



# Reindeer Tracks



USA Today Bestselling Authors  
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LITTLE CAKES, BOOK SIXTEEN

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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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## 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.**

Love has always tiptoed around her. Could Santa have arranged for her to find the Daddy of her dreams?

Gemma James loves helping women feel beautiful, and as the owner of Design Magic, she's living her dream every day. Helping women embrace fashion that flatters and fits is all the reward she needs, but her business limits her opportunities to meet a special man of her own.

While waiting to buy his sister a gift card, Anton Gates spots the well-loved stuffie by the cash register. But the moment he meets Gemma, he can tell she's the right person to help him find the perfect gift instead. Enchanted by Gemma's style and charm, it isn't long before Anton is envisioning the perfect Little holiday gift for himself, too.



## Chapter One



Gemma smiled broadly. “Hi. Welcome to Design Magic. I’m the owner, Gemma. Is there anything I can help you with today?”

The man gave her a slow smile and extended a hand. “Anton Gates. Maybe you can. I need a gift for my sister. I was going to get her a gift card, but then I remembered how much she loves your store, so I thought I’d stop by and see if you could help me choose something for her.”

“Of course. I’d be happy to help. Give me just one second.” She turned toward Axel and Nicoya who had stopped in earlier to check out the shirts Gemma had collected for Nicoya. “Did you want to try those on?”

Axel took them out of Nicoya’s hand. “I’m sure they’re fine. We’ll just get them all and get out of your way.”

Gemma heard Nicoya make a small sound of protest and turned to encourage her to step into the dressing room. Trying to keep her eyes away from the dynamic man who waited, Gemma attempted to focus on Nicoya, but her view kept sliding toward the tall, sexy man at the cash register. His black hair was thick with a slight wave, cut and styled perfectly. His blue eyes should have been illegal.

He towered over her at six feet. Ordinarily she was often annoyed by her short stature, always worried people wouldn’t take her seriously, but something about him didn’t elicit that response. He was tall and broad but not intimidating.

*And why am I even thinking about him so hard?*

To Gemma's delight, Nicoya said quickly, "Oh, right. We don't have much time anyway. We're supposed to be meeting some people at Little Cakes. We'll just get these really quick and be on our way."

"Did you say Little Cakes?" Anton asked.

Axel looked toward him. "Yes. Have you heard of it?"

"Love that place. Thanks for reminding me. I should head there next. My sister would be doubly impressed if I showed up at her birthday party with cupcakes. I wonder if they have any holiday ones yet. My sister is all about the holidays. Even though her birthday is December second, she considers it a Christmas birthday and thinks everyone else should too." Anton rolled his eyes, but he was grinning.

"That's so sweet," Gemma responded as she rang up Nicoya's shirts with trembling hands. When she spotted her stuffie had squirmed his way from his cubby behind the cash register, she subtly slid him back in place. To her embarrassment, she felt her face heat and knew she was blushing. Hopefully no one saw her hands shaking as she completed the transaction.

As Nicoya and Axel strolled toward the door, she turned to the handsome man who had waited so patiently. "You're looking for a gift for your sister. I believe you said she shops here. What's her name?"

"Tracy Fenagan. She's a short blonde with a permanent happy attitude."

"Oh, Tracy. I talked to her last week. She was looking for a shirt to match a pair of mint green slacks."

"Did she find it?" Anton asked, looking at her with wide hopeful eyes.

"No. I didn't have anything in the shade she was looking for."

"Didn't? Does that mean you have something now?"

"I do. I just got in a new shipment and I have several shirts that will match. Would you like to surprise her with one?"

Gemma asked. “I was going to call her this afternoon, but I got busy.”

“I’d love to surprise her if you’ll help me choose one she’ll like,” Anton requested.

“Of course. That’s the fun part. Follow me.” She led him over to a rack she’d filled with some of the new shirts that had just arrived.

When she turned her head to talk to him, she noticed he was checking out her bottom. A flush of heat ran through her body. There was no way this mouth-watering man could be attracted to her.

His eyes rose to meet hers and didn’t hold a twinkle of remorse at getting caught looking at her charms. Quickly she covered her surprise by holding up a blouse. “What do you think of this?” she asked.

“I think that’s pinker than bubble gum. What would you call that color?” he asked with a chuckle.

Gemma looked at the garment she held in her hand and had to laugh. “Wow! That definitely isn’t mint green, is it? I think I’d call this fuchsia. Let me pay closer attention this time and choose something that Tracy will like.”

She moved around the rack and Anton followed her. She could smell his subtle but spicy cologne and loved it. Shaking her head to make herself focus, Gemma found a shirt and pulled it out. “Mint green.”

Locating several, she pulled out three others in different patterns and hung them on surrounding racks so he could look at them. Anton scanned them carefully and even touched the material.

“Tracy doesn’t like anything clingy, so let’s take that one out,” Anton said, pointing at a slim-fitted shirt.

Gemma agreed completely with his assessment. Tracy seemed to prefer to be comfortable in her clothing.

“The deep V isn’t good in that one. Tracy will spend all her time yanking that up,” Anton commented, eliminating a

second one.

They looked at the two remaining shirts. They were both nice—both totally Tracy’s style. Gemma was flipping a coin in her head to suggest which one he should choose when Anton surprised her.

“Tracy loves this shade and looks so good in it. I’ll just buy both. Are these her size?” he asked.

“Yes. These should both fit Tracy perfectly. I’ll leave the tags on and she can return or exchange them if she needs to,” Gemma offered.

“She won’t,” Anton responded.

“No, she won’t. You picked the two I would have chosen for her. You know your sister’s taste.”

“We’ve always been close. She’s busy now with her family, but we still get together at least once a month.”

“That’s amazing. Most families aren’t that close when everyone grows up,” Gemma commented as she carried the shirts to the counter.

Her mind whirled inside her head. *Damn!* He seemed to have it all. Devastating good looks, cared for his family, and nice. He was *really* nice. She forced herself back into professional shopkeeper mode and quickly rang up the purchases and charged his credit card.

“Can I wrap these for you?”

“Please. I absolutely never have mastered holding the paper in place as I rip that darn tape off,” Anton confessed.

Before she thought about what she was saying, “I’m glad you have *some* flaws,” popped out of her mouth. Gemma watched his eyebrow rise, and she replayed that statement in her mind.

“I meant...” She struggled with how to get herself out of the hole she’d dug for herself implying that he seemed perfect.

“Tell me about yourself, Gemma. Are you married?”

“No. I had someone special in my life, but that time is over,” she said. His change of topic threw her off balance, and she was more honest than she would normally have been with a customer.

“I’m sorry, Gemma. I don’t suppose you would take pity on a guy going to a family event alone and go to Tracy’s birthday party with me.”

“Oh, to save you from a million questions?” she said with a laugh as she folded the shirts into boxes.

“No. To save me from being alone and wondering just how Little you are,” he said softly.

“Little?” She panicked inside. She wasn’t acting Little. How did he know? Quickly, she picked up scissors to cut the paper. “Ouch!”

In a flash, he was around the counter and held her hand up for inspection. “It’s red. I bet that hurt. Thank goodness, you didn’t cut yourself.”

“I’m just klutzy. It’s okay,” she said, quietly absorbing the allure of having him close and holding her hand.

“Let’s see if this helps.” He lifted her finger to his lips and kissed it.

Startled, her gaze rose from her injury to meet his. “Did you just kiss me?”

“I kissed your booboo. That’s always the best medicine. You can tell me to back off, Little girl, if I’m reading you wrong.” Anton’s deep voice seemed to resonate inside her.

She stared at him as her brain struggled to function. Gemma whispered, “How did you know?”

“Small things: the bows on your shoes, the adorable clothes on the mannequins, the stickers on the calendar, and the wasp hiding by the cash register.”

“Buzzy is a bumblebee,” she blurted before saying, “Oops!” when he smiled fondly at her.

“I would very much like to meet Buzzy.”

“He’s—napping.”

The merriment reached his blue eyes, making them sparkle. *How could he get more attractive?*

“I will wait until another day to meet Buzzy,” he assured her. “How’s your injury?”

“What injury?” she asked.

“Perfect. Are you able to wrap Tracy’s present for me?”

“Oh, yes.”

She needed some distance from him to concentrate. He made her brain all wacky. “You’ll have to move to the other side of the counter, please, so I can work.”

“Got it. This is an employee-only zone.”

Working slower than she usually did, Gemma kept it together to get the packages wrapped for him. She slid them across the counter for him. “There you go. Is there anything else you need today?”

“An answer,” he reminded her.

Totally blank, she stared at him.

“Will you come to Tracy’s birthday party with me? I’d like to get to know you better, and you’ll meet my family to know I’m a good guy.”

“When is it?” Gemma asked the first question that came to mind.

“Tomorrow evening at seven.”

“Oh, I don’t close until seven. I won’t be able to make it,” Gemma said, wiggling out of the invitation.

“If you don’t want to spend time with me, be honest. If you’re brave and you’ll take a chance, I’ll be glad to pick you up a bit after seven so you can close up, and I’ll let Tracy know we’ll be late.”

“Umm...” Gemma hesitated before asking, “Why do you want to spend time with me?”

“Because I’m a Daddy who’s been looking for my Little for a long time. I think I may have just found her,” Anton said.

She searched his face, looking for some warning sign. There wasn’t one. He waited patiently for her to make up her mind. “I’ll come to the party, but I’ll drive myself after work. Could you give me the address?”

“I can. Tell me your number, and I’ll text it to you.”

Gemma loved that he texted her his name and the address so she could get everything organized in her phone. As he picked up his packages, a customer walked into the store. She didn’t know if she was happy or disappointed that she had to excuse herself to hurry away.

A quiet, “Bye, Buzzy. I’ll look forward to meeting you soon” made her smile as she walked toward the new arrival. Damn, if he wasn’t perfect.

## Chapter Two



“This is Tracy’s house. She’s always so nice. It’s okay you let her brother invite you to the party,” Gemma reminded herself after putting her car in park at the curb of a well-maintained house in a quiet neighborhood. There were a few cars there, but not a huge crowd.

Forcing herself out of the car, Gemma smoothed down her cute sundress, tucked an errant lock of hair behind her ear, and headed toward the sidewalk. She spotted a white sign on the door as she got close.

*Gemma,*

*Come to the backyard. I’m so glad you’re here!*

*Tracy*

Gathering her courage again and the small gift she’d brought, Gemma walked through the grass to the back gate. The sound of happy conversation and children’s laughter reached her ears. She figured out the latch on the gate and stepped into the backyard.

“Gemma.” Anton walked toward her from a short distance. “I was trying to watch for you, but there’s a slight problem we’re dealing with.” He gestured to the dachshund that Tracy held pinned to the ground as the kids unwound a length of ribbon from around his short legs.

“Speedy was too fast for the ribbon,” he explained.

“Oh, my.”



“You should have seen us chasing him around the yard. You did well to arrive after the chaos,” Anton congratulated before holding out his hand for hers. When she placed her palm against his, he lifted it to press a kiss on her smooth skin.

“No ouchies?” he whispered.

“All better, now,” she answered and realized she was giving him more things to bolster his idea that she was Little.

“Gemma! Thank you for coming to help me celebrate,” Tracy called.

Anton moved to the side to allow her to see Tracy. “Thank you for the invitation. Happy birthday. Have you opened your presents yet? I have a little one here for you.”

“You didn’t need to bring anything. I’m just glad you’re here,” Tracy said, pulling the last of the ribbon from around the dog.

She looked at her kids and said, “Can you pick all this up for me so he doesn’t eat it? That would be bad for him. I’ll promise you both the biggest cupcakes.”

“The ones with the most frosting piled on top?” her son asked, already snagging ribbon from the grass.

“You bet. The biggest reindeer are yours.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

Tracy got up and walked over to hug Gemma. She accepted the gift that Gemma brought with a smile. “Thanks for coming. I can’t wait to open this. Come sit down. Anton can introduce you to everyone while I get you some lemonade.”

“That sounds delicious,” Gemma said with a smile.

Anton took her hand and tugged her over to the grouping of chairs on the deck. “It’s been so warm this winter, we decided to enjoy the fresh air while we could. Tracy’s husband fired up the firepit for us.”

“It is hard to believe this is December already,” Gemma said, smiling at the people ahead. “Hi!”

“Hi! You must be Gemma, the owner of the shop my wife’s closet has come from. I’m Burt, Tracy’s husband. Our kids, Cindy and Dirk. This is Tracy’s mom and dad, Earl and Heidi.”

“Nice to meet you all. Sorry about the clothes, Burt,” Gemma apologized.

“No way. She’s happy wearing them and always looks great. Of course, I think she looks good in anything,” Burt confessed.

“Oh, you! You’d have me dressed in jeans and a seventies rock band T-shirt to go to a funeral,” Tracy scoffed as she walked out with a glass of lemonade. “Sit down, you two.”

“A husband should always think you look good,” Gemma said approvingly as she settled into the comfortably padded chair with a sigh of delight. “The shop was busy today. I was worried about getting out at seven, but all the traffic died out at about a quarter to the hour.”

The group chatted easily for a while before Tracy’s son bounded to her side. “Mom? Can you open your presents? I want to see what you think about my gift,” he asked.

“Of course. Let’s go inside. With the sun going down it’s getting chilly.”

Gemma loved the family dynamic as Tracy opened her gifts. It was obvious the family did a lot together. Everything was comfortable and easy. Tracy loved the mint shirts Anton had selected and winked at Gemma, sending a thank you her way as well.

“Oh, my! Gemma? Where did you find these? They look just like Speedy.”

The kids crowded around their mom to inspect the earrings Gemma had brought. Cindy thought the artist must have known Speedy to have gotten him to model for them.

When they looked at Gemma, she confessed, “I have no idea. Maybe?”

“That means yes in adult talk,” Dirk clarified for his younger sister. “Cake now?”

“Yes. They’re all on the big platter in the kitchen. Don’t touch them. Go wash your hands,” Tracy directed before saying to her brother, “Those cupcakes are over the top. I haven’t ever stopped in Little Cakes because I know it would be dangerous.”

“They are the best,” Gemma told her. “A perfect birthday treat.”

“I was a very good girl this year,” Tracy said, grinning at her husband.

“You were. The best. Now, we better save those cupcakes. The kids are drooling over them,” Burt suggested.

An hour and one cupcake later, Anton escorted Gemma to her car. “Thank you for coming to spend time with me. With us.”

“You were right. Seeing your family does tell me you’re a good man.” She hesitated for a minute before whispering, “Is Tracy Little?”

“She isn’t. But I’m pretty sure my mom is. I never asked her or Dad. That’s their secret. They liked you,” Anton shared.

“They’ve only spent a bit of time with me. I could be the world’s best actress.”

“No, you couldn’t. You’re simply you, and that enchants me. It obviously works on your clients, too. Tracy raves that you make her look better than she’s ever looked before.”

“There’s magic in clothes,” Gemma said with a smile.

“I think there’s magic in the shop’s owner as well. Will you let me hang around to get to know you better?”

Gemma gathered her courage and nodded. “I think I’d like that.”

“Thank you, Little girl.” Anton tilted her chin up with his fingers and, giving her plenty of time to tell him no, he leaned in to press his lips lightly against hers.

Wanting more, Gemma rose onto her tiptoes and placed a hand on his chest to steady herself before pressing her mouth back to his. She loved the feel of his strong heart beat under her palm and the strength of his broad chest. Anton let her control the kiss for a moment before deepening it. A thrill went through her body as his tongue tasted the sensitive inner edge of her lips.

“Oh!” she gasped in disappointment as he raised his head.

“I know, Little girl. I want more sweet kisses, but in a more private spot,” he suggested, nodding at the neighbors sitting on their front porch avidly watching.

“They should have better manners,” she whispered.

“I agree. Next time, I’ll make sure there are no interruptions,” Anton promised.

She nodded before she realized she’d just promised him more kisses. Gemma pushed away her embarrassment. She definitely wanted to spend time alone with this man. If there were kisses... That would be fine with her.

Daringly, she rose again to press a light peck on his lips. “We might as well give them something to talk about.”

“I like your style, Little girl.”

He opened her door and closed it once she was inside with her seatbelt fastened. “Drive carefully, Little girl. I will pick you up at seven tomorrow evening for dinner.”

“What if I have plans tomorrow?” she dared to ask.

“Then I’ll bring a picnic lunch in for us to share tomorrow. I want to spend time with you.”

An image of him spreading out a blanket on the floor of Design Magic as people shopped around them made her laugh. “Dinner is fine. Although I do like a good picnic.”

“Tomorrow, Gemma.”

She watched him disappear in her rearview mirror as she pulled away from the curb and headed down the street. Gemma fantasized about him being her Daddy. He would be

loving, but stern. She could already tell she would need to follow his rules or there would be consequences. Would he spank her bottom?

A car honked behind her, making Gemma focus on the green light in front of her. With a sorry wave, she drove through the intersection.

*I need to stop thinking about my Daddy. What?? He's not my Daddy—yet.*

## Chapter Three



The next day flew past. Gemma had fun with her customers and enjoyed seeing them leave happy with the treasures they'd found at Design Magic. She stocked a wide range of sizes and searched each size range for clothing that would be flattering—giving curves to slender clients and smoothing out ample curves for fuller-figured women. She'd worn a variety of sizes over the years and had learned for herself that the same style dress simply made bigger didn't work.

Anton flashed into her mind as she gazed in the mirror at the outfit she'd finally decided to wear that day and on her date. It was flattering and showed a hint of skin at her shoulders. Gemma could almost feel his lips kissing her in that peekaboo patch.

"Stop! You know nothing about him," Gemma said aloud, thinking no one could hear her.

A client popped out of the dressing room. "Who's the guy, Gemma?"

"Just someone I met," Gemma said, edging away from a private conversation about herself.

"Who is he?"

"I don't normally talk about my private life," Gemma said quietly before changing the subject. "How did the clothes fit?"

"Perfectly, of course. I don't know how you know what will flatter and what won't, but you do. I really wanted that dress you steered me away from. It was atrocious. The dress you suggested is a dream. I'd like five more just like that."

Gemma smiled and stated, “I have more...”

Before she could finish, the front door of the store opened and a large bouquet of gorgeous flowers arrived with a delivery man. “These are for Gemma James,” he called.

“I’m Gemma.”

“Someone must like you a lot. This is the biggest bouquet I’ve ever delivered. Where would you like me to set it for you? It’s heavy.”

“Oh. Put it back here,” she requested, gesturing toward a space on the wide ledge behind her counter. As he placed it carefully where she normally wrapped packages, Gemma grabbed a few dollars from the cash register.

“Thank you for making my day,” she said, offering him the tip.

“Not necessary, Gemma. The gentleman added a generous tip already for you.”

“Now that’s good manners,” her customer stated. “Check the card.”

The door jingled and two frequent shoppers joined them as the delivery driver walked out. The women stopped in their tracks to stare at the stunning display.

“That’s the most beautiful arrangement ever,” one praised.

“Who are they from, Gemma? Do you have a secret admirer?”

Gemma lifted the small white envelope from the display and opened the card. Her lips immediately curved in a smile.

*I’m looking forward to seeing you tonight.*

“Oh, my. That has to come from a smitten man. Is he hot?” the first customer asked.

“Oh, yeah,” Gemma confessed, having fun with the ladies.

As they congratulated her and chattered about flowers, she laid the card on the cash register where she’d see it frequently.

While focusing on helping her customers, she enjoyed the captivating floral scents and the beauty. She'd never look at that spot on the counter without seeing it.

When Gemma had a moment while a customer tried on clothes, she took a picture so she'd always have it and messaged her thanks to Anton.

*I'm so happy they arrived. Are they pretty?*

She answered with the photo.

*Nice. The floral shop did a wonderful job. I need to see you with the flowers though. Can you take a selfie in front of the display?*

Feeling self-conscious, she backed up to stand next to the vase and took a picture. *Ugh! That's the worst.*

"It's too big for you to get a good picture of yourself. Let me try," the woman said, setting an armload of clothes on the counter. "I owe you for having something I'm excited to wear. Several somethings."

"I'm so glad you found a few things. I hate to impose but..." Gemma handed the camera and chose a spot next to the blooms. She thought of Anton and smiled.

"Ooh! That must be some man."

"I just met him, but I think he's special," Gemma confided before concentrating on the pile in front of her. "Would you like to purchase these?"

"Please. I can't leave any of them here. I'd be sad to see them on someone else and know it should have been me."

Ringling up the clothing, Gemma celebrated each one. She loved to bond with the customers over clothing.

"This red will look amazing with your coloring. You need matching lipstick to set it off," Gemma counseled. "This, on the other hand, is spectacular in itself. Your husband might not let you out of the house wearing it."



“That’s okay,” the woman said with a suggestive look.

When they both laughed, Gemma smiled. It made her day to have women feel sexy and ready to go jump on their husbands. She loved the confidence boost that came from flattering clothing. Life was way too short to feel dumpy or swallowed by apparel.

Things kept hopping all day. When seven o’clock rolled around, she was tired but trying to keep her energy level up so she could enjoy her date. It was going to be a struggle. She’d have coffee with dinner; that would keep her awake.

When she walked outside, she found him waiting in his car. He immediately jumped out and ran to greet her with a big hug. His arms felt so good around her. She laid her head on his chest and closed her eyes.

Holding her close, he asked, “Little girl, are you worn out after a big day?”

“Sorry. I don’t usually go out at night. The party last night and dinner tonight are pushing my energy reserves to their max. Would you like to reschedule when I could be peppier?”

“How about a pizza and a movie at home?” Anton asked.

“But we’re both all dressed up. That can’t be a fun date for you.”

“Being with you is all I need. Want to come to my house or go to yours?” he asked, watching her face.

“Mine. If I fall asleep rudely, you can leave,” she said with a forced laugh.

“You won’t be rude if you fall asleep—only human. Would you rather see me another night?” he asked.

“If you don’t mind me dragging around, I’d love to get to know you better.”

“I’d love to get to know you better as well,” he said quietly, and yet his words seemed to resonate with purpose. She knew he wasn’t just repeating her words back. Anton truly wished to spend time with her.

“My house isn’t far. You can follow me.”

“Drive carefully, Little girl.”

Gemma slid into her car. After setting her purse on the seat next to her and fastening her seatbelt, she started the engine and backed from her parking spot. She drove slowly toward the exit, giving Anton time to maneuver his car as well. The traffic was light as she merged onto the road that passed the shopping area, and Anton kept her easily in sight. A few turns and she was home. Gemma pulled into her garage and got out to watch him park his car in the driveway.

“What a great neighborhood to live in,” he said cheerfully. “You’re so close to the shop you don’t waste a lot of time traveling.”

“Not at all. It’s just far enough that I don’t try to talk myself into walking to get some exercise and yet close enough I can get there in a short time if I’m running late,” she confessed.

“Definitely, you shouldn’t be walking home alone in the dark. I bet you get plenty of steps in at work each day,” he said, wrapping an arm around her to guide her to the door.

“My shop’s not too big, but I make a lot of laps around it from opening to closing.”

“I bet.” Anton moved ahead slightly to open the door to her house from the garage.

After triggering the automatic garage opener to close it, she led the way into her house. It was tidy, thanks to her cleaning service that came every other week. Gemma wasn’t home enough to mess it up. “I’m starving. Are you hungry?”

“Yes. Would you like me to order a pizza? Or shall I whip us up an omelet?” Anton asked, rolling up his sleeves.

An image of the steaming hot egg dish oozing with cheese popped into her mind. She said, “That sounds amazing, but I don’t even know if I have the ingredients in my refrigerator for that.”

Anton pulled a chair out for her at the kitchen counter and suggested, “I bet I can find enough to work with.”

“I can’t put you to work.” She hesitated, not wanting him to feel pressured to cook.

