



# Mocha Latte



USA Today Bestselling Authors

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*Mocha Latte*

LITTLE CAKES, BOOK SEVENTEEN

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This is a series of books that can be read in any order. You may, however, choose to read them sequentially to enjoy the characters best. Subsequent books will feature characters that appear in previous novels as well as new faces.

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# Contents

[Newsletter](#)

[About the Book](#)

[Prologue](#)

[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](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Authors' Note](#)

[About Pepper North](#)

[Also By Pepper North](#)

[About Paige Michaels](#)

[Afterword](#)

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## *About the Book*

**Welcome to Little Cakes, the bakery that plays Daddy matchmaker! Little Cakes is a sweet and satisfying series, but dare to taste only if you like delicious Daddies, luscious Littles, and guaranteed happily-ever-afters.**

Who knew a trip to Little Cakes would completely rock her world?

When Aria Martin volunteers to pick up the dessert for her best friend's bachelorette party, she never expects to uncover a whole new world in her own town. Fueled by the caffeine-laden treats, she's energized to explore her hidden desires.

Cameron Ferguson is intrigued by Aria the moment she steps into Blaze. He immediately guesses she is Little and volunteers to show her around. By the time she finishes asking him a million questions about the adult club, he's certain she is his. Now, all he has to do is convince her.

## Prologue



When Aria Martin stepped into Little Cakes to pick up the order for her best friend's bachelorette party, she stopped in her tracks, letting the door swing shut behind her. There were six women gathered around the display case, all of them laughing and talking over one another.

Aria stared at them, a mixture of emotions consuming her. Their exuberance made Aria smile. Their happiness was palpable. Their demeanors reminded her of people much younger.

Jealousy was front and center. These women were clearly close friends. Anyone could tell that in an instant. Several of them even had their arms around each other. Aria did not have a posse of friends like this.

She felt like she'd stepped into a private party, and she wondered if she'd arrived too late. Had they already closed? When she'd called to place the order, she'd told the owner, Ellie, she would be cutting it close picking up the cupcakes tonight. Ellie had told her it wouldn't be a problem.

"Hey!" A cute, brown-haired woman waved and broke free of the group to skip toward Aria. "You must be Aria. I'm Ellie. I'm sorry it's so loud in here. Some of my friends stopped by after work. We get a little rowdy." She giggled as she shook her arms. Several colorful sprinkles fell to the floor.

"I'm sorry I'm so late. I tried to get here as fast as I could."

"Don't worry a bit. Are you in a hurry? Come join us for a cupcake," Ellie exclaimed.



“Oh, I wouldn’t want to impose.” Aria shuffled forward as Ellie motioned toward the counter.

“No imposition at all. We were just about to try the next flavor of the month. I always love to have a fresh opinion.”

Aria’s stomach grumbled at the thought of eating a cupcake. She’d been stuck at work late and hadn’t had dinner yet. “Uh, okay. If you’re sure it’s not a problem.”

It smelled so good in there. Aria had placed the order by phone. She’d never visited the cupcake shop in person. Now she realized she’d been missing out. Especially when she saw the variety inside the display case.

The crowd of women parted when Ellie cleared her throat. “Everyone, this is Aria. She’s picking up an order for a bachelorette party. I invited her to stay and sample the new flavor with us.”

The other five women all smiled and gave a little wave.

The blonde woman closest to Aria’s right spoke first. “Nice to meet you. I’m Daisy.”

“I’m Lark,” called out the woman next to her.

It was impossible to keep track of their names as one by one the others introduced themselves as Sue, Tori, and Riley.

Ellie giggled. “There won’t be a name quiz later. Don’t worry.” She pointed at the first two women. “Daisy works at Blooms by Daisy, which is also on this strip. Lark is my best friend, a realtor in town. The rest of these women work here.”

“Oh, how fun. I’d much rather work in a cupcake shop than the busy management position I’m stuck at for too many hours a day.” Aria curled up her nose and shuddered. The stressful office she worked in had a completely different atmosphere from Little Cakes. This place was refreshing.

The door to the back room opened, and a large man with a tray of cupcakes entered. “Girls,” he bellowed. “The volume out here is making my head hurt.” He sounded gruff, but he was grinning as he walked right past everyone to set the tray on a table. His back was to them as he continued, “You all

better have permission to eat cupcakes at this hour. I won't be held responsible for any sore bottoms resulting from sugar intake."

Aria was baffled by his speech. It sounded like he was speaking to a bunch of five-year-olds.

A hush fell over the room, and the man spun around. He spanned the ladies, wincing when his gaze landed on Aria. "Shit. I'm sorry, Ellie. I thought you'd locked up for the night. I didn't realize you had a customer."

Ellie drew in a breath. "This is Aria. She's here to pick up the order for the bachelorette party. I invited her to join us to try the new flavor first."

The large man wiped his hand on his apron and held it out. "My apologies, Aria. I'm Tarson."

As Aria shook his hand, a lightbulb went off in her head. She glanced around at each of the now-quieter women, taking in their appearances. Two of them had low pigtails. One had a high ponytail. Two had colorful sneakers. One had a dress with cartoon characters on it.

If she wasn't mistaken, these women were Little. She'd read about people who enjoyed age play. It had always intrigued her. She had not ever thought such a thing existed outside the pages of her books though.

Based on the insinuation from Tarson that someone might get spanked for eating sweets, she knew she had to be correct. "Are you all... Little?"

Tarson rounded behind the blonde woman named Daisy and set his hands on her shoulders.

Ellie nodded next to her. "Yeah. We don't usually flaunt our kink preference in front of strangers, but we don't hide it well either. I'm sorry. We got so caught up in the excitement of trying the new cupcake that I forgot you would be coming through the door."

Aria waved a dismissive hand through the air and tried to sound nonchalant. "Don't worry a bit. It's all good."

“I guess the concept isn’t foreign to you,” Daisy added. “Since you seem to know what Littles are.”

“Not foreign, no. I’ve read books about it. I just didn’t know real people practiced this kink,” Aria admitted as her face heated. They were all staring at her.

The woman she thought was Lark shrugged. “Yeah, it seems to be more prevalent in this community than others. Or maybe it’s just that people feel more comfortable outing themselves when they realize there are so many others who feel the same way.”

“That makes sense.”

“Will you still join us for cupcakes?” Ellie asked.

Aria glanced at the tray Tarson had set on the table. Her mouth watered. The scent of coffee filled the air. “I’d love to. Maybe you could tell me more about your community?”

Everyone blew out a sigh of relief. Ellie smiled. “We’d be happy to.”

As they all moved toward the table where a stack of plates and a pile of forks awaited next to the cupcakes, Aria joined them. “Is that coffee I smell?”

Tarson snapped his fingers at the mention before he turned around and headed toward the back room again. A second later, he returned with a jug of milk and a stack of cups. He set those on the table and met Aria’s gaze. “The cupcakes are Mocha Latte, but I’d really be in a heap of trouble with five other Daddies if I served these Little girls coffee.”

Aria found herself giggling like all the others as Ellie handed everyone a plated cupcake and a fork.

They all took seats around the closest tables and dug in. Moans immediately filled the air, and Aria was in total agreement. She’d never tasted anything this delightful in her life. She didn’t even like coffee, but these cupcakes were divine. The crunch of the sprinkle of roasted coffee beans on top gave the frosting texture.

After spotting the dozens of flavors in the display case when she'd first entered the shop, Aria had considered taking home a variety, but now that she was so in love with the Mocha Latte, she didn't think she even wanted to try the others.

Aria polished off her cupcake in record time, downed a glass of milk, and wiped her lips. "So, if you don't mind me asking, do you all belong to some kind of club or something? How do you find and meet like-minded people?"

Ellie nodded. "Mostly we've just encountered each other by accident, but we do belong to a club called Blaze. It's a local BDSM club where the members practice all types of kink. The group of us like to go there because we can spend time in our preferred age range without judgment. It's refreshing and more fun than just playing at home without friends."

"I think I've heard of Blaze, but I've never been there."

"You should visit some time," Daisy said. "Everyone is so nice there. Just tell them at the front desk that you know me and someone will give you a tour."

"Thank you. I might do that."

Lark folded up her napkin and asked, "Are you, uh, Little?"

Aria shrugged. "I never thought about it. I like to read books with Littles. I love them. But I also read books with shifters and love them too." She laughed. "I don't know any shifters."

All six of the women giggled. The one she thought might be Sue nodded. "I kinda felt the same way until I found like-minded people. I don't know if shifters are real, but I can tell you Littles are for sure. There're a lot of us in town. Now that you know that, just look around. You'll see the signs."

The entire idea was exciting and a bit scary. *Am I Little?* She'd never once thought that was a real thing.

Tarson retreated to the kitchen once again and returned with a giant box. "I almost forgot the reason you're here. I

hope your friends love the bachelorette cupcakes.”

When he set the box on the table, Aria leaned over to peer through the clear plastic window on the lid. “Holy cow. Those are gorgeous.” She smiled at Ellie. “They’re too pretty to eat, but I’m such a huge fan of the Mocha Latte now, I can’t imagine biting into these sparkly white confections.”

Ellie shrugged. “I prefer mine to be covered with rainbow sprinkles personally, but to each their own,” she teased.

Aria rose. “I better get going. This bachelorette party starts at noon tomorrow. I still have a lot to do. Thank you so much for inviting me in and sharing your delicious cupcakes and your lifestyle. I have a lot to think about.”

“I’m so glad you came,” Ellie responded. “Call or come by any time if you have more questions.”

# Chapter One



Aria fidgeted on the barstool as she people-watched. It was a weekend, so the club was crowded. It had taken Aria three weeks to build up the nerve to visit Blaze. Every weekend, she'd told herself she would go, and every weekend she'd chickened out.

“Can I get you another lemon-lime soda, Little one?”

Aria jerked her gaze up to the kind bartender who'd offered to give her a tour of the club as soon as he could get away from the bar. “Oh, uh, I'm not...” She swallowed. It would be a lie to say she wasn't Little, and after delving deeper into the lifestyle for the past month, she was certain lying was frowned upon in the age-play community.

On the other hand, this bartender—he'd said his name was Cameron—wasn't her Daddy. He was, however, watching her closely and half the reason she continued to fidget. His gaze was intense, and he kept glancing at her. She could feel him looking even when she wasn't facing his direction. His brow was slightly furrowed.

She glanced down at the glass in her hand. It was mostly ice now, but she didn't need more soda. “I'm fine,” she murmured.

“Water?”

She shook her head and tipped the glass back to shake an ice cube into her mouth. Chomping on ice was a nasty habit, but she always did so when she was nervous.

“That’s not good for your teeth, Little girl,” Cameron commented as he filled someone else’s drink order.

She swallowed the melted ice and pursed her lips. Her entire body hummed every time he called her Little. This time she squeezed her legs together and adjusted the front of her dress. Her breasts felt heavy, and her panties were wet.

The sensations were foreign to her. She had no idea why she was reacting so strongly to this man. Granted, he was incredibly handsome, but she needed to rein in her out-of-character attraction.

Cameron was *way* out of her league. He was confident and Dominant. Built with blond hair and green eyes that probably made most women swoon. No wonder there were so many people hovering around the bar area.

And his tattoos... So many of them. He had on a black V-neck T-shirt that hugged his muscles tight, leaving the tattooed sleeves on his arms visible as well as the hint of a design on his chest.

Aria had always been such a good girl. She never did anything outside of what was expected of her. She’d always made good grades and worked hard. It had been instilled in her from her parents.

Suddenly, she felt mischievous. What if she got a tattoo or a piercing? She giggled at the thought. Her mother’s eyes would bug out if she ever visited her parents with ink on her skin or a piercing besides the single hole in each ear.

“What’s so funny, Little girl?” Cameron asked.

She sat up straighter, trying not to squirm yet again at his endearment. “Uh, nothing.”

There was a twinkle in his eyes. “Fine. Keep your secrets. For now.” Somehow he managed to keep a constant eye on her as well as a running dialog while also acknowledging and filling drink orders.

Suddenly, a swarm of people flooded into the bar area, and Aria spun around to see several of the women she’d met at Little Cakes last month bounding past her.

Riley was in front of them, rushing directly toward the bar. She stopped the moment she saw Aria. “Hey!” She smiled broadly. “You came.”

“Yeah. I uh...” She kept stumbling over her words.

Cameron came around the bar to stand next to Aria. “You two know each other?”

Riley nodded. “We met at Little Cakes a few weeks ago.”

“Ah. I was going to give Aria a tour of the club if you think you can man the bar for a bit.”

“Of course.”

A man came up behind Riley and set his hands on her shoulders. “You sure you’re recovered enough to work the bar, Panda Bear? That was a pretty intense Shibari scene we just did.”

Riley rolled her eyes. “Yes, Daddy. I’m fine. Have you met Aria?”

“Nope. Don’t think I have.” He extended a hand.

Riley continued, “Aria, this is my Daddy, Milo. He’s overbearing.”

Milo lifted both brows. “He’s going to be overbearing with a burning palm soon. Shall we take a trip to the bathroom before you take over for Cameron?”

Riley shook her head. “Nope. I’m good.” She glanced down at herself. “But I do need to take a trip to the locker room and change my clothes really quick.” She glanced at Aria. “I prefer to be dressed more adult when I’m working the bar.”

Aria nodded understanding.

Milo kissed her before turning her around and patting her butt. “Go. I’ll keep an eye on things while you change.”

“Shall we?” Cameron held out a hand.

Aria slid off the stool and tipped her head back to look up at him. “It seems like I’ve probably seen more from my perch



on the barstool for the past hour than I've learned about kink clubs in my entire life. My brain is overloaded."

He chuckled, the deep sound sending a shiver down her spine, which intensified when he threaded his fingers with hers. "I promise to steer you toward the tamer aspects of BDSM tonight. I think we'll start with the daycare."

She flinched as she jerked her gaze to his. "There are kids here?"

He gave her hand a tug and led her away from the bar. "No kids, Little one. A space for adults who like age play."

"Oh. They call it a daycare?"

"Yep."

"What's Shibari?" she asked as she let him lead her farther away from the bar.

He grinned down at her. "Rope play. It's not training wheels. Let's build up to that."

"Oh. Okay." Was she stammering? It felt like it. She was a fish out of water.

Cameron kept his fingers threaded with hers as they passed what she assumed was the main room. He stopped and stood close to her, tipping his lips down to whisper, "I assume you've never been to a BDSM club before?"

She shook her head. His breath hitting her neck was distracting.

He lifted his free hand to point to their right. "That's a St. Andrew's cross. No one is using it right now, but when they are, it's mesmerizing to watch."

"I've seen those online."

"You did some homework."

"Yeah."

"Good girl. Always best to do a little research before you venture into a new space. The important thing to remember is

that nothing happens inside Blaze that isn't safe, sane, and consensual."

"I read that too." She felt like she'd at least done something right.

"Good."

She was the one to point next. "So that's a spanking bench, right?"

"Yes."

"What's that table for over there? It looks like an exam table in a doctor's office." She shuddered hard, afraid he might confirm exactly that.

"It does look kind of like that. We have a room for medical play though. Most people don't practice that kink in this large general space. That particular bench is used mostly for knife play and fire play."

"Oh." She licked her dry lips. She'd read about those things too, but she was kind of glad no one was using that bench right now. Her eyes might pop out.

Cameron leaned in close to whisper again, "This room will fill up more in a few minutes. A lot of people were watching Riley and Milo perform. They are a favorite in the club."

"You said it's called Shibari?" That wasn't something she was familiar with.

"Yep. Basically it consists of the Dominant using rope to bind the submissive in a sensual way. It's a form of art."

Now she really did want to research Shibari.

"Come. Let me show you the daycare. I bet it's more your speed."

Aria wasn't so sure about that. She was trembling as he continued down a hallway. She had no idea what to expect, but as soon as the daycare came into view, she gasped.

It was exactly that. An adult daycare. A large room filled with everything a person might find in a playroom. About a dozen adult women and a few men were inside. Some were at

a table coloring. Some were doing a puzzle. Some had a game spread out. Two women were on the floor in the corner playing with a large dollhouse.

The scene stopped Aria dead in her tracks. It was incredible. Until a few weeks ago, she'd had no idea adults actually let themselves be...Little.

## Chapter Two



Cameron was as mesmerized by the endearing Little girl next to him as she was by the scene playing out in front of her. Her brown eyes were wide with wonder as if she were watching people open gifts on Christmas morning.

She was adorable. She was also shocked and uncertain. It was obvious she hadn't known such places existed.

When she started to sway, he released her hand and wrapped an arm around her, loving the way she leaned into him. "You okay, Little one?"

She turned her attention to him, tipping her head back and to the side. "What makes you think I'm Little?"

He shrugged, giving her a gentle smile. "Just a hunch. I see a lot of people coming and going from Blaze when I work the bar. I'm getting pretty good at reading them."

She was wearing a pastel floral dress that reached to her knees. She had on dainty white flats. Her brown hair was past her shoulders and tucked behind her ears. None of that made her little by itself, but her demeanor and mannerisms tipped him off. Plus the way she'd reacted every time he'd called her Little one or Little girl.

She certainly hadn't been offended. Nor had she set him straight. Instead, she'd seemed to sit on that stool and absorb his observation with curiosity.

Cameron speculated she'd had no idea she was Little until she'd met a few other Littles, probably at Little Cakes. Riley

and her friends didn't exactly hide their age-play lifestyle.

Aria didn't argue with him. As she turned her attention to the daycare area, he stared at her profile. He could swear he'd seen her someplace before. She looked familiar. He'd been trying to place where he might have seen her ever since she'd perched on his barstool.

He'd done a mental tally of all the places he usually frequented and had come up blank. She didn't work at CC's Purrfect Coffee where he often indulged in a latte on Sunday mornings. He would remember that.

He'd tried to picture her at his bank, the dentist office, or the pharmacy, but none of those had panned out in his mind.

Wherever he knew her from, he was confident this was not how she dressed. Scrubs? A uniform for a delivery service? Workout clothes at the gym? A suit?

Cameron's breath hitched. That was it. This woman wore a pencil skirt, heels, and a bun in her hair. He knew it. And then he stopped breathing when he realized where he knew her from. She worked for the same company as he did. He was certain.

There was no chance she'd recognized him. She would have panicked. He wondered if she was going to be mortified to find out, and he knew he couldn't keep the truth from her. That would make things worse.

"We should talk," he murmured near her ear.

She glanced at him again. "About what?"

Was she trembling? He hoped to hell she was as attracted to him as he was to her. He'd done a doubletake the moment she'd stepped into the bar, and he'd been watching her closely ever since.

Her innocence and naivete called to his Dominant. He wanted to introduce her to everything in this club. *Himself*. Not someone else. He wanted to be the one to guide her and educate her. But first, he had to jump this hurdle.

He nodded over his shoulder and grabbed her hand again to give a slight tug, encouraging her to follow him. As he led her down the hallway, he took a quick glance in both directions, looking for a private room that might be open.

Finally, he found one and stepped inside.

“Uh, Cameron?” She hesitated at the entrance. “What are we doing?”

He released her hand and took a step back. “Talking, Little one. I need to tell you something. I didn’t want to tell you in front of other people.”

She glanced back down the hallway in the direction they’d come. “I don’t know you and…”

He drew in a deep breath. “The thing is, you do. Or at least I know you. I’ve been racking my brain since you arrived, knowing I’d seen you before. You work for Tilden’s. I believe you’re an engineer. A production manager.”

She gasped and turned around. “Shit. Shit shit shit,” she muttered. “I knew this was a bad idea.”

He hated making her feel uncomfortable. “Aria, it’s fine. I would never tell a soul.”

She spun back around, groaning. “You work in HR, don’t you?” She looked him up and down. “I didn’t recognize you without a suit and tie.”

He smiled and nodded. “That’s me.” For some reason it pleased him that she at least finally recognized him. It might have taken a chunk out of his self-esteem if she’d continued to stare at him with no recognition. “I’m pretty vanilla when I’m at work. I shed that side of myself when I’m at Blaze.”

She licked her full lips. “I see that.” Finally she stepped farther into the room, and he was so glad. She also shut the door and leaned against it. “You promise you won’t tell anyone I was here? I won’t come back. It’s your space. I wouldn’t want to impose. I’ll never tell anyone I saw you either.”

He frowned. “Aria, that’s not the response I was hoping for.”

Her eyes went wide. “You’re going to rat me out?”

He flinched. “God, no. Never. Aria, it’s against club rules to ever out someone’s private life. I would never do such a thing. You have my word. What I meant was I’d rather you stayed and enjoyed yourself. I’d rather you let me take you on a date instead of pretending you’ve never met me before.”

“A date?” Her voice rose.

“Yes. A date. I’d come to your house and pick you up, and we’d go to dinner.”

She stood frozen, staring at him as if he’d sprouted two heads. “That seems like a dangerous idea.”

“Why? I promise I’m a safe driver. I’m also a nice guy. I would never do anything to endanger you.”

She cocked her head and crossed her arms before giving him a narrowed gaze. “That’s not what I mean, Cameron. I mean we work for the same place. I’d be embarrassed if anyone found out I frequented a kink club. This was a terrible idea.”

“I’m sorry you feel that way. I hate when people are embarrassed about who they are. It hurts my heart. It’s a lonely way to live, Aria.”

She gasped. “Embarrassed about who I am? Cameron, I don’t even *know* who I am. I came here to visit the club. Nothing else. You can’t pigeonhole me. I’m not Little. I’m just curious about different lifestyles,” she insisted.

He rubbed his face, hating to let her walk away. She was the first woman who’d caught his eye so completely in years. Ever, if he were honest. “Enjoying age play is a gray area, Little one.” He winced as he let that endearment slip again.

She groaned.

“What I’m trying to say is there’s nothing wrong with enjoying the idea of letting someone else take care of you after work and weekends. It’s quite common, in fact. You work hard

all day at your job. I bet when you get home, you wish you didn't have to continue to be in charge of everything.”

She drew in a slow breath and shrugged. “Who doesn't wish that?”

He lifted a brow. “Me. Daddies. People who thrive on being the caregiver to someone who'd like to turn over control.”

She licked her lips. “Fine. Still. I should go. We work together. We shouldn't fraternize.”

He shook his head. “That's not a company policy. And you know it's a stretch to say we work together. We didn't even recognize each other. We never cross paths. No one would care if we were dating. Go out with me. Have dinner with me because you're attracted to me and curious to find out what we might have together.”

Her serious expression slowly turned into a partial smile. “You're so confident.”

“Yes.” *And you're so Little.* He wanted the chance. He knew if he could take her out, she would see what he meant. She would slide into a submissive role with him without realizing it. He wouldn't even have to say a word about it. By the time he took her back home, he would be able to point out all the ways she'd submitted to him during the evening.

Aria sighed. “Fine. Dinner.”

He smiled. “Good. I'll pick you up tomorrow at six.”

She gasped. “Tomorrow?”

“Why not? You don't eat dinner on Sundays?”

She rolled her pretty eyes.

“Actually, I've changed my mind.”

Those eyes went huge.

He nodded. “I'll pick you up at ten.”

“Ten at night?”



“Nope. Ten in the morning. We’ll have coffee. Have you ever been to CC’s Purrfect Coffee?”

She shook her head.

“Are you allergic to cats?”

“No.”

“Then that’s what we’ll do. Coffee and cupcakes. Or tea. Or milk or juice. Whatever you prefer. CC always has cupcakes from Little Cakes available. I’ve heard the special this month is called Mocha Latte. I’ve been dying to try it.”

Aria smiled wide and crossed her arms. “I’ve already had it. It’s divine. I was at Little Cakes the night they were trying it out. I also met the baker, Tarson.”

“Lucky you. Then you can’t turn me down.”

“You’re not really giving me time to think.”

“Nope. I’ll pick you up at ten, we’ll have coffee and cupcakes, and see how things go from there.”

She gasped. “From there you’ll take me back home because we’re only having coffee. That’s it.”

He chuckled. “Keep an open mind. What if you realize you enjoy my company and you want to spend the day with me?”

She drew in another breath. “Are you going to get all bossy on me and make me drink milk?”

He grinned. “Let me guess, Tarson wouldn’t let any of the Littles have coffee when you were there?”

“That’s exactly what happened. He was so bossy about it.”

Cameron laughed again. “That’s Tarson for you, but to be fair, most people should not have coffee that late at night. And I’m equally certain every one of the Little girls you met that evening enjoys having a Daddy figure lay down the law. It’s how they’re wired. And I bet you are, too.”

She shivered and then bit her bottom lip.

Bingo.

