her up just long enough to zip up the front of her pajamas, then he lifted her and carried her to the rocking chair. After sitting down with her cradled in his lap, he wrapped his arms tightly around her, holding her close as he kissed the top of her head.

As he rocked the chair, her eyelids grew heavier, though she made a valiant effort to stay awake. She also attempted to squirm on his lap a few times, hoping to get him excited and perhaps entice him into claiming her earlier than planned. But he ordered her to settle down, threatening her with the ruler again, so she went still in his arms and found herself relaxing more and more.

There was a ticking clock somewhere in his apartment, and the sound lulled her into more of a sleepy trance. Daddy's familiar masculine scent wafted over her, and his arms were the sweetest refuge. She felt the huge firmness of his erection beneath her diaper-clad bottom, but he seemed content to hold her.

A sudden howling noise startled her, and she gasped and stirred in his lap, peering out from his embrace at the darkened windows. "Shh, baby, it's okay. It's only the wind. There's another storm rolling in tonight."

"Can we go outside and make a snowman tomorrow, Daddy?"

He ran his fingers through her hair and snuggled her closer. "Sure, sweetheart, but you have to dress very warm. Also, we won't be venturing far from the main lodge. It's going to be very cold, and I don't want you to catch a chill."

"Yay! Thanks, Daddy. I'll get a carrot from the cafeteria for the nose. Hm. What should we use for the eyes? Oh, I know, cookies! We'll use cookies for the eyes, sticks for the arms of course, and more cookies for the snowman's buttons. It's gonna be the best snowman ever!"

“The best snowman ever,” he agreed, “until a hungry bear comes along and eats its eyes and buttons. Bears like cookies, you know.”

Her eyes went wide. “Bears? I don’t like the sound of that, Daddy.”

“You know, I think I saw one of those snowman kits in the gift shop when I was there yesterday. Why don’t we pick one up tomorrow morning?”

She bounced in his lap, feeling much more awake than before. Her sudden movement seemed to have an effect on the hardness beneath her bottom. It felt like Daddy was getting bigger and bigger, and when her squirming around caused his breath to hitch and his eyes to dilate, she realized it was her turn to tease him. He grasped her hips and pushed upward, grinding himself into her with a groan.

Feeling thoroughly wicked, she fluttered her eyelashes at him and froze in his lap. “Sorry, Daddy. I’d love to squirm around on your cock and make you feel good, but some meanie threatened to spank me with a ruler if I didn’t sit still. Guess you’ll have to suffer. What a pity.”

CHAPTER 20



The little tease. Stephen growled and stood up, holding Kaylee in his arms. He carried her to the bed and placed her stomach-down upon the covers. After a moment, he decided to lift her briefly and place two stacked pillows underneath her, which lifted her bottom nice and high.

She peered over her shoulder at him, her eyes hooded with desire. Her breath kept catching in her throat, and her cheeks were flushed. Even her ears and the tip of her nose were slightly pink. So adorable. His sweet babygirl.

He sat next to her and patted her bottom. “Daddy’s going to unbutton your drop-seat, sweetheart. Let’s see how wet you’ve gotten since I put the new diaper on you.” Once he got all the buttons open, he flipped the drop-seat down, revealing her diaper-clad butt. Kaylee wiggled around and pressed her thighs together.

As soon as he unfastened the sides of her diaper and pulled the back down to reveal her bare bottom, the scent of her arousal overwhelmed him. He groaned and breathed deeply of her essence. Then he spread her wide and looked his fill. Fuck, she was soaking wet, and her nether folds were even more swollen than earlier in the evening. Her clit, too.

“Just as I suspected, sweetheart. You’re drenched.” He caressed her ass. “Is your kitty aching right now?”

She made a choked noise in her throat and nodded into the covers. “Yes,

Daddy. I'm very achy."

He touched two fingers to her core, though he didn't press inside. "Do you want me to pound you right here, baby? Do you want Daddy's cock inside you?"

"Please please please." She'd never sounded so desperate, and she clawed at the covers as she undulated her center, practically humping the pillows.