“It’s a simple omelet. Sit, Little girl.”

Too tired to argue and totally wanting to know if he could actually concoct a dish that would taste as good as her mental image promised, Gemma scooted her bottom onto the chair. She watched as he checked out the contents of her almost bare refrigerator, and she made a note to order a delivery soon. Before she knew it, he had chosen eggs, cheese, butter, and a few shady-looking vegetables.

As he moved efficiently in the kitchen, she was amazed to see him chop veggies and start them simmering in a skillet within a short amount of time. He whipped the eggs into a frothy mixture with a few dried herbs he discovered in her spice cabinet as the sizzling mixture filled the air with a delicious scent. In between all those activities, he set a glass of ice water in front of her with the direction, “Drink.”

“I’m not a big water fan,” she answered.

“We’ll stock up on some fruit to jazz it up, but I’m sure you’re dehydrated after your long day.”

“Oh, probably. I limit what I drink at work. I can’t just run to the back to pee every five minutes,” she commented as she watched him pour the egg mixture into the pan and swirl it around.

“That’s not healthy. Drink. This will be done soon,” he promised.

Fascinated to see him concocting what looked like a professional chef’s omelet, she watched him add a generous scattering of cheese and finally fold it over. “This isn’t the first time you’ve made one of those.”

“I paid my way through college working in restaurants. I quickly changed my major from culinary to finance though when I realized I didn’t like standing on my feet all day and all evening.” He chuckled. “Turns out I love numbers.”

“I stand on my feet all day too,” she pointed out. “Do you think it’s too late to change my major?” she joked.

He laughed again, his eyes dancing. “What was your major?”

“Finance,” she announced with a grin.

This time Anton’s booming laugh filled the room. “Touché.”

She giggled at his French accent, feeling more awake now than she had earlier.

“I guess a finance degree is incredibly helpful if you own your own business.”

She nodded as he slid a plate of steaming omelet in front of her. “Yep. I considered getting a degree in fashion design, but after about a year, I realized I preferred dressing people instead of designing clothes. I was already good at that. I have an instinctive eye for what colors and styles look good on people,” she informed him proudly. “What I needed to learn was how to run a business.”

“Brilliant.” He took the stool next to her and handed her a fork.

She moaned around the first bite, chewed, and swallowed. “How do you make eggs, veggies, and cheese taste so much better than I do?”

He wiggled his brows. “Magic. Oh, and a few spices.”

“So what do you do with *your* finance degree?” she asked after the next bite. She felt so comfortable with him, as if they’d known each other far longer than two days. He was easy to talk to, not to mention easy to look at. Damn, the man oozed sex appeal. Did he know she kept shifting her weight because his muscles were making her squirm?

When she met his gaze, he was grinning at her, and she realized she’d been running her gaze all up and down his body. He had on jeans that fit him perfectly, loafers, and a button-up navy shirt. So far all three times she’d seen him, he’d looked

like he'd stepped off a magazine. The man had style oozing out of him.

Before he could answer, she started making guesses about his profession. She held up a finger. "Wait. Let me guess. I know you don't own a gym, because I've met Davis, the owner of Fitness Haven, and there isn't another gym in town..." She tapped her lips with her fingers as she thought. "Maybe you own a boxing ring or a karate studio?" She was sort of joking.

His infectious laughter filled the room again. "Are you saying I'm fit?"

She nodded. "Fit is an understatement."

He shrugged as he finished off the last of his omelet and put his fork down. "Nope. I don't own a gym of any sort. I work for a large investment firm. But I do like to work out every day. It makes me feel good. I'm actually a member of Fitness Haven and know Davis. He's a great guy. Are you a member of the gym?"

She glanced down at herself. She was petite, but she certainly carried a few extra pounds. Not that she minded. She was a real woman. Not a Barbie doll. "Do I look like I belong to a gym?"

Anton frowned. "Are you making snide comments about yourself, Little girl? Because if you are, I don't like it. You are perfect just the way you are. In addition, your body type tells me nothing about your possible gym membership. People of all shapes and sizes work out."

Heat crawled up her cheeks. "Well, I don't work out, unless you consider scurrying around the shop all day arranging clothes and unloading boxes when they come in a workout."

"I do. That's hard work. It's more than a lot of people do." He rose and took their plates to the sink.

Gemma jumped down from her stool and followed him. "I can clean up."

He opened the dishwasher before looking in her direction again. "Daddy's job," he stated as if his position as her Daddy had been solidly established. It certainly had not. They hadn't really discussed any such thing.

Even though Gemma was wildly attracted to him and had started fantasizing about him every time she had a free moment, she knew she was getting ahead of herself by thinking of him as hers.

She stood frozen in her spot a few feet from him as she watched him load the dishwasher and clean off the counter. She was wringing her hands together when he turned around.

"What's wrong, Little girl?"

"Do you really think you could be my Daddy?"

He came to her, set his hands on her hips, and pulled her against him. "I *know* I can be your Daddy. If you'll have me. And I intend to spend every moment I'm with you proving myself until you believe me."

"Oh." Any further words were stuck in her throat. The fantasy was too good to be true.

Anton slid a hand up to her face and tipped her chin back. "How about I kiss you again and remind you how hard the sparks were flying last night?" He lifted a brow.

She swallowed. "I'd like that."

He closed the gap between them and brought his lips to hers. Instantly, the flames he'd ignited last night came back to life, making her forget where they were or what day it was as she rose onto her tiptoes and wrapped her arms around his neck.

She was at least marginally aware that this time they didn't have an audience. No one was sitting on a porch watching them kiss, so she let more of her inhibitions down, threaded her fingers in his thick dark hair, and relaxed against him.

When Anton finally broke the kiss, they were both breathing heavily. He smiled at her. "See? Fireworks."

She nodded. He was right, but that didn't mean he would forever be her Daddy. Just because the man could kiss didn't mean he would find her interesting after a few dates.

“Now, as much as I would love to stay up all night getting to know you better, you're exhausted. It's time for you to be in bed. How about if I tuck you in and let you get some sleep.”

“Tuck me in?” She tried to picture what he meant by that. Was it a euphemism for having sex? She definitely wasn't opposed to having sex with this gorgeous Daddy standing in her kitchen. He checked off every line on her perfect-man list. But she was worried about getting her heart broken if he changed his mind.

“Yep. It's on the Daddy to-do list,” he announced. “Tucking you in is something I'd like to do every night.”

She licked her lips. “Are we going to have sex?”

His brows lifted. “Not tonight, Little girl. I don't think you're ready for that step. But I'd love to snuggle with you and steal another kiss if that's okay.”

“Duh,” she blurted out before she could filter herself. She could more than handle another kiss.

He chuckled. “That's settled then. Show me to your bedroom, Little girl.”

Taking his hand, she led him down the hallway toward the master bedroom.

“I love your home, Gemma,” he commented. “It has so much personality. The hidden little bumblebees all over the place make me smile. They suit you. Busy, happy little creatures.”

She shot him a smile as they entered her room. “Is that how you see me?”

“Yep. I could tell as soon as I entered your shop that you were full of life. I bet you never sit down. You work hard, love your job, and thrive on making other people smile.”

She agreed with his assessment, and it felt good to know he saw her the way she liked to project herself. “Thank you,

Daddy.” The word slipped out fast, and she quickly covered her mouth. “Oops,” she muttered behind her palm.

He lowered her hand. “That wasn’t an oops. I want you to call me Daddy. I’m so pleased you feel comfortable enough to do so.”



## Chapter Four



Anton felt like he'd won the lottery ever since he'd stepped into Design Magic two days ago. And now she'd called him Daddy. Her cheeks were pink from the slip of the tongue, but the fact that she'd done so at all spoke volumes.

He turned to fully face her and cupped her cheek, meeting her gaze. "That's the sweetest word in the English language, my busy Little Bee."

She licked her lips, her eyes wide. "You're making my panties wet."

He chuckled. "Good. I'm glad I have that effect on you."

She pressed her sweet body closer to his. "I'm never this forward with a man. I've also never had sex with someone I've only known two days. But—"

He slid his thumb over her lips. "I meant what I said. We're not having sex tonight. But if you're a good girl and let Daddy help you get ready for bed, I'll reward you."

If it was possible, her eyes widened farther. "Reward me how?" Her voice rose and squeaked a little.

"You'll have to wait and see," he teased. Damn, she was cute.

"Okay," she whispered.

"Good. Now, do you usually take a bath at night?"

She stared at him for several seconds.

He chuckled. "Is that a difficult question?"

She nodded. “I’m trying to decide how to answer you.”

He lifted a brow. “I think your best bet is to always tell Daddy the truth, unless you like having your bottom spanked often.”

Her breath hitched. He was pretty sure she also clenched her butt cheeks. “You would spank me?”

“For lying? In a heartbeat. And what’s so difficult about telling me when you like to bathe? I find it unlikely you’re about to admit you don’t actually bathe except on Saturdays or something,” he joked. Every time he’d seen her, she’d smelled like the floral body wash she used. Plus, she was always put together and stylish. Her makeup was minimal but fresh every night too. No way she didn’t take regular baths or showers.

She giggled. “I do take either a shower or a bath every day. I promise.”

“Then why the hesitation?” He was truly curious now.

“Well... See...” She closed her mouth and then reopened it to continue. “Are you sure you want to hear what’s going on in my head?”

“Always, Little Bee. Always.” He was growing more intrigued by the moment, and he adored her more also. This banter was so playful.

“Okay, then here it goes. Remember, you asked.”

He chuckled. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

“So, if I say I take a bath at night, that makes me wonder if you intend to watch me or if you plan to wait in here while I do so. If I say I take one in the morning, then I won’t find out the answer to that question because you won’t be here in the morning. And then there’s the other option. Maybe I take showers and not baths. I have to ask myself, is he going to watch me shower? Is he going to sit out here? And then there’s one *more* problem,” she rambled adorably.

“What’s that, Little Bee?”

“However I choose to answer the question might possibly set a precedent for the rest of my life.” Her eyes widened in

feigned horror. “I wouldn’t want you to think I was lying, so I’d have to stick to that choice *forever*. See? It’s so complicated.”

He laughed hard. “Little Bee, your mind is a fascinating place. I look forward to hearing more of what goes on in there. I certainly hope it will be for the rest of our lives too.” He made a decision, set his hands on her shoulders, and turned her toward the bathroom.

She twisted to look over her shoulder. “What are you doing?”

“You missed a few options. I’m going to demonstrate one. After that you can decide how you want the rest of your life to go with regard to bathing.” He guided her all the way into the bathroom, sat on the edge of the tub, and turned on the water. When it reached the perfect temperature, he put the stopper in and turned his attention back to her.

His sweet Little Bee had her hands clasped behind her back, and she was rocking back and forth on her feet. “I guess I’m taking a bath.”

He reached out a hand. “Nope. I’m going to *give* you a bath. All you have to do is sit and play in the water while Daddy washes you.”

She gasped. “Oh.”

He smiled. “Didn’t think of that option, did you?”

She shook her head, her hair flying around.

He pulled her close and kissed the exposed skin on her shoulder.

She drew in another sharp breath.

“Did my lips burn you, Little Bee?” he teased.

“No, but I thought about you doing exactly that this morning when I chose this dress.”

“Ah. Well, you look beautiful in this dress, Little Bee, but it’s time to take it off and get in the tub. I bet you’ll enjoy bath

time. I know I will. Then you can decide if you want to lie about your previous bathing habits or not,” he proposed.

She smiled at him. “So, I’m going to be naked, and you’re going to touch me all over my body, and you’re going to keep your clothes on the entire time?”

“Yep.”

She chewed on the bottom corner of her lip. “Hmmm.” A shudder shook all up and down her frame. “That doesn’t seem fair.”

“To whom?” he asked, loving the expressions she made.

“To you, of course.”

He shrugged. “We won’t be keeping tallies in this relationship, Little Bee. My goal is to make sure you fully grasp how much you mean to me and understand what it will be like living under my care. If I do my job right, by the time I have you tucked all snug in your bed, you’ll decide to tell me you take baths both at night and in the morning.” He couldn’t keep his face schooled. He knew his smile was broad.

She giggled. “That’s a brilliant idea.”

“Good. Now, arms up.”

She lifted her arms without protest and let him pull the dress over her head. She’d kicked her sandals off in the kitchen earlier, so she was left in a very pretty matching bra and panty set that was all lace and silk in a pale pink shade.

For a moment, all Anton could do was stare at her. He’d never been more attracted to anyone in his life. “Jeez, Gemma. You’re making my cock hard just standing there.”

She bit into her lip and said nothing.

He trailed a finger between her ample cleavage and then lower to the edge of her panties. He loved that she had soft curves and didn’t seem to be self-conscious about her stunning body. So many women thought they needed to be rail thin, and if they weren’t, they worried.

Gemma James was a goddess. “Perfection,” he muttered as he hooked his fingers in her panties and drew them down her legs. He had to lean down to get them off her ankles, and this brought his face closer to her pussy.

Unable to resist, he grabbed her hips and kissed the well-groomed strip of hair that led to her slit. The intoxicating scent of her arousal filled his nose, tempting him, making him wonder about the wisdom of his decision not to have sex with her tonight.

Tonight wasn't about getting his cock wet though. It was about making sure Gemma understood that he meant every word he'd said about being her Daddy. He wanted to show her how he intended to care for her in every way so she would have no lingering doubts about their relationship.

Gemma grabbed his shoulders and whimpered. “Daddy...”

He hadn't been kidding. That was his new favorite word. Sitting back upright, he reached around to deftly unfasten her bra and let it slide down her arms.

The moment her full breasts were exposed, he licked his lips. The dusky-rose nipples were hard points demanding attention, and he slid his hands up her waist to flick his thumbs over the pretty tips.

When she rose onto her tiptoes and moaned, he lifted his gaze to her face. “You are the most stunning woman I've ever seen.”

“Thank you,” she whispered, her cheeks a deep pink from embarrassment.

“In the tub before I change my mind and ravish you before I give you a bath.”

She let him take her hand to help her step into the water, but she was giggling. “You say that like it's a horrible option.”

He chuckled. “Far from it.” He helped her sit before asking, “Do you have bath toys, Little Bee?”

She nodded. “Under the sink.”

He opened the cabinet to pull out a hot-pink bucket, enjoying the laughter that escaped her lips as he dumped the entire thing into the tub.

“Daddy!” she exclaimed. “That’s so many toys.”

It was. They were floating all around in the water now. Barbies and boats and fish and even some toys meant for squirting. “I’m going to assume from the assortment that you do at least sometimes take baths instead of showers.”

She nodded as she picked up a mermaid doll. “When I have time. I like to relax in the tub and pretend a Daddy is washing me while I play. Kinda sucks that I have to also go about the business of washing myself since make believe doesn’t get anyone clean.”

“Well, those days are over. No more pretending. I’m here now.” He picked up the floral bath soap from the edge of the tub and the loofah. “Do you want me to wash your hair, Little Bee?”

She tipped her head back and dropped the mermaid. “Oh, shoot. Right. And as tempting as that is, I don’t want to get it wet today. Can you grab me a hairband from the drawer?” She pointed to the correct drawer.

Anton stood and walked to the other end of the sink to grab the hairband before returning to find her gathering all the thick locks up on top of her head. Instead of handing her the band, he wrapped his hand around the gathered hair. “Let Daddy do it.”

She lowered her arms and tipped her head forward. As soon as he had her hair contained in a thick bun on top of her head, she looked up at him. “You better be real. If I wake up tomorrow and find out this was all a dream, I’m going to hunt you down and demand answers.”

He grinned and grabbed the soap and loofah once again. “If meeting you has all been a dream, I’m going to be horrifyingly disappointed too. At least I know where to find you when I wake up. Design Magic. Surely at least that part is real.”

“Where will I find *you* when we wake up?” she asked innocently.

“Six five seven Peppercorn Lane. I work from home most of the time. You can always show up at my door.” He lifted one of her arms to wash it.

“What would I say?” she asked, keeping this silly imaginary story going. “You’d think I was loony if I just showed up without you knowing who I was.”

“Nope. Don’t forget. I’m having the same dream, so I’d be relieved you came to me. And even if on the off chance I’m having a different dream, one look at you will be all it takes for me to invite you in for lemonade.”

“I like lemonade,” she announced. “Can we have it with cupcakes? I loved, loved, loved the ones we had last night at your sister’s birthday party. The reindeers were so cute, but the swirly frosting was on point. I’m going to want to get those several more times before the end of the holidays.”

“That’s a lot of love for a cupcake.” He ran the loofah down her back and then around to ease it slowly over her breasts.

She sucked back a breath and arched for him as a soft moan escaped her lips. She had a toy in each hand, but he doubted she was aware of the grip on the mermaid’s body or the blowfish she was holding like a baseball.

“Cupcakes are important, you know,” she informed him.

“That’s what I’ve heard. How about we go get some more Reindeer Tracks tomorrow?” He lifted one of her legs to run the loofah along the arch of her foot.

Her head tipped back, and her eyes slid closed. “That feels so good. And also, unfortunately, I have to work tomorrow. I’m off on Sundays.”

“Ah. Good to know. I bet if I take a break from my job some day and pick up some cupcakes to bring over, you’ll take a break to share one with me.”

She gasped, dropping her head to level a glare at him. “Blasphemy. Share one?” She shook her head. “Never. No. Not cupcakes. Get your own.”

He laughed at his delightful and often surprising Little girl before running the loofah up between her legs and over her mound.

That changed her tune in less than a second. She pursed her lips, eyes rolling back, and moaned. The same two toys were still in her death grip, though he was quite sure she didn’t know it.

Dropping the loofah, Anton nudged her thighs apart and dragged his fingers through her folds before honing in on her clit and circling the swollen nub.

Gemma trembled as she dropped the toys and grabbed the sides of the tub. “Daddy...”

“How do you feel about an evening bath time?” he asked as he eased a finger into her tight channel.

She arched and moaned. “I just remembered I always take baths before bed.”

He smiled, loving her ability to think sharply even while he tormented her. “I thought that might be the case.”

“I take them in the morning too,” she added. “And sometimes after lunch when I feel dirty.”

He chuckled. *Fuck me. She’s so damn perfect.* “It’s always good to be clean.” He suddenly removed his hand and lifted the stopper from the tub to let the water out.

Gemma’s eyes were wide, her mouth hanging open as she watched him gather her toys and put them back in the bucket. She looked like she might cry. She also squeezed her legs together.

“Ready to get out?” he asked, reaching for her hand.

Her face was red, and she pursed her lips as she rose on shaking legs and let him help her out of the tub. She was clearly stunned.



He wrapped a towel around her and pulled her close before tipping her chin back and kissing her lips gently. “I’d like to see and taste that pretty pussy now, Little Bee. How about you go lie on your bed, legs spread open, hands above your head.”

She blew out an audible sigh of relief. “Yes, Sir.”

He grabbed the towel and hung it up on the rack as she hurried from the room. Moments later he joined her, loving the way she’d obeyed his commands. She was so sexy spread open for him, and he wasted no time gripping her thighs to hold them open. “Did you think I’d leave you hanging, Little Bee?”

She nodded. “I was worried.”

He leaned closer and kissed both nipples reverently, enjoying her whimpers of approval. After nibbling a path down to her soft belly and lower, he finally wrapped his lips around her clit and sucked.

Gemma cried out, a piercing squeal that made his chest pump out.

Part of him wanted to drag out her orgasm and make her writhe, but he figured he’d done that enough tonight, so he flicked his tongue over her clit several times and then sucked hard and flattened his tongue against the sensitive nub.

Gemma groaned loudly as tremors racked her body. She was the sexiest creature alive when she came.

As he lifted his face, he found the biggest sated smile on hers. She licked her lips and sighed. “I take four baths a day actually.”

## Chapter Five



Gemma felt like putty as she let Anton help her into a nightie and lead her back to the bathroom. She was still stunned and kind of giddy as he put toothpaste on her toothbrush and then brushed her teeth for her as if it was the most normal thing in the world.

“Rinse, Little Bee,” he encouraged when he was done. He even held the cup to her lips so she could swish water around in her mouth and spit.

“Go potty and meet Daddy back in your bedroom,” he ordered.

*So bossy.* She didn’t waste any time though. She hurried to pee and wash her hands, thinking after everything else he’d taken care of so far this evening, she should be grateful he hadn’t insisted on squatting next to her, holding her hand while she peed, and wiping her.

When she returned to her bedroom, he was holding the covers back. “Climb in, Little Bee.”

As soon as she slid between the sheets, he tucked Buzzy under her arm and sat on the edge of the bed.

“Are you always this intense?” she asked.

He kissed her nose. “Yep. When I’m in Daddy mode, I’m pretty intense. I don’t think you were displeased.”

She shook her head. She certainly wasn’t disappointed. She was, however, still nervous about how fast this was

happening and whether or not it could be real. “What if I wake up and none of this happened?” she asked softly.

“Remember, you have my address. You can always come find me. In case you forget, I’ll write it on a piece of paper and leave it on your kitchen table. Also, my number is in your phone, remember?”

“But what if it isn’t? What if I wake up and you were a figment of my imagination? Maybe you should stay.” She knew she was being silly, sort of. Her Little was definitely concerned, though, and she was suddenly very Little.

“Not tonight, Little Bee. Daddy is out of willpower. Soon though.”

She pushed out her bottom lip in a giant fake pout.

He tapped it with a finger. “How young does your Little like to play, Gemma?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know,” she whispered. “I’ve never felt as young as I do right now. You’re having a unique effect on me. It’s kind of nerve-racking.”

“No reason to let it stress you, Little Bee. You can be as young or as old as you need to be when we’re together. I’ll take my cues from you.”

She shivered. “What if I feel *really* young sometimes?”

“Then I’ll be honored to take care of your every need.”

“Really?” Were there really Daddies out there who didn’t mind the demands of a really young Little?

“Honored, Little Bee. I promise,” he reassured her. “Get to sleep now. Text me in the morning when you get to work, so I’ll know you’re safe. Maybe tomorrow night you’d like to come to Daddy’s house. What do you think?”

She nodded. “I’d like that, Daddy.”

“Good. I have way more food than you.”

“Also you’re a way better cook.”

He kissed her several more times all over her face. “Sleep tight, Little Bee. I’ll leave you my address and let myself out.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” It felt so good calling him Daddy. Foreign though. She was out of body. Like none of this could possibly be real. She almost didn’t want to go to sleep for fear she would truly wake up to find it hadn’t happened.

After the amazing orgasm, though, and considering how tired she was, she lost the battle to keep her eyes open before he even made it out of her house.



When Gemma woke up the next morning, she was already smiling. It took her a moment to realize why, and then she looked at Buzzy and asked, “Was it real, Buzzy? Did I really meet a Daddy three days ago and he came here last night and cooked me dinner and took care of me and gave me the best orgasm ever?”

She shoved out from under the covers and ran toward the kitchen, relieved to see there was indeed a note lying on the table. That was a good sign.

She lifted Buzzy to her face again. “It can’t hurt to be cautious though, right, Buzzy?” As a plan formulated in her head, she glanced at the clock before hurrying to her closet to choose clothes for today.

She was giggling as she got dressed, thinking about how she’d told Anton she took four baths a day. She wasn’t taking another bath this morning. Did that make her a liar? He’d mentioned spanking her if she lied. Would he spank her?

Clenching her thighs together, Gemma scolded herself, “Why in the *world* would I fantasize about being spanked?”

Somehow that didn’t stop her from thinking about it. A lot. As much as Gemma tried to force herself to think about anything else, her mind kept rebounding to a mental image of

her stretched over his lap with his hand smacking her bare bottom. *It would jiggle.* She didn't think he'd mind that.