“I promise I’ll take my cues from you. Like I said, I’m a pretty good judge of people. If you thrive on some guidance, that’s what I’ll give you. If you’d rather assert your independence to prove you’re not submissive, I’ll take you home after coffee, and we’ll go our separate ways.”

“You wouldn’t want to date me if I’m not Little?”

“Nope. I’m a Daddy, Aria. It’s in my blood. If I didn’t believe you had an instinct toward age play, I wouldn’t suggest we go out at all. I’m up front about my preferences. I don’t date vanilla women. It would be a lie to both of us and a waste of time.”

She stared at him for long seconds. “Okay. Coffee. But for the record, I only like coffee when it’s really hot milk with a splash of brown and a lot of sweetener.”

He grinned. “So, you’re saying you’d rather have milk?”

She gave an exaggerated groan. “You better not make me regret this decision.”

“Never, Little one. I promise.”

## Chapter Three



“I can’t go, Rexy,” Aria whispered to her stuffed dinosaur as she sat on her bed. She waved a hand over the mound of clothes scattered on the floor. It was impossible to decide what to wear.

She stared into the stuffie’s black eyes and knew what he thought. “I know it seems easy to pick something for a coffee date, but I don’t want to be too casual or look too prissy.”

The doorbell rang and she dropped down to lie prone on the bedroom floor. Maybe he’d think she had forgotten and had gone to church or somewhere for breakfast.

Silence filled the apartment. When she didn’t hear anything, Aria crawled on her hands and knees as quietly as possible to the front door. Just as she laid her hand on the door to steady herself to stand up, a voice carried through the barrier.

“Aria. Don’t be scared. Open the door.”

She froze. Holding her breath, she pressed her ear against the door. Aria heard a rustle of clothing. The door rattled and stabilized as if he were brushing against it.

When he spoke again, his voice sounded like it was parallel to her ear. “Aria, I promise I will never hurt you. It’s okay to take a risk for something that could be magical. I’m willing to wait for you as long as you need me to.”

“Are you sitting on the floor?” popped out of her mouth.

“Yes.”

“You’re not going away?”

“Not unless you tell me to,” he answered without a hint of annoyance in his tone.

“Really?” she squeaked.

“Truly.”

Thoughts raced through her brain as she tried to decide on the best response. Finally, she rose to her knees and unlocked the door and deadbolt. Taking a deep breath, she turned the knob and scooted out of the way as she opened the door.

Cameron smiled at her from his position sitting against one side of the alcove leading into her apartment. “Hi, Aria. Are you ready to go on our coffee date?”

His lack of ire or annoyance further off-balanced her as she sat down on her heels. “I couldn’t decide what to wear.” She glanced down at the PJs she still wore.

“I’m wearing jeans and a T-shirt,” he shared.

Aria looked over his toned body in the snug shirt and jeans. He looked edible. Shaking her head to clear away those thoughts, she forced her gaze to return to his.

“Do you have jeans and a T-shirt?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Go put them on, Little girl. Don’t choose anything too precious. The kittens have claws.”

“Kittens?” He’d mentioned something about cats last night, but she hadn’t known what he was referring to.

“CC’s has cats from the animal shelter that are all ages. And CC’s own cat, Tangerine, is usually there as well,” Cameron informed her.

“You’ve been there before?”

“I have. It’s a fun space. I like all animals, but I have to admit cats are my favorites.”

“Do you have a cat?”

“I don’t. But it’s part of my master plan,” he admitted.

“What’s that?”

“I want to find my Little girl. Fall in love. Convince her that I’m the Daddy she’s always dreamed of. Create a home for the two of us. Lavish her with affection. Let her pick a pet from the shelter or the cat café if she’d like to.”

“That’s a lot of plans,” Aria said, looking at him in wonder.

“The plans all revolve around the first step. Finding my Little girl. I’ve checked that step off my list.”

“You have?”

“I have. Now I just have to convince you. Will you be brave and come to coffee with me?”

Aria paused, looking down and biting her lower lip. She froze as he reached out to smooth a finger over her trapped lip. His warm touch felt good against her skin. His fingertip didn’t feel smooth against her but not like sandpaper either. It rasped slightly, making its presence known. Immediately, Aria wondered what it would feel like caressing her body.

“No hurting yourself,” he gently reprimanded. “We’ll never know if you don’t get dressed.”

Her gaze flew to meet his. “You’ll wait for me?”

“For as long as it takes, Little girl.”

Suddenly, her worry seemed less important than her excitement. She scrambled to her feet and hesitated with her hand on the doorknob. Was it rude to close the door?

“I’ll be right here, Aria. Close the door and go get dressed.”

With a nod, she closed and locked the door. Racing into her bedroom, she dug through the clothes on her floor to find her favorite jeans and a T-shirt. Aria changed clothes and brushed her hair. She stepped into a pair of sneakers and dashed back to the door to find him once again standing. The smile he greeted her with made her heart skip a beat.

“Ready to go?” he asked, reaching out a hand for hers.

“Yes. I’m excited now.”

He drew her close and pressed a light kiss to her lips. “I am, too.”

Flustered, Aria dropped her keys when she whirled to lock her door. Cameron picked them up and completed the process before setting them in her hand.

“Thanks.”

“I’ve got you, Little girl.”

“I’m starting to realize that,” she admitted.

“Good. My master plan is working,” he joked as he placed a hand on her lower back to steer her out of the apartment building.

“How many cats will be there?” Aria asked.

“I don’t know. What’s your favorite kind of cat? Long hair? Short?” he asked as he opened the door to his SUV and helped her inside.

“I like cuddly ones. Oh!” she said in surprise as he reached inside to fasten her seatbelt for her. “I can do it,” she blurted.

“I know. I like taking care of you. Is that okay?”

“I guess?”

She closed her eyes as Cameron pressed a soft kiss to her head. “Thank you for coming with me.”

He stood and closed the door. Aria watched him circle the front of the vehicle to jump into the driver’s seat. In seconds, they were on their way.

Aria had a theory that she could tell a lot about a man by the way he drove. If he was aggressive—pushing cars to speed up by looming close to their rear bumpers or darting through traffic—he would be the same in real life. If he drove below the speed limit and cursed at the wild drivers around him, she knew he’d never pick up on social clues. Heaven forbid he curse or threaten others. She knew to steer clear of those with hair-trigger tempers.

Chatting easily, Cameron merged smoothly with traffic. His powerful hands steered the large SUV with precision and ease. He seemed to anticipate when trouble loomed ahead and took evasive action without a fuss. When Cameron parallel parked the vehicle effortlessly at the curb in front of CC's Purrfect Coffee, she turned to stare at him.

"Do you have any flaws?" Aria asked.

"I do. I frequently leave the cap off the toothpaste, but I'm trying to train myself to replace it."

"Really? That's the worst thing you do?"

"The absolute worst," he confirmed. "What about you?"

"A lot more than that," she confessed. "Maybe we aren't a good match. I couldn't ever be that perfect."

"I only want you to be yourself, Aria. And I'm not perfect. I was kidding. Already I feel possessive about you, and I'm trying not to scare you with the intensity of my feelings."

"Should I be frightened?"

"No, honey. I could never hurt you," he assured her softly. "Let's go get coffee and play with the cats. I think you've had enough tough decisions today."

When she reached for the door release, he wrapped his fingers around her lower thigh and squeezed firmly. Automatically, she slumped back against the seat.

Cameron gave her another quick press before sliding out and coming around to open her door for her. "Thank you, Aria."

"It seems silly," she whispered as she got out of the SUV.

"I know. It makes me happy to take care of you. Could that be enough of a reason?" he asked, wrapping an arm around her waist.

Aria looked around before asking, "Because I'm Little?"

"That's an important part of you that draws me, but that's not all." Cameron stopped talking as a couple walked by them when they got to the entrance. "Here we are."

He opened the set of doors that ensured the safety of the cats inside. When they got inside, he allowed her to think about what she wanted without pressure and placed their order when she was ready.

“Let’s go sit down. They’ll call my name when it’s ready to pick up. There’s a lot of people here today,” Cameron said, steering her to an empty table where a large orange tabby cat lolled in sun-fueled bliss.

“Look at this big guy. He’s living a happy life,” Aria said, feeling her lips curve in a delighted smile.

“Want me to move him so he’s out of your way?” a friendly voice asked.

Aria turned to look at a curvy brunette wearing an employee apron. “Oh, no. He’s fine. Can I pet him?”

“Tangerine will love you forever if you rub his belly,” the woman answered.

“CC. I’m glad to see you again. I’m Cameron.”

“You’ve been in a few times, right?”

“Yes. The coffee’s great, and the entertainment keeps me coming back.”

“They are fun to watch. Although somedays I might not admit the chaos belongs to me. Tangerine is in control most days,” CC joked, rubbing the big cat’s belly and starting a thunderous purr from deep inside the orange fur.

“You’ve been targeted,” CC said, pointing to a flame-colored kitten that pounced on Aria’s shoestrings. “Be warned. Murder mittens on the way.”

Aria looked down to see a calico kitten stretch a paw up her calf. The creature latched on with its tiny claws and climbed up onto Aria’s lap. Those sharp nail tips bit through her jeans and into her skin a few times, making her wince. “Yikes. Now I understand the murder mittens description.”

The brief pricks of discomfort were totally worth it as the kitten curled up in her lap to purr contentedly. Aria stroked the soft furball and fell in love. “He’s a sweetheart.”



“She. Most calicos are girls. That one is a lover. She’ll make someone a good companion. We do help with adoptions if you’re looking for a cat,” CC shared.

“Oh! I’d love to but...”

“I’m afraid we’re here just to enjoy the cats and our coffee today,” Cameron added smoothly.

“Of course. That teenager over there has her eye on the kitty in your lap. She brought in her parents today to meet her. Would you mind if I tempt the family with the calico?” CC asked.

Instantly, Aria scooped the kitten up and kissed her forehead for luck before handing her over to CC. She watched the coffee shop owner carry the precious cargo to the teenager who greeted the delightful creature with the name Fireball.

“She’s already named it,” Aria whispered to Cameron, finding his eyes fixed on her instead of the sweet scene taking place across the room. Unused to being the center of anyone’s attention, she felt her cheeks heat.

“I think that purr baby has found a home,” Cameron agreed. “Tell me when they grab a clipboard and start filling it out.”

“The dad is holding it now, and Fireball just rubbed her face against his nose. The mom is pushing her chair back. Yes! She just grabbed a clipboard. Fireball has a home,” Aria cheered in a hushed tone that didn’t take away the excitement she felt.

Collapsing back against the seat, she turned her attention to Cameron. “I love this place. Thank you for bringing me here.”

“I can tell you this is the most fun I’ve ever had here. Who else do you think is going home with a cat?” Cameron asked.

“There’s an older lady over there. She has a whole audience of felines ranging around her. I can’t tell you if she’ll take a cat home, but I can feel the love she has for all of them from here,” Aria said, feeling her eyes fill with moisture. There had to be a story there—probably a sad one.

“I know that one. That’s Edith Hanson. She has a foundation to take care of street cats. The last I heard, she only takes care of elderly cats because at her age, she doesn’t want to leave a cat without a home.”

“That’s sad and sweet. I bet she comes here to watch the kittens. They’re so mischievous,” Aria said, pointing to one who had stolen a wooden coffee stirrer off a table and was batting it around the floor.

“Almost all Little creatures have a playful side,” Cameron said with a meaningful look. “What do you like to do for fun, Aria?”

“I’m really boring. I go to work. I hang out with my friends I’ve had since high school when they can get away from their husbands and kids. A few weeks ago, my last single friend got married.”

“Does that mean you feel like you’re missing out?”

“Oh, no. I mean, of course, I’d like to have someone special in my life. But it has to be the right someone special,” she added, hoping he’d understand. To her delight, he nodded his head, agreeing with her.

“That’s very wise, Aria. How old are you?”

“I’m twenty-four. How old are you?”

“I’m thirty-four. Do you think that’s too old for you?” Cameron asked with a serious expression.

“No. Not at all. If you were forty-four, that would be old. Well, too old for me. Probably.” Aria wanted to shut up, but her mouth kept going.

“I agree. Twenty years between our ages could be too much. Would you like me to tell you a few things about me?” he asked.

“Yes, please.”

She didn’t care what type of information he told her. Aria was interested in gaining insight into all the facets of his life. She’d never been more fascinated by a man after spending such a small amount of time together.

“I went to college in Indiana before landing a job here. It was a great adventure to move away from my family to be a grownup and focus on my career. I like it here. I really can’t see myself living anywhere else.”

He paused for a minute and Aria nodded in agreement. “I like it here, too.”

“In my free time, I love to cook, hike, and play a variety of sports.”

“I’m not very athletic,” she confessed.

“That’s okay. I’m not a stellar athlete at anything. I just play to have fun. I like people.”

“That makes you good at your job in human relations,” Aria observed.

“It helps. Some days are crazy. But my work isn’t everything. I started bartending at Blaze because I wasn’t meeting the one woman I need in my life. Every night, I kept my eyes open for the someone special I knew was out there.”

“I could be a horrible person.”

“You could be, but I don’t believe that’s true. I think you’re exactly what you appear to be. An interesting person who’s been looking for someone like me.”

She stared at him in wonder. Could it be that easy? Could she just happen to visit Blaze and find the one guy who’d been hiding under her nose at work?

“I guess we’re lucky we ran into each other,” she said after a long pause.

“I think we’re incredibly lucky,” Cameron agreed.

“Meow!” Tangerine echoed his words with a long feline sound of approval.

“Wow. Tangerine never talks so much. You better listen. He’s pretty smart,” CC commented as she wandered around picking up the customer area and moving sleeping cats from the center of the floor so they wouldn’t get stepped on by mistake.

“I like her. CC, I mean,” Aria clarified before taking the last drink from her cup.

“I do, too. Ready to get out of here?”

“Sure,” she said, inwardly shrinking. “Are you ready to get rid of me?” That date hadn’t lasted very long. And she’d thought it was going so well. Her hopes deflated.

“Of course not,” he said with a smile. “In fact, I’m enjoying hanging out with you just as much as I’d hoped. I thought we might stop by the park on the way back to your apartment. That is if you don’t have anything pressing to do at home.”

“The park?” she repeated, trying to decide what he was up to.

“How do you feel about swinging? I’d like to spend some more time with you,” Cameron said, taking her hand.

“I like to swing,” she assured him, feeling her emotions swerve on a dime from dejected to excited.

“Me, too. Say goodbye to Tangerine.”

With one last fond pet to the large tabby cat’s tummy, Aria let Cameron pull her to stand next to him. Happy, she swung their interlaced hands together between them as he led her out to his SUV. Aria looked up at him when he squeezed her fingers firmly as he helped her into the vehicle.

“Thank you for being brave, Little girl.”

“Thank you for not going away,” she whispered as he clicked her seatbelt in place across her lap.

“Never,” Cameron promised, cupping her face and kissing her softly.

Just as he leaned in to deepen the kiss, the sound of the happy family emerging from CC’s Purrfect Coffee interrupted the intimate moment. “Damn,” Cameron whispered against her lips before he stood to close the door.

Giggling, Aria pressed her fingers against her lips as he rounded the hood. She saw the smiling teenager carefully

holding a cardboard cat carrier with one lucky kitty inside. “You go, Fireball. Have a good life,” she cheered as she watched the small creature disappear.

“I don’t think Fireball is the luckiest cat at the coffee shop today,” Cameron commented after catching some of her words as he slid into the SUV.

“Tangerine?” Aria suggested.

“Me. I’m one lucky cat.”

Picturing him with whiskers and furry ears, Aria giggled. When Cameron arched one eyebrow in a silent question, she rushed to assure him, “I wasn’t laughing at you. Well, I was. But you as a cat. You know with ears and fur.”

“I’d be a funny-looking cat,” he suggested.

“Oh, definitely. But handsome,” she added quickly before feeling her face heat with embarrassment. She should just stop talking.

He winked and wrapped a hand around her thigh to give her a squeeze before pulling out into traffic. “Let’s go have some more fun.”

“Swinging!” she agreed enthusiastically. Aria had never had a day where she let herself do those things that made her smile. Already in one morning with this dreamy man she’d enjoyed herself more than she could remember in a long time.

Her mind flashed back to the Littles at Blaze and at Little Cakes. They’d seemed to enjoy life with a gusto that she hadn’t seen in most adults. Was it because they balanced their responsibilities and jobs with fun activities and getting together with friends? She’d always enjoyed the age-play books that she’d encountered online. Her analytical mind just couldn’t put the pieces together to see how one person could enjoy both being a Little and handling their adult responsibilities.

Glancing over at Cameron, she wondered if one key might be having a Daddy. He seemed ready to step in and support her. Like this morning, an average guy might have seen her

still in PJs and simply decided to take off. Cameron had guided her into getting ready and put her mind at ease.

“You’re thinking awfully hard over there, Aria,” Cameron said, interrupting her thoughts.

“I’m really enjoying today,” she answered.

“I am, too, Little girl,” he said, placing a hand over hers and squeezing.

## Chapter Four



Swinging led to lunch together and then to exploring a new exhibit of dolls at the museum. Aria didn't think she'd ever laughed so much. Spending time with the charismatic, handsome man was such a treat. By the time Cameron headed back to her place, it was almost dinner time.

"We could stop for something to eat?" he suggested.

"I would think you've had enough of me," Aria said, hoping that wasn't true.

"I don't think that's possible, Little girl."

"Do you really think I'm your Little girl?"

"I do. What do you think? Could I be your Daddy?"

"Maybe," she hedged before answering his earlier question. "Thanks for the dinner invitation, but I need to get ready for work. You know—laundry and organizing things for next week."

"I'm disappointed but understand. Will you have lunch with me tomorrow at work instead?"

"Oh, no. We can't hang out at work."

"Why, Little girl?"

"If things go wrong, that will make everything so much more difficult. People will know you've ditched me," Aria blurted.

“I’m not going to ditch you, Aria,” he said, pulling off the road into a shopping area.

After parking, he turned to look at her. “You are so worried that we won’t be a good match that you’re already planning for the end of our relationship. That’s not giving us the chance we deserve.”

“You don’t understand. I never have good luck with guys.”

“I’m not a guy. I’m a Daddy. Hopefully, *your* Daddy.”

“For now,” she whispered.

“And for tomorrow and all the tomorrows after that if you’ll give us a chance.”

When she shrugged, he directed, “Pull out your phone. Open a message.”

“Why?”

“We’re going to make some rules.”

“Rules?” she echoed.

“Exactly. You write them down in a message to send to me. Then we’ll both have the list.”

Before she could ask any questions, he started, “Number one. Aria isn’t allowed to concentrate on us breaking up.”

“That’s not feasible. Everyone thinks about breaking up,” she stated, stubbornly not typing.

“People who are sure they’re not supposed to be together. Are you sure or have a single reason why we aren’t a perfect match?” Cameron asked, holding her gaze with his.

“Well...” Aria thought furiously. He was charming and seemed to enjoy being with her. They liked the same things and had the same opinions on most topics. For those few subjects they had different thoughts, he wasn’t staunchly against her—Cameron just looked at it from a slightly different angle. The only thing he held a very strong view on was their relationship.

“I can’t think of anything,” she whispered finally.



“Do you think it’s time to stop looking for items that separate us and start concentrating on building a foundation for the future?”

“Yes.” She picked her phone up from her lap and typed in the rule. “What else am I doing wrong?”

“Nothing. But I’m sure you have something you’d like to rely on from me,” Cameron suggested.

“I need to know how you feel about me,” Aria blurted.

“Right now, I think you’re so damn cute I want to kiss you.”

“Because I’m needy and insecure?” she said, rolling her eyes at him.

“Because you’re willing to take a chance on us. Put that rule down. Share how we feel on a frequent basis. That will help both of us feel better.”

She typed that quickly onto the list. “Anything else?”

“I’d like for us to interact at work as well as during our free time.”

“That scares me,” she admitted.

“What will make you feel better about seeing me at work? Because I’m not going to run the other way if I see you coming down the hall,” Cameron probed.

“I don’t know. We spend a lot of time at the office. I don’t want things to be weird.” Aria shivered, feeling a zing of cold roll down her spine.

Cameron turned off the SUV before pushing his seat back as far as possible. “I need to hold you.”

He scooped Aria out of her seat and onto his lap. She curled into his warmth, resting her face against his hard chest. “Aria, I promise not to be a jerk. I won’t let you run away from our relationship. Can you be brave?”

“You’re going to get so tired of reassuring me. I feel like a big baby.”

“That’s not going to happen because eventually you’ll know that I want the best for you.”

“I know. You’re really a nice guy.”

“You’re not going to think I’m a nice guy when I spank your bare bottom,” he informed her.

“You wouldn’t!”

“I very definitely would. Do you want to have a Daddy?”

“Yes.” After their magical day today, she could imagine actually having a Daddy.

“Then along with that relationship comes nurturing, affection, support, and boundaries.”

“From you?” she asked, leaning away from his support to see his face.

“Yes.”

Aria took a deep breath and exhaled strongly. “Okay.”

“Okay?”

“I’m sorry I’ve wavered around and tried to create problems when there aren’t any. You seem like the kind of man I’ve dreamed about for so long. It’s scary. I never realized I might be Little or expect to find out my dream man was a Daddy.”

When he opened his mouth to talk, she covered his lips with her fingers. “I need to finish. I’m ready to be brave and take a chance. Thank you for being patient.”

His tongue tickled her fingers, making Aria giggle. When she took her hand away, he pulled her in for a long, slow kiss that made her heart skip a few beats. Lifting his head, he said, “Waiting for you to decide that you want this relationship wasn’t a hardship, Giggles. You needed to be ready.”

“I am,” Aria agreed, feeling better than she had for a very long time.

Something struck her, and she looked quizzically at Cameron. “Did you just call me Giggles?”

“I did. Every time you allow yourself to start to slide into Little space, you signal me with a giggle. I love it. That’s how I’m always going to think of you enjoying being Little.”

“Giggles? I like it.”

“You know what I like?” Cameron asked.

“What?”

“Daddy. When you’re ready, try it out for me.”

“Okay,” she nodded.

Her phone on the console dinged with a message, reminding her of the list they’d started compiling. “I guess we can get rid of the rules.”

“No way, Giggles. Those rules are still important. Grab your phone and read them to me,” Cameron requested in a firm voice that brooked no arguments.

Aria reached out a hand to snag her phone and touched the screen to bring up her list. Slowly, she read aloud each line.

1. Aria isn’t allowed to concentrate on us breaking up.
2. We will share how we feel on a frequent basis.
3. Interact at work as well as during free time.

“What do you think?” Cameron asked.

“I think I could live with those. They really aren’t rules as much as they are guidelines,” Aria pointed out.

“Oh, they’re rules. You’ll receive consequences if you don’t follow them,” Cameron warned as he took her phone and sent the rules to himself.

“What kind of consequences?” she asked nervously.

“Spankings, corner time, lines to write. The punishment will fit the event.”

“Can we talk about them first?”

“Of course, but you will receive a punishment if you break a rule,” Cameron promised. “Think of it as a reset button.”

Whatever has happened, a spanking will erase the broken rule and allow us to continue.”

“With a sore butt.”

“Yes, Giggles. You’ll think twice when you sit down for a while.”

“What if that makes me hot?” popped out of her mouth before she could stop it.

“Good girl spankings exist, too. Those are rewards. I think you’ve earned one of those today.”

Cameron scooped her back into his arms and deposited her safely in the contoured passenger seat. He had her seatbelt fastened around her waist and the SUV restarted before she could say, “You’re going to spank me?”

“And you’re going to love it, Little girl.”

## Chapter Five



Cameron watched Aria's face as he helped her out of the car. A mixture of excitement and worry showed in her expression. He took her hand as they walked into her building and up the stairs. At the door, Cameron released her fingers to hold out his hand for the keys. With a click, he opened the door and ushered her inside.

He smiled to himself when she jumped as he re-clicked the door locked behind them. Cameron looked around the small apartment and chose his seat carefully. After claiming the armless chair next to the couch, he held a hand out to Aria.

"Come here, Little girl." To his delight, she didn't argue but walked slowly toward him as if she couldn't stop herself.

Wrapping his hands around her hips, he reminded her, "This isn't a punishment spanking, Giggles. It's a release spanking. I think you've worried a lot about what would happen between you and me."

When she nodded immediately, he continued, "Let me show you how a Daddy can help his Little girl feel better."

"Is it going to hurt?"

"Yes. It will still hurt, but you'll ask me for another one soon."

"Maybe not."

"Definitely so," he countered. "Ready?"

"I guess."

To his delight, she didn't pull away as he unfastened her jeans and pulled them down to her knees. "Breathe, Giggles."

"I'm not giggling now," she corrected him adorably.