He pulled the diaper away and tossed it aside as she continued jerking her hips. Suddenly, he was sweltering in the confines of his clothing, and he jumped off the bed and started stripping. Once he was fully naked, he approached the bed, fisting his rock-hard shaft in his hand. Kaylee glanced over and her eyes widened.

"Daddy's going to claim you from behind, little girl." He crawled onto the bed and situated himself behind her, drawing his cock up and down her wet slit, coating the tip in her sweet but pungent essence. He leaned over her and placed his lips at her ear. He grabbed her bottom and squeezed. "I'm going to pound you and fill you up with my seed, and then I'm going to spread your kitty wide and watch it drip out."

She moaned and glanced over her shoulder again, her eyes wild with need. "Are you going to finally do it, Daddy, or are you going to spend the whole night listening to yourself blabber?"

He growled and started inching his length into her tightness. He shot her a reproachful look. "Keep being sassy, young lady, and Daddy will get the ruler."

She opened her mouth again, clearly preparing to retort with another sassy remark, so he tightened his grasp on her hips and impaled her fully with one rapid stroke. She yelped and turned around, her entire body shuddering as her insides clenched around his cock.

He withdrew nearly the entire way only to slam back inside. Her kitty was so slick and warm and welcoming that he had to pause within her depths

for a few seconds to gather his self-control lest he spill his seed in her too soon. His balls tensed and tingled and heated pulses kept sweeping through him, leaving him panting for air.

Spreading her bottom wide, he admired her pucker, adoring the way it winked at him. One day soon, he would claim that particular hole. But for now, he was eager to be inside her pussy, and god how wondrous it felt. Waves of pleasure cascaded over him as he set a steady thrusting motion, plunging deep inside her as she moaned and whimpered and writhed beneath him.

With each rapid drive, his balls smacked against her clit, and he increased his pace as a frenzy of lust overtook him. He'd intended to be gentler with Kaylee during their first time together, but the longer he claimed her, the more difficult it became to withhold the intensity of his passions.

“Daddy. *Oh.*” She gasped and jerked her center into him, and moments later he felt her insides contracting around his plunging cock. His Little girl was climaxing on his shaft as his scrotum continued hitting her swollen clit. The sound of flesh slapping flesh filled the room alongside her echoing cries of pleasure and his much deeper growls.

“Good girl. Come for Daddy.” He tensed as a wave of euphoria barreled toward him, and he soon joined her in the throes of an intense, drawn-out climax. His vision went momentarily dark, and his head swam. The jolting pleasure was overwhelming as he pumped his seed into her tight, warm depths.

Once he caught his breath, he slowly withdrew his shaft from her center, and true to his word, he held her spread wide as he watched his seed leaking from her pussy. God what a sight. He loved seeing his essence on her, a mark of his ownership. Proof that she belonged to him.

He settled next to her on the bed and drew her into his arms. She latched on to him, hugging him back as she tangled her legs with his. She was still wearing her drop-seat pajamas, but her bottom was still exposed of course,

and he reached down to caress her cheeks. A soft sigh left her, and she snuggled deeper into his embrace. He pressed a lingering kiss to her forehead and stroked her mussed hair, lovingly working the tangles out. His heart swelled with warmth for her.

Mine. You're mine forever.

I'm keeping you, Kaylee.

Finally, he found his voice. "Are you all right, sweetheart?"

Another sigh drifted from her lips. "I'm very good, Daddy. What about you?"

"Also very good." He kissed her again. "I'm happy. So happy that you belong to me. I feel so lucky to be your Daddy. So lucky to have you as my sweet Little girl."

She pressed a kiss to his cheek and nuzzled her nose against his. "I'm happy too, Daddy."

They snuggled on the bed for a few more minutes, a comfortable silence falling between them. Stephen eventually roused her and helped her walk to the bathroom. He turned the shower on and urged her to get in with him, and he soaped her up and helped her get clean. He washed himself quickly, too, and they both rinsed off. After drying her with a towel, they stood in front of the mirror, both naked as they brushed their teeth. At one point, she playfully splashed water at him, and he smacked her bottom in retaliation.

Once they finished preparing for bed, he grasped her hand and led her back into the bedroom. He dressed her in a fresh pair of warm pajamas, though he opted to sleep naked, and they crawled under the covers together as the wind continued howling outside.