“Stop!” she shouted into the room as she tried to concentrate on everything she needed to do before going to work. After dressing, she usually had a bowl of healthy bran with an equal share of the better-tasting kids' cereal. As she chewed, Gemma grabbed her phone from the charger in the kitchen to check her messages and saw the note with his address on the table.

Before she could lose the paper, she opened the contacts on her phone and added his address. A thought popped into her mind. Maybe she should double check that it was the right address—just to make sure he was on the up and up.

Dropping the spoon into her cereal mix, Gemma glanced at the clock. There was plenty of time unless he lived far away. She always left early for work so she could get herself ready for the day. Gemma checked the GPS to know how long it would take her to reach his house. Fifteen minutes. She could just run by and see what his house looked like and still make it to the store with time to get herself set up for the day.

Before she could change her mind, Gemma dumped the rest of her cereal down the garbage disposal, grabbed some cheese and crackers for lunch, and picked up her keys. She was out of the house in a flash.

Following the guidance on her cell phone, Gemma drove to a nice neighborhood. It wasn't too different from hers—just a bit newer. A few people were heading out to work and waved at her when they passed. She liked the vibe.

Three more houses to go. Gemma watched the house numbers and slowed down slightly to see. It was yellow. White trim. Lawn perfectly cut and edged. Flowers lined the path to the door. This guy was too good to be true. Something had to be wrong with him.

Before she could stop herself, Gemma parked in his driveway and walked to the front door. She jabbed the doorbell and jumped. *Is that Beethoven's Fifth Symphony?*

“What am I doing?” she asked the flowers outside as she debated whether she could make it back to her car before he got to the door.

“Gemma?”

“Um... Hi. Sorry. This was a mistake,” she said, forcing the words from her mouth.

“I’m glad to see you. Come in. Have you had breakfast?”

“Part of a bowl of cereal,” she blurted as she allowed him to wrap an arm around her to guide her inside.

“That’s not a healthy breakfast. You’re going to starve in a few hours. Come in. You can share mine.”

“Oh, I couldn’t do that.”

“Of course you can, my Little Bee. Sit at the table with me,” he instructed.

Within seconds, he placed a large pancake on a plate and set it in front of her. “Butter? Syrup?”

“Yes, please.” She watched in fascination as he took care of both for her before cutting the circle into small bites.

“Thank you. I could have...”

“Daddies like to help their Little girls,” he responded and stabbed a piece to lift it to her mouth. “Tell me what you think? Do I make good pancakes?”

“Mmm!” she moaned as she chewed. It felt funny having him feed her, but she liked it.

“So?”

“I really didn’t come here to get a spanking,” she blurted and immediately felt her face heat. Gemma didn’t want to see what color her cheeks were.

“I was asking if the pancakes tasted good, but I think I like your train of thought better. Why would I spank you? Have you been naughty?” Anton asked, holding another bite of the fluffy concoction to her lips.

Quickly, she opened her mouth and hoped he'd forget. One look at the interest on his face told her he wasn't going to ever be distracted from that statement. "Not really bad. I just didn't take a bath this morning like I told you I always do."

"Hmm." He looked at her thoughtfully. "I really didn't think you lived in your bathtub. I figured you were exaggerating. But it is technically a lie."

"I didn't mean to lie. I was just excited to have you to myself."

"I, too, was excited to spend time with you. Sometimes Littles, who haven't experienced being Little or one particular Daddy's way of disciplining him or her, feel curious about different punishments they might experience as a Little. Like what it feels like to wear a plug in their bottom or simply to stand in the corner."

Clenching her bottom, Gemma looked at him in shock, trying to control her expression while her mind went on overdrive. She struggled to pull her thoughts from her fantasies and come up with a response. A jumble of answers popped into her head and was dismissed. She couldn't say any of those.

"Talk to me, Gemma. Do you need a spanking?"

Before she could stop herself, she nodded. Panicking, she pushed her chair back and stood up, ready to run to the door.

Anton rose to his feet as well and wrapped his arms around her to pull her close. "It's okay, Little Bee. Your curiosity is perfectly natural. You should know what a spanking feels like. When we're together fully as Daddy and Little, I will spank you when you're naughty. And it will happen," he said quickly when she leaned back to tell him that she would always be good.

"What if I don't like being spanked?"

"As a punishment, you're not supposed to like to be spanked. Believe it or not, standing in the corner is tougher than feeling Daddy's hand on your bottom."

Gemma couldn't process that. It didn't seem possible. Her mind latched on to something else. "You said spanking as a punishment. Are there other kinds of spankings?"

"Yes. Littles sometimes just need the release of a spanking. That generally ends in pleasure that makes a sore bottom so worth it. Let me show you."

He pulled his chair out and sat down. "Gather your skirt in your hands, Little Bee and hold it up out of the way."

Moving automatically, she responded to the command in his voice and collected the material. As she pulled the skirt higher on her curvy thighs, she paused. "I'm not a size two," she told him.

"That is definitely not what I'm looking for," he answered without pause.

Swallowing hard, she pulled it the rest of the way to her waist, leaving her clad only in her cotton panties. They weren't even sexy panties. Closing her eyes so she didn't see the lack of interest in his eyes, Gemma felt his hands grip her hips.

"Look at me, Little Bee. Do not hide behind your eyelids."

Timidly, she peeked up at him. "Sorry, I didn't plan this well."

"Your panties look comfortable. That's important for a long day of work. I think I can find some in that style that say *Daddy's Girl*." His fingers traced over her sensitive mound.

Shivering at his touch, Gemma wanted to wear those panties so much. Would he really claim her so playfully? And intimately?

"These panties need to come off, Little Bee."

Without waiting for her to react, he slid them down her thighs to cling just above her knees. When she automatically moved backward, he controlled her movement with firm hands, holding her hips in place. "Over my lap, Gemma. You can hide there."

Too embarrassed to even consider the truth in this statement, she quickly lowered herself over his thighs. Trying



to offset her weight over his muscular thighs, she pushed against the floor with her fingertips and toes. Quickly, he eliminated this option by adjusting her position and widening his legs until she dangled helplessly over his lap.

“Daddy’s in control, Little Bee.” His hand caressed her bare bottom, drawing all her attention to this targeted area.

Before she could tell him she’d changed her mind, he lifted one hand and dropped it onto her unprotected flesh. Gemma reared upward and tried to push away with her hands. Anton simply pressed a forearm across her shoulder blades to hold her in place.

His hand landed again on her bottom and he announced, “None of that, Gemma. You don’t want Daddy to make this a real punishment.”

She shook her head vigorously as his smacks landed quickly and solidly on her vulnerable buttocks. Heat was building on her skin, and she knew her bottom had to be turning red. What would a real punishment feel like?

“Spread your legs, Little Bee. I won’t allow you to squeeze your legs together,” he firmly ordered, and she automatically widened her thighs as far as her panties would allow.

The garment around her legs reminded her just how exposed she was to his view. *Thwack!* She attempted to rear up again when his hand landed directly on her pussy. The wet sound revealed what she’d tried to hide even from herself. Quickly, she pulled her legs together.

“Apart, Little girl,” he commanded in an even deeper voice than normal that made her pause.

She moved back into the position he required as she wondered if he could be aroused as well. His hand landed again, brushing against her sensitive area but not impacting it directly. Gemma wiggled slightly, wanting his touch there between her legs. She needed him there.

“Daddy knows, Gemma. You haven’t earned your release yet. Tell me how you’re feeling. Did you need a spanking?”

“Yes! Please, Daddy,” she begged.

She was rewarded with a firm spank between her legs.

“Yes!”

She drooped over his thighs when he returned to pepper her buttocks with swats. The heat continued to build on her skin until she was wiggling restlessly on his lap. Gemma tried to relieve the growing sexual tension she felt by grinding her mound against the hard muscles underneath her. Any hint of embarrassment that crept into her mind was shuttled away. She couldn't think of anything but the feel of his body supporting her and her need to come.

*Thwack!*

A keening sound fell from her lips. Her orgasm hovered so close she could feel it. “Please!”

“I love your sounds, Little Bee. They tell me you need this.” His fingers brushed through the wetness of her pussy and found the small bundle of nerves at the top of her soaked entrance. After rolling it between his fingers, he spanked her lightly.

“Ahhhhh!” she screamed into the empty space of his house.

“Good job, Little girl. Daddy's proud of you.”

His hand soothed over her heated bottom as he caressed her lightly to coax the most sensations from her body. Gemma sagged over his lap, never wanting to move. She protested when after a few minutes, he lifted her limp body into his arms to cradle her against him.

“I know, Little Bee. Pleasure spankings are good, aren't they?”

She nodded against his hard chest, unable to speak yet. Gemma wrapped her arms around his neck and held on. Pressing hot kisses to his neck, she wiggled a bit closer and felt his response to her pleasure. His thick shaft pressed against her hip. It couldn't be that large, could it?

Without thinking, she reached a hand down to check, and he easily drew her fingers away. “Naughty Little Bee. Did you

ask for permission to touch Daddy?”

She leaned back to blink at him uncertainly. “I... I need to ask for permission?”

“Yes.”

“But it’s only fair.” She gestured at his body. “I could...”

Anton interrupted her. “When I give you permission to touch my cock, I don’t want your motivation to be solely an obligation.”

“But I don’t mean it like that. It’s selfish for me to...”

“Come?” he asked when her voice drifted away. “It’s not ever selfish for a Little girl to receive pleasure from her Daddy. This isn’t an exchange. A Daddy’s focus is on his Little. That’s my reward.”

“Really?” she squeaked. The idea that he wanted to pleasure her and that was his reward seemed so alien to the other relationships she’d had before.

“Really, Little girl. You make the best noises when you’re excited.”

Before she could panic about what she sounded like, Anton asked a question that completely distracted her. “How did you like your pleasure spanking?”

“It was—unbelievable. I didn’t think I would react like that. How did you know?”

“Your interest when I brought up spankings, the way you clenched your thighs when we talked about it, the blush in your cheeks—there were many ways you told me what you needed without saying a word.”

Gemma laid her head on his shoulder and just absorbed him. His scent surrounded her as his powerful torso supported her body. His thighs underneath her spanked bottom felt rock hard. He’d completely rocked her world, and she never wanted to let him go.

“What time do you open the shop, Gemma?” he asked softly after a long pause.

“At nine. What time is it?” She searched the walls for a clock and finally spotted the one on the microwave. “Oh, I have to go.” Gemma scrambled off his lap and tried to put herself together.

“Little Bee. Let Daddy help.” He reached across the table to grab a handful of soft napkins.

She stood like a statue as he wiped the juices from her pink folds and upper thighs as if he did this every day. Anton scooted her panties back into position. They were dry for now, but she knew this scene would replay in her mind a million times that day. As he adjusted her full skirt over her hips, she realized there was no way her underwear could remain pristine.

With a fresh napkin, he blotted the moisture from her face and smoothed away the eyeliner smudges under her eyes. “No one will be able to tell,” he commented as he finished.

“I’ll know.”

“I will, too. That memory is emblazoned on my mind.” He leaned in and kissed her with just enough heat that she rose onto her tiptoes to get closer to him.

When he set her away from him, she looked at him, not understanding why. He pointed down the hall. “Go potty, Little girl. It’s the first door on the right. Then, it’s time for you to drive to work.”

She looked back at the clock and ran for the bathroom, suddenly needing to go. When she finished and stood at the sink to wash her hands, Gemma was amazed how good she looked. Orgasms were obviously good for her.

Anton met her at the door with her phone, keys, and a baggie containing a pancake folded in half with a piece of bacon inside. “Take time to eat,” he instructed. “Stop and breathe when you get behind the wheel. I want you to be safe.”

She hustled to the car and jumped inside. Gemma felt all jittery inside. He watched from the doorway. Pausing, she took several deep breaths and felt less shaky. After getting herself organized, Gemma started the car and backed out of the

driveway. She looked back at the front porch and saw him waving with a smile.

Her lips curved up at the edges as she drove away. *Damn, I feel good.*

## Chapter Six



By noon, Gemma had pulled herself together. Thank goodness for the distraction of a busy day. Otherwise, she would have only focused on the steamy flashbacks that ricocheted through her mind. As it was, her clients had noticed she was a bit distracted.

“Gemma? I want some of whatever you’re thinking about,” Sue teased as she waited for an answer to her question.

“What?” Gemma dragged her focus from a spot near the door. “Sorry, there’s a big sale coming up next week. I was debating whether I had enough stock on hand.”

“A big sale?” Sue said eagerly. “Davis has been after me to get some new workout clothes. I can’t ever find anything that I think looks good on me. Any suggestions?”

Gemma scanned Sue’s form quickly. She didn’t want to make the sweet woman uncomfortable. “I do have some new things coming in over the weekend for the sale. How do you feel about leggings to work out in?”

“They’re fine,” Sue answered before shaking her head. “No, really, they’re not. I get hot in them.”

“Me, too. Everyone looks so cute in them, but I only wear them if they’re thick material. Then, you’re absolutely right. It’s sweltering inside that clingy fabric. I ordered some shorts that have adjustable waistbands and fall about mid-thigh. Not too short so you can’t lean over, but not too long to look like what an old lady would choose.”

“Tell me they don’t wrinkle or ride up and I’ll buy one in every color.”

“Absolutely guaranteed,” Gemma promised.

“Could I pay for some in advance? So I don’t miss the sale?” Sue asked.

“Of course. I’ve ordered blue, black, and gray. I’ll put one of each color in your size in the back.”

“I’ll be here on Monday when the sale starts. There might be something else I need. Could you match a few tops with the shorts, too? Your taste is always perfect. I’ll pay for them when I come in to scope out the sale.”

“My pleasure, Sue. To get you through the week, come try on this style of exercise pants. They’re super breathable and bendy.”

“Thanks, Gemma. I don’t know how you do it, but I always love everything I find here.” Sue stood in front of the full-length mirror and turned from side to side.

Gemma smiled at her reflection. “That outfit looks so cute on you. Davis is going to eat you up.” She laughed as Sue turned multiple colors of red. It was obvious that the couple had a healthy sex life.

Just the thought of someone else’s romantic connections made those spicy images reverberate through Gemma’s mind again. She had no doubt that sex with Anton would be more than she’d ever dreamed she could find.

“Okay. Fess up! Who’s putting that look on your face?” Sue demanded.

“Ummm, I don’t think I want to tell you now,” Gemma hedged.

“Going to keep him a secret? Good for you. No one needs to know your business.”

Sue chatted as Gemma rang up her selections. When handed the bag, she looked at Gemma and said, “How about if I bribe you with the featured cupcake when I come in on Monday? It’s Reindeer Tracks.”

“You are awful. Trying to weasel information with sweet treats. Go!” Gemma said laughing.

“You’ll tell me someday.” Sue giggled as she walked out the door.

Shaking her head at the characters she got to enjoy at her store, Gemma took advantage of a quiet spell to check her phone. There was a missed call and a message from Anton.

*Hi, Little Bee. My house is very lonely without you here with me. Come over for dinner. Let me feed you after your long day at work.*

She played the message after reading the transcript because she needed to hear his voice. Halfway through, clients walked through the door and she was forced to stow her phone under the counter. Gemma tried to get back to her phone to answer his question, but there was a steady stream of customers that needed her assistance. It was a great problem to have business-wise, but she was afraid he would get the wrong impression and think she was avoiding him. Finally, she had to shrug off her worries. Her Daddy would have to understand that her business relied on Gemma’s personal touch. Design Magic had won over loyal customers because she was a magician at matching women and clothes that made them look and feel good.

By the end of the day, she realized she never had answered him. With the door locked and the open sign off, Gemma paused before heading out to her car to text.

*Sorry! It was a crazy day here. Is your offer for dinner still on?*

*Come, Little girl. I have dinner ready for you.*

A warm feeling kindled in her tummy. He was taking care of her, even though she hadn’t been able to make time to answer. How could he be so amazing?



*He's a Daddy.*

That thought seemed to be the answer to all the wondrous things about Anton. He was amazing because he cared about her—in a whole different way than anyone else she had considered going out with or had dated in the past. Gemma put his address in the GPS so she could simply follow the line instead of trying to remember the path in reverse from that morning.

She pulled into the driveway, and he walked out to meet her. Standing patiently at her car door, he waited until she turned off the engine and opened the door before greeting her.

“Little Bee. I’m so glad you’re here. Come in. You have to be starving.” He reached a hand down to help her out of the car. “Don’t forget Buzzy.”

“Oh, no!” Gemma was horrified to have almost left him locked in the car without at least explaining that she would be back. “I’m sorry, Buzzy.”

“I’m sure he understands. He has to be as tired as you are,” Anton suggested as she ducked back into the car to grab her tote bag.

“Oh!” Gemma straightened quickly as she realized that she’d just stuck her butt up in the air toward him. He moved quickly to place a hand against the car door frame to prevent her from bonking her head against the metal.

“You don’t need to worry, Gemma. I’ve seen your bottom before. The picture is permanently etched on my mind,” he said with a smile that drew her in as his other arm pulled her closer. “Give me a kiss, Little girl. I missed you terribly.”

She stepped into his arms and lifted her lips. The kiss that followed made her toes curl in delight. Hot, demanding, invigorating. The stress of the day evaporated as she wrapped her free arm around his neck. His arm supported her as he explored her mouth.

The headlights on her car extinguished automatically, drawing their attention away from each other. She took a small

step back to put some space between their bodies, but he didn't let her go completely.

"I think that's our clue to go inside." Anton guided her away from the car so he could close the door. He gently took the tote bag from her hand and looped it securely over his powerful forearm before settling one large hand in the small of her back to escort her into the house.

The delicious scent inside reached her nose several steps from the door. "That smells incredible. Did you make a Thanksgiving turkey dinner?"

"Not quite but a lot of the same foods. It is turkey but a delicious casserole. Come wash your hands and we can sit down to eat. Everything's ready."

"Should I go to the bathroom to wash my hands?" she asked.

"Do you need to potty?"

"No," she answered, feeling her face heat slightly.

"Then the kitchen sink will work perfectly."

Once at the kitchen island, he stood behind her and wrapped his arms around her to turn on the sink. When she tried to scoot to the left, he tightened his arms on each side to keep her right where she was. "We'll wash our hands together, Little Bee. I need to get ready for dinner, too."

When had handwashing become an erotic event? Gemma watched him smooth the slick soap over her skin as he lathered their hands together. She couldn't do anything but relax and let him take charge of her. A giggle escaped her mouth as he sang a silly song about washing hands. His low voice did things to her that the simple words shouldn't have affected.

By the time he dried her hands and his on a paper towel, Gemma found herself settling easily into the Little space she experienced when reading those books. She took his hand and followed him to the table where the large casserole dish sat covered.

“You sit here, Little Bee,” he directed as he pulled out a chair for her. When he sat down in the same chair he had occupied during her spanking, she knew that was his chair. He picked up the fabric napkin next to her plate and draped the pink material over her lap.

Gemma traced the small flower design in the napkin as he sat down. She jumped a bit as his hand reached for hers across the table. Slowly, she answered the unspoken request as she meshed her fingers with his.

“I think it’s important to focus on the positive things in our day. Every night when we have dinner together, I’ll ask you to tell me one incredible thing that happened that day. I’ll go first.”

Holding her gaze, Anton paused for a moment before announcing, “Today is the best day ever. I spent time with my Little girl.”

“I had a great compliment today. One of my customers, an employee at Little Cakes, asked me to put some outfits together for her because I have perfect taste.”

“I think I’ve heard my sister say that as well.”

Smiling even broader, Gemma said, “She even tried to bribe me with a cupcake.”

“Oh? Did she want a discount?” Anton said, filling a bowl from the casserole dish in the center of the table.

“No.” Gemma stopped as she remembered what Sue had bribed her for—not a sale price but information on her Daddy.

When Anton arched one eyebrow in a silent question, waiting for her to answer, Gemma blurted, “She said she could tell I had someone in my life and she wanted the scoop.”

“How could she tell?”

“Sue said I looked so happy, I had to have met someone.”

“You’ll have to point out Sue the next time we’re in Little Cakes. She’s very perceptive,” Anton said before lifting a bite to Gemma’s lips.

Opening her mouth automatically, Gemma chewed the delicious casserole as she squirmed in her chair. "It's so good. Like a holiday in a baking dish."

"I'm glad you like it."

She watched him take a bite with the same fork.

He must have seen the flash of surprise on her face. Anton waved the fork at her. "I've been tested in the last few weeks and don't have anything that would harm you. Is there anything you need to tell me?" he probed gently.

"No. I've been tested, too. For everything," she admitted with a flash of heat filling her face. "I haven't dated much for the last few years. When I broke up with my last boyfriend, my doctor suggested testing."

"It sounds like you have a good doctor."

He lifted another bite to her lips, and she opened her mouth a bit more cautiously. "Let Daddy take care of you, Little Bee."

Gemma nodded and tried to relax. To her delight, he made it super easy. Anton was a perfect companion. He was funny and was interested in hearing about her day, the customers, and her challenges.

"What did you do today?" she asked when it dawned on her that she was monopolizing the conversation.

"I worked from this chair today."

"Do you usually work at the kitchen table?" she asked with a smile.

"Never. Today my desk was too far from the delicious scent of your pleasure. I wanted to savor it."

"Daddy!" she said, feeling her face flame with embarrassment.

"It's true, but I shouldn't tease you. This is all very new to you."

She nodded enthusiastically. It was so different for her. The spanking alone would have lingered in her mind as a

fantasy. The pleasure that followed so easily from his skilled touch would be a memory she'd never forget. "The spanking thing is definitely new," she whispered.

"How does your bottom feel now?" he asked as if this were normal dinner conversation. It made it feel less over-the-top. Like this was actually how people behaved.

"It's a bit sore. I remember the spanking when I sit down, but it doesn't hurt."

"Good. A bit of a reminder probably kept your panties wet today."

She nodded shyly, looking down.

His hand lifted her chin until their gazes met. "There is never anything you can't talk to me about, Little girl. I will know your body almost as well as you do."

"How can you do that?" she said, scoffing to break that intimate thought.

"Nothing will be off limits for me, Little girl. I will explore your body from the top of your head when I wash your hair, to your tiptoes when I paint your toenails."

"You're going to paint my nails?"

"If you'd like me to. We'll do a sample tomorrow night before bed so you can decide if I'm skilled enough to do all your finger- and toenails."

"Am I going to come here after work every night?" she forced herself to ask. She didn't want to assume anything, but it seemed like he was talking about her being there a lot.

"I'd like that. Tomorrow, you and Buzzy need to bring clothes to wear to work the next day and you can spend the night here with Daddy," he invited.

She grinned and swung her legs under the chair as he fed her another bite. The casserole was delicious. It tasted like Thanksgiving all in one dish. She moaned around the flavors.

He chuckled. "I love the sounds you make when you eat. I guess my cooking exceeds your expectations." He leaned in

closer and kissed her nose. “But if you keep doing that, I’ll end up dragging you out of the kitchen and into the bedroom, and we’ll have to start eating cold meals.”

She giggled, her face flushing. “You say that like it’s a bad thing.” She’d never felt so outgoing and bold with any previous man.

He groaned as he held out another bite. “Stop tempting Daddy. Eat your dinner so I can follow you home and tuck you into bed.”

She had no idea who took over her body when she pushed out her bottom lip in a fake pout. “Why would you do that?”

He set the fork down and dragged her chair so they were face to face, his legs spread, her knees between his. He set his hands on her biceps, capturing her attention fully. “Little Bee, you are a temptress tonight.”

She shrugged and smiled.

Anton held her gaze. “I know we’ve taken this relationship at warp speed, but I need you to understand how serious I am about us and about me being your Daddy. I have no intention of ever letting you go, and when I bring you to my bed, it will be the last time you sleep alone.”

Her lips parted as her heart raced. He was extremely serious.