"Over my lap," he directed, helping her move into position. When her weight was balanced over his thighs so she couldn't touch the carpet with her fingers or toes, Cameron hooked his finger in the back of her lacy panties and slid them over her rounded bottom. *Damn, she's gorgeous.*

Her breath hitched, and she squirmed, but she didn't say anything.

When he hesitated, admiring the view, she shifted uneasily, and he knew she needed him to begin. He patted her bottom, spreading a firm touch over her skin to warm it up. When she relaxed over his lap, he increased the strength of his swats slightly and let his hand land over her exposed pussy as well. Her quick inhale confirmed everything for him.

Cameron leaned one forearm against her back to pin her in place and felt her hands wrap around his ankles. "Little girls need relief from all their adult responsibilities. Little time can help, but a good spanking combined with an orgasm makes most feel much better."

"Please..."

His cock jumped at the longing tone in her voice. She wanted more. She even parted her legs farther.

He traced the fingers of his free hand down her lips and allowed them to dip inside before spanking her sharply. Alternating caresses and swats, Cameron watched her inner thighs begin to glisten with the proof of her desire. She wiggled on his lap, trying to avoid the spanking hand and encourage the thrilling one until she froze.

Cameron increased his attention to her now pink bottom as he pressed two fingers deep into her tight channel. With a keening moan, Aria showed him how responsive she was. He played within her pink folds, stretching out the orgasm as long as possible until she rested limp over his legs. Her panting was music to his ears.

Gathering her into his arms, Cameron gently rotated her to rest against his chest. He rocked her as he told her how good and beautiful she was. “I am such a lucky Daddy to have found you, Little girl.”

Aria curled up in his lap, snuggling her face against his neck. She was breathing heavily. “That was...”

He patted her naked bottom, letting her gather her thoughts. He thought it was beyond spectacular, but he wanted to hear her thoughts.

She cleared her throat. “I’ve read about Little girls getting spankings in books. I never thought about it happening in real life, and I certainly never thought I would like it or...” Her voice trailed off.

“Or reach orgasm?” he supplied.

“Yeah...” She suddenly froze in place and lifted her head to look at him. “Oh.” She glanced down at where her hip was against his hard cock. “I should...”

He lifted her chin with two fingers. “Not tonight, Giggles. You don’t owe me just because I made you feel good. In fact, you might as well erase the idea of keeping a tally from your mind right now. Our orgasm tally sheet will never be even.”

“Oh.” Her eyes widened as she put both hands in front of her, covering her pussy. He knew the signs. As she came down from her post-orgasmic haze and the adrenaline rush from her spanking, she was growing self-conscious.

Cameron lifted her to her feet in front of him.

She swayed a bit as she continued to attempt to cover herself. Without a word, he pulled her panties up and settled them in place before bending lower to remove her shoes and then her jeans.

She grabbed his shoulders to steady herself. “What are you doing?”

When he was finished, he sat back and met her gaze, his hands coming to her hips. “I’d rather not leave right now after giving you your first spanking and following it up with an

orgasm. You're slightly dazed, and that's normal. But I'd be a bad Daddy if I left you lingering in subspace."

"Subspace?"

"That fuzzy feeling you have is called subspace." He could see it in her eyes and sense it in her inability to form full sentences.

She licked her lips.

"Will you let me stay for a while? How about if I order a pizza while you go put on more comfortable clothes. Maybe the PJs you were wearing when I got here this morning," he proposed. "Then I can help you get your laundry started and check off your evening to-do list to get ready for work tomorrow."

"Oh. Uh..." She didn't look away. She was thinking. That was a good sign.

"When it's time for bed, I can give you a bath, read you a story, and tuck you in. How does that sound?"

Her eyes widened again, and she shivered at the same time. He also was fully aware of the goosebumps on her arms. "Give me a bath?" Her voice rose.

"Yep. That's one of my jobs as your Daddy."

"But I'd be naked..."

He smiled. "Most people are typically naked in the tub, yes." He leaned forward and kissed her parted lips briefly. "I've already had my fingers inside your sweet pussy. Do you think it will be a problem for me to see your breasts, too?"

She shuddered. "No. I guess not," she whispered.

"What else do you have on your to-do list for tonight, Little girl?"

She shrugged. "I was probably going to start the laundry and then sit with a mug of hot cocoa and think about what a great day I had." Her cheeks turned pink as she grinned.

He parted his knees and pulled her between them so he could hug her. "I'm so glad you had a great day. I did too. The



best day ever. And the thought of leaving makes my chest tight. I'm not ready for it to end yet."

"Are we going to have sex?"

"Not tonight, no. Tonight I want you to focus on how it feels to let me take care of you. We'll save sex for another night. I won't pressure you. We'll take that step when you're ready."

"Okay, but just one thing."

"What's that, Giggles?"

"Can you order Chinese instead? I've been craving chicken fried rice for days."

He smiled. "Definitely." He turned her in the direction of the short hallway that surely led to her bedroom and gave her bottom a pat. "Jammies. I'll handle the Chinese."

She smiled back at him as she padded from the room. Her smile lit up his whole life. She was it for him, and he didn't think it was going to take too long to prove that to her.

## Chapter Six



Aria was trembling as she entered her bedroom. She couldn't believe this was happening. She'd been so skeptical this morning. What a difference a day made.

As soon as she stepped into her room and shut the door, she let out a quick, "Shit." Her room was a disaster. Clothes everywhere from when she'd been trying to choose what to wear this morning.

She started rushing around, snagging everything. Her clothes weren't even on hangers. They were just tossed on the bed and over the back of a chair. She grabbed the pile, hurried to the closet, tossed it all in, and shut the door.

Next, she sped back over to her bed to make it. If he was serious about coming into her bedroom and bathroom, she didn't want him to think she was a slob. She wasn't. Not ordinarily. Only on the days when she fretted hard about what to wear on a very important date with a man she really liked. Which didn't happen often. Well, never.

Overheated from all her exertions and nervousness, Aria rejected the PJs she'd worn that morning, choosing instead a cooler summer set. She headed for the bathroom where she quickly removed her T-shirt and bra and pulled on the jammies over her panties. They were a lightweight, comfortable cotton. Pastel pink with tiny white polka dots all over them. Shorts and a camisole.

As soon as she was dressed, she picked up her brush as she glanced in the mirror. "Shit," she repeated. She should have

left her bra on. What had she been thinking? Her nipples were hard points he would not be able to miss.

“He’s going to see you naked in a while anyway, Giggles,” she murmured before giggling at her use of his nickname for her.

“Aria?”

She jerked her head toward the door to the bathroom to find Cameron standing in the frame. He was grinning. “Sorry. I knocked and called out your name, but you didn’t respond.”

Her cheeks heated. “Did you hear me talking to myself?”

“Uh, yes. I also heard you cuss. Twice to be exact. You weren’t quiet when you blurted out the first *shit* when you entered the room.”

Her heated cheeks caught on fire as she lowered her gaze.

He came all the way into the bathroom and took the brush from her before carefully pulling it through her hair. “We better start compiling a list of real rules. The first one will be no cussing. Little girls don’t cuss.”

She swallowed. “Yes, Sir.” The way she so reverently referred to him as Sir stunned her. It had slipped out.

He kept brushing. “How about you try, ‘yes, Daddy’?”

She licked her lips. “Yes, Daddy.” It sounded kind of nice. She shivered as soon as the words left her mouth.

“I like that, Little one,” he praised, still brushing. “Now what were you mumbling about me seeing you naked, Giggles?”

Should she tell him? He was so bossy, and she found she kind of liked it. “I was thinking I should have left my bra on because...” She glanced at her chest. “Well, this camisole isn’t hiding anything.”

“That’s true, and I’d rather you not hide anything from Daddy anyway. You’re a very attractive woman, Aria. I’m going to enjoy seeing your body. This tiny shirt and these little

shorts are so tempting they're almost more enticing than if you were wandering around naked."

Her breath hitched. She'd never thought about her jammies as being sexy, but if Cameron thought they were then who was she to argue?

Cameron set the brush down, gathered her hair up on top of her head, and grabbed the scrunchie off her counter to secure a high ponytail. "There." He set his hands on her shoulders and met her gaze in the mirror. "The reason I came looking for you is because the food is already here. I wondered what was taking you so long. I was afraid you'd gotten cold feet about me staying for the evening."

She gasped. "Was I that long?"

"Yep."

"Well, I was cleaning up a bit because I realized you were going to see my bedroom," she admitted.

He chuckled. "Was it that messy? The rest of your apartment isn't messy."

She nodded, still holding his gaze in the mirror. "I pulled out a lot of clothes this morning before you arrived because I couldn't decide what to wear."

"Is that so? And you hung them all up?"

She slowly shook her head. "No. I stuffed them all in the closet and shut the door," she murmured.

He laughed. "You don't have to impress me with your tidiness or anything else, Giggles. I'm already head over heels for you. I guess we better add cleaning your closet to our list of chores for tonight, yeah?"

She groaned. "I can just do it another day."

He spun her around and wrapped his arms around her. "Nope. I wouldn't want you to wake up tomorrow to have everything fall out of your closet onto the floor. Daddy will help you get your chores done." He glanced toward the hamper by the wall. "Let's sit down and eat Chinese and then get your laundry started. How's that sound?"

Her stomach growled at the suggestion. “Perfect.”

Taking her hand, Cameron led her to the kitchen where steaming containers of food were already sitting on the table. He’d also found plates and silverware and filled glasses with ice water.

“Wow, I really did take a long time,” she murmured.

He pulled out a chair for her and helped her get settled before pushing her up to the table.

“That’s a lot of food.”

“I figured who doesn’t like Chinese leftovers? You can take some for lunch tomorrow, or if there’s way too much, we can eat it for dinner again another night.”

She looked up at him. Was he already planning another date? That seemed too good to be true.

He tipped her chin back and gave her a quick kiss. She decided she really liked it when he kissed her like that. “Now that I’ve found you, I’d like to see you every day. I’m so glad you happen to work in the same building as me. That means I get to see you even during the day, but after work, I will be eager to spend more quality time with you, Giggles.”

He released her and turned to open the containers. He kept talking while he filled her plate with a large helping of chicken fried rice and then a smaller scoop of several other delicious-looking selections.

“Is there anything you don’t like, Little girl?”

She shook her head. “No. I’m not picky. That all looks so yummy. I never get to try all the different choices at a Chinese restaurant because I always want fried rice so badly.”

“Well, now you can try more things.” Still standing, he set her plate down in front of him, grabbed a fork and knife, and cut all the larger pieces of meat and vegetables into smaller bites.

She trembled as she watched him. He was so nurturing. With any other man she probably would have run from the room by now. His actions could be misconstrued as high-

handed. But after spending a day with Cameron, she knew he was simply Daddying her, and it was sweet.

“Be careful. It’s still hot,” he instructed as he slid the plate in front of her and handed her a fork.

“Thank you, Daddy.” The words slid out easily, and when she glanced at him, she found him smiling broadly.

After he filled his plate and settled in his chair, she cleared her throat. She was pushing the food around and hadn’t taken a bite yet. “I’m still worried about seeing each other at work,” she admitted.

“I don’t want to hide our relationship, Little one,” he said gently. “Are you embarrassed about me?” His voice was teasing.

She met his gaze and shook her head. “Of course not. I’m just concerned.”

“About people knowing we’re dating or about what our public dynamic will look like?”

She blew out a breath. At least he understood. “The latter.”

He reached over and set a hand on top of hers. “I would never do anything to embarrass you in front of other people. Our age-play dynamic can be as private as you want it to be. Lots of Littles prefer to keep their professional life separate. We can keep that side of us to at home and when we’re at Blaze.”

“Okay.” She was struggling to picture what that might look like. Right now, she felt so Little that she wasn’t sure how she was going to juggle the two sides. It would be humiliating if anyone found out how deeply she was apparently going to submit to Cameron.

He gave her hand another squeeze. “How about tomorrow you come to my office at lunch time? I have a microwave in my office. I’ll pack up this Chinese and heat it up. We can eat in relative privacy before we go back to work.”

“Okay.” She thought that might work. She would still be nervous, but if they weren’t going to eat in the crowded lunch

room, at least fewer people would see her and ask a ton of questions she wasn't ready to field yet.

“Eat your food, Little one.” He released her hand and pointed at her plate.

“Okay, Daddy.” She picked up her fork, feeling less concerned than she had earlier.

## Chapter Seven



It was a challenge convincing his Little girl to remain seated while he cleaned up their dishes and packed up the leftovers for lunch tomorrow. It was also a challenge when he then guided her to gather her clothes so he could put them in the washer and get the laundry started.

Cameron knew this getting-to-know-each-other phase was going to be slightly uneasy. Every Little girl had some difficulties embracing the idea of having a Daddy do things for them, especially if they hadn't been in the lifestyle before.

Other than the stuffed dinosaur he'd spotted leaning against her pillow on her bed, he hadn't seen any other things in her apartment that indicated she'd ever embraced her Little side before.

He wasn't surprised. After all, she had made it clear she'd never thought about age play as a real thing people participated in. When he got home tonight, he would miss her terribly, but he would occupy himself by placing a large order online.

Cameron already had the basics for a nursery in his house. He'd been preparing for a Little girl for years. But it needed all the finishing touches that would match the personality of this particular Little girl, and now that he'd spent time in her apartment, he thought he had a pretty good idea what her style was like.

Aria was obviously fond of pastels. The quilt on her bed was a patchwork of every pastel color. The pillows stacked



behind her dinosaur were each a different pastel color, too. Her bathroom towels the same.

As soon as he had the laundry going, he led her back to her bedroom and opened the closet.

Her breath hitched adorably when everything fell out onto the floor. “Wow, you really did go through a lot of choices this morning.”

She rocked back and forth on her bare feet. “I wasn’t sure. I wanted to impress you, but I was also scared. It’s hard to choose what to wear on a date.”

He grabbed the pile of loose hangers, set them on the bed, and started hanging up clothes. “Next time I’ll help you choose. How about that?”

She stared at him, wide-eyed as she started picking up clothes off the floor and handing them to him. In no time, the closet was put back to rights.

“Bath time,” he declared.

“Now?” She glanced at the clock. “It’s so early.”

He cupped her cheek. “I bet you didn’t get much sleep last night fretting over seeing me today. Plus, by the time we get through with a bath and I read you a story, it will be bedtime for Little girls.”

“What time do Little girls go to bed?”

“When their Daddies tell them to without complaining.” He lifted a brow.

She swallowed. She was precious.

“Come, Giggles.” He set a hand on the small of her back and led her into the bathroom.

“I usually take a shower,” she informed him.

“Mmm. We can take showers together after we take our relationship to the next level, but for now, I’m going to give you a bath. I don’t think you’re ready for the intimacy of showering with Daddy.”

She glanced at the small enclosure in the corner of the bathroom. “I barely fit in there. There’s no way we could both fit.”

“Ah, but we’ll both easily fit in the shower in my house,” he pointed out.

“Oh.” She pursed her lips.

“Maybe tomorrow you could come to my house after work. I’ll make us dinner.”

“And then sleep over?” she asked.

“I’d love for you to sleep over. That doesn’t mean you have to sleep with Daddy. I have a nursery you can sleep in until you’re ready to sleep in my bed.”

Her eyes nearly bulged out of her head at this announcement. “A nursery? Like a baby nursery?”

“Yep, but for adults. It will be a playroom where you can be Little without worrying about anything in the world. I already have furniture in it, but you can help me pick out toys and books and games. Anything you’d like.”

“So it would be like the daycare you showed me at Blaze.”

“Yes. Exactly like that except with a crib and changing table.”

He leaned over to turn on the water and adjust the temperature, letting that sink in before he turned around to find her wringing her fingers together in the doorway. “How Little did you want me to be?” she murmured.

He went to her, parted her hands, and threaded their fingers together. “Any age you want, Little one, but I suspect there will be times when you’ll need to spend at least a few hours in a deeper regressed space. Lots of Littles benefit from time spent letting their Daddies take care of everything. It lets you rejuvenate before you have to return to your adult headspace.”

She chewed on her bottom lip. “I don’t know about that, Daddy.”

At least she called him Daddy. He lured her closer to the tub. “You don’t have to worry about it tonight, Little one. You’ll know when you’re ready.”

“You won’t force me?” Her voice was high pitched.

“Never. I may encourage you to try new things so you’ll have experiences I think you’ll enjoy, but I will never force you to do anything, Little one. The choice to submit to me as a Little is always yours.”

“Okay, Daddy.” She let out a relieved breath, seemingly soothed by his words.

He gave her a quick kiss and reached for the hem of her thin shirt to pull it over her head. “Arms up, Giggles.”

She let him pull the shirt off, but her breath hitched as soon as he squatted in front of her to pull off her tiny shorts and panties. Without giving her too much time to think about it, he lifted her by the waist and set her in the tub.

She immediately covered her breasts and squeezed her legs together.

Cameron cupped her face and tipped her head back. “You won’t have secrets from Daddy, Little one. You’re a beautiful woman, Aria. I’m so humbled. Every inch of you is stunning.”

She lowered her hands. “Do you mean that?”

“Of course.” He let his gaze slide down to take in the swell of her breasts. She was so fucking gorgeous. Every inch of her.

She gripped the sides of the tub and drew in a deep breath. “I like the way you look at me.”

He dropped to his knees next to the tub and cupped her shoulders. “I’m going to enjoy looking at you often.”

She drew her knees up and clenched them. “No one’s ever really seen me naked,” she blurted.

Cameron sucked in a breath. *Be careful. Don’t scare her.* “You haven’t been with a man before, Little one?” He felt like an ass for fingering her earlier without asking this question.

But she was twenty-four years old. It never occurred to him that she might be a virgin.

She shook her head. “No. I mean, yes. I’ve had sex before. I had a boyfriend in college for two years.”

He lifted a brow, confused. “Then he must have seen you naked.”

“No.” She lowered her gaze as if this were embarrassing. “He, uh...”

Cameron stroked her shoulders with his thumbs. “You can tell me, Aria. I want you to be able to tell me anything.”

She hesitated and then lifted her gaze. “His father was a pastor, and he had it drilled into his head that he shouldn’t have sex before marriage. But we were together a long time and we were adults, away at school. He had his own apartment. I slept over. A lot. But he was always walking a weird line between right and wrong when it came to sex, and he sort of thought if it just happened in the dark under the covers that it didn’t really count.” She whispered that last part.

Cameron tried to process her words. “This happened a lot?”

“Yes,” she murmured. “I know it’s weird. I knew it was weird at the time, but I finally had a real boyfriend, and I didn’t want to rock the boat.”

“Wait. Was it consensual?”

She flinched. “Yes. Of course. He didn’t force me. But it was...”

“What, Aria?” His heart was racing. What the hell?

“Boring.” She lifted one hand, covered her mouth, and holy hell, she giggled.

A slow smile spread across his lips.

When she met his gaze, she informed him, “I never had an orgasm with him. He never... I mean...”

Cameron drew in a deep breath and thought he could fill in the blanks. “You were only ever naked in the dark, under the

covers, and he didn't take care of you?"

She nodded. "Yeah. I don't think it was really his fault. He didn't know how to take care of me, and I didn't know it was something he should do either." She shrugged. "I didn't love him. I thought I did, but I didn't know what love was. I was just going through the motions of having a boyfriend."

"What happened?"

She giggled again. His Little girl was so cute. "He met this really sexy blonde with huge boobs right before graduation and broke up with me."

Cameron gasped, but it was hard to feel angry for Aria because she didn't appear to be sad. She was still giggling.

"I didn't even care. I was kind of relieved. I realized I didn't love him. When he told me, I felt this huge weight lift off me. When I saw the two of them take off together after graduation, all I could feel was relief. She could have him. I was done having boring sex in the dark."

Cameron smiled as he leaned forward, grabbed the back of her neck, and kissed her. Not a peck. Not even like the kiss they'd shared in the car. He kissed her passionately, deepening the contact by tilting his head to one side and stroking his tongue against hers until she relaxed under his grip and moaned into his mouth.

He kissed her until the water got so high in the tub that his elbow suddenly got wet. That was what shocked him back into the present.

Aria giggled while he turned off the water. Her eyes were dancing. Her cheeks were red. Her lips were swollen. And he'd never been more happy in his life.

## Chapter Eight



“Do you think I’m weird?” she asked him as he fiddled with the stopper in the bottom of the tub to let out some of the water.

“Nope. I think you’re mine.”

She shivered from head to toe, and then she giggled. “That’s not an answer. Those two things aren’t mutually exclusive. I could be weird and be yours,” she pointed out.

He chuckled. “You had a very odd boyfriend in college, Little one. But that doesn’t reflect on you. I’m glad it didn’t work out. How could it? You had to be free so you could come into Blaze the other night and sit down at my bar.”

Her smile warmed his entire body, and his cock had never been harder. The thought that the odd man she’d dated hadn’t really seen her naked or touched her in a way she would enjoy made him feel kind of smug. She would never feel like that with him.

Cameron reached for her pert breast with one hand, cupped it, and stroked his thumb over the nipple.

She arched for him and grabbed the sides of the tub, her mouth falling open, her breaths coming fast.

“He never did this to you?”

She shook her head.

“Did he stroke your clit or reach his fingers into your pussy?” He knew the answer. He just wanted to hear her say it.

“No, Daddy.”

Cameron pinched her nipple and leaned forward to suck it into his mouth.

Aria arched farther and gasped as one hand came to the back of his head. She threaded her fingers into his hair. “Cameron...”

His name was music coming from her lust-filled voice.

When he released her breast with a soft pop, he kept his face inches from hers. “This bath is going to be better than any sex you’ve ever had, Little one, and I’m not even going to take my clothes off.”

Her smile spread. “Okay, Daddy.”

Cameron leaned back, grabbed a washcloth, dipped it into the water, and poured her floral-scented liquid soap on it. He did so slowly, loving the way she was panting and watching him. Anticipation was the most important part of foreplay, and his girl was desperately in need of good foreplay.

He started with her fingers and moved up her arm, taking his time, watching the way her cheeks and chest turned pink. After lowering the second arm, he switched to her legs, massaging her feet until she was gripping the edge of the tub so hard her knuckles turned white.

When he reached her upper thighs, he stopped, rose, and leaned over to wash her back. Aria was so aroused he thought she might come before he touched her pussy. She’d come so prettily for him earlier. He wished he’d known then that it had been the first orgasm she’d had with a man.

No wonder she had frozen over his lap when he’d pulled her panties down. What a fool the boyfriend was to miss that she was so responsive! Now she was starving for this sort of affection and affirmation that she was loveable and desirable. Cameron would enjoy teaching her what lovemaking could be.

Sliding the wet cloth over her skin, he moved to her tummy next and then higher, lingering as he rubbed her breasts, back and forth, washing each of them several times.

Her nipples were hard points, her mouth was hanging open, and her breaths were shallow.

“Spread your legs for Daddy, Little one.”

She instantly parted her thighs for him, and her bottom came clear off the tub when he stroked through her folds. He dropped the washcloth and used his fingers, gliding the tips between her labia before circling her clit. Savoring the feel of her body, Cameron looked forward to a time he'd reveal all her charms to his eyes without the water to cloud his view. With one last thought about the stupidity of young men, he pushed the thought of her boyfriend from his mind. He'd make sure to erase the memories from hers as well.

“I can feel it coming, Daddy,” she whispered as she froze in place.

“What, Aria? Good feelings?”

“The best...”

Her breath sped up, and she squeezed her thighs together, trapping his hand between them. A deep moan spilled from her lips as her body shook subtly, rippling the water around her.

“That's my Little girl,” he said softly, and brushed her hair away from her sweaty face with his free hand.

“So good,” she sighed as she slumped against the back of the tub.

Cameron gave her a few seconds to recover before unhurriedly finishing her bath. He loved how she allowed him to take care of her as she lolled in the tub completely relaxed. When she opened her eyes to look into his, Cameron felt their connection strengthen and click into place.

“Come here, Little girl. Let's get you out of the tub and tucked into bed so you can go to sleep.”

“I'm tired,” she admitted, allowing him to help her out and gently dry her skin.

With her teeth freshly brushed, hair brushed to a shine, and skin softened by lotion, Cameron tucked her into bed in her cute PJs she'd worn that evening. Immediately, Aria slid her



hands out from under the covers to nab the dinosaur and pull him close.

Cameron sat next to her until her breath settled into a regular pattern and he knew she was asleep. She'd been way too tired for a story, but he hoped to incorporate story time into their future. Making one last stop before he tiptoed out of the apartment, Cameron locked the door securely behind him. Once back in his vehicle, he sat looking at her bedroom window, picturing the sweet image now emblazoned in his memory of her curled up in bed.