"There's something I haven't told you yet, Kaylee, and I don't want to go to sleep until I say it out loud."

"What is it, Daddy?"

He met her eyes. "I love you. I want you to know that I love you. You don't have to say it back if it's too soon, baby. But I want you to know how

deeply I care for you.” He kissed her cheek.

She peered at him with a thoughtful expression, and her eyes eventually gleamed with what he hoped were happy tears. “I love you, too, Daddy. Very, very much.”

Joy resounded through him at her words, and he thanked all the stars in the universe that she felt the same way. He hugged her tighter and rested his chin atop her head, and she wrapped her arms around his waist. They soon fell asleep in one another’s arms.

* * *

TWO WEEKS LATER...

KAYLEE YAWNED AND TURNED OVER IN BED, SNUGGLING DEEPER UNDER THE covers as she tried to go back to sleep. But a bossy person kept urging her to get up, and she finally sat up and glared at her fully dressed Daddy. He looked much too bright-eyed for seven in the morning, though she forgave him for waking her up the moment she spotted a mug of black coffee in his hands.

“Here you go, baby. Compliments of Santa.”

She gladly accepted the mug with a smile. “Thanks, Daddy.” She took a sip of the strong brew and sighed. She closed her eyes as she thought about her plans for the day and what she needed to do when suddenly her mind cleared, and she remembered the date.

Compliments of Santa.

Today was Christmas!

When she glanced at Daddy, her heart brimmed with joy. They were going to spend the whole day together.

Daddy sat on the bed and draped an arm around her shoulders. “Merry

Christmas, sweetheart.” His voice was warm but tinged with fatigue, making her wonder what time he’d awoken.

“Merry Christmas, Daddy.” She pecked him on the cheek. “Thanks for the coffee. It’s delicious as always. I’m not sure what I like best about you, Daddy. Your coffee-making abilities or your cute butt. It’s a close call.” She giggled and gave him another kiss on the cheek.

He smiled down at her. “Santa visited last night. Aren’t you curious to see what he brought you? Why don’t you follow me to the living room, baby? You can stare at my cute butt on the way.”

She laughed and grasped his hand, careful to balance her coffee in the other. She wasn’t sure what to expect, but it wasn’t the sight that greeted her when she entered the living room. About two dozen wrapped presents sat underneath the huge Christmas tree. She aimed an accusing but playful look at Stephen.

“When? How?” She shook her head and struggled for words. They’d spent nearly every free moment they had during the month together, and she didn’t know how he’d managed to slip away to go shopping and wrap all these presents.

He plucked the mug from her hands, kissed her nose, and said, “It looks like you’ve been a very good girl this year, baby. Why don’t you go and see what Santa brought you?” He nodded toward the pile of presents, his eyes bright as the sparkling lights on the tree, his excitement contagious.

She opened the presents one by one and thanked Daddy for each thoughtful gift. There were dresses, stuffies, cute shoes, pajamas, and books. She felt utterly spoiled as she opened the last present, which was an insulated mug with her name engraved on it.

“Daddy, I can’t believe you went to all this trouble for me.” She found herself blinking back tears, and she rushed into his arms and hugged him tight. Once they pulled apart, she ran full speed to the bedroom, where she had his present hidden away in the back of the closet.

“No running inside, young lady!” he called, but she barely slowed her steps because she was so excited to give him his gift.

“Here you go, Daddy. Merry Christmas!” She pushed the small, wrapped box into his hands, and they settled on the couch together as he opened it.

“Oh, Kaylee, this is wonderful. Thank you.” He held up the framed photo, a picture of them standing in front of the huge snowman they’d recently built together. Sadie had kindly snapped the pic, and Kaylee had printed it out and placed it inside a frame she’d decorated herself. She’d even painted their names on the bottom of the frame.

“Do you really like it?”

“I love it. Thank you.” He peered around his apartment. “I’d like to fill this place with pictures of us together. This is the perfect start.”

She beamed inwardly, though she wished she’d gotten him more than one present. She hadn’t expected him to spoil her with so many gifts, though she appreciated his thoughtfulness.

Daddy stood up, walked to the mantle, and placed the framed photo front and center. It would be the first thing they saw when they entered the living room.