“That’s why I’m going to follow you home tonight and tuck you into your own bed. I think you need another night to make sure you’re feeling the same way about me. If you need more days, you can have all the time you need, but once you spend the night, I’ll never want to let you go.”

She swallowed. Her mouth was dry. No one had ever stared at her so intensely or made such a suggestion. “That’s a huge commitment. I feel like you’re asking me to move in with you after three days.” Did that scare her? She wasn’t sure. Part of her agreed with him. She didn’t even like the idea of going home alone tonight, let alone tomorrow night. Since she’d met him, she realized she felt empty when she wasn’t with him.

“I’m asking you to spend all your free time with me because I hate it when I’m not with you. I would never interfere with your business, and I know you work a lot of hours to manage a store, but my chest hurt when you left this morning. I was so damn excited when you showed up, and counted the hours all day until you would return. I know in my heart you’re my Little girl, Gemma.”

He grabbed her hand and pressed her palm against his rock-hard chest. “Feel that?”

She nodded, eyes wide.

“That’s yours. Does it scare you?”

“A little,” she answered honestly.

“Because you don’t feel the same or because you’re worried this might not be real?”

“The latter.”

He smiled broadly. “It’s okay to be scared. I’m scared too.”

Her eyes shot wider. “Daddies get scared too?”

“Sure we do. We get scared every time we’re not with our Littles. We worry about so many things, mostly your safety and happiness. But what scares me most right now is not being certain you’ll be willing to take this chance with me.”

“It’s intense, Daddy. I have a lot of feelings,” she shared.

“That’s understandable. You should have all the feelings. It’s natural. I’d be nervous if you didn’t question everything, but what does your gut tell you?”

“To throw caution to the wind and climb up onto your lap,” she admitted.

He smiled again. “Save that for tomorrow night. If you straddle my lap tonight, my cock will revolt.”

Her cheeks heated. She wasn’t sure she cared if his cock revolted or even if he kept it in his pants. She’d never felt this way. Sometimes in the books she read the hero and heroine met and fell in love in just a few days or hours, but this was real life. This didn’t happen in real life.

“Am I putting too much pressure on you, Little Bee?” he asked gently, stroking the back of her hand with his fingers.

She shook her head. “No, Daddy.” She didn’t feel pressured. She felt excited and scared. Scared was different. She believed he was right and that he was her Daddy. She wanted to spend the night with him and all the nights for forever. But that didn’t mean she wasn’t still nervous that this could not be real.

He lowered her hand to her lap and reached for the plate of casserole again. “We need to finish eating, Little Bee.”

“You want me to swallow after all these declarations of forever?” she teased. The truth was her tummy was flipping around all over the place, and she really was going to have trouble swallowing.

“Yep. I’d be a horrible Daddy if I didn’t feed you.”

She met his gaze as he lifted the fork to her lips once again. “I can feed myself, Daddy.”

“I know you can. I’ve seen you use utensils before. You’re a grown woman and perfectly skilled with a fork,” he joked. “But I like to feed you. It warms my soul. I like to take care of you in every way.”

“I like it too,” she whispered. “But I feel really young when you feed me.”

He clasped her hand and held it in her lap with his while he fed her another bite with his other hand.

She squirmed as she chewed and swallowed. “That makes me feel even younger, Daddy.”

“You’re awfully wiggly too, Little Bee,” he pointed out. “I bet those pretty panties you’re wearing are wet.”

She nodded as her tummy flipped again.

“I’ll make a few changes around the house tomorrow while you’re at work so you can experiment with a younger age range.”

She licked her lips. “What kind of changes?”



“The surprise kind, naughty girl.” He grinned as he set the fork down, collected her other hand to join the first, and held them both in her lap.

She whimpered at the increased restraint.

When he lifted another bite, she shook her head. “I can’t eat any more, Daddy.”

“Five more bites, Little Bee.”

## Chapter Seven



By the time Anton had his Little girl home, bathed, and tucked into bed, he wanted to take back his decision to let her sleep alone one more night. Half of him wanted to scoop her up in his arms, carry her right back out the door, and drive her to his house. His room. His bed.

He wouldn't though. She needed another day to make sure.

*What if she needs more time than that?*

If she needed more time, he would deal with it. He couldn't pressure her. This was a huge commitment he was asking for.

Gemma looked so adorable curled up on her side with Buzzy tucked against her chest. She was squirming too. Not surprising since even though he'd given her a bath again tonight, he hadn't lingered on her pussy or made her come. He didn't think he could have handled seeing her shatter like that again and keep his dick in his pants.

*Tomorrow, he told himself. Assuming she doesn't decide it's too soon.*

"Maybe you should stay," she suggested. "My bed is big enough. If you don't want to have sex with me, you could just hold me."

He set a hand on her hip over the covers and leaned to kiss her temple. "One more night, Little Bee. More if you need it," he reminded her, lifting a brow.

She pushed that bottom lip out again, making his heart clench. She had no idea what that did to him. Her cute little pout would forever be his undoing. Especially if she batted her eyes like she was doing now.

He drew in a breath and tugged her lip. “Don’t try to manipulate your Daddy, Little Bee.”

“Or what? Maybe I need another spanking.”

He groaned. “Maybe you need to stand in the corner in timeout instead.”

She scrunched up her face. “That doesn’t sound like fun.”

“It’s not supposed to. Timeouts are a very effective punishment for naughty Little girls who enjoy having their bottoms spanked a bit too much.”

“But I’d be bored.”

He chuckled. “Exactly. And you’d have plenty of time to think about trying to manipulate Daddy with that pouty lip in the future.”

She sighed. “I think I like the spanking idea better.”

“I think I’ve created a monster.” He kissed her temple again and stood.

“You’re leaving already?” She propped herself up on an elbow.

“Yep.”

“Why?” She looked around. “Maybe you should read me a story or get me a glass of water or sit with me until I fall asleep in case I get scared.”

He backed up, shaking a finger at her. “You are such a naughty girl.”

“Can I at least have a kiss? A real one on my lips and not just my forehead?”

“Nope.”

That lip stuck out again before she frowned. “Why not?”

“Because I’d never get out of here, Little Bee. I said I was going to leave you to sleep alone one more night, and I mean to keep that promise. Kissing you would end with me climbing into your bed and breaking my promise.” Damn, but the idea was tempting. And he’d had no idea when he’d made this declaration that she would be such a temptress tonight.

He kept backing up until he reached the door to her bedroom. “Sleep tight, Little Bee. Text me when you wake up and when you get to work.”

She giggled as she flopped back down on the mattress, hugging her stuffie. “If I don’t text you, will you come over and check on me?”

He laughed. Where had this naughty girl come from? She’d been far more timid and reserved and uncertain before. Now, it was like a dam had let loose. He loved it. Without answering her, he pulled her bedroom door almost shut, turned off all the lights in the living room and kitchen, and locked her door on his way out.

She had a cute house, and he knew she loved it. It had her stamp all over it, inside and out. But it wasn’t as large as his. He hoped she wasn’t overly attached to it in the long run, but if she was, then he’d figure out a way to make things work. The problem was he worked from home where he had a professional office clients could visit. Gemma didn’t have the space for that. She only had two bedrooms. Her house wasn’t large enough or arranged in such a way that he could see clients.

He climbed into his car, but he wasn’t ready to leave just yet. He didn’t want to put that kind of distance between them. Instead, he sat there for several minutes, grinning like a loon, staring at the front of her house.

When he saw movement in the master bedroom window, he dipped his head to find his Little girl looking at him through the glass. She waved.

He chuckled as he picked up his phone and texted her.

*Get in bed, naughty girl.*

She twisted around a moment later, undoubtedly when she heard the incoming text from her phone sitting on her nightstand. A moment later, she disappeared, and after that the three little dots appeared on his screen.

*Why are you still in the driveway, Daddy? Will your car not start? Maybe you should come back inside.*

He laughed as he responded.

*My car is fine, Little Bee. It's just that I left something inside, and I'm trying to decide if it's okay to leave it with you for the night.*

*What did you leave? Come back in and get it, or I'll bring it out to you.*

He forced himself to start up the engine and pull away, waiting until he was at the first traffic light to answer her.

*My heart.*

## Chapter Eight



Gemma woke up before her alarm had a chance to go off. That was unusual for her, but then again, so was sleeping through the night. When she'd first climbed back in bed, holding her phone to her chest, she'd worried she would never fall asleep. After all, Anton had dumped the biggest decision of her life on her lap and then left her to ponder it.

It wasn't a difficult decision though. There was no decision at all really. He hadn't asked her to marry him or give up her home or anything life-changing. He'd simply asked her to sleep in his bed for the rest of eternity. If things went south, she could come back home.

First thing she did was find her phone where it had slipped under the covers. She knew that wasn't safe. She should have put it on the nightstand, but she'd fallen asleep still holding it.

She sent off a text.

*I still have your heart. Did you want me to drop it off before work?*

A permanent grin spread on her face as she waited for a response. She knew it would be there all day.

*It's yours to keep, Little Bee. And you don't have time to stop by my house before work. You need to pack a suitcase and put it in your car and eat a good breakfast before work.*

She pushed out her lower lip. He was right though. If she was going to pack some things, she wouldn't have time to go see him before she needed to be at the store.

She still didn't know a lot about what Anton did for work, and she wondered if he worked every day. He'd said he worked for an investment firm. And he worked from home. That was all she knew.

After scurrying out of bed, she headed for the bathroom where she took a picture of her empty bathtub and texted it to her Daddy.

*Guess I'll give up my morning bath today since I don't remember how to wash myself.*

When he didn't immediately respond, she set her phone on the counter and scurried around packing a suitcase. She grabbed a second duffle bag from the closet and dumped the bucket of bath toys in it. If she was going to sleep at Daddy's house, she would need bath toys.

Even though she was tight on time, she ate a bowl of her favorite cereal combination before putting two boxes of cereal in a grocery bag to take with her also. After all, she had no idea if her Daddy had any of the kinds she liked.

She had her trunk loaded up and was sitting in the driver's seat before she remembered to check her phone again.

*Don't you worry, Little Bee. I'll give you an extra-long bath tonight to make up for the one you missed, and if you accidentally get dirty in the night, I'll give you another one tomorrow.*

*Maybe we could have cupcakes. Then I'd be all sticky and need a bath.*

*LOL We'll see, Little Bee. Now, I know you're about to leave for work. Put your phone down and drive safe.*

He added a silly winking emoji.

Gemma headed for her store and got right to work. She handled the morning clients alone. The young woman who worked for her came in at one. Since the store wasn't too busy, Gemma took the opportunity to head over to Little Cakes. She wanted to show up at her Daddy's house with a box of Reindeer Tracks cupcakes.

When she entered the bakery, she was greeted by the exuberant Ellie. "Hey, Gemma. How are things at Design Magic? Sue told me she was in yesterday looking for some workout clothes."

"Things are going great." Gemma knew she had a pronounced pep in her step as she approached the counter. There were no other customers in the shop at this time.

Ellie's smile grew. "Huh, I think Sue was right when she told me she was confident you'd met someone special. You have that look. It's sort of a glow."

Gemma blushed. "Yeah, it's true. I'm trying not to jinx it, but I don't think it will be a secret much longer. He's asked me to, uh, sort of sleep at his house." It felt awkward saying it out loud.

"Sort of sleep?" Ellie giggled so hard she had to cover her mouth.

Gemma's face heated further, but she couldn't keep from laughing also. "To be honest, I'm hoping there won't be a lot of sleeping going on." She wanted to change the subject before she embarrassed herself. She knew Ellie pretty well. She also knew her employees. They all visited her shop, and she never missed a chance to pick up cupcakes.

Lowering her gaze to the display of frosted treats, she scanned the case. "I hope you have some of the featured cupcake, Reindeer Tracks. I had one the other night at a party, and it was so good. I've been thinking about it ever since."

When Ellie didn't immediately respond, Gemma lifted her gaze to find Ellie staring at her. A slow smile grew.

"What?" Gemma asked in confusion.



“I’m just putting my super sleuth skills to work. Let me see...” She tapped her lips, clearly drawing out whatever she was going to say. “Anton Gates was here a few days ago. He bought a dozen Reindeer Tracks cupcakes for his sister’s birthday party. I’m sure in a few weeks when we get closer to Christmas, I’ll have large orders for Reindeer Tracks, but Anton is the only person who’s purchased more than one of that flavor so far this early in the month.”

Gemma bit her lip, trying not to smile.

Ellie leaned her elbows on the edge of the counter. “And here’s the thing. I had six of them in the display case until about an hour ago when a customer came in and bought them all.”

Gemma sighed. “Darn it.” She’d been looking forward to the rich flavor of the frosting all day.

“Guess who that customer was,” Ellie continued.

Gemma’s face lit up. “Anton?”

Ellie nodded. “Imagine the coincidence? Perhaps you know where he lives and you can go by his place and see if he’d let you have one.”

Gemma busted up in laughter. She couldn’t hold it back any longer.

Ellie rushed around the counter and grabbed Gemma in for a big hug.

The two of them bounced up and down, squealing and laughing.

“I’m so excited for you,” Ellie shouted. “Is he the one? Is Anton your Daddy?”

“What’s going on out here?”

The booming voice coming from the door to the back room made Gemma spin around to find Tarson filling the doorway with his usual mixed expression. He was like a huge teddy bear. He often had his brow furrowed as if he was trying to maintain a serious demeanor, but the rest of his face was filled with laughter.

“Gemma found her Daddy!” Ellie announced.

Gemma shrugged. “I mean, it’s only been a few days. We don’t really know each other that well yet. Maybe I shouldn’t tell everyone in the world.”

Tarson grunted. “I’ve known Anton for a long time. He’s a good man. I’m glad he found such a good woman.”

Gemma’s cheeks heated again at the compliment. She turned to Ellie, not caring that Tarson was listening. “It’s happening so fast. Do you think I’m being too hasty?”

Ellie shook her head. “Sometimes when you meet the right person, you just know right away. When I met Garrett, we had instant chemistry. That’s the way it’s been with most of my friends who have found their Daddies. When it feels right, it just does.”

Gemma glanced at the display of cupcakes again. “I guess I don’t need any cupcakes after all. I feel bad coming in and not buying anything.”

Ellie shook her head and gave Gemma another hug. “Don’t worry about it. Besides, I come into your shop without buying things all the time. Everyone does. Sometimes we just need to browse.”

“Nobody browses cupcakes, silly.” Gemma giggled. “It’s not the same kind of shop.”

Ellie shrugged. “Well, how could you know your Daddy already bought every one of your favorite flavor?”

Gemma broke away and waved as she headed for the door.

“Have fun sort of sleeping tonight,” Ellie called out.

## Chapter Nine



Anton was pacing in front of the window that evening as he waited for Gemma to get home. He'd spent the entire day making his house a place where Gemma could be as Little as she wanted and feel at home. He hoped she liked the changes he'd made.

Finally, she pulled into his driveway, and he flung the door open and jogged out to meet her. He didn't care that he looked overly eager. Based on the banter in the texts they'd exchanged all day, he'd known she would show up. There had been no signs of cold feet or hesitation.

He reached Gemma's car fast, and opened her door for her, glancing at the back seat. Nothing was in the car except her purse sitting on the front passenger seat, Buzzy's head sticking out the top.

For a moment, his heart fell. "You didn't bring anything to stay over?" he asked as he took her hand and helped her from the car.

She set her palms on his chest and looked up at him. "You said I could take more time if I wanted."

He swallowed and then nodded. She was right. He wouldn't pressure her. He was just surprised.

Suddenly, a wide grin spread across her face. "I'm just kidding, Daddy. My things are in the trunk. I hope you meant it because I brought a lot of stuff."

He blew out a relieved breath before setting his forehead against hers and hauling her up close to his body. "Naughty

girl.”

She giggled. “You might have to spank me.”

He rolled his eyes. His Little Bee was coming out of her shell more with every passing day. She was even bolder today than she’d been yesterday.

He released her only long enough to grab her suitcase, duffle, and a grocery sack from the trunk to carry it all inside.

“What’s in the plastic bag?” he asked as he kicked the door closed and set her suitcase and duffle down. A closer look inside the plastic bag confused him. “Cereal?”

She nodded and took it from him. “I like to mix two kinds in the morning. One yucky adult one that’s healthy and one I let my Little choose.” She pulled both out of the bag and held them up. “See? Fiber and vitamins in this one. Fruity goodness in this one.”

He laughed as he led her to the kitchen. “Little girls need some protein in the morning. You can’t just eat cereal, Little Bee.”

She pushed her lip out as he took the boxes from her. She was going to kill him with that lip.

He turned to set them on the counter next to the pantry for now. “I didn’t say you couldn’t have them. In fact, your idea is ingenious. I’ll even try the combination myself. But we’ll also have bacon and eggs. How’s that sound?”

When he turned back around, he found her inching toward the table. “What’s this?” she asked softly.

He followed her. “A booster seat. Just right for a Little Bee.”

She fingered the nylon straps and shuddered. “It sure has a lot of buckles.”

He set his hands on her waist from behind and leaned down to whisper in her ear. “I think you’re going to love those buckles, Little Bee.”

She glanced at the table next where he'd already set out dishes for dinner. "You got me my own plate and cup too?"

He wasn't sure if she was pleased or feeling pressured. "I got you a lot of things today." This was just the tip of the iceberg.

She reached for the sippy cup and lifted it to examine it closer before setting it back down and turning in his arms. There were tears in her eyes that freaked him out until she threw her arms around him. "Thank you so much, Daddy. I've never had a sippy cup before. I've always wanted to try one."

He rubbed her back and then picked her up and settled her on his hip before crossing to the kitchen sink. "Let's wash up and eat dinner. We can talk more about what I bought you while we eat, and then I'll show you afterward. How's that sound?"

"There's more?" Her eyes were wide as he lowered her to her feet and turned on the water.

"So much more." If she was teary over the sippy cup, how would she react to the nursery? He was still concerned that he might be piling it on too fast. Time would tell.

She was quiet as he led her back to the table, lifted her onto the booster seat, and pulled the restraint system up between her legs and across her waist. When he gently lowered her wrist to her side and secured it against her hip, her breath hitched.

He quickly finished, attaching her other wrist before snapping a tray to the arms of the booster seat, effectively turning it into a highchair.

She was panting and squirming when she lifted her face. "Daddy..." she breathed out.

"How do you feel?"

"Really Little," she admitted.

"Maybe I should have changed you out of that pretty dress and into a Little outfit first." Though he liked the way he'd had

to gather her short skirt and push it up to her hips to secure her. He leaned down and took her ballet flats off next.

There was something so sexy about her bare feet swinging under the tray that made his cock grow so hard he considered forgoing dinner and dragging her right to his bedroom.

When her stomach growled, he shook the thought away. He needed to feed her.

“How do you feel about chicken nuggets and French fries, Little Bee?”

Her mouth dropped open. “Please don’t tease a Little girl about foods like that. You better have both of those things prepared for dinner, or there will be a mutiny.”

He laughed. “You and what army?”

“Me and Buzzy. He can be fierce when it’s called for. You do not want to get on his bad side. Do you have any idea how much it hurts to get stung by a bumblebee as large as Buzzy?”

Anton chuckled as he turned toward the oven to pull out the pan of chicken nuggets and fries. Thank goodness he actually had both of those items prepared.

He used a spatula to fill their plates before sitting down and lifting a nugget from her pink plastic plate. He blew on it and tested it with his fingers before offering her a bite.

The way she leaned forward with her little bird mouth open to receive the morsel was so damn cute. While she chewed, he set his palms on her bare thighs and rubbed up and down, knowing his fingers would drive her obvious pleasure even higher.

Gemma whimpered as she swallowed. “You’re not playing fair, Daddy.”

“Yeah?” he asked, lifting a brow. “I don’t see anything unfair. I’m just feeding my Little girl and keeping her secure and safe at the same time.”

After he fed her another bite, he asked, “What was the best part of your day, Little Bee?” He needed to make conversation before they both combusted and went up in smoke.

She giggled. “When I went to Little Cakes to pick up Reindeer Tracks to surprise you and found out someone already came in and bought all six of the ones in the display case. Can you believe someone would do that?” she asked sarcastically.

He wondered how she knew it was him. “Hmmm. The audacity. That’s too bad. Those would have been a tasty treat after dinner.”

She giggled louder. “Don’t try to fool me, Daddy. Ellie’s like a detective. She figured out the two of us were together in like five seconds.”

“Ah.” He smiled and fed her a fry. “Guilty. I bought them. I got you something else too.” He reached across the table to snag the two items he’d tucked on the other side of the napkin holder.

She sat straighter. “A surprise?” The Little inside her was visibly giddy with excitement.

He opened his palm to reveal the jar of nail polish.

Her eyes widened. “You’re going to paint my nails? You were serious about that?”

“Of course. I’ll never lie to you, Little Bee. And look at this.” He held up the sheet of decals next.

She kicked her feet out. “Reindeer antlers!”

“I figured I could paint your nails red and put the little antler decals on top of them. They’d be so cute. If they seem too cheesy for work, we can take them off Sunday night.”

She shook her head. “They won’t be cheesy at all, Daddy. My customers will love them. Can you put them on after dinner?”

“Nope.” He set his hands on her thighs again. This time, he eased them up high enough that his thumbs stroked the elastic of her panties between her legs.

She gasped.

“If I put that polish on you tonight, it wouldn’t have time to dry before I haul you to my bed. You’d get polish all over the sheets.”



“That sounds messy. I don’t want to get polish on Buzzy.”

“So we’ll save that for the weekend. Is Design Magic closed on Saturdays and Sundays?” he asked as he offered her another bite.

“My manager takes over for the weekend. On Saturdays, I go into work in the back or manage the books that I’ve ignored all week, but she takes care of the customers for me. If it’s super busy, I am there to help. On Sunday, she runs the store herself.”

“It sounds like you have a wonderful manager.”

“Ana Marie is amazing. She’s almost as good as me,” Gemma acknowledged. “And that says something. I’m dedicated to helping everyone look their best in hopes that they’ll be a great customer for life. Ana Marie simply loves clothes. I think she’d be okay with me paying her in dresses and casual clothes.”

“I’m glad you have someone you trust to run the store. One more bite, Little Bee, and then we can have dessert.”

Gemma accepted the forkful eagerly. She couldn’t wait for dessert.

“Good girl. Now, let me clean up the kitchen and we’ll have a cupcake,” Anton said.

“Let me help with the dishes, and we can have one now.”

“Soon,” he promised and stood to clear the table. “Let me release your hands. You can color while I finish up in the kitchen.”

With a few flicks, Anton released her hands. She was still tethered in the booster seat but at least she could move a bit.



Suddenly her nose itched. Gemma wiggled it and then rubbed it with a happy sigh as Anton returned with coloring books and crayons.

“Those are for me?”

“For my special Little,” he told her. “I thought you might like animals but I couldn’t pass up the princess ones either. How about if you create some art for my refrigerator? It’s very bare.”

“Mmm. I feel bad not helping you.”

“You’re helping Daddy,” he assured her. “You’re keeping me company. There’s nothing worse than not having a partner in cupcake devouring. Do you think you can finish a picture before I get done?”

“No way. I don’t want to rush and color outside the lines.”

“You take your time. You’ll have many more nights to create beautiful art.”

Gemma nodded and paged through the coloring books, looking for just the right picture. When she found a picture of a giant bumblebee and a flower, she gasped.

“What did you find?” he asked.

“Look, Daddy. It’s Buzzy. He loves flowers.”

“Ooh! Are you going to do that one first?”

“Yes.” She chose colors that matched Buzzy for the bee, but was stumped by the choice for the flower. “Daddy, what color do you like best?”

“Red is my favorite. What’s yours?”

“I like yellow. It’s sunny and happy,” she answered as she plucked a red crayon from the box.