## Chapter Nine



Aria had to admit that she felt better than she'd ever felt waking up on a Monday. Almost dancing through her morning routine, she discovered that Cameron had plugged in her phone to charge and left a note in her refrigerator. She remembered him packaging their leftovers up for lunch the next day when he'd cleaned up after dinner, but the Chinese food was missing.

*I'm holding the leftover dumplings for ransom in my office. Come at noon with a healthy appetite or they're going to meet a crushing end.*

A peal of giggles erupted from her mouth. He made everything so much fun. She couldn't help but look forward to lunch even though she still worried about the rumor mill at work. Looking back at the note, she followed the arrow pointing off the side of the page and turned it over.

*Eat breakfast, Little girl.*

Quickly pouring herself a bowl of cereal, Aria followed his directions as she had her usual cup of coffee. In just a few minutes, she was finished. After brushing her teeth and putting on makeup, she headed out the door with a positive attitude. Having a Daddy was good for her.

The morning flew past in a flurry of work. Five minutes before twelve, she headed for the bathroom. As she washed her hands, she listened to two women chatting to each other from adjacent stalls.

“He’s so handsome. There’s something so dynamic about his green eyes that makes him so mysterious.”

“You just want to see the tattoos,” the other woman accused.

“Shoot me. You’re right. I never knew he had tattoos until you said something about seeing him at the gym. Now I can’t think about anything else.”

“You may have to join Fitness Haven.”

“Oh, my, God. Talk about a weird reason to join a gym.”

Aria let herself out of the bathroom before they emerged from the stalls. Maybe they weren’t talking about Cameron. There were plenty of people with tattoos who worked in the building.

Still trying to convince herself, she headed down the hallway toward HR. Opening the glass door announcing that department, Aria walked inside.

“Hi! How can we help you today?” the administrative assistant at the front desk asked automatically.

“I’m good, thank you. Just meeting a friend,” Aria said quickly as she walked past.

She could feel the woman’s gaze follow her path as she walked down the hallway, glancing at the names on the doors. Finally, she glimpsed Cameron at his desk. He was on the phone, and she didn’t want to interrupt. Pausing in the doorway, she waited until he looked up and then walked around the corner to lean against the corridor wall.

“Are you sure you don’t need help?”

Aria looked up to see the woman who had greeted her approaching. “No, thank you. I’m just waiting for Cameron.”

“Do you have an appointment with Mr. Ferguson? He’s a very busy man.”

“I do,” Aria said, putting starch into her voice to offset the woman’s questions.

“I don’t have you on the schedule, Miss...” The woman leaned forward to look at Aria’s employee ID attached to her collar. “Miss Martin.”

“Oh, I don’t have a... A work-related appointment with Cameron,” Aria stammered. Her worst fears were coming true. “I’ll just check in with him later.”

“You will do nothing of the sort,” Cameron’s deep voice assured her.

Aria whirled to see him standing in the doorway, smiling at her. That smile faded as he turned to the administrative assistant.

“Carol, please take screening my visitors off your list of assigned job duties. I will handle scheduling anyone dropping by my office for a future appointment if I don’t have time to meet with them at that time. This is HR. I’m here to help the employees if they need something.”

“But... I know you’re busy, Cameron.”

He simply raised an eyebrow and waited.

“As you wish,” the woman answered with an obvious fake tone before turning and heading back to her desk.

Cameron followed Carol and spoke to her quietly at her desk before returning and ushering Aria into his office. When the door clicked closed, she looked up at him, still rattled by the encounter.

“I bet you’re hungry. I meant to have everything heated up before you got here.”

“You’re busy. I can eat in my cubicle.”

“You will not,” he stated firmly. “My apologies about Carol. She’s new on the job and is very serious about it.”

“She is quite the guard dog. Maybe we can meet outside for lunch next time,” Aria suggested quickly.

“We can try that as well, but not because you’re running from anything. You have the right to be here. I want you here with me.”

“O-okay.”

“Okay. Dumplings?” he asked and opened a door at the side of the office, revealing a small closet with a minifridge and microwave.

“Yes, please.” She wondered where to sit as he popped the dumplings into the microwave.

“Sit at the table. We can share the dipping sauce there,” he suggested.

“Your office is big,” she said, wandering in that direction.

“I have a lot of meetings and interviews. They finally had me move into what used to be a conference room,” he explained as he answered the ding and opened the microwave.

In just a few seconds, they sat together at the table. Cameron placed a napkin on her lap and tucked one into the neck of his white dress shirt. Aria tried not to laugh at the comical picture, but her giggles escaped.

“I know. It’s ridiculous but I’ll end up wearing dumpling sauce all afternoon if I don’t take precautions,” Cameron said with laughter, making his eyes dance.

“I understand,” she assured him before allowing her mirth to emerge once again as she concentrated on removing the paper wrapper from a pair of chopsticks.

“I’ll remember this,” Cameron warned, dipping his chopsticks into the container to snag a fat dumpling. He dipped it in the sauce and cupped his hand under it as he offered it to her.

“Mmm!” Aria hummed her delight as she chewed the bite.

“Good, huh?”

Cameron plunked the remainder back into the sauce and popped it into his mouth. He chewed with a look of enjoyment on his face before swallowing and stating, “We need to do this often. I had a tough morning and was glad to have something to look forward to.”

“I’m sorry. It’s been a typical Monday in my part of the building.”

“Did you sleep well?” he asked, getting up to grab two bottles of water from the fridge.

Aria could feel her face heating as she nodded. Immediately, her mind flashed back to how she’d felt as he tucked her into bed. “I did. How about you?”

“I was lonely, but happy. Yesterday was delightful. Are you busy tonight?”

“I have a standing date with my folks for dinner, I’m afraid. I could cancel, but then I’d have to explain,” she said hesitantly.

“Go to dinner with your parents. I can wait until Tuesday to tuck you in again. Maybe soon, you’ll invite me to join you,” Cameron suggested.

“They’d love that. I’d love that. Be forewarned that Mom frequently tries to play matchmaker with various men she runs into around town. None of them are anyone anybody should consider.” Her voice rose to a higher tone as she pretended to be her mother. “What do you do? You’d be perfect for my Aria. Oh, you’re a street thug, selling drugs? Maybe if you change clothes?” She let her voice drift away.

“It can’t be that bad,” he chuckled.

“Oh, it can be. I just happened to investigate the last man she set me up with, and he had violated his parole.”

“You didn’t ever date him?” Cameron said, leaning forward in concern.

“No, the sheriff found him first. He did call to explain and to ask me to visit him instead. I didn’t go,” she clarified.

“Your mother needs to allow you to choose someone that is better suited,” Cameron suggested.

“She did back off for a while. I think Dad talked to her.”

Cameron held a bite of food up to her mouth before taking one himself. As he chewed, Aria knew he was holding back

what he really wanted to say. Warmth gathered in her tummy at the thought that he had reacted so protectively. *So much like a Daddy.*

“Have some noodles, Giggles,” Cameron suggested, offering a portion of noodles wrapped around his chopsticks.

Accepting the treat, Aria opened her mouth and wiggled happily in her seat as she chewed. She froze in place as she realized he was feeding her. *Just like a Little girl.*

“I can eat myself,” she rushed to assure him, lifting her chopsticks for proof.

“Of course you can. I enjoy taking care of you. I think I remember you liked this?” Cameron lifted a piece of broccoli and offered it to her.

“I do,” she admitted and opened her mouth, setting her chopsticks down with a soft click.

“Good girl,” he praised.

She shouldn't have felt the warmth grow inside her at his words. She wasn't really a little girl.

“It's okay, Aria.” He smoothed his free hand over her shoulder. “Think of it as flirting. I love taking care of you, and you bloom each time I compliment you. It's okay to enjoy being appreciated and pleasing me.”

She thought about that for a minute and nodded. Who cared what others might think as long as she was happy and he enjoyed it? “Could I have another bite of noodles?”

“Of course.”

It was way too soon when Aria caught a glimpse of the clock and bolted to her feet. “I need to get back to my computer. Can I help you clean up?”

“I've got this, Aria. Go. I'll see you tomorrow after work.”

Walking briskly back to her cubicle, Aria realized they hadn't made any specific plans for tomorrow. As she powered back on her computer, she felt the corners of her lips curve into a smile. He always took care of everything.

## Chapter Ten



*Follow me home.*

Aria had just gotten in her car the following evening when the message came in on her phone. She stared at the sender name of Daddy before looking up to see his SUV in front of her. He waved and she lifted her hand to return the greeting. When he reached the exit for the parking lot, she made her decision and turned right to follow him instead of taking her normal route to the left.

Cameron's home wasn't far. After heading into a nice neighborhood, he pulled into the large driveway and motioned for her to take the spot next to him. By the time she had her car in park, he was at her side, ready to open her door.

"Daddy? Was that an invitation or an order?" she asked, wagging her phone.

"Whichever worked to get you to follow me home," he answered.

Unable to stop, Aria giggled and slid out of the car. She wrapped her arms around his neck and rose onto her toes to hug him close. A passing vehicle made her realize that they stood out in the middle of his driveway where the neighbors could see. His hand around her jaw kept her from lowering herself to fully stand on the concrete.

"Kiss me, Aria."

Without thinking, she pressed her mouth against his as she hugged him tight to her body. He allowed her to experiment



before taking control of the kiss and sending the sensations skyrocketing in all directions. *Damn, that man can kiss!*

The hard feel of his warmth wrapped around her as he embraced her with his free arm. Unable to concentrate on anything else, Aria lost herself in the heated exchange. When he finally lifted his head, she stared into his green eyes, trying to gather her thoughts.

“Daddy?” she whispered.

“Let’s go inside, Giggles. I don’t think the neighbors need to see what happens next,” he answered, referring to her unspoken question before pressing a soft peck to her nose.

“Oh!”

Aria looked around to see how many people were watching and found only a doodle dog with its paws propped on the neighbor’s fence. “You!” she said, laughing as she whacked his shoulder playfully.

“Curly has been known to gossip,” he said, pointing to the tail-wagging pup. “Let’s go inside before he decides to draw attention to us.”

Following the handsome man inside, Aria looked around. It was a comfortable home—not stuffy at all. Neat and tidy but lived in. She could see him here.

“You’re smiling,” he commented.

“You match your house—well put together but easygoing. I don’t feel like I can’t touch anything here for fear of messing up the perfect pillow arrangement or leaving a fingerprint.”

“Good. I want it to feel like home. Let’s go change clothes,” he suggested, taking her hand.

“Oh, I don’t have any clothes in my car,” she said quickly.

“I have a set of play clothes in your nursery for you.”

“My nursery?” He’d mentioned having a nursery on their first date, but she’d put it out of her mind. It hadn’t seemed like a real possibility.

Cameron drew her down the hallway to an open door. Walking into the room, he paused so she could look around. He'd painted each wall a different pastel color: pink, blue, yellow, and green. There was a large crib with white railings around it and a pastel rainbow quilt that looked so soft.

Aria walked forward to stroke her fingers over the satin finish on the spindles. "They make adult-sized cribs?"

"They do. And rockers for two as well as a changing table," Cameron pointed out. "There's even a play table for you to color at or put puzzles together."

"Who did you create this room for?" she asked suspiciously.

"I started putting this room together when I moved in. I haven't had a Little in my life since my twenties, except for some play at different clubs. I haven't played with any Littles at Blaze except you," he said, obviously noting her hardening expression.

"Really? That's hard to believe."

"Then you'll have to expand your gauge for reality. I bartend at Blaze when Riley has a day off or needs a break. We work well together, and having a backup means that she can do the Shibari she loves and I can keep my eyes open for the one Little I've been searching for."

"It's so well put together. I'd think you wouldn't go to this expense or waste your time putting this together if you didn't have someone in mind," Aria said, beginning to believe him but trying to keep herself from being hoodwinked.

"Little girl, these are the facts. I knew I was a Daddy. I knew eventually I would find my Little girl. The furnishings could go with a variety of colors and decoration styles. As soon as I saw all the pastel in your apartment, I painted the walls from boring white to the colors you see here. You are what brought the nursery to life."

"White is pretty boring," she admitted, feeling the tension in her neck and shoulders ease. "You really painted it for my tastes?"

“And ordered sheets and a comforter as well as a few sets of clothes to fit you. By express shipping it here, I got almost everything here quickly. While you were at your parents’ last night, I painted the walls. I am missing one important thing,” Cameron confessed.

“What?”

“You’re here so I can check that off my list,” he told her and swatted her bottom softly when she rolled her eyes. “Be good.”

“Are you going to tell me what’s missing?” she asked.

“Nope. You’ll have to wait and see when the special surprise appears. Now, let’s get you changed.”

“How did you know my size?” Aria quizzed him.

“Do you remember a large pile of clothing that happened to get discarded onto the floor before our first date?”

“Oh!”

It was perfectly logical that he’d noticed the tags inside the items he’d helped her restore on hangers. He had just filed that bit of information away to make the nursery specifically hers. She looked up at him and whispered, “I’m lucky to be the one you think is your Little.”

“I *know* you’re my Little, Giggles. Ready to get your grownup clothes off and put on some play clothes?” he asked with an indulgent smile.

“Yes, please.”

Cameron opened the door and pulled out a short-sleeve T-shirt decorated with dinosaurs and a matching pair of leggings. “These are so soft. Let’s try these on,” he suggested, setting them down on the changing table.

He unbuttoned her blouse at the cuffs first before starting on the front. Aria bit her lip as his fingers brushed casually over her breasts. Her panties were still slightly damp from their lunch together. They always were. Aria seemed to get wet the moment he looked at her. His touch was quickly renewing the heat low in her belly.

A quiet moan escaped from her lips when he spread the fabric open. As his gaze stroked over her skin, Aria swore she could feel it.

“I know, Little girl. The attraction between us is overwhelming. That’s a good thing. When we’re finally together, it’s going to be an inferno.”

“Tonight?” she whispered.

“Tonight is probably too soon. Fair warning. Once you’re in my bed, Little girl, I plan on keeping you there.”

Aria’s head nodded almost on its own. Her mind and body knew exactly what they wanted.

“Let’s get you changed, and then we’ll have some dinner.”

Cameron drew her blouse off before reaching around her to unfasten her bra. When a yip of surprise burst from her lips, he kissed her softly before wrangling the hooks free. “Little girls don’t wear big-girl bras. You don’t need one here.”

She sighed in relief as he dropped the supportive garment to the floor. When he stepped back, her nipples tightened in the cool air filling the nursery. Her skirt landed on the floor next, followed by her panties.

Cameron knelt by her feet. “Put a hand on my shoulder for balance, Little girl. Lift your right foot. Now your left.” He stood, moving easily, and wrapped his hands around her waist to lift her up onto the changing table.

“Oh!” she gasped as his muscles bulged and her feet left the floor.

“Just hold on to Daddy. I’ve got you,” he assured her before leaning in to kiss her softly. He gathered the material of the leggings to slide over each foot and up over her calves.

“Arms up,” he directed, sliding his hands up her ribcage.

“Don’t, Daddy! I’m ticklish,” she protested as giggles poured from her. Aria tried to raise her hands but had trouble as she squirmed.

“I’m sorry, Giggles. I wasn’t trying to tickle you. How haven’t I discovered this before?” He gave her a surprised look.

“I’m not always ticklish. It’s like a certain kind of touch,” she tried to explain. “Light and quick.”

“Oh, so if I do this,” he ran his hands up her sides with a firmer touch and paused with his thumbs just under her breasts as she inhaled quickly for an entirely different reason, “that’s good?”

“Yes, Daddy. That’s very good,” she nodded eagerly.

“Vixen. You are so responsive.” He brushed his thumbs over her nipples and smiled when she squirmed.

When she closed her eyes to concentrate on the sensations, Cameron’s hands lifted away from her. Immediately, she focused on his face once again.

“You’re distracting me, Aria. Let’s get you dressed so I can feed you dinner. Arms up,” he directed once again.

When her T-shirt was in place, Aria scooted to the edge of the changing table to hop down. She grasped at Cameron’s powerful biceps as he slid an arm under her knees and back to whisk her into a position lying on her side. The cool air on her bottom reminded her that it was bare. When she reached a hand back to cover her skin, he moved it to the side where he attached it with a thick Velcro band.

“What are you doing?” she asked, waving her other hand at him.

“Thanks.” He quickly attached that one as well. And restrained her legs with a strap encircling her knees right below her hands.

She squirmed, trying to free herself but was stuck in this position with her bare bottom facing him. “Let me go!”

“You’re okay, Little girl. I know it’s scary at first, but I’m going to take care of you like I always do. I don’t want you to fall off the table.”

“I don’t want to stay here,” she pointed out.

“Fifteen minutes and you’ll be ready to go have dinner,” he assured her as he opened a drawer under the cushioned top and pulled out a jar.

“What’s that?” she asked, trying to twist around to see what he held.

“Just some slippery stuff to make the thermometer go in easier.” He scooped up a healthy portion of the white substance on his finger.

“I’m not putting that in my mouth,” she refused. “And I’m not sick. I don’t need my temperature taken.”

“Every night, I’ll check how well you feel before dinner. That helps me take care of you. This goes in your bottom,” he explained easily and moved one hand to rub over her bottom.

“I don’t understand.”

“Daddy will show you.”

With his left hand, Cameron lifted her top buttock, exposing the dusky bud hidden there. He quickly spread the cold mixture around the outside and then pressed a finger deep inside as she overcame her shock at this treatment and thrashed around to the best of her ability. Nothing she did affected the inserted finger. In fact, he took advantage of her movements to coat the inner walls of her rectum with the lubricant.

“You do not want to break this inside your bottom,” Cameron warned as he lifted the thick thermometer out of its storage place and removed his finger to slide it inside her.

Immediately, she froze on the table. “No. I’m not a baby.” As soon as she heard herself, Aria replayed the arrangement of her playroom. A crib. A changing table. A toy bin. “I’m the baby,” she whispered.

“You’re my Little girl,” he answered simply.

Wrapping her mind around her discovery that being a Little girl was more than coloring and obeying her Daddy’s rules, Aria tried not to think about the thick intruder filling her

bottom. It was cold and seemed to extend far inside her. He twisted it and slid it a bit deeper.

“There you go, Little girl. Just relax and let me take care of you.”

“I don’t think I like this,” she whimpered, trying to convince herself this didn’t turn her on.

“Daddy knows your secrets,” he said easily as he swiped a finger through the juices coating her inner thighs.

“That’s not because of this,” she protested. Her words sounded false even to her ears.

“Don’t lie to Daddy, Aria. It’s important to always tell me the truth.”

He swirled the thermometer in her bottom, and Aria clenched her inner thighs. “I think my Little girl likes having things in her bottom. This is good because nothing is off limits between a Daddy and his Little. I will pay special attention to this area. I’ll start widening your entrance here so my cock doesn’t tear you. You’re so tight now.”

“You’re going to put your cock in my bottom?” she asked, meeting his gaze with complete arousal combined with horror.

“Of course. Daddies love their Littles everywhere.”

A picture flashed into her mind, and Aria licked her lips.

“Yes, Aria. I will fill your bottom completely—over and over again—until we both explode.”

His words wrapped around her, and she tried to pretend she wasn’t totally turned on. The twirling continued, driving her out of her mind, always reminding her that he was in control and that he would choose to take care of her as he wished.

Aria knew her body completely betrayed her arousal. She tried to hold still on the table, but it was so hard. He traced her pussy’s swollen lips to delve into her pink folds. Aria closed her eyes at the sound of her juices lapping around his fingers. Everywhere he touched pushed her sensitivity higher. She held her breath as his touch neared her clit. *Just a few strokes and*

*I'll come!* When his fingers stilled a fraction of an inch away from that trigger, Aria flashed open her eyelids and turned her head to meet his gaze in shock.

“Ask me, Little girl,” he requested.

Her eyes widened at his demand. He wouldn't allow her to hide her reaction to his intimate treatment. She would have to own it to get her reward.

“I need you, Daddy. Help me,” she begged, too wrapped up in the feelings to give a fleeting second thought to what she was revealing.

“Good girl. Daddy loves to help his Little girl.”

Those fingers continued their path. Aria wanted to look away, but his fiery gaze held hers captive. He watched her with passion etched on his face. She affected him as much as he controlled her. A flood of pleasure burst over her body, and she shouted into the room.

“Daddy!”

His fingers didn't pause but continued to push her arousal through the climax and into another and another. Her bottom clamping around the inserted thermometer reminded her of how this had started and what he planned to do to her. She didn't fight the restraints but gloried in them. They offered her the freedom to not think about what she should do. There was nothing she could do but take everything he gave her.

A gush of liquid startled her. Had she just peed on him? Aria turned her face toward the padding in embarrassment.

“Shh, Little girl. Daddy loves that he makes you squirt. Come one more time and I'll let you rest.”

Her mind so blown by the excesses of his treatment, Aria couldn't concentrate on anything but how much he forced her to feel. When the tingles and shivers of pleasure took over her body one more time, she screamed into the room.

“Sweet, sweet Little girl. You are such a pleasure,” Cameron complimented. His soft words calmed her beating



heart and reassured her that her response had been exactly what he had hoped for.

She felt the thermometer slide out, and she slumped even farther on the changing table's padded top. A whisper of movements reached her but Aria didn't have the energy to look. Aria felt something cold press at the tight ring of muscles guarding her smallest entrance.

"Daddy's giving you some cooling medicine, Aria. Your temperature was too high," Cameron explained as he pressed a small cool capsule into her bottom.

"Daddy..."

"Just let me take care of you, okay?"

Aria nodded, knowing that she was giving him permission to treat her as he thought best. She could feel the cold object inside her, reminding her of its presence.

She felt him wipe the moisture from the mat below her before releasing her legs and hands. He shifted her onto her back and spread her legs. Her nerves still in overdrive, Aria shuddered at the feel of the wipes cleaning her skin. Her muscles felt like she'd run a marathon. *A marathon of pleasure.*

Her Daddy lifted her hips and wrapped her bottom in something soft and dry that crinkled slightly before pulling her leggings up around her waist. He gathered her in his arms and walked over to the rocking chair where he cradled her in his lap. Aria rested her head on his shoulder and basked in the calm feeling that filled her mind. She loved his warm touch as he stroked up and down her spine.

## Chapter Eleven



It was dark outside when she followed him into the kitchen, clinging to his hand. Aria didn't know what she thought about what had happened. She'd never given anyone that much control. When he kissed her forehead, she looked up at him.

“You are precious, Little girl. Let's make some sandwiches for dinner. You need some food. Do you want to sit down or stay with Daddy?”

“Daddy.” Aria needed to be close.

“I'd like that, too. Let's wash our hands first.”

Leading her to the kitchen sink, Cameron wrapped himself around her, guiding their hands into the water. He gathered some soap from the dispenser and lathered their hands together. After rinsing the suds away, he dried her hands and then his with a soft towel.

She helped him choose ingredients from the refrigerator and assemble them on the counter. Within a short time, he had six gorgeous sandwiches made and displayed on a platter. Holding on to the dress shirt he still wore, Aria trailed him to the table and then back to pour milk into a tall glass and into a pink sippy cup with a lid.

When those also sat on the table, Cameron sat down and pulled her between his legs. “Want to help Daddy feel more comfortable?”

“Yes, please,” she said eagerly.

“Help me with my buttons, Giggles,” he requested, drawing her hands to his collar.

While she fumbled with the fasteners securing the front of his still-crisp shirt, he released the cuffs and moved to help her. “Sorry. My fingers aren’t working well,” she apologized.

“I like that you allowed yourself to be affected by our pleasure,” he assured her before kissing her forehead. Leaning back, he tugged the shirt out of his trousers and off.

“Come sit on Daddy’s lap,” he instructed and helped her sit on his hard thighs.

That jostled the cold item in her bottom and drew a crinkle from the wrap around her hips. She clenched her buttocks together, remembering his treatment and words. He stroked a reassuring hand over her back.

“You’re fine, Little girl. Daddy put a frozen vitamin E capsule in your bottom. Your temperature was too high, and I needed to bring it down.”

“It’s cold.”

“Yes. It’s supposed to be,” he assured her, picking up the sippy cup and holding it to her lips.

Aria took it and drank deeply. She didn’t usually like milk, but it was ice-cold and felt good on her dry throat. Reaching one hand out, she traced the colorful tattoos revealed by his white undershirt. “You’re pretty, Daddy.”

His delighted laugh filled the room, making her smile as she continued to trail a fingertip along the designs.

“I’m glad you think so, Giggles. I think you’re the pretty one in the room. Do you like your new clothes?”

“They’re so soft.”

“I’m glad. Here, take a bite.” He held a sandwich half to her lips.