Home. Already his apartment was starting to feel like home. She hadn’t spent a single night in her suite at the lodge since she’d crashed into him, and after two weeks of nonstop sleepovers, she’d moved all the belongings she’d brought on vacation to his apartment. The rest of her belongings that remained in Richmond would be arriving in about three weeks thanks to her amazing assistant.

Yes, she’d decided to relocate to Montana, and she couldn’t be happier.

Daddy returned to the sofa and lifted her onto his lap. He reached for the cup of coffee and handed it to her, mumbling something about not wanting to deal with a caffeine-deprived grumpy little girl. She stuck her tongue out at him, then immediately took a sip of the hot beverage, her insides fluttering when she felt Daddy giving her a stern look.

They cuddled on the sofa all morning, talking about their plans for the future, dreaming about the years to come. Years they would spend together.

When it was almost time to head to the main lodge to have Christmas lunch with a group of friends, Daddy assisted her in taking a quick shower. He also outfitted her in one of the brand-new dresses—a pretty red holiday number trimmed in white faux-fur, complete with white knee-high stockings and red heels. A thick black belt fastened around the dress completed her look.

“Now you’re Daddy’s cute little elf.”

She twirled in front of the mirror, and when she noticed the dress riding up with her movements, she swayed her hips as Daddy watched, then bent over to retrieve some imaginary item from the floor. “Oops. Dropped something.”

He growled and came up behind her. As soon as she straightened, he delved a hand between her thighs and squeezed her kitty. Hard. “Does my Little girl need some attention before we leave?”

She gave him a saucy look. “*Maybe.*”

His warm breath caressed her ear. “Go bend over the bed, young lady.”

“Whatever you say, Daddy.”

The End

ABOUT SUE LYNDON

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR SUE LYNDON writes naughty, heartfelt romance filled with sexy discipline, breathless surrender, and scorching hot passion. Hard alpha males, strict husbands, fierce alien warriors, and stern daddy-doms make her go weak in the knees. She's a #1 Amazon bestseller in multiple categories, including Sci-Fi Romance, Historical Romance, BDSM Erotica, and Fantasy Romance. She also writes vanilla sci-fi romance under the name Sue Mercury—but no matter the genre or pen name, her books always have a swoon-worthy happily ever after.

WWW.SUELYNDON.COM

Get FREE reads when you sign up for Sue's newsletter—and be the first to hear about freebies, sales, and new releases:
<https://www.suelyndon.com/newsletter-sign-up/>

[Facebook Fan Page](#)

[Facebook Reader Group](#)

[Instagram](#)

[TikTok](#)

ALSO BY SUE LYNDON

Age Play Standalones

Becoming Little Lexie

A Daddy for Hanna

Guiding Gemma

His Naughty Little Mate

The Girl, the Doctor, and the Texas Ranger

The Little Ladies of Talcott House Series

Papa's Rules

Papa's Desires

Papa's Gift

Papa's Captive

Why Choose Age Play Standalones

Alien Daddies

Savage Daddies

Dark Embrace Series

His by Law

Saving His Runaway Bride

Papa's Little Bride

Worldship Brides Series

Tornn's Mate

Radakk's Mate

Tarrkuan Masters Series

Zylonn's Human Bride

Varro's Human Bride

Kazzon's Human Bride

Kall Alien Warriors Series

Surrender

Commander's Slave

Retribution

Kleaxian Warriors Series

Kenan's Mate

Tavarr's Mate

Barbarian Mates Series

Claiming Their Maiden

Claiming Their Princess

Claiming Their Slave

Domestic Discipline Standalones

His Loving Guidance

Marriage of Convenience

Sci-Fi/Fantasy Standalones

Claimed Mate

Taken by the Admiral

Her Alien Beast

Owning His Bride

Big Blue Valentine

The SEAL's Captive Bride

Taken by the Soldier

Historical Standalones

Sold into Marriage

Conquering Lady Claire

His to Educate

The Cowboy's Replacement Bride

Owned by the Pirate

Contemporary Standalones

His Naughty Valentine

Claimed by the Bastard Prince

Punished by the Cowboy

Maid to Submit