Coloring happily, Gemma peeked up at her Daddy from time to time. She kept thinking that this couldn’t be real and she would wake up to find it had just been a dream. Seeing him reassured her that this wasn’t just a fantasy. Gradually, she was able to stop double-checking and concentrate on her picture.

Gemma jumped when he pulled out his chair to sit next to her.

“That was loud, Daddy!”

“You were concentrating hard. No wonder. Look at that gorgeous portrait of Buzzy!”

“He looks good, doesn’t he?” she asked, holding it up for him to see.

“A perfect match. He looks very debonair. I have a cupcake for you.” Anton slid a cupcake closer. “Want to finish coloring tomorrow?”

She nodded before she even realized what she was doing. “I want to eat my cupcake myself, Daddy.”

“Okay, Little Bee.” Anton slid the cupcake on the plate fully in front of her. He stood and quickly served himself another before rejoining her at the table. “Thank you for waiting for me. You have lovely manners, Little girl.”

“You’re welcome.”

Gemma examined the cupcake from all directions. Brushing a finger through the frosting, she popped the dollop into her mouth. “Yum!” she hummed as she wiggled in her seat.

“Good, huh?”

“Amazing. Can I eat it the way I like to?” she asked, looking at him for permission.

“Of course. It’s your cupcake.”

She’d been so good when she’d eaten this before with his family. Keeping her Little hidden away had been hard. Now, she plucked the pretzel antler off the cupcake and used it to scoop up more of the frosting. Bit by bit, she ate every morsel of the sweet covering before lifting the cupcake to her mouth so she could lick off the last smudge that remained.

Then she held the nude cupcake out to Anton. “You can have this part, Daddy. I don’t like it as much as the frosting part.”

He accepted the cake section and looked it over before peeling the paper away and taking a big bite. “Little Cakes knows how to make these so rich and moist. I actually like these without all that sugary stuff on top.”

“What? This may be the end of our relationship. I don’t know if I can ever date a man who doesn’t eat frosting,” Gemma declared.

“Think of it this way, Gemma. We’re a perfect team. You eat the part you like, and I’ll eat the section I find the most delicious. We both get double our favorites.”

“So I get to eat the frosting off that cupcake as well?” she asked, pointing at the cupcake that stood untouched in front of him.

“Are you still hungry?”

“Not really. But frosting!”

“It will still be good tomorrow.”

“For breakfast?” she asked, sending him a cheerful smile to encourage him.

“Not on your life.” Anton stood and took the untouched cupcake back to the box before returning to unbuckle Gemma from her booster seat and to help her slide off the chair.

“Bath time?” she asked, hoping.

“I have one more thing to show you, Little girl.”

Taking her hand, Anton led her down the hallway. “That’s Daddy’s bedroom.” He pointed to a room on the right with the door open.

Since he didn’t walk in, she peeked in to see a room decorated in rich browns with splashes of red. It looked like it matched her Daddy. “Pretty.”

“Thank you, Gemma. On the left is a room that I hope you’ll love.” Anton slowly twisted the door handle before pushing it open. He reached inside to flip the lights on and waved a hand to indicate she should enter first.

Gemma took a few steps inside the door and froze. “What is this?”

Her mouth dropped open in awe as she scanned the room. It was painted a bright sunny yellow for the sky and green grass at the bottom. An outline of a large bee stood out on the wall.

“Is that Buzzy?” she asked, pointing.

“Yes. I’m afraid I ran out of time today. I’ll keep working on it. In a few days, it will be spectacular.”

“I think it’s pretty incredible now.”

Looking everywhere, she took in the furniture that would normally appear in a nursery, but it was Gemma-sized. Instantly, she wanted to snuggle into the fluffy bedding. The edging on the pillow caught her eye, and she walked forward.

“They’re bees!” she exclaimed, running her fingers over the embroidered border. “Where did you find these? I want some for my bed.”

“How about if I order more for Daddy’s bed and you can sleep on them there every night and take a nap or read in your crib?”

“Is this really all for me?”

“Do you know anyone else who is a bee fanatic?”

“Fanatic?” She scrunched her nose up as she assessed that word. “No. I’m probably the only one.”

“Then it’s all for you. Keep looking around. There’s a lot of other things to explore.”

“A toy chest?” she asked in wonder, leaving the crib with one last touch on the embroidery.

“Open it up,” he suggested.

Gemma hoisted the wooden lid and peered inside. There were puzzles, toys, books, and games. She could spend hours in here playing with all these. “Daddy. This is wonderful.”

“Exciting, isn’t it? I didn’t put any stuffies in there because I didn’t want to make Buzzy jealous, but I bet he’d like to hang out with some friends sometimes.”

“He’d love that.” She looked to the side of the room and saw a large padded cushion on top of something that looked like a dresser. “What’s that?”

“It’s your changing table.”

“For like when I change clothes?”

“No, Little Bee. I will need to monitor your health there. I suspect there will be times that you will wish to be very Little. The drawers are filled with items I will need to take care of you. The top two drawers you should never get into without Daddy’s permission.”

She wanted to see what was in those drawers. “Can I look just so I’m not scared?”

“There is nothing to be afraid of, Gemma. Come. Let me show you.”

He led her over there. “Put your hands behind your back. No touching. Some things are very fragile. Others would make a mess.”

Anton opened the top drawer. The first thing that caught her eye was a jar labeled *Naughty Cream*. Gemma didn’t want to know about that. Right next to it was a large tub of lubricant. Scanning, she saw a very thick thermometer that she knew immediately wasn’t made for oral use. A few jars of what looked like suppositories filled one side.

“I’m never sick,” she assured him.

“Vitamins help everyone, Little Bee. Do you ever have trouble sleeping?”

“Sometimes,” she grudgingly admitted.

“I have many things in here to help you feel your best. But I know how to use them. That’s why you should never get in here.”

Shaking her head, Gemma hoped that drawer would never open. When he opened the second drawer, she saw a big metal set of what looked like butt plugs and an assortment of vibrators. “Are we going to have anal sex?”

“Yes, when you’re ready. You can start wearing a small one to work tomorrow.”

“Not tomorrow. Umm... I’ll need to—get ready for doing something like that,” she hedged.

He closed that drawer and opened the last. Diapers and bottles occupied part of the space. She forced her gaze from the contents to look at him. How could he know? How did he know that she fantasized sometimes about being so thoroughly taken care of? Gemma didn’t know what to say.

“Come here, Little girl.”

Anton led her to the oversized rocker. Sitting down, he pulled her onto his lap. “You’re thinking so hard, Little Bee. It’s going to be okay. All you have to do is talk to me and we’ll figure out what you need, want, and dream of together.”

Resting her head on his shoulder, Gemma tried to unscramble all the thoughts in her mind. Could she expose so much of herself to him? Was she brave enough to be Little?

“Little girls come in all shapes, sizes, and colors. They also come in different ages. Not chronological ages, like the year you were born. But ages that they enjoy spending time. Some Littles are always five or six. They like to sit on Daddy’s lap, watch cartoons, drink from sippy cups so they don’t spill anything, and color.”

“Like I did at dinner.”

“Exactly. Some stay that age all the time. But I think you like to be babied a bit. Have some special time with Daddy where I take care of all your needs.”

“Do you want to do that?”

“Yes, Little Bee. It takes an amazing amount of trust for a Little to allow her Daddy to tend her completely. Can you

admit to me that you've fantasized about being Daddy's special Little girl?"

It was as if she didn't even control her body. While her mind struggled with being that vulnerable, her body answered him by nodding.

"Thank you for being honest, Little girl."

He simply held her in his arms and rocked. She loved the feel of his warm hand rubbing up and down her spine. Gemma melted against him. This man knew all her secrets and embraced them. Minutes ticked by as they escaped from the world.

"We've made some big steps forward in our relationship, Little Bee. Are you ready to stay the night with Daddy or do you need more time?"

"I want to stay here," she whispered.

"I want you to stay here, too. Shall we leave the nursery for tonight and we can play in here tomorrow?"

"Yes, please." Taking a deep breath and letting it out, Gemma asked, "Daddy? Will you make love to me?"

"I would love to." His deep voice held a tinge of passion that made her shiver in delight.

## Chapter Ten



“Come on, Little Bee. Let’s get ready for bed.”

Anton boosted her up to stand on the carpet before rising from the rocker. He took her hand and led her to the big bedroom across the hall. Stopping next to a hamper, he opened it.

“All the dirty clothes go in this basket. Will you help Daddy and unbutton my shirt?”

Eager to have something to do, Gemma quickly unfastened his shirt. As the sides fell apart, she revealed a form-fitting T-shirt spanning his chest. Anton finished with his cuffs and shrugged out of his shirt, yanking the tails from his jeans. After throwing that into the laundry hamper, he reached over his shoulder to grab a handful of his T-shirt on his back and drew that garment off as well.

Gemma reached out to touch his chiseled body and hesitated. “Can I have permission to touch you, Daddy?”

“Yes, Gemma. I need to feel your touch.”

She rushed forward to rub her hands over his torso before leaning down to kiss his chest. Feeling the air drift over her spine, she realized while she caressed him Anton had unzipped her outfit. He guided the skirt over her hips with his hands and stepped back to draw the blouse off.

Feeling hopeful, Gemma watched his expression as he scanned her body clad only in a bra and panties. *At least this time they match!* To her delight, he smiled a wolfish grin that revealed how much her lush curves impacted him before



reaching out to run a hand over her shoulder and down to her fingertips. He drew her hand to his lips and pressed a kiss to her palm.

“I have waited so long to find you, Little girl. Thank you for being brave. Let me take care of you, okay?”

Gemma made a deliberate decision and nodded. “Okay, Daddy.” She could be honest and risk revealing her true needs to this incredible man.

“No bath tonight, Little Bee.”

“No bath?”

“You’ll need a shower in the morning,” he assured her before stalking forward to lift her into his arms.

Anton carried her to the king-size bed and set her gently on the comforter before backing away from the edge. Gemma propped herself up on her elbows to watch as he unfastened his jeans and reached inside to stroke himself, adjusting his shaft to allow it to extend through the opening. She watched in fascination as it continued to thicken and lengthen.

Her gaze flew up to meet his when he groaned. “You’re killing me, Gemma.”

“Sorry?” she offered and forgot what she was apologizing for as he pushed his jeans over his butt and thighs. After toeing out of his sneakers, he stepped out of his pants and yanked off his socks, leaving himself clad only in tight athletic boxers. She swallowed hard as he stalked forward.

Bracing one knee on the edge of the bed, Anton leaned over her. He cupped the back of her head as he lowered his lips to meet hers. His slow, drugging kisses distracted her from any thoughts lingering in her brain. She could only concentrate on him—on how he made her feel.

Gemma shivered at the warmth of his hand as he stroked over her arm before tracing her ribcage around her back. He deftly unfastened her bra and she sighed into his mouth. Anton traced the lines the garment had etched into her skin, soothing them as he moved the material away. Without pausing the deep

kisses that made her hold on, he stripped the lacy fabric away, and she eagerly unthreaded her arms from the shoulder straps.

He kissed a line down her throat to taste the hollow there. Gemma arched her back, thrusting her breasts against his chest in a wordless plea for his touch. Her Daddy didn't allow her to control him but kissed over her collarbone before leaning back to look over her almost nude body.

"You are so beautiful, Gemma." He stroked over her arms and down to her hips. "These panties need to go."

Hooking his fingers into the lace on each side, he lifted her hips as he slid her underwear down her thighs. He lowered her bottom to the bed as he pulled the material completely off. As his hand stroked up her outer leg, he counseled, "Breathe, Little one."

Air gushed back into her lungs as his words registered on her brain, so focused on his actions that she'd not allowed herself to breathe. This man was way too magnetic. Or maybe perfectly so?

"That's my Little girl," he praised, kindling a warm feeling inside her.

She wanted to please him. Lowering her back to the comforter, she caressed a line down his chiseled torso to snap in the waistband of his boxer briefs. She wiggled her fingers just underneath, allowing her fingertips to brush the tip of his cock. When he groaned, she pulled the stretchy material down, but his thick shaft snagged in the tight material, foiling her.

Instantly, Anton came to her aid and removed his boxers. Once totally nude, he climbed on to the bed, caging her underneath him. "I feel like I'm on a picnic and don't know where to start. Perhaps I'll nibble here."

He cupped one of her full breasts and lowered his mouth to kiss a trail over her, paying special attention to the underside where she reacted most. She wondered if he could read her mind as he moved to the other side just as it became jealous of the attention the first received.

He wrapped his lips around the tight nipple and sucked lightly before drawing it deeply into the warmth of his mouth. Gemma wiggled in delight as the tip of his tongue thrashed across the beaded bud. The warmth inside her ignited. She needed more.

When he released her nipple with a wet pop, she begged, “Daddy, please.”

“Oh, we’re a long way from Daddy making you his. When I slide inside you, the world will stop rotating around us. Nothing will matter but the pleasure our bodies and minds bring each other.”

He drew a line down her body to the top of her cleft. “I think I’m ready for another treat.”

She froze, not wishing to distract him as her body responded eagerly to his words. Already, she was so wet. Gemma tried to open her legs to urge him on, but his knees pressed into the comforter on each side of her, pinning her legs together. Frustrated, she tried again, sure that he would take the hint.

“Daddy’s in charge, Little girl. We go by Daddy’s time,” he murmured against the sensitive skin above her mound. Anton traced her cleft with his tongue. “Mmm!”

The hum of his delight at her taste reverberated through Gemma. She felt her juices gush as her arousal rose. Anton patiently probed through her pink folds, brushing over several spots that made her shiver with delight. When he shifted further down her legs, Gemma thought for sure he would explore her more intimately, but he kept her in the same position. He licked the skin leading to her inner thighs, enjoying the wetness that coated them while he explored her with his fingers.

Deciding that two could play this game, Gemma allowed her fingers to play over his shoulders, neck, and scalp. She memorized a few places that triggered a moan in reaction. When he finally shifted to lift Gemma’s leg over his shoulder, she heard herself wail in reaction to the sensations he triggered as he explored her completely.

“You’re so perfect. Don’t worry. I have you,” he whispered against her.

“Daddy!”

“I know. I will help you,” he promised as he slid two fingers into her pussy. Anton glided his tongue over that tight bundle of nerves before sucking it gently into his mouth.

“Ahh!” Gemma’s muscles clamped around his fingers as she exploded. Her eyes closed automatically as pleasure ricocheted through her body.

“Good girl,” he praised as he gentled his caresses.

When his fingers slid from her, she felt so empty. Her nails bit into Anton’s shoulders, and to her delight, he prowled over her. He leaned forward to grab a condom from the drawer of his nightstand.

When he rose on his knees before her to don the protection, Gemma tried to memorize the display of masculine beauty and eroticism. His hands moving on his thick shaft made her run her palms up his muscular thighs. She inhaled deeply and could smell the warm spice of his arousal blending with hers.

“Look at me,” Anton requested as he lowered himself to loom over her.

Immediately, she followed his request, locking her gaze with his. She ran her fingers up his arms to tighten on his broad shoulders. Clinging to his strength as he fitted the broad head to her opening, Gemma started to close her eyes to concentrate on the sensations.

“Open your eyes, Gemma.”

His stern voice shivered down her spine as she blinked up at him.

“I want to see you as I make you mine.”

Gemma nodded, trying. Slowly, he eased his way inside her, stretching her as he filled her completely. His gaze demanded everything of her and seemed to see into her soul as he revealed himself. Never had she felt anything so intimate.

When his pelvis met hers, she felt like they had become one. Anton paused, letting her adjust to his size. Her body softened around him.

“That’s my girl. You feel incredible.”

Anton kissed her hard, commanding a response and getting it. Withdrawing partially, he filled her over and over, making her crave even more. When her hips rose to crash against his, Anton deepened his thrusts and ground himself against her sensitive opening.

Gemma wrapped her legs around him, welcoming every sensation he lavished on her. Craving contact, her hands roamed over his body as he caressed her. The fire built between them. His skin became slick under her touch. She loved the feel of her palms gliding over his chiseled torso.

His hand slid under her bottom and lifted her slightly, changing the angle of his strokes. Instantly, she could feel the shimmering pleasure that she craved to feel again, hovering just out of reach. She ground herself against his pelvis and felt her body explode and tighten around him.

Anton’s thrusts increased. His motions extended and deepened her pleasure until she clung to him. His shout into the room echoed in the space as he emptied himself into the condom inside her.

When he finally relaxed onto the bed beside her, Anton draped Gemma onto his shoulder. Totally overwhelmed by their lovemaking, she clung to him. Her eyes closed when he pressed a kiss to her forehead.

“Sleep, Little Bee. Daddy will keep you safe.”

## Chapter Eleven



“Good morning, Little Bee.”

“Good morning,” she whispered.

“Did you sleep well?”

“Yes, Daddy. You scare away bad dreams better than Buzzy does, but don’t tell him,” Gemma rushed to add.

“My lips are sealed,” he said with twinkling eyes that revealed his amusement.

“What time is it?”

“Time to get cleaned up for work.”

He threw the covers away, and Gemma moved closer to his warmth. “Come on, Little Bee. You can’t go to the store smelling so delectable.”

Anton rose from the bed and helped her slide out. “Go potty. I’ll go turn the shower on so the water will warm.”

Just the thought of running water made Gemma rush toward the bathroom. She stepped into the separate toilet area. The sound of the water made her collapse on the seat. She grinned as she heard him humming.

“Hi, Little girl.”

He welcomed her into the large showering area and stepped back so she could step under the warm spray. Smelling bubblegum, Gemma turned around to see him rubbing body wash between his hands. He beckoned her closer. Craving the feel of his hands on her body, she walked forward.

“Daddy rubbed his scent all over you last night,” Anton commented as he spread the slick soap over her arms. He paid special attention to her breasts, leaving her trembling in front of him before lathering her stomach and legs.

“Turn toward the water and let’s rinse off your front side.”

When she returned, he guided her sideways. “Put your hands against the tile, Little Bee, and lean forward.”

His hands closed around her waist when she moved closer to the wall. “No, Gemma. Lean forward.”

He helped her ease into his desired position with her butt thrust out. Gemma peeked over her shoulder to see him dispense more soap. “Daddy? This isn’t comfortable.”

“Spread your legs wide to be stable,” he suggested. “This won’t take long. You want to be clean to go to work.”

He cleaned her back and buttocks before sliding his hands down her legs. On his way back up, Anton’s hands brushed up her inner thighs. When she tried to pull her feet together, a solid hand on her lower back held her in place. She jumped as his talented fingers stroked through her pink folds. Gemma was so sensitive after their lovemaking. His touch instantly rekindled her desire.

“One last place to get clean,” he announced as he spread the suds toward her small opening.

“No, Daddy!”

“Don’t tell me *no*, Little Bee. I need to care for you everywhere.”

He traced the small ring of muscles, making her clench it closed. When his fingertip poked inside, she felt the burn of the soap. Gemma closed her eyes as her arousal skyrocketed inside her. She wanted to feel his touch there.

“I know, Gemma. Daddy knows all your secrets. You may beg me not to touch your bottom, but we both know that you love my attention here. It feels naughty and forbidden.”

She nodded without meaning to and realized that she’d confirmed his statements. How did he know her so well?

“Stay right here, Little girl. Don’t move an inch.”

Anton wrapped a towel around his waist and stepped out of the shower stall. He jogged out of view. Gemma considered standing up but sensed it was important for her to follow his directions. When he rejoined her, Anton held a tube in one hand and in the other, two shiny metal plugs—one larger than the other.

“Good girl. You get to wear the smaller one today.” He set the larger plug on the railing above the stall. “We’ll save that one for a naughty day.”

He quickly lubricated the smaller plug and pressed it to her tight opening. “Let me get this adjusted correctly. Sometimes it takes a few tries to get it perfect.”

She reared her head back as it invaded her. The thickest portion stretched her tight entrance, making her grit her teeth. Anton moved his hands between her thighs and resumed his caresses. She couldn’t find words to argue as he skillfully slid it inside and pulled it out to adjust it. He repeated these movements, fucking her bottom with the metal plug.

Turned on beyond her control, she panted as a massive orgasm crashed over her. After several more movements, he declared it was perfect and left the plug securely inside her. It felt cold, and she shivered.

“I’m very proud of you, Gemma. Twirl around in the spray and let’s make sure you’re free of suds.” He stopped her to wash her juices away.

The plug shifted inside her, keeping her constantly aware of its presence. “I can’t wear this to work,” she protested.

“Sure, you can. Call me and I’ll zip to the store if you need it adjusted. We can take care of that easily in your office.”

She shook her head, unable to even conceive of that happening. He couldn’t come repeat this process in her office with customers just outside the door. Gemma shooed away the fantasy that bloomed in her brain. *No. He can’t come to the shop!*





Ana Marie already had the store open when Gemma arrived on Saturday. “I’m glad you slept in.”

Gemma could feel her cheeks heating and knew she was blushing. Her Daddy hadn’t allowed her to leave until she’d eaten breakfast. Buckled tightly on the booster seat, Gemma had eaten whatever he wanted. Her thoughts had focused completely on the invader filling her bottom.

“Thanks, Ana Marie. It should be crazy today. Let me know when you need help,” Gemma said, waving at the customers already browsing.

“Gemma. Come help me find a pair of pants or a skirt to match this cute blouse,” one called.

Crossing the store to reach her was almost as arousing as her path in from the car. *Or that ride through the bumpy road repair. Or...* She dragged her brain away from reliving the orgasm he’d coaxed from her when putting the plug in. *Focus, Gemma!*

Taking a deep breath, Gemma smiled broadly and focused on the customer’s needs. After her, there was another and another. She’d been at the store over an hour before she escaped to her office where she dropped down onto her chair and let out a small squeal.

Slapping a hand over her mouth as she glanced at the door she’d just closed, she hoped Ana Marie hadn’t heard her. There were several customers still in the shop, and the volume level was kind of high with everyone talking, so Gemma felt confident she hadn’t been heard.

She still stared at the closed door, holding her breath for several seconds before breathing a sigh of relief. Somehow in the last hour, she’d gotten used to the plug while standing, but sitting had reminded her.

Turning to face her computer, she squirmed on the seat, trying to get comfortable. The plug's presence was magnified in this position. She kind of wished she'd decided to stay out front where she could stand.

Her phone buzzed, and she bit her lip as she stared at the screen.

*How's your day going, Little Bee?*

She shivered as she picked up the phone to respond.

*I seem to be distracted.*

*Hmmm. I wonder why?*

She giggled and squirmed on the seat. If someone would have told her a few hours ago that she would enjoy a plug in her bottom, she would have told them they were crazy. But now a low-level arousal was keeping her on edge. It was so naughty and titillating.

*Somebody sent me to work with an accessory I'm not accustomed to.*

*Do you need me to come swap it out for a larger size, Little Bee?*

*No!*

*Are you sure? I could come by and check on it and adjust it for you.*

*Don't you dare!*

*Are those pretty little pink panties I put on you this morning wet, Little Bee?*

She gulped. Her face heated a hundred degrees.

*They are now, thank you very much.*

Gemma had never engaged in any kind of phone sex before. This was kind of fun and exciting and new. She was grinning from ear to ear as she forced herself to sit still. Every time she wiggled, her arousal grew.

*Are those pretty little nipples hard?*

She was panting now.

*Yes, Daddy.*

*Leave that plug in until you get home, Little Bee. And do not touch yourself.*

Her panties had been wet, but now they were soaked at his demand.

*Yes, Daddy. Maybe I don't have as much bookkeeping to do here as I thought. Maybe I can leave a bit early and come back to your house.*

*I would love that, Little Bee. Get your work done though. I want you all to myself tomorrow. You've been burning the candle at both ends for a while. You deserve a full day in Little space. Daddy will take care of everything.*

*Heaven.*

She bit her lower lip, grinning wide as she imagined what he was suggesting. She couldn't fully know what he had in mind, but based on the items she'd seen in the nursery, it didn't take much for her imagination to go wild.