“Mmm,” she murmured around the mouthful of deliciousness. Suddenly, Aria was ravenous. She watched him

take a bite and admired his white teeth. Was there anything not perfect about him?

“That is good. We did an amazing job together.”

“There’s no way we can eat all those sandwiches,” she pointed out before taking another bite.

“We’ll take them for lunch tomorrow. Perhaps you’ll pack a bag to spend the night from now on,” he suggested.

“Do you want to see me every night?” she said in amazement.

“Yes, Little girl. I want to see you every free minute we have. I would love to hold you in my arms at night and know you’re safe and healthy.”

“Are you always going to take my temperature?” she asked, half wanting him to say yes and half to say no.

“Always.”

“Are you going to put something in my bottom?”

“Is it still cold now?” he asked.

Aria squeezed her bottom to test it. “No. I can’t feel it very much now.”

“Perfect. That’s what a friend of mine who’s a Daddy with a Little recommends to bring down a temperature.”

“Really?”

“Bite,” he ordered, holding the sandwich to her lips before answering her question. “Really. It’s good for you.”

“Oh.”

“You know what my refrigerator needs?” he asked, changing the subject as he continued to feed both of them.

“No, what?”

“It needs some decoration. Look how boring it is. Do you think I need magnetic letters to write messages on the door or some artwork by a special Little girl?”

“Both,” she answered immediately.

“Sounds good. Do you like floral bubble bath or bubblegum scent?”

“Mmm, both?” she guessed. “I like everything as long as it makes lots of bubbles.”

“Okay. What do you like for dinner? Italian or Chinese?”

“Both! Ravioli is my favorite food.”

“It sounds like you like everything,” he suggested as he picked up another sandwich for them to devour.

“I’m pretty easygoing. There are only a few things I don’t like.”

“Like what?”

“Potato chips.”

“You don’t like potato chips? Is that possible?”

“Nope. I like crackers. They’re yummiier.”

“Hmm. I’ll have to remember that. I don’t like liver,” he shared.

“Yuck, me neither.”

“What’s your favorite dish?” Cameron asked.

“You know that salad made with cabbage and other veggies? The one with the oil-based dressing with mandarin oranges and crushed ramen noodles?”

“I’ve had that before.”

“I love that salad,” she stated and waved off his offer of another bite. She laughed when he opened his mouth like a shark and ate the last of the sandwich in one huge bite. “I could eat my weight in that yumminess. I don’t buy ramen anymore because I’m a Chinese salad addict.”

“So the secret to your heart is by making you fancy coleslaw?”

“Oh, no! You’ve figured it out,” she joked.

“If you walked into Little Cakes right now, what would you order?”

“A Mocha Latte cupcake,” she answered without hesitating.

“That was fast.”

“I love them. They’re the perfect combination of chocolate and coffee with moist cake and buttercream frosting.”

“Go open that door over there,” he suggested, raising a hand to point at a closed door.

She slid obediently off his lap but paused to look at him. “Nothing’s going to jump out at me, is it?”

“I promise I’ll never deliberately try to scare you. That’s mean.”

She nodded, accepting his assurance and believing him. Trusting him, she opened the door, discovering the laundry room. Sitting on the dryer was a Little Cakes box. “Cupcakes?”

“If you’d like to share, bring them in here.”

“There’s like a half dozen cupcakes in here. I *have* to share,” she said honestly, returning with the box carefully balanced between her hands to set it on the table. Without thinking, she returned to sit on her Daddy’s lap, wiggling to find a comfortable seat.

Cameron kissed the side of her face as he wrapped his arms around her and hugged Aria closer. “I love having you in my arms.”

Aria realized she could have sat in any of the five other chairs at the round table. “Do you want me to sit over there?”

“Never,” Cameron said as he pulled the box close and opened the lid. “Now. Here’s the hard question. Want to split a cupcake or eat one yourself?”

“Myself,” Aria said confidently.

“Here you go,” he said, handing her one.

Carefully, she peeled off the paper baking cup around it, trying to pull off the least amount of frosting possible before setting it aside. When her Daddy reached for it, Aria lurched

forward to set it away from him. “Mine, Daddy. I may want to lick the rest of the frosting off when I finish my cupcake.”

“Oops. Sorry, Giggles. I didn’t know how much of a cupcake fanatic you were.”

“There are levels, Daddy,” she said, being silly and loving that they could have fun together. “I’m at the tip top.”

She lifted the treat way up in the air to show her level of cupcake commitment before steering it toward her mouth to take a bite as he considered her words. With other men, she might have worried about whether they judged her weight as she ate the sugary concoction. With Cameron, she knew how much he appreciated her form. Nevertheless, she watched his face to judge his reaction.

“Hmmm, I think we’re going to have to make cupcakes one of our regular treats then,” Cameron suggested, and then he laughed when she nodded so eagerly she booped her nose into the frosting of the approaching cupcake.

“Ahh!” she said and tried to see if she had frosting on the end of her nose.

Cameron reached for a napkin and carefully wiped off the frosting. “Be careful, Little girl. I don’t want to explain to the paramedics why you were snorting buttercream.”

“Yuck, Daddy,” she said, giggling as she grabbed his hand and rubbed the napkin over her nose again.

“All better, Giggles,” he promised.

Aria lifted her cupcake again and took a dainty, careful bite. “Yummmmm!” she hummed. “These are the best treats ever! Are they your favorites, Daddy?”

“I love them, too.”

She watched him take a big bite out of his own and roll his eyes in a theatrical display of bliss. He was so much fun. *That’s probably why I’m falling in love with him.*

That thought rocked her. She loved him? There was no denying the attraction between them, but Aria felt so much more than that.

“What is it, Aria? You got so serious all of a sudden.”

“I think I need some water, Daddy,” she said, thinking quickly. “A coffee bean is stuck at the back of my throat.”

“Here, Little girl. Drink some of my milk. Yours is all gone.”

She could feel him watching her as she swallowed. “Better! Thank you!”

“Maybe I should talk to the Little Cakes’ staff about the choking hazard of coffee beans on the cupcakes,” he said, his eyebrows drawn together in concern.

“No! I mean I think it’s a case of user error. I’ll be more careful. Promise.”

“I just found you, Little girl,” he said. “Let’s take the rest of those off there.”

She watched him pluck three remaining coffee beans off the cupcake before handing it back to her. Smiling to reassure him, she took a bite and chewed it carefully before swallowing. “All better. Thank you, Daddy.”



## Chapter Twelve



“It’s time for you to go home, Little girl. I want you to get plenty of sleep,” Cameron announced an hour later.

“But it’s still early.” She’d been hoping he’d make love to her tonight.

“You have to drive home, get ready for bed, and relax enough to fall asleep. I’d like you to have enough time to pack a bag with clothes for a workday so you can spend the night tomorrow.”

“Oh. You want me to sleep here all night long?”

“Yes. I want to hold you in my arms until we have to go back and join the rest of the world.”

She blinked at him, thinking, before blurting, “You could come to my apartment and spend the night. We could pack your clothes for tomorrow and mine for the next day.”

“I’m on it.”

When Cameron stood and strode down the hall to the main bedroom, she followed him. He disappeared into the closet and reappeared with a garment bag and a suit and dress shirt. She watched him stow the clothing in the hanging bag before grabbing underwear, socks, shoes, and a few other necessities.

When he opened his nightstand table to pull out a new box of condoms, she felt her cheeks flame. “Daddy?” she started and then stopped.

He looked at her and stopped in his tracks. Dropping the box to the bed, he walked over to wrap his arms around her. “Aria, it’s okay if it’s too soon. Just talk to me, Little girl.”

“It’s not too soon,” she rushed to assure him. “It’s just...”

“Just what?”

“I may not be as good at sex as you are,” she mumbled, looking down.

His hand cupped her chin and gently raised her head until their eyes met. “I doubt that seriously. Couples either have chemistry or they don’t. From my side, I think I might just ignite when I slide into your heat. I haven’t seen any lack of response from you.”

“Oh, no. I can’t wait to... I mean...”

“It’s okay to be nervous. I have no reservations in saying I should probably take a fire extinguisher in case we set the sheets on fire.”

She looked at him for a second and saw the laughter shining in his gaze. It was going to be alright. “There’s a small one in the hallway outside my apartment,” she shared.

“Perfect. Are you on birth control, Aria?”

“I have funky periods so I’ve been on the pill since high school.” She felt like she should be embarrassed talking about this stuff, but this was Cameron.

“Good. I got tested a few months ago. Have you taken that step?”

When she nodded, he continued, “Good girl. We’ll use condoms until we decide we don’t want to anymore.”

“Okay,” Aria whispered. “Thanks for understanding.”

“If you can’t talk to me, Little girl, then we’re not right for each other. I always want you to talk to me if you’re worrying about anything.”

“I can do that.”

“Let’s get the extra sandwiches out of the refrigerator and put them in a plastic bag to take for our lunch tomorrow. Would you do that for me while I grab my toothbrush and things from the bathroom?”

Eager to have something to do, she walked from the room almost feeling like she was skipping. Her Daddy just got her. He understood her feelings and talked through any worries she had.

Aria smiled as she opened drawers looking for the storage bags. A flash of his toned body popped into her head. She might just take all the covers off her bed. She didn’t want to miss a bit of seeing him completely naked.

*I can’t wait to get him in bed.* Giggles burst from her lips at that brazen thought.

“I like the sound of that, Giggles.”

“Almost done here, Daddy,” she answered, trying not to look guilty of the lascivious thoughts rushing around in her head.

“I’m all packed. Let me help you.”

“Is it okay if I wear this home?” she asked, waving a hand over her leggings and tunic.

“Of course! I bought them for you. I put your clothes in here for you,” he added, showing her a filled pink backpack.

In a few minutes, he turned off the lights and ushered her out the door. Cameron stopped to put their bags in his SUV before walking to her sedan. He opened her door and helped her get in. Leaning in, he fastened her seatbelt and kissed her hard, taking her breath away.

As she blinked up at him in surprise, he growled, “I’ll follow you. Drive safely, but don’t go ten miles under the speed limit unless you want a spanking before I make you mine.”

“Yes, Daddy!”

“Safe, Little girl,” he reminded her before stepping back and closing her door.

Aria liked that he was eager to get her in bed. She liked it a lot.



Cameron parked and grabbed his things from the back of the SUV. Meeting Aria dressed in her cute clothes, he smiled. She was completely adorable. He double-checked that she had the keys and her car was locked before letting her help carry the sandwiches inside. Following her cute bottom up the stairs, he knew he was the only one who could tell she wore a thinly padded garment instead of panties.

“You’re staring at my bottom,” she whispered.

“Yes,” he answered before grinning unabashedly at her.

Cameron had waited for a long time to find the one he knew was his Little girl. He wasn’t going to waste a moment of time. He planned to treasure her forever.

When she fumbled with her keys, he took them and opened the door for her. He knew she was nervous and found her completely captivating. Erasing her old boyfriend from her mind was his number one priority—not because he minded that she’d had a partner before him. Cameron wanted everything to be perfect for her.

He winked and pointed to the fire extinguisher that hung just as she had described it, making her laugh. “Safety first.”

“You!” she smiled, allowing his sense of humor to dispel any tension as they walked inside.

“Go put the sandwiches in the fridge, Little girl,” he directed. After carrying their bags into the bedroom, he hung his garment bag in her closet. Grabbing the box from his bag, he unsealed it, opened it, and tore a condom from the strip. Returning to the living room, he found Aria drawing the curtains closed.

“Want to sit and talk for a while?” he asked.

“No. I want to go to bed, Daddy.” She walked forward and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him down for a

kiss.

Heat ignited between them. Cameron didn't ask again. He leaned down to scoop her up in his arms and carried her into the bedroom. Setting her feet on the floor, he undressed her, allowing himself to touch every inch of her silky skin as he removed her soft clothes and diaper. When the last of her clothing hit the floor, he whisked back the cover before lifting her back into his arms. He walked to the side of the bed and placed her in the center, propped up on the pile of pillows.

After grabbing her stuffed dinosaur to hug to her chest, she watched him as he stripped off his clothes. He loved her expression. Heated passion flared in her gaze as she scanned his body. She bit her lip when he unfastened the fly of his slacks, allowing his lengthening penis to push through the opening, contained only by his cotton boxer briefs.

She held a hand up to stop him as he tucked his thumbs into the elastic waistband to push his underwear and pants over his hips, and his heart froze. Before he could ask if she was okay, Aria carefully leaned over to tuck her stuffie in the cubby under her nightstand. Settling back against the pillows, she announced, "Rexy shouldn't watch this part."

Shaking his head, Cameron blinked his eyes in relief. "I'm going to get you for scaring me, Little girl."

Aria just held up her arms as he approached, not worried at all by his threat. Cameron crawled onto the bed and moved over her body, caging his precious Little under him. Supported on his hands and knees, he leaned forward to press kisses along her shoulder and up the curving line of her neck.

The feel of her hands moving over him felt so good. Too good. Before she knew what was happening, he gathered them in one hand and lifted them over her head. As she wiggled, trying to free herself, Cameron enjoyed the view. He leaned forward to wrap one impudent nipple between his lips and thrash the tip with his tongue. Aria froze.

Increasing the suction, he rose slightly, allowing the peak to pop out of his mouth with an audible sound that was quickly followed by a gasp. "Just wait, sweet Little," he warned.

“Let me go,” she begged.

“Not on your life. I’m holding on to you forever. I love you, Little girl,” he said, holding her gaze with his.

“Daddy! I love you, too.”

This time when she tugged her hands away from his grip, Cameron relented. Immediately, she rubbed her palms over his shoulders. When he lowered his lips to hers, she kissed him with so much emotion it made his heart skip a beat. Sliding one arm around her waist, he rotated their bodies so that she was above him.

Cameron guided her legs to straddle him as she recovered from the surprising move. As she settled with her core pressed intimately to his erection, Aria moved experimentally, her gaze meeting his. He saw immediately when the friction sent a thrill through her.

She plastered kisses over his throat and chest as she explored his body. Becoming daring, she pushed herself up. Her hands smoothed over his abdomen and daringly lower to stroke his cock with her fingertips. Grabbing her hips, he moved her back and forth across his shaft, drawing a groan from them both. Leaving her to play, he stroked her all over, searching for the delicious spots that made her tremble, and he appreciated all her charms as she moved over him. His hands traced her sweet curves as he tasted her everywhere, letting his mouth caress her and tease her as well.

The heat built in the room until their skin shone. Cameron loved her sweet smell that seemed to blend with his to create a scent that pushed his desire higher. Her touch seemed to blaze into his skin.

When she moved restlessly over him, Cameron reached to the side for the small packet he’d laid there earlier.

“Daddy?”

“I need to be inside you, Aria. Do you want to be on top, or do you want me to help?” he asked, watching her face.

“You, Daddy,” she answered as she waited for him to take control. Her arms wrapped around his neck to hold on as he

rotated them once again.

Cameron rose onto his knees and donned the protection. Her eyes widened at the sight of him touching himself. Cameron stifled a moan, knowing that as soon as she was daring enough, she would request to watch him jack off. The image of her touching herself flashed into his mind, and he knew he'd negotiate how she could convince him.

Lowering himself down to her, he tugged her thigh up around his waist. Settling his broad tip against her drenched opening, Cameron flexed his hips, slowly pressing himself inside. When he felt her muscles tighten, he paused and captured her mouth in a fiery kiss. As her fingernails bit into his shoulders, he took advantage of her distraction to glide fully inside her.

When he lifted his mouth, she demanded, "Move, Daddy. I need you to move!"

He quickened his thrusts, knowing that neither one of them would be able to resist the growing sensations. Sliding into her was like smooth, wet silk. Her body clung to him, urging him on with small tremors inside her tight channel as her hands caressed his back and arms.

Her cry echoed slightly in the room, and she writhed under him as he pushed her to take all that he had to give. Her legs wrapped around his waist as she ground herself against him. The rhythmic contractions around him tested the limits of his control. He paused to allow her to recover for just a few seconds before pushing her arousal back up.

"Go ahead. I can't. Not again," she whispered.

"Not without you, Aria. Come with me," he ordered before he shifted his position slightly until he heard her gasp and those fingernails bit into his skin.

This time when she exploded around him, he released his stranglehold on his control. With a growl, Cameron emptied himself into the protection wrapped around him. He held her tight until their heartbeats slowed. Taking care of the condom,

he stood and walked to turn off the lights, aware that her gaze never left him.

Retrieving Rexy from the nightstand shelf, he tucked the stuffie into her arms as he lay down. Cameron gathered her and the soft dinosaur against his chest. “Go to sleep, Little girl. I’ll be here when you wake up.”

“Daddy,” she said, pressing a kiss to his lips before yawning and snuggling into a comfortable position.

Soon, her soft snuffles of sleep made his lips curve in delight as he allowed himself to relax fully next to her. *What a precious armful.*



## Chapter Thirteen



Floating her way to her desk, Aria tried to act like nothing was different when her entire world had flipped upside down. It could have been awkward waking up with Cameron in her bed, but her Daddy made everything fun. He'd sent her into the shower first with the statement that he didn't want to risk being late for work. She loved that she was a temptation for him. Even when they negotiated around the small apartment bathroom, Cameron's sense of humor and sweet kisses made the close quarters enjoyable.

She threw herself into her work, managing all the components of her job with the automatic skill she always had. Three video calls later, she'd answered all the messages and emails. It appeared her challenge for today would be rearranging a project's timeline and shepherding it through the review process.

Pushing up her sleeves, Aria immersed herself in the task. Time passed as she handled all the components required by a change. She missed Cameron's appearance until a large cup appeared next to her computer.

"Bless you!" she thanked him as she picked up the iced latte.

"You're welcome. I came looking for you at lunchtime, but you were maxed. I didn't want to interrupt you. Here's a sandwich. Make sure you eat," he told her with a stern look as he set a small paper plate next to her. "When you can, take a break and text me and we'll take a walk around the building."

“I don’t know if I’ll be able to do that,” she hedged.

“Make time. You need some fresh air. It will help your brain function at full strength.”

“I’ll do my best.”

“I’ll be here at three,” he countered.

“Okay, I’ll text you after I eat,” Aria relented.

“Thank you.”

After watching him walk away—because who wouldn’t want to enjoy the view—Aria munched on the sandwich as she worked. Reaching over for another piece, her fingers touched smooth paper. Surprised to discover that she’d already absentmindedly eaten both halves, she glanced over to find an envelope with her name on it lying on the plate. She picked it open and found a note from her Daddy.

*Never forget that I love you, Aria.*

*Daddy*

Aria tried to control her expression to remain professional. It was so hard. All she wanted to do was jump up from her chair and run down the hallway, but she had to play it cool. First, she opened her drawer, tucked the sweet note into her purse, and pushed it firmly closed. Standing, she smoothed down the pencil-slim skirt her Daddy had zipped for her that morning as he nibbled on the crook of her neck and walked to the bathroom.

*Thank goodness, it’s empty!*

Silently, she happy-danced where no one could see her if they opened the door suddenly. With some of her joy vented, she checked her makeup and left the restroom. Back in control, she continued down the hall into the human relations office and strolled past the warden-like receptionist with a wave on her way to Cameron’s office.

Aria could feel Carol’s hard stare burning into her back as she walked. Purposefully not allowing herself to react to the reception she’d received, Aria continued to Cameron’s office.

When she spotted him sitting at his desk in an empty office, Aria knocked on the door.

“Mr. Ferguson, do you have a moment?” she asked quietly.

“Of course! Come in, Ms. Martin.”

She felt herself grin when he greeted her formally as well. Aria stepped in and closed the door. Unsure that she wouldn't forget where she was, she leaned against the closed panel to keep a safe distance between them. Not wishing her voice to be overheard, she pantomimed *I love you* with a hand gesture, followed by a heart shape between her hands, and a point at him. After blowing his beaming face a kiss, she reopened the door.

“Thank you, Mr. Ferguson. I appreciate your assistance.”

“My pleasure,” he called after her as she strolled back down the hall.

Back at her desk, she took another sip of the iced latte and dove back into work. She couldn't wait to get back to her nursery in Cameron's house that evening. The sooner she finished this mess the better.

Aria certainly didn't want to risk overtime tonight. She'd promised Remy that she'd give him a tour of the beautiful room, and then they could spend some time together. Daddy, Little girl, and stuffed dinosaur. Remy already liked Cameron. Her Daddy had placed the stuffie in her arms last night so they could all sleep together.



Four hours later, Aria sat on her Daddy's couch, clapping her hands together. “Is that my surprise?”

He chuckled as he held up the package that had finally arrived. It had been on the front porch when they returned from work. “Yep. Looks about the right size.” He shook it, teasing her.

“Daddy... It's flat. It's obviously not going to make any noise. It must be a picture or something.” She reached for it,

but he pulled it out of her range.

“Maybe I should make you do something to earn it.” He tapped his lips playfully.

“Daddy!”

Finally, laughing, he handed it to her. “Okay, Giggles.”

She tore the strip down one side of the brown package and reached inside to pull out the contents. When she held it up, she furrowed her brow in confusion. “What is it?” It looked like a blank chart of some sort. A large white graph with black lines that created a grid. On closer inspection, she realized it was seven across by five down, so it was a calendar.

“Turn the package over. There’s more inside,” he instructed.

Aria set the large white board down next to her and dumped the package upside down. Several smaller clear bags fell out. They were filled with what looked like buttons.

When she picked them up, she decided they were magnets. “What are they for, Daddy?”

“Well, I considered getting you a sticker chart for the refrigerator, a place where you could add stickers every day for good behavior. But then I found this one. It’s magnets instead. We’ll put the days of the week across the top. Each square is big enough to hold up to four magnets. That’s how many you can earn in a day. At the end of each month, we can count them up and you can get a new toy up to the value of the total.”

She grinned, nearly bouncing on her bottom. “So, if I’m really good, it would be like four times thirty, and I could get a new toy worth a hundred and twenty dollars?”

“Yep, or several smaller toys.”

“What if I’m naughty?”

“Depending on how naughty you are, Daddy might take away some of the earned magnets.” He lifted a brow as he made his point. “But only for that day.”

Aria couldn't imagine ever being that naughty. "What things can I do to earn them?"

"Making wise decisions like taking a lunch break at work to refuel your brain, or a walking break in the afternoon. Obeying Daddy at home when I tell you to do something. Not complaining when Daddy says it's bedtime. Keeping your clothes where they belong." He quirked a brow again, silently reminding her of their first date and how she'd shoved all her clothes in the closet.

"If you take away magnets, will I still get a spanking?" she asked tentatively.

"Definitely."

She shrugged. "I'll be good." She was surprised by how much fun it was to let herself slide into this role she'd never previously acknowledged as a real thing outside of books. In just a few days, she was living between the pages.

The thought of earning those magnets made her giddy. The thought of Daddy taking her over his knees to give her a real spanking for misbehavior affected her too. It made her squeeze her legs together.

Cameron groaned as he leaned forward and lifted her chin. "Why do I suspect my Little girl just had a thrill run down her spine at whatever she was thinking immediately after declaring she would be good?"

She giggled.

"Come. Let's get you changed out of your work clothes, then you can draw me picture while I make dinner. My fridge is still bare." He stood and held out a hand.

Aria took it and let him lead her to the nursery. She still couldn't believe he'd made this for her. He'd even used his free evening while she'd been with her parents to paint it in her favorite colors.

"Let's see..." he began as he opened her closet. "You had a pretty intense day at work. I think you'd benefit from an evening in a very young headspace, don't you?"

She chewed on her bottom lip, not responding. He wasn't looking at her, and it seemed his question was rhetorical anyway. When he turned around, he was holding a pastel outfit that looked like something a very young child would wear.

Daddy set it on the end of the changing table before facing her. "Arms up, Giggles."

Goosebumps rose on her skin as he pulled her lightweight pink sweater over her head. How long would it take for her to get used to letting him undress her?

Feeling timid, she crossed her arms over her breasts while he bent down to remove her low pumps. He circled behind her to lower the zipper on her gray skirt, and two seconds later she was wearing nothing but her bra and panties.

He unfastened her bra while he was still behind her and lowered her panties to the floor. "Step out, Baby girl."

She shuddered when he called her that. She also slid into a younger headspace.

"Lower your arms, Giggles," he instructed. "Why are you trying to hide from Daddy? I've seen you naked several times."

She shrugged as she let him lower the straps of her bra down her arms. "It's still weird being naked when you're fully clothed."

"Well, it's going to happen a lot, Aria. I'm hoping you'll be willing to bring more and more of your clothes over here until most of your belongings are in this house. I'll dress you in the mornings and change you after work. I'll also undress you for bath time. It's part of being a Daddy."

She swallowed. "You want me to stay here every night?"