She also couldn't be sure what she was agreeing to when she typed *heaven*, but did it really matter? After all, she already knew she was willing to try everything she'd seen. Some parts were going to be embarrassing, but deep inside, she found herself craving the slight humiliation she knew she would feel from letting him take such intimate care of her.

It was time to focus on her work. If she sat very still and didn't draw attention to the plug, she could get everything knocked out in no time.

## Chapter Twelve



“How was your day, Little Bee?” Anton asked as he met his Little girl at her car. He couldn’t wait for her to come inside. He’d needed to be next to her as soon as she pulled into the driveway.

Her cheeks were flushed, and she swallowed hard as she tipped her head back to meet his gaze. “It was...interesting.”

He grinned. “Really?” He pulled her into his embrace and slid his hand down to pat her bottom, loving the little gasp she emitted as she arched toward him.

He’d thought of a dozen different paths he might take with her this evening, but now that he was looking her in the eye and holding her trembling body, he knew exactly what route to take.

“Come, Little Bee. Let’s go inside. Daddy has the evening all planned out.”

“You do?” she asked in the cutest voice as she let him lead her into the house.

“Yep. First, I’m going to do your nails.”

She smiled broadly. “With the cute reindeer decals?”

He nodded. “Let’s do them in the kitchen. The lighting is best there, and you can sit in your booster seat and put your hands on the tray to keep them steady.” Anton took her purse from her and set it on the counter.

“It smells so good in here, Daddy.”

“That’s dinner. I just put it in the oven. We have plenty of time to do your nails while it cooks.”

After leading her to the booster seat, he turned toward her. “Turn around, Little Bee. Let me unzip your dress. We don’t want to risk getting polish on it.”

She shivered as she turned to face away from him.

Anton slowly lowered the zipper down her back, making sure his knuckles skimmed along her skin. His primary goal for the next few hours was going to be to seduce his Little girl until she was panting.

As her dress fell from her shoulders, he unfastened her bra so that it slid off her at the same time. He kissed her neck from behind and whispered in her ear, “Don’t want to get polish on your lingerie either.”

She shuddered as he squatted down to tap her foot. When she lifted it, he removed her shoe and the dress before doing the same to the other foot, leaving her in the pink panties. Knowing her bottom was still filled with the plug made his cock hard. It was going to take willpower to stick to his plan.

After spinning her around, he lifted her off her feet and settled her on the booster seat.

Gemma squirmed. “Can you take the plug out, Daddy?” she whispered.

“Not yet, Little Bee.” He reached for the nylon straps and secured her at the waist before grabbing the tray and fastening it in front of her.

His precious Little girl covered her breasts with both hands. “Can’t I have a T-shirt or something, Daddy?”

“You don’t need to cover yourself in front of Daddy, Little Bee. I’ve seen all of you. Lower your hands, Little girl.”

She was trembling as she lowered her hands to the tray. Her eyes were wide, and her breaths were shallow.

The first thing Anton did was hand her the sippy cup of apple juice he’d already prepared. He had several things on the

table already, and she stared at the pile as she accepted the cup. “What’s that ball for, Daddy?”

Inquisitive Little thing. Anton grabbed the light squishy pink ball from the table. “Spread your legs, Little Bee.”

She set the sippy cup on the tray. “My legs?”

“Yes, Little girl. Your legs. Those two appendages below the tray.” He tickled one of her bare feet.

She giggled and parted her knees a bit.

He held up the ball. It was about six inches in diameter. “This wide, naughty girl. You’re going to hold it between your knees for me.”

She hesitated a moment before doing as she was told. “Why, Daddy?”

He tapped her nose. “Because keeping your legs open will make you horny,” he told her bluntly. “Drink your juice while I get the polish ready.”

“I don’t think I could be more horny, Daddy,” she responded as she took a long sip of the juice.

He chuckled. “I bet you can.” He nodded toward the sippy cup. “Finish all of it. I bet you don’t drink enough while you’re working.”

She sighed as she followed his instructions. When she finished it all, she held it up triumphantly. “All gone.”

“Good girl.” He set it aside and took her hand. “I’ll start with the base coat, put the cute antler decals on top, and then add a clear layer.”

She grinned. “You really know how to do nail polish.”

He shrugged. “My sister used to paint her nails all the time when we were younger. I’ve seen this dozens of times.”

Holding her hand, he carefully stroked the red polish on each finger, but he did his best to make it a sensual experience by stroking the inside of her wrist and letting his knees rub against her bare legs.

She was quiet and panting slightly when he switched hands.

“Hold that one really still and flat on the tray, Little Bee.”

“How did you manage to make this so sexy?” she murmured as he finished the second one.

He smiled at her as he set the second palm on the tray too. “I’m talented. Now, don’t move your hands. That needs to dry for a minute before we do the decals.”

She licked her lips as she stared at him.

“Are you still thirsty, Little Bee?” He rose and headed for the fridge, returning a moment later with a bottle of water. A baby bottle. He’d already had it ready with the nipple in place.

She whimpered as he lifted it up and tapped her lips. “Tip your head back and drink some water, Little Bee.”

As she did so, goosebumps rose on her skin. Her nipples were rock hard. Her legs were trembling as they gripped the ball.

“Good girl,” he praised when she stopped sucking. She’d gotten about half the bottle in her.

“You really don’t drink enough at work, do you, Little Bee?”

“I forget sometimes.”

“From now on, I’m going to make you a special bottle of water to take with you each day. Your job is to drink it all throughout the day. When you get home, you can drink a sippy cup of juice too before dinner.”

“What if I’m at my own house? I don’t even have sippy cups.”

He set his hands on her thighs and stroked the skin between them while he met her gaze. “What if you start sleeping here every night?”

Her breath hitched. “Like move in? I’ve only known you less than a week.”



He shrugged, wanting to keep it light and not let her feel pressured. “I’m not saying you should sell your house or anything. For now, I’m just asking you to come here every night. I don’t like the idea of you sleeping somewhere else. I want you next to me.”

She licked her lips again. “Okay,” she said softly. “Like a trial.”

“Like a trial,” he agreed even though this was no trial for him. He knew in his heart she was it. The one. His Little girl. He never wanted to let her go, but he didn’t need to rush her. He’d give her all the time in the world. As long as she would agree to start sleeping in his bed every night, that was all that mattered. They could work the rest out later.

Anton slid his hands up her thighs until he could graze his thumbs along the seam of her panties.

She gasped and arched her chest forward. “Daddy...”

He stroked one pointer directly over the gusset of her panties. “Soaked. Who knew painting my Little girl’s nails would be so erotic?” he teased.

She squirmed.

“Sit still, Little Bee. Keep the ball between your knees.”

Full panting and flushed cheeks were her only responses.

“Let’s do the decals now.” He grabbed the little antler stickers and proceeded to carefully peel one off the backing. It was hard to keep his hands from trembling, considering how hard his cock was and how badly he wanted to yank this tray off, grab her around the waist, and thrust into her before she would know what was happening.

*Long game, Anton. Focus on her nails.*

After carefully affixing tiny antlers to all ten fingers, he grabbed the topcoat.

“They’re so pretty,” Gemma murmured reverently as he finished. “You’re amazing.”

“I’m glad you like them.” He set her palm on the tray again. “Spread your fingers out and keep them right here for a while. It will take some time for that to dry.”

The timer went off, and Anton rose to remove the baked ziti from the oven.

“Is that red sauce?” Gemma asked.

“Yes. It’s my grandmother’s recipe. I promise it’s the best red sauce you’ve ever had.” He removed a salad from the fridge and set it on the table before fixing himself a glass of water and refilling her bottle with cold water. After adding a plate and one fork, he glanced at her.

She was squirming all over the seat.

“Sit still, Little girl. Keep your hands right where they are.”

“Daddy, I’m...”

He set the ziti on a hot pad and took his seat. “You’re what, Little Bee?” He couldn’t keep from grinning. He also couldn’t ignore her nipples anymore. He needed to touch them.

Lifting one hand, he cupped her breast and stroked his thumb over her swollen nipple.

She moaned and arched, but she kept her hands still. “Oh, God. I think I’m going to come, and you’re not even touching my pussy.”

He removed his hand. “You’re not allowed to come yet, Little Bee. Later.” He filled the plate with steaming pasta. “First we’ll have dinner.”

“But...”

“Plus, you need to keep your hands away from everything for a while so you don’t mess up the polish.”

She squeezed the ball tighter. “You planned this.”

He chuckled. “Every moment.”

“You’re such a meanie. When are you going to let me come?”

“Mmm. We’ll see. All you need to do is focus on doing what you’re told.”

Her entire body shook with her shudder. “My clit throbs when you order me around.”

He grinned.

“Meanie,” she said before giving him a fake pout.

“I bet by this time tomorrow night in my care you won’t think I’m a meanie anymore,” he informed her. “I bet you’ll be rejuvenated, refreshed, and so sated by the time you go back to work on Monday that you’ll be able to tackle all your work with a new outlook on life.”

“You’re making me slide into a much younger headspace, Daddy,” she murmured.

“That’s the goal. It will refresh you. I promise.” He lifted a forkful of salad and brought it to her lips.

She opened her mouth and let him feed her.

Anton had known he was a Daddy for a long time, but he’d never been in a relationship this important or this deep before. His entire body reacted to her submission. She was so adorable sitting in this booster seat wearing nothing but panties and the plug, holding that ball between her spread legs, and keeping her hands flat on the tray.

“Mmm. That’s so good. I can’t decide if food tastes better because you’re such a great cook or if it’s because you feed me. It’s so erotic.”

“Maybe a bit of both.” He put some ziti on his fork next and blew on it before offering it to her. “See how my grandmother’s red sauce is.”

The moan she let out made his cock protest. When he’d plotted this evening, he hadn’t fully taken into consideration how aroused *he* would be from seducing her.

After several bites, he lifted the bottle to give her a drink. She was never sexier than she was with her chest bare, her head tipped back, and her lips wrapped around that nipple.

Anton was shocked he was able to eat a reasonable amount of the meal in between feeding her, and he wasn't sad when they were finished. Her nails would be dry by now, but he had a few more plans in mind before he intended to let her use her hands or would give either of them the release they craved.

By the time he had the kitchen cleaned up, Gemma was wiggling in her seat. "I need to go potty, Daddy." She lifted one of her hands. "Do you think my polish is dry enough yet?"

He'd anticipated this moment and was ready for the next phase. After returning to her, he took one hand and looked closely. "I think it needs a bit more time. The polish was really thick. Hold your hands up, Little girl." He removed the tray, set the ball on the table, and unfastened the strap at her waist before lifting her to her feet.

"But..."

"Come."

She followed him to the nursery with her hands held out adorably in front of her. "Daddy, I really need to pee."

He spanned her waist with both hands and lifted her onto the changing table. "Lie back. Daddy will take that plug out and put a diaper on you so you can pee."

Her breath hitched as she leaned back. "Are you sure you want me to use a diaper, Daddy?"

He slid her panties off and dropped them in the hamper. "I'm positive I want to take care of my Little girl in every way when she needs to rejuvenate. Weekends are perfect for letting yourself be fully Little and submitting deeper to Daddy. Can you spread your legs for me, Little Bee?"

## Chapter Thirteen



Gemma was trembling from head to toe. This entire evening had been filled with sexual tension. Her Daddy was extremely talented at making her *want* on a level she'd never experienced.

It was mindboggling to realize she was now lying on a changing table, naked, legs spread open. So exposed. So vulnerable. So aroused.

“Lift your hands above your head so Daddy doesn't accidentally mess up your polish, Little Bee.”

She whimpered as she stretched her hands above her head, causing her breasts to be more exposed. Her nipples were so hard, begging to be touched. She'd give anything if he'd lean over and suckle them. But if he took the time to do that, she would wet herself.

Daddy stretched a strap across her tummy and fastened it tight. “Don't want my girl to fall off the changing table.”

The pressure against her bladder intensified. “Daddy...”

“Legs wider. Pull your knees back so I can get the plug out.”

She pursed her lips and held her breath as he twisted the plug around several times before slowly easing it from her bottom. When it finally popped free, she let out a sigh of relief.

Seconds later, he tucked a diaper under her and lifted the front to fasten it. It was thick, making it so the only

comfortable position was to bend her legs and let them fall open.

Daddy stepped to her side and rubbed her tummy. “You can wet your diaper now, Little Bee.”

She shook her head. “Not with you watching, Daddy.” She really had to go though. In a second, she was going to wet herself whether or not he was still standing next to her watching.

“You won’t have any secrets from Daddy, Little Bee. It’s not healthy to hold back when you need to pee. Sometimes you might be on the table or in my lap. Even when you wear panties, Daddy will take you to the bathroom, help you pull your panties down, and wipe for you.”

She gasped, her cheeks heating. “You’re going to watch me pee?” Why did that idea make her feel so cherished and cared for?

“Yes, Little Bee. Depending on the age range you feel like playing in, you’ll sometimes need Daddy to help. If you’re really young, I’ll help you use a diaper. If you’re slightly older some evenings, you can wear a pullup or training panties. On those nights, I’ll take you to the bathroom and help you on and off the potty.”

She gasped when he slid his hand up, cupped her breast, and then tweaked her nipple. “Daddy...” There was no denying his description of how deeply he intended to care for her was titillating. It was also embarrassing.

He eased his hand back down to her tummy, found her bladder, and applied pressure. “Don’t fight it, Little girl. Wet your diaper, and then Daddy will clean you up and we can move on with our evening.”

She swallowed. “Can we move on to the part where we have sex?”

“Hmmm. Are you sure you’re in the mood for sex?” he teased.

“Daddy!”

He chuckled. "One thing at a time. First you need to potty."

Since it didn't seem she was going to get out of this, and she secretly found it very arousing to be strapped to the changing table and treated like the Baby girl she usually kept deep inside, she closed her eyes and let her bladder relax.

Daddy rubbed her tummy the entire time. "Such a good girl. See? Not hard at all."

He was right. It hadn't been as earth shattering as she'd expected, especially since it was obvious her Daddy didn't mind a bit. He quickly moved to the end of the table, opened the diaper, cleaned her up with warm wet cloths, and tossed everything in the trash.

When it was over, he unfastened her, lifted her up, and set her on her feet. He pulled a soft pink garment from a pile under the changing table and held it up.

"That's so pretty," she whispered as he shook it open. It was the sexiest lingerie she'd ever seen, the material so thin he would be able to see through it easily. She knew she would feel very sexy in it.

"Arms up, Little Bee."

She lifted her arms, but then gasped as he lowered the nightie over her head. "Oh, no! My nails." She didn't want to smudge them or get any polish on the pretty pink material.

Daddy squatted in front of her, took both her hands in his, and kissed her fingertips. "It was fast-drying polish. It's been totally dry for over an hour."

"Daddy!"

His grin made her giggle.

"I can't believe you tricked me," she said as she lifted her fingers up to look at them closely. She touched one of them tentatively before doing the same to all of them.

He eased one hand under the back of the shimmery pink material to cup her bottom while the other slid between her legs, found her pussy, and stroked through her folds. "You still

want to move on to the sexy-times part of the evening? Or are you going to punish Daddy for teasing you?”

She grabbed his shoulders and leaned toward him. “Sexy times, Daddy. If I punish you, I’d be punishing myself.” She really needed to come. She’d been on edge for hours. The entire day if she was honest.

Daddy surprised her by bending slightly farther, settling his shoulder at her tummy, and lifting her off the floor so she was tossed over his shoulder.

She squealed as he carried her from the room, his hand on her bottom, stroking.

Moments later, he lowered her onto his bed. “Spread your legs for me, Little Bee. I want to see all of you.” He pulled his shirt over his head and then kept his gaze on her while he removed the rest of his clothes.

When his cock popped free, her breath hitched. She wanted him inside her. She’d wanted this all day, and he’d teased her for hours. It was going to feel so good.

Anton grabbed a condom from the nightstand and rolled it on before climbing between her legs. He surprised her when he dropped his mouth to her pussy and sucked with no warning.

She gripped his shoulders and moaned. Her orgasm was so close to the surface. She was going to come any second after all that foreplay.

Just when she was about to detonate, he released her and climbed up higher.

“Daddy...” she pleaded, trembling violently.

He slid his hands under her shoulders and thrust into her all the way to the hilt.

Gemma screamed. The orgasm that took over her body was powerful. Her eyes rolled back and her mouth fell open. She couldn’t breathe as the waves of her release pulsed through her over and over, squeezing his cock and making her clit throb.



Before it was over, he eased out and thrust back in again. And again. She was stunned as her arousal drove right back where it had been before she'd come. The pressure and intense need resumed, making her grab at his shoulders and then his back and finally his ass.

She couldn't get enough. She would never get enough of him. Every single thing he'd done and said today had led to this moment. It had been intentional. He was a master with her body.

His mouth came to her ear. "Come for me again, Gemma. Milk my cock before I release myself." As he finished that command, he ground the base of his erection against her, making her gasp.

She gripped his ass with her fingers as she came yet again, perhaps harder than the first time, loving the way he groaned as he too let himself tip over the edge and join her.

## Chapter Fourteen



When Gemma awoke the next morning, the sun was high in the sky. She'd slept late. She felt around to determine Anton was no longer in the bed with her before snuggling in deeper with Buzzy, grinning from ear to ear.

She'd had the most perfect evening with her Daddy, and he'd made it clear he wanted her in his home as often as possible, creating more perfect nights like that.

After several minutes passed, she was surprised her Daddy hadn't come to get her. The house was too quiet. She slid out from under the covers onto the floor and padded to the bathroom. She was still wearing the sheer pink lingerie from last night. It made her feel so incredibly sexy and Little at the same time.

Gemma used the potty and washed her hands before staring at herself in the mirror. Her hair was tousled and messy so she grabbed a brush, worked through the snags, and put it up in two high pigtails.

She was grinning as she left the room in search of her Daddy. She was looking forward to his reaction to seeing her still dressed in the see-through nightie, this time with pigtails.

When he wasn't in the living room or the kitchen, she headed for his office. Maybe he'd had to take care of some business this morning.

The door was open as she silently rounded the corner. He wasn't at his desk. Instead, he was standing with his back to her at the window. That wasn't exactly accurate either. He was

leaning against it with both hands on the glass. His stance made her heart beat faster. He looked distressed like he'd just gotten very bad news.

Gemma approached slowly, not wanting to startle him. "Daddy?" she whispered.

He spun around. His brow was furrowed deeply, and he was frowning. He wiped a hand down his face and forced a smile. It was obvious he didn't feel like smiling. "Good morning, Little Bee. You were sleeping so soundly I didn't want to wake you."

She bit her lip as she watched him school his expression. "Is everything okay, Daddy?"

He held out a hand and took a deep breath. "Come. You look so damn sexy in that nightie."

She shuffled forward, but her heart wouldn't stop beating rapidly. Something was wrong.

When she reached him, he lifted her off the floor and settled her on his hip. He tucked her head against his shoulder and headed for the door. "Let's get you some breakfast. You must be starving. How about one of Daddy's famous smoothies in a bottle?"

She held him around the neck, but she lifted her face. It didn't escape her notice that he'd ignored her question. "You're scaring me. What's wrong?"

He sighed as he carried her to the kitchen, still not answering as he set her bare bottom on the counter. "Sit still. Don't fall off while I fix you a bottle."

She watched him move around the kitchen, opening the fridge, grabbing the prepared bottle, and shaking it. He didn't meet her gaze. Whatever had happened, he wasn't ready to talk about it yet.

"Did someone die?" she asked as he scooped her off the counter and settled her against his hip again, her bare pussy meeting his skin erotically once more.

He kissed her temple as he carried her into the nursery this time. “No one died, Little Bee.” He sat on the rocking chair, cradled her in his arms, and lifted the bottle to her lips.

It seemed like he needed comforting, and the way he was comforted was by taking care of her, so she leaned back and let him feed her. She even wrapped her fingers around his hand on the bottle and held his gaze, hoping to communicate that she was here for him.

He held her gaze too. That was an improvement over not looking at her directly in the kitchen, but his brow was still deeply furrowed with concern.

It was hard for her to swallow. Her tummy was in knots with worry. But she managed, partly because she was hungry and partly because the smoothie was undeniably delicious.

Gemma knew instinctively her Daddy needed this time. He needed to hold her and rock her and process whatever was going on in his mind.

She could do this for him, even if she was scared and nervous and nearly panicking inside. When the last of the smoothie flowed through the bottle’s nipple, she wrapped her hand around his and moved it away.

“Little Bee, you make me so happy.”

“Can you tell me what makes you unhappy?”

With a nod, he lifted her to sit upright on his lap. “I have a big decision to make. My boss just called. They’re transferring me to the West Coast to troubleshoot a branch of the company that is suffering huge losses.”

“For a couple of weeks?” she asked, trying to make it better news.

He shook his head slowly. “I’m afraid not.”

Gemma wrapped her arms around herself, trying to feel warm. His news seemed to suck all the heat from the room, leaving her trembling. She dropped her gaze to the front of his shirt. Maintaining eye contact was too painful and she couldn’t hide the emotions she knew were written all over her face.

This could have been perfect. She had allowed herself to be so vulnerable to him—so Little. Now, he was leaving. Her heart felt like it was being ripped to shreds. Tears filled her eyes, and furiously, she blinked them away. If she cried now, she'd just make this worse.

Suddenly, she needed to be alone. “It sounds like you need to think and make some plans. I’ll go home and get out of your hair.”

“Gemma, no. I don’t want you to leave.”

“I know. I don’t want to leave either, but... I need to think, too.”

“Stay here, Little Bee and we’ll figure this out together.” Anton tightened his arms around her.

She shook her head sadly as she scooted to hop off his lap. When he tightened his arms around her, she pressed an arm straight between their bodies to keep a space between them. “You can’t do this, Daddy. I mean Anton. You’ll tear my heart to shreds. Send me a message when you find out when you’re leaving. Maybe we can have dinner out. You know, in a restaurant before you leave.”

“Little Bee, don’t run away.”

“It’s better this way. You have to make the decisions that are right for your life. There are a lot of people who love living on the West Coast.” She tried to sound cheerful.

Quickly, she returned to the bedroom. Gemma could hear him talking but the words went over her head. Gathering her clothes, she retreated to the bathroom and ducked into the toilet room where she could be alone. Gemma dressed quickly. Her panties were still wet. Her brain rebelled and she stuffed them into her pocket. She couldn’t put those on. There was no way she could concentrate. Finding her purse and car keys, she walked to the front door.

“Thanks for dinner and everything.”

“I’d like us to think through this together, Little Bee. We’re a couple now.”

She turned away and opened the door. His hand reached over her head to slam the door shut. "I am going to spank your bottom so hard. You aren't listening to me, Little Bee."

Gemma turned around to look at him. This time she met his gaze, knowing she had to look awful. She wasn't one of those women who cried pretty. Even though she hadn't allowed a tear to fall, her face had to be blotchy and her eyes completely red.

"Don't you understand? There is no Little Bee anymore. Let me go, Anton. Don't make this harder on me."

He opened his mouth to argue as his gaze searched her face. She could see the anguish and worry in his expression. That didn't make her feel better. It just seemed to make everything worse because now she had no way to make him feel better.

Anton lifted his hand from the door and she pulled it open quickly. After running out to her car, she threw herself inside and started it as she hit the button to lock the doors. Gemma forced herself to fasten her seatbelt. She couldn't be pulled over by a police officer. She needed to be home.

Her eyes lifted to look at Anton standing a few feet in front of her car, his incredible body lit by the headlights against his house. She'd been so happy to come home to his house after work. Now as she backed down the driveway, it didn't appeal to her as much.