He lifted her off the floor and set her on the changing table. As he stretched her arms above her head, he met her gaze. "Yes, Baby girl. I want to be with you every moment of every day. That's not reasonable while we're at work, but from the time we leave work until we arrive back each morning, I'd like to be with you."

She was listening so intently that she didn't realize he'd restrained her hands above her head until he moved down her body. She started to lower them and came up short. "Daddy..." she whimpered. This wasn't like the time he strapped her hands to her sides. With them extended over her head, she felt so much more vulnerable.

He set a hand on her tummy and smoothed it up to cup one of her breasts, making her arch her chest and moan. "That's a good girl. The restraints keep you safe on the changing table, but they also make your heart race."

She pursed her lips, trying not to react so strongly, but it was impossible, especially since he thumbed both her nipples, making them pucker. She finally had to let her lips part so she could get more oxygen. She was panting from nothing but nipple play.

"That's it. Submit to Daddy." He gave her nipples a firm pinch and then moved down to the end of the changing table. "Can you bend your legs wide and hold them open for me, Baby girl? Or do you want Daddy to restrain them like I did yesterday?"

She hadn't expected to be given choices, but when she thought about it, those weren't really choices. Both options would make her extremely horny.

He set his hands on her inner thighs as she parted them and rubbed up and down. "If you want to hold your legs open for me, that's okay, but if you close them, I'll swat your little pussy."

She gasped. She also flinched, and her body trembled at the suggestion. Wetness leaked out of her pussy to run down her crack.

Daddy pushed her legs wider, his fingers simultaneously pulling her labia apart, exposing her inner folds to the cool air of the room. "Tell Daddy which option you prefer, Giggles," he insisted.

The fact that he was making her voice her own submission made her arousal shoot even higher. Did she want to find out

what it would feel like to have her pussy spanked? She kind of did, but on the other hand, she was scared. “Restrain me, please, Daddy,” she murmured, the verbal request sending a shiver down her spine and adding to the wetness between her legs.

He wasn't even touching her directly and she thought she could come. Realizing people actually participated in age play was one thing. Finding out it drove her arousal through the roof was another.

Yeah, she could get used to this.

Daddy bent her knees and restrained them just like he had yesterday, though she thought he might have forced them a bit wider and higher. “I'm going to take your temperature first, Baby girl.”

She swallowed. She'd known this might happen. He'd told her he intended to check her temperature every night when they got home. She'd sort of blocked that out, but it was real.

While he prepared the thick thermometer, rubbing lube on it, she trembled with anticipation. The truth was she'd enjoyed him examining her bottom, and she was looking forward to it, which made her face heat.

Daddy glanced at her. “Your pussy is so wet and dripping down to your bottom I probably don't even need this lube, but it's better to be safe.” Holding the thermometer in one hand, he reached with the other to add lube to her tight hole.

Aria moaned. Just the feel of him touching her rosette made her crave more.

“No need to be embarrassed, Giggles. I already know you enjoyed having Daddy's finger inside your rectum yesterday. It's not unusual for Little girls to like having all their holes penetrated.” He kept tapping the puckered hole, not penetrating her.

“Daddy...” She heard the begging in her tone and pursed her lips. Why was he hesitating?

“That's my good girl. The anticipation is half of the experience. Are you ready for me to press my finger into your



bottom and get it all lubed?”

Her heated cheeks grew ten times hotter, and she nodded.

“Are you sure you’re ready?” He was teasing her now. It was like a form of foreplay that was driving her so close to the edge of orgasm.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Yes what, Baby girl?”

She blew out a breath and blurted, “Please examine my naughty bottom, Daddy.”

He slid his finger in as deep as he could at the same time he used his thumb to rub her clit.

Aria came so hard her entire body clenched. She gasped, shocked by how fast it had happened. Her tight hole gripped Daddy’s finger tightly, and her clit throbbed against his thumb.

When she finally started to come down from the strong orgasm, Daddy slid the thermometer into her bottom and held it there. “I don’t think you’re going to lose any magnets in the evenings by arguing with Daddy about having your bottom cared for, are you, Giggles?”

She swallowed and shook her head, embarrassed. “No, Daddy,” she whispered. There would be no sense pretending she didn’t enjoy every moment of this type of submission. She would never fool him.

After an eternity, Daddy eased the thick rod out of her bottom and looked at the side. “No fever tonight.”

She wasn’t sure if she was relieved or disappointed. The cold medicine he’d put in her last night had kept her squirming for a long time.

“Don’t worry, Little girl. Daddy is still going to fill that hole.” He patted her pussy before cleaning the thermometer and his fingers.

*What is he going to fill my bottom with?* She held her breath as she watched, not blinking when he removed a strange object from the changing table drawer. It was pink,

rubber, and about eight inches long. It had a series of pink balls that grew increasingly larger until they reached the end—a flat disk about two inches wide with a hoop on the end.

“Have you ever seen one of these, Aria?”

She shook her head and clenched her bottom.

“It’s called anal beads. They’re flexible.” He showed her by bending all the sections between the balls. “It will feel really nice up inside your bottom while we eat dinner.”

She was uncertain about this toy as she watched him pour lube all over it and rub it around each ball.

Daddy pressed down on her pelvis with one hand while he lined the first bead up with her tight opening. “Try not to clench your bottom, Little girl.”

She started panting and squeezed her eyes closed as the first ball popped into her. A moment later, the second ball entered her. It didn’t hurt. It felt kind of good. After the third bead slid in, he removed that one and reinserted it, teasing her tight ring of muscles.

Aria lost count of the beads as he continued, pushing them in and out so many times that she had no idea how far the toy was inside her until he said, “Last one, Baby girl. This one will make you feel full. Don’t fight it.”

Her legs shook as he popped it into place, and then she gasped in relief. It was over, and it didn’t hurt.

Daddy spun it around a few times before leaving it alone. He lifted her bottom, slid a diaper under her, and grabbed another tube of something. “It’s just diaper cream, Giggles. It will protect your skin. I want you to use your diaper when you’re wearing one.”

She bit her lip. It was one thing to wear a diaper. It was another thing to use it. Could she?

By the time he had the crinkly bulk secured around her, she was a ball of nerves. She’d had an amazing orgasm, and she was too embarrassed to tell him she needed another one.

He unfastened all her restraints, helped her sit upright, and pulled the pastel patterned dress over her head. It had puffy sleeves and very girly lace around the bottom of the sleeves and the hem. It also barely reached the top of her diaper.

She understood why when he helped her recline once more so he could pull the second item up her legs. Matching bloomers.

When he lifted her onto the floor, she looked down and grinned. She'd never felt so Little before. The outfit was very babyish. The diaper was a constant reminder of her regression. And the anal beads in her bottom were going to make it impossible to fully concentrate on anything.

“Ready for dinner?” Daddy asked.

She nodded and took his offered hand. The diaper was awkward, but she nearly skipped down the hallway to the kitchen, feeling like the luckiest Little girl in the world.

## Chapter Fourteen



For the next week, Aria was floating on air. She'd practically moved in with Cameron. She wasn't willing to consider letting go of her apartment yet because it seemed too soon, but she slept at his house every night. There was no reason to go to her apartment. It didn't have a nursery, and it was so much smaller.

They slid into a routine that fulfilled her in ways she'd never anticipated. She'd been skeptical about her ability to switch gears and be professional eight or nine hours a day, but she'd managed, and so far she'd never slipped up in front of other people.

Daddy always packed lunch for both of them, and she'd started setting an alarm on her phone for noon so she wouldn't get involved in a project and forget to eat with him. The incentive to earn those magnets was strong.

Daddy kept a bag of magnets in his desk drawer, and he sometimes handed her one randomly in the middle of the day. He might sneak up behind her when no one was looking, set his lips on her ear, and whisper, "Good girl," before setting one of the magnets in her palm.

Times like that made every day brighter. She would stick the magnet in a pocket in her purse and add them to the board each night when they got home.

The only thing she couldn't control at work was her outlook on life. She'd changed from being rather serious to smiling all the time, and she knew people had noticed.

One of her coworkers had even asked if she'd met someone. Aria had simply responded with "Maybe..." She'd been surprised no one had noticed her with Cameron off and on. Or maybe they'd all noticed and had been too polite to say something.

Today was a busy day, and on top of that she had an appointment with her supervisor at the end of the day. It was her annual evaluation, and she wasn't concerned about it, so she didn't think much of it. She'd been with Tilden's for two years. She'd always had rave reviews for her work. As far as she knew everyone liked her.

Well, with the possible exception of Carol—the self-appointed guard dog receptionist in the HR department. She scowled at Aria every time Aria walked by as if she couldn't stand the idea of Aria having free rein to come and go from Cameron's office. The woman was several years older than Cameron, but Aria was beginning to think she had a crush on him and was jealous of Aria.

With fifteen minutes left in the day, Aria arrived at her supervisor's office. The door was open, but she knocked on the frame. "Knock, knock."

He lifted his gaze. "Come on in, Aria. You can shut the door." He waved toward the chair across from his desk. "Have a seat."

She'd been feeling light when she'd arrived, but something about his expression sobered her as she lowered onto the chair.

He picked up a file and tapped it on the desk a few times. "As I was preparing to go over your review with you today and discuss next year's raise, I pulled your file, and I must say I was surprised to find three complaints have been filed."

Aria gasped. "What? I don't know about any complaints."

He frowned. "I didn't either. It is mandatory for HR to inform you when there are complaints and allow you to add a letter of response. I don't see those here. Maybe you didn't think it was necessary?"

“But...” She licked her lips. “I’ve never had a single altercation with anyone I work with and no one has ever notified me that there were any problems.”

Mr. Lambert sighed and opened the file. He picked up the first piece of paper and held it so that only he could see it. “This one says you’re careless with numbers and have underestimated several projects because you didn’t doublecheck your spreadsheets.”

All the blood ran from Aria’s face. “That’s never happened. My estimates are always within five percent accuracy. That’s one of the best averages in the department.”

“If it were isolated, I would ignore it, but there are two others.” He lifted the next one. “This one says you leave your desk every day for several hours and no one can find you.”

Aria slowly shook her head. *Who would say such things about me?* She’d never done that either.

He set that one down and picked up one more. “The last one accuses you of spending an inordinate amount of company time dealing with personal issues.”

She started shaking. “Mr. Lambert. None of that is true.”

He sighed and closed the folder before leaning back in his chair and meeting her gaze. “Like I said, I was surprised, but all of these complaints were filed properly and signed off by HR. I have no choice but to freeze your salary and put you on probation.”

Her mouth went totally dry, and she thought she might faint. She blinked several times. “Someone in HR signed off on those?”

“Yes.” He opened the folder and glanced back down at the three complaints. “I don’t know who filed the complaints. It could have been three people or all one person. But they followed protocol, and Cameron Ferguson signed off on all of them.”

Aria’s eyes nearly bugged out of her head. She struggled to form words. “Wh-wh-when?”

He glanced again. “They are all dated in the last few months.”

The last few months? She hadn’t even been dating Cameron yet. And...he hadn’t been her Daddy. But he’d known. He’d signed those papers and presumably met with those people. It didn’t matter that he’d done so before they’d been dating. He should have told her there were complaints being filed against her.

Aria rose from her seat, surprised her legs held her up. Without a word, she turned and left the room. She heard her supervisor calling out her name, but she didn’t turn back around. She managed to make it to her desk where she grabbed her purse.

Shaking like a leaf, she stared at the surface of her desk. The room was empty. Everyone who worked in her department had gone home. For that she was thankful.

On instinct, she opened her oversized purse and started grabbing things off the desk. The small silly bobblehead, a framed picture of her on vacation with her parents last year, her favorite ink pen her father had gotten her for Christmas. As she dropped all of it in her bag, she caught a glimpse of the pouch of magnets she’d earned throughout the day today. Three of them. She took them out and set them on the desk. She didn’t care that they were obviously babyish. One had a gold star. One said *good girl*. And the last one had a stuffed bear on it.

She had no idea what she was going to do next. She wasn’t entirely sure she was actually quitting her job and not returning, but she wasn’t positive she would get up tomorrow and come back either. And she sure wasn’t going to talk to Cameron.

Shit. Cameron. He’d known she was meeting with her supervisor. He’d told her to come find him after the meeting. He’d driven them to work today. She didn’t even have a car.

Aria pulled out her phone and ordered an Uber, relieved to find out one was in the area and would pick her up in five minutes. She rushed out the front door and kept walking down

the sidewalk to get closer to where the Uber would pull into the parking lot.

She held her breath until she was inside the car and it was pulling away from the curb. A glance back at the building showed no signs of Cameron. Good. He hadn't come looking for her yet.

Ten minutes later, the driver dropped her off at her apartment. Aria was shaking as she found her keys in the bottom of her bag. It took her several tries to get her door open, but finally she was inside. She locked the door, dropped her bag on the floor, and started crying.

It was a wonder she'd managed to hold it in this long, but once the dam opened, there was no stopping it. She rushed to her bedroom, kicked off her shoes, and threw herself onto her bed.

How had this happened? She'd trusted Cameron, and he'd betrayed her. She'd let him into her life in a way most people would never consider. She shuddered at the memory of him taking care of her so intimately. She'd even let him into her bottom every day. The only thing he hadn't done yet was fuck her in the ass.

She cried harder as she let those crude words spill into her mind. Had he been laughing at her all this time? He had to have known she would get reprimanded by her supervisor in her annual review. He'd been the one to sign off on those complaints.

Frustrated, she punched the mattress and screamed into the pillow. When she reached her hand out to pat the bed next to her, she remembered she didn't even have her favorite stuffie. Remy was in her crib at Cameron's house.

Tears kept falling. They wouldn't stop.

How had she been so duped? She pictured Cameron laughing at her with her staff. Would he tell people about her kink?

She stopped breathing as she wondered if he'd known who she was even from the moment she'd sat down on his barstool



that first night. He'd given her a tour of the club before finally telling her he'd recognized her. Had that been part of the ruse too?

Her mind went wild concocting the only possible truth. Cameron had already received all those complaints before she'd gone to Blaze that night. He must have seen her, known who she was, and thought he could toy with her.

More tears fell. She sobbed so hard she couldn't catch her breath.

A voice in her head told her none of that was true. Cameron was her Daddy. He loved her. He took care of her better than she could have ever expected. Why would he move her into his house and waste so much time grooming her to be his Little girl as a joke?

*He wouldn't do that.* Surely she wasn't that bad of a judge of character.

But he had signed off on those complaints. That part was indisputable. Mr. Lambert had said so. He wouldn't lie. Had Cameron thought it would be easier for her to hear about the complaints from her supervisor rather than warning her they existed himself?

That was possible, but it was mean. What had he thought would happen when she found out she'd been placed on probation and denied a raise? Had he expected her to run to him and jump into his arms looking for consolation?

When he'd met her, he must have thought she was the most incompetent employee on earth. After all, no matter when he'd recognized her—immediately or thirty minutes later—his first thought would have been to realize she was a slug. As far as he'd known, she wasted a lot of company time and was careless. Why would he want to date someone like that?

Shivering, Aria rose to her feet, removed her uncomfortable work clothes, and climbed under the covers in just her panties. She pulled her spare pillow up to her chest and hugged it, though it was a poor substitute for Remy.

And then she started crying all over again. She might never see Remy again.

## Chapter Fifteen



Cameron glanced at his watch for the tenth time in half an hour, wondering where Aria was. Surely she wasn't still in her review meeting. How long could such a meeting take? He knew Stephen Lambert. The man was busy. He would have been quick and to the point. He would have raved about Aria's work, given her the raise she deserved, and probably added a bonus.

Maybe Aria had returned to her desk to get more things done. That was something she would do if she felt behind. If she had though, she would lose a magnet for the day. She was already a stellar employee and an overachiever. She didn't need to stay in the office after hours to prove anything to anyone, not even herself.

Rising from his desk, Cameron headed toward her end of the building. The area where she worked alongside several other employees was empty. The lights had even been dimmed. He headed toward her desk anyway and then froze.

The first thing he saw was the three magnets he'd given her throughout the day. They had been tossed haphazardly on the desk. The second thing he noticed was the absence of anything personal. He couldn't remember what exactly she'd had on the desk, but he did remember a silly bobblehead and a picture frame.

"Cameron?"

He spun around when he heard his name. "Mr. Lambert. Do you know where Aria is?" His first name was Stephen, but

Cameron never called him by that at work.

Her supervisor had furrowed brows. “No. She left my office a long time ago.” He slowly approached. “She was very upset, but I assume you would know that.”

Cameron flinched. “Why would she be upset? How would I know it?”

Stephen frowned. “Our review didn’t go as she’d expected, of course.”

Cameron drew in a breath. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

The air was heavy between them. Stephen hesitated, his mouth open, for several long seconds. “I had to put her on probation. You knew that would happen.”

Cameron gasped. “What? Why?” He was so confused.

Stephen stared at him. “You’re the HR manager. You know if an employee gets three complaints against them, they have to be put on probation.”

Cameron staggered. He reached out a hand to steady himself. “Complaints? Who could possibly have a complaint against Aria? She’s a stellar employee.”

Stephen’s frown deepened. “I have no idea who complained. Only you do. You’re the one who signed off on them.”

“What?” Cameron screamed. A ringing sounded in his ears. “I’ve never once spoken to anyone about a complaint, and I sure haven’t signed off on any of them.”

Stephen rubbed a hand down his face. “You better come with me.” He turned around and headed down the hallway toward his office.

Cameron followed, but a million questions were running through his head. What the fuck was going on here?

Stephen rounded his desk, picked up a folder, opened it, and removed three pieces of paper, which he handed to Cameron.

Cameron glanced down at the first one, read through the details quickly, and stopped when he saw the signature. He lifted his gaze. “This isn’t my handwriting.”

He flipped through the other two and groaned. *What the actual hell?*

“Are you sure?”

Cameron lowered the papers. “Stephen, I did not receive these complaints, nor did I sign off on them. I’ve never heard a single negative word about Aria from anyone in this building. In addition...”

Cameron hesitated. Aria would be pissed at him for sharing what he was going to say next, but it needed to be said. Her job was on the line. “I’ve been dating Aria for a few weeks. It’s serious.”

“Oh.” Stephen drew in a deep breath. “I didn’t know that, but it’s none of my business. It’s also not relevant. There’s no company policy that says you can’t date Aria. I’m happy for you.”

Cameron rubbed his temples. He needed to say more. It was important. If this were any other man, he would keep his mouth shut, but this was Stephen Lambert. “Stephen,” he began, “Aria and I met at Blaze. We haven’t been back there together since that night yet, but you will hopefully see us there in the future.”

Cameron had seen Stephen there from time to time. Why he hadn’t thought about that fact and addressed it before now he had no idea. Probably because he’d been so wrapped up in his relationship with the most perfect Little girl in the world that he hadn’t considered anyone around them yet.

He and Aria had kept their relationship mostly behind closed private doors so far. Eventually, they would go to Blaze again, though, and Aria would freak the fuck out if she saw her supervisor there with no warning.

That is if Aria ever spoke to him again.

“Thank you for letting me know. You have my permission to warn Aria that she might see me there, too. I would never

breathe a word of her preferences to a living soul.”

“Thank you. Did you by chance mention to her that I’m the one who signed off on those complaints?”

Stephen cringed. “I did.”

Cameron closed his eyes for a moment. “Fuck. No wonder she cleared out her desk.”

“She cleared out her desk?” Stephen’s voice rose.

“Yes, she did.”

“She didn’t mention anything like that to me.”

Cameron met his gaze, his voice rising with each uttered word. “Stephen, you told her a pack of lies about her performance, and you told her you had proof, and then you told her the man she’s supposed to trust to protect her above all other humans was involved in a plot to destroy her career. Of course she cleared out her desk.”

“Shit.” Stephen finally looked panicked. He snatched the papers from Cameron and looked at them again. “Who would do this?”

“Oh, I have a pretty good idea. I bet that handwriting compares with every message sitting on my desk.”

“Are you going to share the culprit with me, or do you want me to guess? Apparently I’m going to be here a while tonight. I’d like to know who’s getting fired so I can get started.”

## Chapter Sixteen



Cameron drove straight to Aria's apartment. He didn't even try to call her. This was where she would go after the blow she'd received. He couldn't blame her for running and not saying a word to him, but he was still going to spank her ass for doubting him. As soon as he found her.

He knocked on her door but wasn't surprised when he got no response. He knocked three more times before pulling out his phone and calling her. No answer. *Fuck*. He paced in the hallway, running a hand through his hair.

It was remotely possible she wasn't there. After all, her car was at his house. Had she perhaps gone there first? Maybe she had. She might have believed she could get to his house, retrieve her things, including her car, and taken off before he realized she'd fled work.

Cameron turned around and jogged back out of the apartment building. All he could do was go to his place and find out. He sent her a text as he jogged back to his car.

*Where are you? I know you're mad, but you need to let me explain. Please call me.*

Ten minutes later, Cameron breathed a sigh of relief as the garage door went up to reveal Aria's car was inside. Maybe she had come here after all.

After parking next to her, he barely turned off the engine before jumping out of his SUV and rushing into the house. "Aria?" He ran toward the nursery first. Isn't that where a sad Little girl would go to lick her wounds?

She wasn't there. *Shit.*

“Aria?” he called out, louder this time. He looked in the master bedroom, the bathroom, and every other room in the house before returning to the nursery. Remy was sitting in the crib where Aria had tucked her favorite stuffie in that morning so he could spend the day in the nursery.

There was no way she'd been here. She wouldn't have left Remy, and if she were hiding in the house, she would have snagged the stuffed animal to take with her.

Cameron's heart hurt even more at the thought of his Little girl upset and devastated somewhere without her stuffie. He grabbed the dino and rushed back out to his SUV to return to her apartment. She had to be there. She must have ignored his knocking.

There were no new messages, but Cameron shot off another to her before starting the car.

*I'm on my way back to your apartment. I know you're there, Giggles. Please open the door for me when I arrive.*

Cameron was breathing heavily by the time he got back to her door. He knocked hard, making sure she couldn't possibly not hear him. No answer. No text either. He called, and it went to voicemail.

Tucking Remy under his arm, he sent another text.

*Aria, Little one, please open the door. Let me explain.*

He paced the hallway. Minutes ticked by. He wasn't sure what to do. No way was he going to leave. He would stand out here all night if he had to. He hated that his Little girl was probably inside, probably crying, definitely devastated.

Eventually, an older woman came around the corner from down the hall. She was carrying a bag of groceries, and she didn't stop until she reached Cameron. He smiled politely and nodded.

She shifted the sack to one hand, pulled out her keys, and unlocked the door directly across the hall. “Are you waiting



for someone?" she asked.

He pointed at Aria's door. "Yes, Aria. I'm worried she fell asleep or something. She's not answering the door or the phone."

The woman's eyes went wide. "Oh, my. Are you related to her?"

"I'm her boyfriend," he admitted. He didn't want to scare this woman, but he didn't want to lie either.

The woman smiled. "Oh, how sweet. I'm so glad she's dating a nice man. You look like a nice man." She glanced down at the stuffie tucked under his arm and smiled wider. She didn't comment on it though.

Cameron forced another polite smile. "I like to think so. I certainly adore Aria. I'm in love with her." It was the first time he'd said it out loud to someone other than Aria. He had no idea why he was telling her neighbor, but it just slipped out.

The older woman set her groceries down just inside the door and put a hand over her heart. "Oh, young love. You must be worried about her."

"Very." Understatement.

The woman's eyes widened again. "Oh, I have a key to her place. She left it with me in case she ever got locked out."

*Blessed angels.* "Oh, ma'am, that's wonderful. Could I borrow it for a moment?"

The woman suddenly narrowed her eyes. "How do I know for sure you're her boyfriend and not some crazy stalker who's come to kidnap and rape her?"

Cameron winced. "I guess you don't." He pulled out his ID and handed it to the woman. "Take a picture of my ID. That way if anything happens to her, you'll be able to tell the police the last person you saw with her."

The woman looked skeptical, and she scrutinized the ID very carefully, looking back and forth from Cameron to the small card. "Looks like you."

Cameron held his breath. No way in hell should the woman let him into Aria's apartment, but if she would please do so...

The woman turned around, disappeared into her own home, and returned a minute later. She held out the ID and the key. "Just have her slide the key back under my door later if she still wants me to have a copy. I assume you're the reason I haven't seen her around lately. She must be staying with you."

"Yes, ma'am. I'm hoping to convince her to move in with me permanently."

The older woman smiled and nearly swooned. "Young love..." She stepped back inside and closed the door.

Cameron thanked the heavens, spun around, and quickly unlocked the door. He shut it behind him. No lights were on, which made him wonder if maybe she wasn't here after all, but then he heard sniffing.

He ran toward her bedroom. The faint light from the evening sun illuminated the room enough for him to see the lump under the covers. "Aria?"

She bolted upright, gasping. The moment she did so, she grabbed the covers and pulled them up over her obviously naked body. "How did you get in?"

"Your neighbor across the hall gave me the key," he admitted.

Her eyes went wider.

"I know it was dangerous, but I was very convincing. I even gave her my ID."

Aria jerked the covers over her head and slunk back down into a ball under them. "Go away. I don't want to talk to you," she mumbled.

Cameron came to her side and sat on the edge of the bed. "It's okay if you don't want to talk. I'll do the talking. All you have to do is listen."

"I don't want to listen either," she grumbled, her voice muffled by the covers.

“Well, you’re going to listen anyway, Little girl.” He lifted a hand but decided against setting it on her hip like he wanted. Instead, he started talking. “When you didn’t show up at my office to ride home, I went looking for you and found Mr. Lambert. He told me what happened.”

She sniffled and curled into a tighter ball. “Go away,” she muttered again.

Cameron ignored her. “Aria, I did not sign those papers. I’ve never seen them in my life. I swear. In fact, that handwriting is not even mine. Once I realized who’d forged the documents, I turned the problem over to Mr. Lambert and rushed out of the office to find you.”

She didn’t move.

He waited for her to process what he’d told her.

Finally she responded. “It doesn’t even matter who signed them. Three people made false complaints about me. I’m so humiliated. I can’t go back there.”

“Little girl, no one made a single complaint against you. It was all fabricated. It didn’t happen. Everyone who works with you adores you. You have a stellar reputation, and Mr. Lambert is going to apologize profusely tomorrow for entertaining the possibility that people had spoken negatively about you. He realizes he should have thought twice before putting you on probation.”

Cameron set a hand on her hip finally. “Will you look at me, Little one?” He gave the cover a slight tug. When she didn’t protest, he pulled some more until her head was exposed.

She had her eyes squeezed shut, she was hugging a pillow, and her body was in the smallest ball possible. On top of that, her face was covered in tears. Mascara had run down her cheeks and dried. Her hair was in complete disarray all around her head.

He wanted to scoop her up and pull her into his arms, but first he needed to make sure she was receptive to him touching

her. “I’m so sorry you were scared, Giggles. It was unconscionable for someone to do this to you.”

She sniffled again, still holding firm. Finally, she whispered, “I thought so many mean things about you.”

“I bet you did.” He rubbed her hip over the covers. “I spent the last hour running through everything you were probably thinking in my head. I bet you’ve been lying here waffling back and forth between being certain I betrayed you and knowing it wasn’t possible because I love you.”

A quiet sob slipped out as she finally unraveled her body slightly and looked at him. “It really wasn’t you? You didn’t even know about the complaints?”

“Little girl, there were no complaints,” he reiterated.

“Then who put those in my file?”

He winced. “Carol. The HR receptionist. I recognized her handwriting.”

Aria’s eyes went wide. “Carol? That mean woman who thinks she’s the gatekeeper for everyone entering the hallway?”

He nodded. “Yes.”

“But why?”

“I assume she was jealous that you kept slipping by her to get to me, and she didn’t like not being totally in charge of everyone who passed.”

“But she put those notes in my file months ago,” Aria pointed out.

Cameron shook his head. “I bet she put all of them in there in the past week and simply dated them for months ago. No one had ever seen them, including Stephen Lambert.”

Her eyes widened. “What’s going to happen to her?”

“I’m quite certain that by now her desk is more cleared out than yours, Little one. We’ll never see her again. Mr. Lambert was about to fire her when I left.”

“What if she’s vindictive and she comes after me?”

“Not likely to happen because she doesn’t even know you’re aware of the documents. Mr. Lambert’s story was going to be that he brought them to me first and together we figured out the handwriting was hers. No one but you, me, and Stephen Lambert will ever know any of this happened.”

She lowered her eyes. “I’m so humiliated.”

“I know it seems awful right now, but I promise you’ll feel better once you’ve had a good night’s rest. In fact, I told Stephen we were both taking tomorrow off. A mental health day. Since it’s a Friday, we’ll have a three-day weekend and show up Monday morning refreshed.”

“Do you always call him Stephen? I’ve never called my boss by his first name.”

Cameron winced slightly. “Yeah, about that...”

Her eyes went wide. “Cameron...”

“He’s a member of Blaze. I haven’t seen him at the club for a few months, so it never occurred to me to tell you. That’s on me. I should have thought of it. But I finally did while I was talking to him. I told him we were in a serious committed relationship and warned him that he might see us at Blaze sometime.”

She sat upright so fast, he wobbled next to her. She was so shocked she must have forgotten all about her nudity because she didn’t even bother to cover herself. “You did *what?*” she shouted, leaning toward him.

Cameron inhaled slowly. “Little girl, listen to Daddy.”

She shook her head, undoubtedly having no idea how Little she looked with her hair flying and defiance shooting out of her eyes. He was so totally going to spank her bottom as soon as this conversation was over. “You can’t just tell my supervisor he might see me at a fetish club, Cameron. That’s even more embarrassing than him believing I don’t know basic math or that I spend all day playing on my phone or that I take three-hour lunch breaks.”

He flinched when she didn't call him Daddy. "Giggles..."

She leaned toward him. "I'm not giggling, *Daddy*," she countered. The tone she used to say his name was extremely sassy.

"I see that you're not giggling, but I intend to make you at least smile before this night is over."

She crossed her arms over her naked chest and hmped. "That's not going to happen. I'm mad."

He lifted a hand and risked stroking her cheek.

When she jerked her face to the side defiantly, he had to work hard not to chuckle. She was so damn Little right now.

"Little girl, I can't blame you for your reaction to Stephen's revelation. You had no way of knowing I hadn't betrayed you. The evidence was rather damning, though I do wish you had considered facing me before you took off without giving me a chance to explain. As for your supervisor knowing you might join a fetish club, I'd like you to give me some credit for knowing whether or not that decision was the right one to make. I've known Stephen Lambert for many years, a lot longer than you've been working for him. He's a good man. He also happens to be a member of Blaze. He gave me permission to tell you, and said to let you know that he would never breathe a word of your private life to another living soul. I'm sure he'll reiterate that to you personally the next time he sees you."

"I didn't give *you* permission to tell *him*," she grumbled.

Cameron took another deep breath. His Little girl was feisty tonight. Rightfully so. "Little girl, sometimes Daddy will make decisions on the spur of the moment when I believe they are right for you. This was one of those times. I'd like you to trust my judgment on this issue."

She hmped again and bounced her arms in front of her chest. At least she didn't continue to argue with him.

"I know you've been nursing a legitimate mad for a few hours, but can you try to break it down and see my side so we

can move to the part where you climb into my lap and let me hold you?”

She pushed out her bottom lip in a pout. “I was very mad, Daddy.”

Thank goodness she’d at least decided to call him Daddy. “I know, Giggles. I understand.” He tucked a lock of hair behind her ear. This time she didn’t pull away.

“And hurt. I was hurt. I thought you’d been mocking me for all this time.”

“I know, Little one,” he said gently, inching closer to her. He slid his fingers under her chin and tipped her head back. “Can I please hug you?”

She pouted for another moment before finally dropping her arms and throwing herself at him so hard he nearly fell off the edge of the bed. She climbed onto his lap, straddled him, and wrapped her arms around him so tightly.

He rubbed her back and kissed her temple. “I’m so sorry you were scared, Little girl. I love you so much. I was scared out of my mind, too.”

She sniffled. “I thought so many bad things,” she murmured.

“I know. It’s okay. The mind can conjure up all sorts of things when the information it’s trying to process makes no logical sense.”

She nodded. “That’s what happened.”

He leaned her back and met her gaze. “You know what will make you feel better?”

She sighed. “A spanking.”

“Yes.”

“Because I was so naughty and didn’t come to you after I left Mr. Lambert’s office.”

He shook his head. “No. I’m going to spank you so you can purge all the icky feelings and forgive yourself.”

“Because I overreacted.”

He shook his head again. “Aria, I don’t even think you overreacted. I think you behaved exactly as anyone would have given the information you had. But I’m equally certain you’re going to beat yourself up inside for running from me, and a good hard spanking will let you purge your doubts and let them go.”

“Are you sure?”

“Positive.”

“It will hurt.”

“Yes. You’ll cry, too. And Daddy will spank you long enough and hard enough that I’m certain you’ve stopped blaming yourself for having any part in this.”

“Okay, Daddy.”



## Chapter Seventeen



Aria eased off her Daddy's lap. She was nervous about getting a harder spanking than the one he'd given her before, but part of her suspected he was right. She would feel much better afterward.

“Lie on your tummy over Daddy's lap, Little girl.”

She lowered herself over his thighs, resting her cheek on the mattress.

Daddy eased her panties down and off her body, leaving her naked. He patted her thighs. “Spread your legs, Little one.”

She did as he instructed, immediately feeling exposed and even more Little.

“Good girl. I'm not going to spank you a specific number of times. I'm going to do so until I'm sure you've let go of the icky feelings. You're not in trouble, Aria. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Daddy.” She squirmed on his lap, her breath hitching as her nipples rubbed against the sheets. How was this experience already turning into something sexual? A part of her wanted to be spanked, but another part of her wanted to spin around, tug his pants open, straddle him, and thrust her pussy down until it was full of his cock.

Daddy rubbed her bottom. “You're making the sexiest little noises, Giggles.”

She gasped and pursed her lips.

“It’s okay. Lots of Little girls get aroused when they’re spanked. Both sex and impact play are powerfully emotional and can get mixed up together.”

He made a lot of sense, but she was still embarrassed, and she wiggled her bottom to encourage him to get on with it.

He braced her with a hand on the small of her back and started swatting her. At first the slaps of his hand weren’t very hard, and she began to think this spanking wasn’t going to purge anything, but then he picked up the speed and the intensity.

Aria gritted her teeth as the burn increased. She held rigid, all of her focus on the rhythmic beat of his palm against her heated skin. He kept going and going, covering her entire bottom and the backs of her thighs.

Finally, something snapped inside her, and she released a breath before wailing so loud she shocked herself. The sound was primal, sort of a cry, but also a way of releasing pent-up stress.

Daddy instantly stopped spanking her, his palm rubbing her bottom as she sobbed harder than she had before he’d arrived. She cried and cried while he held her across his lap and stroked her skin all over with both hands.

When her sobs slowed down to hiccups, he gently rolled her over and cradled her in his arms. His mouth came to her forehead in a soft kiss. “Such a good girl. I’m so proud of you. Do you feel better?”

She nodded, but she also felt horny. Her body was shaking with the need to have him inside her. “Yes. Daddy?”

“What, Little one?”

“Will you please fuck me?”

He smiled. “Yes, Giggles. I’d be happy to.” He lifted her off his lap, turned her back over, and said, “Hands and knees, Little girl.”

She was panting and shaking as she obeyed him. She even rocked her bottom toward him while he removed his clothes

and climbed back up to kneel between her feet. His fingers slid between her legs, making her gasp. “Daddy...” she moaned.

“So wet for Daddy. I’m going to take this sweet pussy, but then I’m going to switch and slide my cock into your precious little bottom.”

“Okay, Daddy,” she murmured. They’d been working up to that since she’d first gone to his house. She was eager and looking forward to finding out how it would feel. “Please take my bottom, Daddy,” she encouraged so he would know she wanted it as much as he did.

“Good girl.” He patted her bottom. “Give me a second to get a condom out of my pants.”

She twisted her head around to look at him. “You keep a condom in your pants even at work?”

He grinned. “Daddy always has a condom ready.”

“Maybe you could stop using them?” she suggested.

He leaned over and kissed her cheek. “We can consider that when we’re not in the heat of the moment. Do you have any lube you play with, Little girl?” he asked.

Aria felt her face heat with embarrassment, but bravely forced herself to answer his question as she waved toward the nightstand. “In the drawer, Daddy.”

“Thank you, Giggles.”

She watched him open the drawer and pull out a small tube of lubrication as well as her small wand vibrator. *What would he do with that?* She bit her bottom lip.

“That’s my good girl,” he complimented, as he reached over the edge of the bed, returning a second later with a foil packet in hand. After ripping it open with his teeth, he donned the protection and nudged her knees wider.

His hands came to her hips. His fingers reached around to play with her clit.

“I’m so aroused, Daddy. I’m going to come.”

“Come as many times as you want, Giggles. Daddy wants to watch you enjoy yourself.”

She was grateful for the permission. It was so hard when he ordered her to hold back until he gave her permission to orgasm. It was delicious, but so very hard.

Suddenly, he thrust into her all the way as deep as he could. He grabbed her hip with his free hand and held her steady, rubbing her clit with his other.

Aria cried out as she came hard around his erection. Her orgasm went on and on because he kept thrusting in and out of her so fast. And then he was gone, and her pussy was empty. She almost protested before she remembered his intention as the click of the lube bottle sounded. Holding still as she felt the drip of the fluid on that small entrance was so very hard.

“Good girl, Aria. Daddy’s so proud of you,” he praised as he smoothed the lubricant past the tight ring of muscle with his finger. It felt so amazing—forbidden and naughty while scintillating due to all the nerve endings.

She held her breath when he removed his finger. Would it feel as amazing as she dreamed it would?

Cameron lined his shaft up with her puckered hole, rubbed the sensitive rosette with the head of his cock, and eased into her willing body. His hands held her hips perfectly still with her buttocks spread wide. Aria was forced to close her eyes as the sensations threatened to overwhelm her.

Aria was grateful he’d been preparing her for this moment for so long. Every single night as he’d promised, he’d stretched her tight rim with his fingers. He often made her wear the anal beads or a plug for a few hours, too.

Nevertheless, she held her breath as he pressed into her. The stretch was so much more than any plug or his fingers.

“Relax your bottom, Aria,” he encouraged. “Just like when I finger you or tease your tight hole with toys. Don’t fight it.”

She tried hard to relax her rectum, but it was so difficult. “So tight, Daddy,” she whimpered.

“I know, Little girl. Let Daddy all the way in. I promise you’ll like it.”

She took deep breaths and let them out slowly. Gasping at the sound of the mechanical whirl, she looked over her shoulder at him. He wasn’t going to... The first touch of the cold vibrator on her clit convinced her that he would indeed. The buzzing sensation skyrocketed her arousal, and she finally relaxed as he reached around to stroke her again. He pushed in fully, filling her completely with his thick shaft.

“Good girl. You feel so damn good, Aria,” he moaned.

Aria felt so close to him like this, and so powerful that she was able to make him moan. Encouraging him to take what he needed, she bucked her hips back against him.

Cameron thrust harder and deeper, stretching her and making her feel so full. When he removed the vibrator to pinch her clit, she cried out as another orgasm washed through her body. It felt totally different with his cock in her bottom instead of her pussy. Different but good. A new sensation. Her tight rectum milked his shaft just like her vagina did when she came with him inside her there.

She was so exhausted as the waves of her release subsided that she was shaking. Cameron came right behind her, grunting out his release into the room as he held her hips so he could remain buried deep.

Both of them were panting as he eased out of her and helped her lower onto her side. He kissed her lips. “I’ll be right back. Don’t move, Giggles.”

She couldn’t move if she wanted to.

In fact, she was so tired that she fell asleep before he returned.

## Chapter Eighteen



Cameron returned to the room to find his Little girl sound asleep. The poor thing had worn herself out worrying and crying. He grabbed REXY from where he'd set the dino at the end of the bed when he'd entered, tucked the stuffie in her arms, spooned her from behind, and pulled the covers over them.

He let her sleep for an hour, staring at her the entire time. He was the luckiest man alive to have found his perfect Little girl, but he was doubly lucky that they'd been able to climb this giant hurdle tonight.

He hated to wake her, but she needed to eat, and he'd rather take her back to the house where he could feed her, diaper her, and snuggle her all night in their bed in *their* home. He would rather wake up tomorrow in an environment where she could continue to be Little, play in her nursery, and let him pamper her.

"Giggles," he whispered, stroking her arm. "Can you wake up for me, Little girl?"

She moaned and blinked her eyes. "Tired, Daddy."

"I know, Baby girl, but I'd like to take you home. Do you think you can wake up long enough to let Daddy drive you home?"

"Home..."

"Yes, Giggles. Home."

She smiled. "You're my Daddy," she said, half asleep.

“Yes, I certainly am. If you’re a good girl and let Daddy put some clothes on you and take you home, I promise there will be a reward.”

Her eyes opened wider. “What kind of reward?”

“I was thinking tomorrow we could go to Little Cakes when it opens, buy an entire box of every flavor they have, and spend the weekend in a sugar coma. How does that sound?”

She giggled, but then she grew serious. “I don’t know what any of the other flavors even taste like, Daddy. I’ve only had the Mocha Latte. Why mess with perfection?”

He chuckled. “If you want a box of all the same flavor, that’s fine with me.”

“Could we maybe also go to CC’s one day this weekend? Petting kittens is good for the soul, and I think I could use some kitten therapy.”

He grinned. “That sounds like a great idea.” In fact, maybe now was a good time to pick one out and bring it home. His Little girl deserved to have a kitten of her own. He wouldn’t say anything right now, though. He’d wait and see if the perfect kitten happened to climb into her lap and claim her heart, then he’d spring it on her.

Cameron leaned over and kissed his Little girl soundly before climbing off the bed. He returned to the bathroom and wet a washcloth with warm water. After cleaning her up, Cameron helped her into comfortable clothes. Her cute blushes made his heart happy.

He loved how she lounged against him. Sleepy and assured that he would take good care of her, Aria slowly followed his instructions. Soon, she stood next to him, holding his hand.

“Come on, Giggles. Don’t forget REXY.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Leading the sleepy girl out of her apartment, they ran into her concerned neighbor who had obviously been hovering by the door for an extended time to make sure Aria was okay.

Cameron thanked her again for the key, and Aria echoed his words to reassure her that she'd done the right thing.

"I'll understand if you don't want me to have a key anymore," her neighbor told Aria.

"I don't think I'll be living here for much longer," Aria said slowly as she glanced up at Cameron.

"Definitely. I want you with me, Aria."

"Young love," the woman said with a smile. "Enjoy being together and don't waste any time."

Aria nodded and beamed at her. "Thank you for sharing the key."

Cameron guided her to his SUV and tucked her safely into the passenger seat for the drive home. His Little girl fell asleep almost immediately, lolling in her bucket seat with soft sniffling snores. *Can she get any cuter?*

At his house, Cameron took a second to text Stephen Lambert. The two men were definitely on a first name basis now. He'd asked Cameron to let him know that Aria was okay. An answering text popped in immediately.

*I'm glad Aria is okay. Carol was escorted off the grounds and banned for life.*

With that taken care of, Cameron turned his attention back to Aria. He quietly let himself out of the vehicle and circled the car. After opening her door, Cameron reached in to scoop her out of her seat.

"I can walk," she mumbled.

"Let Daddy take care of you."

Aria nodded sleepily against him, clutching REXY to her chest. She was warm and cuddly, stealing a fraction more of his heart with each breath she took. He carried her inside and to her nursery.

Undressing her, he wrapped her in a diaper and tucked her in her crib. Unable to leave her, Cameron drew the rocking



chair up to its side and took a seat. The events of the day ricocheted through his mind, and he shook his head.

All of this had almost been stolen away by a vindictive woman whom he'd treated kindly and professionally. Cameron tried never to wish bad karma on anyone, but he struggled with this one. Remy caught his eye and Cameron knew he needed to let everything go. The nursery especially did not need negative emotions inside it.

He turned his thoughts to planning a special day for them tomorrow. A trip back to their first date. Would CC's Purrfect Coffee have a kitten or cat that would steal Aria's heart? They'd top off their day with a cupcake and some time together at home.

Whoops. They'd have to visit Little Cakes, then the café. If they found the *purrfect* cat they'd want to take him home immediately. And supplies! They'd need a cat box and food. Quickly, he pulled out his phone and ordered very basic supplies to be delivered—just in case.

“Daddy?”

“Hi, Little girl. Do you want to go back to sleep?”

“I'm hungry,” she confessed.

“Then I think we need to get some food in your tummy. Do you like scrambled eggs?”

She nodded eagerly as she moved onto her knees and held up her arms for him to help her down. Aria was hungry.

“I need a shirt, Daddy, or I'll get cold,” she told him.

“I think we can find a shirt for you, sweetheart,” he assured Aria.

When she wore a pair of ruffled shorts over her diaper with a matching shirt and knee-high stockings so her toes didn't get cold, Cameron boosted her to her feet and led her to the kitchen. Together, they broke eggs and mixed them up with a splash of milk and some seasoning.

As he heated the pan, Cameron asked, “Do you like cheesy eggs?”

“Is that just cheese in scrambled eggs?” she asked.

When he nodded, she answered, “I haven’t tried that, but it sounds good.”

Quickly, he added some grated cheese from a mixture in his refrigerator and scrambled the eggs in a pan as she supervised.

“You’re not going to leave them runny, right?” she double-checked. “If so, just let mine cook in there for a little while longer.”

“No mushy eggs for my Little girl,” Cameron decreed as he deliberately flipped everything over so that the top side would come into direct contact with the pan. Then he turned off the heat.

“Come sit at the table. I’ll get us each some milk and then you can see what you think of my cheesy, non-mushy scrambled eggs.”

In just a few minutes, he was back with a steaming bowl of scrambled eggs. “Try a bite,” he suggested, holding a small amount to her mouth.

“That’s yummy, Daddy. More,” Aria urged.

By the time they were both full, the bowl was almost empty. Aria leaned forward to look at the last of the eggs wistfully.

“I wish I could eat another bite. Those were so good. Cheesy. Perfectly cooked.”

“I’ll make eggs for us again,” Cameron promised. “Now, time to brush teeth and cuddle in bed with Daddy.”

“Oh, I can’t go back to sleep,” she protested.

“I bet you can,” he said with a wink.

“What are we betting?”

“If you go to sleep quickly, I’ll let you choose the best cupcake in our box to eat. If you don’t, I’ll let you choose the cupcake that your Daddy eats.”

“I could choose an ugly one for me or for you,” Aria pointed out a problem with his logic, as she stifled a yawn.

“You could. Do you know what?” he asked, leaning in confidentially.

“What?”

“They’re all going to taste the same, and I’ll love the one you chose.”

“You’re funny, Daddy.”

“Just rest here while I clean up the kitchen and we’ll go brush our teeth and cuddle in bed.”

As he watched, she gradually laid her head on the table. Within minutes, he rejoined her and cajoled her out of her chair. “Come on, Giggles. Don’t go to sleep here.”

When he finally held her in his arms, cushioned by fluffy pillows, Cameron kissed her softly. “Sleep tight, Little girl.”

She was out so fast she never responded to him. It looked like he was destined for an ugly cupcake if there was even such a thing at Little Cakes. Cameron allowed himself to relax. He couldn’t wait to spend a special day with Aria.

## Chapter Nineteen



The next morning, Aria woke up and opened her eyes to see her Daddy's handsome face just in front of her. Immediately, her lips curved in a smile. She was so happy to see him.

Aria allowed herself a mean thought toward the monster who almost stole all of this from her. If it hadn't been for Cameron's deductive skills and persistence in forcing her to listen, Aria would have lost her job and the love of her life. A tiny bit of sadness crept into her mind. What kind of life must Carol live that she'd even think of doing something so mean and vindictive? Aria was still going to be mad at her. Some things just couldn't be forgiven.

Tugging her mind away from negative things, Aria studied her Daddy's handsome face. Even in sleep, he looked kind and caring. There wasn't a single grumpy crease on his face, but several laugh lines were forming around his mouth.

Suddenly she wanted to see them in action. Taking a small section of her dark hair, she swooshed it lightly over his cheek. When his nose wrinkled, she clamped her lips shut to keep from giggling and tried it again. This time, she targeted his twitching nose. Cameron swatted at an imaginary insect with one large hand. Unable to resist, she tried it again.

"Little girl, are you messing with your Daddy?" he asked after squinting open one eye.

"Maybe?" she pushed out between the giggles spilling from her lips.

Her Daddy scooted closer and wrapped his arms around her. Rolling onto his back, he swept her onto his chest. “Maybe I should just mess with my Little girl as well? What do you think of that?” he teased, running his hands over her back and bottom.

She hesitated just a moment and then asked, “Please?” As she watched his eyes darken as his mood changed from playfulness to passion, Aria shivered with anticipation.

“I think that’s the perfect start to our day,” he agreed huskily.

When they lay cuddled together a long time later as their heartrates settled, Aria suggested, “Little Cakes is open.”