When she stopped at the stoplight just outside of his neighborhood, a flash of her nursery... She corrected her thoughts. A flash of *his* nursery appeared in her mind. Her favorite colors and the decorations on the wall. Buzzy unfinished on the wall.

Panic flooded her mind. She looked frantically for the tote bag that she used to transport Buzzy secretly from work to home. It wasn't in her car. She'd left him at Anton's.

At the next street, she turned left so that she could head back to his house and collect her stuffie. *I can't go back there.*

Frozen by the situation she found herself in, Gemma couldn't figure out what to do.

A car horn sounded behind her, and she looked in the mirror to see a car waiting behind her. She had to move. She was blocking traffic. Steeling her heart, she turned back toward her place. Hopefully, Buzzy would forgive her.

## Chapter Fifteen



“You look terrible,” Sue informed her before rushing behind the counter to give Gemma a hug.

“I know. I didn’t sleep well last night,” Gemma admitted, downplaying the torturous hours of grieving she’d spent tossing in bed.

“Something on your mind? You should talk to your Daddy.”

Tears flooded down Gemma’s cheeks. She could see Sue’s concern through her watering eyes, and Gemma tried to pull herself together. “Sorry. I have this really bad headache.”

She crossed her fingers. Gemma wasn’t really lying. The lack of sleep had definitely made her head hurt. It wasn’t the main reason, but she could explain that better.

“I hate those. I’m off today. Would you like to go in the back and rest for a while? I can stay and watch the store. I’ll come get you if I have a problem,” Sue offered.

“I can’t let you do that,” Gemma said slowly. That was the only speed she had today.

“Of course you can,” Sue assured her.

Words tumbled from her mouth before she could stop them. “Could you go to Anton’s house for me and get my stuffie, Buzzy? He’s a bumblebee. I left him there, and I can’t go get him.”

“You broke up with your Daddy?”



“With Anton... yes. He’s moving for work. It was better to stop seeing him now,” Gemma tried to explain.

“That’s awful.” Sue paused for a minute and then said, “Write down his address and phone number. I’ll get Buzzy for you.”

“Thank you, Sue. I can’t tell you what this means to me.” Gemma jotted down the information and handed the note to her friend. “Could you let me know when you have him? You don’t have to bring him immediately here. I don’t want to impose too much on you.”

“I’ll get him to you as fast as possible, Gemma. You need Buzzy now—more than ever.”

Gemma nodded. Sue understood.

She watched her leave, holding the note carefully so she didn’t lose it. Gemma crossed her fingers and noticed the reindeer nails Anton had crafted. A memory of the pleasure and desire he had kindled inside her flooded Gemma’s brain and body, followed instantly by a wave of pain.

*How am I going to survive this?*

The door opening made her shove everything into a box in her brain. Gemma threw on her professional shop-owner persona and smiled at the women who came in chattering happily. “Good afternoon, ladies. I’m here to help you if you’d like some assistance in choosing the perfect style for your body type.”

“You must be Gemma. We’ve heard so much about you. Let me give you a challenge. I look so frumpy in everything. Can you help me look nice for a dinner out with my husband?” one woman asked.

“I can do better than that,” Gemma promised. “What do you think about him rushing you out of there before dessert?”

“You mean like he can’t keep his hands off me?” the woman answered, laughing in disbelief.

“It will happen. Come with me.”

Gemma needed a project. Within an hour, she had new outfits selected and accessorized for all three women. The other two had just come to support their friend but when they saw what Gemma was able to put together to flatter her, they quickly welcomed her assistance.

As she checked out the shoppers, Gemma saw a message from Anton flash on her phone. She flipped it over to concentrate on her customers. Focusing on their excitement in finding well-fitting, flattering clothes, Gemma reminded herself of what was really important.

When the store once again was silent, she straightened her shoulders and attempted to convince herself she should be happy to have her store and her fashion sense. That's what she needed to concentrate on. Her love life was a disaster, and living her fantasies was obviously a dream that wasn't to be.

With a sigh, she looked at her phone to check the message. Expecting to see a text from Anton that he had sent Buzzy back to her or maybe a request to see her because they needed to talk, she stared at her screen. There was a picture of Buzzy sitting on a cushion on the changing table in Da... Anton's nursery. She could see a drop cloth on the floor with a couple of cans of paint and a brush. Focusing in on the color of the cans, she discovered he definitely wasn't covering over Buzzy's image on the wall. He was finishing the picture.

*What does that mean?*

A scrap of paper caught her eye. She enlarged that section of the photo. It was the paper that she'd written Anton's information on for Sue. His address and phone number were crossed out and written in the margin was the word: *Beenapped*.

She stared at that word. Was he trying to be funny? That wasn't funny. Outwardly, Gemma looked calm and fun-loving. Inside, she had pinned Anton to the wall with that paintbrush. *No, of course not. I could never hurt the man I love.*

Gemma steadied herself with a hand on the counter as that word reverberated in her brain. Love. She did. She loved Anton. And he was moving away.

Forcing herself to drive home, Gemma knew that Anton would take care of Buzzy. He wasn't a beenapper. He was a bee babysitter.

When she realized she was jealous of her own stuffie, Gemma knew she needed to make a plan. Instantly, a first step popped into her brain. Little Cakes was already closed for the day. But tomorrow...



Anton opened his door to see a bored-looking man holding a large cardboard box decorated with the Little Cakes logo. "Hey, you must have the wrong house." And then he repeated it louder when the man shook his head and pointed to his ears.

"Nope. Delivery for Anton." He rattled off the right address all very loudly due to the music obviously playing in his earbuds. The delivery man thrust the box at Anton with the instructions to enjoy.

"What's going on?" Anton asked as the man walked away. Of course, he didn't answer. He'd never heard a word Anton said.

Staring down at the box, Anton felt a zing of hope. He'd been so sure that Gemma would respond to his message with Buzzy and her nursery. She'd ignored his calls and messages. Thank goodness she hadn't blocked him. At least, he hoped she hadn't blocked him. Could the cupcakes be from her?

Carrying them inside to the kitchen island, he opened the box. One had fallen over. He set it back up and looked at the display of Reindeer Tracks cupcakes. There were a dozen of them. Something was wrong with a few. The pretzel antlers were missing.

*Did that jerk open the box and eat the antlers?*

A picture of Gemma scooping the frosting off with the pretzel antlers popped into his mind. He looked at the

cupcakes differently, checking out the pattern. Did it mean something?

Ten minutes later, his eyes were crossing from staring at the small treats. What was it? Closing the box with a sigh, Anton picked up his phone and sent another message.

*The cupcakes are here. Did you take off the antlers?*

When she didn't answer, he tried to call. The line just rang and rang.

Everywhere he looked, Gemma had left her mark on his home. The home he wanted them to share. He'd spent most of the day on the phone. Talking to his boss had not turned out well. They weren't budging. Anton knew he could look at it as a challenge or an opportunity.

He'd wanted to wait until he could give her good news, but he knew each minute that passed hurt them both more. Heading for the nursery, he picked up Buzzy and returned to the kitchen to pluck a cupcake out of the box. With his keys in hand, he headed for Design Magic.

The parking lot was jammed with people. Anton figured it was lunchtime at the restaurants in the shopping area. As he approached Gemma's shop, the front door opened and a group of ladies exited, laden with packages and chattering excitedly. After taking one step inside, Anton could see that Design Magic was where everyone had gathered.

Gemma and her assistant were busy with shoppers. Anton hesitated just inside, not wishing to interrupt her business. A large banner bearing the words "Customer Appreciation Day" hung against the back wall. There were Little Cakes cupcakes on a small table with iced tea and coffee at the rear of the store. He smiled at the excitement bubbling around him. Gemma was a master at making her shop the favorite one to visit.

Not wishing to interrupt, he walked to the cash register and greeted the assistant who rang up people's purchases. "I'm just going to leave Buzzy here in his normal spot."

“Oh! I’d asked Gemma where he was. She’ll be so happy to see him. If you’ll wait for a minute, she’ll run past here.”

“I don’t want to disturb her. Could you set this somewhere for her? I’m sorry I didn’t bring you one,” Anton apologized.

“Oh, there are loads of cupcakes over on the table. Is there something special about this one?”

“Yes.”

“Okay.” Looking skeptical, the clerk took the cupcake and set it underneath the register. “I’ll tell her you stopped by. Would you like to leave your name?”

“No, thank you.”

Anton turned and threaded his way through the racks and shoppers to reach the front door. With a look back, he smiled at Gemma’s success and walked out the door, making plans to see her later when they would have time to talk.

While he was there, he decided to walk down to the Little Cakes shop. He definitely didn’t need any more cupcakes, but he wanted to thank Ellie for the Reindeer Tracks cupcakes. Opening the door with a jingle, he smiled at the sight of Ellie wrapped in her Daddy’s arms. Garrett was spinning her around in circles.

“Da... Garrett! Put me down. That isn’t the way to get sprinkles off me!” the adorable woman protested as everyone grinned at their antics.

Anton knew Garrett was not the name she normally called him. He paused inside the door and smiled as the large man stood her on the floor in front of him. When the woman turned to see who had just entered, Anton quickly covered his mouth to hide his amusement.

“You can laugh. It’s pretty hilarious. I just opened this giant container of sprinkles and he surprised me with a deep BOO through the window at me.” Ellie nodded toward Garrett.

Looking back at her face, Anton couldn’t keep from laughing out loud. Sprinkles of all colors clung to her face.

“I know! I haven’t seen myself yet, but I jumped and all these sprinkles exploded from the jar. When I rushed out here to chat, I not only left a trail of candy decorations in my wake, but everyone can’t keep from laughing. He owes me big!” Ellie said, shaking a finger at Garrett who openly laughed.

“I’ll buy you more sprinkles, sweetheart. I didn’t mean to scare you, but you were concentrating so hard.” Garrett laughed.

“Thank goodness for my hairnet,” Ellie said, patting the top of her head and causing a waterfall of sprinkles to tumble around them. Anton watched her mouth form an O of surprise as they rattled to the floor around her feet.

“You are now banned from the shop,” she said. Her smile told Anton that her Daddy was safe from a lengthy eviction.

“I’ll be back in an hour. I have an appointment to show that small storefront,” Garrett answered.

Just like that, a magnificent thought burst through Anton’s head. He stepped forward to talk to them. “Hi. I wanted to thank you for the Reindeer Tracks cupcakes you sent me.”

Ellie grinned. “I’m so excited that you’re dating Gemma. You make such a cute couple.” She glanced toward Garrett. “We love Gemma. She’s so good at what she does.”

“She is perfectly suited to running a clothing store, just as I suspect you are to owning Little Cakes,” Anton responded.

“Little Cakes is all Ellie’s. I just own the building she keeps sprinkling,” Garrett said with dancing eyes.

Ellie let out a sigh of exasperation before turning to Anton to say, “Thank you. I love making cupcakes.”

“It shows.” He turned toward Garrett. “I wonder if you’d have time to show me any open spaces you have in the shopping area, Garrett?”

“I do. What type of business do you own?”

“I’m a financial analyst. I haven’t seen any private investment companies around here,” he replied.

“There aren’t,” Garrett agreed. “I always do an annual evaluation of the types of businesses in the area. There’s one about ten miles from here, but it’s closing at the end of the year. He’s retiring. A great guy.”

“Sounds like an even better reason to check out the space you have available,” Anton suggested.

“Let’s go look. There’s one empty space now and another coming available,” Garrett said.

The large man standing with his arm around Ellie stopped and kissed her gently to avoid causing any more of a downfall of sprinkles. “I’ll try not to scare you next time,” he promised.

“Thanks, D... Garrett.”

“Come on, Anton. Let’s see if this space could work for you.”

As they walked through the door, Anton looked back to see Ellie bouncing happily in the middle of the floor with her hands clasped to her heart. The remainder of the sprinkles on her hairnet tumbled to the floor around her. He tapped Garrett’s arm so he wouldn’t miss the adorable display.

“She loves you,” Anton observed as they began walking.

“Ellie does. She’s pretty special. That’s not why she’s so happy,” Garrett explained.

“Really?”

“She thinks you want to open a space here to be close to Gemma.”

“She’s right.”

“Ever go to Blaze?” Garrett asked casually.

Anton knew he was fishing without exposing too much of his own lifestyle choices. “I’ll be honest. I knew the club was in town, but I haven’t gone. It was too hard to see Daddies and Littles.”

“And now that you’ve found yours?” Garrett asked.

“I plan to keep her. I’ll discuss Blaze with Gemma. I think she’d enjoy having others around with her interests. Could you help us get approved?” Anton asked.

“Definitely.”

A few seconds later, they arrived at a small storefront that sat empty. Garrett unlocked the door and waved Anton inside. “This was a lawyer’s office, and he joined a big firm. It might already be set up the way you’d need it. Here’s the reception area. Not too large, but big enough for a reception desk and a small waiting area with a bathroom down the hall. There’s an office space through here. And in the back, there’s an area for storage and a small kitchenette.”

“This is unbelievable. I wouldn’t have to do much to this space at all. Tell me this wasn’t the office space the guy coming in the next hour wants to see?” Anton asked, looking around in amazement.

“She’s looking for a place for an arts and crafts location. This is way too small for her,” Garrett assured him.

“Can I put down a deposit to hold the space?” Anton asked.

“Of course. I’ll tell you honestly, I don’t have anyone else in line for this.”

“Thanks for letting me know. I’ll go ahead and leave a deposit with you. Someone is going to want to snatch this away,” Anton said firmly.

“You’ve got it. Let’s go do some paperwork. I have everything in my office here onsite. I also have that investment guy’s card. You should give him a call.”

“Thanks, Garrett. I think I’ve found the solution to a problem.”

“I’m glad I could help.” Garrett reached into his pocket to pull out his keys and ended up with a handful of sprinkles. “I’ll be damned. That Little girl filled my pocket without me knowing.”



Anton laughed at the sight. Littles were such amazing creatures.

## Chapter Sixteen



Carrying Buzzy in her arms, Gemma walked out of her shop later than usual. She'd needed something to boost her spirits. When Gemma had thought of combining a flash sale and a free cupcake, she'd had no idea it would be so popular. Ellie had sent people down all day long to grab a free cupcake and do some shopping. She really was the best person ever.

Still regretting that she hadn't seen Anton when he came in, Gemma lifted her stuffie to her nose. Maybe she could smell a bit of his unique scent? With a sigh, she juggled her purse and Buzzy to find her keys.

"Let me help you, Little girl."

She looked up to see Anton lounging against her car. Stopping in her tracks, she felt her heart beat faster at the sight of him. "What are you doing here?"

"I want to spend time with my Little girl," he answered calmly as he straightened up to stand in front of her.

"I can't do a long-distance relationship, Anton. I hope you'll understand. Thank you for bringing Buzzy back to me." Gemma walked to her door and opened it. She set Buzzy in the driver's seat to wait for her. He didn't need to see this unpleasantness.

"Long-distance doesn't work for me either," he agreed and stepped closer to put his hands on Gemma's shoulders and turn her around to face him.

"Please, Anton. This isn't a game to me. I'm already hurting. Don't make it worse." Her heart lurched inside her

chest at the concerned expression on his face. He couldn't care how she felt. He was ready to move away.

"I wouldn't hurt you for the world. You are the most important person to me, my Little Bee."

"But you're leaving," she said, dropping her gaze to the ground between them as she tried to keep the tears at bay.

"I was shellshocked when I shared with you that the firm I worked for was transferring me against my wishes. I didn't know what was going to happen. I tried to negotiate to stay here, but they refused."

"Thank you for trying," she whispered.

"I think they were completely shocked when I gave them my notice."

"What?" She drew her gaze from the ground to his face so fast, she made herself dizzy.

"I met with Garrett today."

Gemma's mind struggled to see how Anton leaving his job had anything to do with meeting with Ellie's Daddy. "What?"

"It turns out he has some office space in this shopping area. It's designed perfectly to be a place for me to work."

"But you work from home," she pointed out, baffled.

"I used to work from home. Now, I'm going to work from a space just over there." Anton pointed across the parking lot.

"Anton, I'm not following you. What's going on?"

"There was no way I would leave now when I've found the one I've been searching for so very long. Today was very eventful for me. Garrett let me put down a deposit on the perfect office space just a short walk from the love of my life, and he introduced me to a man who was retiring from a job as a financial consultant and planner."

"So you're going to work for yourself?"

"Exactly. The retiring professional is going to allow me to work with him while the office space is updated and polished.

I was hoping you'd help me with the color choices," Anton said with a smile.

Gemma pinched herself, sure this was all some wild, jumbled dream.

"None of that," Anton corrected gently as he moved her hand away. "Want to hear the rest?"

"There's more?"

"If the finance guy is pleased with my work before he retires, he plans to encourage all his current clients to consider switching to my company. Turns out we went to the same university. He knows the rigor of my training and understands what I've done for the last few years."

"That's unbelievable. That will save you an amazing amount of time as you build up your clientele," Gemma exclaimed.

She understood completely what it was like to start your own business. You had to attract the right people and convince them to frequent your establishment. Getting people to try on a dress was much easier than convincing them to give you their life savings.

"Are you really going to stay?" she asked, feeling the corners of her mouth quiver upward for the first time that day.

"I can't leave, Little girl. You're here. I love you," he said, gathering her close.

"You love me?" She searched his face, looking for confirmation to his declaration. His expression was open, honest, and completely focused on her.

"I love you, Little Bee. Will you come home with me, sweetheart? I need to have you close."

"I'd like that, Daddy. Can I tell you something?" she asked.

"Of course."

"Buzzy liked being with you. He says my nursery is beautiful and that I should tell you how much I love you."

His hands tightened on her waist. Pulling her close, he pressed a soft kiss to her lips before groaning low in his throat and pulling her tight to his body as his mouth explored hers. His hands roamed over her back before one cupped her bottom to hold her pelvis flush against his.

Gemma wrapped her arms around his head and held on. She met each kiss with desire and happiness. Her heart thudded happily inside. The excitement of their future together made her head whirl. Gemma pushed all her thoughts away to focus on the feel of his arms around her and his hard form pressed against hers. This was all that mattered now.

She protested with a wordless sound when he pulled his mouth away to demand, “Say that again, Gemma.”

“I love you, Daddy. I missed you so much. I sent you reindeer cupcakes and asked Ellie to take the antlers off half of them so you’d think of me.”

“You are the sweetest, Little Bee. I didn’t need any reminders to miss you. It felt like there was a hole in my chest without you being close. I should have told you from the first that I was not going to leave. That was never my plan. I thought you’d know that, but I didn’t think like a Little girl.”

“That’s because you’re a Daddy.”

“Exactly. Are you hungry, Little Bee?” he asked, brushing her hair from her face. “I need to take care of you.”

“I’d like that. I’m starving! We were so busy, I never got a chance to eat.”

“Then we need to fill your belly. I’ll call for a pizza as we drive home,” he suggested.

“Yum. Double cheese?” she requested.

“Anything you like,” he agreed. “Will you follow me home?”

“I could stop and get some clothes for tomorrow,” she suggested.

“I have a few of your things that I’d washed. Panties, your blue dress...”

“You didn’t bring those to me when you brought Buzzy,” she observed.

“I didn’t. You needed Buzzy. I needed some of your things.”

“I can wear that blue dress tomorrow. I’ll grab a scarf from work and sling it around my neck. It will be like a new outfit,” Gemma stated with a grin.

“That’s my Little girl. I can tell you what else Garrett said in our conversation. He’s a very interesting man,” Anton said.

“You’re going to make me wait until we get home?” she asked.

“I like the sound of that. Home.” He paused a minute, letting them both feel the impact of her calling his house home. That meant a lot. “And yes. I’ll leave a teaser out there that will make sure you follow me home.”

“I’ll be right behind you, Daddy.”

“Drive carefully. Don’t let Buzzy distract you.”

“Buzzy wouldn’t do that. He’s a very well-behaved bee.” She walked to her open car door and paused before adding, “I don’t suppose you have honey at home?”

“I do—in one of those squeezable bear bottles. Why?”

“Buzzy does like to have some where he lives,” Gemma shared.

“I’ll be sure to stock up. Let’s go home.” He stepped forward to kiss her and help her into the car. In a few short minutes, she followed him from the parking lot, retracing the path Gemma had thought she’d never travel again.

## Chapter Seventeen



By the time Gemma pulled into her Daddy's driveway, she was feeling chagrined. She'd been really naughty when she'd left him without giving him the opportunity to explain. She'd gone into offensive mode, worried about herself and how his leaving would impact her life.

Anton met her at her car and opened the door for her to help her out. He was smiling, but his face fell when he met her gaze. "What's wrong, Little Bee?"

She grabbed Buzzy from the seat next to her and snuggled him as she climbed from the car. "I was a bad girl the other day, and I'm feeling sad about my behavior."

"Ah." He pulled her and Buzzy into his arms and held her head against his chest. "I understand, Little Bee. You were scared. I was still dealing with the shock of my boss's demand. I hadn't processed it yet." He cupped her head and tipped it back. "I do wish you would have stayed and talked it out with me instead of running away, but I know you were protecting your heart."

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she whispered. "It was a bad choice."

"Next time we face something life throws at us, you'll stay and talk to Daddy."

She nodded. "But..."

"But what?" He lifted a brow.

"But I need you to punish me for what I did *this* time. It was naughty and selfish."

He smiled at her. “If it will help you purge the guilt, I’d be happy to discipline you.”

“It would.”

“Let’s go inside.” He grabbed her hand and led her into the house.

“Go put Buzzy in your crib, Little Bee,” he instructed with a pat on her bottom.

“Yes, Daddy.” She scurried off in the direction of the nursery. After depositing her beloved stuffie gently in the crib, she returned to the living room.

Anton was shutting the front door. He had a pizza in his hands. “Shall I set this in the oven on warm so I can discipline you before we eat?”

She rocked back and forth on her heels, crossing her hands behind her back. “Yes, Sir,” she murmured.

She held her breath as she watched him take care of the pizza, and then he was back. Gemma had no idea if she was making a mistake or not. He’d spanked her before, but that one had been for pleasure. This time would be for punishment.

Anton lowered onto the sofa and reached for her. “Come here, Little girl.”

Gemma took a slow deep breath and braced herself as she joined him. She’d been spanked before, but this was going to be different.

He took her hands. “Why is Daddy going to spank you?”

“Because I was naughty and ran away instead of talking things out with you, Daddy.”

“That’s right. I know this is your first naughty-girl spanking, but I promise you’ll feel better afterward. When Daddy spanks you for misbehaving, it wipes the poor decision away and cleans the slate. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl.” He guided her to one side and helped her extend over his knees.



She trembled as he removed her flats before pushing her dress up to her back. When he slid her panties down to her knees, she held her breath.

“Spread your legs, Little Bee. I want you to stretch your panties with your thighs and keep them in place.”

She did as he requested as she tucked her hands under her chest.

“That’s a good girl.” He rubbed her bottom. “I’m going to spank you harder than I did last time. It’s going to hurt. Let yourself relax and absorb the pain. I promise it will leave you feeling cleansed.”

“Okay, Daddy.” She wasn’t sure she understood, but she trusted him.

She flinched when he landed the first swat, and her breath hitched when he spanked her three more times in succession without stopping. He gripped her bottom tightly, applying pressure to the burning skin. The pressure grounded her and helped her absorb the sting.

Gemma squirmed. She was shocked to find she kind of liked this punishment. Already she was understanding his explanation. It felt good to be swatted hard and fast. The spanking would replace her naughty behavior. Wash it away.

When Daddy lifted his hand again, she didn’t have a chance to react before he continued to spank her, swatting all over her bottom and the backs of her thighs.

It didn’t take long for her skin to feel hot. Every time he spanked her in the same spot, the sting was stronger. It seemed like forever before he finally stopped. By then she was breathing heavily.