“Cupcakes for breakfast? That is entirely a habit not to get into,” Cameron pointed out before adding, “But, what an amazing idea for our fun day. With milk, though!”

“That makes everything healthier,” she said, nodding at his logic.

“Let’s go. We need showers and clothes.”

“Cupcakes don’t care,” she pointed out.

“Daddies do.” With that final announcement, Cameron popped Aria on the bottom to get her moving.

Squealing, she leapt to her feet and rubbed her bottom. “I was going.”

“Go turn on the water for Daddy while I make the bed,” he suggested with a fond smile at her antics.

“Yes, Daddy. See, I’m a good girl.”

“The best.”

Aria rushed back to hug him before dashing off to follow his request. The sound of the water made her run to the toilet before she had an accident. By the time she emerged from the small toilet area, her Daddy stood by the large walk-in shower, testing out the temperature of the spray with one hand and adjusting it. She allowed herself to appreciate the view before he caught her.

“Ready, Little girl?”

“Yes,” she assured him, moving toward him.

Stepping into the shower, she groaned in appreciation of the warm water. It felt so good on her skin. In just a few seconds, her Daddy joined her and dispensed some of the sweet bodywash he’d ordered just for her. Aria enjoyed his touches completely, even when he was more thorough than she would ever have been. Unsteady on her feet from the lightning quick orgasm he’d treated her to with his fingers, Aria rested against his hard body.

“Okay. You’re squeaky clean.”

He held out a thick towel for her and wrapped her snugly inside. “Stand out of the spray, Giggles, and I’ll get myself cleaned up.”

“But, Daddy,” Aria protested, waving a hand at his erection.

“Daddy will take care of it.”

Mouth agape, she watched his fist enclose his thick shaft. Fascinated, she watched him pull from the root to the tip with quick yanks of his hand as he caressed his heavy balls. He kept his eyes on her the whole time, leaving her without a doubt that she was the one he pictured as he pleased himself. With a shout, he poured himself onto the tiled floor of the shower.

She stared at him in total shock. That was the hottest thing she’d ever seen.

“Don’t look at me like that, Little girl. We’ll never make it out of the shower, and my water bill will be sky high.”

“Sorry?” she whispered without changing her expression one bit.

Flipping off the water, Cameron dried off his chest and arms before wrapping his towel around his hips. He coaxed her fully out of the shower and unwrapped her to dry her skin gently—much to her disappointment.

Her Daddy nipped at her protruding bottom lip before kissing away the sting. “Cupcakes are waiting!”

“Oh, yeah.”

Instantly, her desire for a sweet treat was first in her mind. She did want to make sure they could come back and try this again sometime. “So, next time?”

“Definitely.”

Cameron held a hand out and she linked her fingers with his. Quickly, he dressed her before pulling on a pair of battered jeans that fit his muscular form like a drool-inducing glove. Paired with a snug T-shirt, Aria knew she was going to have trouble concentrating on anything he said.

“Do I look nice enough? I can put on some makeup. Do something with my hair?” she offered, feeling drab next to him.

“You look absolutely adorable. You are welcome to put on makeup if that makes you feel more put together, but it’s never necessary with me. I love you.”

Aria smoothed down the skirt with the short layers of ruffles that he’d dressed her in with the polka-dotted top. She gave a twirl and it flared around her. Giggling at the fun, she looked back at her Daddy and decided, “I’m ready.”

“Want Daddy to do your hair?”

“Like how?” she said skeptically.

“French braid? You could wear it over your shoulder?” he suggested.

“You know how to French braid?”

“I had three younger sisters. I can do just about anything you want. If I don’t know something, I’ll figure it out,” Cameron assured her with a smile before putting his hands on her shoulders and guiding her back into the bathroom.

“Oops! I forgot. Let me find a comb here. You go get the bow you like from the fancy box on the shelf in the closet of your nursery.”

Like a flash, she was off. Eager to see what he’d put together for her, she opened the closet and found the box.

Balancing it carefully on one hand, she opened it to see all sorts of bows and scrunchies in every color. After comparing several to her outfit, Aria chose the best one, carefully returned the others to the box, and put the container back in the closet.

Racing back to her Daddy, she saw he was ready. After gently brushing out the knots, he expertly braided her hair into a sleekly woven plait that naturally curved onto her shoulder. Looking in the mirror, she was enchanted.

“It looks so good!” she celebrated. “You are good at everything.”

“Not at everything, but hopefully at the things you enjoy most,” Cameron told her before dropping a kiss on her head.

“Don’t mess it up!” she cried, shielding the elaborate hairdo with her hands.

“Nothing’s going to screw that up until we take it down tonight. Well, nothing but a tornado, maybe. Come on. You have to be starving.”

“You, too!”

He soon had her tucked securely in the passenger seat. Cameron wove through the morning traffic to Little Cakes and parked the car. Automatically, Aria moved to get out but remembered to wait for him to come get her. When she leaned back against the seat, he praised her.

“Good girl.”

*That never gets old.*



## Chapter Twenty



“Hi!” Ellie’s friendly voice called soon after Cameron opened the front door of Little Cakes. Three staff members stopped what they were doing to wave and smile.

Aria happily waved back as her Daddy led her to the bakery case after holding the door open for a tall woman behind them. “Hi! We’ve come for cupcakes for breakfast!”

“I love that hard. I get to have those every once in a while. You’d think I’d get tired of cupcakes, but nope. That’s never going to happen. There are so many flavors!”

“Of course!” Aria agreed before admitting, “We’re having Mocha Latte again.”

“Perfect! With milk?” Ellie asked.

“For both of us, please,” Cameron requested. “I’d like a couple of cupcakes to go as well for later. Do you think they’ll be okay in the SUV for a couple of hours?”

“The frosting might melt,” Riley warned. “I can fix it up with some ice in a bag to keep it stable for a couple of hours.”

“That would be great. Thanks, Riley,” Cameron said gratefully.

“Perfect solution. Now, two cupcakes to go or four?” Ellie teased. “We have a new flavor out there. It’s totally different. Blueberry Bliss.”

“That sounds amazing. I love blueberries!” the woman behind them cheered. When everyone turned with a smile, she

immediately apologized, “I’m sorry. I just butted into the conversation, didn’t I? Sorry.”

“Of course not.” Ellie whisked away any awkwardness. “Blueberries are small balls of awesomeness. And everyone is welcome to praise my cupcakes. I don’t think I’ve seen you before.”

“Nope. I’m new. I’m opening a craft store in the shopping area. I needed some sugar before I unpack one more box,” the woman explained.

“Craftastic is yours! I can’t wait to get in there,” Riley said, jumping into the conversation. She waved at her tattoos before explaining, “I do a lot of drawing. I hope you have a big section for supplies.”

“I will. Definitely let me know if there’s something you’d like me to stock. I’ll keep it on hand for you. I’m Nora, by the way.”

“Hi, Nora. I’m Ellie. Welcome to the neighborhood.”

“Thank you. Please. Don’t let me interrupt. Cupcakes for breakfast sounds awesome,” Nora urged.

“I got you all rung up,” Sue called from the register with their breakfast on a tray.

“Will you have coloring books?” Aria asked, intrigued.

“Oh, yes. I have a whole wall planned. Anything you like best?” Nora asked.

“Do they make cupcake coloring books?” Aria asked.

“They do! I have one ready to be stocked on the shelf. I also have a clothing one for Design Magic, a workout one for Fitness Haven, and a fancy hairstyles one for Shear Beauty. I’m searching for a tattoo one for Maniac Tats.”

“You stocked something that reflects the stores in the shopping center? That’s a brilliant idea!” Sue praised.

“I hope so,” Nora said with a smile.

“So do you have a partner or is it just you running the store?” Ellie asked.

“I have some employees helping me. I’ll pick up a dozen cupcakes of random flavors,” Nora said as Cameron pulled out his wallet to pay for his order, signaling to Sue that he wanted four cupcakes to go as Ellie had suggested.

“Oh! Could you package an additional Blueberry Bliss separately? Suddenly, I want a cupcake for breakfast,” Nora confessed.

Aria smiled at the lean, tall woman who’d obviously been working hard. Did she see a bit of wistfulness in her eyes? There was something about her. When her gaze connected with the cupcake baker, Ellie gave her a nod. Could she actually be? Ellie had a pretty good Little radar.

“Come on, Little girl.” Cameron held the loaded tray and guided Aria with an arm around her waist to a secluded table. “Riley’s going to fix up our to-go package so it will survive in our vehicle for a bit.”

Aria beamed at him as she sat down. “This is so much fun.”

Noting the two glasses of milk, she asked, “Aren’t you having coffee?”

“I think I’ll keep my caffeine intake dedicated to CC’s today. We’re going there next,” he reminded her.

They both paused to take bites of their cupcakes and moan with delight. Aria loved this so much. She wiggled in her seat with delight.

“Yum. This is just a day of treats. Any idea what we should do after CC’s?” she asked before taking a drink of the icy cold beverage and smacking her lips in appreciation.

“I do, but it’s a secret.”

Aria leaned forward to grill her Daddy on what he was thinking about but stopped as Riley brought their to-go bag.

“Here you go. This should last for a while,” she explained, setting the package on an empty chair by Cameron. “I love your hair, Aria. My Daddy needs to up his hairdo skills.

Maybe Cameron can teach a class at Blaze some night for Daddies.”

“I’d be glad to show them a few easy styles,” Cameron offered.

“Thanks. We’ll all be excited.” Riley looked over her shoulder and gave the others a thumbs up.

Aria had to laugh as Ellie and Sue clapped and mouthed how pretty her hair was. Feeling super special, she laid her hand on her Daddy’s thigh as Riley wandered away with their thanks for the cupcakes. His covered hers and squeezed.

“I love you, Aria.”

“I love you, too, Daddy.”



Late morning turned out to be a great time to visit CC’s Purrfect Coffee. The place was almost empty when they arrived. That was except for the cats. A new batch had just arrived and were exploring the coffee shop area. Delighted, Aria and Cameron picked up coffee drinks from the counter and entered the cat zone.

A tall man sat in the corner with the new arrivals. He looked up as they arrived with slightly watery blue eyes. “Hi. Come join the fun.”

“Da... Hunter,” CC corrected herself as she followed them with a cup of water and something in her hand, “you didn’t take your antihistamine. You’re going to start sneezing soon.”

“Thanks, sweetheart,” Hunter responded, reaching out one hand.

“He’s allergic to cats, but he’s the cat whisperer. How fair is that?” she shared with Cameron and Aria as she helped him take the medicine.

“This little girl may have to go back to the shelter. She’s overwhelmed by the surroundings and isn’t getting better,” he said, pointing to a small kitten hiding inside his shirt. “She’s shaking.”

“I can’t see that the shelter would be a good place for her either if she’s so frightened,” CC said with concern.

“I know. She needs a rescuer,” Hunter said.

“Can we see her? We’re in the market for a kitten,” Cameron asked.

“We are?” Aria said, feeling her heart swell with happiness.

“We are. Every home needs a pet, including ours.”

Hunter carefully unfastened the tiny claws from his shirt and handed over an orange ball of fluff. “Orange cats are usually males. This little girl is a collector’s item. You know a lot of people consider orange cats the friendliest.”

“Really? She’s so pretty,” Aria exclaimed as she cuddled her against her chest.

The small creature looked up and meowed. Her bright green eyes studied Aria for a second and then the tension visibly vanished from the small body. As they all watched, the kitten reached one paw up to bat at the end of Aria’s braid before adding the other in an attempt to capture the temptation.

“That’s the first time she’s played in a couple of hours,” CC said in amazement.

“She’s purring,” Aria whispered, totally enchanted by the ball of fur.

Petting the kitten, she looked up at Cameron with tears in her eyes. “Can we have this one? Please?”

“Do you want to play with the others?” he asked, waving a hand at the frolicking creatures around them.

“No. I want Marigold,” she told him firmly. “Do you want to hold her?” Aria held out the kitten to her Daddy.

“Sure.” Cameron accepted the precious handful and held her up to his face to look at her.

“You are a beautiful cat. All fluffy and orange. Marigold is the perfect name, too,” he said, complimenting Aria’s choice.

Its small mouth opened to meow softly, seeming to agree. Aria smiled as the kitten purred loudly and stretched out a hand to bat at Cameron's lips as if asking him to talk some more.

"Okay. So Marigold will need to go home with us," Cameron agreed, thoroughly charmed as well.

"Don't let me talk you into a pet that's not perfect," Hunter said, offering them an out.

"Oh, no. She is perfect for us. Marigold needs us, and we need her," Aria rushed to assure him.

"I'll get a clipboard for you. I'm glad you love that kitty. She's adorable," CC said as she got up to gather the adoption paperwork. "Do you have a carrier?"

"Oh, no! We don't. We can go get one if you'll keep her for us," Aria said.

"I've got one in the back of my SUV," Cameron informed them as he stroked the small creature now circling on his lap to find a comfortable position. With a soft sigh, Marigold flopped down and closed her eyes. She was out in a flash.

"Is that the same kitten?" CC asked in amazement as she returned with the paperwork.

"She is. She just needed to find her people," Hunter commented.

## Chapter Twenty-One



Cameron studied the enchanting picture of his Little and their new pet cuddled together on the couch as he made dinner. Their evening plans included spaghetti, spooning, and watching a movie. It didn't get better than this.

"You know, I think today has been my second luckiest day," he announced.

"The second luckiest?" she questioned. "What was the first luckiest?"

"The day I met you," he answered simply.

"Aw!" she said, blinking furiously. "You're going to make me cry, Daddy. We are so blessed. Carol could have torn us apart, but instead we had this amazing day together."

"Today was a gift. I enjoyed having a bonus day with you instead of working."

"Do I go back there Monday?" she asked. "Do I have another review session with Mr. Lambert?"

"Yes. You go back on Monday, but I think your evaluation is completed. You will have to check your email on Monday," he suggested.

Aria considered pulling it up on her phone now but decided to wait. She'd deal with all that next week. "Okay. We still have two days together, Daddy. What shall we do?"

"I think we'll have a quiet weekend at home with Marigold. I would like to go get the rest of your clothes and

anything else you need to stay here every night,” he suggested.

“Let’s do that tomorrow. Maybe we could put a puzzle together from my nursery?”

“Marigold might cause a problem with the pieces, Little girl,” Cameron pointed out as he drained the spaghetti.

“Oh, she wouldn’t bother them,” Aria assured him.

“If I wake up with puzzle pieces in my bed...”

“She wouldn’t do that,” Aria said quickly.

A mental image of Cameron waking up with a puzzle piece stuck to his forehead popped into Aria’s mind, and she couldn’t stop the giggles that rolled out of her mouth.

“I don’t even want to know, do I, Giggles?”

“N... No,” she stumbled over her answer, laughing hysterically.

Abandoning the pasta in the strainer, he circled the large kitchen island. Cameron picked up his still laughing Little girl and their new kitten in his arms and sat down in her spot. Kissing her hard, he wiped away her amusement and replaced it with an entirely different emotion.

Lifting his head, he held her gaze with his and said softly, “Welcome home, Little girl. I’ve been waiting for you forever.”

“Thanks for finding us, Daddy.”

His answering kiss eliminated the need to reply.



## *Authors' Note*

We hope you're enjoying Little Cakes! We are so excited to be working together to create this new series! More stories will be coming soon!

### **Little Cakes:**

(by Pepper North and Paige Michaels)

[Rainbow Sprinkles](#)

[Lemon Chiffon](#)

[Blue Raspberry](#)

[Red Velvet](#)

[Pink Lemonade](#)

[Black Forest](#)

[Witch's Brew](#)

[Pumpkin Spice](#)

[Santa's Kiss](#)

[Fudge Crunch](#)

[Sweet Tooth](#)

[Flirty Kumquat](#)

[Birthday Cake](#)

[Caramel Drizzle](#)

[Maraschino Cherry](#)

[Reindeer Tracks](#)

[Mocha Latte](#)

[Blueberry Bliss](#)

[Malted Milk](#)

[Bad Cupcakes](#)

[Little Cakes, Box Set One](#)

[Little Cakes, Box Set Two](#)

[Little Cakes, Box Set Three](#)

[Little Cakes, Box Set Four](#)

# About Pepper North



Ever just gone for it? That's what *USA Today* Bestselling Author Pepper North did in 2017 when she posted a book for sale on Amazon without telling anyone. Thanks to her amazing fans, the support of the writing community, Mr. North, and a killer schedule, she has now written more than 80 books!

Enjoy contemporary, paranormal, dark, and erotic romances that are both sweet and steamy? Pepper will convert you into one of her loyal readers. What's coming in the future? A Daddypalooza!

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[Visit Pepper's website for a current checklist of books!](#)



## Also By Pepper North

Don't miss future sweet and steamy Daddy stories by Pepper North? [Subscribe to my newsletter!](#)

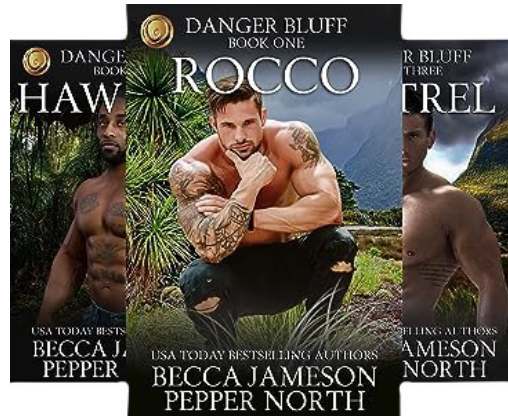


### [Shadowridge Guardians](#)

Combining the sizzling talents of bestselling authors Pepper North, Kate Oliver, and Becca Jameson, the Shadowridge Guardians are guaranteed to give you a thrill and leave you dreaming of your own throbbing motorcycle joyride.

Are you daring enough to ride with a club of rough, growly, commanding men? The protective Daddies of the Shadowridge Guardians Motorcycle Club will stop at nothing to ensure the safety and protection of everything that belongs to them: their Littles, their club, and their town. Throw in some sassy, naughty, mischievous women who won't hesitate to serve their fair share of attitude even in the face of looming danger, and this brand new MC Romance series is ready to ignite!

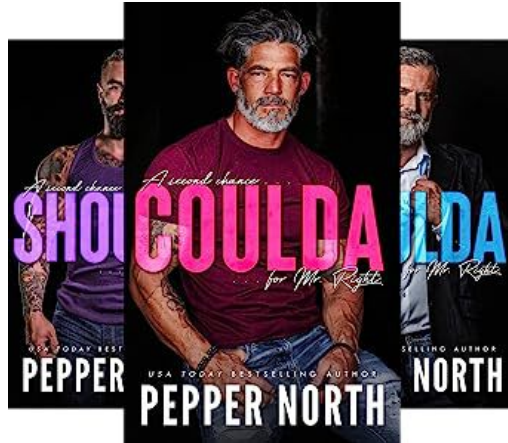
[Available on Amazon](#)



### [Danger Bluff](#)

Welcome to Danger Bluff where a mysterious billionaire brings together a hand-selected team of men at an abandoned resort in New Zealand. They each owe him a marker. And they all have something in common—a dominant shared code to nurture and protect. They will repay their debts one by one, finding love along the way.

[Available on Amazon](#)



### [A Second Chance For Mr. Right](#)

For some, there is a second chance at having Mr. Right. *Coulda, Shoulda, Woulda* explores a world of connections that can't exist... until they do. Forbidden love abounds when these Daddy Doms refuse to live with regret and claim the women who own their hearts.

[Available on Amazon](#)

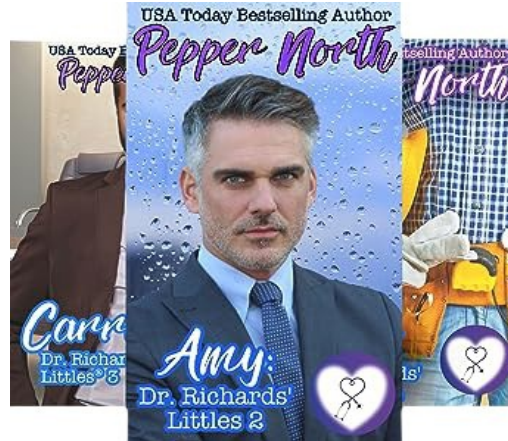


### **Little Cakes**

Welcome to Little Cakes, the bakery that plays Daddy matchmaker! Little Cakes is a sweet and satisfying series, but dare to taste only if you like delicious Daddies, luscious Littles, and guaranteed happily-ever-afters.

**[Available on Amazon](#)**





### **Dr. Richards' Littles®**

A beloved age play series that features Littles who find their forever Daddies and Mommies. Dr. Richards guides and supports their efforts to keep their Littles happy and healthy.

### **Available on Amazon**

Note: Zoey; Dr. Richards' Littles® 1 is available FREE on Pepper's website:

[4PepperNorth.club](http://4PepperNorth.club)

Dr. Richards' Littles®

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### [SANCTUM](#)

Pepper North introduces you to an age play community that is isolated from the surrounding world. Here Littles can be Little, and Daddies can care for their Littles and keep them protected from the outside world.

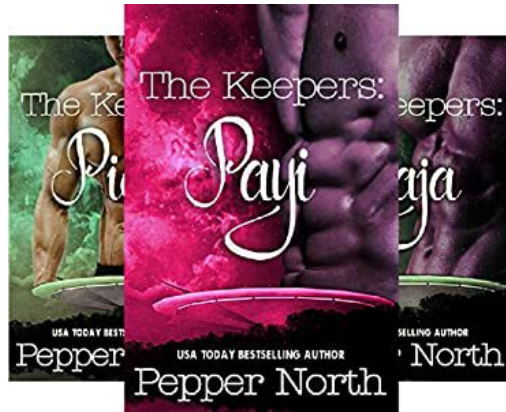
[Available on Amazon](#)



[Soldier Daddies](#)

What private mission are these elite soldiers undertaking? They're all searching for their perfect Little girl.

[Available on Amazon](#)



### [The Keepers](#)

This series from Pepper North is a twist on contemporary age play romances. Here are the stories of humans cared for by specially selected Keepers of an alien race.

These are science fiction novels that age play readers will love!

[Available on Amazon](#)



### [The Magic of Twelve](#)

The Magic of Twelve features the stories of twelve women transported on their 22nd birthday to a new life as the droblin (cherished Little one) of a Sorcerer of Bairn. These magic wielders have waited a long time to take complete care of their droblin's needs. They will protect their precious one to their last drop of magic from a growing menace. Each novel is a complete story.

[Available on Amazon](#)

# About Paige Michaels

Paige Michaels is a USA Today bestselling author of naughty romance books that are meant to make you squirm. She loves a happily ever after and spends the bulk of every day either reading erotic romance or writing it.

Other books by Paige Michaels:

## **Alpha Daddies**

[Arion](#)

[Brock](#)

## **The Nurturing Center:**

[Susie](#)

[Emmy](#)

[Jenny](#)

[Lily](#)

[Annie](#)

[Mindy](#)

## [The Nurturing Center Box Set One](#)

### **Eleadian Mates:**

[His Little Emerald](#)

[His Little Diamond](#)

[His Little Garnet](#)

[His Little Amethyst](#)

[His Little Sapphire](#)

[His Little Topaz](#)

[His Little Turquoise](#)

[Eleadian Mates Box Set One](#)

[Eleadian Mates Box Set Two](#)

### **Littleworld:**

[Anabel's Daddy](#)

[Melody's Daddy](#)

[Haley's Daddy](#)

[Willow's Daddy](#)

[Juliana's Daddy](#)

[Tiffany's Daddy](#)

[Felicity's Daddy](#)

[Emma's Daddy](#)

[Lizzy's Daddy](#)

[Claire's Daddy](#)

[Kylie's Daddy](#)

[Ruby's Daddy](#)

[Briana's Daddies](#)

[Jake's Mommy and Daddy](#)

[Luna's Daddy](#)

[Petra's Daddy](#)

[Eloise's Daddies](#)

[Josie's Daddy](#)

[Littleworld Box Set One](#)

[Littleworld Box Set Two](#)

[Littleworld Box Set Three](#)

[Littleworld Box Set Four](#)

[Littleworld Box Set Five](#)

**Holidays at Rawhide Ranch:**

[Felicity's Little Father's Day](#)

[A Cheerful Little Coloring Day](#)

Would you like to see a map of the island where Littleworld is located?! This link will take you there!

[Map of Regression Island and Littleworld](#)



# Afterword

If you've enjoyed this story, it will make our day if you could leave an honest review on Amazon. Reviews help other people find our books and help us continue creating more Little adventures. Our thanks in advance. We always love to hear from our readers what they enjoy and dislike when reading an alternate love story featuring age-play.

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