Tears were running down her cheeks. She hadn’t even realized she’d been crying. It wasn’t from the pain. It was from the exoneration.

She expected her Daddy to turn her over and snuggle her against his chest, so it surprised her when he instead lifted her up with her tummy still down and carried her to the corner of the kitchen.

It happened so fast that she hadn't wrapped her mind around his intention until she found herself standing on her bare feet, her Daddy guiding her into the corner. "Legs wide, Little Bee. Keep those panties tight above your knees."

She shuddered as realization dawned. He was putting her in timeout.

He lifted her dress above her waist. "Clasp your hands behind your back and keep your dress up above your naughty bottom. I want to be able to see your punished skin while you stand in timeout, Little girl."

Anton helped her into the position he demanded, nudging her legs wider and adjusting her clasped hands so that the hem of her dress was above them.

She'd never felt more embarrassed or exposed in her life. Her bottom and thighs were on fire, the sting was intense. He hadn't rubbed it to soothe it. This position left her feeling extremely vulnerable.

Gemma trembled violently for several minutes, unable to control her breathing or the goosebumps that rose on her skin. She didn't know where her Daddy was in the room, but she could feel his gaze on her naughty naked bottom.

It seemed like forever before her breathing was back to normal, and the tension gradually eased from her body. Her poor choices sluffed off, leaving her feeling cleansed, just like her Daddy had told her.

And then a new sensation took over. The humiliation of standing in the corner like a Little girl made her pussy wet. Her breasts felt heavy. She wanted to rub them against the wall. She wanted to squeeze her legs together. It occurred to her this was exactly what Daddy had anticipated and the reason he'd told her to hold her panties up with her thighs.

By the time she sensed him approaching, she was a ball of arousal, wetness leaking down her inner thighs, her nipples hard points protesting their confinement inside her bra.

Daddy set his palm between her shoulder blades. "I'm proud of you, Little Bee. You took your first real punishment

so well. Let's get you changed into something more comfortable and clean off your tears in the nursery." He bent down, tapped the outsides of her knees, and lowered her panties off her when she drew her feet closer.

Gemma released her hands from behind her back as her Daddy guided her to the nursery. She didn't say a word when they arrived. She felt Littler than ever before. Did he know?

Daddy quietly unzipped her dress down the back and then unclasped her bra before removing both items, leaving her naked.

She gasped when he lifted her onto the changing table. "Lie back, Little girl."

Wincing as her bottom made its presence known, she complied.

Daddy lifted her arms above her head and secured them before taking a wet cloth and gently wiping her face. "So proud of you," he repeated before moving down to the end of the table. "Bend your knees and spread them open for Daddy."

She shivered as she did as she was told.

"Good girl." He smoothed his hands up and down her inner thighs before parting her lower lips with his thumbs. "So wet. Did the spanking and timeout make you horny, Little Bee?"

She nodded, certain her cheeks were as pink as her bottom.

Daddy opened a jar of some kind of lotion and set it between her legs. He then pushed her knees up closer to her chest and held them with one hand while he gently rubbed her bottom with the ointment.

Gemma moaned softly. It felt so good. The cream took away the sting and left her bottom warm and needy.

When he finished, he slid a diaper under her before opening another tube of ointment and applying it to her pussy.

She whimpered. "What is that, Daddy?"

“It’s diaper cream. It will protect your precious folds inside your diaper.” He didn’t elaborate and insinuate he would insist on her peeing herself, but she was a smart girl. She could read between the lines. She’d done it once before and seen how pleased he’d been. She could do it again.

Daddy surprised her when he bent over and blew a raspberry on her tummy before releasing her restraints.

She started giggling and couldn’t stop. He’d changed the serious mood in a heartbeat. The next thing she knew she was on her feet and Daddy was pulling a nightie over her head.

“You sure do like sheer material,” she pointed out when she looked down to see this one was similar to the one she’d worn the other night. It was see-through and delicate with thin straps at her shoulders. She could see her breasts through it, which meant so could Daddy. It would barely cover her pussy and bottom if she were naked underneath. It did not quite extend below her diaper.

“Let’s go eat that pizza now,” Daddy suggested as he bent down and kissed her soundly on the lips.

Her heart rate picked up immediately.

She really loved this man. To think she’d almost ruined things by being stubborn and not listening to him...

Every step toward the kitchen was awkward. The elastic at her thighs made her hyperaware of her sore bottom. In addition, the thick padding forced her to waddle behind him. When she combined the effects of the diaper with the adult look of the nightie, she felt very Little and sexy at the same time.

## Chapter Eighteen



Anton was so proud of his Little girl. She'd taken her spanking and timeout without complaining. He knew it had been hard for her. He'd introduced her to more than one first at the same time.

He'd watched her closely for signs of actual distress the entire time he'd spanked her and again while she'd stood in the corner. He was confident she'd experienced the cleansing feeling he'd spoken of, several times over if he wasn't mistaken.

In the kitchen, he lifted her into the booster seat and fastened the strap between her legs and across her waist before snapping the tray on top. "Let's get you fed, Little girl." He kissed the top of her head so she would feel his love before he headed for the oven to pull out the warming pizza.

It was still piping hot, looked delicious, and filled the room with the scent of sauce and spices. After sliding one slice onto a plastic princess plate, he used a pizza cutter to cut it up into bite-sized pieces before carrying it over to set on Gemma's tray. "Be careful, Little Bee. It's hot."

She picked up a piece and blew on it. "It smells so good, and I'm so hungry."

"I don't want you skipping lunch, Little girl," he admonished as he turned to slide several pieces onto his own plate before sitting next to her at the table.

"Sometimes I get so busy I forget."

“Not anymore.” He lifted a brow. “Daddy will pack you a lunch every day. I expect you to take the time to sit down in your office and eat it before two every day. I want you to text me when you finish so I won’t worry.”

She giggled. “You would worry about whether or not I had lunch?”

“Of course. I worry about everything you do, Little Bee. I worry when you drive to work on not enough sleep. I worry when you don’t eat. I even worry when you waddle across the room in your diaper for fear you might fall and hit your chin.”

“We can easily fix that last one. I just won’t wear diapers.” She sat up straighter as she made this declaration as if she’d solved world hunger.

He chuckled. “A better answer would be to leave you in your crib or get you a playpen and carry you to those locations and then insist you stay on your hands and knees while you’re diapered.”

She gasped adorably and curled up her nose. “A playpen. Daddy, that’s just silly.”

“Is it? I bet you’d enjoy an enclosed structure where you weren’t permitted to stand. A confined space filled with toys and books and puzzles.”

She shivered. Her pretty cheeks turned a darker shade of red. “Do you think all the Daddies I know in town expect their Little girls to play at such a young age sometimes?”

“Yep. I suspect most of them do. Lots of Little girls need some time in a younger headspace from time to time. It helps you relax. Turning all of your care over to me will help your battery recharge.”

She smiled and kicked her feet out. “I think you’re right, Daddy.” She ate another bite of pizza. “Will you feed me a bottle tonight? I like it when you rock me and hold me and feed me.”

“I think that’s a great idea.” He pointed at the last few bites on her tray. “Finish your pizza, Little Bee.” His heart was nearly full to exploding.

When he'd gotten up this morning, ideas had been formulating in his head—plans to quit his job, go out on his own, and find a space to rent. He'd suspected in his heart that if Gemma would just give him the opportunity to explain himself, he could get her to come back home, but he hadn't been certain.

Not only had she come home with him, but she was submitting to him in the deepest way possible. The spanking and timeout had helped her forgive herself. They had also caused her to slide into a very young headspace. It wasn't unusual or surprising, but Anton couldn't have been certain how she would react.

"We forgot something," Gemma said as she swung her feet.

"What did we forget, Little Bee?" He liked the twinkle in her eyes.

"We didn't say the best part of our days!"

"Ah, you're right. I'm not sure I could narrow it down to one thing. There was the cupcake delivery this morning. But then there was the office space I found and rented to secure my spot in the town where my forever Little girl lives. But then there was the precious Little girl who came home with me and entrusted me with her care. How will I choose?"

"If you unfasten me from this chair, I bet we can do something that will make all three of those good things pale in comparison." She cocked her head to one side and gave him her most coy look.

Anton jumped up dramatically, rushed around the kitchen to put everything away, and unfastened his Little girl's tray and straps in thirty seconds.

She giggled the entire time.

He swept her into his arms, carried her to the bedroom, and deposited her on the bed with a bounce.

She was still giggling as he removed all his clothes and rolled on a condom. Two seconds after that, he had her nightie over her head and her diaper tossed on the floor.

As he climbed over her between her legs, she sobered slightly, but she was still grinning. She slid her hands into his hair on both sides. “If we do this every day, our dinner conversations will be reduced to just sex.”

“I’m okay with that.” He lowered his lips to hers. It was time to slow down and show her just how *okay* with that plan he was.



## Chapter Nineteen



“Gemma!”

Gemma wasn't sure which of her friends had called out her name. Several at the same time it would seem, all of them spotting her the moment she stepped into view of the daycare at Blaze.

Suddenly, she was bombarded with hugs and giggles.

“You're here!” Ellie called out.

“I'm so glad you came,” Sue added.

“Me too!” Tori, another employee from Little Cakes, shouted.

There were at least ten other Littles in the daycare area, all of them gathering around to meet Gemma.

Gemma had been holding her Daddy's hand, but in the mayhem, she got separated from him. Her heart was racing as one after another, Littles introduced themselves.

A gorgeous blonde, slender woman with several beautiful tattoos was first to hug her. “Ellie told us you were coming. I'm Tatiana. I own Maniac Tats with my Daddy.”

Another blonde woman with big blue eyes was next. “I'm Daisy. I own Blooms by Daisy. You know my Daddy, Tarson, from Little Cakes.”

The next woman had thick dark hair. “I'm Lark. I spoke with Garrett about setting up a rental agreement for your Daddy on the strip.”

“I’m Riley,” said another tattooed woman. “I get to work at Little Cakes during the day. I’m usually the bartender here at Blaze in the evening, but it’s my night off.”

Gemma’s head was spinning as one by one the Littles introduced themselves. Eventually, as they dragged her into the daycare area, she managed to look over her shoulder and make eye contact with Daddy.

He was smiling indulgently and nodded, indicating with just a look that she should go on in and have fun.

The next hour was filled with games, coloring, and laughter. Gemma had never felt more welcome or at home in her own skin. When her Daddy had first suggested they visit Blaze, she’d been curious and excited, but when he’d put the pretty dress on her that evening, she’d panicked a bit. What if no one else had been dressed in such a young outfit?

Luckily, her worries had been put to rest the moment she’d arrived. All the Littles had on similar dresses. She was pretty sure a few of them were even wearing diapers. She hadn’t been brave enough to take that step.

They were finishing a game of war when Riley’s Daddy, Milo, came up behind her. “You ready, Panda Bear?”

Riley pushed back her chair and stood to wrap her arms around him. “Yep.”

Gemma turned toward Ellie. “Are they leaving?”

Ellie shook her head, sending her pigtails flying. “Nope. They’re going to do a Shibari demonstration. Milo is amazing with rope play, and Riley is so beautiful all trussed up, especially when he does a suspension scene.”

Gemma’s eyes went wide. “He’s going to tie her to the ceiling?”

Ellie shrugged. “Maybe. Sometimes he does.” She stood. “I’m going to go watch with my Daddy. Maybe your Daddy will let you watch too?”

As Riley left, one by one, the other Littles found their Daddies just outside the daycare and joined them.

When Gemma spotted Anton, he took her hand and led her to the bar. “How about we get you a glass of water, Little Bee? You’ve been playing for a long time.”

“Okay, but can we go watch Riley afterward?” Gemma twisted around to try to ascertain where this Shibari demonstration might be occurring.

“Of course. It will take them a few minutes to get set up. Don’t you worry. We won’t miss it.” He lifted her onto a stool at the bar.

“Hey there,” said the man behind the bar. “You must be Gemma. I met your Daddy earlier. Welcome to Blaze. I’m Cameron.” He extended his hand.

Gemma shook his hand and smiled at him. “Nice to meet you. I didn’t realize there was a bar here. I guess I wasn’t looking when I came in.”

He slid a glass of water toward her. “Not many of the Littles come to the bar. I’m also not the usual bartender. I just fill in when Riley needs a night off or when she’s performing.”

“Oh, right. She mentioned that.” Gemma spun around to look at Anton again. “Can we go watch now, Daddy?” She didn’t want to miss it.

“Drink your water first, and then we can go.”

With a sigh, she picked up the glass and downed the entire thing in one long drink. Gemma spun sideways and was just about to jump down from her stool when a man stepped up to the stool next to her. Not just any man. She recognized him as the town’s police captain, Trace Barnes.

There were two women with him. One was another police officer, Avery Reynolds. Gemma had seen Trace and Avery several times at Little Cakes. She knew they were a couple. She had not known Avery was Little and Trace was her Daddy. That was apparent now based on the cute dress Avery was wearing and the way her Daddy had his hands on her shoulders.

Avery smiled at Gemma and gave a little wave. “Hi,” she whispered.

Gemma figured she was probably nervous about seeing someone she hadn't known to be a member of Blaze before tonight. Gemma couldn't blame her. The world could be unkind. She gave Avery a mirrored wave. "Hi."

Trace held out a hand toward Anton and introduced himself before turning to Cameron behind the bar and ushering the other woman with him forward.

The woman had brown hair tucked behind her ears. She was wearing a pretty dress with a pastel floral pattern and sandals, but Gemma couldn't tell if she was Little or not.

Trace cleared his throat. "Hey, Cameron. We ran into this nice woman at the front desk when we arrived. She's visiting. Do you mind if she sits here at the bar until someone can give her a tour? They're really swamped up front right now."

Gemma took the opportunity to slide off her stool. "She can have my seat. We were about to go watch the Shibari demonstration." Gemma figured her Daddy would read between the lines and realize she wasn't being simply altruistic. She also was trying to hurry him along so she didn't miss the rope play.

Anton grabbed Gemma's shoulders to stop her before she managed to duck under his arm. "Slow down, Little Bee. Remember your manners." He reached around her to help the new woman climb onto the stool. "Nice to meet you. We're new to Blaze, too. My name's Anton, and this anxious Little girl is Gemma."

Gemma tried not to fidget as she worried about missing the rope play. She pasted on a smile. "Nice to meet you."

"You too," the woman said softly. "I'm Aria." She glanced around. "I'm not sure I should have come. It's overwhelming."

"Don't you worry," Cameron interrupted. "Let's get you a soft drink. I'll be on break soon. I'll give you a tour myself."

Aria swallowed. "Oh. Okay. If it's not too much trouble."

"Not at all."

Anton gave Gemma's shoulders a squeeze. "I'd invite you to join us, but I'm not sure Shibari is the place to start if you're new to the club." He chuckled. "I'm not even sure about Gemma."

Gemma gasped and twisted to look at him. "They're my friends. I'll be fine."

He smiled at her. "Let's go see, Little Bee."

"Nice to meet you all," Aria said as Trace and Avery headed in one direction while Anton guided Gemma toward the Shibari demonstration.

Gemma could barely contain her excitement, and she was relieved when they arrived to find a crowd had gathered but Riley and Milo had not yet started.

## Chapter Twenty



“That was amazing!” Gemma exclaimed two hours later when they were on their way home. “I had no idea people did things like that in real life. It was like human art. Milo is so good with rope, and Riley was stunning. Can you believe he had her hanging from the ceiling like that, Daddy?”

Anton pulled into the garage and shut off the engine, grinning indulgently at his Little girl. Her excitement was palpable. He loved how wide her eyes were and how much she’d enjoyed herself.

Initially he’d been uncertain if the Shibari demonstration was the best thing to watch on her first night at the club, but she’d been mesmerized the entire time. It probably helped that she’d known Riley and most of the Little girls gathered around.

After helping Gemma out of the car, he led her into the house and straight to the master bathroom, where he bent down to remove her shoes while she continued to chatter.

He turned on the shower so the water could warm before turning back to her. “Arms up, Little Bee.” He took her dress off next and then her bra and panties.

“...And did you see how hard her nipples were and the way her breath hitched when he lifted her off the floor by that pulley system? I don’t know how she was comfortable with all those ropes around her, but she was aroused, Daddy.”

He smiled. “I saw that, Little Bee.” He guided her to the shower. “Time for a shower and then bed.”

She twisted her head to look at him over her shoulder. “A shower? Daddy, don’t you remember, I take baths. At least twice a day.”

He laughed. “I remember, Little Bee. I’m the one who gives you those baths.”

As she stepped into the enclosure, she frowned. “I don’t even remember *how* to shower, Daddy.”

He continued chuckling as he unbuttoned his shirt and kicked off his shoes. “Don’t you worry, Little girl. I can wash you in the shower just as well as the bath. Get under the water, naughty girl.”

She grinned as she leaned under the spray, obviously pleased to see he was going to join her.

As soon as Anton stepped into the enclosure with his Little girl, she wrapped her arms around him and held him tight. “I love you so much, Daddy.”

He threaded his fingers in her wet hair and tipped her head back. “I love you too, Little Bee. I’m so glad I came into Design Magic to get a birthday present for my sister.”

“Me too. You know how I know we’re meant to be together, Daddy?”

*This is sure to be good.* “How, Little Bee?”

“Because you like to eat the cake half of the cupcakes, and I like to eat the frosting! Can we go get Reindeer Tracks cupcakes tomorrow? The other Little girls are going. We should eat that flavor every day before Ellie stops making them.”

“I don’t know about *every* day, but we can go tomorrow, Little Bee.” He grabbed the shampoo and poured some into his hand. “Turn around so Daddy can wash your hair. I think you got frosting in it during snack time,” he teased.

She sighed contentedly as he massaged her head. “I had so much fun tonight. It’s crazy how many people in this town are Little. Who knew? I felt right at home, and I got to meet so many new friends.”

“Yes. I got to spend time talking to their Daddies. While you girls were giggling about all the ways to create mischief, I was learning new ways to discipline naughty Little girls.”

She gasped and tipped her head back to look at him wide-eyed. It was a good thing shampoo didn't run into her eyes. “Tell me you're teasing, Daddy.”

He laughed. “Test me and find out, Little Bee.” He angled her head under the water to rinse off the shampoo before reaching for the conditioner.

“Do you think the woman, Aria, who came in and sat at the bar was Little, Daddy? Maybe we'll see her there in the nursery next time.”

“I don't know, Little Bee. It was hard to tell. Maybe she is and she didn't know other people feel the same way.”

“Cameron was so protective of her. I thought he was going to shoo us all away. He really wanted to give her a tour himself.”

Anton rinsed her hair again. “It seemed that way. You never know. Sometimes people meet their perfect match in the strangest places when they least expect it.”

“Yeah.” Gemma grew quieter as he finished washing her, and he knew she was tired. It was late. She never stayed up this late.

After quickly washing himself, he guided her out of the shower and grabbed a fluffy towel to dry her off. He sat her down on the toilet seat next, dried himself, slid on a pair of loose shorts, and combed through her hair. After drying it most of the way with the hair dryer, he noticed her eyelids were drooping.

Anton lifted his sweet Little girl into his arms and carried her to the nursery.

“So tired, Daddy,” she mumbled.

He made quick work of sliding a diaper under her and rubbing a protective cream into her folds.



She squirmed when he rubbed her delicate skin, but she didn't protest, and she was too tired to get overly stimulated.

After adding a nightie, he carried her to his bed, deposited her in the middle, tucked Buzzy in her arms, and kissed her forehead. By the time he had the house locked up and the lights all out, she was sound asleep.

For a long moment, he stood next to the bed and stared at her. She was so precious. His heart was so full, and it skipped a beat when she curled onto her side and brought her thumb to her mouth.

Thank heavens he hadn't let her get away when she'd panicked earlier in the week. She was the most important person in the world to him. He would never move across the country and leave her.

Anton climbed under the covers and leaned over to kiss Gemma's forehead. "Love you, Little Bee."

## 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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## Also By Pepper North

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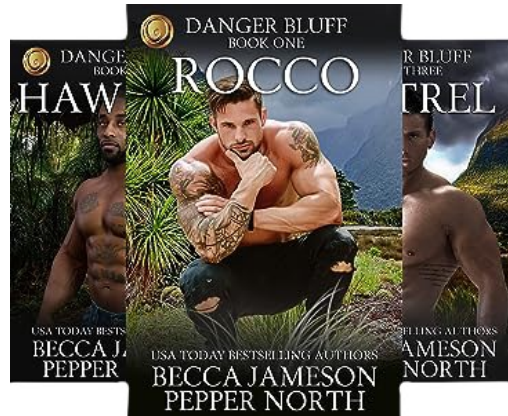


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Combining the sizzling talents of bestselling authors Pepper North, Kate Oliver, and Becca Jameson, the Shadowridge Guardians are guaranteed to give you a thrill and leave you dreaming of your own throbbing motorcycle joyride.

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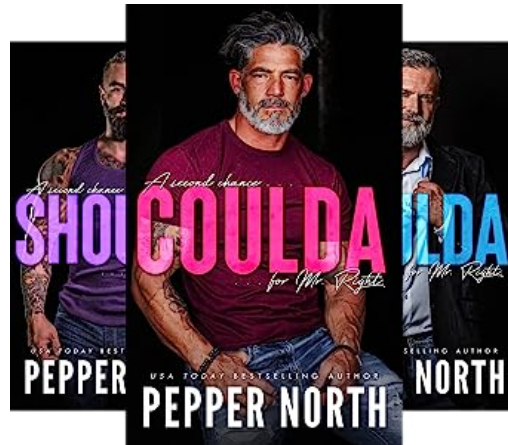
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Welcome to Danger Bluff where a mysterious billionaire brings together a hand-selected team of men at an abandoned resort in New Zealand. They each owe him a marker. And they all have something in common—a dominant shared code to nurture and protect. They will repay their debts one by one, finding love along the way.

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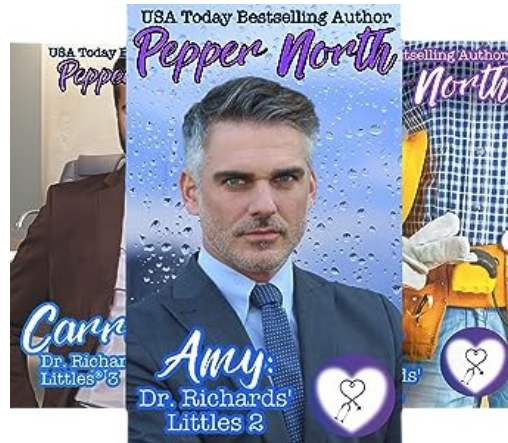


### Little Cakes

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.

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**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)**

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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.

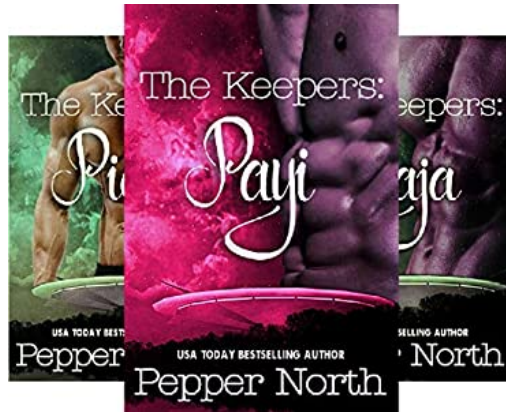
[Available on Amazon](#)



**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:

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Eleadian Mates Box Set One

Eleadian Mates Box Set Two

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[Melody's Daddy](#)

[Haley's Daddy](#)

[Willow's Daddy](#)

[Juliana's Daddy](#)

[Tiffany's Daddy](#)

[Felicity's Daddy](#)

[Emma's Daddy](#)

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[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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